TREASURE IN EARTHEN VESSELS

God's Love Overflows in Peace and War

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To our many friends in Japan
and the Issei, Nisei and Sansei in America
this book is lovingly dedicated.

We are grateful to the Neff family, who urged us to publish this book and
to the Brunk family who helped with the negatives, composing and proof
reading. Togo Tanaka wrote the introduction and gave much of his
valuable time to advise and edit, while his father-in-law Mr. Kango
Takamura, Pioneer of the year 1973 and resident of Manzanar for the
duration, did the cover design. Our sister Margaret and daughter Vir­
ginia made many loving suggestions. Our nephews and nieces have
been so enthusiastic. So we just thank all these and our Heavenly
Father for His guidance and only hope and pray that this simple story of
how God can fill to overflowing very humble earthen vessels may be to
His praise. "To God be the glory, great things He hath done."
INTRODUCTION

I wish that I could remember exactly when and where I first met Herbert Nicholson. It seems I have known him all my life. But I know it was sometime during the chaotic and turbulent years of World War II. The memory is clearest about what he did at Manzanar War Relocation Center. There I saw him bring joy where there was sadness, hope where there was despair, and love where there was hate. He brought these gifts to us as we struggled for dignity behind barbed wire and watchtower.

There are those of us who remember him under the clear desert sky of another camp at Death Valley, California, where he sustained our hope and deepened our faith in God. And although I have seen him and Madeline, his extraordinary wife of 54 years, but a few times in the past three decades, I know that their influence is indeed forever.

When he asked me to write an introduction to this second printing of his book, "Treasure in Earthen Vessels," what could I say? How do you find the right words to acknowledge the gift of life? The pen cannot always write what the heart can feel.

The generation of Japanese Americans to which I belong now approaches the twilight years. We were teenagers and young adults when war drove us into the American version of the concentration camp. Thus it was at Manzanar and at some nine other detention centers across the land that we acquired our memories of wartime fears and bitterness, of courage and hope, of love and redemption. From the depths of those years when hope was slender indeed, when the entire globe was aflame with bloodshed and violence, the Nicholsons came into the desert to remind us of the healing power of faith and love.

Even today I remember wartime evacuation as a misguided act of American racism. Manzanar was the first of our wartime detention centers. And there our government initiated policies that ultimately were rejected. Manzanar had two standards — one for inmates, the other for overseers. We inmates lived in tarpaper barracks. Our overseers were provided finished bungalows. We received $12 to $19 a month for our work. They were paid 10 to 20 times as much. We lined up to eat in mess halls. They were served in dining rooms.

Into this guarded camp came Herbert and Madeline Nicholson. He drove his stake truck. It was loaded time and again with everything under the sun that could get through inspection — all of it for us inmates. The Nicholsons ate in our mess halls, slept in our barracks, and with the sensitivity of saints, avoided identity with the privileged status of our overseers.
The Manzanar experience is told in greater detail in this new printing of Herbert Nicholson's book. I am honored to have been asked to write this introduction. In 1963 the Pacific Southwest District Council of the Japanese American Citizens League presented a citation:

In Appreciation
Rev. Herbert V. Nicholson

For inspirational Christian love and lifelong unselfish dedicated service to improve and promote the welfare of persons of Japanese ancestry both in the United States and Japan.

I know something of what the Nicholsons continue to do each waking day — bringing comfort and good cheer to the sick and the lonely. Lacking that depth but striving for that faith which shines through in the lives of these wonderful people, I can only join with the multitude of friends and strangers whose lives have been touched by the Nicholsons, and we thank God for them, always.

Togo Tanaka
Los Angeles, California
August 1974
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Cutting the cake at our Hillcrest Golden Wedding party, June 1970.

We have always felt very close to these dear folks, who called us "Mom and Dad"!

Photo by one of our boys, Wahoo Ogawa
Part I: IN THE HANDS OF THE POTTER

Chapter 1
The Captain’s Daughter

Pottery is a fascinating art to study. So much depends upon the skill of the potter. Also the clay is very important. Finally we are interested in what the earthen vessel might contain, and to what use it might be put. So, in telling the story of these two ordinary persons, let us go back in history.

Madeline’s great grandfather, the Reverend John Waterhouse, was born in 1789 in the village of Rawdon, in the outskirts of Leeds, Yorkshire, England. After twenty-nine years as a successful Methodist preacher and administrator, he was appointed as “Superintendent of the missions in New South Wales, Van Diemen’s Land, New Zealand, and the Islands of the South Seas.”* He arrived in Van Diemen’s Land (now Tasmania) in February of 1839 and spent three strenuous years traveling from island to island in the little Mission brig Triton. He was welcomed everywhere with enthusiasm, and throngs came to listen to his powerful preaching. His administration was so successful that everywhere the work grew. However, often exposed to the elements, he was greatly weakened and after only three years of sacrificial service departed this life with a prayer for more missionaries.

Of his ten living children, his eldest son, John Thomas, had married and established a business in Hobart, Tasmania. One night a neighbor came to his house and called for help as a thief was in his potato patch. John Thomas jumped from his window in his night shirt and ran to help drive away the marauder. He caught cold which turned into pneumonia and for some reason was unable to throw it off. His doctor advised him to go to a warmer clime, so he left for Honolulu with his eldest son, leaving his wife to settle the business in Hobart and follow with the family to Hawaii, then known as the Sandwich Islands. They arrived in 1851 and in August 1852 Willie, the youngest child, was born in Honolulu.

Aunt Mary Rice tells a story about Willie when he was but a small boy. Willie often played on the beach and became acquainted with the fishermen of King Kamehameha V, often going fishing with them. One day while he was watching the King’s fishermen washing their nets, other fishermen came and started to molest them. Willie took it upon himself to reprove these rough men saying he would report them to the King. When the King heard of this he called for

* Taken from a brochure on Rev. John Waterhouse, and from “Reminiscences of Mary Waterhouse Rice.”
The Captain's Daughter

Willie to appear before him and presented him with a fine canoe. Later the King sent a messenger to John Thomas Waterhouse to tell him that he wished to adopt Willie as his son and heir!

After practicing medicine in New York for five years Dr. James William Smith felt the urge to go as a medical missionary to the Sandwich Islands. When he applied to the Board they told him it was against their policy to send out unmarried men. So Dr. Smith went at once to Greenwich, Connecticut, where he knew of a fine young woman he thought might accept his offer and go with him as a missionary. When he reached the Knapp home he found that the young lady was away, so he proposed to her younger sister Melicent. They were married on April 18, 1842 and soon sailed on a tiny, poorly equipped vessel, the Sarah Abigail. After a very uncomfortable voyage of 142 days they reached Honolulu and were stationed at Koloa on the island of Kauai. In 1880 Dr. Smith made his first and only trip back to New England, going by sailing vessel to San Francisco and from there by rail. Melicent never once returned to her native land. Their son, Jared, just out of medical school, joined his father at Koloa in 1884. Unfortunately his career was cut short when a Filipino shot him for sending a brother to the leper colony on Molokai.

In 1870 Melicent Philena Smith was sent to Honolulu to the Punahou school where she met Willie Waterhouse. Willie and Lena became acquainted and were married in 1876. John Thomas Waterhouse sent them to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to look after some property he had bought in that city.

Little Lena Smith Waterhouse, used to the moderate climate of Hawaii, lived in Cedar Rapids in the cold of winter and heat of summer and bore eight children, one of whom died while quite young. Melicent was born in Hawaii on a visit back there and the youngest son, Robert, in Pasadena after they moved there in 1895. The family left the Santa Fe train at Lake Avenue in Pasadena and walked a block north to Villa street where father Waterhouse had purchased a large English type mansion.

The new home was on the outskirts of the city where there was no church. A Sunday School had been started in a horse car barn near by. Father Waterhouse bought a lot at Lake and Maple and the neighbors built a small building for this Sunday School. In November of 1896 a church was organized and joined the Congregational denomination. Morning and evening the Waterhouse family had "prayers," learning hymns and Scripture passages by heart and always kneeling in prayer. Father Waterhouse was a very earnest Christian and later became advance man for the evangelist John Brown. Mother Waterhouse was a tiny woman, smaller than any of her children, and
MELICENT
PHILENA
AND
WILLIAM
WATERHOUSE
1926

MADELINE
CEDAR RAPIDS
2 YEARS OLD
full of the love of God and powerful in prayer.

Father Waterhouse ran for mayor of Pasadena in 1905, and to the amazement of the family was elected. He served two years and did much to improve the city, putting in the city lighting. He had a sea-going yacht, the Aloha, so they called him "Captain Waterhouse."

After his term as mayor the family moved to an orange ranch in Irwindale and from there Madeline went to the Pomona College preparatory school. However, her older sister, Melicent, being at Oberlin College, Madeline transferred to the preparatory school there. After graduating in 1909 she spent two years at Oberlin College. Then her brother Paul persuaded her to shift to the Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy which would better prepare her for missionary work in Japan. Paul had already spent a couple of years as a Y.M.C.A. English teacher in Japan and was now married and studying at Hartford Seminary. Paul and Bessie went to Japan in 1912 to work as evangelists with the Omi Mission, later called the Omi Brotherhood.

Madeline graduated in 1915 and that summer was commissioned at the Lake Avenue Congregational church and was the first member sent out and supported by that church. Lake Avenue is now one of the leading missionary churches in America with over sixty missionaries partially or fully supported by them. By September 1915 Madeline was in Tokyo studying the Japanese language.

Chapter 2
Son of a Sea Cook

Nicholson is a Swedish name, but our ancestors left Sweden because of military oppression about 1600 A.D. They settled in Scotland and joined the clan of McLeod. However, my father, Arthur Lees Nicholson, was born at Earlsheaton in Yorkshire, England, April 27th, 1863.

When still a small boy his parents moved to Ireland where they became interested in the temperance movement. They formed Bands of Hope and got young people to sign the pledge that they would abstain from strong drink. They gave concerts and opened coffee shops next to saloons.

Father attended Newton Friends' School at Waterford in South Ireland. He was the smallest boy in the school and the older boys tormented him so that he used to run away and hide in an old barn and run for school when the bell rang. Later he attended a mercantile academy in Belfast for one year, after which he was apprenticed to an excellent architect.
Son of a Sea Cook

We have a letter of recommendation written by this architect, dated January 21st, 1879, when father was not yet 16.

"Arthur L. Nicholson was articled to me for three years. He was prevented from completing the term by his parents' removal to Stockton, but I have been well satisfied with the progress he has made in drawing and office work and have no doubt that by steady attention and perseverance he will make an excellent draughtsman. I shall have much pleasure in recommending him. Joseph C. Marsh."

Father loved the sea and was a fine swimmer. Tiring of drafting, he ran away at the age of 18, to go to sea. Having had experience in his father's coffee houses in Belfast, he got a job as cook on a small freighter. On the return voyage from the Black Sea the ship hit a heavy storm in the Mediterranean. A large boiler of hot water fell on father scalding him badly and crushing one hand. He was put ashore at Marseilles, and after some time in a hospital, was sent home by train and ship.

At Stockton-on-Tees father continued his drafting and when 21 migrated to the United States. Near Philadelphia he met a very lovely Quaker girl, Margaret Bentley, and fell deeply in love with her. At the time her family was living at Conshohocken, a suburb of Philadelphia, and she was a saleswoman at the Quaker department store, Strawbridge and Clothiers. They wished their love to be kept secret, so father wrote his daily letter to the store. The morning of the great blizzard of '88 Margaret did not wish to miss her letter, so braved the storm only to find that the store did not open that day. On the return home she floundered in the snow and ended up in bed with a severe cold.

My mother, Margaret Fox Bentley, was born in Barrow-in-Furness in the Lake district of England on August 12th, 1868. When she was ten years old the family moved to America. Grandmother, Sarah Fox Bentley, was one of five very remarkable and spiritual sisters. She was a "recorded minister" in the Religious Society of Friends. After speaking in meeting, a lady Friend wanted to know from where she came. When Grandmother said, "From England," the Friend said in her flat Philadelphia accent, "I thought thee spoke broken English!"

Margaret was sent to Westtown Boarding School with her younger sister Sarah. She was dreadfully homesick and wished she would take poison ivy, like Sarah, and be sent home. One term she was given a bad mark in deportment for "singing in the south woods." Her mother wrote back, "Margaret, the birds can sing in the south woods and thee may also."

The family was having a struggle financially, so Margaret left Westtown before graduating and worked to help the family budget.
ARTHUR LEES NICHOLSON 1922 MARGARET FOX NICHOLSON

ERNIE, ARTIE AND HERBIE, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK 1894
On May 17th, 1887 Arthur and Margaret were married at Plymouth meeting house with a simple Quaker ceremony. While father was working in an architect’s office in Buffalo, New York, Ernest and Arthur were born. I came along on January 30th, 1892 in a new house that father had built at 121 Columbia Avenue, Rochester, New York. Sidney was born two years later in the same house.

I have a slight scar on my forehead which was made when Ernie accidentally upset my high chair out the living room window. I landed safely in the garden, screaming with fright, while he had a very badly cut forearm. I remember sitting in that same window, just after one Christmas, with tears streaming down my face as I watched my older brothers playing in the snow wearing boots they had received for Christmas. I was too little to own boots!

Later father found a better job in New York City and we moved to north Jersey. He loved the sea so much he used to rent a cottage at the shore on Long Island for the summer and move back to New Jersey for the winter. Leslie was born at Rahway. A couple of years later our beloved Aunt Sarah (later called Serita) came to stay with us. One morning she called us early and took us to mother’s room in our nighties. There, in the bed beside her, was a lovely little baby girl — Margaret! My! What joy, because we five little boys did want a sister so much!

In Rahway I attended my first school, a one room Friends’ primary school. I was fat, towheaded and very bashful. When I began to cry the teacher asked Ernie to take me out of the room. He took me into the cloak room and made me laugh by putting on girls’ bonnets and making “Ernie faces.”

At the turn of the century father decided to leave the fast pace of New York. We moved to the suburbs of Philadelphia. At Media, our precious Sarah Eleanor was born to make our family complete so we could say, “We are seven.”

Again we attended a one room Friends’ School and were called names by the children in the public school across the street. We all had to go to Mid-week meeting Thursday morning. Before meeting we had to recite Scripture verses. I have many fond memories of those years, of our kind teacher Rachael Wikersham and two Friends’ Ministers, Joseph Elkinton and Benjamin Vail. We had many congenial playmates as well as our own happy family.

On my 9th birthday mother gave me a leather covered Testament and Psalms. In the flyleaf she wrote in her beautiful hand,

"Herbert Victor Nicholson from his mother"

"The Lord shall guide continually and satisfy thy soul in drought;"
Son of a Sea Cook

and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not. Isaiah 58:11

“For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed. Isaiah 54:10

“He shall be the victor over self and sin.”

I still have that little Testament and there are yellow marks at Psalm 103, which I had learned about this time. Sweet Grandmother Bentley was living with us and she would take me walking in the evening to help me learn this Psalm. I can still hear her lovely voice, “Bless the Lord, Oh my soul . . .”

Chapter 3
Quaker Education

Soon after that we moved to Lansdowne so father would not have so far to commute. We lived there until 1914 and our roots grew deep in the Friends’ school and meeting. The day school was a great influence on our lives. Aunt Serita was kindergarten teacher and lived with us. Louisa Jacobs, the principal, a gifted Irish Quaker teacher, was an inspiration to several generations of Quaker children. She would take us on early morning bird walks, and discipline us in a way that did not irritate.

Saturday evening we had to polish our shoes and get our clothes ready for Sunday. The meeting house was about a mile up Lansdowne Avenue, and father would set the pace, with mother and the girls bringing up the rear. We did enjoy First Day School (Sunday School) and I still have a card given me by our teacher, Mary Conard.

The century-old stone meeting house was divided in half. Father and we five boys sat on the men’s side, while mother and the girls sat on the women’s side. We had to sit very quietly! Bearded Jacob Elfreth used to hold forth on his favorite texts, “Ye must be born again,” and “The true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth.” Walter Haviland, a teacher, would give more intellectual messages.

I am very grateful that we had to attend these solemn, unprogrammed meetings, as, when I was twelve, God became very real to me in one of them. It was a stormy day and one of the shutters on the old meeting house was loose and banging. I believe that God was a force in the storm. From that time I have never doubted that there was a Creator God. At home, in the evening, father would read a chapter from the Bible and we would have a period of silence when
mother would sometimes pray. Father was an excellent reader and elocutionist.

Mother was greatly interested in foreign missions and once took us to a Presbyterian church to hear a missionary from China. He quoted Isaiah 6:8, "Here am I, send me." From that time, whenever I heard an appeal, I would say, "Here am I, send me."

We were never given weekly allowances, but did odd jobs for neighbors to earn spending money. One summer Sidney and I went to a mountain summer resort in New York to work for our uncle, Josiah Standing. We received eight cents an hour, but had to pay five of that for board. We earned enough to pay our way from home and back, and I recall driving down to Ellenville to buy a pair of work shoes. Each evening I had to collect garbage from several cottages and take it in a wheelbarrow to some pigs. It was often dusk when I got there and I had been told there were bears in the woods. I was really scared when I had to carry the buckets in to the pigs. The only trouble that summer was that I was homesick and afraid that baby Eleanor would be all grown up before we got home.

After graduating at Lansdowne, we all went to Westtown Boarding School which was noted for its "guarded religious education." The 250 students and faculty were all members of the Society of Friends. Life was simple, with nourishing food, plenty of outdoor exercise, and regular study with dedicated, well-trained teachers. Sunday was set aside for worship, letters home, afternoon walks and an evening religious assembly. Thursday morning was given over to Bible study, memorizing Scripture, and meeting, so we had school on Saturday morning. In senior year Teacher Mary Ward taught a required class in Quakerism. The women teachers were called "Teacher" so-and-so and the men teachers "Master."

There were strict rules about dress and conduct. Only black, brown or gray ties were allowed and coat collars had to be cut so there was no turn over. Of course smoking, drinking, dancing and card playing were taboo. No musical instruments were permitted and boys were called down for whistling in the halls. We did sing popular songs when away on camp suppers. Having been brought up with discipline in the home, the Nicholsons tried to obey the rules!

In sports the boys played baseball, basketball, soccer and cricket with outside teams. For a short time I held the school record in the high jump at five feet one and a half inches! Since we did not play regular football, we put all our effort into soccer and had championship teams. Sidney and Leslie were star goalkeeps. The girls played basketball and hockey. Margaret was right wing on the hockey team and after college was on the all-American team one year as goalie.
Graduating from Westtown in 1909, I entered Haverford College, also a Quaker school. Believe it or not, full board and tuition for a year was only $375, as I was in the cheapest dormitory. Having a $200 scholarship I had to pay only $175. In the summer of 1909 I worked for our much loved “Aunt” Hannah Morris, a Quaker minister, on her small farm, earning nearly enough to pay for my first year at Haverford. The next three summers I drove an automobile for Anna P. Sharpless, a non-practicing Medical Doctor in the Pocono mountains. At the end of the summer she gave me a check for $200 which I would give to Oscar Chase, the registrar, and he gave me twenty-five dollars change, after taking out board and tuition for the year. This twenty-five I used for books.

Then to earn money for running expenses in freshman year I did gardening for professors at 15¢ an hour. In my sophomore year I was up at four a.m. each morning, hitched up an old white horse to the college milk wagon and delivered milk to several schools and a hotel. I was back for breakfast at 7 and received 25¢ an hour. In junior and senior years I earned a dollar an hour tutoring freshmen in Math!

I spent three wonderful summers at Pocono Manor with Dr. Sharpless and her companion, Dr. Helena Goodwin. They always had fine people staying with them and I mingled freely with guests at the Inn and in the neighborhood. The servants called me “Mr. Herbert,” but down at the garage the chauffeurs called me “Hoibut.” One Saturday evening at the bowling alley, when I made the highest score of the summer, 265, a little boy asked his grandfather, John B. Garrett, a wealthy Quaker minister, “Grandpa, is Hoibut a really truly chauffeur?” This lad was often down at the garage and had seen me greasing and washing my car with the professional chauffeurs. Of course they were not allowed to bowl with the guests! Also, since I was not a guest, I could not bowl on the Manor bowling team!

Dr. Sharpless gave me plenty of sound advice and was a great influence on me. However, she did not approve of foreign mission work because salaries were paid for religious workers. She never contributed to the Mission Board, but very faithfully sent me $200 every Christmas with which I was able to do many extra things in Japan.

At Haverford we had a student body of 150 and there were only 35 in my class at graduation. The college had the distinction of having the highest endowment per student and the least number of students per professor of any college in the country. It was indeed a privilege to have such close association with first class scholars. There were only two of us in math and physics courses the last two years. President Isaac Sharpless, known as “Uncle Ike,” leaned over backwards to see that athletes got no special benefit and did his best to
enforce rather strict rules. Rufus Jones, Professor of Philosophy, was beloved by all and his messages at midweek meeting, where attendance was required for everyone, kept that occasion from becoming a farce.

In extracurricular activities I helped get out the College Weekly. In my junior year I was treasurer of the Y.M.C.A. and in my senior year president. After supper on Wednesday we had meetings for which I was responsible. Sunday evening we had a meeting in a social center near the college. Occasionally we had noon hour meetings in an Ardmore factory for adult education.

I was a mediocre athlete, but because of the size of the college and lack of athletic scholarships, I did manage to get my ‘H’ in track three years and in football one year. I got my numerals in soccer and was manager of the team in my senior year. I was not enthusiastic about football, but our team was so lacking in talent our senior year that they just made me play. I told the coach that my ‘Y’ job was more important than football and I might have to miss Wednesday scrimmage in order to meet the speaker for that evening. In spite of this I was somehow in favor with Jack Keough, the coach, and was in the starting lineup.

One evening the coach was playing on the scrub team and I thought he was going to run around the other end. So instead of trying to get through to get him I dropped back and when he thought he was past every one I came out of the dusk and tackled him. He dodged just enough so that my fist caught him in the solar plexus! He had always boasted that he had never been knocked out when playing on the University of Pennsylvania team. When he came to, he gasped, "Blondie, the white hope." His nickname for me was ‘Blondie’ because I had very light hair, and at that time a black man was heavyweight champion and folks were looking for a white man to knock him out!

While on furlough years later a classmate told me that Jack Keough, now a dentist, was despondent and a visit from me might cheer him up. There were several patients in the waiting room when I asked the receptionist if I could see Dr. Keough. She opened a door and there he was working on a patient. With one look he rushed out and gave me a big bear hug! With one arm around me he said, "Folks, I want to introduce you to 'Blondie,' the best Christian I ever knew, and the only man who ever knocked me out on the football field!”
In our college class book some kind person wrote, "Nick came from Westtown, as many wise people do, but Nick is going back! We don't know why — perhaps it's the missionary spirit. But wherever Nick goes he will be good and should shed light upon his way."

I told the principal, Thomas K. Brown, that school teaching was not my life work, as I had signed a student volunteer card while at Haverford. I had attended a missionary conference at Eaglesmere and heard Robert Speer, Presbyterian Mission Board Secretary, and John R. Mott, International Y.M.C.A. Secretary, speak. What giants they were!

My salary was $800 a year plus board and room. My main job was caring for twenty pre-high school boys who should have been at home with their mothers. Half of them were fairly decent and I don't know why they had been sent away from home so early. Of the others, three were missionary children and one was a Cuban. I believe I was fairly patient with them and I did love them all. I think they liked me most of the time! We did have some very happy times together.

We lived on the third floor of the big red brick building. In the next section was Master Bacon Evans with the younger high school boys. He was a devoted Christian and, like me, not very strong in discipline! One day he confidentially asked me, "Herbert, dost thou have trouble sleeping at night?" I replied, "Master Bacon, when my head hits the pillow at 10 p.m. I'm asleep until the bell rings at six the next morning."

I did do some teaching — two classes of math, economics, commercial geography and an hour of Bible. I was certainly not a 'born teacher.' My youngest brother Leslie and two sisters, Margaret and Eleanor, were students and a great comfort to me when I was feeling discouraged. Our Aunt Serita had married and lived on a farm not far from Westtown school. We often walked over there together as we older boys had done when we were at Westtown. Grandmother Bentley was there and it was wonderful to have a visit with those saints and eat applesauce with rich cream and other country treats.

At meeting on Sunday and Thursday I had to sit on the facing bench with other teachers. My little boys were on the front bench, right under my nose, causing me uneasiness lest they should misbehave. However, I did receive spiritual uplift, especially from the sincere messages of our fellow teacher, George Jones. Visiting ministers were also a help, especially Max I. Reich, a former German Jew. He became a life-long friend.
Ernie had been working in an architect’s office, as he had a gift in drawing, like his father. But when Artie finished a “short horn” course at Penn State Agricultural College, Ernie quit architecture and they bought a hundred acre farm near Woodbury, New Jersey. They bought a team of horses and a “shelving wagon,” used for carrying 5/8th bushel baskets of farm produce to market. In Christmas vacation, 1914, Artie and I drove over to the farm with a load of furniture and tried to make the old farm house livable. It was a terribly run down place with buildings in disrepair. My salary was now $1,000 a year and I took over the school expenses of my sisters and put all I could into the farm. Because of an echo one heard as a shout was made in the barnyard, we called it “Echo Farm.”

In January of 1915, Billy Sunday a famous professional baseball player who had become an evangelist, came to Philadelphia for nine weeks of meetings. A large barrack had been built on Logan Square, in the center of the city, which was filled three times a day, except for Monday when he took the day off to speak in schools or other places. On Sunday he had no morning service.

Wednesday was my half day off and one of these days I went to the tabernacle. The place was crowded and I had to stand in the rear. I’ve forgotten what he preached about, but at the end he seemed to point straight at me and say, “You’re a coward! You’ve always gone to church and considered yourself a Christian, but you never once opened your mouth to confess Christ as your Saviour.” This really challenged me and when he said, “If you’re not afraid, come down and shake my hand.” I “hit the sawdust trail.” The dirt aisles were scattered with sawdust!

I went from the meeting to the Provident Life and Trust Company to see the president of the company, Asa Wing, who was also chairman of the Mission Board. We talked about the possibility of my going to Japan to be secretary for Gilbert Bowles, a famous Quaker missionary loved by all. I returned to the tabernacle for the evening meeting. Billy preached on Romans 12:1, “Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.” I bowed my head and offered my body, mind and soul to God in a way I had never done before.

I returned to school that evening and the next morning at mid-week meeting, I told the whole school what I had done. This was the first time I had ever spoken in a Friends’ meeting. Several students spoke to me about wishing to go to a Billy Sunday meeting, so we made arrangements for quite a number to go the following Saturday.

The next Sunday meeting closed in the usual way by the Superintendent shaking hands with the one next to him. I at once rose and
walked out with my twenty boys. For some reason the others did not leave the room and we waited outside for a full hour, when finally the meeting "broke" again. In that hour one hundred and seventeen students rose to say they accepted Christ as their way of life. Not all remained true to that decision, but many were truly born again. I know that my life was different.

A short time after that, Harvey Borton, a very earnest Christian and member of the Friends' Mission Board, came to Westtown and invited me for dinner to talk about Japan. I told him I would give him my answer the following morning. It was January 30th, 1915, my 23rd birthday when I told him I would go.

Harvey Borton returned to his home in Moorestown, New Jersey, and told Sherwood Eddy, a famous Y.M.C.A. lecturer, of my decision. Eddy gave one of his powerful talks that evening at the Friends' meeting house and announced that one of their members, Herbert Nicholson, had just volunteered to go to Japan as their missionary. A collection was taken and enough money was given to cover my fare to Japan and the first year's salary of $600. Had I remained at Westtown my salary would have been $1,200 with room and board thrown in!

Some time later a friend told me that Sherwood Eddy had told her about the Moorestown meeting and how a little lady came to him with tears in her eyes and told him that Herbert was her son and that she had been praying for this for years. I had not had time to see mother and tell her of my decision. Also I did not know of her prayer for me.

Jane Balderston, another Westtown teacher, had received a call to go to West China with English Friends, so there were several farewell meetings held for both of us. One was a camp supper by Crum Creek for the Westtown staff. There in the woods, in the glow of the camp fire, we shared the deep things in our own spiritual experiences, and the fire of God's Holy Spirit filled our hearts.

"Oh thou who dost the vision send
   And gives to each his task,
   And with the task sufficient strength,
   Show us thy will, we ask.

"Give us a purpose brave and strong,
   Give us a conscience true,
   That it may be our greatest joy
   Our Father's work to do."

   — Anonymous
In the summer of 1915 I went to business college to learn shorthand and typing. It was October before I actually left Philadelphia. Mother was very brave as we said farewell at the kitchen door and I walked through the woods with Spinner at my heel. He was a bright fox terrier Uncle Davie had given us when we moved to the farm. He saw me off at the trolley and walked dejectedly home. Father was at Broad Street station as the train pulled out for Richmond where I attended a Friends' Conference. I visited relatives at Penn College and Earlham in Iowa, then Uncle Josiah and family in San Jose. They took me to the San Francisco world's fair and saw me sail on the tiny Nippon Maru of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha (Far East Steamship Co.)

This was an old Cunard liner which used to have square rigged sails to help the engines! The captain was an Englishman and the purser and the doctor Americans. The rest of the crew were Japanese. Captain Smith was a better story teller than he was a navigator. I had many talks with J. Lossing Buck, a young unmarried missionary on his way to China. He later married a missionary's daughter who became famous as Pearl Buck. One of my three cabin mates was Ed Kilbourn, son of the co-founder of the Oriental Missionary Society. This was his honeymoon, but because there were no cabins with only two bunks, and the ship was full to capacity, they were separated. Too bad!

I had a very pleasant day in Honolulu visiting Friends. We landed at Yokohama at 8 a.m. Thanksgiving day, November the 25th after 18 rough days at sea. My first meal in Japan was Thanksgiving dinner with all fifteen of the Friends' missionaries. I was to board with Gilbert and Minnie Bowles and their two sons, Herbert and Gordon.

We lived on the Friends' Girls' School compound and just across the driveway was the teachers' residence. That Saturday, November 27th, about 4:30 in the afternoon, I went across to this building to get some information. No one answered the door so I just walked in and called out. A young lady whom I had not yet met appeared at the top of the stairs. I must have looked embarrassed, for she said, "You needn't be afraid of me. I'm old enough to be your grandmother!" I soon found that she was Madeline Waterhouse, an American Board missionary living at the teachers' residence while attending language school.

My first job was to copy missionary reports that had just been given at mission meeting. I soon learned that I was not only to do
work for Gilbert Bowles, but also for Horace Coleman doing student work with Friends. I had brought a dictaphone with me and both Horace and Elizabeth Coleman were skillful in its use. I wrote reams of letters for them including very long ones to "Dear Mama," often containing intimate things, embarrassing to me!

Gilbert Bowles spent hours dictating, only to find that he had failed to turn the needle down so there was nothing recorded! Finally he resorted to writing on scraps of paper, as my shorthand was no good. Later he would hand me letters and ask me to answer them. I always went with him to Peace Society meetings and the Japanese Language School directors sessions where he was secretary. When the Bowleses were on furlough in 1917, I became secretary of these organizations and was closely associated with influential Japanese, American and British business men, and missionaries.

I had an English Bible class for students from leading universities. I went with Horace Coleman and some of these young men for Spring retreats and summer camps. I also helped with the Boy Scouts at the American School and took them camping. One summer I spent thirty days on Mount Haruna with different groups.

In the Fall of 1917 I was in charge of the Bowles' house until the Joneses arrived in November. Esther Balderston had been a teacher in the Friends' school till she returned to America to marry Thomas E. Jones, a new appointee. The night of September 30th there was a terrific hurricane and the compound was badly damaged. It was too big a job for our little gardener and I had been unable to get any help.

One morning an American beachcomber appeared at the front door wanting some money for coffee. Two front teeth were missing and his dirty shirt was open showing an American eagle tattooed on his chest. I told him I never gave money for drink, but if he wanted work I would give him plenty.

The beachcomber told me his name was "Sumisu" (Smith) and that he would rather live in a cheap lodging house than with me. So I promised to pay for his board and room and put money aside for his fare back to America. He had told me that his mother, Minnie Quick, lived at Saugerties, New York, but he had not heard from her for years. I at once wrote a letter to her saying Ed wanted to return home. I found that he sometimes worked in a circus and his name there was "Sumisu." His real name was Ed Quick. For nearly a month Ed had lunch with me and told me his story. He hated school and played "hooky" so often that he never did learn how to read and write. As a teen-ager he joined a circus as top man in a three man act. When the Spanish-American war broke out he lied about his age and joined the army and was sent to the Philippines. He soon began drinking
heavily and was given a dishonorable discharge. While the transport was in Nagasaki Ed went ashore, got drunk and missed the ship. Then began eighteen miserable years, begging, stealing, lying, taking drugs, drinking and living with women.

When sober he worked with a small circus. Once, while in jail, he tried to take his life by cutting his throat with a broken beer bottle.

He told me he had a missionary friend in Kobe, J. B. Thornton, who had kept him in his home and tried to lead him to Christ. I wrote brother Thornton and he agreed to help me raise money for Ed’s fare home. When our compound was cleared up I sent him to help Mr. Martin, a Methodist missionary, at Aoyama Gakuen.

On Christmas morning Ed came by asking for a yen for Christmas. Mr. Martin had given him one the day before. When I asked him what he had done with that, he honestly told me he bought a pack of cigarettes, some “sake” and spent a night with a woman! I told him I had no money for such things, but took a yen out of my wallet and told him I would put it in his account.

A couple of days later a letter came from Mrs. Quick. I went to Ed’s lodging only to find that he was under the influence of drugs. The innkeeper said he would send him around as soon as he came to. Just before New Year’s day he appeared at our back door and while I was talking to him had an epileptic fit. When he recovered I dusted him off and took him into the study.

I handed him his mother’s letter, but his hands were shaking too much to open it. He returned it to me. It contained a tin type picture of his sister Mabel, a dollar bill and a pencil written letter. “Dear Ed: I was so happy to hear from you and I do want you to come home. I don’t care whether you come in silk or rags. You are all I have now because Mabel died on Thanksgiving day. A neighbor is writing this letter as I am blind. Come home soon. Love, Mother.”

Ed looked dazed and then fell to the floor crying, “God, why did You take Mabel instead of me? I’m just a good-for-nothing sinner while Mabel was a help to Mother.” I knelt beside him and told him to stop scolding God and ask to be forgiven. He got up on his knees and simply prayed, “God, forgive me, a terrible sinner, and take me back to mother.” He stopped trembling, a bright look came into his face and he stood up a new man.

I at once got third class passage on a Japanese steamer for Seattle and wrote the Salvation Army there to meet him. On January 9th I saw him sail, wearing a decent suit with shirt and necktie and a most heavenly smile showing his missing teeth! He kept bowing, as the ship pulled away from the dock, and saying, “Sayonara, Sayonara!”

I heard from Seattle that they had met him and found work and
sent him on his way to New York. Then a card came from Saugerties saying he was home, working in a quarry, and in the evening threading needles for his mother so she could sew the next day.

