Grandpa's Story

A Yankee in China

Harold Wesley Robinson

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Surf Cottage Press

Cover photograph: Harold Wesley Robinson (Grandpa),
Graduation from High School

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Editor's Note

The text of this book comes from two manuscript sources. The first, called *Grandpa's Story,* was begun sometime between August 1949 and May 1950 in Tientsin, China where Grandpa and Grandma had moved eight months after the Communists took over Tungchow where they had been living. In his "Author's Note" Grandpa tells us he was still working on this manuscript in 1951, after he and Grandma returned to the United States in December 1950. The second source, *A Yankee in China,* was written after Grandpa and Grandma retired to Carmel in 1963. The abrupt endings of both his work and "Grandma's Supplement" indicate that the writing was never given any clear conclusion.

Grandma died in 1974 and it was some years after this that Grandpa expressed an interest in doing something more with the work. By then his energies and memory had begun to fade and the task of combining the two manuscripts fell to his daughter and grandson, who became the editors. We had hoped to have the book completed in time for his 95th birthday, and the proof sheets of Chapter 1 were among the gifts at the annual family celebration on February 20. In less than two weeks, on March 5, 1981, Grandpa breathed his last. It is sad that he never saw his book in print, but the original task as set forth in his opening paragraph, of supplying some events from his life so that his grandchildren might know more about their grandfather than he had about his grandfathers, had been accomplished.

We wish to thank *The National Geographic* for permission to reprint the article, "The Hairnet Industry In North China", and for sending a copy from their microfilm files of the unpublished article, "Keeping Cool (?) In North China" Also we are grateful to Carmel Communications Corporation for permission to reprint from their *Pine Cone-Cymbal* interview And finally we give special thanks to our good friend Carol Talpers for her invaluable help in editing and typing the manuscript.

Elizabeth Robinson Ratcliffe
Stephen Robinson Ratcliffe

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Author's Note

IN RECENT YEARS I have often wished that I knew more about my grandfathers, but there are very few people now living who can tell me about them. They left no biographical material so I have no way of satisfying my desire to learn more of their lives. The best that I can do is to put down what I know about them and add some of the events of my own life which may be of interest to my own grandchildren if they ever want to know what their Grandpa did when he was growing up and growing older.

One of my teachers once said that we should never grow old, but should always be growing older. Let that be the first lesson which I wish to pass on to my grandchildren. There were four of them when I started to write this story and I had never seen any of them. I was then in China, but now, in 1951, I have seen all of them and am as proud as a peacock of them. I could write at considerable length of the happy times that I have had with them, but since I am writing for them, and not about them, at present let me get on with Grandpa's Story.

H.W.R.

CHAPTER ONE

A Yankee in Vermont

SOMWHERE I HAVE READ that Li Hung Ch'ang, the Mark Twain of China as well as a one-time minister to Washington, D C. was asked by an American what "ese" he was.

"Ese?" said Li. "What do you mean by 'ese'?" To which the American replied, "Are you Japanese Javanese, Burmese, Chinese?"

"Oh," said Li. "Before I answer your question, let me ask you one What 'kee' are you?"

"Kee?" said the American. "What do you mean by 'kee'?"

To which Li responded, "Are you Turkee, Donkee, Monkee, or Yankee?"

I don't know what the word "Yankee" meant to Li, but even in its purest meaning I am a Yankee. I was born in New England and never left its borders until I had graduated from a New England college My parents and grandparents were born there and lived there all their lives. So far as I can learn, only one of them ever went outside of New England. That was my mother who once visited me in New York when I was studying there when she was more than fifty years old. She, with my father and their parents, all are buried in the little town of Warren, Vermont, where I was born and lived until I was about twelve years of age

As a Vermont boy the words "China" and "the Chinese" were to me fascinating China was the land where people stood on their heads and where it was day when we had night. The Chinese were the people who wore pigtails, ate rice with chopsticks, and read their books backwards. The women wore trousers while the men dressed in skirts. If anyone had told me as a lad that I would sometime visit China, it would have seemed as impossible to me as to be told today that I would someday visit the moon. My parents and grandparents had known only a small part of the earth's surface, but I can't remember that I ever even dreamt that I would be any more of a traveler than they had been.

When I was living in Warren I didn't know that if I went back in my ancestry there was the blood of adventure in my veins. Later I learned that my first Robinson forebear had come to New England from Scotland and may have been a son of the famous John Robinson who helped to plan the Mayflower journey but did not come to America himself. Whether it was Puritan blood that set my feet moving I do not know but something almost as strange as the Chinese caused me to break loose from the New England heritage and carried me to that strange land on the other side of the world—China.

My mother's father was Reuben Benton (?) Miller who, so far as I know lived his whole life in the little town of Warren, Vermont, where he was born and died. He had a farm in what is called South Hollow on the road that led over Lincoln Mountain, and to the Champlain Valley beyond. His wife died years before I was born, leaving five daughters, a second of which was Julia Eliza, my mother Grandpa never married again, but his daughters all married and presented him with many grandchildren.

We lived at his home when I was small and I remember him as a kindly person who seemed always to be busy He had cows, horses, sheep, pigs, hens, turkeys, geese and bees and made butter and cheese which furnished the chief income for his living. My father was his "hired man" before he married my mother and when we lived at Grandpa's home father worked for Norman Robinson (no relation of ours, so far as I know) as his hired man, "down the river" towards Waitsfield.

I have no recollections that Grandpa Miller went to church, but he was a man of good habits and reputation. Like his neighbors, he kept a barrel of cider in the cellar which he served to callers and drank with them, but I never knew of his drinking anything stronger He didn't smoke tobacco and I don't remember ever hearing him swear though swearing was not uncommon among the farmers in that community He did have a "cuss word," which I have never heard anybody else use, and when there was need he used it effectively Such an occasion arose one day when he was hitching the black mares to the lumber wagon. A cow had stepped on Grandpa's foot and crushed the big toe so that the nail had come off It was painful for a time and then sensitive for a much longer time. It was during that time when the mare refused to stand over near the wagon tongue so Grandpa could hitch the trace, or tug, as he called it. Without stopping to think of the sore toe he gave her a good kick in the belly and then he remembered the sore toe. His comment was "By Helltown, stand around in there, toe or no toe "

One of the pleasant memories of Grandpa's farm is that of the delicious apples that we got to eat there. He had a good orchard and was generous with his fruit. One day a small boy visited the farm and Grandpa asked him if he could eat a small apple "Yes," said the boy "but I could eat a big one better " I wasn't that clever but it wasn't necessary for as I remember it, Grandpa's apples were usually large ones.

In the summer of 1951 I went to the town clerk's office in Warren, Vermont, and found the following information recorded

> "Reuben B. Miller was born in Warren, April 24, 1829 and died there October 6, 1899 "

That same summer Aunt Viola told me that Grandpa Miller once propsed marriage to her but she turned him down. She said he was too old for her and she advised him to look for someone nearer his age. She later married two of his nephews, Elmer and Charles Miller sons of "Uncle Lance." Charles Miller told me that Grandpa Miller was born in a house which stood in the pasture which later belonged to my father and still later to my brother in South Hollow I have often seen the cellar where the house stood, but didn't realize until 1951 that my Grandpa Miller was born there I remember going past that place with him when I was a boy to pick wild strawberries in the "Clough Place" on what was known as the "West Hill." I also remember that Grandpa Miller told me the day we went berrying that when he was a small boy he and a friend were walking with some man through the woods near that place at night when they heard some wild animal give a terrible howl. The man took one boy by the hand and the other by the other hand. Grandpa told me that he thought the idea of the man was that if the animal came he would get one of the boys, since they were on the outside No wonder he remembered the experience and the fact that he told it to me made me feel that we were quite intimate pals.

The old man finally came to live in our family when I was about twelve years old, and though he was confined to his bed he made no complaint and to at least one of his grandchildren it seemed that nothing got him down. He had learned to float on the river of life living peaceably with his neighbors, working hard as long as his strength lasted, bearing patiently the infirmities of old age

My paternal Grandpa, Obed Kent Robinson, also lived for a while on a farm in South Hollow and I remember how my sister May and I enjoyed going to visit Grandpa and Grandma Robinson. I am not sure whether Grandma's mother Patience Thayer lived with them sometime, or whether she lived elsewhere and visited them and us, but she did make a great impression on us children. She was thin and tall and had white hair which she wore parted in the middle, combed back and tied into a pug at the back of her neck. Unlike other women whom I knew she smoked a white clay pipe. I am told that she sometimes smoked tobacco, but as I remember her she smoked mullen leaves which could be found in any of the nearby pastures.

Great Grandma Thayer knew how to entertain young children, and we teased her to tell us stories. There was one in particular which she told us over and over again, but it never failed to fill us with thrills. It was the story of a man who went down into his dark cellar and imagined he saw some animal sitting on his salt pork barrel. He saw two big shining eyes and when he asked "What are those two big eyes for?" the subdued answer came back "To see-ee with." More questions and answers followed "What are those two big ears for?" "To hear with." "What is that big mouth for?" "To eat with." "What is that big nose for?" "To smell with." "What are those two sharp claws for?" Then as her long skinny fingers, hooked as though they were going to grab us shot towards us she shouted, "TO TEAR YOU ALL TO PIECES!" We were as excited as though we had seen the animal ourselves. Modern psychologists probably would frown on such a tale for small children, but we thought it was great.

Another story which she told us was, I suppose, my introduction to “Verse,” for we didn’t have the children’s books which are so common today I have never seen the story in print, nor have I heard any other person relate it, but here it is as I remember it nearly or quite sixty years after I heard it.

> “Let’s go a hunting,” said Robbin to Bobbin. “Let’s go a hunting,” said Richard to Robbin.
>
> “Let’s go a hunting,” said Big-Belly-Ben. “Let’s go a hunting,” said Everyone
>
> “What shall we hunt?” said Robbin to Bobbin. “What shall we hunt?” said Richard to Robbin.
>
> “What shall we hunt?” said Big-Belly-Ben. “What shall we hunt?” said Everyone
>
> “We’ll hunt a bear ” said Robbin to Bobbin. “We’ll hunt a bear ” said Richard to Robbin.
>
> “We’ll hunt a bear ” said Big-Belly-Ben. “We’ll hunt a bear ” said Everyone.
>
> “How’ll we kill him?” said Robbin to Bobbin. “How’ll we kill him?” said Richard to Robbin.
>
> “How’ll we kill him?” said Big-Belly-Ben. “How’ll we kill him?” said Everyone.
>
> “We’ll take our gun,” said Robbin to Bobbin. “We’ll take our gun,” said Richard to Robbin.
>
> “We’ll take our gun,” said Big-Belly-Ben. “We’ll take our gun,” said Everyone.
>
> “How shall we get it home?” said Robbin to Bobbin. “How shall we get it home?” said Richard to Robbin.
>
> “How shall we get it home?” said Big-Belly-Ben. “How shall we get it home?” said Everyone.
>
> “We’ll take our cart,” said Robbin to Bobbin. “We’ll take our cart,” said Richard to Robbin.
>
> “We’ll take our cart,” said Big-Belly-Ben. “We’ll take our cart,” said Everyone

There may have been more verses, but these are the only ones I remember

Great Grandma Thayer [See Appendix A] must have been one of the early settlers of Warren. I was told that she came there on horseback with her parents before there was any wagon road. They came from the south through Granville woods, she and her mother on one horse, with two six-foot boards beside them for the front door of their log house They were the only sawed lumber in the house. Trees were cut from the forest, hewed with axes and made into house and barn. Trees which were not needed for buildings were cut and burned so that corn, potatoes, grain, and vegetables could be planted for food. Great Grandma lived in what was called Stetson Hollow and as a boy I went there with my father to pick wild blackberries. The buildings had been torn down, or had fallen in, but the cellar was still there and it was around it that the berries grew Bears as well as humans found them delicious, in spite of the sharp thorns on the tall bushes which bore them.

I have mentioned the fact that my sister May and I enjoyed visiting our grandparents Robinson. That was when they lived on the "Hanks Place" in South Hollow The next memories I have of them is when they lived on a hill near the village on the "Harrison Pierce Place." I think I was about five years old and I believe we lived there with them. It was from that place that May and I began to go to school, and it was there that Grandma Robinson died, though I have no definite memory of that. Perhaps we had moved to some other place. I don't know where Grandpa lived after that, for the next I remember of him is when he lived with us at the north end of Warren village on the "Parker Place," when father worked in Parker's mill where butter tubs and butter boxes were manufactured.