To jump ahead a bit to finish the Ed Quick story, in the summer of 1921 we attended White’s Bible School in New York and I wrote to Saugerties to see if it would be all right to come for a visit. A few days later, while at supper, we were told we had a visitor. To our surprise we found Ed Quick, dressed in neat overalls, with a cap in his hands and a grin on his face and two teeth still missing!

The next day we visited a large public school in the neighborhood where Ed was janitor. Later he had supper with us, dressed in a neat suit and looking fine. He told us that the quarry had closed down and he found work in a dairy. But the depression was getting worse and he came to New York where he found this good job. Every week he sent money home to his mother. There was no doubt about it, Ed was keeping straight and a real miracle had happened in his life.

Chapter 6
Finding the Treasure

I had promised to work with the Friends’ Mission for three years and the time would be up next summer, 1918. I was discouraged because of lack of results in the lives of my Bible study students. Also, the war had now spread to the United States and the hope of world peace, for which we had been working, seemed far away.

On New Year’s day, 1918, I visited the home of one of the men in my Bible class. I found two other members of the class with him. They looked embarrassed and told me that they had been talking about quitting my class. They did not see that the Bible was helping them live the good life, and when “Christian” America became involved in the European war they felt that Christianity had failed.

They were surprised when I told them that I was thinking along the same lines. However, God had just shown me that Christ was still able to “save sinners,” and I told them about Ed Quick. I told them I felt sure that there was a God of justice and love and urged them to join me for just one more year in seeking to truly find Him. We all shook hands and promised to continue the search.

A number of things had influenced me in these searching years and continued to do so. My close association with members of the Friends’ Mission as well as other spiritual missionaries was of inestimable value. The newly formed Fellowship of Reconciliation, of which
I was secretary, was very helpful in facing world problems. At the Japanese Language school we often discussed personal problems at lunch time. We often discussed what we would do if a robber entered our home at night. Some of us claimed we'd try to be kind to him and give him what he wanted. One young man, especially, said he would fight before he would let him take his money! That summer at Karuizawa this man had drawn thirty Yen ($15) from the bank and a Japanese carpenter saw him do so and followed him to his home. That night he entered the cottage armed with a knife. The young missionary must have attacked him and was immediately stabbed. Then the wife must have joined in the fight and she, too, was seriously wounded. The man found the fifteen dollars and fled, leaving them bleeding on the floor. By morning they were both dead. The following night another bachelor and I were asked to spend the night in the auditorium where the coffins were placed ready for the funeral the next morning. They not only lost their lives but for the rest of the summer residents of Karuizawa were greatly disturbed lest a knife carrying burglar might enter their cottage! And all this just for fifteen dollars!

One winter the "Oxford Group," headed by Frank Buchman, came to Tokyo. We had close association with them as "Mother Adams" of their team, lived with us. Their small group meetings, with times of listening and sharing were very helpful, but failed to take me to the spiritual depths for which I was longing. Another time Charles G. Trumbull of the Sunday School Times and the famous Canadian Bible scholar, W. H. Griffith Thomas came to Tokyo with their "Victorious Life Conference." Dr. Thomas was a real inspiration to me. But the summer conferences for the "Deepening of the Spiritual Life" with such leaders as Barclay Buxton and Paget Wilkes of the Japan Evangelistic Band did the most to lead me in the way.

In the summer of 1918 John Paul, of Asbury College, was at Karuizawa for the Spiritual Life Conference. I was asked to accompany him to Gotemba for another conference. He was a Godly man, and spoke to my condition. He helped me to understand the meaning of the second coming of Christ and yet was sympathetic with my Quaker pacifist views. However, I still did not come through to a definite baptism of the Holy Spirit, for which I was earnestly searching.

On September 9th I was invited to have supper with Paget Wilkes, a Spirit filled English missionary, at the Braithwaite home in Tokyo. The Braithwaites, English Quakers, were still in Karuizawa so we had the house to ourselves. After supper we went into George Braithwaite's study to talk, search the Scriptures and pray. At ten o'clock Paget Wilkes said, "Herbert, there is nothing more I can do for you, so
I'll leave you in God's hands." He went up stairs, and as I learned later, knelt by his bed till midnight when he had a wonderful feeling of victory and got into bed.

I continued in prayer and meditation until midnight. I happened to look up and saw for the first time a Scripture text written in a frame and hanging on the wall. "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways has thou not glorified." (Daniel 5:23) Like a flash it came to me what the trouble was. When I "hit the sawdust trail" it was not as a penitent sinner, but because I wanted to prove that I was not a coward. When I dedicated myself to God that evening, I had held back my own good works, expecting to get the credit for them! I had never been convicted of sin and come to God for forgiveness through the atoning power of the Cross of Christ. Like Ed Quick, I fell to my knees and cried to God, "Be merciful to me, a sinner. Forgive me, in Jesus name."

Because of God's great love for me, He cleansed my heart and filled it with His Holy Spirit. I rose to my feet, a "new creation" filled with God's greatest treasure, His holy LOVE.

The following Sunday, in our morning worship, I told friends what the Lord had done for me. I did not know that Dr. Nitobe, a famous Quaker educator, had come in late and was in the rear of the room. He rose and said, in English, "I am very happy to hear Herbert Nicholson's testimony. But I would like to give him a word of warning. When I went to America as a student, I was a Christian, but did not know this spiritual baptism. I was there ten years and when I returned to Japan, I knew that I had the Spirit because of His witness in my soul. However, I do not know the exact hour when He first came into my life. We receive God's Spirit in different ways, but it is the same Spirit."

After meeting, my very dear friend and counselor, Gilbert Bowles, took my arm as we walked up "Saints Hill" (Hijirizaka) for dinner and said, "Herbert, I am so happy for this deep spiritual experience, but never go back on what God has done in the past." Some time later Elizabeth Binford, a Quaker missionary from the country, was in Tokyo and heard me witness in a meeting. She said, "Herbert, don't let it get cold." The warnings of these three friends were surely sent from God and I have always remembered them.

Having found the "pearl of great price" it was clear that God wished me to give my life for service in Japan. So it was decided that I should attend Language School. In the three years I had been in Japan I had picked up considerable Japanese, especially since I began living with the Ishizukas, who knew no English. Their small daughter, Michan, understood me and when I went shopping she often went
with me to interpret my queer Japanese to the shop keepers! However, I was able to enter the second year at the school. The head teacher said that my Japanese was "shikatagai nai," it can't be helped. I went five mornings a week to the school, but did full time work for the Mission afternoons and evenings, with no time for serious study.

Since I had a clear call for rural evangelism, I began spending my weekends in Ibaraki Ken. Each Saturday I would go to the Kawata home in the country near Tsuchiura. I had attended a tent meeting in this village and this was follow up work. Sunday morning I would go to Tsuchiura for an English Bible class and the Friends' meeting for worship. The Nakamuras, Nomuras and Okuis became very close friends and we would often talk about possibly coming to Tsuchiura to work.

I spent many weekends with the Binford's in their tent meetings. One year they slept out in their tent one-third of the time. Their main evangelist was Akiji Kurumata, teacher at the Holiness Bible School. It was a real joy to get to know this saintly man. One time I spent a week with him in his own village in Ibaraki Ken. Talented children's speakers, Suzuka Sensei and Nobechi Tenma often had packed meetings for children when the local school would get out. There were always decisions for Christ but the follow-up work was very difficult. However, a few souls were really saved and lasted, to the Glory of God.

Chapter 7
Finding a Wife

In the summer of 1919 I again did some camping, and of course attended the Deepening of the Spiritual Life convention. I noticed that Madeline Waterhouse was a regular attender. On Saturday September 6th, I called on her at the "T Square" lodge, a cottage belonging to the Omi Brotherhood. I found her dressed in a pink "Mother Hubbard" apron doing laundry. She finished her work and we began talking about spiritual things. She, also, had recently received the gift of the Holy Spirit and we had much in common. Before we knew it "Pop" Vories called from the next door cottage, "Madeline, it's time for lunch." She called back, "I've got a visitor." "Bring him along," called "Pop." After I left little "Mother" Vories remarked, "But he's so young."

The Omi Brotherhood had been started by Merrell Vories, and Madeline's older brother Paul and wife Bessie were working with
them. Madeline was known as the “younger sister” of the Brotherhood. Merrell had invited his father to come over as Treasurer of the commercial work they were doing. He was popularly known by everyone as “Pop” Vories.

At vespers that Sunday we sang the hymn, “Love Divine.” God shall “suddenly return and never, never more His temples leave.” After the service I found Madeline and said, “Nevermore His temples leave!” Monday afternoon I again visited the “T Square” and blunderingly said something about the possibility of marriage! She said, “If you’re not sure about it, you had better spend a day in the mountains to find out what God really wants.”

The next morning, September 9th, just one year after my spiritual experience in Tokyo, I climbed to Sunset Point for a day of prayer and fasting. I found a sheltered place by a large tree, and sat there all day praying, reading my Bible and meditating. Finally I opened my Bible at random and read these words from Isaiah 61. “The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to those who are bound — to comfort all that mourn — to give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, that He might be glorified.”

This came to me as a definite call and it was also clear that Madeline was to share this work with me. I went down the mountain, after writing a covenant on a piece of paper and placing it in a hole in the old tree, straight to the “T Square” and very definitely and urgently proposed. How happy I was when she accepted!

A day or so later I saw Madeline off to Kyoto, where she was teaching at the Doshisha Girls' School, and I returned to Tokyo. Letters flowed freely, but one day I received a letter expressing doubts about our engagement. We hardly knew each other, belonged to different churches and she was older than I. Paget Wilkes happened to be in Tokyo and I showed him the letter. He was so concerned that he invited us both to visit him in Kobe and talk it out.

Early in October we met at his home. He left us alone in a quiet room while he went aside to pray. When it was time for Madeline to return to Kyoto, he knocked at the door and found us still sitting in opposite corners of the room! Mr. Wilkes and I were to go to Himeji that afternoon and Madeline promised to send a telegram if she wished me to stop over in Kyoto on the way back to Tokyo.

R. A. Torrey, the famous American evangelist, was preaching in a large tent and my old friend Kurumata Sensei was interpreting. We spent the night in the Dyer home (Japan Evangelistic Band mission-
aries), sleeping in a double bed in the next room to the Torreys. One of them was hard of hearing and there were only paper sliding doors between our rooms, so we heard everything they said. We heard him say, "That interpreter is terrible . . . I would say a simple sentence like, 'As it was in the days of Noah' and he would take five minutes to interpret it!" Of course the audience had never heard of Noah and Kurumata had to tell the story of the flood and the ark!

The next morning we were up early. Paget Wilkes was kneeling on one side of our bed with his Bible open before him and I was on the other side. He, with his ruddy, glowing face exclaimed, "Herbert, isn't it wonderful, you're a young man and I much older, you an American and I an Englishman, you a Quaker and I a member of the Church of England — and yet we are one in Christ."

Just then there was a noise at the entrance and we heard the word, "Dempo, Dempo." (Telegram). Paget Wilkes beat me to the door and opened the telegram. "She says 'Come.' Hurry, be off to the train."

Miss Denton, with whom Madeline lived and who was the "power behind the throne" at the Doshisha Girls' School, told her to take the day off so we could have plenty of time together. It was October the 9th when our engagement was confirmed. That evening it was beautiful moonlight and we went across to the palace grounds. It was so wonderful to see her face looking up at me with the moon shining on it! But I had to return to my work in Tokyo and Madeline back to her teaching.

Madeline came to Tokyo for the Christmas holidays. We went to the Kawatas in Jikkoku and then to Tsuchiura for Sunday, and then on to Mito to spend most of the holiday with the Binfords. Madeline was with Edith Sharpless, another Friends' missionary, just around the corner. On New Year's morning we went to Tokiwa park to see the sun rise on this year that was to mean so much to us - 1920.

Of course we had both written our families about our engagement. Madeline's mother wrote that they were very happy and entirely trusted her judgment. My folks were delighted but wanted to know more about the young lady with the beautiful voice! At first we thought of being married in Pasadena that summer, as we were both due for furlough. However, there was need of a teacher at Friends' Girls' School and a visitor offered to take Madeline's work at the Doshisha that Spring. So it was decided to have the wedding at the Doshisha in Spring vacation.

A delegation from the Friends' Mission Board was in Japan at the time and all attended our wedding. Walter W. Haviland, chairman of our Board, and close friend from Lansdowne, traveled with me to
Kyoto on March 30th. Miss Denton met us at the station with rickshas. Madeline looked very lovely as she met us at the house. Walter Haviland and I slept in a double bed with a charcoal brazier to keep us warm.

The next morning Miss Denton came to our door and called out, "Mr. Haviland, will you have tea or coffee?" Her voice was so commanding that Walter replied, "Coffee," altho he really took neither!

After breakfast Madeline and I went to the city office in the rain, to change her name from Waterhouse to Nicholson and to inform them of her change of address. This was all that was necessary to make the marriage legal in Japan. Ordinarily we would have had to go to the American Consulate in Kobe for an official ceremony. But Earl Dickover, Vice-consul, had business in Kyoto and attended our wedding giving us the necessary papers.

It was still pouring at three that afternoon, March 31st, when about forty guests gathered. Frances Clapp, music teacher at the Doshisha, played appropriate music on the piano. Madeline and I simply walked forward together and took seats on the front row with Miss Denton and Mrs. Wilkes next to Madeline and the Binfords next to me.

After a pause we rose and held our right hands. Looking the bride in the face I said, "In the presence of God and these, our friends, I take thee, Madeline Clara Waterhouse, to be my wedded wife, promising, with Divine assistance, to be to thee a faithful and loving husband, as long as we two shall live." Then, with appropriate changes Madeline said the same to me. Helen Seymure, an artist living with Miss Denton, had written a certificate in Friendly fashion and before them all we signed our names.

Walter Haviland, who had explained the manner of a Quaker wedding, then gave a short message. Paget Wilkes told us how Martha served, Lazarus had fellowship at the table, and Mary worshiped. These were the three elements in a Christian home.

After the service the guests signed the certificate and then went to the dining room, where Miss Denton’s loyal servants had prepared delicious refreshments. The next morning we went to Hachiman where we spent two days in brother Paul Waterhouse's home. Paul and Bessie were on furlough.

Back in Tokyo we lived in a tiny room upstairs in the Ishizuka house. We had to climb a very steep stair and pass through the room where Mr. Ishizuka did his writing. He was a Bible colporteur and used to take trips in the country with a hand cart loaded with Bibles, tracts and a magic lantern! During the winter he spent his days in this room writing tiny characters. It was his dream to write the whole Bible on
Finding a Wife

one sheet of paper so that one could see all the promises of God at one glance. He felt it was not right to copy the Bible without preparation, so he first wrote the Chinese “Senji mon” (thousand character thing) on one sheet of paper, three feet by six, a thousand times. This meant that a thousand characters would take a little over one square inch. With a magnifying glass and a brush with only three hairs he patiently did this writing, day after day. This took him four years, 1914 to 1918 — just the years of World War I. Then he wrote the “senji mon” once with a large brush on a sheet three feet by six. He mounted these both as “kakimono” (scrolls), placed them in a large wooden box, borrowed a frock coat and carried them to the crown prince’s palace and presented them to him (the present Emporer). He then started on the Bible, which would be about the same number of characters. When finished he mounted this and used to show it at churches. It was greatly admired by the Japanese. He was offered a good price for it by the British museum, but Uchimura Kanzo, a famous Bible teacher, told him it should not leave Japan. So he presented it to the Japan Bible Society. He then was kept busy writing the New Testament or certain books for which Japanese paid him good sums of money. In my Bible I have the Sermon on the Mount written in this way.

We had breakfast with the Ishizukas, their small daughter, Michan, and two high school students. Mr. Ishizuka would always read the Bible and pray before the meal. One morning he read Psalm 127 about children being an heritage from the Lord and, “Happy is the man who hath his quiver full of them.” Then he prayed loudly that we might soon be blessed with children!

Madeline enjoyed her teaching at the Girls’ School, especially a Bible class she was asked to teach in Japanese. We took weekly trips to Ibaraki Ken and looked forward to some day starting work in Tsuchiura.

Chapter 8

First Furlough

In July we sailed on the Persia Maru for Hawaii. We had a nice outside cabin to ourselves. One day when the scoop was out of the porthole to catch the breeze, an extra large wave came along and water was scooped into our cabin soaking everything. The Chinese cabin boy was terribly upset because he would get a scolding. Madeline was a bit sick at first but soon was fine and we had a very happy voyage.
At Honolulu Uncle Will Smith was waiting for us at the wharf with his kind Japanese chauffeur. We were soon in their lovely home where Aunt Minnie was a wonderful hostess. Uncle Will was full of fun and introduced me as “Mr. Madeline Waterhouse.” We met many uncles, aunts and cousins before taking an interisland steamer for Kauai. Madeline’s oldest brother, Dr. Herbert Waterhouse, took us to the Koloa beach cottage where father and mother Waterhouse were living. It was so wonderful to have this quiet time with this splendid Christian couple who took me into their hearts at once as a son. One day father Waterhouse took me aside and said, “Don’t tell Madeline, but I have a very weak heart and may pass out at any time.” He was not yet seventy and lived to be 91!

Dr. Herbert, Mabel and their three children were very kind to us. One day the doctor took me to one of the plantation clinics. He was doctor for two plantations besides having a private practice and small hospital in Koloa. At the clinic there were a number of Japanese patients. One old man said, “Hara itai, me no hanahana.” In Japanese he said he had a stomach ache, then pigeon English for not and Hawaiian for work. He wanted the doctor to sign a paper saying he was so sick he could not work that day. If he had such a paper they would not subtract from his bonus because of absence from work! Dr. Herbert knew every part of the body in Japanese and could carry on quite a conversation in simple Japanese. Over half his patients were Japanese.

While on Kauai we visited Uncle Willie and Aunt Mary Waterhouse Rice at Lihue. He had been Governor of Kauai. On his porch were two large vases given him by the Emperor Meiji because he had sent to Japan some fine registered cattle.

After two wonderful weeks in Hawaii we boarded the Korea Maru for San Francisco. The ship was crowded so that Madeline and I were in separate rooms. One of her room mates was a woman of questionable character with men often visiting her, so Madeline slept on a deck chair just outside my port hole with a string tied to my finger. I got up at four every morning before they washed the decks to help Madeline get back to her room.

After a stop over in San Francisco and a banquet given by the Women’s Board of the Pacific, we took the train to Pasadena. Father and mother Waterhouse had returned from Hawaii by Matson Line and were in Pasadena to receive us. Madeline’s older sister, Melicent, having received her Ph.D. from the University of Chicago, was living at home and working at Juvenile Hall in Los Angeles. She took us about in her model T Ford to meet all the relatives. After a month we took the Sante Fe train for Philadelphia, making stops to see
Standing relatives at Earlham, Iowa, and brother Leslie and sister Margaret at Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana.

My farmer brothers met us at Woodbury station with Frankie horse and the old surrey. Father, mother and Eleanor welcomed us at home, as well as Spinner, who had seen me off five years before. At first Spinner was not at all friendly with Madeline because he thought she had something to do with my disappearance! Some time later, when I left for Canada to visit with Friends who supported the Binfords, Madeline and Spinner walked through the woods to see me off on the trolley. I stood on the back platform waving and Spinner sat in the middle of the tracks and howled! From that time he was very faithful in sticking close to Madeline.

When they bought the farm in 1914 it was a run down, sandy place with shabby buildings and no modern conveniences. For six years the boys slaved to build up the soil, raising vegetables and planting apple, peach and cherry trees. Father put all his income into the place, but they simply did not have the time or money to fix things up about the house. Mother did not complain, but I was concerned that something be done to make the home more comfortable. With father's help, as well as the boys, we shut off a corner of the pump shed to make a bathroom with tub, wash stand and toilet. We built a septic tank, put in a force pump and tank so that there was running water in the bathroom and kitchen.

Gradually, as the trees began bearing, they gave up the vegetables and specialized in fruit. They sprayed at the right time, fertilized well, and packed the baskets so well that they built up a good reputation at the wholesale market in Philadelphia. Baskets marked "Nicholson Brothers" always sold at once and at the best price. They were then able to build a bath room upstairs, put in central heating, and build a splendid cold storage place for their apples.

But even before these improvements "Echo Farm" was a very happy home with the latch string always out for visitors. Many Japanese as well as our missionaries, when on furlough, visited there. Seiju Hirakawa, principal of our Friends' School spent some time with them when things were still primitive. One day he was dropping potatoes with a planter drawn by horses. When they went fast he would say, "Very busy! Very busy!" This became a Nicholson saying! Truly Echo Farm was more than buildings and orchards. It was a Christian home and we Nicholsons and many others thank God for its warm hospitality.

While in Pasadena Madeline had resigned from the Lake Avenue church, but they would not accept her resignation and took me in instead! However, the Woodbury Friends' meeting accepted Made-
line as a full member, so it looked as tho we had dual membership! Ernie was superintendent of the Sunday School. We attended many Quarterly Meetings and the Yearly Meeting at 4th and Arch Streets in Philadelphia. We also did much deputation work and raised funds for the Mission Board and for the new Home we expected to build at Tsuchiura.

That winter I attended a special course for missionaries at White's Bible School in New York and we both went to summer school there with Madeline's dear friend, Nettella Loy, who later became Hinshaw. She was a Methodist missionary in Peru.

Because of my friendship for J. Harvey Borton and Bill Richie of the Scripture Gift Mission, both Moorestown Friends, I was invited to speak one morning at a Victorious Life Conference in Philadelphia. The evening before Dr. Trumbull had given a report on his visit to Japan in which he said that he found only two truly fundamentalist missionaries in all of Japan. I knew that he had stayed with Dr. A. Oltmans in Tokyo and had been associated with Dr. H.W. Meyers in Kobe. These two dear men were certainly "sound" theologically and filled with the Spirit! When I spoke I referred to this statement and said that under the circumstances I should not be on the program!

I later had the audacity to go to the Sunday School Times' office and have an interview with Dr. Trumbull. I told him my concern that his paper was too critical of others, especially the Oxford Group Movement. I also asked if I could speak at his Monday morning prayer meeting. He told me that our mutual friend Harvey Borton was also concerned about the critical spirit of the Times and that he was trying to guard against it. Then he told me that I would not be permitted to speak at the prayer meeting unless I gave a satisfactory statement of my belief. I told him I did not wish to do that but would like to be accepted as a Christian with a deep concern and message from God. He rose and showed me the door!

Instead of leaving I asked him if they had ever converted any of the workmen in their printing press. He admitted they never had. So I asked him to sit down while I told him a story. I had attended a meeting the evening before in the home of a converted Quaker alcoholic. He was celebrating his first birthday as a Christian and some 40 guests were crowded into his living room. A carpenter was there in his work clothes and the corner drug store man. Beside me sat a well dressed gentleman with his sweet gray-haired wife. In front of them on the floor were their three lovely young people. All shared their personal experiences with Christ. The sweet little mother told how she had always thought that she was a Christian, but by meeting with this small group Christ had become very real to her.
I took Charles Trumbull by both hands and said, "That little lady was your sister, and that was an Oxford Group meeting!" He fell to his knees and prayed as tho his heart would break. His tears made a puddle on the leather seat of his chair. When we rose he took my hand and promised he would never criticise the Oxford Group again and would I please come next Monday to speak to his staff! Years later when the Oxford Group had sort of disintegrated into MRA (Moral Rearmament) Dr. Trumbull wrote in the Times, "Years ago I promised a friend I would never again criticise the Oxford Group Movement, but I do feel I must say something about this MRA, and hope I can do so in love!" He was truly a great spirit and excellent Bible student. I also thought a great deal of Philip E. Howard Sr. who was business manager of the Sunday School Times and whose son later became editor.

As Madeline was expecting our first baby in November of 1921 the Board permitted us to remain in the States till after that event. We rented a room in West Philadelphia near the Women's Hospital and I attended Haverford graduate school under Rufus Jones. Madeline went to the hospital Sunday morning, November 20th for a hard, long labor. Dear Dr. Elizabeth Peck was a great comfort to me as I suffered in a small waiting room. At 11:15 p.m. Virginia gave her first cry and what a thrill it was! I wrote in my Daily Light, "Virginia, 8 pounds, 11 ounces, miracle from God!"

What rejoicing there was when the first Nicholson grandchild was brought to Echo Farm in Dr. Anna Sharpless' car! That Christmas Madeline's brother Paul happened to be in the east and spent Christmas with us. He was a wonderful addition to the joy of the party. Under the Christmas tree he found a card with his name on it. It had a string attached to it, which he followed around the room, under chairs and finally out a window and up a tree. There he found a large package, which he brought into the house. There was carton after carton till he finally came to a square box containing one beautiful apple! Margaret had her friend Lewis Taylor from Earlham College there, whom she later married. I believe that Leslie also had a girl friend. How we all fit in I do not remember!

In January 1922 we took the train to Pasadena, and in March sailed from San Francisco on the old China — a wreck of a steamer that was scrapped soon after that voyage. Dr. and Mrs. William Axling, famous Baptist missionaries, were on that voyage and we became lifelong friends. I had full charge of Virginia while Madeline was sick for two or three days till she got on her sea legs.

It was a joy to have met so many loved ones. We were sorry to have missed Madeline's Aunt Emma Smith and my Grandmother
Bentley, both of whom passed away just before we got home. We were fortunate that we had such good visits with my little sister Eleanor. She cared for baby Virginia so lovingly. A few years later Eleanor married and went to England, where she passed away after her baby arrived. We were broken-hearted over the news. However, the “God of all comfort” did comfort us in this sorrow. (II Corinthians 1:3, 4)

Eleanor’s Westtown teacher and dear friend, Elizabeth Paige, wrote a lovely poem about Eleanor.

_Her life, like a stream that flowed in the sun,_  
_Was lit by God’s own love;_  
_It rippled and danced thru the field of the world,_  
_And mirrored the light above._

_Along on its banks grew the flowers_  
_Of friendship, and joy and mirth,_  
_Till she made a blossoming valley_  
_Of her bit of the gray old earth._

_The service she gave to another_  
_Was never a task to do,_  
_But part of the joy of living_  
_Where the light of God shone through._

_And now, though the sun-flecked stream of her life_  
_The boundless sea has found,_  
_There echoes still in the hearts she loved_  
_Her happy laughter’s sound._
PART III THE TREASURE SHARED WITH STUDENTS
AND FARMER BOYS

Chapter 9
Bizen Machi

While on furlough it was decided that the Binfords should leave Mito and start a new work at Shimotsuma. Also, a naval airfield had been built near Tsuchiura and some felt it was not good to have Americans live so near. So instead of going into a new house in a new situation, we went into a 150 year old house opposite the Mito meeting, where there were some serious personality problems. We were allowed to use some of the money we had raised for our new home, to modernize the old Japanese house. The open well, with "moss covered" buckets, was covered, and a force pump installed to run water into a tank high enough so that we could have running water upstairs as well as in the kitchen. We took a corner out of the large upstairs guest room and put in a bath and flush toilet. My experience at Echo Farm was a real help. This was the first flush toilet in Ibaraki Province.

I continued Gurney Binford's English Bible class at the meeting and worked closely with pastor Kameyama, who lived with his family behind the meeting house in an old thatch-roofed cottage. I tried to be friendly with Manju Kato, who had been the main source of trouble. Madeline was busy at home with the baby and many visitors, but did what she could to help Edith Sharpless, who had a girls' dormitory and splendid kindergarten two blocks away.

I became advisor for a small dormitory for junior college students which Tom Jones had started. I also continued a Saturday evening English conversation group for English teachers. Four mornings a week I taught English in the Middle, Commercial, Technical and Normal high schools. We had a small, but very fine group of these students attending our Bible class and meeting. There was little time for rural work.

In the summer of 1922 we rented the Binford cottage at Karuizawa, and that summer, with wedding present money, bought a piece of land from the Omi Brotherhood and had them build us a cottage. This became our summer home for many years and how we did enjoy the murmuring stream, singing birds, woods and delightful neighbors — the Vories, Miss Kirtland, the Patton sisters, Southern Presbyterian mission and many others. We were active in the Union church, Sunday School and Junior Activities. I was on the committee of the Spiritual Life Conference.
It was just noon, September 1st, 1923, and I was in a meeting of the Committee of the Prophetic Conference. The cottage in which we were gathered began to shake as if it would collapse. As we ran out I saw Madeline, who had come to meet me. We rushed towards home with cottages, telegraph poles and everything shaking about us. Virginia was asleep in our cottage with a very reliable Japanese woman in charge. We were so relieved when we got home to find that Virginia had not even wakened. Oume San had taken the charcoal fire out of the kitchen, which was a very good idea. But the cottage stood firm.

That evening we could see glow from the fires in Tokyo, but Sunday morning no news had come through, as all wires were down. But there were many rumors about the catastrophe. After church it was decided that I should go to Tokyo with Gurney Binford on his motorcycle. We reached the suburbs by night fall and camped in a temple yard till daybreak, when we started again. The streets were crowded with refugees and, as we entered, the city buildings were still burning. What a terrible sight it was as we traveled all those miles across Tokyo to the Friends' Girls' School compound. The school buildings were badly damaged but the fire stopped when it came to our fence. We spent the day going about to find out about our friends and to see what we could do. In the late afternoon Gurney took me back into Saitama province to catch a train for Karuizawa. A bridge was out and no trains were running from Tokyo. At the first station there were so many people crowded around that we could not get near the station. So we rode to the next station where there were very few people. I stood on the platform when the first train came in, crowded with people, on the roofs, in the coal car and on the engine. Having long arms I was able to get on a step and hold the rails on both sides and hope I could crowd in before long, which I did.

At one station the crowd discovered a Korean and they threw him off the train and beat him with bottles till he fell down bleeding. There had been a story going about that Koreans had started the fires. It was rumored that they had even poisoned wells and done other evil things! As a result quite a few Koreans were killed and many were taken into “protective custody.”

I knew that at Takasaki they changed engines so I thought I would be able to find a better seat on the new engine. I left the crowded platform and helped a woman with small children get into the train through a window. When the new engine came down the track I got a fine seat on the cowcatcher. But the engineer came along and said, “You may be able to ride on the cowcatcher in America, but not in Japan.” So I went back and found room on the coal car.
But at Yokogawa I knew they would put on an electric engine, so I crowded onto the first platform just behind the coal car. This station was crowded with people who had been taken off the roofs of former trains, as they could not go through the tunnels on there. We reached Karuizawa about daybreak, after a terrible night. I found young men there with poles and hooks trying to catch Koreans! I told them to go home, as that was all a rumor.

For several days I remained in Karuizawa. Folks were taking cooked rice and sandwiches to the station to give out to refugees as they passed thru Karuizawa. On the 7th I started to Mito by bicycle. It was impossible to get on trains going through Karuizawa, so I rode to a small station on a side line going towards Mito via Koyama. No tickets were being sold, but I just went onto the platform and climbed to the roof of the next freight train that came along, pulling my bike up after me. At Oyama I changed to another freight for Mito, this time riding in an empty flat car. At a small station I ran back to tell the stationmaster that his relatives in Tokyo were all right. Firemen with long hooked poles thought I was a Korean and ran after me calling “Senjin, Senjin” meaning Korean! Fortunately I reached the stationmaster and he stood me against the train and stood before me with both hands outstretched and said, “This not a Korean, but Mr. Nicholson.” The men put down their weapons and two of them were assigned to me as body guards to see that I got safely to Mito. There was no serious damage in Mito. After reporting on my visit to Tokyo I started for that city again on my bicycle with a side car carrying polished rice, which was scarce in Tokyo.

I spent several days in Tokyo helping here and there. Tom Jones had gotten lumber from the authorities to build a barrack village in Shiba Park. I've forgotten how many families they accommodated, but it was a very successful project. I returned to Karuizawa till we were able to get the family back to Mito.

The Ferris Girls' School teachers' residence in Yokohama had been totally destroyed and Miss Kuyper, the principal, was burned to death in the school building. The Hosono family, consisting of grandmother, father, mother, three children and an aunt, had no place to live and we were asked if we could take them to Mito. We had quite a large servants' quarters in front of our house and we agreed to take them. We did not need so much service but it was an opportunity to help some one. Mr. Hosono was the cook, and his wife, Omiki San, the maid. The aunt was to take care of the three children. Osaji San, was about 9 and had been caught with one leg under a beam. His father could not get him free and the flames were coming close. It looked hopeless but just at the last minute some men came along and
GRANDMA NICHOLSON WITH VIRGINIA AND MAMA DOLLIE IN FRONT OF OUR BIZEN MACHI HOUSE, SPRING 1924.

FRIENDS' MISSION GROUP IN OUR GARDEN AT BIZEN MACHI, MARCH 7th, 1924. TOP ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: MARGARET JAMES, BURNHAM BRAITHWAITE, THOMAS JONES WITH CANBY, GURNEY BINFORD, DR. WILLIAM PEARSON, EDITH SHARPRESS, H.V.N. & ESTHER B. RHOADS. BOTTOM ROW: ESTHER B. JONES WITH DAVID, ELIZABETH BINFORD, ALICE LEWIS PEARSON, MADELINE WITH VIRGINIA
helped pry up the beam so the lad could get out with a badly wounded leg. Omiki San and Eiko San, aged about 7, had been in Karuizawa, so had not gone through the terrible experience. We had a very happy year with this family and have kept up the friendship through the years. We’ll often speak of that Christmas when Michan, about 3, and our Virginia came into the living room and saw the beautiful Christmas tree.

The summer of 1924 my mother came to Japan to be with us when Samuel was born. That event took place at Karuizawa in the late afternoon of June 24th in 1924. The nursing home that summer was in the old Topping cottage near the auditorium. I walked down the hill with Madeline just in time and an American nurse got her ready for the ordeal while I ran after Dr. Monroe and a nurse we had engaged to help out. I found the doctor having tea in one of the cottages and the nurse in the public bath! I got back ahead of them and was holding Madeline’s hands, trying to help, when the doctor rushed in just in time to welcome our son!

Mother had a wonderful summer at Karuizawa and made many friends. On the return trip to Mito when we changed cars at Takasaki we forgot the baby’s suit case, the most important piece of baggage. We had time to tell an official about this before our train left and he said he would telegraph Tokyo and have the suit case put on a train for Mito from Ueno station. Two stations before Mito, Ino San, a Mito Friend who worked there, found us and informed us that the suit case was already in Mito! What efficiency that was!

Mother wanted to buy all the chinaware and pottery she saw and I had such a time getting her past china shops. And I surely had a time trying to pack the purchases for her return trip. When she told Virginia that she had to go back to America to her little girl, Virginia said, “No, Bidgie gamonine’s li ’lli gerl!” When we left Madeline with Virginia and the baby on the platform, Virginia realized Grandma was leaving and set up a terrific howl.

When I was saying goodbye to Mother on the Canadian liner she began to cry, a thing she had never done before when we parted. She told me that she felt so badly because she felt so much safer on a ship being run by Britishers instead of those little men on the Japanese liner. I assured her that this Japanese line had never lost a passenger, even when their ships were sunk during World War I.

An elderly doctor lived across the street from us and when we called him in for the children he always refused to send us a bill. We were told that it was the custom of doctors of the old time, not to present bills, but that we should give him a good present at New Year’s time. So the next New Year we asked a fruit store to take a
large box of apples to the doctor's home with the sign of a gift, a bit of skin of the "Tai" (sea bream), on the box. When this gift arrived the doctor rushed over to our house in his slippers, quite upset because he did not expect anything. An hour later his maid appeared in her best kimono carrying a tray covered with a silk "furoshiki" (scarf), containing a whole "Tai"! We were unable to get even with this kind doctor.

There were some very valuable pine trees in our garden that needed to be trimmed twice a year. The first time we had a gardener in we could see him working outside the windows. He was very deliberate and occasionally would squat on his haunches and look very intently at the tree while filling his small pipe with a pinch of tobacco. He would light that, take three puffs and knock it out on a stone and fill it again and light it by picking up the still burning first pinch. Three more puffs and he would repeat the operation. Then he would slowly arise and continue to trim the tree. Of course we had to serve him tea and cakes about 10. At noon, while eating his lunch, I told him that I was paying him to work, but he spent much time just sitting and smoking. He was quite indignant and told me he was not doing this for money — but to do it in the way it should be done! If I was not satisfied I could get some one else! What a reprimand to the missionary, that was!

One Easter Sunday, on my way to the park to preach to the excursion crowds from Tokyo, I stopped in one of the caves by the railroad track to visit a young man who had leprosy and lived there. I had to crawl on my hands and knees till the cave became higher. When my eyes became accustomed to the dark and smoke I could see a one-legged man cooking rice and the young man with leprosy, sitting nearby. He was a very earnest Christian and I used to give him tracts and Testaments to hand out to people. His face was badly marked and both hands and feet were mere stumps. He had a small homemade cart with tiny wooden wheels on which he sat with his baggage and propelled it by pushing his bandaged stumps of hands on the ground. He asked me if he would have this leprous body when the resurrection came for him! I assured him that whatever the future life had in store for us, it surely would not be a body like he now had. He told me he wanted to get to Kumamoto where there was a Christian leprosarium run by Miss Riddell, a Church of England missionary. I told him that I would go to the police and try to find a way for him to get there.

The next day I did some investigation and found that there were no cases of leprosy in our province! It seemed that the police would have to get any patients they might find to a leprosarium near Tokyo, and as that was too much trouble they deliberately avoided seeing beggars with the disease, altho at that time you would find them at
temple gates. So I went back to the cave to tell my friend that I wanted to make him a cart with bicycle wheels that would run easier and that I would help him on his way to Kumamoto. When I got to the cave I found that the young man, being afraid that the police would catch him and send him to Tokyo, left at once for Kumamoto!

A week later I received a post card from a town about 30 miles away, on which was written a Japanese poem, which went something like this, “It’s evening and I see over the rice fields lights in homes. And here I am so lonely.” The following October I had a letter from Miss Riddell telling me that he had reached Kumamoto and was so happy to be with Christians. How did he ever do it?

“Oh for a passionate passion for souls,
   Oh for a pity that yearns,
Oh for a love that loves unto death,
   Oh for the fire that burns,
Oh for the pure prayer power that prevails
   That pours out itself for the lost,
Victorious prayer in the Conqueror’s name,
   Oh, Lord, for a Pentecost!”

This prayer poem was written by Amy Wilson-Carmichael in a Japanese inn in Shimane Ken when she was working with Barclay Buxton of the Japan Evangelistic Band. She became sick and when returning to England left the ship in India and spent her long life loving the people of India.
Many years ago the Friends' Mission had bought a piece of land outside of Mito for a Boys' School, which never materialized. Tom Jones had traded this land for an acre in Tokiwa Mura, just across the fields from the new Mito Junior College. As we were interested in getting into rural work, we thought this would be the place to go. The Mission agreed and word was sent to the Board that we wished to return to America for the Golden Wedding of Madeline's folks in Pasadena, and that I wished to go to Philadelphia to try to raise money for our home and a small students' dormitory. It was agreed that we could take a short furlough at our own expense. We sold Madeline's piano for enough to buy our round trip ticket to California and get me to Philadelphia!

We were in Pasadena by New Year's day and after a couple of weeks I went to Philadelphia. I spent a week interviewing individuals and then met with the Board. They were in the red and there was much fear that I might make matters worse if given permission to raise $4,500 for our house. Things looked hopeless till my good friend Ned Wood, a Y.M.C.A. secretary, rose and said, "Turn Herbert loose and, with his enthusiasm, he'll not only raise this money but get us out of the red!" That turned the tables and they gave me permission to make a try for one week, but not actually take in any money — only pledges. I was to report to the Finance Committee one week later.

The following morning I went to see my dear friend, George Williams, who had been a Quaker but was now a Christian Missionary Alliance pastor, and found a famous evangelical Quaker preacher named Charles Stalker there. I told these men why I was in Philadelphia and the three of us got on our knees and spent the morning in prayer. In the afternoon, on the train to Atlantic City, I felt that I would get a thousand dollars there from the wealthy Quaker hotel men. But I found that they were all hard pressed financially and received only $250 in pledges that evening. Walter Buzby had invited me to the Dennis and the next morning at breakfast came to my table for a talk. He suggested that I go up to his wife's room and tell her just what I had told him. She was not at all well and I must not stay too long. We did have a very lovely visit. She told me that money was very tight and she was so sorry she could not give to the Mission Board the way she used to. I told her to forget about my need and give all she could to the Board. I was to take the train back to Philadelphia right after lunch and was rather discouraged with results thus
far. At the table a waiter came and told me that the hotel manager wished to see me in his office before I left. When I went in he told me that Mrs. Emily Buzby had phoned him and asked him to give me a paper which looked important. I had never seen such a thing before and asked him what it was. It turned out to be a government bond worth about $1030 at that date! But, I said I was not supposed to take any money, could I talk to Mrs. Buzby. “No,” he said, “She’s resting now and any way she won’t change her mind!”

Pledges began coming in from various Friendly communities till one evening Moorestown Friends called a special meeting. It was a stormy night and there was another meeting in town to which many Friends went, so only about 75 came. I gave them a talk about the work, said nothing about money, but told of some of our dreams. After my talk Bill Richie got up and told them about the purpose of my visit and passed a hat around — not a very Quakerly thing to do. The local mission treasurer took this collection home with him. I had told a very close friend, Bess Roberts, that the Lord had promised me a thousand dollars that evening. She said that was absolutely impossible, none of the really wealthy Friends were there! Later that evening Bess phoned me to find out how much had come in and I replied, “According to your faith be it unto you.” When I added money, checks and cash, that had been slipped into my pockets to what the treasurer had reported, it made just a thousand dollars!

On the train to Philadelphia the following morning I rode with Elizabeth Roberts, a very spiritual Friends’ minister. She had not been at the meeting but was interested to hear about it. Then she told me that she did not believe in asking for money, but just pray about it and trust, like George Muller did! Later she sent me a check for $150!

Before going to the meeting of the Finance Committee I had lunch with Mrs. Robert B. Haines Jr. in Germantown and told her about the purpose of my trip. As I was leaving she said, “Herbert, $4,500 is not enough money; when all promises are in let me know and I’ll make up the total to five thousand. At the finance committee meeting the Treasurer informed us that $4,500 had been paid in or pledged and that the Mission Board was in the black for the first time in months!

So it was a very thankful and happy young man who returned to Pasadena to join in the Golden Wedding of Father and Mother Waterhouse. The Lake Avenue Congregational Church had a special meeting to celebrate this event, when they gave a wonderful “shower” to help furnish our new home.
Back in Mito we started building at once and preparing the grounds. We had an excellent frontage on a provincial road out of Mito. Tom Jones had planted a nice hedge about the property and we made a gravel road down the center to the rear where we built our two-story home. It was on a hill overlooking a valley through which the railway from Tokyo ran. Beyond were beautiful woods. At the front we built a small gate house and behind that a two-story dormitory that would hold about five or six students. In September of 1926 we moved into our new home. And then began a new era in our lives in Japan.

About 6 a.m. a few days after we moved to the country, I went out into the garden with my Bible and sat in meditation. These words came to me in the quiet, "Nothing between but Jesus." Nothing between you and your wife and the children, but the spirit of Christ. Nothing between you and your co-workers but Jesus. Nothing between you and dear old Kato San but Christ's love. And nothing between you and God but the broken body of the Christ. I opened my Bible to Hebrews 10:19, 20. "Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, By a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh." Yes, it was by the broken body of Christ that we could come into the presence of our Heavenly Father. "Nothing between but Jesus."

I'm afraid I'll have to admit that during the next few years I did not fully accomplish this, as too often things did come in between. However, this deep spiritual experience did make a difference in my life. The next time I met Manju Kato I held his hand and looked him straight in the eyes and said nothing. He returned my look and squeezed my hand hard. The love of Jesus passed between us and from that day our relationship was different.

During the next thirteen years, when Higashi Hara was our home, there were many crises and serious problems, but it was my prayer and desire that each one might be met in the spirit of Christ. They were happy years in our family and very important for our growing children. I shall not try to tell about them chronologically, but by topics.

Our home was built on a hill facing the south. Nearly all the rooms received an abundance of God's sunshine through the cold winter days, and what a lovely view we had of the valley and hills beyond! As you entered our grounds from the highway there was a driveway with daffies on each side in the Spring, followed by rows of
HIGASHI HARA  JUNE 1931

NEW LIFE SOCIETY WITH MR. KIKUCHI, HIGASHI HARA
shasta daisies in the summer and then lovely chrysanthemums in the Fall. Behind these were two rows of beautiful flowering cherry trees.

At the side of the road, to the right of our gate, was a tiny house where weary travelers could rest, or get out of the rain. Inside the gate was the gate-house where our gardener lived with his family and next to that the dormitory and co-worker’s home. Later this was moved to the left of our driveway and the Old Folks’ Home was built there. To the left of the gate was a childrens’ playground with swings and sand box, and the kindergarten and Sunday School building with the tramps’ lodge behind it. There were vegetable and flower gardens and chicken and goat houses. We had lots of strawberries, raspberries, asparagus, rhubarb, etc. Behind our house the children had a play house in which they kept their carts and bikes. There was also a sand box and slide. They could climb the slide and look over the hedge to see the trains go by. They wanted to see if there were “two a-puffin” and count cars.

In the summer of 1927 Donald was born at Karuizawa in the new nursing home. Again I had to run after Dr. Monroe and he barely got there in time. Donald arrived safely Sunday morning, September 4th — a healthy, husky little boy. That summer I was in charge of Junior activities for which I received 300 Yen, just enough to pay all expenses for Donald.

I believe our children had a happy home life. When old enough they all had bicycles and we often took rides together. They attended our Sunday School and went to meeting in Mito. Samuel even started his own Sunday School at our nearest station, Akatsuka. Madeline never turned the children over to others and was very successful in teaching them Calvert School. They were interested in the animals we had, especially “Snowhopper,” our first little goat. One time they counted 57 pets on our property, including the snake in the garden. There were goats, chickens, turtles, etc. One time when I spanked Donald he climbed on my lap crying and said, “Daddy, let’s work by the law of love and kisses!” There was very little spanking done.

We had many overnight guests in our home, and we had a rule that the children could have half an hour with them alone, if possible. Gilbert and Minnie Bowles were frequent guests, and Gilbert Bowles, whom they called “Uncle,” always took them into my study and sat on the couch with one child on each side and one in front as they read the big unabridged dictionary! One Sunday breakfast all the adults spilled something and the children spilled nothing. We called it the “Patagonian breakfast” because Gilbert Bowles told about the cat with such a long tail. When he stretched out his hands to indicate the size of the tail he hit Madeline’s hand and spilled a hot cup of
At our front gate at Higashi Hara. Donald rode on a seat on my baggage rack at the rear.

Samuel's 9th birthday party with three Japanese, three German, and three American children.
postum down the front of her!

Rufus and Elizabeth Jones spent a weekend with us once and Rufus prayed that each of our children might find the "Trail of Life." He had just written his little book by that title.

Both Kagawa and his wife visited us as well as the blind evangelist Takeo Iwahashi. Muriel Lester, the famous London Social worker, once spent a weekend with us and she spent a whole hour with the children. When she came out of the study she took both our hands and with her famous smile said, "Congratulations! All your children want to grow up to be missionaries like Daddy and Mother!"

Uncle and Aunt Binnie and Aunt Edith often came, as well as others from Tokyo. Burnham and Edith Braithwaite, British Friends' missionaries, spent a year in our home when we were on furlough. An Episcopal missionary, Mr. Chappell, was a good friend of the children, as were the Beyer family. Herr Beyer was German teacher at the Junior College. One birthday party we had three Beyers, three Kameyamas and three Nicholsons for one of our children's ninth birthday!

There were several families of Church of Christ missionaries in the country and they used to come for Thanksgiving dinner, if we did not go up to one of their homes. The Bixlers, Rhodeses, and two Fox families became very close friends in spite of very different ideas about the fringes of our religion.

Chapter 12

New Life Societies "Shinseikai"

Mr. Fujisaki, Kagawa's rural worker, had started "Shinseikai" (New Life Societies) all over Japan. Gurney Binford was much interested in this work, and Ryuhei Kikuchi, an early convert in one of Gurney's Bible classes, resigned as principal of a primary school to give full time to this work in our province. Each winter four or five small conferences were held. We had one in our kindergarten building to which 8 or 9 young men came, mostly from Iitomi Mura, just outside of Mito. Kikuchi would head the conference and Fujisaki usually came part time; on one occasion Kagawa spent a day with us. Our pastor, Senjiro Kameyama, had charge of daily Bible study.

One practical thing we did was to start a savings account for the young farmers. Each month they would deposit a small amount in the post office and they could borrow from this to buy day-old chicks, a goat or something else. One group bought a rice hulling machine
OUR KINDERGARTEN. MRS. SHIGEZANE, THE TEACHER, WITH SAMUEL AND DONALD.

MITO MEETING WOMEN'S MEETING AT OUR HOME WITH MADELINE, EDITH SHARPLESS, VIRGINIA HOLDING DONALD AND SAMUEL.
GOAT DAIRY WITH SUSUMU YAMAGUCHI 1935

SHIMAMURA AND HIS TWO CHILDREN AT OLD FOLK'S HOME WITH MR. TOMITA WHO FINANCED THE HOME AFTER THE WAR
and went about their village hulling rice for their neighbors. We also had a co-operative store in Mito to which the young men delivered eggs, rice and vegetables.

One of our farmer young men, Susumu Yamaguchi, joined us to run our goat dairy and raise chickens. O. D. Bixler, a rural missionary, was a great goat enthusiast. With his urging we did buy a female kid, “Snowhopper.” The children loved her and they improved in health just by playing with her! Unfortunately her pen was blown over the hedge when she was about ready to kid and evidently the kid was killed and poor “Snowhopper” died. Not long after that Bixler arrived with a goat and two kids in the rumble seat of his car. He gave us instructions about feeding and we had our first milk goat. Our children were thrilled and Virginia learned how to milk her. They loved the milk and improved in health.

We became so enthusiastic about goat milk that we decided to go into the business so we could help others who needed milk. Nagano Ken was the goat center of Japan and each summer we would buy about twenty goats and milk them for two months at Karuizawa, selling the milk to missionary children. We always made enough to pay for the goats. Then we took them to Mito where Susumu Yamaguchi took charge. Those which did not give much milk were sold cheaply to our Shinseikai boys and we kept the better ones for our dairy.

Chapter 13

Evangelism

Our main concern of course, was evangelism. Our province was very conservative and to lead folks to Christ was very difficult, especially farmers. We put all our strength into the Mito meeting, attending their regular services as a family. But we had our own Sunday School with our students who became Christians, as teachers. We also had children’s meetings in three villages, one of which was Samuel’s responsibility. I was still doing some teaching and had my weekly Bible class.

For some years we put ads in our local newspaper and followed up all letters that came in. I remember that one time we received 70 letters from one ad. In the follow-up we found that practically all who wrote had tuberculosis. We also got out weekly religious articles by Yamamuro of the Salvation Army, and Kagawa. These were published in small Sunday papers all over Japan.

We cooperated with the Presbyterians and Baptists in the King-
Evangelism

dom of God movement. There were union prayer meetings, monthly pastors’ meetings and occasional joint evangelistic meetings. For several years two or three of us met every morning at six for prayer. During the plum blossom excursions we had open air preaching in Tokiwa park.

I would like to quote from our 1930 Christmas letter. “One of the encouraging things is the spirit of cooperation among the denominations. Our province is one of the leaders in the number of Kingdom of God Weeklies in circulation. The churches are getting under the burden of our newspaper work.

“We are just now in the midst of a united effort to drive prostitution from Ibaraki, and to swing a village into the prohibition column. . . . In visiting our Friends’ meetings in other parts of the province one finds the Spirit really working.” Our so-called Evangelism, Social Service and Teaching all seemed to work together in one united effort.

Chapter 14

Civic Center (Shiminkwan)

For years there had been a temperance society in Mito. Friends sold two pieces of land and purchased a splendid lot on the main street. An active member of the temperance society was a judge and helped us organize so we could hold property. Money was borrowed and we built a fine three-story building containing our cooperative store, a matrimonial bureau, free legal advice, Christian sewing school; and in the rear a day nursery for children of shopkeepers. There was also a large department store where we rented spaces to various types of shops. This failed, however, so we sold off that much of the land.

During the depression in the early thirties, many tramps came to our door. With fifty dollars sent us by the Pasadena Lake Avenue Church Sunday School, we built a six mat lodge where we could put these people up for the night. Haruko San, at the gate house, would give them three balls of rice with a plum (umeboshi) in the center and I would send them on their way with a word of advice and the “Good News.”

One Sunday morning two tramps came while we were having Sunday School. I had a short talk with them and they left with rice balls. That afternoon one of them returned to talk with me. He said that he had lied to me in the morning, and as he heard the children singing “Jesus loves me” something happened inside him.
ONE NIGHT'S GUESTS (LEFT TO RIGHT) — EX-TRAMP SHIMAMURA IN CHARGE OF DOWN-AND-OUTERS, OLD MAN TO BECOME FIRST INMATE OF OLD FOLKS' HOME, A TRAMP, AND AN ABLE-BODIED UNEMPLOYED LABORER.
His name was Shimamura and he had been a tramp for 17 years. Once he joined Nishida Tenko’s “One Light Garden” (Ittoen), and went about the country cleaning toilets, only asking for food and lodging. I told him he could spend the night with us and the next morning we went into partnership. I gave him a yen and introductions to Mito churches. He bought a bottle of creosote, a bucket and brush and went about cleaning toilets. That evening he returned and paid back the yen!

About that time our gardener became sick and died of cancer. Shimamura became our gardener and tramp teacher. He never drank after hearing the children’s hymn, but it took him two years to quit smoking. We always had our workers and boys in for New Year’s breakfast and all made “New Year Resolutions.” Shimamura San told us he would stop smoking, but would soon begin again secretly. We always found him out! Finally, after one of these breakfasts Shimamura San said he wanted to talk to me privately. We went into my study. He told me that just before Christmas he was going out to the woods to get a Christmas tree and left three cigarettes on his charcoal heater (kotatsu). When he came back three little girls from his Sunday School class were sitting in the “kotatsu,” each with a lit cigarette! That settled it, and he was through forever. Sure enough he did keep that resolve.

While we were on furlough in 1935 Shimamura San was married to a woman who already had a daughter. They had two more children who were very bright. When we left Japan in 1940 Mr. Hirakawa, seeing us off at the dock, remarked that our life in Japan was worth while just to have won Shimamura San to Christ.

One night an old man slept in our lodge. As I saw him leaving the next day, bent over and walking with his cane, I called him back and said he could stay another night. He was very hard of hearing and could hardly see. Grandpa Minagawa (Ojiisan) stayed on and became the beginning of our Old Folks’ Home. We found that he had been married to a very difficult young woman, and being unable to get along with her, had run away from home. He finally became a knife carrying burglar (Goto) and had served a total of thirty years in the penitentiary. We kept him busy helping with the gardening and pumping water.

We had bought a piece of land a mile out in the country with two small houses on it. We gave one to the Sonobe family and decided to use the other as our home for old folks. We searched the province for old people and could only find five or six who would come in, in spite of the fact that there was no such institution in Ibaraki Ken. The families were supposed to take care of their own grandparents.
ENTRANCE "AIYUEN" HOME FOR THE AGED

FUNERAL AT "AIYUEN" HOME FOR THE AGED
Only those with no family, like our Minagawa, would come. One night the small house burned down. Minagawa had a way of getting very angry about once a month and we think he set fire to the place while mad!

When the “Fact Finding Commission” sent around the world by Rockefeller was in Japan they visited our work and we were given a grant of $750 a year. That year, 1935, we used this and an equal amount given by the Mitsubishi Company, to build a home for about twenty people, on our own property. After the war this frame building was rebuilt of fire proof construction. Shimamura became head and we were able to fill it. After Shimamura’s death our Susumu Yamaguchi became head and has done a remarkable work in expanding it. They now have about 80 guests, flush toilets and central heating. Our son Samuel, when a missionary in Mito, started pottery work which has become very successful. With a fine spirit and work to be done the “Aiyuen” is one of the most popular old folks’ homes in Ibaraki Ken.

Before the war there was a great deal of tuberculosis in the country. We came in contact with many cases and yet the health office said there was no tuberculosis. The doctors would never call it that because it would disgrace the family. A young man I had as secretary died of it and one of the Sonobe boys died of it, as did the daughter of our kindergarten teacher. Manju Kato was especially interested and we walked along the shore trying to find a place for a sanatorium. We found an ideal place on a hill above Onuki, but the farmer would not sell for a TB Sanatorium. The same thing happened at Muramatsu. After the war both these places now have such hospitals.

Chapter 15

Furloughs

On our regular furlough in 1929 we took Yuriko Hirakawa with us. She was the daughter of Seiju Hirakawa, the principal of the Friends’ Girls’ School. She had graduated from a kindergarten training school and wanted to have experience in kindergarten work in America. During the year that we were in Ventnor she was a wonderful help with our children and took Samuel to kindergarten. We were allowed $350 for train fare from Pasadena to Philadelphia and we used this to buy a 1920 Buick. Because the roads in those days were not all paved, we had a hard trip with that old car, but finally made it. We had a missionary cottage by the sea. It was a wonderful year for
Furloughs

the children.

My farmer brothers said that if Herbie could drive across the continent with all his family they could surely take a tour of the States with two bachelor uncles. So I left the family at Ventnor while I went to Echo Farm to manage the harvesting of the winter apples in their absence. An Irishman and a German, employed the year round, did the picking while I gathered the baskets and packed them in the cold storage basement. It was a very valuable experience for me in my work with farmer boys.

In January I went to Cornell University for a six week course for rural missionaries. There were about twenty of us from Africa, China, South America and Japan. We did not get too much from some of the professors, but we were a great help to each other. When we were being shown some bee hives, the teacher told us that one of our number, a missionary from China, was the authority on bees and his book was used universally as a text book. I knew something about goats, but was hardly an authority! During farmers’ week some 5,000 farmers were present for classes and mass meetings. Governor Roosevelt came to address them. What a politician he was, telling all he was doing and intended to do for the farmers!

I did a good deal of deputation work, but when in Atlantic City on Sunday I attended that meeting. They often had visitors. One Sunday, sitting on the facing bench beside Dr. Martin, the head of the meeting, I could see the troubled faces of the Quaker hotel men. The words from Isaiah came to me, “Comfort ye, comfort ye my people.” The hotels were all having hard times in the depression. My old friend, Hannah Morris, came in late and gave me a heavenly smile as she walked passed me to her seat on the women’s side. She took off her bonnet and at once stood up and quoted my verse from Isaiah without comment.

At once I rose with the same text and said that the Lord wished to comfort us all, but there was one person present who especially needed comfort. I went on preaching on the Comforter, whom Jesus had promised.

When Dr. Martin closed the meeting he turned to me and asked if I had met the lady who had come early and told him that she was ready to commit suicide. When I said I had not, he replied, “Old fashioned Quaker ministry is not yet dead!” Just then a well-dressed elderly lady came front with tears streaming down her cheeks and told me that she was the one who needed comfort. I told her to sit in the rear till I had greeted Friends. The hotel people were especially cordial and Hannah Buzby of the Dennis, said, “Herbert, I was inspired by thy smile when Hannah Morris came in.” I told her that I only
reflected “Aunt” Hannah’s wonderful smile. I had a blessed half hour with the troubled lady, who was not a Quaker, but had come for help.

That winter Max I. Reich was in Atlantic City for a week with Bible talks each evening. Another speaker was the Maréchale from France, who taught us that chorus, “God’s love is like the sunshine, It covers land and sea, It fills my heart with gladness, Just to know that God loves me.” S. D. Gordon was there for a week and one afternoon visited us in our home. He was especially interested in our Samuel, as that was also his name. We have all his “Quiet Talks” books.

When it came time to drive west, our old Buick had gone bad and we turned it in on a four year old Packard and had a very comfortable trip in that roomy car. However, when it was greased in Colorado they failed to check the rear “housing,” and when we were in Zion National Park a bearing burned out. We were stuck in a motel over the weekend while a part was ordered from Salt Lake City. When we asked if there were church services Sunday morning, we were told that the church had burned down and they were meeting in an orchard. We joined a Bible class led by a very intelligent woman. A bearded farmer led the worship service. When he asked if any one was prepared with the sermon, and no one replied, I said that I was. I told them I did not know what denomination they were, but that I was a Quaker. After the service the leader embraced me and said that when he was a lad some Quakers came through the country with a horse and carriage, stopped in every village to fix folks’ teeth, and then held a religious service. I was the first Quaker he had met since that time! When I learned that they were Mormons I was surely surprised. I knew little about their doctrine at the time, but they were certainly good to us and the Mormon mechanic hated to charge us for his work on the car!

Back in Japan again we were all kept busy, as usual, but finances were in bad shape in America, so in 1936 they called us home to do some money raising. Again we had a missionary apartment in Ventnor and the children were all in school. I was on the road driving a Ford run-about, visiting meetings and individuals. The depression was still bad and money very tight. But things were also going poorly in Mito, so in February I left the family in Ventnor while I returned to Japan alone, traveling steerage on a Japanese ship to save money. My fellow passengers were American Japanese and we had a good time, especially having Sunday School with the children. First class was empty, so they moved the second class passengers up there and put me in second class.

I had a lonely, but very busy life. We had rented our cottage at
Karuiizawa for two summers, so I lived with the Normans, Canadian missionaries, sleeping in “Daniel’s Den,” as Mrs. Norman called it. I could climb out the window early in the morning to go to milk our goats. Yamaguchi San had to stay with his dairy in Mito and a young man I had engaged was called to the army, so I had a strenuous summer. The Bixlers and others were also very kind to me.

Dr. Norman was a much beloved Nagano Ken missionary, responsible for the church in Karuiizawa. He had persuaded me to be treasurer of the church until we could get rid of a building debt they had. We also raised money to pay the salary of a second kindergarten teacher, as it was thought that the teacher should have company through the winter. We did clear off the debt and I persuaded a “Mukyokwai” (non-church) Christian to act as treasurer, which he did for many years.

That Fall Madeline left Virginia at Westtown and Samuel at Stony Brook and she and Donald returned to Japan by way of Hawaii where they had a stay with her brother Dr. Herbert and Grandpa and Grandma Waterhouse. Donald continued his Calvert School.

Chapter 16

War Clouds

The Japanese invasion of China was getting worse and I was looked upon with suspicion as a possible American spy. About once a month two plain clothes men came from the police station to find out what I thought of the Manchurian Incident and the invasion of China. Before they were through the Mito police station had quite a book on Nicholson’s “thoughts.” The pastors asked me not to attend their meetings any more, as the police always came to ask them what I had talked about. Censorship was pretty strict in Japan, and the people just did not know what was going on in China. I received the Christian Century magazine each week. Only it came late, as a friend mailed it to me after she had read it. Agents in America read all the magazines as they came out and if they had too much about China, that number was confiscated when it reached Japan. The Christian Century was often destroyed as it had so much from missionaries in China. I would take these papers to the pastors’ meetings and they would not believe what they read. But the police found a copy in one of the pastor’s homes and took him to the police station for examination.

When I visited in the country, a plain clothes man would always
secretly follow me about and after I had left he would visit every home I had visited to try to find out everything I had said. So I had to stop calling on friends. Notices were put up, “Don’t talk to foreigners; they may be spies.” There was such a sign at Shimotsuma where I had been visiting Edith Sharpless who had succeeded the Binfords in that town. Usually, as I traveled, fellow passengers were always friendly, but now when I rode a bus, no one would look at me. They kept looking down and seemed frightened! As we passed the police station at the county seat I left the bus, went in, and said I would like to see the man who put up that notice. Very soon a man came to the desk somewhat confused. He called me “Sensei” as I had taught him in the middle school! He told me he knew I was not a spy, but they had orders from Tokyo to put up such signs. I felt sorry that I had embarrassed him and asked to be forgiven.

Japan-American relations were most cordial after the 1923 earthquake when America did so much to help in the re-building of Tokyo and Yokohama. But this was all ruined by the U. S. Senate’s action in breaking the “Gentlemen’s Agreement” in 1924, after Hanihara’s unfortunate speech about “dire consequences.” Even liberal, friendly men like Dr. Inazo Nitobe, were terribly hurt. He vowed he would never visit America as long as this law remained.

Then Japan joined the Axis and in 1931 came the Manchurian Incident and the invasion of China. Germany had a fifth column in Japan influencing the Education Department and army men training young Japanese officers in Axis methods. Our friend, Dr. Beyer, professor at the Mito Junior College, had been bitterly opposed to Hitler. Suddenly he became entirely pro-Hitler. He told us that word came from the Education Department telling him that he must either “Heil Hitler” or lose his job!

In our village lived a very intelligent and concerned man who was doing much to help the young farmers. Because of our mutual interests we became good friends. His lovely sister was Virginia’s piano teacher. He was quite a student of farm economics and an old-fashioned Japanese teacher. Dressed in a black kimono he would sit on the floor of his living room and young farmers would come to sit at his feet to learn from him. Kozaburo Tachibana had what he called “Aikyojiku” or “Love Your Village Society.” His idea was that second and third sons of farmers remain in the village and start village industries, which they would carry on through the winter, and in the busy season help on the farm. He was unsuccessful in getting the Government or other groups to help him with his ideas. Finally some young naval officers came to him and asked for help in a plan they had for overthrowing the too-liberal government. They promised to
help the farmers in the new government. Tachibana agreed to join with them largely because he felt he would be able to get his ideas across to the country.

On May 15th, 1932, twelve young farmers went to Tokyo to cut the cables of all the power plants, throwing the city into darkness so that the naval officers could take over the Government. The boys were all caught in the act of cutting the cables. The naval officers led by Lieutenant Koga did assassinate Premier Inukai, but failed in everything else. During the trial the newspapers were full of Tachibana’s ideas, so he was successful in getting publicity.

At Uchihara, just a few miles from our home, lived another man who was interested in helping the farmers. Kanji Kato had been a Christian and had a school like the Danish Folk Schools. His idea was that second and third farmer sons should go to Manchuria rather than to the cities in Japan. Colonel Kingoro Hashimoto, trained in Germany, organized the “Japan Young Men’s Federation.” Knowing that the bulk of the men for the army would come out of the country he promised financial relief for farmers if they would cooperate with him. My friend Kato fell for this and started what they called “Shonen Kunrensho” or “Young Men’s Discipline Bands.” Three hundred farmer boys would be sent off with flags and cheers to spend three months of stern disciplinary life at Uchihara. Then they were sent to Manchuria to farm till they were of military age when they would be put into the army in China. I was disappointed at my friend getting involved in this military adventure. After the war Kato Sensei reopened his Folk School which became very successful and took in students from other Asian countries and Africa.

On February 26th, 1936, a Tokyo regiment, led by this same Colonel Kingoro Hashimoto took over the army headquarters just opposite the Emperor’s palace and for three days there was martial law in Tokyo. Admiral Saito, Finance Minister Takahashi, General Watanabe and Premier Okada’s brother-in-law were killed, and General Suzuki badly wounded.

Colonel Hashimoto, under General Matsui, led in the “rape of Nanking,” and ordered the sinking of the Panay, an American gun boat on the Yangtse. As a result Matsui had to resign, but Hashimoto went on leading the army up to Hankow. Yasukuni Suzuki, a young Quaker, went to Shanghai with Gilbert Bowles to see if they could help. On the voyage home Suzuki roomed with a young soldier who was being sent home a mental wreck. He said that Hashimoto told them this was a punitive expedition and they were to be very brutal. Young men, who had been taught to respect old age and children just could not do the horrible things they were ordered to do and keep
Gilbert Bowles had interviews with both General Matsui and Admiral Nomura. Both assured him that they would not go beyond Nanking. When that city fell, they would consider it the downfall of the Republic of China. But Hashimoto kept right on going!

Soon after the "rape of Nanking" Dr. Searle Bates, a history professor at the University of Nanking, came to Japan and Gilbert Bowles took him to interview leading Government officials. I took him to visit important Japanese in Karuizawa. What a terrible story he had to tell! Nineteen foreign missionaries and teachers remained in Nanking and stood at the gates of the University grounds day and night for four days. Without arms, but only by moral persuasion, they did not allow a single Japanese soldier into the University grounds, so that many Chinese refugees were unharmed. It was a horrible experience and something that has left a very black blot on the history of Japan.

In contrast, General Terauchi, in the north, had a Christian colonel leading his men when they took Peking. Mr. Shimidzu, an Omi Brotherhood mentholatum representative in Peking, had a school for prostitute girls. The Chinese greatly respected him and asked him to go out to meet the Japanese army and tell them that there would be no resistance, asking them not to harm the historical treasures of the city. Shimidzu went out and met the Christian Colonel. As a result there was not a shot fired and the Japanese army was kept in good order. Returning to America in 1940 we were on board the Nitta Maru with an American missionary from north China. He said that when the Japanese army came to his town there were no atrocities, and for the first time in years they had peace. Many of the Japanese soldiers came to the Chinese Church services.

It is impossible for us to realize how even the most liberal of the Japanese subjects were influenced by the pressure of loyalty to the Emperor, the strict censorship of all news, and the fact that Japan had no room for expansion. Kagawa had made a public speech in which he said that "You don't make friends with bullets, only corpses." He was taken to jail for that and reprimanded severely, but soon released because he was so popular with the public. However, later on, Dr. Henry Hodgkin, a Quaker missionary from China, in an interview with Kagawa, was surprised at how much Kagawa sympathized with what the military were doing and how little he knew of some of the atrocities.