By that time Grandpa had a gray beard and smoked a pipe. He had a pleasant bass voice and sometimes he tried to teach me to sing "Do, rei, mi," etc. My last recollection of him is when he lived with us in Barre, where we moved when I was about thirteen years old. What Aunt Viola wrote about his being a lover of children fits in with my memory of him. I cannot remember that he ever scolded us, but seemed rather pleased with some of our pranks. One in particular was when we tied ourselves up in gunny sacks and waited at the side of the road for Father when he came back from the mill for dinner on April Fool's Day

There is one story which I remember Grandpa telling. It was about one of his neighbors, Ek Billings. Everybody in those parts made their own soap, and housewives had a soap-grease-tub in which they put scraps of grease and meat until they got enough to make a kettle of soap. The Billings' soap-grease-tub was out in the woodshed on a shelf and as there was no cover the cats used to get into it and eat the meat. Mrs. Billings kept trying to have her husband make a cover for the tub, but he never got it done One night she heard a noise in the shed and told Ek that since he had not made the cover he must get up and scare the cat out of her soap grease He got up and went out into the shed where the moon was shining so he could see an animal eating out of the tub. He said "Scat " but the animal didn't move. "I'll fix you," shouted Ek as he made a grab for the animal. He had made a bad guess, for it wasn't a cat but a porcupine and when he grabbed it he of course got his hand full of quills. The pain and the surprise caused him to let out a yell which Mrs. Billings heard in the bedroom. But instead of going to see what had happened to her husband, she pulled the bed covers over her head and poor Ek had to go into the house, light a candle and find some pliers with which to pull out the quills. I never did learn what Mrs. Billings said when she learned what had happened. She probably thought, "If you had made the cover as I tried to have you do, you wouldn't have had such a sore hand."

My parents, Julia Miller and George H. Robinson, had nine children, all born in the town of Warren, except Doris who was born in Barre. There was a pair of twins among the nine, but the boy was either stillborn, or died at birth, and the girl is my sister Josie Another child, Lois Amy died of whooping cough when she was only a few months old. The other seven of us are all alive 1951), and in reasonably good health. We have scores of children, grandchildren and "in-laws," most of whom are living in Vermont. So far as I know none has ever been in jail or prison.

I was born in Warren, See Appendix B Vermont, February 20 1886. At that time my parents were living with my father's parents in the southeast part of the town on what was known as the Whallon Place. The last time I saw the place no buildings were standing and I don't remember ever having seen any there nothing but pieces of old lumber I think we did not live there long and the first memory I have was of the birth of my sister Mabel, June 8 1888 when I was about two years and four months old. People have told me I could not remember an event at such an early age and I must have heard others tell about it and remember it that way but I am confident I do remember going with Grandpa Miller with whom we were living, to get my father who was working two or three miles away "down the river " Grandpa had two black mares named Maggie and Emma, as I recall, and we drove one of them to get Papa. We rode in a buggy that had a sloping back up to the seat and I am quite sure my memory of that trip is not the result of having heard other people talk about it. I have no memory of anything that happened before that day I remember that later Kitty stepped down through the scuttle in the barn floor and broke her leg so that she had to be killed. Birth and death seem to be the events which made deep impressions on my young consciousness.

Grandma Miller died in 1872 when my mother Julia, was eleven years old. Mother had four sisters and Grandpa never married again. Julia was next to the oldest, Delia. The three younger sisters were Nellie Clara and Ruby Grandpa had a dairy farm and made cheese and butter I remember hearing my father who worked for Grandpa Miller on the farm, tell of Grandpa going into the field one day where he had turned the cattle after crops had been harvested so they could eat the "fall feed." There were some small potatoes on the ground and a steer ate so many that they produced yeast which caused the steer to bloat like a balloon. He was stretched out half dead when Grandpa found him and might have died had Grandpa not known his bovine anatomy well. He took out his pocket knife and stuck the blade between certain ribs so as to puncture the paunch and let the gas out. The steer was soon standing on his feet.

I don't know whether he was one of a pair about which Papa told another tale, but he might have been. In order to get the steers accustomed to wearing a yoke, Grandpa put one on them and turned them into the "fall feed." By spreading their rear ends apart they managed to "turn the yoke " or get the heavy piece on top of their necks under their necks. In order to prevent this, Grandpa tied the tails of the two steers together When they came down to the barn at night, there was a strong post between the barnyard bars and a small gate. One steer decided to go where the bars were and the other attempted to go on the other side of the post. When the yoke hit the post, the rear ends swung out and one of the steers lost a tail and could no longer keep flies from sucking blood from any part of his body they chose

That happened at the cow barn and just north of it was a horse barn where pigs were kept in the basement, horses on the ground floor and hay in the loft above. The frame of that barn was made of hewn, not sawed, timbers. My father had chopped down the spruce trees and hewed the square timbers with his two hands. The shingles were also split from spruce blocks, instead of being sawed. They lasted much longer that way

When I was about four years old we moved to Warren Village and Papa got a job working in a lumber mill where butter tubs and boxes were manufactured. Later we moved to a place called the Harrison Pierce farm and Papa's parents lived with us. It was there that my sister May who was sixteen months older than I and I started to go to school. It was a good half mile and we carried our lunch and ate in the school building. There were no school buses, or cafeterias in those days and we had to wade through the snow sometimes in the winter In those days winter was something to be endured, but now Vermonters cash in on it and get a larger income from winter sports. In fact, the Sugarbush Ski Tract is now located in Warren and is one of the largest in the State.

There was no high school in town, and I did not know of a single child who had graduated from high school from the town of Warren. One of my first teachers, Ada Cuthbert, lived in Warren Village, but another Carrie Joslyn, lived in Waitsfield. The school building was located in the village between the church and town hall. It was a two storey building with the small children downstairs and the larger ones upstairs. I don't remember that there were any grades, we just had classes.

How our parents ever managed to feed, cloth, and send us all to school is more than I can explain. Fortunately they both had strong bodies and hard work seemed to keep them tough and healthy At one time when I was about twelve years old, when there were five of us children, Father worked in a butter tub factory and received only $1.25 for a ten-hour day We had a garden, a cow pig, and some hens and bought a quarter or a half of a beef critter in the fall. We butchered the pig in the winter and had fresh pork and sausage while it was cold weather and salt pork was a frequent part of our diet for the rest of the year Mother was a good cook and kept her house clean and in good order We older children had to help care for the younger ones and all of us helped with the housework and the chores at the barn as soon as we were able to do so. When a new baby arrived we had a "hired girl" for two weeks, but that was the only outside help that we had. We had a washing machine which was turned by hand and Father helped to do the washing before he went to work in the mill at seven Monday mornings.

Although I do not recall that any of my grandparents went to church, I have no memory of the time when my parents didn't go to church. There was a white church on the village "Common," which, with the town hall and school house nearby were the most important buildings in the village. Religion, education, and government were apparently of equal importance to the early settlers of Warren. We did not go to the white church, but to a little chapel just off the Common near the Town Hall. It was an Adventist group, but not Seventh Day The Minister was "Brother Brigham," a kindly old man who wore a black silk cap on his bald head, and had a rather thin white beard. It was an Adventist Church, but we met on Sunday not Saturday

I am most grateful that I was raised in a Christian family and that they took me to church, Sunday school and prayer meeting. I suppose the "theology" of the church we attended was a very narrow and fundamental type for I heard much about the Second Coming of Jesus. It did not cast a cloud of gloom over Papa. He was by nature a jolly happy person and took that part of himself to church and out into the world in which he lived. He did not drink alcoholic liquor he didn't smoke or chew tobacco and he didn't swear He would not permit us to dance or play cards, but our lives were full of fun and good times in spite of our very limited finances.

When Papa gave his testimony in prayer meeting he must have made people laugh inside even though they didn't dare do it outloud. One of his stories was about an old woman who had no bread. She prayed that God would send her food, and a young fellow who was outside her window decided that he would teach her that God did not answer prayers. So he brought a loaf of bread and threw it through the old woman's open window Then the old woman knelt and thanked God for answering her prayer At that the young man shouted, "God didn't answer your prayer I bought this bread and threw it in your window " To which the old woman replied, "The Lord sent it even if the devil brought it." Another in much the same vein, was about the old woman who had only two teeth and said, "Thank God they hit." Then there was one about another old woman who, when asked by her Pastor "What has meant most to you during your long life?" replied, "My victuals"

Sunday morning we children scrubbed our ears and neck, or had them scrubbed, brushed our hair and shoes and put on the best clothes we possessed, preparatory to going to Sunday school and church. Breakfast was later than usual on Sundays and the next meal didn't come until it could be prepared after we got home from church. In the evening, after chores at the barn were finished, we ate bread, or crackers, or "Johnny cake" and milk, or whatever else might be in the pantry There were usually pies, cake doughnuts and cookies, and sometimes we ate popcorn and apples.

Father always "asked the blessing" before we began to eat and after breakfast he read a passage from the Bible after which he and Mother knelt down to pray I think it was when I was about eleven years old that an evangelist, Mr Mott, came to Warren with his wife and daughter for some special evangelistic meetings. Father took May and me and after the sermon Mr Mott asked if anybody wanted to become a Christian. I don't think I ever asked myself whether I was a Christian or not, but when May stood up, I followed her example. Mr and Mrs. Mott had us kneel down and they prayed. I do not remember what they said, but I recall the next morning when Father had read the usual Scripture passage and was about to kneel for prayer with Mother he said he wanted May and me to kneel. We did so, but I am not sure whether we prayed or not. I am sure that a few hours or perhaps less than an hour later when I was in the field near thr pasture bars, the thought came to my mind, "Now I am a Christian," and that thought has been a tremendous influence in my life ever since One of the first results of that thought was the feeling that I must give my "testimony" in prayer and Young People's meetings. As I look back on those experiences now it seems that my idea of "being a Christian" meant attending church and taking part in religious meetings.

To go back a bit, I remember that I did make a prayer all by myself before the decision to "become a Christian." I don't know how old I was, but since it was when we lived at Grandpa Miller's, I think I could not have been more than three years old. I remember that I went to the horse barn, and up into the hayloft, not "into my chamber " nor did I close the door but I did get away by myself Perhaps I had heard Father or Mother pray for a person who was near to my own little heart, for it was she who was the subject of my first prayer She was Mrs. Henry Hartshorn, who lived on the second farm south of Grandpa Miller's, on the road to Lincoln. She was one of the finest Christians that I have ever known, and how fortunate it would be if all small boys had such a neighbor When Father and Mother went to evening prayer meetings, Mrs. Hartshorn used to come and "baby sit" with May and me, though that term had not been invented, nor did Mrs. Hartshorn mean to us what is often conveyed by that term today She was a real friend, and she knew how to entertain little children and make them love her as nobody else had done outside our own family One thing she did to amuse us was to fold a piece of paper into several thicknesses so as to cut out a row of dolls, holding hands so they could stand up in a circle. When Mrs. Hartshorn became ill I was so grieved that I went to the barn to offer my first prayer that she might get well. The memory of that prayer is probably one of my earliest recollections. I think it must have been after the birth of Mabel, which I have already recorded as probably my first memory

Another early memory is that of my visits to Uncle Will Thayer's saw mill. He married my mother's sister Nellie, and they had children about the age of my younger sisters and brother Uncle Will lived down on Lincoln Brook near Grandfather Miller's farm. Uncle Will had the only "up-and-down" saw mill that I have ever seen. Instead of a circular saw it was a long straight one fastened into a frame so that as the water wheel turned around and around, the saw went up and down. The log to be sawed was made fast to the carriage which was pushed slowly forward as the saw worked its way through the log. When a board or plank had been separated from the log, Uncle Will pulled a lever and the carriage went shooting back much faster than it had gone forward. On the front of the carriage was a place where we children could sit and it was as much fun as a merry-go-round to go plodding in one direction and then to be shot back at a much faster speed.

In those days we did not have many playthings or books, and there were no movies, radios, funnies or television sets, so sometimes I was at a loss to know what to do with my time. I remember that I got into the habit of saying to Mother "What can I do now?" when I found time hanging heavily on my hands. She wisely found something useful for me, usually by cutting out squares of calico which she basted together and gave me to sew "over and over " I had to make very fine stitches, else she required that I take them out and do better I must have spent many hours at this kind of work, for when I went to China in 1916 I took a bed quilt which I had made myself At least I had done the "over-and-over" sewing. Mother had sewed some long strips of calico between my blocks, quilted the cotton between the face and the lining, and had sewed the seams at the edge of the quilt.

I also learned at an early age to sew up my shoes when they ripped and when I got old enough to have a baseball and it ripped, I sewed it myself I also sewed buttons on my clothes when they came off but Mother never taught me to mend my clothes. I wish now that she had, for I certainly don't do a very good job when I undertake such work. Mother always had a work basket full of stockings and clothes which needed mending and she often did this after the supper dishes had been washed and dried, sometimes while Father read to us children. The two books which I remember best are "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Black Beauty " We subscribed to "The Youth's Companion" for many years and sometimes Father read stories from that magazine The only one I remember by name was "Track's End," and it was about some place where there were heavy snowfalls and people had hard times keeping paths shoveled so they could go from one house to another

We had plenty of snow in Warren, and roads had to be "broken out" with teams of horses, or oxen, hitched to sleds or to big rollers which packed the snow down so we could ride in sleds and sleighs on top of the snow We always hoped that there would be a snowstorm before Thanksgiving, for then we could go to Grandpa's, or some other relative, in a sled. Christmas without snow was no Christmas at all, and I don't remember that we ever lacked snow when I was a boy

We children looked forward to our Christmas as the big event of the year and hung up our stockings on Christmas eve, even though we did not have a fireplace. They were always full and running over the next morning, and we didn't care how Santa got into the house so long as he left the presents. I think I got a jack-knife about every Christmas and there are plenty of scars on my left hand now to prove that they cut well. I also got tops that spun with a musical sound, mittens, picture books, sleds, candy and many other things that filled me with joy

Christmas and Thanksgiving were the big feast days, and while we did not eat turkey or geese we did have roast chicken, chicken pie, roast spareribs or occasionally a roast suckling pig. There were plenty of potatoes, squash, onions, turnips and for dessert there was mince apple, and pumpkin pie, with rice pudding filled with lots of raisins.