Dr. Inazo Nitobe, a dedicated Christian pacifist and mighty worker for peace, finally gave in to pressure and let the old Samurai spirit get the upper hand. At a Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends he made a speech in which he said that there was going to be
some martyrdom for the cause of peace and that he was ready to die. Soon after that he was to give a speech at a Girls’ School. A reporter had an interview with him and quoted him as saying, “Two insiduous dangers confront Japan today — militarism and communism.” The military demanded an apology and the Black Dragon ultra patriots threatened to kill him. Two officers visited him in St. Luke’s Hospital and were satisfied with his patriotism so the matter was dropped. That Spring after much persuasion on the part of friends, his wife and a deep inner struggle, he decided that he should revoke his earlier decision never to set foot on the shores of America until the 1924 anti-immigration law was repealed. He went to the States with his wife for a series of lectures endeavoring to give the Japanese side of the Manchurian affair and the problems facing Japan. He was met with severe criticism and was hissed during a lecture in a Quaker meeting house in Philadelphia! However, he was asked to give lectures at the University of California, and the University of Southern California honored him with the degree of Doctor of Laws. It is indeed fortunate that he passed away before the tragedies of World War II.
When Japan joined the Axis they determined to spread their influence all over Asia as Hitler was trying to do in Europe. The "Co-prosperity Sphere" and "Four corners of the earth under one roof" were terms that were being used. It was a "holy war" to bring peace to the Orient. The military had built up an almost insane loyalty, using the motto "Ichioku Isshin" (100,000 — one heart).

It is a real tragedy that the "Showa" (Enlightened Peace) era of Emperor Hirohito should have had so much terrible warfare in it, when he was so strong for peace.

One morning in January, 1939, Walter Borton, of our Mission Board, came from Tokyo to see me. He took me into the garden and lovingly holding my arm began to talk quietly. He finally broke the news as gently as he could, that the Board had decided to drop us. Money wasn’t coming in and some members of the Board were afraid because of some of my financial dealings. Walter was very much relieved when I told him that we had decided to resign, as we could no longer work in the country, and the children needed us at home. It was agreed that we should wind things up by summer. The Board would pay our way back to the States and our salary till the end of the year.

However, that Spring the Canadian Academy in Kobe asked us to come there to take charge of the boys’ dormitory and teach. After twenty-five years I did not feel qualified to teach, but Madeline visited the Academy and felt that it would be right for us to consider the job. That summer Virginia and Samuel returned to Japan and we had one more wonderful summer at Karuizawa. I spent most of the summer reviewing algebra and preparing Bible study for the high school students.

Gloucester House, the boys’ dormitory, was a splendid building way up Nagamine Yama with a wonderful view of the city. It was about a mile to the school down in the city where Virginia lived in the girls’ dormitory. We had a rather hectic year as many of the children were very unruly, my teaching was difficult, and there were serious problems at the dormitory. Mr. Parker, the principal, was a splendid young man. He asked me to take charge of the Monday morning chapel, which I enjoyed very much. He wanted us to remain another year, but we felt we must return to America, as Virginia was ready for college and there were too many problems at Kobe. So we sold our piano, typewriter and other furniture and returned to America on the new Nitta Maru, third class. This lovely vessel was later turned into an airplane carrier and was destroyed in the war.
Chapter 17
A Methodist Pastor

We rented a small house in Pasadena. The children all started school and I went to Flint, Michigan, to pick up a Chevrolet we had ordered in Japan. On the train going east I got into conversation with a very boastful war veteran who had just attended a veterans' convention in Los Angeles. He claimed that should we get into war with Japan we could wipe them out of the ocean in six weeks. When he left to go to the diner for a drink, a sailor boy came and sat beside me. He said, "That loudmouthed fellow doesn't know what he's talking about. When it comes to seamanship those Japanese can put it all over us. When a U.S. destroyer tries to dock there is a lot of shouting and swearing and finally a smash into the wharf. But when one of those big Japanese liners comes in there is no noise, only the sound of a bell when the engines reverse and the ship glides gently up to the wharf."

I drove to Echo Farm, attending our niece Dorothy Waterhouse's wedding to George Smoker, on the way. Friends in New Jersey offered to pay us fifty dollars a month, which was our only visible means of support. We were hoping that we might get into work for the Japanese in California.

On the return trip I had two Friends with me who wished to get to California. I planned to get to Zion National Park for Sunday so I could worship again with the Mormons. When we reached the motel where we had stayed, it was full, but when Mr. Allred realized who I was he took me into his own home and asked me to preach on Sunday morning. A bearded farmer conducted the service and when I had finished my simple spiritual message he exclaimed, "That was good Mormon doctrine!" At lunch one of the Friends said, "I didn't know Mormons were Christians. Herbert, that was just plain Quakerism!"

The Mission Board had given us our retirement money so that we were able to purchase an old house in Pasadena, which became our home for the next thirty years. Then we visited Japanese churches and spent the Fall looking for a future field of service.

About Christmas time, 1940, Rev. Yamaka of the Los Angeles Methodist Church phoned me to see if I would take the pastorate of the West Los Angeles Japanese Methodist Church. I told him I was not a Methodist and not a preacher and could not possibly fill the post! However, he would not take "no" as the answer till we had talked things over. So I went over to his church and met this prince of a Christian pastor. The Nisei pastor of his church, Lester Suzuki, with whom we had once crossed the ocean, had recommended me. After a good talk and
some real Christian fellowship I agreed to go to the tiny church the first Sunday in January. About thirty Nisei came to the English service and about the same number of Issei to the Japanese service. I was just beginning to speak in Japanese when Rev. Yamaka entered and took a seat in the rear. My knees knocked together because he was one of the finest Japanese preachers in California. But he smiled so sweetly that he encouraged me greatly. At lunch we met with the committee of the church and they decided to call me if I would be satisfied with half the salary of Rev. Fujimori, who was having to take six months off. Since I did not approve of “paid ministry” I was willing to take this to help with transportation, as our car expense came to about that much, $40 a month!

Thus began a wonderful Christian fellowship that prepared us for the work we were to do during the war. As a preacher I was in the Japanese church fellowship as well as the Methodist conference. So I became acquainted with many Japanese Christian leaders in California. We made life-long friends with the Issei and Nisei at the little church.

In July the Fujimoris returned and took over the Issei work while I continued with the Nisei and Madeline with the Sunday School. We tried to have family worship at least once a month with three generations together. Some “Kibei” (Nisei who had been educated in Japan) did much to improve my Japanese and the Nisei understood my simple Japanese, so we felt these joint services were worth while.

Chapter 18
Pearl Harbor

It was Sunday, December 7th, 1941. We had finished our lunch and were driving to visit church members when Niwa San called to us from the sidewalk, “Sensei, they have bombed Pearl Harbor!” At once we rounded up some of the church members and had a conference at the church. Both Fujimori and I said they need not bother about paying us our salaries as most of them were gardeners and were sure they would lose their gardening jobs. However they did give us $100 that December and kept on paying us something, even after they were taken to camp.

We had supper that evening with the Sakamotos and he told us that he was on the “black list” of the F.B.I. because he had been in the Japanese army in the Russo-Japanese war. All such veterans were under suspicion and he felt he would be picked up. It took us two hours to
get home that night because of the blackout. The next morning we found that the local police had picked up Sakamoto and a number of others of our friends and taken them to the Immigration detention house on Terminal Island.

I had been asked to join the F.B.I. but when they said I would have to work outside of California and could have no Japanese friends, I told them I could not do that. So the first thing I did was to go again to the F.B.I. in Los Angeles and urge them to put a notice in the papers stating that they had picked up all the "potentially dangerous" Japanese and that those who remained should be treated fairly. But they told me they could not do publicity work! So I went to see Commander Ringle of the Naval Intelligence, whom I had known when he was naval attaché at the U.S. Embassy in Tokyo. He said he was not permitted to write for the papers although he knew that the stories of sabotage in Honolulu were lies.

I then contacted the Federation of Churches and got permission to speak to their Committee on the Japanese problem for just 5 minutes! I urged the Committee to do something about informing the public that the Japanese in our midst were not dangerous and should not be mistreated. I had talked but two or three minutes when the chairman, a reverend doctor of divinity, I'll not give his name, stood up in anger and shouted, "Stop! After that skunk of a Kurusu and that Nomura did what they did we can't trust any Jap!" I left the room but waited outside to have a talk with that DD! I realized that he was under great emotional strain, but I did want to warn him not to talk that way no matter what! When he came out I did get in a word with him, but he went past without speaking to me. Seven years later I sat by this gentleman at a Methodist church dinner where I was speaking. He did not recognize me. That night they gave me $5,000 for goats for Japan.

Competitors, like nurserymen and farmers, and anti-Japanese pressure groups, were so active and the newspapers so inflammatory that most people, emotionally upset, turned strongly against the local Japanese. Every one had his own personal story about Japanese with shot guns and short wave radios. Even fair-minded people like Earl Warren, then California Attorney General, testified that the State's immigrant and native born Japanese population represented a serious threat to American coastal defense. It is to his credit that, before his death, he wrote in his autobiography that he regretted the internment order and his part in it.

Very soon a "Fair Play Committee" was formed with famous people on it, such as Sproul of the University of California and Millikan of California Institute of Technology. Some of us joined this organization, but again they would do nothing to try to protect the Japanese in our
midst. They said they could not tell the army what to do. We said, "It's our army, isn't it?" So William Carr, a real estate man, and a handful of us formed the "Friends of the American Way." We were too small a group to turn the tide, but we did all we could to let the Government know how we felt, and to let the public know the truth about our loyal Japanese-Americans.

Chapter 19

Potentially Dangerous

In the war years there were so many lines of activity that it will be better if we follow through with one line at a time. About 600 "potentially dangerous" first generation Japanese and a few women were picked up on December 7th. There were also a few Nisei taken into custody, such as Togo Tanaka, who had been editor of the English section of the "Rafu Shimpo" (Japanese newspaper). He was detained for eleven days without any reason given and let out without any explanation!

After visiting the F.B.I. and Naval Intelligence I went to the Terminal Island Immigration detention center and visited several of our closest friends, one at a time. I then visited their wives to report to them. The Pasadena office of the Friends' Service Committee asked me to work for them and my first job was to drive to Imperial Valley with the Binfords to visit the homes of men who had been picked up. We went to Indio, Coachella, Brawley, El Centro, Calexico and back to San Diego and up the coast. Then I drove with Floyd Schmoe and Tom Bodine, both Quakers, up the coast to Seattle getting a list of men who by this time had been taken to Missoula, Montana. Floyd and I took the train to Missoula where we met Frank Herron Smith, the superintendent of the American Japanese Methodist work.

On Sunday morning we met Mr. Collair, the head of the institution, and he arranged for us all to go inside and have a meeting with the 600 men. This was very kind of him and a wonderful opportunity for us. After the meeting, where both Dr. Smith and I spoke, there was time to visit with my personal friends. We had a visit with Mr. Collair who showed us some of the letters the men had received from their families. They had to write in English. Mr. Collair said, "From reading these letters and seeing the way these men behave, I consider them the most loyal Americans we have. Just to think we won't let them become citizens, and then we lock them up here because of the pressure of public opinion!"
I remained on to be witness in hearings for some of my friends, and since I was there, I was asked to be interpreter in the Nevada hearings! They would not trust "Kibei" to interpret and they were short of interpreters. So the next four days I was at the fort from 8 a.m. till 10 p.m. interpreting in 52 hearings and being witness in several.

Our hearings were in charge of a very fine Department of Justice gentleman and watched over by an F.B.I. man. Then there were three judges, Dr. Johnson, a professor of philosophy from the University of Nevada, Mr. Smith, editor of the Fallon newspaper and a Reno lawyer. There was a secretary taking everything down verbatim.

The hearing would start by the Department of Justice man asking the Japanese if he knew why he was here. Of course he didn’t and things were not cleared up when he was told that it was because he was potentially dangerous! Then the judges and F.B.I. man would ask him questions, such as, "What is your philosophy of life?" "What do you think about Pearl Harbor?" "If the Japanese were landing on the coast of California, and the American army in the hills and you stood on the beach with a gun, which way would you fire?" Fifty of the fifty-two men tried were uneducated, whiskey-drinking day laborers in a copper mine. The questions meant nothing to them. However, we did find out that the real reason they were picked up was because the foreman took fifty cents from their pay each month to be sent to Japan for the relief of widows and children of soldiers who had been killed in war. When asked why they did this, most of them did not even know that it was done! After four days of this absurd attempt at justice, the judges were agreed that these men were not dangerous. They suggested that I go out and ask them what they would like to do: 1. Go back to the mine, 2. Go to one of the Relocation Centers, or 3. stay here. When I returned with the unanimous desire to stay here, the men just roared. The poor laborers had never had such good food and comfortable sleeping quarters, time on their hands for amusement, as well as no "Sake" on which to get drunk, nor money to lose in gambling! In spite of the unanimous decision of the judges and the identical nature of the cases, half of them were sent to Japanese relocation centers and half were kept in detention "to satisfy public opinion!"

For four days I had lunch and dinner with the Nevada team and they asked me all sorts of questions about the Japanese. They told me that they were grateful for my giving them a "different slant" on the American-Japanese. After our last evening we all went to the station to take the train for Ogden and Los Angeles. When they saw me going to the rear of the train they told me that the sleepers were in front. I told them I was riding coach. They asked, "Isn’t Uncle Sam paying your travel?" “No,” I said, “All I got out of this was this pencil the secretary
Potentially Dangerous

gave me and some free meals!" "Boy, you worked harder than any of us," said one of them. About five in the morning I got out at Ogden to say good-by as they changed for Reno.

I was witness in the hearing for old Mr. Hiraiwa of Pasadena. When they asked me what should be done with him, I said that he should be sent back to his wife at once. Six weeks later he did arrive in Los Angeles at 9 a.m., but his wife had left early that morning for Turlock Assembly Center. I saw him as they took him into the Santa Anita Center, and it took weeks to get him out of there. I offered to take him to Turlock, but was told that would be dangerous. They took him to L.A. and sent him alone by Greyhound bus, which arrived at 2 a.m. and no one to meet him!

Because of the pressure of public opinion the F.B.I. was picking up more and more "potentially dangerous" persons, such as all who taught in Japanese language schools and Buddhist priests. An old CCC camp on Tujunga Canyon Blvd. was used as a collection center. An Immigration official, Mr. Scott, was in charge of this camp, which could hold 300 men. When filled, a train load was sent out to South Dakota where hearings would be held. As I made many visits to this camp, Mr. Scott and I became good friends. One time he told me, "Any time I could tell these men to go home and come back tomorrow evening. They would all be back in time. We have to have a fence about them and old 'Sarge' at the gate with a gun!" Of course being near Los Angeles there were many friends and relatives coming to visit.

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Nicho' son:

We thank you very much for your visiting on us on Christmas day. We really was delighted with your wonderfull presents. Also we were deeply inspired hearing your merciful preaching.

We all well know that what you are doing for all Japanese in this country. Indeed, only one who has devoted to the God could do it.

We don't know how to express our appreciation to you, but we have nothing except best thanks in our hearts. We desire and beg you that you take good care of yourselves beinrin good health and exert yourselves to lead Japanese people please.

Please give our best wishes to your sons and daughters.

Truly yours,

[Signature]

(Handwritten text)
When Rev. Kenji Nakane was brought in from Coachella, he and Mr. Scott became warm friends. In fact Nakane Sensei helped this good Methodist man become really acquainted with Christ. When Nakane was taken elsewhere Mr. Scott promised to continue holding Christian services on Sunday. Some of the officials would take part and often he asked me to come for a Japanese service. The last Christmas they were there, Madeline and I were invited out to hold a Christmas meeting and share a delicious turkey dinner. Several times Mr. Scott took some of the men up to the Hillcrest sanatorium to visit their sick friends.

Women language school teachers were kept in confinement in Los Angeles where hearings were held in the Federal Building. I was witness in a number of these hearings. Well do I remember dear little Mrs. Imamoto’s hearing. She was on a stand with two steps up. The Department of Justice man was very large and rather rough of speech. He had been very rude to Gurney Binford. He had a Japanese text book which Mrs. Imamoto said she taught. He turned to the page which had a Japanese soldier and rising sun flag on it and asked if she taught that page. She said that she replaced the flag with the stars and stripes and taught loyalty to America. When he asked which way she would shoot if standing between the Japanese army and that of the USA, she said she was a Christian and would not shoot either way. When it came my turn to speak I really laid out that Department of Justice man. (I’m glad I forgot his name). I told him what a patriotic Christian lady Mrs. Imamoto was and how her patriotism was two steps higher than his, as she was on that stand. Also I told him he should be ashamed of himself for making her cry by insisting that she tell which way she would shoot.

The next day while walking in one of the halls of the Federal Building, I saw my friend of yesterday coming my way. I tried to avoid him, but he saw me, came and took hold of my arm and led me into his private office and shut the door. I wondered what was coming. He told me to take a seat as he wanted to talk with me. He thanked me for what I said about Mrs. Imamoto and assured me that she would be released at once. He wanted to know more about these Japanese and I was glad to tell him what I knew. After that he had a changed attitude.

Those who were to be kept after the Missoula hearings were all sent to an army prisoner of war camp near Alexandria, Louisiana. I spent four days there. The Colonel in charge was a Jewish gentleman. When I met him the first day, he was very strict, saying that these were all dangerous men and that I could see but one at a time, with an officer present, and talk only in English. I told him he was entirely mistaken about these men, quoted Mr. Collair, and asked him if they had not organized into a city that would run itself. He admitted that they had and that they had been most cooperative. After meeting several men
that morning, one at a time, the Colonel asked me to have lunch with him. Then he told me I could visit all the men who were in the hospital. Each day he became more friendly and lenient, so that I was able to see nearly all the men I wished to visit.

Lordsburg, New Mexico, was a different story. I had to walk four hot miles to the camp and the major in charge was too fond of strong drink to be on duty so a lieutenant took me out to a visitors' room where he called in men I wished to see, one at a time. This officer was under the influence of liquor also and took everything from me. He said he would have to keep my note book, with all the names of men I was visiting, in it. When I objected he threatened to keep me under detention.

On my second visit to Lordsburg a more friendly officer was in charge, and when I asked him about a man who had died in the camp he told me that he had been shot by one of the guards. This man had TB and in walking the four miles from the station he’d lagged behind. An officer thought he was trying to escape, so shot him. The Lieutenant also told me that there were a great many real prisoners of war in the camp. They had wished to celebrate the Emperor's birthday, so painted a large red sun on the center of a large sheet, and raising it, cried, "Tenno Heika, Banzai." The guards thought they were starting an insurrection and brought out machine guns, but fortunately did not fire.

Some fifty women, mostly language school teachers, had been sent to the Seagoville women's penitentiary near Dallas, Texas. After a night on coach from Alexandria I reached Dallas about 8 a.m. I found that there was no bus to Seagoville, but that I could take a trolley to the end of the line and hitchhike from there — about twelve miles. I got a ride in a truck carrying ice, driven by a black Southern Baptist gentleman.

I was surely surprised when he let me off at the Federal Penitentiary for women. It looked more like a college campus with no fences and some lovely two story brown brick buildings with no bars at the windows.

When I entered Mr. O'Rorke's office, he rose and walked towards me to give me a good hand shake, saying, "I was expecting you, Mr. Nicholson. Mr. Collair has written me about you and asked me to show you the works." He took me outside, showed me the building where German women were held and the one with Italians and then into the Japanese building. At the entrance Mrs. Wada, a pastor's wife, and Mrs. Onodera, a prominent leader of Los Angeles, saw me and ran to me clasping my hands. Mr. O'Rorke said, "I see I don't need to introduce you. I'll leave you with these ladies. You can have lunch with them and come back to my office about 4 o'clock."

Mrs. Wada took me to her room, which had wall to wall carpet, a lovely twin bed, writing desk and wash stand, as good as any hotel room.
I told her about my visit with Rev. Wada at Lordsburg, and her daughter Midori who was with a married sister at Amache. I had also seen Yas at Overbrook seminary and Mike. Then she took me to have private interviews with others of my friends and to lunch in a beautiful dining room with four at a table with linen cloth and napkins and dainty china and silverware. I was told that this establishment had been built for women who had entered the States illegally. They wished to make a good impression on them!

After lunch we all gathered in a large drawing room with overstuffed furniture and had a wonderful afternoon. There were about fifty of these ladies and for some reason, one man. We talked, asked questions, sang hymns, laughed and cried. What a story I had to tell their friends and relatives back in the rough barracks with straw mattresses and most primitive conveniences!

At four o'clock I returned to Mr. O'Rorke's office and reported on my visit. He took me to Dallas in his own car. He told me that they were now organizing a family camp at Crystal City where these ladies could be joined by their families. When I was seated in my coach seat to go to Lordsburg that night, I felt in my pocket and took out an envelope with "The Widows' Mite" written on the outside. In the envelope there were 43 dollar bills that the dear ladies had collected while we were visiting.

Crystal City, on the border of Mexico, was the home of "Popeye the Sailor," whose statue was in the town square. Spinach had not turned out as profitable as they expected and the place was half a ghost town. Outside the town was a village that had been used for farm workers, I believe. My old friend, Mr. Collair, was in charge, as Missoula had been closed. Inside there were families of Germans, Italians and Japanese and a number of Japanese families from Peru. They lived in little cottages and were given scrip money with which they could buy food and other things at a general store, so they could do their own housekeeping. There was a fine spirit at the village. Mr. Collair asked my advice about some trouble he had gotten into because he permitted the Germans to celebrate Hitler's birthday. He had permitted the Germans to have a celebration, even furnishing them with a large birthday cake, but no beer! When the Germans ran down the stars and stripes and ran up the German flag, people in the town saw it and tried to have Collair fired. I advised him to move the flag pole outside the village so "Old Glory" could not be meddled with!

Since the army had not been successful in handling these "potentially dangerous" men, they were all removed either to Crystal City with their families or to a camp at Santa Fe, under the Department of Justice. I had a number of trips to Santa Fe to be witness at hearings. I was there when they had their final hearings. At the last hearing in
which I was witness Rev. Eizo Sakamoto was the victim. When they asked him which way he would shoot, he told them so clearly that he was a Christian pacifist and would not shoot any one that they believed him! I was so “fed up” with this farce of trying people on what they thought or might do, that I really gave them a piece of my mind. When I said that in the 4,500 absurd hearings they did not find one case of sabotage or espionage, the F.B.I. man shouted, “That’s a lie!” One of the rules of the game was that when the witness was talking no one was allowed to interrupt. I rose and told them that I was through with the whole business, and left the room. The F.B.I. man followed me out and asked me where I had gotten all the information I had about these dangerous men. I told him I had been interpreter in 52 hearings, and witness in I did not know how many, and had talked with many F.B.I. men. He said, “But we’re not supposed to talk.” I did not tell him that I had tea with the man who was in charge of all these hearings, and his wife, who was daughter of a business man in Kobe, whom I knew. This man had talked freely about the whole business, agreeing with me that it was money thrown away. He even told me that his next job was to go to Camp Shelby and have loyalty hearings for the 442nd volunteers. I told him that would be one big mistake, and an insult to those men, and that he had better see that it was not done. Well it was not done!

Chapter 20
The Evacuation

The evacuation was such a hectic thing I cannot possibly tell the story chronologically. I shall just tell a few stories of my experience with this tragic bit of history. The army had first declared some ninety strategic places as out of bounds to enemy aliens. All German, Italian and Japanese aliens were asked to move of their own accord from harbors, air fields, military bases, etc. No American citizens had to go, but of course many Nisei did move with their parents. However, pressure from certain anti-Japanese groups forced the military to designate two zones in California and up the coast. Zone 1 was along the coast and inland as far as a line through Bakersfield, Fresno and up the state. Zone 2 was from this line to the mountains. Many Japanese, seeing the way things were going, voluntarily moved from the coast inland or even
beyond the borders of California. The Friends’ Service Committee helped quite a few to make this move. A group of farmers along the shore north of San Pedro moved to virgin land in the foothills near Porterville. Much money was spent in building shacks, digging wells and clearing the land and planting many acres of tomatoes. These farmers were forced to go out to relocation centers before they picked a single tomato! What a waste of food supplies in war time! No wonder some of these hard working, cooperative people became bitter and asked to be returned to Japan!

Dr. Yamaguchi and his doctor wife and another Nisei doctor had rented a small hotel in Sanger, in Zone 2, and at great expense remodeled it into a hospital and moved there. They were really angry when an order came that they must go to a detention camp. When I heard of this order, I at once went to that area with my truck to see what could be done to help. When I visited the Yamaguchis, they asked me to load my truck with their equipment and take them out to Salt Lake City. I told them that since I was working with the Friends’ Service Committee such an act might involve their good name. Dr. Yamaguchi asked, “What about the ‘underground railway’?” Remembering how Quakers were fined and sent to prison for helping slaves escape to Canada, I replied, “O.K. I’ll resign from the Service Committee and take you out, but first let’s try to get permission for you to go.” I asked them to phone their father, Dr. Yamaguchi, in New York City, who was a good friend of Mayor La Guardia, and ask the mayor to phone Colonel McGill in San Francisco to say that New York City would be willing to receive the young doctors. By afternoon a telegram came from Colonel McGill in San Francisco, giving them permission to leave. They did get to Salt Lake City safely.

Towards the end of February I was at a Service Committee meeting in Whittier when I felt strongly I should go at once to Terminal Island to see Virginia Swanson, who worked at the Japanese Baptist church. I had been going down there to help with special meetings they were having nightly in the church. Many Buddhists were attending because they thought they would be better treated if they became Christians! Unfortunately this turned out to be true. The Christians had more Caucasian friends and most church people were only interested in helping their own denomination, as I found out that very day. A small minority of Caucasian Christians, who tried to live the Sermon on the Mount, were impartial in their efforts to help all who were in need.

When I found Miss Swanson, she was quite excited because she had just heard that the residents of Terminal Island were about to be told that they must get out in 48 hours! We at once got on the phone and informed the Japanese Church Federation, the Japan American Citizens League, the Friends’ Service Committee and others, asking them to
send delegates at once to the Terminal Island church. That afternoon quite a group gathered and plans were made to help with transportation, opening hostels and helping get rid of belongings. Many Issei had been picked up by the F.B.I. and their wives had a difficult task getting rid of furniture and finding places to which they could move. All who had places to which they could go had already left the island and were very fortunate. I remember the Baptist superintendent, Dr. Mayberry, saying, "We'll take care of the Baptists and the Quakers can look after the Buddhists."

The next morning the place was crowded with friends, who wished to help, and profiteers, wanting to get something for nothing. The Moody Mattress Company had trucks there and Quaker farmers and pastors in work clothes were on hand with trucks. The Binfords, Quaker missionaries, spent two days selling things in the Ishii drug store. The crippled assistant pastor from Allan Hunter's church was packing hymn books and Bibles in the church. I went into a beer hall run by a woman whose husband was in detention as dangerous, and found a man from the Board of Equalization there going through her books when she was busy trying to pack up to leave. Because her books were in very poor shape, he attached her property so she could not sell anything. Everything was lost.

The Yamamotos, who, with two other families had a large grocery store, loaded their own two trucks and put valuable stock into a warehouse in Whittier and their furniture and cars into a Japanese language school near Whittier. More about this family later. We found Fumiji Nakane, a spastic boy, who could neither walk nor talk, and helped him find a place in Boyle Heights. This boy later arrived in Manzanar and while there they hired a special teacher to help him with his speech and studies and gave him physical therapy treatments. The W.R.A. did do many kind things! But what an unnecessary tragedy Terminal Island evacuation was!

I was asked to meet Miss Ryder of the Federal Security Agency, and take her around to all the centers where the Japanese were reporting for help and to find out what was expected of them. She phoned her boss, Mr. Richard Neustadt, in San Francisco, suggesting that he get me to work for them, as the Japanese seemed to trust me. I received a telegram from him asking me to come to his office as soon as possible. I happened to be in San Francisco soon after that and went to his office with my Quaker friend, Bill James. Neustadt told me that he wanted me to work for them at any salary I should name. They would give me the latest information and I was to go about at their expense to all Japanese communities to reassure them that they would not be mistreated. I told him that if I
should take on such a job the Japanese would lose all faith in me after the way they had already been treated! Mr. Neustadt said I was absolutely right and thought that I should see Colonel McGill, who was at that time in charge of the evacuation. He took us up Market Street in a street car to a hotel where we had an interview with Colonel McGill, a very fine southern gentleman.

The Colonel told us that the army had no idea of doing anything more than ordering all enemy aliens from certain strategic places, such as airports, harbors and so forth. But public opinion had forced them to go beyond this even to compelling citizens of Japanese ancestry to leave the No. 1 zone along the coast. I then asked him if the families who moved voluntarily from the 1 zone to the 2 zone would have to move again. He said "Absolutely not." I asked him if he would write such a statement on official stationery and sign it. He told me he was not permitted to do so. "Anyway a military promise isn't worth the paper it is written on. We kill people by the millions, of course we break our promises. Anything to win the war!" What a statement that was! Later I had reason to recall it.

In March, 1942, the Japanese were beginning to be removed to Assembly Centers, mostly in race tracks or fair grounds, and a few volunteers drove in their own cars up to Manzanar to help start a camp just beyond Lone Pine, in the shadow of beautiful Mount Whitney.

We often visited the Santa Anita center where our friends lived in horse stables. I attended a worship service one Sunday, held in the race track bleachers. Nearly everyone attended. One day we took a couple out to be married in our living room. We took a birthday cake to old Mr. Hiraiwa. The tough inspector tore open the Van de Kamp box and stuck a rusty knife into the cake several times. I objected and he replied, "There might be a bomb in the cake!" He was just plain mean.

Many times in the next three months we were on hand to see our friends off by train or bus to assembly centers. The Quakers and other church groups were always there to help with baggage and serve coffee and doughnuts. The internees were only allowed to take what they could carry in their hands, and, having sold or given away their cars, had no way to get to the send-off point with their baggage. So their Caucasian friends were on hand with cars and trucks and buses. I recall seeing a truck with White Memorial Hospital painted on the side, standing at the station. I asked the driver if he wouldn't come and help, as there was much baggage to be brought. He replied, "We've brought all our people!"

We were especially active in West Los Angeles with our own church people. The chapel was used as a warehouse and furniture was piled in, almost to the ceiling. The last service was a sad one, as no one knew just what would happen. We saw them off to Manzanar by bus.
In May the last group we saw off was from Covina where they left by bus for Arizona. I noticed some Caucasians standing by a bus and a number of Caucasians on board. I found out that a Russian lady had married a Japanese man and had several children. He died and she married again and had more children. The first set of children were so young when their father died that they did not even know that he had been Japanese. But when one of the girls tried to get a war job the authorities found that her father was Japanese and she and her children along with her sister and her children were being sent to the desert with the Japanese! After the bus left I took the two husbands to see Colonel Severance in Pasadena. I had had many dealings with him and although he was a rather hard-fisted military man he did have a heart. When we explained the situation he remarked, "Well, this is out-Hitlering Hitler!" He flew to Washington to try to straighten out this mess, but it was six weeks before the women and their children were brought back.

We had many letters from Manzanar wanting us to come up. I wrote them that we would come as soon as we got permission, but it was July before they would allow visitors. We rented a U-drive stake truck and filled it with equipment for their churches: pianos, hymn books, Bibles, benches and pulpits. We went to the Los Angeles public library and got a great many discarded books.

Madeline and I started out over the Angeles Crest highway on the 220 mile trek to Manzanar. Just outside of Lancaster two rear tires blew out and I had a time getting them off and hitchhiking back to Lancaster. While they were being patched I had lunch in an air conditioned home with our friends the Lorbeers, former teachers in Japan. Poor Madeline sat out in the heat without even water. She did get a book out of the truck and read it. I asked Lorbeer if he would like to go along with us and he said he would. About one o'clock we were on our way again, having given Madeline a cold drink and some sandwiches. A few miles before Lone Pine the tires blew out again. Fortunately we were right by a filling station and they helped us take off the tires and then patched them. We reached Lone Pine after dark so spent the night in a motel.

It was only a few miles to Manzanar and we were soon going through the formalities of being let through the gate. Mr. Nielson, in charge of recreation, met us and stood on the step while he directed us to the place where the West Los Angeles folks were. My, what a welcome they gave us! We unloaded the piano, hymn books and benches at the church used by our people and the books at an empty barrack that was to be used as a library. We had another piano and an organ for the other two Protestant churches. Mr. Nielson wished he could have a piano for a dance hall!
MRS. YOTSUKURA'S FUNERAL AT MANZANAR
When we were unloaded Mr. Nielson took us to the administration building and introduced us to the Director, Mr. Nash, an Indian service man. Nielson said, "These people belong in this camp." At once Nash offered us any job we would like. I told him I was opposed to this whole thing and did not wish to work for the Government as a partner in the affair. I wished to be free to fight the evacuation idea. Also we had so many other interests in helping those taken in as dangerous, the sick and those in other camps. Besides I could not accept a large salary and live in a comfortable cottage when my Japanese friends were working for practically nothing and living in great discomfort.

When I told Mr. Nash that we were Quakers he asked if we knew Charles Rhoads and Henry Scattergood, who had been in charge of the Indian Bureau under Hoover. When I told him that they were my personal friends, he shook my hand and exclaimed, "Any one who is a friend of those men is a friend of mine! If you can not join our staff we want you to come in as often as you can." He dictated a letter to his secretary, "To Whom it May Concern: — This will permit Mr. and Mrs. Herbert V. Nicholson and their three children to enter this camp at any time and stay as long as they wish. Signed Ray Nash. Director." It is amazing how often we were given privileges no one else got simply because we were Quakers!

At the entrance to Manzanar were the administration buildings and to the left some very neat little cottages for the staff. To the right, stretching out for a mile were row after row of black tar paper barracks. There were forty blocks and each block contained 12 rough buildings each twenty feet by one hundred. They were in two rows with lavatories, showers and laundry in the center. Two end barracks were reserved for dining room and recreation. The ten barracks for living quarters were divided into five rooms, each twenty feet by twenty. Five people were to live in each room. You were fortunate if you had just five in your family. Otherwise you would have to share the room with others. With no partitions and only one small light bulb in the center of the ceiling it was rather inconvenient. There was practically no furniture, although army cots came later. Each person was given a ticking sack in which they put straw for a mattress. Each block had 250 persons so, with 40 blocks, that meant 10,000 people. Fortunately many began moving east, especially college students, and it soon became less crowded. The recreation buildings were used for churches, libraries, school purposes as well as recreation.

The camp had already become well organized along democratic lines. Each block had elected a manager and the managers made up the camp council. There was a mayor and other officials, an education department, police department, sanitation, firemen and so forth. Doc-
MRS. YOTSUKURA'S FUNERAL AT MANZANAR
tors and nurses were put to work at the hospital and secretaries worked with staff members and teachers in the schools. As already mentioned, salaries were nominal, $19 a month for professional folks, $15 for nurses and teachers and $12 for ordinary workers. A library was soon started as well as an old folks home and children's village. There were official photographers and historians appointed.

In Manzanar there were three barracks in different parts of the camp set aside for the Protestant churches. There were also a Catholic church and a Buddhist church. Pastors received no salary, but the different denominational mission boards sent in salaries so that the pastors would be free to work for the church.