There was always a Christmas entertainment at the church and many people who never went to the church at any other time of the year crowded in to fill the place. They brought presents for their families and friends, and they were placed on the Christmas tree.

I think it was when I was about eleven yers of age when Papa rented a farm from Nelson Bradley We were to do the work and get half the outcome. There was a dairy and we took the milk to the creamery in the village and got monthly checks which we shared equally with Nelson B We had a couple of gray mares with which we did the farm work, and as I recall, one was Maggie and one was Kit. One night while Papa was milking the cows he told my brother George, who was four years younger than I to water the horses. I led Maggie and George led Kit. Our sister May wanted to lead one of the horses and I let her lead Maggie. Mabel wanted to lead Kit, but George didn't want to let her do it, but finally decided he would. Then, to cause trouble for Mabel, he ran up behind Kit and gave her a slap on the hind leg with his hand. Kit didn't know what had hit her but instinctively let her left hind foot fly out into the air Her foot landed in George's left cheek and he fell to the ground unconscious. The rest of us children thought he was dead and screamed so loud that Papa came running from the cow stable to see what was the matter George was carried to the house and soon regained consciousness, but he never tried to frighten his sister that way again. He still has a dimple in his cheek where Kit's foot hit him.

When it came time to cut the hay and put it in the barn, Nelson Bradley bought a horse rake for us and it was delivered by train at Roxbury eight miles from where we lived. Although I was only about eleven years of age, I rode Kit over the mountain, hitched her to the rake and then rode the rake home. Some of the way the mountain road was very narrow and the rake was much wider than an ordinary wagon. In fact, one wheel had to go up onto the land at the side of the road. Fortunately we did not meet any teams in one of those narrow spots, and like the old woman with her pig, "we got home that night."

During the year that we lived on the Bradley farm, Papa was called as a juror in the county court in Montpelier He got his brother-in-law Uncle Herman or "U H." Catchapaw I think he was part Indian), to come and take his place on the farm. Papa came home weekends and entertained us by giving a detailed report of his experiences of the week in Montpelier It was in the Spring of the year and as we were not going to remain on the farm a second year the potatoes in the cellar had to be divided into two equal shares, and U.H. had to do it. There were two bins, and one bin contained a certain kind which Nelson Bradley wanted planted as seed potatoes. We were not to get our share from that bin. Since there were sixteen bushels in the special bin, I said that we should take sixteen bushels from the other bin for our share. U.H. had not had much arithmetic and he said we should take only eight bushels from the second bin. Although arithmetic had been my favorite subject in the district school, my ability to convince the older man that I was right was not adequate for the occasion. So I took the case to the next higher court, Mama, upstairs. She came down and when she had heard both sides of the controversy she decided in my favor and uncle "H" decided that he had lost his case and we took sixteen bushels from the second bin of potatoes and left the bin of special seed potatoes for Nelson. I have never had to take a case of any kind to any higher court, but I remember how pleased I was to have won that one when I was about eleven years old.

After one year on the Nelson Bradley farm, we moved back to Warren Village and Papa went to work in the steam mill. My sister Ruth, was born September 28, 1897 I don't remember how long we lived there, but it must have been two or three years. During that time I earned my first money as a "day laborer" I suppose it must have been during vacation when I got a job in the steam mill where Papa worked. He made butter boxes and I made crates in which they were shipped. We worked ten hours a day and I received $.75 a day Papa received $1.25 a day

I believe it was in 1899 or 1900 that we moved to Barre. A former resident of Warren, Steve Allen, was in the lumber business in Barre and he bought a farm about a mile outside the city and wanted Papa to run it for him. Papa went to Barre, agreed to accept Allen's offer and drove a three-horse team back to Warren so we could move our household goods. It was in the dead of winter and a heavy snow fell, so our moving was held up a few days. Then one night it began to thaw and Papa thought we should start as soon as possible before the snow got too wet for travel. He got me up before daylight and I rode one of the horses, Peter up to South Hollow to Uncle Leon Thayer's, since he was to take a load of our goods to Barre with us. We loaded the goods and set out for Barre, thirty-five miles away I went with the two loads of goods, but the rest of the family went to Roxbury and took the train.

We got to Barre after dark and on the way to the Allen farm there was a long hill where snow had drifted onto the road, so Papa and Uncle Leon had to shovel the snow out of the road so the two teams could get through. I was on one of the open sleds on which the goods were loaded, and nearly froze before we could continue our journey

The years in Barre were important ones in my life. Although the "city" of Barre had only a few thousand inhabitants, it seemed like a large place when I went there with Papa on Saturday nights to report to Mr Allen the situation on the farm. It was a dairy farm and we had a separator and took the cream to a creamery half-way to the city

There was a country one-room school not far from our farm, and we Robinson children walked there and carried our lunch. One of our teachers was Miss Danforth and at another time it was Mr Pollard. I don't remember what we studied nor whether there were any grades. When students finished there some went to Spalding High School in the city but I had no idea that I would ever do that. I helped Papa on the farm after school, weekends, and during vacations. I was greatly surprised when Papa said to me one day that he wanted me to go to high school. He said I should go and see the high school principal, Mr O.D Mathewson, who was tall, wore thick glasses and had a black beard. He had a reputation for being a very strict disciplinarian, and I dreaded to call on him. But when I got into his presence I found him to be a very kind and friendly person. When he learned that I did not know a noun from a verb, he said that I should take a year in the ninth grde before entering high school. So I entered Spalding High School as a ninth grader and felt very inferior to the City boys and girls, though I do not remember that they treated me as an outsider

Mr Mathewson taught my arithmetic class and as that was my favorite subject I evidently made a good impression on him. I was sick for a few days and expected to have to do some make-up work when I got back to school, but Mr Mathewson said that I was doing so well that no make-up work was necessary

In the ninth grade there was a class in Latin for six weeks, so that students could decide whether they wanted to follow the "Latin" course which prepared for college or the English course for those who did not plan to go to college. After six weeks of Latin I decided that I didn't want any more of that, so I decided to take the English course. After two years in high school I decided not to go back for my junior year but to earn some money and go to a business college I knew a boy who had graduated from business school and was getting $60 a month, which seemed like a big salary

So I got myself a job. I had worked only a month when Mr Mathewson sent word he wanted to see me. He asked why I had dropped out of school and I told him. He said that even if I were to go to a business school, I would get a better job if I had finished high school. I agreed to return even though the French and geometry classes, along with the others, had been going a month. I never did catch up on French, but geometry was easy for me and I had no difficulty with that.

Each year as a part of the closing program, the high school had a public speaking contest, and I was surprised that in both my junior and senior years I was chosen as one of the speakers. The event was held in the opera house, and I was terribly frightened as I got up on the platform before the footlights. I managed to get through my speech, though I didn't win a prize. One of my selections was the story of "Uncle Lisha and the Bear " by Rowland Robinson. As I look back over the years, I see that this experience may have had considerable influence on my future life It was my first public speaking, and I found that I could do it and get enjoyment from it.

My parents decided to go back to Warren and buy a farm, but they said I might stay in Barre and finish my high school course, if I could manage it myself Mr Mathewson came to my rescue and asked John Trow to let me live at his home and work for my board and room. John was a farmer about a mile from the high school and was also president of a bank in Barre. I went to live at the Trows' during my junior year in high school. I milked several cows and took care of several horses, one of which had a racing record of two minutes, nine seconds. His name was Abbot Wilkes.

Mrs. Trow was a very fine woman and I was treated like one of the family Her food was excellent and her house was kept immaculately clean and tidy The Trows had three children. Frank had a withered arm and leg, but he could do more than many with two good arms and legs he loved horses and "broke" colts to the harness. Ethel was married to a man named Alfred Boyce and went to live in Barre City while I was at the Trows. Allie was the youngest child and was one year ahead of me in high school. She had a horse named "Rocco," which she drove to school, and I rode with her She sometimes stayed with Ethel during the winters and I drove Rocco home after school. One Monday I walked home from school and when Frank saw me he asked, "Where is Rocco?" I had forgotten him, and left him at the livery stable. I never heard the last of that from Frank.

On Sundays I went to the Methodist Church with Mrs. Trow and Frank. The pastor was Rev Rowe, who called on my family before they went back to Warren. He invited me to join his Bible class, and when I was about sixteen I joined the Methodist Church.

Some of the time the Trows had a "hired girl," Nellie Haskins, who was a widow with three children. Frank sometimes took her and I took Allie for trips to nearby lakes, and Frank finally married Nellie.

In the summer vacation I worked for wages on the Trow farm, receiving $1.50 a day besides my board and room. I milked the cows and took care of the horses mornings and nights, put in long days, but was happy and never thought I was underpaid.

Although Mr Mathewson, my principal, encouraged me to think about going to college after high school, no money was available and I was satisfied to be awarded a teaching certificate after satisfactory completion of my senior year However no teaching positions were around after graduating, so I went to work for Pearl Daniels in Warren. He had one of the largest farms in Warren and was a hard worker himself and expected his hired men to be likewise If I remember correctly he had twenty-six cows which had to be milked by hand, and I milked half of them night and morning.

One event which stands out in my memory of that summer was an experience with a Durham bull. Pearl had a "stag," an ox which had been castrated later in life which had been taught to work with other oxen or stag, and Pearl wanted to get a Durham bull also. One of his neighbors had a three-year-old Durham bull and Pearl bought it. He was "running with" some cows in a pasture and the owner would not deliver the bull. It was up to Pearl to come to the owner's barn and take delivery there. The bull was somewhat wild, but followed the cows into the barn and was tied to a stantion where Pearl, another man, and I took over The first thing we did while he was still in the stantion was to castrate him, which we thought would calm him down so that we could get him to the Daniels' barn. Then a ring was put in his nose and to the ring were attached a rope and two staffs so each of us would have a "handle" to keep close to our captive and prevent him from getting too close to us. We managed to get him out of the barn and onto the road leading to the Daniels' farm. The bull snorted and tried to get away but we managed to keep him in the road until we came to the Summerville farm when a dog ran out and began to bark. That was a shot in the arm or legs for Mr Bull. He took the three of us right over a stone wall beside the road, but he did not get away from us. After the dog had gone back to the house we managed to get our "stag" back into the road and, again like the old woman with a troublesome pig we "got home that night," and tied the beast up in the barn beside the "tame" stag.

Next day Pearl decided to "break" his new arrival, and we managed to get him yoked up beside the other stag and hitched them to a plow I took the plow handles and Pearl was the driver of the new team. I managed to keep the plow in the ground most of the time but we didn't plow a straight furrow After our new farm animal found that, with a rope attached to a ring in his nose, he couldn't break away from a "tame" stag, a plow and a driver with a staff the new stag quieted down and Pearl suggested that we take a little rest, which we did. We had gotten well warmed up and Pearl said that he wanted to go to a nearby spring for a drink of water While he was away from his team, Uncle Jim Harmon who lived at the Daniels and a dog came into a field from the corner of the barn. As soon as "Mr Stag" saw them he gave a snort and lit out across the field. I managed to hold onto the plow handles and keep the plow in the ground until Pearl got to us and brought everything to a halt. From then on, we had no more excitement and finished the day's work of breaking our new animal to work in yoke.

CHAPTER TWO

Life at Dartmouth

BEFORE I ENTERED HIGH SCHOOL I studied Latin for six weeks and that was long enough to convince me I would take the "English course" in high school, since it did not require Latin. I had no idea at that time that I would ever go to college. In Warren, where I had spent the first dozen years of my life I did not know a single person who had been to college. Since my father could not help me financially college was something in the world of impossibilities that existed outside my horizon.