Visitors had to obtain a pass in advance and were met at the gate by the military police and then by internal security officers, who inspected any baggage. Liquor was not permitted. We were not supposed to eat with the internees but at the staff mess hall. If you wished to spend several days, you had to spend the nights out at Lone Pine. Later they did put in visitors' quarters in most of the camps. I still don't know why it happened, perhaps because of the friendship of Mr. Nash or perhaps because I wanted to really share the life of the internees, but I broke all these rules. I do not remember ever eating in a staff mess hall. I always lined up with the evacuees and ate at the regular mess halls three times a day. At Manzanar I often slept with John Nagayama, from our West Los Angeles church, and his teen age boys at Children's village. I would tell them bedtime stories and have prayer with them. I often ate with the children and talked to them. I also ate with the old folks often. For some time, when Mr. Merritt was put out with me, I did not visit Manzanar, but when I did, he wouldn't let me sleep inside. I would put a cot on my truck and drive out in the desert and sleep with the coyotes and rattlesnakes and drive back in for breakfast! However, Merritt soon relented, thanks to the intercession of the man in charge of relocation.

At Poston I always slept in Jitsuo Morikawa's study. He was one of the Nisei pastors. At Rivers I usually slept in the Pasadena Block Manager Satomi's office. At Amache I slept with an Issei pastor Hara­tani and his little boy. The boy told his friends the next day, "I have two papas." I was always asked to preach on Sunday and did so in my work clothes, which the folks appreciated. However, when I had a wedding I would go properly prepared. When Mrs. Yotsukura, from our West Los Angeles church, died at Manzanar while I was there with Donald, I had to go to Lone Pine to borrow a gown from the Methodist preacher. Rev. Fujimori and I conducted the service.

I made friends in Lone Pine and took several of them out to Manza­nar. Ezra Taylor, an aged Quaker farmer near Lone Pine, and his
daughter Nina became very close friends. Many of the Lone Pine folks became sympathetic and friendly.

It was not long before the Japanese gardeners had put in lawns and flower beds. At the hospital there was a beautiful Japanese garden. As there was plenty of water they also had vegetable gardens. In the Arizona camps experienced truck growers raised a great deal of produce. However, they were not allowed to sell it. I often took quantities of lettuce, tomatoes and watermelons the evacuees gave me, to friends back in California. At Rivers they wanted to start a dairy, but the dairy industry objected.

In closing this chapter on the Evacuation I would like to emphasize again that this was not a military necessity, but an injustice done by an emotionally upset public opinion bringing pressure on the government. I might also add that many of the Isseis were grateful for all that was done by understanding officers of the W.R.A. and considered it protective custody. They were really afraid of what might happen to them if left in their homes. I wonder if there is any other minority group that would have taken this treatment with so few incidents. I really felt proud of the way the Japanese-Americans took the loss of property and freedom in order to patriotically cooperate with the Government. I must confess, however, that I was somewhat disappointed that more of the individual Niseis did not stand up for their constitutional rights! I knew of only two or three. I also feel that we Christian Americans owe an apology to these loyal Americans for our failure to prevent this thing from happening.

Chapter 21

Truck Driver

Just before we left Manzanar with the rented truck, Mr. Yamamoto of Terminal Island gave me the pink slips for his pickup and stake truck that were stored in the language school near Whittier. He asked me to sell the pickup and load the stake truck with refrigerators, beds and other furniture belonging to the three families who had goods stored there. We also took greetings to Mrs. Yamamoto who was in the Maryknoll Sanatorium at Monrovia.

We were very soon on our second trip to Manzanar with the Yamamoto truck. West Los Angeles friends told me of many things they wanted and Mr. Yamamoto wanted me to go again to the language school and get some more things. When we returned to the language
school we found that the place had been burned down. Everything had either been stolen or destroyed in the fire. A number of such store houses had been robbed and then burned. So I loaded the truck with things from West Los Angeles and took my third trip to Manzanar.

Mr. Yamamoto told me that since I had rescued so much and saved his truck, I could have it. But I refused to take it outright, saying he might need it after the war. He gave me the pink slip with my name inserted as operator. It was a fine Dodge truck which had only gone 25,000 miles. I added 50,000 more miles to the speedometer. Being in this truck service, I was able to get plenty of gasoline through the W.R.A. Also, as a preacher I had a pretty good allowance for our car. But we only got five gallons a month for our second car which Mrs. Hiraiwa had left with us. Madeline could use that around town when I was away with our Chevy.

Stories of experiences with that truck would fill a book. Recently I met a Nisei young woman who told me that I took a crate of day old chicks to them in Manzanar. Also she told me that I took her father and brothers and sisters in the truck to Hillcrest to see their mother before she died. She was only 8 years old and had never seen her mother, as she was but a baby when the mother came down with TB and she was never allowed to visit her. So for the first time she saw her mother through a window. The other day Thomas Higa visited us and wanted to know the name of the Quaker family he had lived with in Los Angeles in 1944 when I brought him back from Poston in his army uniform to talk at service clubs. I had completely forgotten both these stories and many others! Each trip to Manzanar was 500 miles and Rivers 1,000.

The War Relocation Authority had men in Los Angeles who would go to places where internees had things stored and take them to a commercial truck line to be delivered. This was all done free of charge. I feel sure that some of the Japanese thought that I was being paid by the W.R.A. so did not give me anything for my trouble. Not being in the trucking business, I could not make a charge. However, most people gave me some money in an envelope, so that I always covered expenses.

Things were stored in churches, language schools or with Caucasian friends. Sometimes I had problems with these friends. They would not give me what was wanted without a written request from the owner. Or else they would say that this refrigerator was given to them and they would not give it up! But mostly everyone was most cooperative and sympathetic, wanting to know how their Japanese friends were doing.

The Pasadena Japanese church was very well stored with beds in one place and neatly marked, refrigerators in another place and trunks piled six high. The problem was when the trunk wanted was the bottom
one in a pile of six! Katherine Fanning, a Japanese missionary, lived in the parsonage and helped me locate things when letters would come to her from the Rivers camp. Loading pianos onto that truck without a lift was a problem. Samuel and Donald often helped me till Samuel had to go off to Civilian Public Service Camp. Conscientious objectors (C.O.'s) from these camps would often get time off to help me and ride to the centers with me. I could not possibly take everything that I collected from various storage places. So I would take things to Western Truck Lines and load them onto one of their trucks that was going to one of the camps. The truck men were very bitter and deliberately smashed things, so I was careful to put them on board the right truck myself!

I often took dogs and cats to their owners and what joyous reunions they had! At first no pets were allowed and animals were left with friends. I think that the greatest joy was shown when I took these pets to their rightful owners. One dog that I took to Poston never forgot me and always jumped all over me and licked me whenever I appeared in the camp. I once took a lovely Persian cat out to a cat hospital. I've forgotten how many cars I got out of storage to either sell or take out to the east somewhere.

Mr. Carr and the Friends of the American Way decided to send Christmas presents to the three camps near enough so I could take them in by truck. We got lists of men and women, boys and girls in each camp and tried to get suitable presents for each one, no present more than one dollar in value. It was a disappointment that some Sunday Schools and churches would not cooperate for fear of "comforting the enemy!" The First Methodist church of Pasadena gave 5,000 presents each year!

In December 1942 there was a near riot at Manzanar and Mr. Merritt, who had taken Mr. Nash's place, foolishly called in the soldiers who fired into the crowd, killing a teenage lad from Pasadena. Because of this the camp was closed to visitors. I was the first person in with my load of 10,000 Christmas presents. The Christmas spirit prevailed and there was no more trouble. Seventy ultra patriotic internees with a few staff members had been taken to an old C.C.C. camp in Death Valley, so I went there and we had a wonderful Christmas party. Mr. Carr would have made a splendid Santa, but he always refused to go to the camps and did not want any publicity. I was under the weather one Christmas and Donald took the presents to Poston and Rivers.

There were many people wishing to get out to visit in the camps so I had no trouble finding passengers to go with me. Civilian Public Service boys often went and helped with the driving. Once a C.P.S. boy and Katherine Fanning went with me to Poston and Gila Rivers. Another time we took Mrs. Porter, a wealthy lady who had friends in Manzanar. Madeline went that time.
One of the most famous trips was when I took Roy Smith, a Methodist missionary, to Manzanar to tell them about the coming of the war in Japan. He had come back on the Gripsholm. Practically the whole camp had gathered in a mess hall and the space outside. Mr. Merritt asked me to lead the meeting and give certain messages to the people in Japanese. Smith spoke in English, which was ably interpreted by Mrs. Kikuchi at that time head of social service. The audience was so stirred by the message that I felt it was right to pray in Japanese. It was a most successful meeting and did much to raise the spirit of the camp. Later I took Roy and Howard Hannaford, also a Gripsholm passenger, to Poston where we had meetings in all three camps and also in both camps at Gila Rivers.

Roy Smith simply told the people how he was shaving Monday morning, December 8th, when a friend called to him that Pearl Harbor had been bombed. He ran out into the street with half his face under lather, to find out more details. He went, as usual, to his classes at the Commercial University and the students were most sympathetic and sorry for him. He soon had to stop teaching, but was permitted to remain in his own home and given ration tickets and treated very kindly by his Japaness friends. A very few Americans were put in prison. Saintly Dr. Meyers was under suspicion because, as pastor of the Kobe union church, he had close relations with folks at the American consular offices. He was kept in solitary confinement for months, but had no bitterness nor resentment.

Later, when the Japanese heard that the west coast Japanese had been taken to detention camps they began putting Americans into mission school dormitories where they could be watched. However, even then, some were permitted to remain in their homes. Such was true of Ambassador Joseph Grew in Tokyo and our Friends’ Missionary Edith Sharpless.

On the first trip of the Gripsholm, August 1942, the missionaries on board prepared a statement for the press in regard to how they had been treated. However, when they gave this to the papers in New York City they were told that nothing good about Japan was news in America. After giving a talk in Chicago Ambassador Grew had tea with some Japanese missionaries who had gone to hear him speak. He told them that under orders from Washington he was not permitted to tell anything favorable to the Japanese. He said it made him very sad, when so many of his Japanese friends sacrificed to bring him meat and other delicacies when he was confined in the Embassy in Tokyo. He was only permitted to tell atrocity stories!

One time I took Kirby Page to Arizona for a peace conference with
Nisei. We had meetings in the three camps at Poston and then we drove over to Gila where we were stopped out in the desert before we got anywhere near the camp. A sergeant was there stopping all cars, including a bus with a number of internees who had been outside working. Kirby said we had better go on to Yuma where he had a meeting the next day. It seemed there was some sort of disturbance in the camp and no one was allowed in. Just then another jeep came out and the driver came up to me and asked what I wanted. When I told him he said, "The sergeant can go jump in the river, of course you can go in." We had no large meeting, but small discussion groups, which were fine.

Another time, I took two passengers to Manzanar that caused me trouble. Mrs. D’Ille, former Y.W. missionary to Japan and now head of social service at Manzanar, sent me passes for a Mrs. Saito and Allan Hennabold, asking me to bring them up on my next trip. Mrs. Saito was a Caucasian married to the official photographer at Manzanar and Allan was a C.O. who had worked at Manzanar with Mr. Saito. I took them up and they had a grand visit and returned to Los Angeles with me.

On my next visit to Manzanar Mr. Merritt called me into his office and wanted an explanation of the visit of Mrs. Saito and Allan. He had been away when they came to camp and later the F.B.I. asked him why Nicholson was bringing a Japanese woman from Los Angeles and a young man who was on their "black list." This embarrassed Mr. Merritt and he took it out on me. Mrs. D’Ille, like most of the staff, was afraid of Mr. Merritt and never told him that she was the one who had asked me to bring these visitors. For six months I was not permitted to go to Manzanar.

One Friday evening Allan Hunter phoned me to ask if I could take E. Stanley Jones the famous evangelist to Manzanar, Saturday. He was to have meetings there beginning on Sunday and there was no day time bus. No pastor had enough gas allowance to take him up to Manzanar. I told him that I would take him if he would phone Merritt and get me a pass, and if I could have time to pick up a load of freight. I was given gasoline for carrying baggage and not passengers. By two p.m. Saturday afternoon I had my full load and picked up Stanley Jones and a Japanese missionary lady and got them to Lone Pine in time for supper at the hotel. When the Japanese pastors saw me come in with Stanley Jones Sunday morning, they wanted me to have meetings for the Issei, but Henry Bovenkirk, whom I had gotten into Manzanar to help with English services after the Nisei ministers had left, said they had better not ask me as I was in disfavor with Mr. Merritt!

Some time after that George Gleason, a good friend of mine and former Y man in Japan, asked if I could take him to Manzanar. I did so,
and while there he proposed to Mrs. D’Ille and she left Manzanar and married George! Both had lost their former spouses. After Bovenkirk left Manzanar towards the end I went up there about twice a month to help with Sunday services.

Besides Manzanar, Poston and Gila Rivers I went to Topaz in Utah and Minidoka in Idaho once and twice to Heart Mountain, Wyoming, and several times to Amache in Colorado. I was asked to come to Minidoka to speak to the Issei for a week while E. Stanley Jones was speaking to the Nisei. At the first meeting, Sunday morning, Rev. Machida introduced me as “Doctor Nicholson.” When I told them that I was not a DD but just plain Herbert Nicholson, Machida stood up and conferred upon me an honorary degree! I not only spoke three times on Sunday and every night that week in Japanese, but five mornings they had me talk to the High School students on cultural things in Japan that should be kept. As there was no auditorium I spoke to about 150 each morning in a mess hall. We had a two hour period and there was time for questions. Later I gave this same talk at Amache to the whole High School in a large auditorium. Afterwards one of the teachers told me that the students thought I was a real “pro-Jap!” I never did get to Tule Lake in northern California, nor Rohwer and Jerome in Arkansas.

Chapter 22

Hillcrest

Hillcrest was about the smallest evacuation, but it was one that became very near and dear to us. It was just 25 miles round trip from our home to Hillcrest, over in La Crescenta. Some 156 patients with Tuberculosis were taken from Olive View and other sanatoriums and put in a private sanatorium, way up on a hill, with a guard at the gate. For some reason Mrs. Yamamoto was left at Maryknoll and a Nisei girl in a small private Sanatorium in Boyle Heights. Also the little Higa boy, Naito lad and Eddie Hagihara were left in foster homes, all with TB of the hip.

We were given passes by the Olive View chaplain to visit Hillcrest Wednesday and Sunday afternoons. For the next 8 years Madeline seldom missed these visits, usually taking Christine Jansen a dear Quaker lady along to help with purchasing things the patients needed. They were very short of nurses, cooks, etc. so that up patients were given jobs: nursing, passing trays, helping prepare food and so forth. The patients organized and became one large, generally happy family. They all adopted Madeline as their mother and loved dear Christine Jansen.
Other visitors were Father Lavery, Sister Mary Esther and the outside chaplain from Olive View, Rev. Biglow. At first there was another Japanese missionary, but he soon dropped out. I’m afraid he felt a bit jealous of Madeline and tried to have her pass taken away. When I told our Doctor Babcock about this, he exclaimed, “Why Mrs. Nicholson does more good here than all the doctors, nurses, and preachers put together!” The missionary told me that we had no Quakers at Hillcrest, to which I replied “We may not have any Quakers, but we have 156 friends!” Well, Madeline kept her pass and that was the end of this visitor. There were other preachers and friends who came.

Before the families were moved away we had our first death. Fred Nakamura was a Catholic and when I asked him if he wanted me to pray with him the last time I saw him he said, “I would like it, but Father Lavery told me not to let the Nicholsons pray with me.” “That’s all right, Fred, let’s each of pray quietly in our hearts.” Hugh Lavery and I became good friends and he often asked me to pray for his patients!

We attended the mass for Fred. His mother was present, as were other Japanese friends and relatives. After the mass in Latin, Father Lavery took off his stole and went to Fred’s mother and in his simple Japanese said, “Mother, you need not worry about Fred’s soul. It went straight to Heaven, he was such a good boy.” At the cemetery he read a prayer in English which asked that Fred’s soul might soon get out of purgatory! I asked him to explain how he could tell the mother one thing and pray another. He replied that when he had that white stole about his neck he was a priest and had to believe what the book said, but when it was off he was Hugh Lavery and could believe what he wished!

During the war I had charge of some 35 funerals or committal services. Father Lavery could not do this if there was cremation and as the Japanese usually wished cremation I had the task for Catholics and Protestants and even Buddhists. Mrs. Ota was a wonderful Congregational Christian, who died during the war. Her body was shipped to Colorado for a funeral at the center and then back here, accompanied by a Nisei soldier. I had charge of the burial at Evergreen cemetery and asked Father Lavery if he would like to say something and also a Christian pastor, who lived next door to the Otas. The pastor said, “This dear lady was never immersed but I’m sure she went straight to heaven because of her faith.” Father Lavery said, “Mrs. Ota was never baptized with Holy Water, but I know she went to heaven because she suffered so.” When it was the Quaker’s turn to speak, I told them that I was not so much concerned about where her soul was because that was in God’s hands, but I did know that to be with her in her sick room was heaven on earth. There were three patients in each room at Hillcrest and Mrs. Ota’s roommates all became Christians. Madeline and I were at her
VESPER SERVICE AT HILLCREST

A HILLCREST PARTY AFTER THE WAR
bedside when she passed away. She asked us to pray for her husband, son and daughter and for several young men who worked at their wholesale market. Then her face shone and she looked away saying "Ureshi, ureshi!" (Happy, happy).

Madeline became very fond of Sister Mary Esther, although she tried hard to win Madeline to Catholicism. Finally she said, "Dear Sister, we don't understand now, but when we both get to heaven we'll understand."

The Sanatorium secretary used to call us over for emergencies. One week, when I was away, Madeline was called every evening because Roberta Takao was feeling low and wanted her. If someone was dying, they would phone us to come over for "Protestant last rites!" On one of these occasions a young man was having a heavy hemorrhage and not expected to live. Madeline stood by his bed and told him of Kagawa's "Over the Death Line" and how he promised God to be His man if he were healed. He made the same promise and was healed and is still living, very husky. Another time they called us as Marjorie was dying. When we got there the doctor was coming out of her room. I asked if it were all right for us to go in. The doctor said, "Reverend, you believe in God. I don't. Medical science has done all it can and she will be dead in fifteen minutes. I turn her over to you." We went in and she did look like death. Madeline put her hand on her brow and quietly prayed. The hemorrhage stopped and the girl recovered.

One evening they called to say that Kayano San had been taken to the general hospital in critical condition with bleeding stomach ulcers. We went right over and found his room. He looked so pale because of the loss of blood. A black resident physician was there and explained to us that his stomach would fill with blood and then he would vomit. This happened about every two hours and he would be dead before morning if he did not have transfusions. He was too weak for an operation, but the mission account in the hospital blood bank was zero, because all blood was being given for soldiers. I told him to borrow blood at once and the next morning I would bring in plenty of donors. That handsome black doctor, with tears in his eyes, thanked me and said they would begin at once. I phoned Allan Hunter and he said he had a dozen C.O.s at his church and would have them all over by 8 a.m. They would not take a gun to shoot Japanese but they would give their blood to save the life of one! I filled our car the next morning and we went over also. I was 52 at the time and they said I was too old, but I persuaded them to let me give my blood and they agreed. When I went to his room, his color was good. He was so grateful when I told him I had given a pint of my blood to save his life, but Christ had given all his blood to save his soul. Kayano
looked at me and exclaimed, “Ah, wakatta!” (I understand.) However, they were unable to get him back to strength and he finally passed away.

Sunday afternoon we had vesper services at the sanatorium, inviting several preachers to come to speak to them. We often spoke, as did Rev. Soza Watanabe, who was one of the patients. I was greatly disappointed that no evangelical minister would go for fear of comforting the enemy! I just couldn’t understand that attitude.

Chapter 23
I Go to Jail

On one occasion I was to take a Buick from Pasadena to Denver. It’s some job getting a car that has been stored for two years, into running condition. I got to Poston all right, and while there met a man from Seabrook Farms in New Jersey. He had not been very successful in getting laborers from the Poston camp, as a former agent had misrepresented the work and housing at Seabrook and some had gone out and returned disappointed. This gentleman asked if he could accompany me to Gila. Not far from Poston, in the desert, my brakes locked and I could not get them loose. The tubes carrying the brake fluid had crystalized. I broke one of these and all the fluid ran out and the brakes loosened, so I had no brakes. Believe it or not, I drove from there to Phoenix without any brakes! To stop I had to put the car in low and then stop the engine. We reached Wickenberg about 5 p.m. and I phoned ahead to the Buick place to ask if they could fix my brakes that evening. We made it by 8 p.m. and they said they would have it ready by morning.

We went to the Westward Ho Hotel where we met another man from Seabrook. He and I shared a double room. When in bed he picked up the phone and called his wife in Ventnor, New Jersey, and talked with her half an hour. Then he suggested that I talk with my wife — all on the company! He told me they were having a hard time getting laborers for Seabrook Farms and that they would give me fifty dollars for each man I would send them. He gave me a check for fifty dollars, with which I was able to pay for the car the next morning.

When we drove into the Gila camp with these two men, the relocation officer told them that in Nicholson they had run into the person who could get more people to go out than any one else! If only I had gotten them to put in writing that they would give me fifty dollars per person! I
I Go to Jail

told them it was not worth while going to Manzanar, but I would see what I could do there. I did spend a week in Manzanar later and got quite a few to go to Seabrook, most of them satisfied.

I reached Denver safely one afternoon and delivered the car and received $88 to cover the expense of getting the car there. The owner loaned me his Ford run-about so I could go out in the country in Henderson county to look up the Sonodas, who were farming out there. I had done much for this family when they were at Poston, moving furniture and clothing from their lovely home near Brawley, as it had been confiscated by the Government and was to be sold!

I stopped at a country store and asked the loungers out front if they could tell me where a Japanese family was living. A boy said he would show me the way, so got in the car beside me. We soon found a Japanese home and I talked with them in Japanese and found out where the Sonodas lived. We went there and I was amazed at the shack in which they were living and working so hard. They invited me back for breakfast the next morning and I returned to the store next to which there was a motel. I paid a dollar for a room and was soon fast asleep.

About 1 a.m. I was wakened by a man with a gun at my head. "There goes that $88," I thought. But the man showed me a sheriff's badge and ordered me to get up. I tried to tell him who I was, but he said that I had stolen money from the motel cash register and that I was a spy. The boy I had taken, asked me to let him drive the car. Evidently when I told him I couldn't, he was mad and reported me to the sheriff's office.

The deputy sheriff rode with me, and another man with him drove their car. At the county jail they took everything from me and then locked me in a sort of cage. There were three cells, each with two metal shelves that pulled down. All cells were empty and the flush toilets in two of them had overflowed. I took a dirty army blanket from each of the cots and put all on one in the cleanest cell and was soon asleep again. In the morning a fellow prisoner, called a "Trusty," brought me a tray with some oatmeal, coffee and a roll. I didn't feel hungry so said he could have it. I found that he was an alcoholic and often came to the jail to cool off after a binge. He said his wife was a Nazarene and that he had gone to the mourner's bench several times. I suggested that we might kneel right there and pray for help. In the middle of our prayer the deputy sheriff of last night came in, swore at the man and kicked him and then let me out and took me in to see the sheriff. He was a rather gruff man and asked me why I was taken in. I told him I did not know last night, but now understood. "Ah, your conscience is troubling you, is it?" "No," I said, "God sent me in to help that poor alcoholic and to have a talk with you." "Oh, baloney!" he replied. Then he asked me all sorts of questions.
and when I told him to call up the W.R.A. office in Denver to find out who
I was, he swore at me and said, "Who's doing this investigation?"

After about an hour of this I was sent back to jail to have several
hours of meditation. No food was offered me, but about 2 p.m. I was
taken out again to the sheriff. What a change! He was no longer the
tough sheriff, but a gentleman. His little grandson was in the room with
him. He did not apologize, but shook hands and said he was mighty
happy to meet me and wanted to know more about these Japanese. This
man, like so many in war time, was very bitter and treated the
Japanese, who had come to Colorado to farm, in a very bad manner. I
told him that if he wanted to meet a real American he should meet Tom
Sonoda and I told him some remarkable things about the patience of this
Japanese. The sheriff thanked me for giving him a new slant on these
people and said he would get acquainted with Tom. I visited the Sonodas
and they were astonished at my story. I got a late train that night for
Heart Mountain, where I had several days of visiting.

Chapter 24
Speaking Engagements

All through the war I was asked to speak at churches, schools and
service clubs. I kept off topics about the war, but spoke about what was
happening to the American Japanese in detention camps, and federal
prisons. I would endeavor to get folks to write Washington to have the
camps opened, or I would collect things to take out to the camps. In
schools I would talk about cultural things in Japan that were worth­
while. At service clubs they would often say, "Tell us the truth about
this war, we know we are only hearing one side." I was certainly not
pro-Japanese, but I could tell them many things that were not known in
our country. For instance, I could tell them that the Emperor and
Kurusu and Nomura were innocent, and that the military had taken
things in their own hands. I also told how Ambassador Grew told some of
my friends in Chicago after he had given a set speech, prepared in
Washington, that it hurt him to tell these atrocity stories when the
Japanese had been so good to him. But in those days, "Nothing good
about Japan was news in America!"

You know, no service club ever reported me to the F.B.I., but often
churches did so, when at the end of my talk questions were asked that I
tried to answer. The F.B.I. had to investigate every such report and we
had several visits from them. Most of them were understanding but one
told me I had better be careful or I would land in jail! I told him there were lots of men, better than I, already in jail. They called them, "Non-criminal criminals."

One day a gentleman called to ask me for information about military points in Ibaraki Ken. He asked me if I had a map of my province. I told him that I had none, as I did not wish to have people think I was a spy. He told me he was from the military intelligence. I told him to go back to Washington and they had all the information necessary and that it was foolish to go about trying to get information from missionaries. He shut his brief case and said that I was absolutely right and that I was the first missionary who had not tried to give him information!

A cousin had asked me to speak in her school at Earlham, Iowa, and I did speak to the High School and Primary School children. When I was there a year later, Anita wanted me to speak again, but the principal said there had been objections the time I spoke before and I had better not do it again! But he did say she could have me speak to her room, only, if I would not mention anything about Japan! I had hardly started when a girl held up her hand and wanted to know if I was from Japan. She then said that she had also been in Japan and began telling about the beautiful mountains and lovely children of Japan. She asked me questions and I wanted to know where she had lived. We had a most interesting conversation for the rest of the period. After the class I was asked to another room to talk to the children. Then I went to find the mother of the little girl who had been in Japan. I found her and when I told her what her daughter had said she exclaimed, "The little liar! She's never been to Japan." I told the mother that she had a wonderful daughter with a keen imagination and she was not a liar!

Another time at Milwaukee I spoke to a Rotary Club and was having supper with a doctor's family, when their small boy went to the phone. The father said, "Let's listen." The boy said, "Is this Uncle Arthur?" (They told me that was the principal of their Country Day School). "Say, Uncle Arthur, I have a man here who could give the kids a good talk. Can I bring him to chapel in the morning?" So the next morning I had the opportunity of talking to the boys in this fancy private school. When I asked them if any of them had ever killed a chicken, several said they had. One little fellow dressed in an officers' uniform came up front to tell us how he did it. "I just hold its head on a block of wood and cut off its head with a hatchet." "But doesn't the blood come out?" He said, "Sure, but I ain't as scared of blood." Then I told them how I never found a farm boy in Japan who could kill a chicken! Then I asked how we would feel if a German bomber would fly over Washington and drop a bomb on the Lincoln Memorial, or over Philadelphia and drop a
bomb on the Liberty Bell. Oh, that would be too bad, they all agreed. Then what if it came over Milwaukee and dropped a bomb on this lovely school. They all cheered and said that would be fine as they would then have a vacation!

Uncle Arthur then took me to a private girls’ high school and on the way said he would never have let me talk if he had known what I was going to talk about. At the girls’ school the principal said I could talk for forty minutes and leave ten minutes for questions. I told her that would be dangerous, but she insisted. I did not touch on the war at all, but told of the cultural things of Japan that were beautiful. When I finished a girl stood up and angrily said, “Everything you said is a lie! My father is a Colonel in the Orient and he says the Japs are brutes.” I wanted to tell her that her father was correct in what he said about Japanese soldiers, but I was also right in what I said about the civilian Japanese; but the teacher was embarrassed and dismissed the girls!

I was taken from there to a normal college where I talked about the relocation centers. There were several Nisei students in this school and all listened with much interest and there was no argument.

About that time the Friends’ Service Committee decided I was too dangerous and was doing too much talking in war time and also preaching when I went to the camps. So our relations were cut and I was free to go about and speak as the Spirit moved me. There was no hard feeling and I cooperated with the Service Committee on many occasions.

Chapter 25
Nisei Soldiers

A number of Nisei were inducted into the army when the draft started in July of 1941. James Kitsuse of our West Los Angeles church was one of these. In August I visited him at Camp Crowder in Missouri. He told me a most fabulous story of how the farmer boys in camp asked the Colonel if they could go home to help with the harvest, as they were doing nothing in the camp. Equipment had not come in and they were only doing a little marching each day. The Colonel refused their request so company after company walked out and returned after the harvest was over. Imagine a German or Japanese army permitting such a thing!

When the war started they stopped drafting Nisei and registered them “enemy alien!” Most of them naturally resented this very much.
The Kibei and some Nisei were put out of the army and those left in were put on KP duty and not sent overseas at first. In February 1943 it was decided to organize a volunteer combat team. My friend Jim Kitsuse was named one of the cadremen to organize this outfit.

That summer I went to Hattiesburg, Miss., and James was to meet me at the station. He was not there and I asked an M.P. if he knew anything about a Nisei soldier who was supposed to meet me. He informed me that they had picked up one and put him in jail because he was in the wrong uniform. I went to the jail and there found Jim very much upset. He told me that their regiment had all changed to summer uniforms that morning. I explained this to the guard and soon got him out.

I spent a wonderful weekend with the boys. The chaplain, a splendid Southern Baptist, was very friendly and asked me to take the Sunday chapel service. He told me I could speak with perfect freedom and there would be no criticism. I spoke on the Love of God and many of the men thanked me, saying they had not heard about love since the war began. A whole freight train load of volunteers had just arrived from Hawaii and were very tired and homesick. The chaplain took me to every company and introduced me. I asked them if they knew Miles Carey and they shouted, "Sure, he’s our principal at McKinley High School.” I told them I had just seen him at Poston where he was head of the schools and he sent his aloha to them.

I visited Camp Shelby again in March of 1944 and that story comes in the next chapter.

Chapter 26

The Camps Opened

In February, 1944, Dillon Meyer of the War Relocation Authority, was in Pasadena when a few of us met with him at the Orange Grove meeting house. That month it was announced that they were going to begin drafting men from the Relocation Centers. I told Meyer that this was certainly wrong. As American citizens subject to the draft, they should surely be allowed to leave the camps and return to the Pacific coast if they wished. He replied that the Army alone could give this permission and that the WRA, as a Government agent, was not able to tell the Army what to do. I asked him who could do so, and he replied, "You can!” He told me I should see John J. McCloy.
As soon as I could make arrangements I was on my way to Washing­ton to see John J. McCloy, assistant Secretary of War. I first stopped at Poston and while visiting in the Ishii barrack I met their son-in-law, Shigekawa, a Terminal Island fisherman. When he heard that I was on my way to Washington to see McCloy, he asked me to come with him to another barrack. A crowd of Terminal Island Nisei were gathered there and planning a riot to demonstrate against this new draft order. I told them that was not the way to settle things and suggested that they send a telegram to Eleanor Roosevelt. She had visited the camp and made a very favorable impression. The crowd agreed to postpone any demon­stration till they heard from me in Washington. Two of the leaders of the gang went with me to Mr. Head's office. He was an Indian Service man in charge of the Poston camps. He sent for a lawyer who helped the men compose a telegram, which was sent at once to the President, McCloy and Meyer. After the young men left, Mr. Head thanked me very warmly. He said they knew something was about to happen, but they were helpless to hinder it. My visit was most timely.

From there I went to the Gila camp and met with some of the Nisei, who were subject to draft. I urged them to write McCloy to let him know how they felt. Next I was on my way by coach to Camp Shelby.

I reached Hattiesburg about 11 p.m. Friday, March 17th and phoned Camp Shelby. Mike Masaoka answered the phone and at once sent a jeep to get me. Mike happened to be on night duty and said I could have his bunk, taking me to it. My, but those boys were surprised when they saw a "Hakujin" in Mike's bunk the next morning! Saturday evening there was a dance in the gymnasium. Several bus loads of girls came from one of the Arkansas camps. I sat in the gallery with Mrs. Sugiyama, whose husband was sick at Hillcrest. She was one of the famous Kawai family of Pasadena and I had charge of the interment of her father's ashes in the Pasadena cemetery, after he had died at the Rivers camp. She was very happy to meet me and said, "Are you the Mr. Nicholson?"

On the other side of me sat a colonel, who was visiting various army outfits giving them points on their various merits. He told me that this 442nd was No. 1, in discipline, in the amount of liberty bonds bought, in swimming, baseball, wrestling and several other things!

On Sunday I spoke in their chapel to a full house and visited with a number of men I knew. That evening I returned to Hattiesburg to meet Earl Finch, who had a USO in town for the Nisei and did so much for them. I found him taking in money at the entrance to his bowling alley. He turned over the job to another man and we had a long visit before he took me to the station for a coach train to Washington.
I reached Washington about 9 a.m., March 20th, and took a taxi at once to the Pentagon Building. There I asked to see Colonel Lee, head of G2, and whom I knew at Karuizawa when he was language officer at the American Embassy in Tokyo. They gave me a badge which said, "Escort Required," and asked me to go into a waiting room. Very soon a Major, with graying hair, entered the room with a big smile and outstretched hand, saying, "Hello Nick!" My guide was to be my old friend Stier of the Tokyo Y.M.C.A. He took me at once to Colonel Lee's office. I told him that Dillon Meyer had sent me to see Mr. McCloy to talk about opening the Relocation Centers. Lee phoned Mr. McCloy and got me an appointment in 45 minutes. I then said I would like to see the man in charge of drafting the Nisei. Stier took me to the office of a Captain with an Irish name. The captain told me that the letters that came to him from the Nisei were terrible. He showed me some of them and they were pretty bad, from my point of view, with swear words talking about "your blank old army." But I said, "Captain, you're Irish aren't you?" He said, "Yes." So I said, "If they should put us Irish behind barbed wire with men on towers with guns to shoot us if we tried to get out and then asked us to be drafted into their old army, what would we do." "Well," he said, "I think we'd kick over the traces." I said, "Put yourself in their shoes, and read one of those letters." He did so and began to smile, "My, these fellows have guts!" When I left him he shook my hand and thanked me for helping him understand their position.

On entering McCloy's office there were two colonels present. Scoby was a gray haired tough looking militarist. He was the man whom McCloy sent around to the Relocation Centers to get volunteers for the 442nd, which was called "McCloy's baby." The other was Lieutenant Colonel Gerhardt, a middle aged gentlemanly looking man. Both colonels remained in the room for our interview.