However during my senior year in high school, Mr Mathewson asked what I planned to do after I graduated. I said that I thought of teaching school but he asked, "Why don't you go to college?" I said that my parents were paying for a farm in Warren and could not help finance a college education. He said that he had been a poor boy on a Vermont farm, but he had borrowed money to get him through college. "Why don't you ask John Trow to loan you money for college?" That was a new idea, and I promised to do so, but I found it one of the hardest things I had ever done I was quite sure that John would not agree to loan me money Finally after putting it off for some time one morning when we were currying Abbot Wilkes I got courage to ask if he would loan me money to go to college His answer was just what I had expected. It was, "No, I did not go to college and you don't need to go." I thought that settled my college education, but I didn't know the determination of Mr Mathewson, who then offered to loan me the necessary funds if I would earn what I could. I took out a life insurance policy for $1,000 to cover my benefactor

Once I had decided to go to college I had to choose which college it should be It was only about twelve miles to Norwich University in Northfield twenty-five miles to Middlebury fifty miles to Dartmouth in Hanover New Hampshire and sixty miles to the University of Vermont in Burlington. I did not know much about any of them, but the fact that Mr

Mathewson had gone to Dartmouth made my choice easy Mr Mathewson arranged for me to go there,and I don't remember that I ever took entrance examinations. I had graduated from Spalding High as third in my class of thirty-two, and almost got second place in the class. At that time I apparently had a "photographic memory " so that if I read a lesson twice, I could repeat it almost word for word.

I had never been out of the state of Vermont and since Hanover is on the east bank of the Connecticut River I still would not be far from my native state. Mr Mathewson suggested that I go a week before college began, which I did, and got a job getting the kitchen and dining rooms ready to open. I worked as a waiter after college opened and continued that job for three years. I also got odd jobs working in the homes of professors.

One winter another Warren student and I conceived a more complicated money-making venture. James English had grown up in Warren, and was about my age, but we had attended different schools. I had gotten to know him at church. His parents came from Ireland and James had a distinct Irish accent which I enjoyed hearing. He went to Northfield High School and a widow lady loaned him money so he could go to Darmouth College. He was very appreciative and didn't want to borrow more than was necessary He had a girlfriend and would like to take her to a football game but that would cost money so he did not go, saying "If someone is willing to carry me on his back I don't feel like kicking him in the ribs."

We were in college together and when we learned that a neighbor was not going to tap his maple sugar orchard we decided to try and make some money by doing the work and give him half the money that the sugar brought. We got the college dean to excuse us a week before Easter vacation so as to get the orchard tapped for the first sap weather But the weather was cold, and the snow was deep. Sap would run only when it froze at night and it was warm in the daytime.

One night when Jim was away visiting his aunt in a nearby town the weather turned warm and sap began to run. We had an ox team to draw the sap to the sugar house so I hitched them to a sled on which was a large galvanized tank in which we drew the sap. All by myself I carried the sap from the buckets which caught the sap in the trees to the tank on the sled. The road was rough and not level in some spots. At one of those spots the sled slid down the hill and turned over on its side so the sap ran out at the top and the end of the pipe by which the tank was emptied. I managed to get the oxen unhitched and hitched to the side of the sled so as to tip it right side up and thereby saved about a half a tank full. When I got where I could see the sugar house the roof was on fire, from a spark in the chimney I managed to get up on the top and put out the fire and about that time Jim appeared. We worked hard but the weather was cold and sap didn't run well so our labors brought a very small financial return. We lived and ate with my parents so did not have to pay for meals and lodging but otherwise we might have gone back to college in debt, instead of with the small amount of money we made.

In September 1906, I took my first step out of the little Green Mountain State That step took me on to the Ledyard Bridge across the Connecticut River to Hanover New Hampshire where Dartmouth College is located. What a step that was—a step into a new world full of exciting discoveries and experiences. Little did I realize then that this first step into one world of impossibility would eventually lead into another impossible world, China. Mr Mathewson continued secondary education in Vermont for fifty years, and Dartmouth then honored him with a Doctor's Degree, which pleased me greatly He was a genuine educator who saw in his students possibilities that they never realized existed and then helped them to achieve the impossible.

My first year at Dartmouth I roomed with Bill Grant from Manchester New Hampshire in an old family residence which was used as a dormitory That was a wonderful year I got to know other students and professors and studied subjects which were new to me. I did best in mathematics and found calculus to be a most interesting subject. English was not easy but I believe I did get an "A" on one theme that I wrote. I had done well in history in high school, but when I got to Dartmouth where the history assignments were fifty or more pages, I was lost. I managed to pass, but never got a high grade

We had to go to Chapel each morning but I didn't object to that as some students did. We also were required to attend the

Sunday vesper services, which I greatly enjoyed. They were conducted by President William Jewel Tucker a Congregational minister and one of the greatest men I have ever known. He became ill while I was in college and had to leave Hanover for a spell. The day and hour he left, classes were closed and the students assembled in front of College Hall, where he was to pass in his horse-drawn carriage which stopped in front of where we were standing. "Men," he said, "I know the college will be all right because I am leaving it in your hands." There were tears in the eyes of some of the students near me for he had a secure place in the hearts of the students when he used the word "men" as he often did when he spoke to us. It seemed to have a deeper significance than when anyone else spoke it. I believe it was because he was the kind of man that he was.

John R. Scotford was a student in Dartmouth when I was there and he was planning to become a Congregational minister Each weekend he went across the Connecticut River to a little church in North Pomfret, Vermont, where he was the student pastor One day in the fall of 1909 John came to my room and said that he wanted to take his girl to a football game two weeks hence and wanted me to be his substitute in the church at North Pomfret. I told him that he was barking up the wrong tree. Preaching was one of the things that I couldn't possibly do. I was like the colored brother who was asked if he could change a ten dollar bill. "No sah," said he, "but thank you for the honor of asking me."

John was one of those persistent people who don't give up until they get what they are after and in order to get rid of him at least that is about as good an explanation as I can find now I agreed to take his church service. The next two weeks caused me no end of worry especially when I went to bed at night. What could I say to John's congregation? Why had I ever promised him to do it?

The days passed and I arrived in North Pomfret on the Saturday afternoon before I was to preach my first sermon. I had prepared what I would say but it was a long time after I went to bed before I could sleep. The next morning I had no appetite for breakfast, though I felt that I had to eat. I was staying with one of the church families and I had not told them that I was about to do something that day which until quite recently I had always considered to be out of the realm of possibility for me

The church bell rang and I went into the pulpit. My legs seemed to have no strength but by holding on to the pulpit with both hands I managed to get thourgh the sermon, and the rest of the service

After the meeting a dear old lady came down the aisle to shake my hand. To her enquiry as to how long I had been preaching, I replied it was my first offence. Then she greatly surprised me by saying, "I thought you had been doing it all your life " Bless her heart I am sure she had no idea what a shot in the arm she was giving her new "pastor "

I had always thought of the ministry as the highest calling that a man could have. It, like college was not in the realm of possibilities for me As a small boy in Warren I thought that the minister lived on a higher plane than the rest of the people. Perhaps the fact that we ate better food than usual when he came to have a meal with us helped to produce that conception. Besides, because the minister was the only one in town who married people, and conducted the funeral services when they died, I gave him a special position in my estimation. He was also the head of the church, and that was one of the three largest and most important buildings in my world. The other buildings were the schoolhouse and the town hall, both lined up beside the church on the village common.

One of the Warren ministers who used to call at our house had another qualification that I had never seen in other people he could draw pictures with his fountain pen. One day at our home he took a card about three by five inches from his pocket and with his pen he drew a pig with a curly tail on one side of the card. Then on the other side he drew a small child sitting on a chamber pot with the following verse underneath

Who took me from my warm, warm cot?
And put me on this cold, cold pot?
Whether I would or not?
My mother oh, my mother

That card was around our house for years and it helped to establish my belief that ministers belong to a special class, to which I was sure I would never rise The ministry was at the top of all the impossibilities that I would never reach. So as Mr Mathewson had pushed me into the impossible realm of college, John Scotford pushed me toward the impossible realm of the ministry

There were two other Congregational ministers at Dartmouth who attracted me in that direction. One of those men was President William Jewett Tucker who, as I have said earlier impressed me as the greatest man with whom I had ever personally come into contact. Dr Tucker was the personification of my ideal "man." His Sunday evening vesper talks in Rollins Chapel lifted me out of the humdrum life of the week and brought heaven down to earth in a very real way to me.

The other Congregational minister at Dartmouth who influenced me in that direction was the pastor of the White Church on the Dartmouth campus, Dr Ambrose W Vernon. I attended that church regularly and was deeply impressed with Dr Vernon's preaching. He was a very scholarly person but kept his feet on the ground, and in addition to scholarship he had an enthusiasm and fire which I had seldom heard in the pulpit. As I left those church services I felt that if I could do what Dr Vernon was doing, I would rather do it than anything else in the world.

Little did I dream that I would ever be in the pulpit preaching to Dr Vernon but about forty years later I had that unique experience when I attended our class reunion at commencement in 1946. I had been invited to preach in the Christ Church at Dartmouth College, a rather new building which took the place of the White Church where Dr Vernon had preached when that old building had burned to the ground. I didn't know when I went into the pulpit that Dr Vernon was to be at the service but he was, and I was glad that I had planned to mention him in my sermon, along with the other two Dartmouth men whom I have mentioned above, as having been influential in getting me into the ministry When I read of Dr Vernon's death recently I experienced real grief, but along with it there was a feeling of deep gratitude for his life and his influence on me as a young student at Dartmouth College.

Darmouth is sometimes spoken of as a "he-man's college," and there is some basis for such a reputation. But the three Congregational ministers whom I knew there, along with others of their type in character and spirit, gave the college an atmosphere which was not often reflected in the newspapers. I am glad to learn that there is now at Dartmouth a serious attempt to regain something of the spiritual values which such men gave to the college, especially those of President Jewett Tucker God knows that the world needs such values badly

In my senior year after my first sermon at North Pomfret, I went to other small churches in the area around Hanover and I found that John Scotford had pushed me into a fascinating world, the world of people. I was an engineering student and the subjects which I studied had to do more with materials than with men. My experience with the churches helped to make me conscious of the fact that I was more interested in live people than the materials and forces with which engineers deal.

The old question of whether ministers were different from other men kept coming back to me and I finally decided to consult President Tucker on what I should plan to do as my life work. I got an appointment to see the president and as I walked to his home I rather expected that since he was a minister he would advise me to follow that profession. However he didn't do any such thing. Great man that he was, when I told him that I was considering the possibility of preparing for the ministry instead of engineering, he pointed out the advantages in both professions, but left it up to me to make the final decision. I remember that he said that preparation for engineering might help me to get closer to people than if I had prepared for the ministry from the beginning of college

My senior year in college was my first year in civil engineering which began shortly after I finished my third year in college. That meant that I could not earn any money in the summer and I was so busy that year with my studies that I could not work in the dining room as I had done before I had borrowed $400 from Mr Mathewson the first three years and had to borrow $300 more my senior year

My first concern was to earn money to repay this debt as soon as possible In 1910 I graduated from Dartmouth, and while I was facing the question of "what next," a letter came from a former Dartmouth engineering school classmate Ralph Richardson, who had gone out to Hawaii after college to teach mathematics at the Mid Pacific Institute. Ralph wrote to ask me if I would like to come to Hawaii and replace him in his teaching job, since he had been offered a better position working as an engineer on the construction of Pearl Harbor Although I remember that my mother thought it was a long distance to go from home, for me it seemed to be a natural step after my college experience and I applied for the job. Late summer of 1910 I came across the United States by train and got on board the S.S. Wilhemena in San Francisco to begin my three years teaching in Hawaii.

CHAPTER THREE

Hawaii

MILLS SCHOOL, THE BOY'S PART of Mid Pacific Institute was a school for Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Philippino, and Hawaiian boys, as well as boys of many mixtures. It was soon after I reached the school that Japan took over Korea and the tenseness between our students from those two countries caused many fights. Had I been in New England, I probably would have read of Japan's action and paid no attention to it but in Honolulu events in the Orient were watched with much interest.

During my second year at Mills it was the Chinese students who caused excitement. Most of them were Cantonese, as was the leader of the Chinese Revolution, Dr Sun Yat Sen, who had lived for some time in Honolulu. For forty years he had labored to overthrow the Manchus who had been in control of China since 1644 There must have been times when it seemed to Dr Sun that he was trying to accomplish the impossible but in the fall of 1911 the Manchus were overthrown and the Republic of China became at long last a reality at least on paper During those days our Chinese students went wild with excitement. You could no more hold their attention to their studies than you could had Diamond Head suddenly erupted again When we put them to bed at night, we knew some of them probably would crawl out of the windows and go downtown and learn the most recent news from China. Some of us teachers didn't blame them for that since we got excited ourselves and were eager to get the latest news from China every morning when the boys returned with it from their families and friends.

For the first time in my life I found thatI was really excited over what was happening in that faraway land where people were so strange In Honolulu I felt much nearer to that land than I had back in New England, and world history had taken on a new significance History had in the past been close to languages in the list of my dislikes, but in Honolulu I found that history in the making was something quite different from history in textbooks.

The strangeness of the Chinese people also took on a different shade there in Hawaii. Although most of the boys in our school did not wear pigtails, they did eat rice with chopsticks and read their Chinese books backwards, as well as down the page instead of across as we do. When it came to responding to emotional stimuli they reacted just like Yankees. In New England I had looked at the external qualities of the Chinese in Hawaii I was seeing more of their inner makeup. And I saw that although they had many outward differences, inwardly the Chinese and the Yankees had much in common.

There were also interesting Korean and Japanese students. One of my Japanese students, Iwao Ayusawa, later received his Ph.D from Columbia University and for some years was the Japanese representative at the International Labor Bureau at Geneva. He was also one of the first Japanese to be sent to America by the Occupation authorities after Japan was defeated in 1945 One of my Korean students later became a doctor of medicine and taught at the Rockefeller Hospital in Peking at one time.

I admired the brilliance of some of the Japanese, and I had a feeling of sympathy for the Koreans whose country had fallen into the hands of Japan. It was China, however that was pulling most strongly at my heartstrings. China had long ago produced men of great intellect. She too, had known what it meant to be subjugated by foreigners. But now in the fall of 1911 she was free! My Chinese students and I believed that just as Japan had made great strides along the road of progress, so China would travel in our generation.

I believe that it was in 1911 that two other Mills teachers, Rowland Cross and Glenn Shaw and I went steerage from Honolulu to Maui, where we spent the night on the sand beside the ocean. The next morning we started to walk up Haleakala, a 10,000 foot extinct volcano, a distance of twenty-three miles. We carried blankets and food for two days and slept in a cabin on the top of the mountain, where we were on the rim of a crater several miles in diameter and about 1,000 feet above the bottom of the big bowl. We descended the next morning with one canteen of water which we consumed with our lunch at noon. The crater is covered with volcanic ash and nothing grows there except a few silversword plants. It took us all day to get down through the crater and down the other side of the mountain. Just as it was getting dark, we reached a pineapple ranch where a Japanese family lived and were able to get water and fruit. For six days we hiked around the island, eventually ending up back were we had left the boat. At night we slept on the ground. Some nights it rained and we had to start out the next morning with blankets and clothes soaked. That did not disturb us so much as the fact that we had many blisters on our feet and they hurt badly when we first started at the beginning of a day

We started our hike on Maui on Wednesday morning, and by Sunday we had quite a growth of beard and our clothes looked as bad as our faces. Sunday afternoon Rowland developed a stomachache and when we came to a small village I decided to try and get some remedy for him. I went to a small store but it was closed. On the porch of a nearby cottage I saw an attractive young lady dressed in a "Mother Hubbard" wrapper such as were worn in Hawaii. She was barefooted, had long black hair which hung loosely down her back, and was playing an autoharp. I went up to her and asked if there was any remedy in the store for stomachache explaining why I asked. She said there was no remedy in the store but if we would come to the cabin she would make some hot tea for Rowland. I called him and Glenn and we all went to where the young lady was. We learned that her mother was Tahitian and her father Chinese She had a brother and three or four sisters, all of whom had graduated from the Honolulu Normal School and were teachers.

Besides hot tea we were served warm biscuits and honey and a variety of fresh fruit. After we had finished our refreshments we thanked our hosts and started on our way Before we reached the road the young lady came running after us and said that her mother did not speak English, but when she learned that Rowland had a stomachache she didn't want us to leave their home and we should spend the night. It was nearly dark, and we said that we would remain if we might pay for our lodging They agreed to that and heated water so we could have warm baths before we went to bed. Needless to say we needed them and they did feel good. After we were in bed we heard the family singing hymns, accompanied by the autoharp. We learned later that they were Christians. Certainly they practiced their faith that night.

After our week's adventures on Maui, we returned to Honolulu and one week later again took steerage passage for the Island of Hawaii. We hiked there from the coast up to the active volcano, Kiluea, a distance of twenty-five miles as I remember it. We spent a night right on the rim of the boiling lava, marveling at the way that molten rock bubbled like a pot of cooking oatmeal. There were small holes in the rock around the volcano from which hot fumes of sulphur came pouring out, and we warmed a tin of baked beans by placing the tin over such a hole.

We didn't go farther up the mountain, which was more than 13,000 feet high with two more active volcanoes Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa on top where there was snow the year round. When we had been on Maui we had seen them from the top of Haleakala, covered with snow the clouds hiding the lower part of the mountain and the sun painting the morning sky in brilliant colors. We let the memory of that scene satisfy our desire for a mountaintop view of the twin peaks on the Island of Hawaii.

I believe that it was in the summer of 1912 when, as a group of teachers vacationing in the Joe Cook cottage at Kaipapau, we had a memorable experience. Rowland Cross, John Nelson, Glenn Shaw Louise Larabee, Ruth Henry Mary Stambaugh, and I were the teachers, and Mary's mother our chaperone.

One Saturday the teachers decided to go up one of the nearby valleys and each took a sandwich or two for lunch. We found a good path which went to the top of the ridge where another valley met the one we came up. Rowland had to be back for an early Sunday appointment, so he and Louise went back the way we came. The rest of us started down the other valley and found a good trail for some distance. After the trail ended we followed the stream with no difficulty Then we came to a waterfall, but by using vines for ropes we got over that all right. Later on we came to another about sixty feet high. We couldn't let ourselves down with vines but thought we could work along the side of the wooded valley Glenn managed to do just that. I was next to him and Ruth followed me. By getting to a tree where I could hold one hand, I reached back to help Ruth, but before she got where I was, the bank on which she was standing gave way and she was snatched out of my hand. We were about two hundred feet above the stream and I could see her and some loose stones tumbling down the steep slope I called to Glenn but it was so dark where he was that he could not see her He dived into a pool, but she was not there Then he went down the valley a bit and found her unconscious, but alive, at the foot of a cliff from which she had fallen. I called to Glenn that I was coming down but he said, "Go up the valley so as to avoid falling over the cliff." This I did and let myself shoot down through the shrubs that were growing there I got down all right with only minor scratches and bruises.

Glenn and I gathered ferns for a bed and got Ruth onto it on a level spot. Mary and John were still up where Ruth had started to fall, and we told them not to try to come down.It was dark by then and we didn'twant any more patients to care for They spent the night sitting on the branch of a tree which was more or less horizontal. When they moved, stones came falling down near us and we shouted for them to "keep still," which of course was not easily done in their uncomfortable position.

Finally it began to get light and we decided that Glenn would go down the valley for help. I would stay with Ruth, who was still unconscious with a cut in the back of her head and many scratches on her face and forehead. We told Mary and John to go back up the way we had come down and they started to do so.

Glenn started down the valley and I stayed with Ruth, thinking that Glenn would be back in a few hours with help. I didn't know that there was another high waterfall a short distance below me and Glenn could not get over or around it. So he started to climb the slope which led up to a ridge on one side of the valley He soon overtook Mary and John, who were having a hard time getting up the slope I'll leave them there for the present and resume my story

After waiting several hours for Glenn to come back, I heard a loud noise which sounded like a gun shot, but the echoes were so loud I was not sure what it was. I shouted and heard voices answering me. It sounded as if the voices came from high on the slope where Glenn had gone, but I could not make out any words. After calling back and forth for some time, the voices ceased and I walked down the valley to see what was below me. I hadn't gone far when I came to the waterfall which had prevented Glenn from going farther in that direction. I learned later that some would-be rescuers had come up the valley to the foot of the waterfall and decided that since they could not go farther up, they would go back and come the same way we had. Because of the echoes they thought I was up on the side of the slope where it seemed to me they must be.

Darkness came and no help had reached me, but I finally heard voices and saw a light up on the ridge above the waterfall. We could hear and understand each other I learned that they were two Hawaiian youths who had been in the party that came up to the foot of the wterfall. The others had gone back down the valley but the two youths, who were barefooted, climbed up the slope and came down to me by letting themselves from one tree to another with ropes. They had part of a loaf of bread and I tried to get Ruth to eat some, but she would not do so. This was Monday and we had eaten nothing since Saturday noon, when we had had our sandwiches.

The Hawaiians spent the night and started down the valley as soon as it was light enough to see. They said it would take a whole day and help would need another day to get to us. Fortunately that evening Tuesday I heard voices of a rescue party calling from the top of the waterfall above me. By letting themselves down with ropes, they reached Ruth and me and spent the night with us. Dr Doremus Scudder who had been a Medical Missionary in Japan and was at that time pastor of the Central Union Church, examined Ruth and could find no broken bones. But she was still unconscious.

Our rescuers fastened a long rope to a rock and let it down over the waterfall below us so we could get down that way as soon as it was daylight. Another group of rescuers had approached from below and after the rope had been let down, Alexander Hume Ford a magazine editor who did mountain climbing with Dr Scudder attempted to climb up, to bring us more provisions. Somehow he slipped, and fell backwards into a pool of water soaking his knapsack full of sandwiches and chocolate. He tried again and this time succeeded in getting up to us and spent the night.

There was a big Hawaiian in the party that had come with Dr Scudder and Wednesday morning Ruth was tied onto the Hawaiian's back, as a Japanese mother ties her child, and the Hawaiian with his 140 pound burden was let down over the waterfall. He was barefooted and hopped from stone to stone in the river There was another waterfall too high to go over but with ropes tied from one tree to another on the steep slope at the side of the waterfall, the Hawaiian managed to get to the foot of the waterfall where people had made a litter out of small trees, and on that Ruth was carreid to our headquarters and put to bed with a nurse to care for her

Nine days after the fall Ruth sat up in bed and asked what had happened. She had no memory of the fall and thought we had gone up the mountain "yesterday " She lost her sense of taste and smell for a while, but recovered them later after teaching a year in Honolulu. Then she went back to Massachusetts where her parents lived and finally married J W Bond, whom she had known when his wife was alive. He died some years ago, but Ruth is still 1969 living. Glenn Shaw is also no more but John and Rowland are alive and each has a son. Rowland's wife died a few years ago and he is in Pilgrim Place Claremont, California. Recently he flew to Japan to marry his granddaughtr Anne Cross. And that is the end of the Kaipapau story

Honolulu was known as "The Crossroads of the Pacific" and it certainly was a place where one met many interesting people going to, and returning from, the Orient. Bishop Bashford of the Methodist Church who had spent some years in China and had written a book, *China, An Interpretation,* made me wish that I could visit that stirring land. Another man who strengthened that desire was Fletcher Brockman, who had made a name for himself as a YMCA secretary in China. I had a conference with him one day as he was passing through Honolulu and asked him what kind of missionary was most needed in China. If I decided to go there as a missionary should I prepare to go as an engineer as a teacher or as an ordained minister? His answer to my question gave me a new insight into missionary work. He said that it was not a question of which need was greatest the question was what I could do best, for there was great need in all the areas I had mentioned. I should prepare to do in China what I would do were I to remain in America. There was a similarity in his reply to the one that Dr Tucker had given me in Dartmouth when I asked him about going into the ministry Both of those men threw the responsibility back onto my shoulders.

That made me do some more real thinking. I was enjoying my work as a teacher I found that I was learning more myself about the subjects I was teaching than I had learned when I studied them in school. I was enjoying my life with the other teachers, and my students were most interesting. In addition to the enjoyment I got from teaching I was also finding much satisfaction in work with the church. Dr Doremus Scudder was the pastor of Central Union Church and I greatly enjoyed his preaching and his friendly spirit. His assistant was the Reverend Amos Ebersole and they made a splendid pair Mr Ebersole directed the work of young people in Central Union, and I was finding the work of the Young People's Society much to my liking. In the social service of this society I was brought into contact with some of the missions that had work in Honolulu and I got experience in speaking to different classes of people Our visits to hospitals and prisons impressed on me the need for such work and gradually I found myself coming to the conclusion that I would go to China as an ordained missionary if some mission board would accept me.

In the summer of 1913 after I had completed three years at Mills School in Honolulu, I decided to go to theological seminary and prepare myself for the ministry

That problem settled, I found myself involved in another I had fallen in love with one of the Mills School teachers, Miss Mary Stambaugh of Spokane, Washington. I had met her on the boat coming from San Francisco to Honolulu in 1910, on her way to Kawaihao Seminary the girls department of the Mid Pacific Institute. After two years in the girls school she joined the Mills School faculty and I am sure she would say it was not because of the men teachers at Mills but because she liked to teach boys. The teachers of the two schools called themselves "brothers" and "sisters" and we certainly had good times together Beach parties, mountain cabin weekends, swims at Waikiki and picnics furnished us with much opportunity to get acquainted and to enjoy ourselves. We were much like a big family and we fellows divided our attention among all the “sisters” so there was very little “going steady ” But when Miss Stambaugh moved over to Mills and began teaching in a room adjoining my classroom, something very disturbing happened to me. That soft-spoken voice on the other side of the door was something new in the environment of the Yankee who had gone to a “he-man’s college ”

Two questions confronted me 1 Would Miss Mary Stambaugh consent to change her name to Robinson? (2 Would Mrs. Robinson consent to go to China? In spite of all the romantic settings which Honolulu afforded, courage to “pop the question” didn’t come until I had left Hawaii and was on my way east to find a theological seminary where I could prepare for going to China. Mary Stambaugh would be staying on at Mills School, but she was spending the summer with her parents in Long Beach, California, and had invited me to visit them, and her on my way east. This invitation, combined with the phosphorescent waves of the Long Beach shore, broke down my New England reticence and what a relief it was to find that at last I had found the right girl at the right time and in the right place At least she consented to having her name changed but since seminary would take three years, the question of where the Robinsons would spend their lives did not have to be settled then. So said Mary and I was happy to agree to that solution. Until then we would each go our own chosen ways. Thus many big decisions were made. I was too unsettled to keep track of my camera the next morning as I left Long Beach for Los Angeles and the East but fortunately some honest soul discovered it on the electric train and although the lost and found office was not open the day I was in Los Angeles, I left a letter and when I got back to Vermont I received word that my camera had been turned in, and if I would send the required postage it would be mailed to me. That camera over the years took many pictures of the Robinson family and its recovery from Los Angeles helped me to feel that fate was with me in this new undertaking of getting engaged. I hoped it would stay with me for the long three years ahead.