I first reported on my visit at Camp Shelby and they were delighted with what I told them. Then I told them my concern about drafting men out of concentration camps. Mr. McCloy agreed with me and said that there was absolutely no reason for keeping the Japanese penned up. The 442nd had proved that the Nisei were very, very loyal and the Department of Justice had found absolutely no sabotage or espionage on the part of the Issei. The only remaining problem was "public opinion." They were constantly receiving letters from the west coast urging them not to allow the Japanese back. But very few letters came asking for their return. The anti letters were often only mimeographed sheets, often written in poor English, but they had to count every one. "Now, if you can fill this basket on my desk with letters wanting the Japanese to return, we'll open the camps," said Mr. McCloy.
Next I asked whether they would do indiscriminate bombing of Japan like they were doing in Germany, when they got within striking distance. Mr. McCloy told me that the bombing in Germany was being done by the Royal Air Force, with U.S. aiding. When they got within striking distance of Japan they would only bomb military objectives and only with daytime strikes. There would be absolutely no bombing of civilian populations. I asked him about a headline I saw in the papers that morning, which read, "American Council of Churches recommends bombing of the Emperor's Palace and leading shrines." McCloy said, "Oh that's Carl MacIntyre. We're not taking his advice, but that of Ambassador Grew." Then I asked him if they would bomb my home town of Mito. He did not know where that was so he got out a large map of Japan and spread it on his desk. There were red crosses on places that were to be bombed and Mito was not marked. In our province they had but two crosses, a naval air field near Tsuchiura and the Hitachi factories. I told him that was reasonable and thanked him for sparing my home! Colonel Gerhardt agreed with everything McCloy aid, but Scoby said nothing. However, he followed me from the room and out in the hall grabbed my arm and said, very viciously, "They don't know what they're talking about. When we get to Japan we're going to send them all to hell!"

I at once telegraphed Mr. Carr in Pasadena and the Poston camp, and then went to Philadelphia to consult the Friends' Service Committee, and to New York to ask the Council of Churches to contact church people on the west coast. The Council of Churches man working on the Japanese problem went to Washington and was unable to get an appointment with McCloy, although he was there three days!

I then went to the Amache camp in Colorado and asked the Director to call a meeting of the camp Council. I suggested that they get out a mimeographed letter to be sent to their Caucasian friends on the west coast enclosing three airmail letters addressed to the President, McCloy, and Dillon Meyer and asking them to write at once to say they wanted their Japanese friends back as soon as possible. I went to three other camps, doing the same thing and got the Director to write to all camps. By July 150,000 letters had reached McCloy and he wrote us to say that they were satisfied that public opinion favored the return of the Japanese. He asked the Friends of the American Way whether we would be responsible for receiving a Nisei girl student to attend Pasadena City College from September 1944. We went to the College and consulted with Dr. Harbeson, who was a staunch friend of the Nisei. He took a vote of the faculty and students and the former were 98% in favor and the students 100% in favor of taking in such a student. The
Quaker family of Hugh Anderson said they would take the girl into their home. Esther Takei, whose brother was killed with the 442nd, was chosen from the Colorado camp, and arrived in time for school.

As might be expected there was some furor at first, though for every 100 letters received only 1 was unfriendly. But the phone calls, mostly by the same person, were frightening. One Sunday morning a GI appeared at the Anderson home, having hitchhiked down from Monterey, where he had been in the hospital after having been wounded in the Orient. He told Esther to "stick by her guns" as this was what they were fighting for. Esther was a bright girl and a good dancer and became very popular at school. In October we were told by W.R.A. officials that the camps would be opened in January, '45. However, the Army did not make a formal announcement till December, but even before that time there were around 2,000 Nisei back on the coast. On December 18, '44, the Supreme Court handed down its decision in the Mitsuye Endo case that the evacuation had been Constitutional, but that loyal Nisei could not be prevented from returning to their homes!

I would like to repeat that the War Relocation Authority had agreed in February, 1944, that the camps should be opened and all internees allowed to return to their homes. When I saw Mr. McCloy in March, he told me that the only thing that was a question was the matter of public opinion. By July this was also settled and the camps might have been opened sooner, if politicians had not interfered and gotten the matter put off till after Fall elections. The Supreme Court decision had little to do with the opening of the camps.

Chapter 27

Home Again

Early in January, 1945, I went up to Manzanar in my truck and after a week of persuading succeeded in getting twelve Issei men to return to Pasadena with me. We also took along considerable baggage for some who wished to return soon. Various people had promised to take these men in for two weeks so they could spy out the land!

One day I took three of our West Los Angeles church people over there. This was supposed to be a dangerous place because of the Veterans' Hospital and workers in the Douglas plant. First we went to the Bank of America to see about starting accounts. When we walked in the front door, the president of the bank came forward and greeted them very warmly, saying he was so happy to see them back. Then we went to the police station and the chief was most cordial, promising them that
there would be no difficulty, but warning that they had better keep off
the streets at night and keep away from the Veterans' Hospital.

Since it was lunch time, Mr. Sakamoto said they might go to Nick's
place, which was next door to where he had run a market. Like all the
other restaurants on the main street there was a sign in the window,
"No Japs!" However, we risked going in although the place was full of
Douglas workers. Nick, who was in the rear cooking, saw us and rushed
out and threw his arms about Sakamoto and kissed him, in Greek
fashion, on both cheeks. He made some guests move from their table and
sat us down and served a full dinner "on the house."

We spent the afternoon visiting the homes of the men and finally
went to the Methodist pastor's home to see about a place where the men
could spend the night. If Rev. Crowder, who was there when we left, had
been there he would have provided lodging; but the new man was
frightened and refused to help. So we went to a man with whom I had
had many dealings, who was running a boarding house for gardeners
that belonged to a Japanese couple. He said he had an empty room and
would be glad to keep William Katsuki as long as he could stay. How­
ever, he said, "Be careful of that Mexican across the street, for he has
sworn that he will kill the first Japanese he meets." Katsuki looked
across and exclaimed, "Why I know him. I taught him how to garden."
He walked across the street with a big smile on his face and the Mexican
ran to him and embraced him saying, "William, I'm so happy to see you
home!"

All twelve of the men found places where they could move in and
help with gardens till they could get back their own homes. So I took
them back to Manzanar and gave such a good report that others began to
apply for permission to go. We were busy trying to find places for them
and I made many trips to Manzanar to haul back their furniture.

The last Sunday in January I was away and Madeline had been
asked to bring Ted Kajiya down from Hillcrest so he could start the
second semester at Pasadena City College. We found a room for him in
a teacher's home near the campus. Another student came to live with
Professor Linus Pauling of Cal Tech. One night both these homes had
"Jap lover" written on a front wall and the mail box, in yellow paint.
Aside from that nothing happened.

After that our guest room was nearly always occupied by young
people discharged from Hillcrest. Mrs. Kojima, who used to have a
small hotel in San Diego was put in charge of a hostel at the Pasadena
Japanese church. Her husband, who had been at Hillcrest, died about
that time and Mrs. Kojima said she would like to give the rest of her life
to caring for former patients. So Friendship Home was started in a
lovely apartment owned by a dear colored lady. This was an "After Care Home" licensed with the County, as such, and could take in as many as fifteen discharged patients. Mrs. Kojima was a splendid manager and cook and the home was very successful. Finally Mrs. Kojima retired and others took over the work. It is still going on with a former patient, Paul Hashimoto, running it. However, now there are only five or six old men in it with just one ex-TB patient.

Besides the hostel at the Pasadena church many other hostels were established and our truck was busy collecting furniture for them. The largest was the Evergreen Hostel in Boyle Heights. The Friends' Service Committee took over a large building that had been a Mexican school. Esther Rhoads, Rev. Kowta, Helen Sawa and many others dug out the dirt and repairs were made. My truck was busy collecting furniture. As many as 150 people occupied this hostel. Finally I returned the truck to Mr. Yamamoto, who had opened the Iida Shokai in "Little Tokyo."

The church in West Los Angeles asked me to help with the Nisei services and it was a joy to work with Rev. Kuwano and family. We continued to visit Hillcrest and spent a day each week at Olive View where there were about 60 Japanese patients. Long Beach General and Harbor hospitals had thirty Japanese patients each and we visited about once a week. We often went to Maryknoll Sanatorium, the City of Hope, Los Angeles County Hospital and Ranchos Los Amigos. We kept in close touch with Friendship Home, finding jobs and homes for them so there would be room for others who were wanting to leave the sanatorium.

I wish I could tell you how much we loved those dear people, and how we went through dark waters with some of them like the Wakitas when their father was killed by a drunk driver. We had to break the news to a son in the Veterans' Hospital and Yuki in the County Hospital. Or how we had to help out when Harold Ishibashi and Ted Kajiya were seriously injured in an auto accident. George Kiuchi lived with us while we helped him get into barbers' college and find a job. We also attended many weddings and performed the ceremony for some of our Hillcrest couples.

One of our truly great experiences was Hillcrest. Every room had its problems, from minor material wants, to the deepest heartbreaks. But we seldom entered one of those rooms without receiving some spiritual benefit. What courage, patience and unselfishness we often found! It was a real privilege for us to be "folks" for those whose dear ones were far away. We are indeed grateful that they were happy to accept us in this intimate way. One of the boys wrote, "The Nicholsons made our stay happier, not only by doing for us, but also by simply being our 'folks.'"
With the emergency over in America we began looking towards returning to Japan where the need was so great. When the Heifer Project organization decided to send goats to Japan, I at once volunteered to help, without salary. By October of 1947 our first load of 200 goats was ready and I was put in charge. I had bought most of the goats and raised a good part of the money. Sim Togasaki knew nothing about goats but was a hard worker and great help because he spoke Japanese. Ted Roberts, a dairyman and Paul McCracken were both experts and our son Samuel worked hard and took a lot of splendid color slides, which were a great help in raising more money for goats. To our disgust, when we got to the Presidio in San Francisco, we found we were to go to Okinawa instead of Japan. The next load with my friend Harry Fox in charge, was to go to Japan.

The army had built pens on the rear deck of the Simon Benson, a small Liberty ship, not very well built. We had a very rough trip and were surely happy to reach Okinawa safely. The harbor was full of sunken ships and the city of Naha was completely destroyed. They had built some sheds for the goats and we had a welcome meeting with the Christian Governor, Mr. Shikiya and other dignitaries. We milked the goats and took the milk to an orphanage in Shuri. Everett Thompson, a Japanese missionary in charge of LARA (Licensed Agency for Relief in Asia), took us to the military government headquarters across the island and housed us in the officers’ quarters. We goatherds were classed as Colonels!

The next morning Thompson took us to Colonel Craig’s office. He was a soft spoken southerner and most cordial. When asked if it was all right for Nicholson to preach in Japanese, while in Okinawa, a Lieutenant said, "No, you’re goatherds!” But Craig said it would be all right so long as I did not try to make Quakers out of them.

We first went north with a truck load of goats for a government stock farm and hospital at Nago, and several villages, and the Airakuen leprosarium. We had a meeting of all the patients and I met brother Aoki for the first time. We became very close friends. He was a Christian patient who went from Miss Riddell’s leprosarium in Kumamoto and was head of the church at Airakuen.

I felt that the message of the goats was more important than the goats themselves. They represented the loving sympathy of Christians
in America. Also, like the goats in the Old Testament, they were a "sin offering." Everywhere I asked the Okinawans to forgive us for what we had done to cause them to suffer. One quarter of the civilian population had been killed or were missing, homes and cane fields had been destroyed. A great deal of it was wanton destruction. During our stay I had to go to Colonel Craig several times to try to get help for Okinawans who had been mistreated by GIs. At most meetings, when I asked them to forgive us, some one would stand and say that they, too, needed to be forgiven for their misdeeds. It made a wonderful opportunity to tell of the love of God in providing the "Lamb of God" a truly effective "sin offering."

We went to nearly every village with a goat and a message. One evening Samuel said, "Daddy, you talked for 6½ hours today to over 6,000 people." Practically all these talks were out of doors and without a loud speaker. The older people did not understand Japanese so Mrs. Tsukayama went along to interpret into Okinawan. At an outdoor moonlight meeting I had been talking to a little old lady who did not understand Japanese. When asked if she understood me she replied, "Wakai bin, rippanni wakai bin!" This is pidgin Japanese for "I understood well!"
Twice I spoke at the prison to about 400 teenage boys and girls, who had been given six months for selling cigarettes they had received from American soliders. One evening Togasaki and I were to speak to 600 laborers in a Quonset hut. The acoustics were bad, so they could not hear Sim, and he had to quit. I had been talking all day out of doors, but prayed for strength, and was enabled to hold that crowd spellbound for nearly an hour. Sim remarked, "Nick, you talked better Japanese than you know!"

The Okinawans were given the frame for a house and then told to "scrounge" for the rest. Everywhere were piles of army goods with barb wire around and signs "U.S. property, keep out." Wrecked ships had the same signs on them. The people just helped themselves to tents, doors from ships and other things. Of course, the soldiers also did the same thing and even Colonel Craig ordered a sergeant to haul some lumber that was intended for a hospital to be taken to the shore to build a beach house for himself! The sergeant then "scrounged" more of the lumber to build a hut for the Okinawan girl who worked for him. The Colonel found out about this and the sergeant was given a dishonorable discharge. He was so mad that he went to Washington with plenty of evidence and Colonel Craig was removed.

One day we took a landing barge about ten miles to sea to visit Kudaka island to give them a goat. The mayor called the people together for a talk and then showed us around the island and told us about some of their customs. When marriage arrangements were made for a young couple they would have an engagement party, during which the girl would go out into the night and hide. If she did not like the young man she would go a great distance and hide where he could not find her. However, if she liked him she would only pretend to hide. Also, the young man would search earnestly if he liked the girl, otherwise he would soon give up and return to the party.

When the bridegroom returns after being away for several months fishing for bonito from which the famous Okinawan "katsuoboshi" was made, the bride had to go through a trial to prove her faithfulness. She was made to walk over a curved wooden bridge, wearing high geta. Should she stumble as she walked, this would prove that she had been unfaithful!

Although we were disappointed not to have gone to Japan we were very thankful for the wonderful experience we had in Okinawa. We were drawn so closely to those dear people in their misery. We came home on an Army transport. A very active Methodist chaplain asked me to help with daily children's meetings. What a bunch of spoiled kids those officers had! We also went down into the hold to talk to the soldiers.
Back home we were again on the road, buying goats, showing slides and talking about our Okinawan experience and raising more money. In May of 1948 we went again on the *Flying Scud*, with 250 goats. It was kidding time and we arrived with 265! Dick Clark, an expert photographer, was on board with two thousand feet of color film. He edited this down to 800 feet and the famous film, "Ambassadors of Peace," with emphasis on the Baa, was produced.

Just before reaching Yokohama, I was called from bed as there was trouble in the maternity ward. I found "Temperance," given by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, in agony. She was having a breech delivery. I managed to get hold of the legs and pulled, while she pushed, and out came a beautiful, large doe. We named her Kiyoko or Purity.

At the quarantine station welcome meeting I told the story of how Satomi Yasui and her family raised four kids for us. The Vice-Minister of Agriculture told me that I should tell that story over the radio for the children's hour. When I went to the NHK office in Tokyo I was told that it would take six months for them to get clearance for me to speak. (Freedom of speech!) So I told the story to a man for news, a woman for the women's hour and a young man for the children's hour. This man elaborated on the story and someone heard that and wrote it up for a large children's magazine with more changes. Finally, with more additions, it was put into a fifth grade reader and I became known as "Uncle Goat." Instead of Satomi, the story was about Harry, whose father had been killed in the war with Japan. It was indeed a touching story of the sympathetic love of a lad who sacrificed to send a goat to the children of the man who had killed his father!

Besides Dick Clark and his camera, we had Al Brower and his doll, Bill. They entertained wherever we went. They even performed before Prince and Princess Chichibu in their delightful villa at Gotemba. Elizabeth Vining invited them to speak at the Peers' School and the Crown Prince did enjoy meeting Al and Bill.

Of course we had a wonderful visit at my old home town of Mito. Ryumei Yamano, one of our early Mito young men and now a leader in the Mito Meeting and an English teacher, took us into his lovely country home. Les Yoder, a Mennonite young man, refused to get into the "heathen bathtub” so Dick and Al forced him into it. Ty Nagano, a Nisei young man, had left us to visit his sister not far from Mito. Yamano San was acting as interpreter for members of the occupation. He told us how the agricultural expert had insisted that farmers cut down some of their trees and plant grain. When they told him that generations of farming had taught them that they must keep a certain portion of their land in trees or else they would have floods, the American said that was super-
stition and ordered them to cut down the trees. That Spring they had floods all over Ibaraki Ken.

Les Yoder went to a PTA meeting where Yamano San interpreted for another American connected with the educational program. This man told his audience that it was none of their business who their daughters married. He said they should have social dancing and get acquainted and marry the one they should pick out. Yoder was so disgusted that he returned to Yokohama and took the first transport he could get back to America.

At Higashi Hara we found our home with a family in every room and the Old Folks’ Home filled with refugees. Four incendiary bombs hit our home, but none caught fire. Eight had hit the Old Folks’ Home and one caught, but Shimamura San put it out with “futon” (quilts). However our lovely kindergarten and co-worker’s home had been burned. 85% of Mito had been destroyed and our brick meeting house was a shell. Mrs. Ishida of a nearby dairy told us how she and her son fled to the hills and watched the planes fly over and drop their bombs. The boy, who was a playmate of our Donald’s, said, “I wonder if Dannosuke is in one of those planes!” I assured them that he had nothing to do with it. Mr. Tomita, a business man whose children had been helped by our goat milk, came to the rescue of the Old Folks’ Home and promised to pay the running expenses till I got back. Yamaguchi San had helped a barber rescue his barber’s chair so that he could soon start business again. For years this man went to the Old Folks’ Home weekly to cut hair and shave the old men, free.

In order to get back to America in time to send off the next shipment of goats I accomplished the impossible and had my travel orders changed from ship to plane. I found that if you got in touch with the right person miracles could happen to travel orders. My seat mate was a former missionary friend, who was an expert in the language. He had been with McArthur as interpreter and was now with the war criminal trials. Things he told me about the farce of those trials were astonishing. I told him he should quit the job, but he said the salary was too good! When General Yamashita was tried in the Philippines he was told he could have a word before he was executed. He is reported to have said, “I have been condemned to death for supposedly ordering the death of 17,000 prisoners of war after they laid down their arms. The one instigating these trials gave the order to kill with one blow 200,000 innocent men, women and children who never took up arms. Who is the greater criminal?” Some years later I sat by the General’s widow at a women’s peace meeting in Tokyo and told her this story.

I was “bumped” off in Honolulu for some one of a higher priority. I had four days to tell the Japanese in Hawaii about the goat project and
WHEN GOAT GETS IN THE BUCKET AL AND LES TAKE IT AS A JOKE
later received $35,000 from them for goats for Okinawa. Finally the Heifer Project sent over 5,000 goats to Japan and Okinawa. I got back to San Francisco in time to help send off the next load of goats to Japan.

In one of my trips to Oregon I spoke in a Mennonite church where our friend Les Yoder was a member and an elder deposited $600 with the Bible Society to furnish Bibles to be given with the goats. As we distributed the goats we would give the recipients a post card addressed to the Japan Bible Society. If they wished a Bible, which would tell them why Christians wished to help their enemies, they should just write their name and address, and a Bible would be sent free.

In January 1949, after several strenuous months buying goats, raising money and sending off a couple of loads of goats, I was again in charge of another shipment to Japan. Les Yoder was along again. In spite of being dreadfully seasick he was always ready for another trip and what a worker he was, even when sick! Narumi Hatayama, a hard working farmer from near Fresno was a great help. Korky Kawasaki, who had been with the Friends' Service Committee in Chicago went along as photographer, not that he didn't do his share of work also.

After the regular formalities in Yokohama we were on our way with an Animal Husbandry official and a lot of goats to Hiroshima and Kyushu.
At Hiroshima I went to the Governor and Mayor, and on behalf of the Americans who felt ashamed for what we did to their city, asked them to forgive us. I took a goat to Edoshima where 150 children were kept after being arrested for stealing. I told them how sorry we were that America had killed their parents so that they had to steal in order to live. At Rev. Tanimoto’s church I asked the Christians to forgive us. The assistant pastor (Tanimoto was in America at the time) said, “On the other hand, forgive Japan for what she has done to you.” The large congregation rose as I prayed that God might forgive us all for our many sins against Him. The Holy Spirit fell on us, binding us together in the warmth of God’s love.

It is hard for me to express the sadness I feel when folks tell me I had no business apologizing to the people of Hiroshima. The other day I told this story in an American Japanese language church. After the service a Christian told me that he was outside the city when the bomb fell and many of his relatives and friends were killed or horribly burned. The days of clearing up after the terrible holocaust were so tragic. He said, “I can’t understand how American Christians can justify that criminal act. You are the first American I have heard apologize!” In reading history books about the atomic bomb I was very happy to learn that my old friend, John J. McCloy and Stimson, as well as others, opposed the dropping of the bomb on Hiroshima. It was a political move on the part of Truman. At any rate Nagasaki was entirely uncalled for.

From Hiroshima we went south to Kagoshima where we took thirty-five goats to Oi Mura at the most southern point in Kyushu. The whole village assembled to accept the goats and speeches were made. That evening they put on a banquet at a hot spring hotel in Ibusuki. I sat by the mayor of the village, who soon became red in the face with the sake that was flowing freely. When I turned down sake he sent for a bottle of beer and when I refused that also, he asked me how I could be happy. I told him of a deeper joy and one that did not leave you with a “hangover” the next day! Geisha girls came in to dance for us and I asked for some of the Okinawan dances, which are most appealing. Korky Kawasaki, a Nisei with us, got two of the Geisha to sit on either side of me so he could take a picture. The flash did not go off so that I was saved the embarassment of that photo! About that time they told me some one wished to see me and I was very happy for an excuse to leave the boisterous party. An elderly pastor, Misaki Shimadzu, and a member of his church were there to welcome me. We had a fine visit and they asked me to return to Ibusuki when I came back to Japan to work. From this meeting grew a long and lasting friendship with Rev. Shimadzu. I had a wonderful hot bath and was soon asleep while the party continued till the wee small hours!
PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHICHIBU AT GOTEMBA 1948

PRINCESS CHICHIBU WITH SATOMI AT GOTEMBA
Uncle Goat

Home again on a transport I continued the strenuous work of sending goats to Japan till we had sent over 2,500. Next the Government asked for another 2,500 goats for Okinawa. I felt that I had done my duty so retired from this activity to prepare to return to Japan for regular work. I am certainly grateful to the Heifer Project Committee for all they did to help Japan and Okinawa at this time. But I am sorry that they got so little credit for it. As all relief organizations were lumped together under Licensed Agencies for Relief in Asia, the Heifer Project name never appeared. It was always "LARA goats." Also, because of the story of Uncle Goat, I got all the glory! So sorry!

In order to keep the goat story together I shall have to jump ahead a few years to 1953 when the Heifer Project Committee sent me $4,500 with which I bought cows, goats, pigs, rabbits and chickens in Japan for Korea. By this time such animals had become quite plentiful in Japan. The Animal Husbandry section of the Agricultural Department helped me purchase the animals and a young man from Kagawa's rural work helped me take them to Shimonoseki where they were in quarantine for a week. During this time I was with friends in Moji and every day was speaking in schools in that area. When we finally sailed for Pusan there was a good crowd of school children and Koreans at the wharf to see us off. We were aboard a tiny freighter and the captain gave me his bunk while he slept in the lounge. The next morning we anchored in Pusan harbor and the animals were taken ashore that afternoon. We had a conference with Church World Service and others to arrange for the distribution of the animals.

The next day was Sunday and I was taken to the prison where I preached in English, with an interpreter, to some 900 inmates. The chaplain said that sermon was what they needed and he wanted me to go with him to the Department of Justice Monday morning and get a letter to all the penitentiaries. The Minister of Justice was educated in Kyoto and spoke both English and Japanese very well. He gladly gave me a letter. I asked him if it would be alright to speak in Japanese if I happened to be in a place where no one knew English to interpret for me. He said absolutely not. No one would listen to me if I spoke in Japanese. I had been told by an American officer that I would be shot if I spoke in Japanese.

I went from the Department of Justice to the Agricultural Department where I met with the Minister and his staff. The Minister said, "You may speak to us in Japanese, we all understand Japanese." So I told them about the animals I had brought. Nothing from Japan was permitted to come into Korea, so I asked them if they would accept these Japanese animals, bought with American money. They said they surely would. Then I asked them if they would accept animals from Japan
Uncle Goat

purchased with Japanese money. They also agreed to that. Then I suggested that I could buy more animals if they would give me some money to help with the shipping. Within ten minutes I had a check for $3,500 good American money. What do you think of that?!

While in Korea I went as far north as Taejon. Seoul was still in the hands of the north. I spoke in three penitentiaries, two leprosaria, several hospitals, schools and churches. Everywhere I spoke in Japanese, which was interpreted into Korean. I was not shot!

The next few months I went all over Japan and Okinawa speaking in schools and raising money for more goats for Korea. On February 1st, 1953, I sailed from Moji with Goro Shibata, an excellent children's speaker from the Omi Brotherhood. We landed at Amami Oshima and the captain went with us to visit the leprosarium on the island. We found it in miserable condition. The Americans, who were still in control, were paying little attention to the needs of the patients. A few months later this group of islands was returned to Japan and at once the Welfare Department sent staff and supplies and the Empress contributed new “futon.”

At Naha we were met by officials and Harold and Margaret Rickard, Methodist Missionaries, took us into their home. Then began one of the busiest months of my career, speaking in schools with meetings nearly every evening. We spoke to the student body of Shuri University, all the senior and junior high schools and nearly every primary school on the island. I also spoke in the prison twice and met with two Japanese seaman who were condemned to death for murder when drunk ashore from their vessel. The head warden asked me to intercede for them, as they had never hung anyone in Okinawa and did not want to do so now. The American official I saw about this said they had to be hung! Later a newspaper clipping was sent to me in Japan saying the two men were returned to Japan.

At the tiny village of Tomari I met our old Hillcrest young man, Harold Tamashiro, and spoke in his little stone church. When God healed him he had seen a vision of a palm tree and a field. When he went back to Okinawa to work for the occupation and be near his mother, he saw the place he had seen in the vision and built a tiny church there. By doing this he had fulfilled his promise to God.

When we were sailing back to Japan, an official told us that we had spoken to children in 150 schools. Often when evening came Shibata would say that he was worn out and went home to bed leaving me to take the evening meeting!

The publisher of the text book which contained my story, gave me enough money to print a flier which was sent to all primary schools which used that particular text book. I was welcome everywhere, espe-
cially in primary schools, and spoke to hundreds of thousands of children. I was not supposed to preach Christ, but just give ethical talks. Since I was “Uncle Goat,” the teachers were not afraid of criticism by the local priests, so I had considerable freedom.

I had a fifty minute talk based on my various names. As I was Nikkori, which means smile, the thumb was \textit{JOY}. The pointer finger was \textit{LIGHT} or righteousness, as the characters in my name as given by Tsukamoto Sensei were Sunshine. Then I had been called “God is Love Sensei,” so my tall finger was \textit{LOVE}. As I was a Christian pacifist the ring finger, or “medicine finger,” was called \textit{PEACE}. Then, my middle name, being Victor, the little finger was called \textit{VICTORY}. We always started our sessions by singing my song, “Mei, mei, mori no koyagi” which everyone knew. (“Baa, Baa, little mountain goat.”) Then I had stories to tell about each finger and got them to memorize the five points. What fun we had!

The largest contribution from any school was from the model school at Japan Women’s University. The principal had written a poem about “Uncle Goat,” which the music teacher had put to music, and the 600 girls sang beautifully. I sat on the platform with tears running down my cheeks. They contributed nearly $64 (24,000 Yen).

The family of a Buddhist priest gave me the next largest contribution. This man wanted me to cooperate with him by distributing a book he had written, in prisons and hospitals. Buddhist priests felt they could not visit in hospitals because they conducted funerals and the patients might fear they were going to die if a priest visited them. However, since over half the officials in penitentiaries who arranged for meetings were priests, it would seem he would have no trouble distributing his books there! He invited me to his home to visit a local hospital and speak to some old women in his home. I had supper with his family and told the children about my goat project. The smallest boy, Masanobu (Full of Faith) went to his piggy bank and gave me all the money he had in it. The next boy, (Strong Faith), did the same and the oldest lad, Kiyonobu, (Pure Faith), gave me a thousand Yen. Then Nobuko (Faith) and her sister gave me a thousand yen each and the father 20,000 Yen!

The following morning the priest’s father-in-law went with me to a neighboring city where all the 5th and 6th grade children of the city schools were assembled in one large auditorium to hear my talk. We then went to Kyoto where we visited in hospitals and to Otsu where we visited the younger brother of the priest, who was in the penitentiary for embezzlement. Tears were in the father’s eyes as we parted at the station and he said, “I want to become a Christian!”

One snowy January morning I had to get up, although I still had the flu, and attend the funeral of a neighbor who had come to Christ that
Uncle Goat

BUSY SIGNING THINGS

AMAGASAKI PRIMARY SCHOOL. LECTURE ON FIVE FINGERS
New Year's Day, and then go to Amagasaki for an evening meeting, then a full schedule Sunday with Sunday School, church service, a hospital and juvenile hall, and evening service. Monday and Tuesday Frank Cary, a missionary friend, drove me in his car to most of the primary schools. As the school auditoriums had not been rebuilt after the war, most of the meetings were on playgrounds. I had to take off my overcoat and climb onto a high platform to speak to the thousands of children. I was not only asking for money for Korea but taking orders for pencils to help Dr. Okouchi’s crippled children’s home in Fukushima Ken. Fortunately, my flu had left me and I was full of energy! As the pastor, at whose church I had spoken, saw me off at the station, he said, “This is a very poor city and you won’t get a single contribution and not sell a single pencil.”

When I reached home there was already a letter from a fifth grade girl. She had gone home and told her mother some of the stories I told. Tears came to the mother’s eyes and she went to the jar where she kept her rice money and took out two ten yen bills. With one she bought a stamp and put the other in the letter. She wrote such a touching letter, saying that her father had been killed in the war and her mother earned very little working in a factory. Nearly every school sent contributions and ordered pencils.

Later, in a school in Miyagi Ken I told about this little girl and I received a letter from a girl in that school saying that her father was also killed and they were having a struggling time on the farm, but she wanted to help. The principal of a neighboring school had attended this meeting to see if it would be safe to ask me to come to his school. He did invite me and when I was there I asked him to stand up and give the five points of my talk and he did so perfectly!

We nearly equalled the money that had been given us by the Korean Government and another good shipment of animals was sent to Korea.
PASADENA. 1949 JUST BEFORE VIRGINIA WENT TO INDIA THE FIRST TIME
But now we must go back a few years to catch up the threads of our story. Having finished the goat project and having seen our daughter Virgina off from Brooklyn, New York, for her first term with the Ramabai Mukti Mission in India, we turned our eyes towards Japan. Before we could get a visa for Japan we had to find financial support. New Jersey Friends guaranteed partial support, but that would not get us our visa. We heard Norman Grubb of the Worldwide Evangelization Crusade speak and invited him to our home. After a couple of hours of talking, praying and loving each other he invited us to help them get WEC started in Japan, offering to give us a letter that would get us our visa. We spent the next few months living in WEC training centers in El Monte, Chicago, Toronto and Philadelphia. We were ready to start for Japan in the Spring of 1950.

When the Japanese in Los Angeles heard that we were returning to Japan, the Chamber of Commerce invited us to a banquet and gave us a check for $4,000. We used this for our tickets on a freighter and for a movie projector and films and relief supplies. We drove up to Oakland where we lived at the Home of Peace while buying supplies, packing them and visiting in Japanese churches. Our son, Donald, was going with us to help in the work and Samuel came to see us sail and take our car back to Pasadena. In ten years we had driven that Chevy 181,000 miles and it was still going strong. We did hate to give it up.

We made our cottage at Karuizawa headquarters from where we visited friends in Mito, Tokyo, Kyoto and so forth taking gifts of food, vitamins and clothing and always looking for a possible place where WEC might establish headquarters. They wanted us to find a place in the country where there was no church and a building large enough to hold several missionaries while they studied the language.

During the next six months we traveled all over Japan trying to find the right place. At Ibusuki, in Kagoshima, we visited our old friend Rev. Shimadzu, who had a small hotel he wanted us to buy and come there to help him make this hot spring resort a Christian town. Another Christian came from an island off Nagasaki and pled for us to come there. But we felt both these places were too isolated. Finally, we went to Omi-Hachiman to visit the Omi Brotherood. This was in the center of Japan and ideal for WEC. But we had not gone there first because we felt the Brotherhood could handle Shiga Ken and did not need other help. However, being very close friends, one of their preachers took us to Gokanoshou, a village with no church. A Christian dairymen, Mr. Kitagawa, showed us a large mansion that was for sale. Right next to it
was a large building that would be ideal for meetings, Sunday School, or even a Bible School.

Then we went to another section of the village where Yoshio Tsukamoto, retired school teacher, had a large house with the second floor made into a separate apartment with flush toilet and partly foreign style. We rented this apartment and sent word to WEC that we had a possible place. We returned to Karuizawa, packed up and moved to Gokanosho.

The Omi Brotherhood helped us make the place livable. Our landlord introduced us to a lovely Christian girl, who lived close by, and Fumiko Takenaka became our secretary and was a wonderful help in reading and writing Japanese letters. One day, while visiting in Hachiman, Misako Namikawa, daughter of one of the leaders in the Brotherhood, came running up to us and said she would like to come and live with us and help with house work.

By the end of November Lon and Yvonne Fulton arrived with two small children, Miriam and Steve. They lived with us for about a month till they could put through the deal on the large house over in Kondo. They bought that beautiful property practically new for only $3,000! The Omi Brotherhood helped them get the place in shape and the Fultons moved over there, taking Misako San with them, as she and Yvonne had fallen in love with each other. She became a wonderful help and blessing to the Fultons.

We began a Sunday morning service and Sunday School. Over a thousand people attended our first Christmas Sunday School program! Misako San and the Kitagawa daughter helped with the Sunday School and Misako San’s father and Nakamura San of the Omi Brotherhood, came over to help with interpretation and speaking.

One of the early arrivals was Ray Oram from England, who was to start the Christian Literature Crusade. We did much to help him find a place to live near Tokyo and finally find a place for their publishing work and Japanese to help. I had the honor of being father to the bride when Ray married Margaret Findlayson. I was also father for Dorothy Mason when she married Bob Gerry, who were among the early arrivals. They were Pasadena Lake Avenue Church missionaries whom we had met before they joined WEC. Later Ray went to the Philippines and Bob took over the literature work in Tokyo and has done a wonderful job. We never felt that we could join WEC, but we loved them all and felt that they were a truly dedicated group of missionaries.