CHAPTER FOUR

Union Seminary

FROM HAWAII I TRAVELED BACK to Warren, my home in Vermont. That summer the young minister in the little town where I had grown up was George Bevans, a student at Union Seminary When I told him that I was planning to go to some seminary he strongly advised me to go to Union. I liked George and he was doing a very good summer job at Warren, so I followed his advice.

I had in hand only \$75.00 but received a \$100 scholarship from some organization in Saint Johnsbury Vermont. That was all I had for my seminary course when I entered in the fall, 1913 During the first year I earned part of my board by having charge of a dining club. I also taught English at a YMCA night school, and managed to finish the year without going into debt.

At the end of that year for a summer job, I was asked to be assistant to the minister of the Presbyterian Church in Newburg, New York. That was the outstanding church in Newburg and most of the members were considered to be of the conservative type. Since I had lost my conservative views with which I had grown up and now considered myself rather liberal, I was not at all sure that I could fit into a conservative Presbyterian church, and I told the pastor Reverend Stockwell, how I felt. He was to be away on vacation one month, and I would have full charge, preaching and all. Mr Stockwell must have gotten some good reports of my year at Union, for he assured me that I could fill the bill, and I agreed to do so.

Not only did I have to preach on Sundays, but on Wednesday evenings there were Bible classes followed by a series of lessons designed by the Presbyterian denomination, and the subject which I was to have charge of that summer was "The Miracles of Jesus." I am sure that my views were quite different from those of the church members. However I always found something in the lesson which was not controversial and with that as a springboard I managed to hold the interest of the class and quite enjoyed the summer One member told me at the end of the summer that he liked my sermons better than the pastor's. I believe he was a YMCA secretary with views somewhat different from those of most of the other members. Anyway I had a good summer and the experience helped me to get a good job for my last two years at Union.

I became the student pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Brentwood, Long Island. To carry out my duties meant that Saturday mornings I went to Brooklyn on the subway and took the Long Island Railroad to the middle of the island where Brentwood was located. Then on Sunday morning at 10 00 I was responsible for a Sunday school and at 11 00 a preaching service and at 5 00 p.m. a vesper service at the sanatorium run by a Dr Ross, who was an elder in the church. In the evening at 7 30 I had a vesper service at the church. For all of this I was paid $700 a year including the summer but it enabled me to get through Union with more money in my pocket than when I entered.

Between my second and third year at Union I applied to the American Board to go to China as a missionary and, although the Secretary Dr Brewer Eddy told me that the Board sent only good men to China, I was accepted.

The American Board's Secretary Dr Edward Lincoln Smith, got acquainted with me, and arranged that I join the Central Congregational Church in Brooklyn and go as their representative to China. I had been attending and working as a student assistant to Dr Charles E. Jefferson, one of the outstanding Congregational ministers in the country We students had a conference with Dr Jefferson and I consider that experience an important part of my theological education. His Sunday sermons were excellent and I was going through a deep sounding of just what my beliefs were The phrase "Son of God" seemed to be the toughest subject I struggled with, and when Dr Jefferson announced that his sermon subject was "The Son of God," I gave my undivided attention and followed his thought very closely He said that Jesus considered himself as having a unique relation to God, whom he called "Father " Also, the followers of Jesus had accepted that view down through the ages.

At the conference with him the following Wednesday I told him how that subject had been puzzling me for some time, and I had followed him very closely when he preached. He seemed pleased with what I said, but when I asked him how he interpreted Mark 3 35 "Whoever does the will of God is my brother sister and mother " he said he had not given that any thought, which was to me a great disappointment. If those who do the will of God are Jesus' brothers, they must also be "Sons of God," and John 3 12 says "all who received him, who believed in his name he gave power to become children of God." And John 3 2 says "Now are we the sons of God." So seminary left me with some unanswered questions.

I had two courses at Union under Dr Harry Emerson Fosdick, whom I consider the greatest teacher I ever had. I would come out of a class of two hundred students feeling that I had been in a service of worship, for he created an emotional atmosphere when he taught the Bible such as I have never known anyone else to do. Another teacher who influenced my thinking greatly was Dr George Albert Coe, with whom I had a course in "The Psychology of Religion," and another in the "Philosophy of Religious Education." Dr Coe was considered by some religious scholars to be radical, but what he had to say made sense to me, and has influenced my thinking ever since I took his courses. Dr McGiffert was perhaps the most scholarly of my teachers, and although I admired his intellect greatly his thoughts were somewhat over my head. However I am glad to have known such a great scholar and teacher.Dr Robert Hume was also a "deep thinker " but I felt that I got closer to him than to any other professor Perhaps that was because he had been a missionary in India, and also because he invited his students to come to his apartment on Sunday nights for coffee and discussions. Dr Daniel Fleming was head of the Department of Missions and one of the most stimulating teachers I had at Union.

The seminary closed in May of 1916 and Mary Stambaugh came to New York for my graduation. At that time I was ordained in the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn, where Dr S. Parkes Cadman was pastor He was one of the top Congregational ministers, and I greatly enjoyed having known him. He had grown up in England and worked in a coal mine, but educated himself by borrowing books including the *Encyclopedia Brittanica* most of which he seemed to remember

He was one of the first radio preachers, and was listened to by millions of people He wrote us many letters when we were in China as representatives of Central Church and ended them "Affectionately Yours," and that meant much to me. We visited the church and I preached there and spoke to many church groups. Our daughter Elizabeth was baptized by Dr Cadman in Central when we were home on furlough in 1924 Our membership remained in that church until I had a church of my own in Guerneville, California, in 1952 After Dr Cadman's death, Central Church united with another Brooklyn church and the union was named "Cadman Memorial Congregational Church."

CHAPTER FIVE

Life in China

IN 1916 I GRADUATED from Union Seminary was ordained, married, and sailed for China with Mrs. Robinson—all within four months. What a whirl of events

I have no clear recollection of how I first got the idea of going to China. It must have been while I was in Dartmouth College and it may have been when I was attending a Student Summer Conference at East Northfield, Massachusetts. I met there people from different parts of the world and was enchanted by the stories which they told of the people with whom they lived and worked. One of them was Dr Samuel Zwemer from Arabia. Dr Wilfred Grenfeld of Labrador was another The only person I remember who spoke on China was Dr Edwards of the Harvard Medical School, who had not been in China, but was about to go there as a medical missionary I am not sure that I heard him at Northfield, though I did in Dartmouth.

I believe that it was at Northfield that I signed a Student Volunteer card which stated that "if it is God's will" I would become a foreign missionary I felt perfectly sure that it would not be God's will for me to do any such thing, but by signing the card I thought that I would get rid of the feeling that I ought to be willing to become a missionary

After I signed that card, a Student Volunteer Band was organized at Dartmouth and much to my surprise I was elected as its first leader We had regular meetings, read lives of great missionaries, got missionary speakers to address meetings at Hanover and kept up the missionary interest on the Dartmouth campus. So far as I know I was the only one of that Band who ever got to the foreign field. Probably I was the one who least expected to go when I signed the card.

My early impression of a missionary was that he was a preacher and that was the last thing that I planned to be. Besides, a preacher had to know languages. I hated them. That and the fact that I liked mathematics had helped me decide to become an engineer.

Even at Union I had continued to dodge all the languages I could. I recall that when I learned I would have to study Greek and Hebrew to be awarded the degree of Bachelor of Divinity but could graduate with a ministerial certificate without those two dead languages, I easily decided on the latter course. In place of the dreaded Greek and Hebrew taught at Union, I enrolled in Columbia University for courses in education and psychology taught by Drs. Kilpatrick and Norsworthy. As I look back on it, those courses helped me more in China than Greek and Hebrew could have, and the seminary has long since abandoned that language requirement for granting the Bachelor of Divinity.

However, when the Robinsons arrived in Peking in September 1916, and I learned that five days a week most of our time was to be spent struggling with the Chinese language at the North China Union Language School, I did wish that I had not so successfully dodged language study all those years. I didn't see how I would ever manage it but having experienced, and enjoyed, so many steps into "impossible worlds," I began to feel that nothing was too difficult to tackle, even the Chinese language. Both Mary and I, with some fifty or sixty other young missionaries, devoted one full year to mastering the tongue of our new home.

The system which the Language School followed emphasized the spoken language, so we began with our ears and vocal organs. We were allowed no books, paper, pencils or dictionaries. The head Chinese teacher, Mr. Chin, stood up before the class and repeated over and over again, "Yu i ke nü jen tsung ch'eng li lai ta shui." In English this meant, "A woman came from the city to draw water," and it was taken from the fourth chapter of the Gospel of John where the conversation of Jesus with the Samaritan woman is recorded.

Chinese words have tones, or inflections, giving a rhythm which is very important if you are to be understood. A second phrase which came in our first lesson was "mai chih ti tung hsi" and meant "to buy things to eat." That was what Jesus' disciples went into the city for. The word "mai" when pronounced in one tone means "to buy" and in another tone it has the exact opposite meaning, "to sell," so it was important whether you said "m-a-i," dragged out in a long undulating tone the third or cut it off short—"mai" in the fourth. If you put the two together "M-a-i mai!" you had the buying and selling process, business, and to ask a man how his business was you said "ni ti m-a-i mai tsen ma yang?"

There are four tones in the Peking, or Mandarin, dialect but as many as seven or eight in other parts of China, and the pronunciations are so different that people in those areas can no more understand Mandarin dialect than Frenchmen can understand Yankees. I suppose that it was to familiarize us with the rhythmic aspect of the language that our teachers began with whole sentences which we tried to receive through our ears and then repeat with our vocal organs. Later we were given cards with the printed characters for the sentences which we had heard and tried to sound. Eventually we were taught to write those characters. Thus the process was the same as that which a small child sees in learning to speak. The ear the mouth, and the hand are trained in that order

Chinese books are read from back to front, and from top to bottom of the page so to the Chinese we Westerners say with the motion of our heads, as we read back and forth across the page, "No, no," while they by moving their heads up and down, are saying, "Yes, yes." So we seem just as strange and peculiar to them as they do to us. When they laugh at us they are more likely to do it inside than we are, but I am sure that our teachers must have been kept full of inside amusement as their students struggled with their language.

I hadn't been struggling with Chinese very long before I found myself wishing that my parents had permitted me to be born in China, or at least had let me live there for a few years when I was very young. A Yankee who is born in China can learn the language with no effort whatever In fact it is easier for such a child to learn Chinese than to learn English. I have known American children who lived in China the first three years of their lives to speak Chinese with beautifully articulated tones and who would not speak a word of English. They understood English, so when you asked them questions in English they replied in Chinese. One of those children had an American dog and while the boy would not talk English to people he did speak to his dog in English. Apparently he thought the dog didn't understand Chinese, which may have been true since the other members of the family also spoke English to the dog.

The reason that Chinese is easy for a child is that it is a monosyllabic language. The Chinese distinguish between older and younger brothers and sisters and the younger brother is called "ti ti," the younger sister "mei mei," the older brother "ke ke " and the older sister "chieh chieh." It is much easier for a child to make those sounds than to say "brother" or "sister "

Well, my parents didn't take me to China when I was young and I was thirty years old when I got there so I had to get the language the hard way and believe me, it was HARD, the most difficult thing I had ever undertaken and at times I wondered if I wouldn't have been wise to stick to engineering, or to teaching English to Oriental students. Fortunately I did have a fairly good ear for sounds and rhythm, so that ragtime songs which I had learned years before were still in my memory after I started to struggle with Chinese Why doesn't somebody invent a system of putting Chinese to ragtime? With such a method I believe that I could master it easily and remember it all my life.

As a matter of fact somebody in the North China Union Language School did a little experimenting along that line and the results were very encouraging, to me at least. During the year that we were in that school, 1916-1917 one of the popular World War I songs was "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperrary" and we had a parody set to that tune as our school song. It still is easy to recall

It's a long, long way to learn a language
It's a hard road to go,
Yu i ke nü jen, mai chih ti tung hsi,
Is the only thing I know
Goodbye English language
Farewell Uncle Sam
If I ever learn to "um, um? u-m-m, um " the four tones
It's ting hao I am. "ting hao" means very good

Our Peking address for that first year was 29 Tengshihkou. This was the American Congregational Board Mission compound, one of several mission compounds in that capital city of the Republic of China.

A mission compound is a tract of land, usually surrounded by a wall, like most places in China where groups of people live. Within the wall schools, hospitals and the homes of the missionaries are located. Our Peking compound contained four two-story gray brick buildings where we, the foreigners, lived. Bridgman Academy for Girls was just north of the two residences on the west side of the compound, and at the north end was a large gray brick church with a spacious open lawn extending to the main gate at the south. The other two residences were on the east side, and just over the wall from them in a separate compound was the Yü Ying School for Boys. With walks, trees, and shrubs, this compound was a most attractive place and centrally located in what was called the East City The name of the street along the south side of the compound, "Tengshihkou," meant in English "Lantern Market Mouth," but it must have been named for a long time before our arrival for although there were shops and residences on both sides of the street there was no place where one could buy lanterns.

Before we left America we had been told at the American Board headquarters in Boston that new missionaries usually lived with older missionaries so we had made no plans for housekeeping. Unfortunately for us, but not for the mission, the American Board sent five new families and two single women to Peking in 1916, the largest number to arrive in one year during our whole stay in China. This created quite a housing problem at 29 Tengshikou. The single women could live wth the other single women in the residence next to the girls school, and two of the five new families could live with the two established families next to the boys school. This still left three new families to be cared for and since one established family was in America on furlough, we three sets of newcomers were given their residence to make a home for ourselves. Dr and Mrs. Lee Miles and Mr and Mrs. Paul McEachron had graduated from Grinnell College so they knew each other but the Robinsons were strangers. We all had one thing in common, our ignorance of the Chinese language. Some of us soon found that it was the strongest tie that had ever bound us to anything or anybody The McEachrons had a young son Paul whom we all adored, as did the cook, the table boy and the amah who, together with the seven new immigrants, made up our household. It was not an easy year

While the house in which we lived was supplied with furnishings, there were many things that the three wives soon found they needed, and didn't have. In their attempts to get the household organized many problems arose which brought out the qualities and peculiarities of the individuals, and soon the three wives discovered that they had another common trait besides their ignorance of Chinese. That trait was their dislike for China. Living with no older missionaries to eavesdrop, the three wives were free to cuss and discuss their reactions to their adopted or at least their husbands' adopted country One of the wives had been trained in Domestic Science and the other two had been trained in American ideas of sanitation and cleanliness, and our one-eyed cook was as ignorant of such ideals as the three women were of his native tongue.

One day when one of the women was talking with another foreigner who had been in Peking for some time, I overheard the latter ask how the newcomer liked China. "I don't like," was the honest reply

"Oh, you'll love it after you have been here a while," said the older person. "But I don't want to like it " For any three young American families to undertake to live as one big family would be to invite difficulties wherever they lived. To try to do so in a strange land with servants who couldn't understand you was just about impossible. When things got too bad we could call in an older missionary as an interpreter but even such help didn't change the fundamental situation for any appreciable length of time. Such a state of affairs did have one redeeming feature It strengthened our determination to master the Chinese language as soon as possible.

The causes for dislike of China were not limited to the problems of our home There were unlovely things on the streets as well. Dr Arthur H. Smith, the athor of *Chinese Characteristics* and other popular books on China, was still a member of our mission when we lived at 29 Tengshihkou. He was famous for many things not least of which was his sense of the ridiculous. Instead of being annoyed by the strange ways of Chinese life he saw the funny side and helped other foreigners to take that attitude One of his witticisms was that China was noted for two things—pagodas and pig odors. That was true but it was not the whole truth, for there are many odors on Chinese streets for which the pigs could not be blamed. The scavenger who carried the night soil right past our bedroom windows every morning before we got up had his share of responsibility

Nor were the causes for dislike limited to odors. There were also annoying and disturbing sounds. Not far from where we lived there was a market where pigs were bought and sold early every morning. When a pig was sold his four feet were tied together so that he could be suspended from a pole which two coolies carried on their shoulders as they danced along the street to the place of slaughter Those little pigs went to market, not with a basket on their arms but a siren in their throats and anybody who could sleep through such noise was either deaf or an old hand in China.

Even before the pigs began their disturbances, the cats of the neighborhood had their carousals and they seemed particularly to like our mission compound. Shoes and other objects thrown out into the dark from bedroom windows might help to quiet things down for a few minutes but Chinese cats being no different from other varieties, it wasn't long before they began again.

This source of disturbance nearly got us into difficulty with one of our neighbors. When Lee Miles came back from Language School one afternoon, there were no less than six cats sunning themselves in the open space in front of the church. It looked as though they were resting their throats for the strenuous work of the coming night. Lee had a rifle which he had brought from America but life in Peking hadn't given him much chance to use it. Those cats who had robbed him and his fellow householders of so much sleep made excellent targets which Lee couldn't resist. The first shot removed permanently one of the serenaders and it didn't take long for the others to get going toward places of shelter Some of them arrived on three legs, or minus an eye, and it looked as if we might have a night of quiet for once.

Our neighbors heard the shots and it wasn't long until the grapevine news service had spread the information that one of the foreigners had shot some cats in the American Board Compound.

That evening as we were eating supper we were startled by the wailing of an old woman just outside our window Her dirge consisted of three words, repeated over and over "Wo ti mao Wo ti mao Wo ti mao!" My cat My cat My cat The mourner was the owner of one of the cats that frequented our compound and when she got the news of the shooting, and her cat did not return for its evening meal, the old lady felt sure that her cat had been killed. To kill a cat in China is no small offence so she proceeded to visit the place of the murder Our servants realized the seriousness of the situation and did some clever cross questioning. Did anyone actually see a dead cat like the one that was missing? They would go with the woman to the gatehouse to enquire what the gatekeeper knew Fortunately the cat in question was apparently only off on the prowl and soon arrived home unscathed.

But that was not the end of the incident. When some member of the old lady's household became ill a few days later she reasoned that the cause of the illness was in some way connected with the death of the cat that had been shot. She wanted Dr Miles to pay the hospital expenses for this relative. A mutual friend was able to pacify our neighbor but no more cats were shot there so long as we remained.

Lest I give the false impression that all smells and sounds in Peking were displeasing, let me hasten to mention some of which we became very fond. As we walked along the streets and "hutungs" alleys of "Old Peking" some of the most common articles imaginable poured out such pleasing odors that our mouths watered with anticipation. Open iron caldrons in which chestnuts roasted led us by the nose right to the spots where those delicacies were being produced. Open charcoal burners which vendors carried along the streets with the fragrance of baked sweet potatoes also enticed us and relieved us of a few pennies, and there were many other similar objects that tickled our olfactory nerves as we wandered about in the most fascinating city that we had ever seen, or smelled.

When we went into restaurants we were baffled as we tried to identify the many intriguing odors that filled the room. Such little things as sesame seed being roasted on top of small biscuits in the oven produced a satisfaction which could never be forgotten. The roast meats, steamed vegetables and countless spices and delicate flavors which Chinese cooks blend together whetted appetites long before the food appeared on the table I cannot describe adequately the smell of Chinese food, but it is one of the blessings which China has to offer the West.

Sounds as well as smells in China are not easily described. There were so many which were new to us. Each line of goods carried from door to door by traveling peddlers had its individual "call," which although it had words was recognized and understood more by its tune and it was not long before we, like other residents of Peking, knew what was being sold out in the street by identifying the call. Early each morning the man who sold fried cakes sang his way down the street with the little ditty that brought people to the front door for their favorite breakfast. Then came the old woman selling eggs, or soap, and the man with cabbages, carrots and cucumbers—each announcing their wares by voice or by sounding simple instruments which signaled the merchants' daily rounds.

Sounds served also as shop signs. When we walked along the street we knew where small baked biscuits were being made from noting the familiar rap-a-tap beat of the baker's rhythmic rolling pin where he was preparing his dough. His life might be simple and humdrum but he knew how to mix music with drudgery

Hardworking coolies eased their burdens by singing as they pulled at ropes fastened to carts, boats and other vehicles. The leader chanted a line and the rest joined in the chorus as they tugged at their tasks. Rhythm and harmony filled the air wherever work went on, and we came to enjoy and appreciate the many varieties of meaningful sound that met us as we adjusted to our adopted land.

The factor of sound is also important in translating foreign names into the Chinese language. However approximating the proper Western sound must be combined with consideration of an appropriate Chinese meaning. Approximating the three syllables of Robinson into Mandarin Chinse became "Row Bing Son" in romanized Chinese "Jao Ping Sen"). Usually there are three single syllable parts to Chinese names with the exception of familes originating in Manchuria where there are only two). Most of the common last names are included in a list of one hundred characters of family names, and "Jao" is among them. Since the family name in Chinese comes first, I became Pastor Row or in romanized Chinese "Jao Mu Shih"). This name would not have been selected for me had the word "Jao" in Mandarin meant like its English homonym a brawl or fuss. Instead, in Chinese, the word "Jao" means forgiveness, or abundance In the Lord's Prayer "forgive us our sins" becomes in Chinese "Jao shu wo men ti sui." So whether I liked it or not I became Mr Abundantly Pardon, or "Jao Ping Sen Hsien Sheng" Mr Row and my wife Mary became "Jao Mei Jui" pronounced May Ray in Chinese), or "Jao T'ai T'ai" Mrs. Row).

I have annoyed my family by insisting that since I am Mr Jao and Mary is Mrs. Jao, we have had two big rows in the family ever since we went to China. There have also been little rows which got bigger and bigger until I lost all control of them. I never got them to forgive "Mr Abundantly Pardon," especially for his naming a film strip, which he showed in China and America, "Raising Rows in China." The pictures were of the three children from the time they were a few weeks old until they were in college.

There is just one more item to be reported about Chinese names and that is that brothers and sisters usually have the same middle name We followed that custom in our family When our first son, Harold, was born, I asked the Chinese teacher what name I should give him. He asked me what Harold means in English and although I had borne that name all my life I didn't know what it meant. I learned from a dictionary that it means leader and when I reported that to the teacher he said "K'uei Min" would be a good name since that meant leader in Chinese Our son therefore became Jao K'uei Min, his brother Jao K'uei Te and their sister Jao K'uei Chen. "Te" means virtue and "Chen" means genuine, so their names meet the Chinese requirement of having good meanings. The fact that they all have the same middle name indicates that they are brothers and sister

The name Jao was all right in Peking but when Mary and I moved ninety miles south to live in Paotingfu, I discovered that that character in our new geographic location was not pronounced "Row" but "Yow " for the"r" sound became "y " When I was asked what my name was, which is one of the first questions a Chinese puts to a stranger and I said "Row " they didn't know what I meant for they didn't have any such sound in their dialect. However when I wrote the character they got it and said, "Oh, Yow " While we lived in North China, I never met a Chinese named Jao. But when in 1942 1944 I was connected with Yenching University in Chengtu, Szechuan, in West China, I found that it was not uncommon. On the faculty was a married woman whose maiden name was Jao, and the other teachers teased her by asking if I were a relative. Picking up the friendly joking mood, she and her husband took to calling me "Uncle Robbie," and I was then known as such both among teachers and students.

To get back to our life at 29 Tengshihkou Our year in Peking turned out to be far more enjoyable than the most optimistic member of our household the Yankee at first dared hope. The human animal has a way of adjusting itself to all sorts of environments, pushing back into oblivion the aspects which displease and giving attention to those things which are to his liking. Perhaps this was one of the first lessons which we learned from the Chinese for they are past masters at adjusting themselves to an adverse environment.

Peking, as we got better acquainted with it and its people, certainly became a fascinating city The shops, the fairs, the street calls which I have already mentioned, the long lines of camels, the temples—especially the Temple of Heaven—the Forbidden City the city gates and the endless traffic which passed through them, all had their appeal which even the most critical Westerner could not resist. As we became acquainted with individual people, and visited their homes, we became aware of a charm that we Yankees could not produce. There was a friendliness which put our aloofness in a bad light. Riding on trains, busses and boats it seemed as if there were no strangers. Everybody talked with everybody else and introductions consisted of one person saying to his neighbor "Nin kuei hsing?" (What is your honorable name? The neighbor replied "Chien hsing Wang" My humble name is Wang). From then on conversaton flowed freely with little concern for who might be listening. Traveling became self-imposed examinations in Chinese to see how much we could understand of the conversations going on all around us.

Shopping was another good opportunity to try out our language, as well as to learn the customs of the country We soon found that it is not the custom of China to go into a shop, ask the price of something you like, pay for it and take it away The merchant with goods for sale is a social being, and he assumes that you are like him, in that respect. He likes to play games and believes that you will enjoy a little game with him. His price is set at a much higher level than he expects you to pay but the game of matching his wits, and his humor with the wits and humor of customers is one that never wears out. The more you play it, the more skilled you become, and the more fascinating it gets to be. It should be a pleasant experience for both parties and the give-and-take process should go on for considerable time. The merchant wants you to feel good so he tells you that he is losing money by letting you have his goods at the low price you have agreed upon, but since he knows how badly you want the article, he is willing to sacrifice his livelihood for your pleasure You soon learned not to waste any sympathy for such "losses."