We and our landlord attended Sunday morning worship services and Madeline and I helped with the Sunday School. Grandpa Tsukamoto claimed to be a Christian but he kept his connection with the large “Jodo Shu” temple in a neighboring village. He came to this house
as a “Yoshi” (adopted son) and felt he must keep up the Buddhist connection. The priest in this temple asked me to come to give a talk to some fifty priests, who had gathered to hear a famous priest from Nara. They wanted me to give a talk on Christian evangelism. Most of them were ignorant fellows and were not interested in what I had to say. But later two or three of them visited us and wanted to hear more. They said that they had no real faith but were in this work just to earn a meagre living. In Gokanosho village there were nine large temples but most of them were without priests because there was not enough income to support them. Most of the priests who had an education found jobs teaching or working in the village office.

However, the visiting priest at that conference was a splendid man, with a good mind and some spiritual understanding. A few months later he came to deliver five lectures at the same temple. He claimed that he tried to live by the five laws of Buddha and he was giving talks on these laws. You mustn’t kill, commit adultery, steal, lie or get drunk! He asked me to come to give a peace talk on the day he was to speak about not killing! When I got there I found over three hundred elderly women gathered to hear the talks. Being mostly grandmothers I talked about how to keep peace in the home. I asked them if they didn’t have quarrels with their daughters-in-law and they confessed that they did. When I asked whose fault such quarrels were, of course, it was the “Oyome San’s” (son’s bride). I told them that it takes two to make a quarrel and perhaps they were partly to blame. Then I asked if they would think of this and when they went home ask their daughters-in-law to forgive them. That might bring peace into the home. When we were having tea afterwards the priest said that those grandmothers could never ask for forgiveness. It just wasn’t in their blood!

Then I asked the priest if he knew of any priests who had opposed the recent war. He knew of none, so I told him that they had broken the first commandment of Buddha as war was surely killing! I told him about the over 200 Japanese pastors who had gone to prison and the thousands of young men in America who had refused to fight. He was greatly impressed and shook my hand and said that he would take that stand in the future!
Visiting the Sick

We began visiting hospitals in the neighborhood, riding our bicycles on the country roads. We visited the Omi Brotherhood sanatorium in Hachiman regularly. Just outside the nearby town of Yokkaichi there was a national TB Sanatorium where we made many contacts. There was a very pretty young woman there who was very sick with rapid consumption! She told us that she was worried about herself and wanted to hear about Christ. I read to her the first part of Romans five—“tribulation works patience and patience, experience and experience, hope.” When I got to verse 8 and read, “while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us” I said, “You don’t look like a sinner.” She exclaimed, “Yes, I am!” She told me how she had run away from home in Tottori and lived a wild life going with wealthy men, who gave her pretty kimono and spoiled her. Finally, she became concubine to a man in Hachiman where she contracted tuberculosis and was put in this institution. She at once asked God to forgive her and Christ became her Saviour. While we were at Kariuzawa that summer, visiting Kusatsu Leprosarium, Nagano Ken sanatoria and prisons, the end came for this lovely young woman. She was pronounced dead, but she had such a strong desire to see us once more that she came back to life and lived till our return to Gokanosho. She told us how she had gotten to the very gates of Heaven and it was so beautiful. Having shared this experience with us she went on to Glory! We also had some marvelous experiences in a tiny private hospital in our own village.

We began making outside contacts through the “Yo no Hikari” paper (Light of the World) gotten out for sick folks by Nobuhiko Naka. Mr. Naka became a very close friend and we cooperated in many ways. I paid him for a couple of thousand of his paper to send free to National Sanatoria all over Japan. He permitted me to write an article for the paper each month, which brought many letters in to us. Fumiko San was kept busy reading and answering letters. I began traveling to distant sanatoria and hospitals with my projector. Mrs. Sekido, who had been a student at Doshisha when Madeline taught there, sent her daughter Wakako San to help us in the home. She became like a daughter to us and was a great help in many ways.

While in Karuizawa the summer of 1951 I had a thrombosis in my right foot. Fortunately Dr. Mishima, a friend of Miss Armstrong’s, was living near us and diagnosed it correctly. Also, an army doctor, Joe Henry, married to Jane Bixler, daughter of our friend O.D. Bixler, happened to be in Karuizawa and gave us medicine and excellent advice.
A Japanese doctor said that my heart was made in the “Meiji” era and I should not put on “Showa” speed! I was asked to keep off my foot for six months, take the medicine Dr. Henry had given me and do certain simple exercises. So correspondence work began in real earnest.

Donald went to the post office at 8 a.m. for the mail and Fumiko San would arrive at 8:30. She would read the letters and I would dictate answers and we would do up packages of books and clothing to be mailed out. At noon she went to another room to eat her lunch and write letters on which she had taken notes. I would have a rest and then write English letters till Fumiko San came back to read what she had written. Donald took letters and packages to the post office for the outgoing mail. I don’t know what we would have done without Donald. He and Madeline kept on with visiting local hospitals on their bicycles. One day they rode over 35 miles.

Merrell Vories Hitotsuyanagi, founder of the Omi-Brotherhood, sent a telegram to our son Samuel, asking him to come to Hachiman to teach English in the Brotherhood school and several Government schools. It was good to have him nearby so we could often see him. He spent four years doing this strenuous work, teaching English in several schools, a college and holding a Bible class. He and Donald both rode their bicycles clear around Lake Biwa, over 100 miles, on one day.

In October I received a letter from a Nisei young woman, Aiko Watanabe, attending a Bible School in Missouri. It contained a lady’s handkerchief over which an evangelist had prayed. One Sunday, while the others were at church, I put the hankie on my foot and spent the time in prayer. However, I continued with Dr. Henry’s instructions. On New Year’s Day, a Japanese doctor visited us and examined my foot. He reported my circulation perfectly normal! He asked me if I ever used tobacco. When I told him that I never had he said, “You’re lucky. The chances are you would have had to have your leg amputated had your blood stream been weakened by nicotine.” I told him it was not luck, but common sense!

On Washington’s birthday that winter I went to the Adventist hospital in Tokyo and Dr. Henry brought two other army doctors to see me. One was a circulation specialist and he pronounced me cured. He said, “It’s lucky you never smoked.” Was it the medicine, the exercise, the rest, the prayer or the fact that I had never smoked that cured me? We thanked God and tried to be more careful. Donald usually went with me to carry the projector and operate it while I did the talking.

Madeline and Fumiko San attended to the correspondence when we were away. We were very sorry that Fumiko San had to get married, but God sent us another earnest Christian girl, who was equally efficient, Miyo Kawamura. Both these girls are now married and each has three
Visiting the Sick

DR. FOX, PRESIDENT OF THE PUNAHOU SCHOOL AT THEIR POOL AT THE SEISHIRYOGEN, TAIRA 1958

NICHOLSONS AND DR. MINATO IN FRONT OF FUSA SHINA'S ROOM
children. Fumiko San has an active Christian husband who is in business in Kyoto. Miyo San's husband, Minoru Tsutsuyama, is now President of the business part of the Omi-Brotherhood.

We visited the ten Government leprosaria many times, and always received a warm welcome. They would send cars or boats to get us and give us guest quarters and meals. We became close friends with the doctors, nurses and Christian patients. It was remarkable how many of the staff of these institutions were Christians, or favorable to our message.

Fusa Shina, a simple, humble Christian patient at Tohoku Shinseien, north of Sendai, was instrumental in leading many to Christ, so that 40% of the patients were church members. She also wrote many letters, bringing others to Christ. She had gotten in touch with Teruko Chiba, a young girl living at Tsukedate, some miles from the leprosarium. This girl was truly converted and started a Sunday School in her town, which developed into a church. Through letters to patients in a sanatorium near Semine station a Bible study class was started in the sanatorium. We gave her the name of a young man in the Otsu penitentiary in Shiga Ken and through correspondence she led him to Christ. When he was paroled he wanted to go to live with his spiritual mother. I tried to get him a job at Tohoku Shinseien, but was told that a national institution was not permitted to hire an ex-convict. A Christian in Osaka did find him work there. After her death Shina San's testimony was published in Japanese and English, "The Lamp in the Sanatorium."

At each of the leprosaria there was a wonderful man head of the church and we are still in touch with most of them. Also the liaison staff member became quite intimate. Nearly all the heads of these institutions welcomed us and did so much for us. Dr. Kensuke Mitsuda, head of the Nagashima Aiseien for many years, and internationally known specialist in leprosy, became a very close friend. The first time we visited Aiseien this kind doctor had a banquet for us with most of his staff present. He was not a Christian but recognized the value of the Christian members of his staff and the help of the church. After he retired I visited him in his son's home in Okayama City and sat with him in the "kotatsu" (charcoal warmer), holding his hands as we prayed. He was baptized a Catholic and I prayed at his bedside when he was dying.

We were able to get Dr. Saikawa of Aiseien in Okayama, to visit India and spend half a year working with Dr. Brand at Vellore. Then he went as a missionary doctor to Taiwan where he worked with Frank and Ruth Lin in Tainan. After five years he worked with World Health Organization all over Taiwan. Now he is head of the Leprosarium in Okinawa. We also helped Dr. Minato go to Okinawa as missionary
doctor with the Methodist Board. He was also at Airakuen Leprosarium for several years. Dr. Miyazaki of Kumamoto, was much interested in India. Service Clubs of Japan sent him there to investigate. While there Nehru gave him 100 acres of land at Agra, in sight of the Taj Mahal, where he established a leprosarium in 1964. In 1972, Dr. Miyazaki was killed in a plane crash in India. Another Christian, Doctor Saito, and a staff of thirteen Japanese nurses and doctors, are carrying on. We also got some Christian nurses, and a lady, Dr. Obara, to help the Lins.

During this time our only regular income was fifty dollars a month sent from our faithful New Jersey Friends. This covered our normal living expenses, and God fully supplied all our other needs. Mr. Inamoto, who with his whole family joined the church in Gokanosho, and who had almost attended my Bible class in Tokyo when a student at Keio University, had a cute little seal printed with a girl in bed holding out her hands for help. These seals were sent to America and brought in a good deal of money. I also gave them out at schools for children to paste in their readers where the story of Uncle Goat was. Yasutaro Sato, a retired member of the Omi-Brotherhood, was treasurer for our “Nozomi no Kai” (Band of Hope). I lost track of how many TB sanatoria we visited from Hokkaido to Okinawa.

I'll never forget the first time I visited Seiranso on the shore out from Tokai station in Ibaraki Ken. I found that there was no bus running so phoned the San and they said they would send a car for me at once. When I got there I found that the head doctor, Kimura, had called several of his staff to his office to meet me. It seems that Dr. Yasuyuki Kano had visited TB sanatoria in Southern California and several doctors asked him if he knew Mr. Nicholson. When he said he didn’t they told him he should meet him! So he told the head doctor and he called them together. Dr. Kano and I became very close friends. He is now head of Seiranso. He is one of the leading chest surgeons in Japan. One day he saw me in one of the wards and told me to stop in at his house when through my visiting. That evening he told me that he was not a Christian and had the reputation of being a very successful surgeon. But he said, “Before going into surgery I always take down this book” and he took a New Testament from his book shelf, “and read one of the miracles of Jesus. I go into the operating room with a power beyond myself.”

One time I was riding on a train in Okayama Ken and sat by a gentleman, who was smoking. I entered into conversation with him and found that he was a doctor from Tsuyama. I had just been visiting a hospital there. I happened to remark that I thought it was funny that so many doctors smoked when they knew it was harmful. Then I told him about Dr. Kimura of Seiranso, who had been a victim of tuberculosis and still smoked constantly. My fellow passenger laughed and said,
"Kimura is my wife's uncle!" I was embarrassed! The next time I was at Seiranso, Dr. Kimura told me, "Sensei, I've quit smoking!" And the next time I visited Tsuyama I looked up that doctor and to my joy found quite an enthusiastic anti-cigarette fiend! I had many such experiences with these good doctors.

On my first goat trip to Japan I had met Dr. Okouchi at Taira and we became very close friends. I spent many nights in their home talking about the home for crippled children he wished to start. He had been with the Japanese army in the Philippines as an orthopedic surgeon. At the time of the surrender there were only twelve men left in his regiment. They had fled to the mountains and lived on grass and insects. Four times everyone around him was killed and he was not even injured. He knelt in the forest and promised God that if he got safely back to his home he would give his skill for crippled children.

He was given land outside the city on a hill and borrowed money to get started. He was a Free Methodist Christian and some of his denomination in the occupation became interested in him and did much to help him pay off his debt. He made a lovely moving picture called, "The Song of Light," and I took this to America in 1955 and sent him enough money to pay off his debt.

More money came in and he said he would like to go to America to see orthopedic surgery and visit crippled children's homes. He and I spent three months together seeing top surgeons operate, visiting hospitals and Shriner hospitals, speaking in churches and gathering material to help in his work. It was a rich experience for me, as I was permitted to dress like the doctors and go into the operating rooms with him. I really was not needed! Dr. Okouchi knew the medical terms that were Greek to me! I never was any good at interpreting. When in the East, when the doctor spoke to Caucasian groups, who knew no Japanese, I did fairly well, but when in Japanese churches in California I preferred to let others to the interpreting!

In the Spring of 1957 Madeline and I were invited to Hawaii to speak in the churches belonging to the Church Federation (Japanese-American). During the first week I was invited to speak to the 5th and 6th grade children at the large Punahou School. I showed a short film of Dr. Okouchi's work. After the meeting a girl, who had had polio, told me that she was going to raise money for a swimming pool for the Taira home. This meeting was so successful that the chaplain asked me to speak to all grades, even the high school, which he told me was rather difficult! All listened attentively and began talking about "Punahou pool for polio!"

After a week in each of the other islands, including a visit to Kalaupapa, the famous leprosarium, we returned to Honolulu just as
the Punahou School was closing for Easter vacation. They rushed us to
the school to receive a check for $3,000 for the pool!

On our return to Japan we made many visits to Taira to help with
the pool project and visit the children in the hospital and in their homes.
To have a pool in Japan they had to have a building, and some way of
heating it. So they put in a proper heating system with a whirlpool at
one end of the pool. Also, their well was hardly sufficient for their
ordinary needs. So they had to put in a drilled well that went down 120
meters! This well alone cost more than the $3,000! They did need the
heating system and the well, so it was a blessing, but meant more debt!

I learned that Dr. Fox, President of Punahou school, was coming to
Japan with the Cardinal baseball team. I met him in Tokyo and per­s­uaded him to give up a trip to Nikko to go to Taira with me. He was so
impressed with the pool and the splendid work that was being done for
the children, that he sent another thousand dollars after returning to
Honolulu. As I saw him off on an express at the Taira station he sat just
next to a couple, who looked like Nisei to me! I asked them where they
were from and they said, "Honolulu." I introduced them to Dr. Fox and
to our astonishment they told him their children went to Punahou!

Chapter 31
Calvary Kai

One of the most thrilling experiences was the Calvary Society,
started by Matao Uchida. In a fit of anger he had killed two people, but
while waiting trial was truly converted by reading the Bible. He said
that, as Christ got but 50% of the men on the crosses, he would not ask
for more. At that time there were 70 murderers awaiting execution in
Japan. Half of these accepted Christ, most of them truly converted. I had
visited and prayed with most of these. Uchida was given permission to
write as many letters as he wished. We supplied him with postage and
stationery and gave him names of people in hospitals, prions, homes and
in America to whom we wished him to write.

I wish you could have joined us when Madeline, Donald and I visited
eight Calvary Kai members in Fukuoka. We sat on one side of the table
as they walked in, led by Uchida, then Ishii, Kitani and the rest. The
first four were radiant, but the last four were only seekers. What a
difference it made! You should have heard them sing, "Calvary, ah
Calvary."

I would like to tell just one story. One day we received a letter from a
sick girl in a lonely mountain village in Shimane Ken. Someone had
given her the "Light of the World" paper and she read one of our articles. She was very sick with tuberculosis and desperately in need of something. We sent her a Testament and other literature and started quite a correspondence. Finally she confessed what a life she had led. As a primary school girl she had let the boys "pet her" on the way home from school. While still in junior high six boys had intercourse with her and she had babies taken from her three times. I gave her name to Uchida San and he began writing. Through his letters she was soundly converted. Twice we visited her in her home twelve miles up the mountain from the station. She was a very happy Christian. The family had sold land and were in debt with medical expenses. We tried to get her into a national sanatorium, but failed.

One Sunday I preached in a Church in Morioka. Mrs. Nambu told me of a horrible murder that had taken place in the city. She had a concern to talk to the young murderer. That afternoon, after speaking to the convicts in the penitentiary, I persuaded the warden to break the rules and allow this earnest Christian woman to visit the man. She did so and was instrumental in leading him to Christ. He became a member of the Calvary Kai.

A year later, on the way to the Aomori lepersarium with Dr. Saikawa, we stopped over in Morioka to preach at the same church. After the service, the mother of the murderer, who had also been converted, served a dinner to relatives of the family who had been killed. I had a message for them and prayer. It was a most touching occasion.

It was a snowy afternoon when I left Dr. Saikawa standing in line at the station for the express to Aomori, while I went across the street to the Nambu shop. Mr. Nambu was a descendant of the local feudal lord. He was proud and refused to become a Christian because there were so many hypocrites in the church! I got in the "kotatsu" (charcoal heater) with him and his wife and Christian daughter. Reaching across the quilt I took the old gentleman's hands and asked him to forget the shortcomings of others and think about his own condition. He admitted that he had sinned and needed forgiveness. He bowed his head and asked God to forgive him in Jesus Name. We all took part in prayers of thanksgiving. I just got to the train in time and Saikawa had gotten seats.

While home on furlough we met a girl at the Monrovia sanatorium, named Inukai. I asked her if she were any relative of the former premier who had been assassinated. He was her grandfather and her father was now Minister of Justice. On our return to Japan we visited Mr. and Mrs. Ken Inukai. They thanked us for visiting their daughter. Then I asked if he would kindly consider not killing any of my friends. As Minister of Justice it was his duty to put his seal on a paper that would be sent to the prison, and within twenty-four hours the man mentioned must be hung.
FIVE CONDEMNED MURDERERS AT SAPPORO WITH NICHOLSONS AND OFFICIALS

MRS. MITA, HEAD WARDEN WAKAYAMA WOMEN'S PENITENTIARY, AND SOME OF HER STAFF
He admitted he felt like a murderer every time he put that seal on one of those orders. With real emotion, Mrs. Inukai said, "I wish you would agree to that." During the next four years there were no executions in Japan and we had the death penalty commuted in fourteen cases.

In the Fall of 1972 there was a popular vote in California, in regard to the death penalty. Folks were emotionally upset because there had been some horrible murders recently, and the death penalty was restored by a great majority in spite of the Supreme Court voting that it was a "cruel and unusual" punishment! I must admit that I am also emotionally stirred because I have known and loved so many brothers in Christ in Japan who have been hung. I wish you would just look at the photo in this book of us sitting with five condemned murderers. All five were hung and two others had been sent to Kushiro for life imprisonment. Look at the young man with the smile at the left, Obata San. He was an orphan living with an aunt. He fell in love with a sweet girl and asked his aunt to arrange for him to marry her. When the aunt met the girl she was so impressed with her that she got her for her own son! This made Obata so angry that he got drunk and went into his aunt's room when she was asleep and strangled her. He was shocked when they found her dead the next morning. For this he was hung. Just before his death, he wrote us a letter sealed with his thumb print in blood. Mr. Inukai, the Christian man at the head of all penitentiaries and the wardens in charge of these men have pled with me to do all I could to get rid of the death penalty.

With my Quaker background, it is hard for me to see how a Christian can continue to live by the Old Testament rule where it was "an eye for an eye and tooth for tooth." God would not that any should perish. Christ forgave the murderer on the cross and said to the woman taken in adultery, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more." If we continue to take the Old Testament literally we should not only kill murderers, but also adulterers and idolators. Also, they should be taken outside the city and stoned or burned to death!

Some years ago a Japanese murderer was converted and later paroled. He became a wonderful evangelist. In spite of all we could do, Uchida was finally hung. We are sure he would have been a true servant of God. As Christians, we surely believe that God can convert even the worst sinner. Modern prisons are for rehabilitation, not vengeance.

In this connection, I would like to tell of the Kawakita case here in Los Angeles. Tomoya Kawakita, a Nisei, was caught in Tokyo when the war broke out and made to act as an interpreter in a prisoner of war camp. Returning to America after the war, he was picked up by the FBI and tried as a war criminal. Being tried in Los Angeles soon after the war, people were emotionally stirred up and he was condemned to death.
Fortunately, Mike Masaoka, an influential Nisei, and others, got President Eisenhower to commute his sentence to life imprisonment.

When Tomoya's sisters asked me to help get him released I felt that I should visit him in Alcatraz maximum security prison. I had read all the papers on the trial and was convinced that he was simply carrying out orders as interpreter and was in no way responsible for things that were done to the prisoners. Being refused permission to visit Tomoya, I went to Washington and had an interview with Mr. James Bennett, Director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons. At first he refused to comply with my request, but when I happened to mention that I was a Quaker, he asked if I knew Clarence Pickett, head of the American Friends' Service Committee. When I told him I would be seeing him the following day, he said very warmly, "Do give him my love." Then he took a Testament from his pocket and asked if I knew the person who had given that to him. I read on the flyleaf, "To my dear friend, James Bennett, Samuel Cooper." When I told him that Samuel was one of my best friends, he said he would write Alcatraz to let me in.

Soon after that I was in San Francisco and took the launch to Alcatraz. I sat by a lady who proved to be the wife of the head warden. When I asked her if she knew Kawakita, she replied that he was her house boy. She told me that he was a university graduate and his heart was not in house work, but he was no criminal.

I had a thirty minute visit with Tomoya, but through a double glass window, using a phone. I was convinced that he was straight and truly grateful for all that was being done for him. He definitely wished to return to Japan and never wanted to come back to America. I wrote Clarence Pickett and other Quakers and Mike Masaoka and Mr. Bennett. Tomoya was soon transferred to a minimum security place where his sisters could visit him in a garden. In October 1965 I received word that President Kennedy had signed his parole. He married a lady doctor in Nagoya and has a good job in Japan. He writes me each Christmas.
Donald did not return to Japan with us, but after graduating with honors from Pasadena College got his masters degree in Library Science at the University of Southern California. Our last four years in Japan were spent in Mito, living in a tiny Japanese house which had been Edith Sharpless' before she returned to America. I was made head of the Old Folks' Home now called "Aiyuen" as the word "Yoroen" was not considered good. ("Love Friendship Garden" instead of "Old Folks Home.") I did all I could to help Susumu Yamaguchi reconstruct the buildings and create a Christian spirit in the institution.

Hours were spent at the provincial office, the Welfare office in Tokyo and the Community Chest trying to get funds for rebuilding. We also went to local banks, companies and individuals for contributions. Very little money came from America. Local Rotary Clubs became interested and each year asked me to speak, especially at Christmas time. Each year we received funds for building a new section or two till we had splendid concrete buildings with room for about eighty guests. After we left Japan they continued improvements putting in central heating, flush toilets and a building for work and entertainment. Samuel (our son), then a missionary with Friends in Mito, had become interested in pottery and started this work at "Aiyuen." This has developed into a real industry. They also raise flowers and have opportunities to go outside for work. This makes our home quite popular and it is always full.

Each year, on the Emperor's birthday, the heads of various independent welfare institutions are called to the Governor's office to receive a gift from the Emperor. We would all stand before the Governor while he made a speech and presented us with the envelopes. Then one of us would step forward and make a speech of thanks for the group. The last time I appeared some one suggested that I make the speech this year. I objected, saying that I did not know the proper language for such an austere occasion. So I suggested that the oldest person present make the speech and they all agreed to that. There was an ancient gentleman standing next to me, who was surely much older than I was. But when we compared ages I was two years older than he! They all laughed and clapped their hands. So on the spur of the moment I stepped forward and in my best Japanese, made a speech of acceptance and gratitude. Then I was very, very rude, for knowing that the lovely envelope had but one crisp thousand yen bill (about $3) I told what a burden it put on us deciding what to do with this small amount of money and still not be disrespectful to His Majesty the Emperor. This really made even the
Governor laugh! Well, the result was, the Governor called me to his office at New Year's time to say that our institution had been chosen as one of ten in the whole nation to receive a New Year present from the Emperor of 30,000 Yen or nearly $100! Well, I was embarrassed but accepted the kind gift with gratitude.

Another time I was one of 17 social workers in our province to be honored by the Governor and was asked to come to the Civic Auditorium one Sunday morning for the presentation of a gift. I sent word that I could not attend because it was the time of our worship service, but that Yamaguchi San would go in my stead, as he really was doing all the work anyway. But I did accept the invitation to the banquet that followed. Well, some of our friends were very much upset by this and said that I could not remain in the city that Sunday and not go to the morning meeting. So I went to see the Governor and told him that I expected to leave town for the week-end. He was very understanding and wanted to know just why this was. When I frankly told him, he put his hand on my knee and said that I was right and that I should not feel at all worried. He would send a car to pick me up at the church about noon. Each person to be honored had a large colored photo taken and was given a clock. Ours has been ticking away and ringing the hours ever since in our living room. It always reminds me of the kindness of that Governor. He was not a Christian. But I still feel that these honors should have been given to Susumu Yamaguchi rather than to me.

We did what we could to help with the little Mito Friends’ meeting and Sunday School, although we were often away on Sunday. We were drawn quite close to the Koizumis, Yamanos, Inos, Mrs. Morita and her children and others who were faithful in attendance at the meetings. Uruno Sensei, a retired primary school principal, and Masako Ukibe (later Mrs. Watanabe) did good service in helping us read and write letters. Ukibe San was especially good in helping visit the sick. She also helped with the Sunday School as did Susumu Ishitani, known as "Kochan." Very few students came to our meetings, but Mitsuo Otsu was a great help to us when home from school in Tokyo. He became like a son to us. Madeline spent much time with Hiroshi Ishida playing tic tac toe or other things and trying to get him to do something worth while. He was mentally retarded but did want to help. Madeline attended the Fujinkwai (women’s meetings) with Mrs. Kakara, Mrs. Kato, our Mrs. Yamaguchi, Mrs. Shiozawa and others.

For many years we had held English conversation times with English teachers and some of these kept in close touch with us. We still receive letters from Kamimura Sensei, Nishino Sensei, Suzuki Akira Sensei, and Seki, who sometimes get together to talk about old times and write a joint letter to us. Kakara Sensei is the only one who has died.
We continued visiting hospitals, leprosaria and prisons. Nearly every day, when in Mito we would walk over to the National Hospital where the doctors and nurses always welcomed us. The children’s ward was a real joy and Dr. Umino and the head nurse were so friendly and good with the children. When Madeline went to India to visit Virginia she got home on our wedding anniversary. I told the children about this and they prepared a surprise party for us with a decorated cake and a lovely glass case with Takasago in it — the old man with a rake and the old woman with a broom. In the case were plum blossoms, a pine branch and a bit of bamboo (sho chiku bai) standing for courage, long life and pliability. Then there was a stork and a turtle (Tsuru wa sen nen, kame wa man nen). The stork lives for a thousand years and the turtle ten thousand! I have that glass case before me as I write — one of our most valuable possessions!

But, speaking of turtles, we had quite an experience with a small lad, Takanori. One day he asked Madeline if she could get him a turtle. The word for turtle “Kame” and the word for God “Kami” sound so much alike that Madeline thought he wanted her to pray for him! Finally, we understood and we tried to find a turtle for him. It was not the season for pet shops to have turtles, but finally we borrowed two tiny turtles from “Rusty” Conroy, whose father was a student of Far Eastern Studies in Tokyo. Rusty told us one of the turtles was blind and that he would like the eye doctor to see if he could help it! Takanori had bladder trouble that did not respond to medicine and the doctor thought that his case was hopeless. However, when he began caring for the valuable turtles he began to improve. The kind doctor jokingly said, “Turtles are the best medicine for boys with bladder trouble.” Later, Rusty returned to America and gave Takanori his bicycle. Both boys have grown up and Takanori, now in high school, writes us a letter every year.

Dr. Furukawa, head of the provincial mental hospital with some 600 patients, always welcomed us most warmly, saying that our visits did much to help the patients. He always invited us to come for a Christmas meeting. Our last Christmas in Japan we were very busy, as we planned to leave for India soon after the first of the year, so we were unable to go to Dr. Furukawa’s hospital. Early in January the kind doctor appeared at our door and insisted on our getting in his car and going with him to the hospital for a real Christmas meeting. He said they had one, but it was no good because Christ was not in it!

At this time Tom and Mary Gullatt and Bob and Shirley Bruns, Southern Baptist and United Church missionaries, had lovely homes in Mito and did so much to help us. They had us in for meals and helped with their cars and took in visitors we might have. It was a real honor for
us to have their children call us, "Grandma and Grandpa." Tom once said, "Grandpa, if you'd only get immersed you'd make a good Southern Baptist!" Feeling so close to these dear people truly warmed our hearts.

In January, 1959, we had word from the Mukti Mission that Virginia was not so well and that it might help if her mother came to visit. It was important to go soon before the hot weather began in India. We heard Saturday morning and decided she should go if we could get her off soon. We found that she could get a plane the following Tuesday night, so she packed up and went to Tokyo Monday morning. By afternoon we had her passport and had no trouble getting the Indian visa and necessary shots. But Tuesday morning we had to go way across the city to get a permit to return to Japan. When we presented the many papers we had to fill out they said we would have to return the next day to get the permit. When I said I must have it right now I was told that was impossible. Just then a young lady in the office recognized me and told them that I was "Uncle Goat" and they should give us the permit at once. Within ten minutes we had the permission and that evening Madeline flew to Bombay, where she was met by Virginia.

Madeline was the first missionary mother to visit Mukti and she was received with much love by all the missionaries, women and girls. They called her "Ahji" (Grandma). Virginia’s little girls would jabber their Marathi to Ahji and thought she understood. Virginia had been having trouble with carbuncles, one of which had affected the tendons in her hand. So Madeline and she went to Vellore to try to see Dr. Brand, the famous hand surgeon. He was often away lecturing and it was very hard to get an appointment. They were very fortunate in seeing him right away. He said her hand would be all right if they continued the physical therapy she was getting at Mukti. They also had the wonderful privilege of meeting Dr. Ida Scudder, in her 90th year. This dear lady had built up such a wonderful medical center at Vellore.

Madeline left Mukti in March after one of the most precious experiences of her life. Virginia had gotten so much better as Mother was evidently the best medicine. On the way home Madeline spent a night with friends in Manila. It was hot! In Taipei on Easter Sunday she spoke in Japanese at the sunrise service at the leprosarium. One of the patients gave her a hand carved black water buffalo with a man on its back. He explained that you must conquer your bad habits by riding them.

During the hot season the following year, 1960, Virginia came to Mito for a change. While there, we persuaded Madeline to fly to Pasadena to be at Donald’s wedding. Brother Paul performed the ceremony and Samuel was there as best man. It was a lovely wedding with such inspiring music and Mildred was a truly beautiful bride. They
made a tape recording of it all so that Virginia and I could hear it.

Samuel and Anna Margaret had been married in the fall of 1957 in a quiet Quaker wedding in Pennsylvania, and had been living in Ann Arbor, Michigan, where Peter was born. In 1959, they were appointed to work with the Japan Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. What a joy it was to meet them in Yokohama that summer! Unfortunately Madeline had fractured her hip at the Lava Beds near Karuizawa and was in bed in our cottage when Samuel and family spent some time with us. Samuel and Anna Margaret went to language school each morning and I took care of Madeline and Peter and did some letter writing with Mrs. Mizuno, a friend from Mito.

In September the Friends’ Service Committee station wagon came to Karuizawa to take us to the Communications Hospital in Tokyo for physical therapy. Dr. Okouchi had made a special trip to Karuizawa to look after Madeline’s hip. Fortunately, it was only a crack and did not need surgery. When able to walk, Madeline went to Shimotsuma to stay with Samuel and Peg and get better acquainted with Peter, now about a year old.

Chapter 33

Aloha Christian Tour

In October I had charge of Rev. Paul Nagano’s tour party from Honolulu. I had told Paul that I would arrange a twenty-five day tour of Christian work for ten dollars a day. At that time the Tourist Bureau charged double that amount. I met the chartered plane on which there were 85 passengers, 61 belonging to the tour. You should have heard the girls squeal when our bus passed other cars on the left side and when we swung around into a narrow alley! We were soon comfortably settled in the Asian student center in Tokyo until we got oriented.

We first went north to Mito. On the way Paul and Florence and their three children took a side line to visit Paul’s sister, whom they had never seen, and spend the night in her humble Japanese home. The rest of us visited the famous Plum Park and our Old Folks’ Home and had a Japanese banquet that evening with our missionary friends the Gullatts and Bruns present. The next morning teachers visited Mito High Schools, a parole officer and a few others went to Juvenile Hall and the local Penitentiary. The rest of us took a bus to Onuki where we visited a Christian day nursery and where the Nagano family joined us. After a
short stop at the resort beach at Oarai we went on up the coast to Seiranso Sanatorium. There we had lunch while Dr. Kano talked to us about the work. We sang to the patients and visited some of the Christians. On the way back to Mito we visited the Atomic Energy Center at Tokai.

We were met at the station at Taira that evening by the Mayor and Dr. Okouchi. Welcome speeches were made and we were given the key to the city. A bus took us to the crippled children's home where we had a meeting when I tried to interpret for Paul, who gave a talk in English! We were shown a movie of the work and bought articles the children had made. Most of the party returned to the city for a night in a hot spring hotel while half a dozen of us spent the night at the home and had breakfast with the children. Nurses got out of their rooms for us. Paul said he would raise money for them to build a guest house, which he later did.

The next day five of us went straight to Tohoku Shinseien Leprosarium while the others spent a night at Matsushima. They were thrilled to see a thousand carrier pigeons start on their flight to Tokyo. A bus was supposed to get them to the leprosarium in time for morning worship but they were late. However, we had a delicious lunch served by the institution.

From there they went to Nikko, while I returned to Mito to attend to business and consult with our Friend Ino San, who had arranged the tour. I joined the party in Tokyo where we took a tour of the city, including the Emperor's Palace, Kabuki theatre, Asakusa, etc.

Then we started south with the first stop at Omi-Hachiman, for a night in a Japanese inn where members of the Omi-Brotherhood told us about the work. The next day we divided into three parties to see the work and speak to students in the brotherhood schools. That afternoon we had a beautiful ride on a sight-seeing steamer on Lake Biwa. They landed us at the dock of a splendid foreign hotel near Otsu. The next morning we took a wonderful bus ride over Mount Hie and down into Kyoto. Here we spent the night in a youth hostel, and visited the Doshisha, an orphanage and several temples. A ride down the rapids was quite thrilling.

We took an express to Fukuoka where we visited schools and hospitals and five of us met with the Calvary Kai on death row. One of our party was converted when he heard the testimony of Uchida San. Unzen was so beautiful. We had a happy time with the students of a Christian school where a Nisei belonging to Paul Nagano's church, was a teacher.

Hiroshima was a high spot. We were met by Tanimoto Sensei and taken on a bus tour of the city. Rev. Tanimoto made the atomic bomb
seem very real and we were greatly impressed with Peace Park. That evening some attended Tanimoto's night school and others went to local church prayer meetings. The hotel manager and I argued with the stationmaster till midnight, as he told us we could not possibly get on the semi-express at 8 the next morning. It was always 125% full and our crowd could not all get on. Finally he agreed to lock one car and open it for us, if we would check all our baggage through to Osaka. We did get to Okayama on schedule where we visited a Christian social settlement and hospital. A nurse in our party decided to take Christ as her Saviour when she heard the testimony of a patient. At noon we had a banquet with several Christian workers present. Mr. Fujisaki was there to meet us and take half our group to Teshima by small boat. The others took a ferry to Takamatsu where they spent the night in a lovely hotel atop a high mountain overlooking the Inland Sea. The next day they were entertained by the Mayor and shown the city.

The rest of us, after landing on Teshima, were taken in motorcycle trucks to the top of a high mountain to get a wonderful view of the Inland Sea. After a simple farmer's supper, with freshly baked bread out of a Russian oven, that evening, the whole village assembled and did some local folk dancing. Some of our boys tied their coats around their waists to do the hula! Then we had a meeting with hymns and Christian messages. The next day we visited Miss Yoshimura's foundling home, a Christian day nursery, the local church with its lady pastor and Kagawa's Garden of Gethsemane. A launch from Oshima Seisho-en Leprosarium picked us up and took us to the leprosarium for lunch and a talk by Dr. Yasuji Nojima. Although he was not a professing Christian he told us that they never had any thefts, disorders, or fires in the 45 year history of the institution because there was always a patient who was a true Christian, who influenced the spirit of the place very strongly. The doctor went with us for a church service where Paul preached. The Christian patients came to the dock to see us leave for Takamatsu where we joined the others to take a fancy ship for Kobe.

The next Sunday Paul was sick and the others tired so I had to fill several engagements at Sunday Schools and churches! Monday morning we barely caught our express after claiming our baggage. A dozen of our party left us in Osaka to do shopping and sightseeing, and missed the most wonderful part of the tour. We spent two nights in a small Japanese hotel run by Christians, near Mount Fuji. Mrs. Everett Thompson, wife of the LARA (Licensed Agencies for Relief in Asia) man, who had been so good to us in Okinawa, and Paul Nagano's niece, a Holiness preacher, told us about their work that evening. The next day we took a cable car to the top of a mountain and a rope-way across the
mountains with a marvelous view of Mount Fuji. Then we took a ship across Lake Hakone and a scenic bus ride back to the hotel.

Some returned to Tokyo after seeing Enoshima, Kamakura and having lunch with the Thompsons at Yokosuka and seeing their social service center in Taura. A few of us spent the night in a Christian hostel by the sea and visited an orphanage run by a Nisei missionary couple. We had two more nights in Tokyo with a day for shopping. The last night we had a banquet to which we invited our friends and relatives. Mr. Ino and the president of the tourist company dined with us and we gave them presents. Madeline and I were given handsome wrist watches. A truck was loaded with all their baggage and we saw them off on their chartered plane for Honolulu. The theme song of the tour was "How Great Thou Art" which they sang very well in English and Japanese. Every morning Paul would say, "This is the day the Lord has made, let us rejoice and be glad in it." Psalm 118:24.

There was two thousand dollars left over from the tour and this was given to us. We used half of it to make contributions to some of the institutions we had visited. The balance we used for a tour of the Orient to try to find places where Japanese missionaries could work. Also, Madeline had had such a wonderful visit at Mukti that I wanted to visit there also! We spent a week at Hong Kong where Mr. Ichiro Fujita did everything for us. We visited the famous leprosarium, a prison, an old folks' home and crippled children's hospital. Mr. Fujita was very kind sending us about in his car with a chauffeur and guide.

We had one whole day in Bangkok where we visited with a Japanese missionary and his American wife at the Bible Society. He had an advanced degree from Princeton and was to teach in a Thai seminary after getting the language. We visited the Presbyterian hospital and met our Lake Avenue Church friend Dr. Welles, who discouraged us somewhat about having Japanese nurses at his hospital. We also went to an old folks' home and school for the blind run by an American lady we used to know in Tokyo.

Our next stop was a week end at the Friends' Center in Calcutta. Saturday evening we heard gongs and were told that students were celebrating the festival for Saraswati, the goddess of beauty and culture. Some students who were staying at the center took us in a taxi to the bank of the Ganges to see the celebration. The streets were filled with students carrying clay figures of beautiful girls, usually with a musical instrument. Some were walking, others rode bicycles or were in taxis or trucks. The images varied from a foot in height to 9½ feet. They placed the image on the bank of the river and danced wildly about it beating drums or gongs and then would throw it into the water with its
face towards the shore. The newly made clay figure soon dissolved in the holy water and the spirit of learning was supposed to be set free to return to the home or school to help the students with their work. I suggested that they might have done better to have stayed at home and studied. But the young men with us said that if you believe in a thing enough it would really work. Anyway, they told us that this gave employment to 15,000 artisans who were refugees from East Pakistan!

We visited a home for crippled and mentally retarded children and a "hospital" run by a famous European nun, Mother Theresa. Both institutions were so pathetic. They told us that there were a million refugees from Pakistan living on the streets of Calcutta. Five or six were brought to this so called hospital every day to die! It was just a barrack used by pilgrims to a nearby temple. The dying people were laid on the floor and simple food given to them, but no real medical help. We have yet to see anything more pitiful than Calcutta!

At Madras, the Mathews, Anglo-Indian Christian workers, met us and took us to their home. We visited a fairly good hospital, a school for Anglo-Indian children where all teaching was done in English and a Bible School where a WEC missionary was teaching, also Mr. and Mrs. David at the Christian Literature Crusade book store.

We spent five wonderful days at Vellore, studying that splendid work. Dr. Ida Scudder had died but we were shown the hospital by her niece. We went out to Kotagiriri to see the rehabilitation work Dr. Brand was doing for leprosy patients. He was not there but we had a very interesting visit with his remarkable mother, who at 80, was still riding her donkey and working in the mountains. A day on the Roadside mobile unit was thrilling. Crowds were waiting at each village they came to and tables were set up to treat children, leprosy patients, tuberculosis and general cases. One old man had an infected tooth and an intern took some forceps and pulled it. Eyes were also examined. The mobile unit was an old truck body with a very old Ford engine. The driver would work with the engine at every stop to try to get to the next village. We bought a copy of Dorothy Clarke Wilson's book, "Dr. Ida," and became very much interested in raising money to buy a proper vehicle.

At Bangalore we met Mr. and Mrs. Platt and were taken to the Presbyterian hospital where we found "Scrap," a tiny 2½ year old girl who had been found on a scrap heap! As she was nearly blind we arranged for her to be taken to Mukti and put in the compound for the blind. We changed her name from Scrap to Hope or "Asha" in Marathi.

My, what a welcome we had at Mukti, where I was called "Azoba" (Grandfather). We had a nice room near the gate and were well cared for by Kamalbai, who had charge of visitors. We had many visits with
Virginia's family and took Sunday afternoon walks with them. One day one of her former girls came with her husband and two children. It was such a thrill to hold my two great grandchildren in my arms. You see the mother was my "soto mago" (outside granddaughter) so her children were "soto himago" (outside great grandchildren).

It was so good to walk out to "Sunset Home" and visit with Virginia's old ladies. And what a blessing it was to go into Ramabai's room with dear Bhimabai, who had known Ramabai so well. We sat at Ramabai's desk and saw her Bible with so many names written in it, for whom she prayed daily while translating the Bible into Marathi. To pray there with Bhimabai was a deep spiritual experience. When we asked her how old she was, she replied, "How should I know? I don't remember when I was born."

They asked me to preach in the large church one Sunday and I took as my text, "The half has not been told me!" There were so many things I had not heard about, such as the way the birds flew about in the rafters as we worshiped! I was up early several mornings to join the farm workers at their prayer service before starting work. It was a joy to speak to the day school children, the Sunday School and girls in the compound for the blind. We also joined the staff at their morning worship.

Virginia took us to visit our friends Gifford and Marjorie Towle at Vadalla and one of her girls who was married to a country evangelist. We went to the Boys' Christian Home at Dhond, where we met the Hartmans. We visited the outstation at Supa with Dr. Gupte to see the clinic and have lunch with Miss Amstutz.

On the way home we spent a night at Hoshangabad where my mother's cousin, Katie Dixon had been a missionary from 1893. While there some elderly folks came to see us showing us Bibles and hymn books in which Katie Dixon had signed her name. It happened to be "holy day" and it was dangerous to be out, as people would squirt you with colored water.

We saw the Taj Mahal from the air, as we flew to Delhi and later had the privilege of visiting that beautiful building and the nearby fort. We nearly attended a Quaker meeting at the Delhi Friends' Center. We had an interview with the Japanese ambassador and talked with him about ways in which the Japanese could help India. The ambassador was an agricultural professor and told about how teams of Japanese farmers had been sent to India to demonstrate Japanese methods of raising rice. I have already told of how Dr. Miyazaki was given land at Agra for a leprosarium run by a Japanese staff.

After a few more days with Mr. Fujita in Hong Kong we flew to Taipei where we visited a mission hospital and the leprosarium. Taking
a night train to Tainan we were met by Frank and Ruth Lin and Dr. and Mrs. Saikawa. We spent several profitable days with them seeing their work for leprosy patients and also the work of others for crippled children.

I wanted Madeline to meet our friends in Okinawa, so we had several days there. Harold and Margaret Rickard had moved to Yaeyama so we stayed in a hotel. Later Shibata went to work with them in Yaeyama. It was so good to meet Aoki San again at the leprosarium. While there we talked with officials and missionaries about the possibility of Dr. Minato coming to Okinawa to work. Arrangements were made for him and his family to come to work with the Methodist Mission. Later he became head of the Airakuen Leprosarium.

Chapter 34
Home But Not Retired

In my 70th year we decided we had better return to Pasadena after one more summer in Karuizawa. My, how we did love our little cottage and all the friends there! We sold the cottage and divided the money with our three children, helping Samuel and Anna Margaret buy a place at Nojiri. Farewell meetings were in order in so many places, leprosaria, hospitals, churches, prisons, Taira crippled children’s home, etc. The Christian governor, Niro Iwakami, invited us to dinner and gave us a very cordial letter. The mayor of Mito came to our humble home the day before we were to leave and read a Japanese letter nearly 13 feet long! Then he and some friends took us to a restaurant for a dinner. Photographs were taken.

The send-off at the station was heart warming. The chief warden of our penitentiary went with us to Ueno where we were met by a car from the Department of Justice. The Minister of Justice read a scroll of appreciation and presented us with a metal incense burner! After a final farewell at the Tokyo Friends meeting to which Dr. Minato came with a wonderful photograph album from the Tohokushinseien, and where Mrs. Mita of the women’s penitentiary, made a farewell speech, we were finally off for Yokohama.

We spent our last night at the Ferris Girls’ School teachers’ residence where Omiki San, who had been with us in Mito after the earthquake, was still working. After breakfast we went to a school to speak at their chapel exercises and then to the freighter to get our baggage on
board. We had so much that the overweight bill came to over $100. Before sailing the manager of the Japanese freight line called us to his office for tea and cancelled the freight bill! The freighter did not sail when scheduled, and many friends from Mito and Tokyo came to visit with us on board. Finally, we sailed for what we thought was the last time from our beloved Japan.

We did return to Japan in 1963 for a short visit when Dr. Okouchi and his brother Dr. Tokita did so much to help Madeline’s arthritis. We had such a good visit with Samuel and Anna Margaret and our two grandsons, Peter and Christopher. The latter was so cute at six months.

We were met at San Pedro by Donald and his wife, Mildred, and her parents and our brother, Paul. It was so good to be back in Pasadena, not retired but just “re-tread” and ready for further service. The past thirteen years have been quite active, visiting the sick and helping with services in Japanese churches. In the summer of 1972 we were put on the staff of the JEMS (Japanese Evangelistic Missionary Society) as their hospital chaplains. The Japanese Church Federation also asked us to serve them in caring for senior citizens. We are grateful that we are still able to drive about visiting sick Japanese. On my 81st birthday I was given a driver’s license for four more years!

Japanese patients have a wonderful reputation for being cooperative and grateful. I would like to tell just one story. One of our own boys, John Nagayama, Free Methodist pastor, phoned that his father was seriously ill in a hospital in Culver City. We went right over one afternoon, but when we reached the hospital we were told that visiting hours were over. I told them that we were missionaries and had come all the way from Pasadena, just had to see him. So they told us to go to the nurses’ desk. We did so and they said he was just out of an operation and unconscious. They suggested we leave the flowers and come again later. But I told them I wanted to at least have a prayer by his bed. So they let us go into the room — and there was John all the way from Redwood City near San Francisco. I threw my arms about him and then stood by his father’s bed. He was indeed unconscious, but when I began to pray he opened his eyes and looked at me. I asked him if he knew me and he nodded his head — yes!

The next time we went to Culver City they told us that he had just been moved to a nearby rest home. I told them I knew the place and we would go right over. Then they asked us to take a little pot with a beautiful red rose bud in it with a beautifully written note, “With love from all the nurses.” Tears came to Mr. Nagayama’s eyes when I gave him the rose. And again, John was there. He gave me a letter which the hospital had given to his father. I would like to quote part of this letter.
"Everyone with whom you have come in contact admires you as a wonderful human being. Your courage in undergoing three serious surgeries, your patience and fine attitude at times of stress and pain, your gentle personality and wit and your alertness at the age of 92, are all attributes we would be proud to acknowledge in ourselves.

“We here at Washington Hospital want you and your family to know how much we love, admire and respect you, so it is our pleasure to give you our Patient Very Important Person award of the month.”

Signed: Director of Nursing, Administrator, Chief of Staff, Attending Physician & VIP Coordinator.”

The Japanese convalescent hospital, Keiro Home, has about 85 elderly patients. We try to go there every Friday and always have a blessed time. Madeline is having difficulty with her right hip, which she fractured in 1960 in Japan. But she always goes about with me and would be missed if she could not go. The patients and staff are really affectionate and most appreciative. We are fortunate in having our daughter, Virginia with us now. After nearly twenty-five years she could not return to India because of illness. She is very happy to be nursing at Keiro Home where she can use her Japanese.

It is always a pleasure to help Japanese visitors to see things that will make their stay in America profitable. We are happy to be asked to help with Japanese church services in both Japanese and English. All generations seem to appreciate our simple messages. After one service a teenage girl said, “Reverend, may I hug you?” I said, “Just once and then hug grandma.” Even the old Issei always want to clasp our hands warmly, and often will kiss Madeline’s hand.

Chapter 35
Twenty-five Years After

Many books have been written about the evacuation of the Japanese. About 1965 Mrs. Anne Loftis called on me wanting to find out all I could tell her about the sad experience through which our Japanese friends had to go. I had several hours of conference with her, giving her much material and names of people she should see. She and Mrs. Audrie Girdner had been asked by MacMillan and Company to compile a
documentary history of the event. "The Great Betrayal" by Anne Loftis and Audrie Girdner, MacMillan and Company 1969 is one of the most complete books on this amazing story.

From 1970 on schools began to give courses on the Evacuation. I heard that Dr. Arthur Hansen of California State University, Fullerton, was giving such a course at the University of California at Irvine in the Spring of 1973. I sent him a copy of my little book, "Treasure in Earthen Vessels." He wrote me that the twenty pages in my book telling of the evacuation had so much in it that no one else had written about that he wanted to send his co-worker Mrs. Betty Mitson to my home to make some tapes. She is especially interested in Oral History. Then I was asked to give a talk at one of the Irvine classes. This seemed to have made a great hit with the students as well as Dr. Hansen and I was asked to visit a couple of High Schools in Orange County to talk to classes that were making a study of this subject. One of these schools had a week-end trek to Manzanar.

In the Spring of 1972 Rev. Omi of the Free Methodist church phoned me to ask if I could go to Manzanar to take his place at a memorial service at the Manzanar cemetery. I got in touch with the leader of the third generation Japanese who were going up to clean up the graves and have this service. After they worked and had a picnic lunch the Rev. Sentoku Maeda had a Buddhist service as he has done for the past 27 years. When he was through, the young people were tired and ready to quit and the leader asked me if I had to say something. I told him I had come all the way up there and did feel that I should be given a chance. He replied, "Well, make it short, about two minutes!"

The next year I was again asked to go up and make some remarks at the cemetery. The Manzanar Committee had been organized in 1970 and two years later the State of California granted them Historical Landmark No. 850. However the wording of the plaque was not approved till the next year. On April 14th, 1973, about a thousand people drove to Manzanar to place the plaque on one of the stone guard houses. This was to be cemented in by Mr. R. F. Kado, the man who built this lovely stone building.

Representatives from nearly all the ten camps were present and gathered in groups by their own standards that had been erected. Many Issei had come besides Nisei and Sansei. There were also a goodly number of Caucasians. I met Professor Hansen and Betty Mitson for the first time. Madeline and I had lunch with our old friend Nina Taylor in Lone Pine, in one of the barracks that had been hauled to town and made into a very comfortable dwelling. Nina and her sister, Mrs. Jones, went with us for the ceremony.
Mrs. Sue Embrey, chairman of the Manzanar Committee, led the meeting very well. She told how hard they had worked to get the State Department of Parks and Recreation to make this a historical landmark and especially how they had to go to the legislature to have the word "concentration camps" in the statement. I had used this expression many times in speaking and writing about the relocation centers. But I do feel that we should be careful to state that these camps were American style and not anything like the Hitler torture camps and gas chambers. There was more or less freedom in the camps and gates were open to the east after considerable screening and with conditions as to where they were to go. Some students were able to get out for school in September of 1942. But the majority of the evacuees were not allowed to leave for the east until the beginning of 1943. However, the term "relocation centers" does not rightly describe the camps because they were places of detention.

Speeches were made by internees and several others, and letters were read from Lieutenant Governor Reinecke, Mayor Yorty of Los Angeles, and from other Legislators. The Los Angeles Board of Supervisors presented a beautifully decorated citation. I was disappointed that none of these people were present in person.
Then we all walked to the cemetery and I approached Rev. Maeda, whom I had met the year before. He very graciously told me to go first this time and take as much time as I needed! I spoke in both English and Japanese saying how happy I was that at last the American people recognized the injustice that had been done to a minority group. The letters that had been read were heartwarming, but I felt we needed to apologize for having permitted this thing to have been done. "Will you please forgive us as we pledge wholeheartedly to join you in the determination that such a thing shall never happen again in our beloved country?"

Chapter 36
I Become an Author

The Church Federation of Southern California, Japanese-American, gave a banquet to honor us on the occasion of our Golden Wedding. Four hundred guests overflowed the large social hall of the Los Angeles Free Methodist Church. There were speeches, songs, gifts and prayers. Ninety-seven-year-old Mrs. Hiraiwa placed leis of golden paper storks about our necks. Reverend George Toda, with his rich, melodious voice, sang "To God be the glory, great things He hath done," as we all joined in the chorus, "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!"

Madeline felt she did not have words enough in either English or Japanese to fully express our gratitude for all their loving kindness. Herbert had a message based on second Corinthians 4:7, "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us." It was a simple testimony of God's dealing with us during fifty years of working together for His glory. As the message was given, God's love flowed from heart to heart.

Reverend Frank Omi had written our life story in a large Japanese newspaper, Rafu Shimpo, running five days before the event. After reading this, many Japanese told us that we should write this for publication. I felt I could not do this as somehow, when I try to write some of my stories, they lose life. So I wrote my friend Dorothy Clarke Wilson, whose missionary biographies I have sold, asking her if she would be interested in writing our life story. She replied that she would love to do so, but she is booked for several years and suggested that I just sit at my typewriter and write as though I were talking. So I did just that, and with the kind help of friends, got out a little book for Christmas, 1972, called "Treasure in Earthen Vessels." This was not for sale, but
was sent out to our regular mailing list of about 1,200 for our annual Christmas message. I had 2,500 copies printed and by March '73 they were all gone. Enough gifts had come in so that the cost was covered and I had over a thousand dollars towards getting out a Japanese edition.

After reading the small book, so many Japanese asked me to have this translated that I consulted with my friend Bob Gerry of the Christian Literature Crusade about doing so. As I had helped get this publishing business started and had been "father" for Dorothy when she married Bob in Japan, he could not very well turn me down! When I asked him to get Kaoru Kohama to do the translation he said that he was the number one evangelical translator in Japan and very busy. To his amazement Kaoru San agreed to do the work although it took him many months to do it in his spare time. He did an excellent job and I am sure the book was translated and published with much prayer.

Kaoru Kohama was born in Shimotsuma, Ibaraki Ken, where his father was a pastor working with Gurney Binford, of the Friends' Mission. When he was three years old, his father died, and when he was five his mother married a widower with several children. Kaoru San was sent way off to Yonago to his father's relatives. Gurney and Elizabeth Binford had loved the boy, and in the five years he was with them I believe he absorbed some of the Quaker spirit. Anyway he was the ideal person to translate my book as he understood the spirit.

In March, 1974, the book came out in Japan. Because there were so many orders before publication, 7,000 copies were printed. I wanted 4,000 copies for America and we had these printed here. But on May 9th, 1974, when 5,540 copies were delivered to our home, I thought, "What shall I ever do with all these books?" That very day I received a wonderful letter from Kohama Sensei. This comforted me greatly. He told how he had been convicted of mistakes as he did the translation and how he had straightened everything out. Also he wanted to be my disciple. I wrote at once to tell him I did not want him for a disciple but he must be Jesus' disciple. He agreed to that, but asked me to be like Paul and have him as my son Timothy! Then he would carry on my work when I am gone. So that's the way it stands now!

We have received so many enthusiastic letters, from friends as well as many strangers and from Christians and non-Christians, that we have been greatly encouraged. One day, while I was cutting my lawn, a well-dressed Japanese man came into the garden, took off his coat and finished the job. We then came into the house and talked for two hours. He was Reverend Satow, a pastor from Tokyo. He told me that he had bought a copy of my Japanese book and when he began to read he could not stop till he had read it clear through by four o'clock in the morning.
He said that God cleansed him from head to foot and he felt he must go and talk with "Uncle Goat."

So many have written or told me that they want the full story in English that I have been going over my original manuscript and bringing it up to date. However, it is not the whole story, as many things I have forgotten are left out and the end is not yet. Kaoru San gave me a verse from the 92nd Psalm — "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age." As our brother Paul Waterhouse used to say in his eighties, "Kore kara!" (From now on)! So many want us to come back to Japan in 1975 to celebrate the 60th year from our first time in that country! How we would like to go!

Chapter 37

Treasures

Dear reader, I trust that you have enjoyed this story and perhaps been blessed and inspired to commit your life more fully to Christ's way of living. By this time you must know that the Treasure we have been talking about is God's Love and Righteousness. However, there are so many valuable material things that have come into our possession through the years that we would like to share them with you.

Everyone who comes into our tiny living room notices the beautiful painting of Mount Fuji over the fireplace. This majestic snow covered peak pointing us to heaven reminds us daily of our beloved Japan. Over the piano is a painting of another mountain. The person who gave it to us told us that it was Mount Asama, which we could see from our cottage in Karuizawa. But to us it looks more like our Mount Tsukuba in Ibaraki, with its two peaks where, according to legend, the Sun God and Sun Goddess descended to build Japan. We often climbed this mountain to get a view of the land and a vision of the many who might be called out. On the mantle is a clock given us by the Governor of Ibaraki Ken, and it faithfully strikes the hours as long as we remember to keep it wound.

Very special guests we take through our bedroom into my study, a lovely room with windows along three sides. We would like you to be one of our special guests and share some of the deep joys of our lives. As I sit at my desk I look at a water color landscape in South Jersey painted by my father in 1908. A meandering stream flows lazily through the lush meadows. In the distance you can see a red barn and white farm house.
This brings back nostalgic memories of those early days on Echo Farm. Here is the leather covered Testament and Psalms given me by Mother when I was nine, and a King James Bible given by my Aunt Serita on my 21st birthday and rebound by her in 1929. Every page has markings, as those were the years when I read the Bible through every year.

Over on the Martha Washington sewing stand is my treasure chest—a beautiful lacquered box given us by Dr. Okouchi of the Fukishima Crippled Children’s Home. It is full of many treasures, such as citations and letters from three or four ministers of the Japanese cabinet. Because of my teaching in several schools and the Uncle Goat story in a fifth grade reader, I was connected with the Educational Department. Because of our work in prisons, the Justice Department honored us. The Welfare Department was closest because of the Old Folks’ Home and other social work. Because of the goat project and our goat dairy we were connected with the Agricultural Department. There are also letters from governors of provinces and a letter from the mayor of Mito nearly thirteen feet long! I have kept a few of the letters received from school children.

One thing that I especially value is a six foot white sheet with “Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the sons of God” written in large Japanese characters. This was hanging on the platform of the Maebara Senior High School in Okinawa when I spoke to the student body in 1947. As there was no auditorium we met on a hillside. The Christian principal, Mr. Hokama, had written this and when he introduced me as “Nikoruson Sensei, the peacemaker” the tears ran down my face as I heard this beatitude applied to me.

In the treasure chest is the Imperial decoration, Fourth Class of the Sacred Treasure. This was a great honor but came as a matter of course because I had started our home for old folks. I felt that Kameyama Sensei deserved it more than I, for he did all the work of getting the institution organized. Shimamura San kept it going during the war and saved the buildings from burning down when the place was fire-bombed. Susumu Yamaguchi through the years since the war has really built the place up to its present strength. Shiozawa San, also worked so hard through the years with his abacus keeping accounts straight and making annual reports to the Government. Just because I was the nominal founder I received the decoration. There was no audience with the Emperor and no kind of ceremony. I was just called to the Welfare Department and in one of the offices was given the little black box with an explanation of how my name had been suggested and put through the formal examination. Because of our social work before the war, Madeline and I were invited to a mass audience with the Emperor and Empress in 1958 along with fifty-one other people. Fifty of these were
Catholics and Thomasine Allen and we were the only Protestants. So many of the pre-war Protestant missionaries had not returned after the war.

There is a framed citation given by the Pacific Southwest District Council of the Japanese American Citizens League, which we appreciate very much, as well as an engraved brass plate given by the Japanese Church Federation. The Japanese both in Japan and in America delight in honoring folks and are most appreciative for every little thing that is done.

In closing this chapter I would like to quote from a letter someone helped me write to the Imperial Household when we left Japan in 1961. I have no memory of the writing of this letter of appreciation but do feel that it expresses our feelings in a sweeter way than I could have done!

An Appreciation

“This is to express our humble gratitude to the Imperial Household for so graciously bestowing honor on one so unworthy. We would be glad to have His Imperial Highness, the worthy and highly esteemed head of this beautiful country, informed of our deep appreciation. We are grateful also to the people of this lovely land, from officials down, for the many courtesies and kindnesses shown us, through the over forty years that this has seemed 'our country.'

The Emperor and Imperial family have our great respect and love. May God's richest blessing be upon them, and upon this marvelous country, which has made such an amazing recovery after repeated disasters. This country surely is given the great privilege of tremendous responsibility, not only for the Orient, but for the whole world, at this time. May God give grace and wisdom to worthily fulfill it.

Our tender love remains with the people of this land, those feeble in mind, body and will — young and old, as well as the noble, brilliant and cultured. Many have brought joy into our lives, even feeble folks.

To all who know us and our failings, we are grateful for forebearance and friendliness. Our love goes out to one and all whom we have met in our travels over the length of the land.

Our hearts cry out to God for all of you whom we would wish to have enjoy with us the blessings of peace which we have found through Jesus Christ, our loving Saviour, whose we are and whom we humbly serve.

Herbert V. and Madeline W. Nicholson”

We do appreciate all these gifts that have been given to us, but the gift of many true friends has been so wonderful we must write a little about this. We have never been wealthy in this world's goods but we have always been amply supplied with the necessities of life. On the
Treasures

MADELINE TALKING WITH THE CROWN PRINCE AT THE TENNIS COURTS IN KARUIZAWA. OUR FRIEND O. D. BIXLER IS SMILING AT THE LEFT.

AUDIENCE WITH THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS DEC. 4, 1958. FIFTY-THREE SOCIAL WORKERS HONORED FOR THE WORK THEY HAD DONE BEFORE THE WAR. MISS THOMASINE ALLEN, A BAPTIST MISSIONARY AND THE NICHOLSONS WERE THE ONLY PROTESTANTS • THE REST WERE ALL CATHOLICS.
other hand we have been very, very rich in friends. Some of our friends have been mentioned, but there are many others, all of whom we appreciate very much, though they have not been named in this story. It is not that we were especially winsome or talented in making friends, but, by the grace of God, these simple earthen vessels were full to overflowing with the treasure that builds friendships, God’s friendly LOVE.

In our family relationships we have been most fortunate in having a strong bond of love. There have been misunderstandings and differences, but it was our rule never to let “the sun go down on our wrath!” Madeline and I have always worked together, and as the years go by we have been drawn closer and closer to each other. We have always felt a closeness to our parents, children, brothers, sisters, nephews and nieces. In our old age those remaining seem to pour out all their love on Aunt Madeline and Uncle Herbie. We are so grateful for this.

We have mentioned a number of our co-workers, but there are many more that should be mentioned. Alice Lewis Pearson was a tower of strength in her good judgment and spiritual depth as she worked with others to build up the Friends’ Girls’ School. Esther B. Rhoads was a gifted teacher and administrator at the school and in wider fields of work, such as relief work with LARA (Licensed Agencies for Relief in Asia,) and during the evacuation of the Japanese in America. As teacher to the Crown Prince and his bride, and as an intimate friend of the Empress, she showed a real friendly spirit. There were others also and it was indeed a privilege to have been associated with such people.

In our wider church connections with other denominations we were at home in Christian fellowship. Besides many kinds of friendship with Christians in Japan we have had very close communion with Issei and Nisei Christians in this country. As members of the JEMS we have been truly brothers in Christ as we have prayed and worked together. I never liked them to call me “Reverend” or “Doctor” and was always happy when they called me “Herbert.” I have been criticized for being friendly with Catholics, but it was a privilege to have Father Lavery as a friend and we appreciate the fact that Sister Mary Esther has a bead on her rosary especially for Madline!

Canadian Methodist, later United Church of Canada, missionaries were very dear to us. Pardon me if I tell a story about one of these, Elizabeth Armstrong. She worked in the very conservative, Buddhist city of Toyama. We often visited her to speak in churches, schools, hospitals, schools for the blind and crippled children, the local penitentiary and boys’ reform school. Once she asked us to speak to a large PTA meeting of her splendid kindergarten. After that talk she scolded me for not having been better prepared!
One time while visiting Elizabeth Armstrong and her close friend and co-worker, Frances Yayoi Ichikawa, a young missionary couple came in and I had a chance to visit with them before Miss Armstrong could see them. They were evangelical missionaries I had met in Karuizawa. They told me that they were coming to say good-by to Miss Armstrong, as they were leaving Japan, complete failures as missionaries. They said that no one loved them while everyone loved Miss Armstrong. I told them that the reason was very simple, with all their correct doctrine they had failed in the fundamental of the Gospel — the demonstration in their own lives of the Love of God! I then said, “You need not go home. Get down on your knees and ask God to forgive you and fill you with His Holy Spirit.” They replied, “We’ve tried and give up. We’re going home.” How sad!

Elizabeth Armstrong had become a Japanese subject and was bombed out during the war. She and Yayoi San fled to the mountains and their lovely kindergarten and home were burned. They were given rooms in the Provincial office building, which was made of concrete and had not been destroyed. After living in this building some time the people of Toyama raised enough money to build a beautiful kindergarten and modern residence for these two well-loved ladies!

When Miss Armstrong was seriously ill Yayoi San sent for Madeline to come to be with her. Then they asked me to come to preach the funeral sermon. She was a great lover of birds and had written a book on the birds of Japan. At her funeral Mr. Kasuke Hoshino, another bird lover from Karuizawa played one of his lovely bird records — a most appropriate sermon! The Governor, Mayor and other prominent citizens were present. I had great freedom in telling them that the secret of Elizabeth Armstrong’s success was that she was a dedicated Christian committed to the way of Jesus, who was her Lord and the One who took away selfishness and put God’s holy love into her heart.

This book would never have been written if it had not been for our Mennonite friends, the Neffs. We were brought very closely into the lives of this family as we shared with them in the suffering of their aged father Royer. So often we stood about his bed and sang hymns he loved and prayed. It is often in times of suffering and sorrow that we are brought together. Dr. Charles, Elizabeth and Christina Neff, as well as Mary and Katherine Royer, all became so dear to us. It was they who encouraged us to re-write our story at greater length than the first little book. Elizabeth said, “We’re your number one fans!” Also, Irvin and Ruth Brunk and their daughter Leota have been such a help in getting this book published.
This is September 30th, 1974. Tomorrow I plan to take this manuscript to the printer and we hope to have the book out by December 1st. Thank you for reading thus far. None of us see exactly alike in everything, but we want you to know that we love you all. May the Spirit lead us into all the truth. We are "not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto Salvation." This we know from personal experience.

Also, we are not ashamed to be known as Friends, for like George Fox, we have found that there is "one, Christ Jesus, who can speak to our condition." Many of our dearest friends do not agree with some of our Friendly convictions. We stand for a spiritual experience that will help us to live the good life, which is the heart of committed Christians. It is only as we get to the fringes of our religion that differences occur.

Quakers have always been in the forefront of reform and have suffered for it. In the matter of slavery, many Quakers paid fines and were imprisoned for disobeying an unjust law in regard to the "Underground Railway." Also, in regard to the death penalty and Christian conscientious objection to war, we believe that the tide will turn. These questions should be considered in the light of the Sermon on the Mount and not on Old Testament legalism. When Christ told his disciples to love as he loved, it included loving your enemies. This is difficult and can only be accomplished as we are filled with the Christ-like Spirit. When Paul told the Roman Christians in chapter 13:1-7 to be subject to "Higher powers," he was talking about restraining criminals and paying tribute. This passage should be read in the light of the last verses in chapter twelve and verses 8-10 in chapter thirteen. Peter said they should obey God rather than man. Tradition has it that nearly all the apostles were executed because they would not obey the "powers that be."

It has been such a joy reliving the past that I hate to stop! The end is not yet! As long as we live the story will continue to unfold. Even the most talented person is but an earthen vessel. So often we have been marred in the hand of the Potter and need to be remolded into vessels that seem to be good in the sight of God. "But we do have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us."

"God's love is like the sunshine,
   It covers land and sea,
It fills my heart with gladness
   Just to know that God loves me."

Salvation Army Chorus by the Marechale.
Relocation Centers underlined

Dept of Justice or POW camps *
They shall still bring forth fruit in old age. Psalm 92:14

But we have this treasure in earthen Vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us.

II Corinthians 4:7