Many dealers were glad to take their goods to our home and when the feminine members had gained sufficient knowledge of the language to play the game of "Give and Take" they began to forget the disagreeable sounds and smells which seemed so prevalent when they first reached Peking. They might not be willing to admit it but it sometimes looked as if they were coming to like China in spite of themselves. I believe they would admit it now without reservation.

One of the big events of the year at 29 Tengshihkou was the celebration of Chinese New Years which for the Chinese is Christmas, birthday Thanksgiving and Fourth of July all combined in a marvelous manner It is like Christmas in that gifts are exchanged and schools close for a long winter vacation it is like Thanksgiving in that everybody tries to have good things to eat it is your birthday because everybody becomes one year older on New Years Day and your age depends on the number of years in which you have lived if you are born on the last day of the year you become two years old the next day because you have lived in two years it is the Fourth of July because firecrackers are an important requirement for its proper celebration. Since the Chinese follow the lunar calendar each month has about twenty-eight days and with twelve months in a year New Years would come any time of our year if it wasn't for leap year Instead of adding a day as we do the Chinese adjust by adding a month, so the time of year for New Years ranges from early January to the middle of February

About two weeks before New Years schools closed, women started making new garments for all members of the family though those who could afford it bought ready-made clothes or had them made by tailors. Men became busy collecting bills for that was the time of year when all accounts must be settled. If you couldn't pay your bills any other way you sold land, or borrowed from somebody who had money to lend and the rate of interest at that time of year became sky high.

Nobody was supposed to sleep on New Years Eve. Even cats and pigs could not compete with the noise of firecrackers which blacked out all other sounds. The next morning was the one "Sabbath" of the year All shops remained closed, nobody could be seen on the streets which were littered with bits of red and brown paper where the firecrackers celebration had been observed. Red strips of paper with black or gold characters were pasted on every door wishing everyone happiness and prosperity for the coming year

As the morning advanced people gradually came out of their homes and started their long period of calling on relatives and friends. Each caller greeted his friend with "Hsin hsi, Hsin hsi" New Happiness, New Happiness), and no matter how hard and severe one's life had been during the past, he was now dressed in the best clothes he could get hold of and faced his callers and the coming year with a smile on his face and an optimism which no memory of the past could completely suppress.

This season of Happiness and Enjoyment lasted for two weeks after New Years. There was gradual return to normalcy as shops opened, farmers started their spring work and travelers left home for their places of employment or business. But on the fifteenth of the first month, which always came at the full moon, since New Years was on a new moon, there were parades and more firecrackers and the city gods, which had been carried to some other places during the holiday season, were brought back to their homes in the temples.

That first New Years season was a never-to-be-forgotten occasion to us foreigners who had never seen anything like it. It gave us a chance to "balance our books" and try to estimate the "assets and liabilities" of Chinese people, and Chinese life, and to compare them with the values that we had accepted before we came to China. Some of us found that while we had needed great expenditures in adjustment, in patience and in humility our returns had been surprisingly high in new satisfactions and new points of view We had lost heavily in conceit and our feeling of superiority but we had new hope and at least a little more understanding. We had come to teach, we would remain to learn.

As the first year of Language School drew near its close I had an opportunity to make a trip into the country Murray Frame, one of our more experienced missionaries, had impressed me as one of the outstanding young missionaries in North China. He lived in T'unghsien, fifteen miles east of Peking, and had charge of the American Board country churches of that region. Every year in late May or thereabouts in the Chinese calendar there was a big fair in a county seat twenty-five miles east of T'unghsien, and the American Board had a church there

One of my colleagues in Language School was another Vermont Yankee Earle Ballou, who had a good camera with which he had excellent results taking pictures of Chinese life. Murray Frame wanted Earle to go with him to the fair and take pictures of that important event, and I was invited to go along to see what a country church in China was like

Earle and I borrowed bicycles and Murray set the pace for our first ride on Chinese country roads. I had not ridden a bicycle for years and had never ridden an English wheel with hand brakes, such as I rode that day Murray was an experienced traveler with that kind of transportation and it seemed to me that he was trying out the young missionaries who had recently joined the mission. I managed to keep in sight of him so I didn't lose the way but I spent so much time picking myself and wheel up out of the ditches that I had to ride about twice as fast as Murray traveled to even keep in sight of him. It was a very hot, dry day and the air was filled with the fine dust from the Gobi Desert which is common in North China at that time of year My throat was so dry that I could hardly swallow but there was nothing to drink, and no time to think of such a luxury

When we reached our destination the fair was in full swing. Thousands of people were busy buying and selling all sorts of commodities, but the biggest crowd was in front of an outdoor stage where a traveling troupe was enacting an ancient and popular play We managed to work our way into the mob and finally reached the side door of the stage where Earle got a good view of the actors and the audience and took several shots with his camera. Little did we realize how we had stolen the show until we tried to get back through the crowd. Those thousands of spectators, who were all standing since there were no seats, seemed to have but one thought in mind and that was to get as near as possible to those strange-looking foreigners with that queer-looking black box which one of them carried. We soon found ourselves in a jam where we had absolutely no say about the direction in which we moved. We were carried first in one direction and then in the opposite by the waves of that sea of humanity It was rather frightening being in the waves of a sea of humanity pushed toward the shore for a while and then being moved out to sea. We weren't likely to have the waves pass over us because we were the center toward which all forces were moving. When we saw that everybody was taking it as a great joke, we joined our smiling faces with theirs, but were greatly relieved when we found ourselves pushed out of the crowd and able to stand on our own feet without moving in any direction.

It was a terribly hot ride back to the mission compound and I had a hard time keeping up with the other missionaries but we finally reached our destination and went directly to the cold water which ran from an iron pipe of an artesian well. How refreshing that cold water was on our faces and in our stomachs. After a short rest stretched out on the living room floor of a missionary home we were treated to delicious homemade ice cream and I felt that I had had a most interesting introduction to missionary work in rural China, of which I had a great deal in the years that followed.

Among the interesting aspects of Chinese life with which we became involved while living in Peking was politics. The Republic of China was only five years old and Li Yuan Hung was its president. Yuan Shih Kai had been the first president and Li was vice-president. When Yuan died a mysterious death, Li became head of the nation but he had a very difficult life. Parliament was meeting in Peking and its members numbered several hundred. The delegates came from all over China and many of them did not understand the language of their fellow politicians. We Language School students visited Parliament through the courtesy of C.T Wang, who was president of the senate, and later became minister at Washington, D.C. One reason why Parliament had so much difficulty in getting work done was that there were too many "War Lords" in the country each trying to strengthen his position and increase his territory Parliament could pass resolutions or enact laws, but the military leaders were a law to themselves.

But China's problems were not all internal. In 1915 Japan had made her famous twenty-one demands which made it quite evident that Japan had her own ideas as to what road her young neighbor was to travel. England was trying to increase her influence in Tibet, and Russia was doing the same or worse in Mongolia. While we were too near these events to understand much of what was going on, the military and political leaders must have realized that the Revolution of 1911 had accomplished little in making China a strong nation.

During the last few weeks of our Language School life we listened to some interesting lectures by Sheldon Redge, an English editor who published *The Peking Leader* His subject was recent history of China and he closed the series of lectures by making a prophecy which almost came true. He said that the next ten years would be the most interesting of China's long history the next ten months would be the most interesting of those ten years and the next ten weeks would be the most interesting of those months. "What is going to happen?" he asked. "One is taking a great risk if he prophesies future events in China." But he did anyway "My prophecy is that the unexpected will happen," and it did.

Before the end of his interesting ten weeks a Chinese military leader General Chang Hsun, who had a "pigtail army" indicating his Manchu leaning, marched his army into Peking and put the Boy Emperor back on the throne. The Manchu Boy Emperor had been removed from the throne in the 1911 Revolution, and although technically he held no power he and many of his Manchu ex-officials had continued on in Peking, living in great splendor True, there was some evidence that China was worse off as a republic than it had been under Manchu rule but General Chang Hsun was not the man to turn China's clock back, and restoring the imperial power by military force lasted only a few days. General Chang managed to escape into the Japanese embassy where the Chinese government had no authority and the squabble among ambitious military leaders and members of the new Parliament continued to worsen.

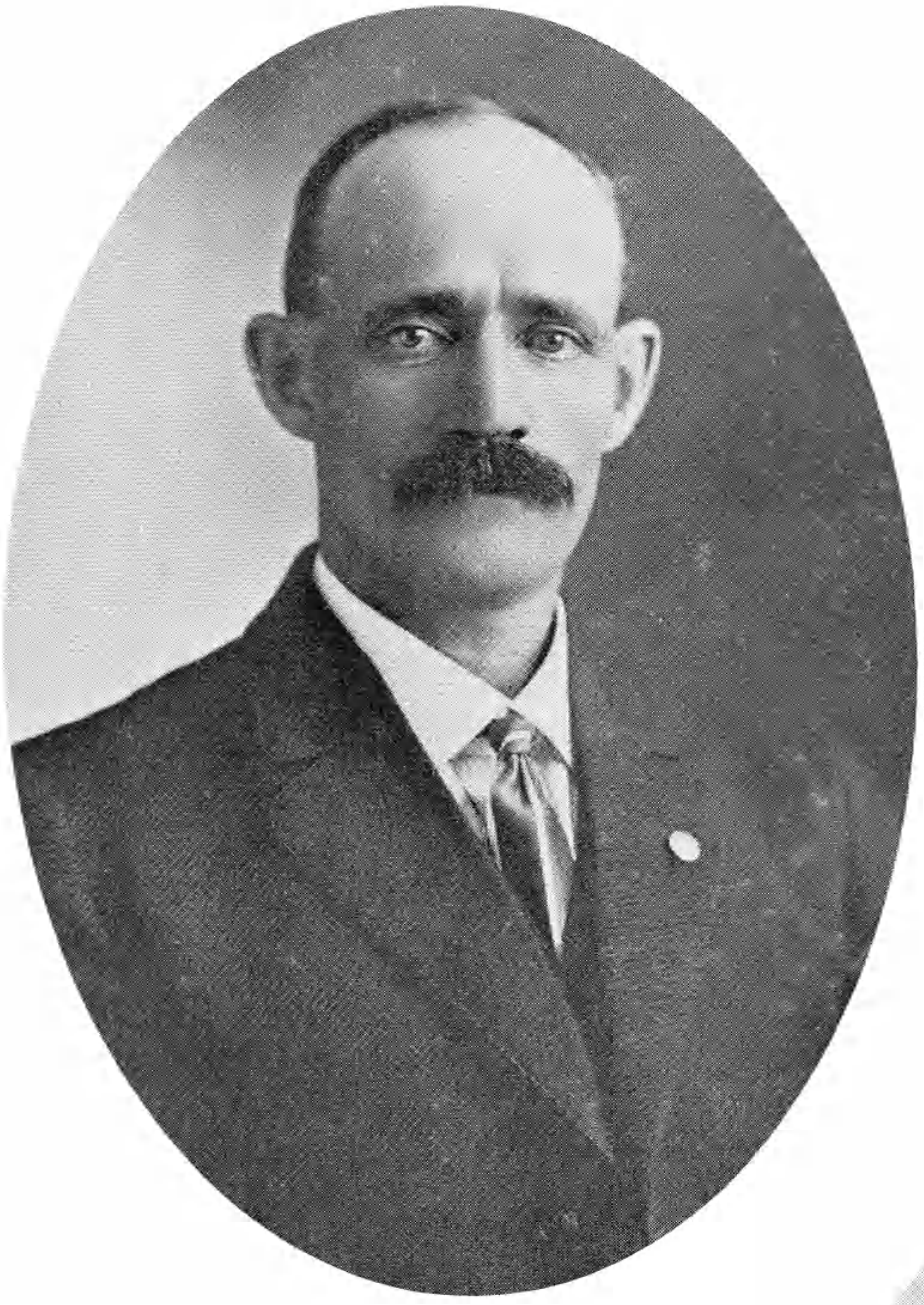
The political atmosphere was not the only thing that got hotter The physical atmosphere got so warm that it was hard to keep awake when listening to the sing-song language of Chinese teachers. Language School closed at the end of June and most of the students went to Peitaiho, a seashore resort near the end of the Great Wall where it reached the Yellow Sea. By mixing study swimming, tennis, picnics and visits to interesting places we had a delightful summer and became convinced that China was a fascinating country and the Chinese people had an interesting way of life with which we wanted to become better acquainted.

At the end of the summer the Robinsons moved to Paotingfu, ninety miles south of Peking on the Peking-Hankow railway Although Paotingfu was the provincial capital of Hopei, it was smaller than Peking or Tientsin, both of which also were in Hopei province.

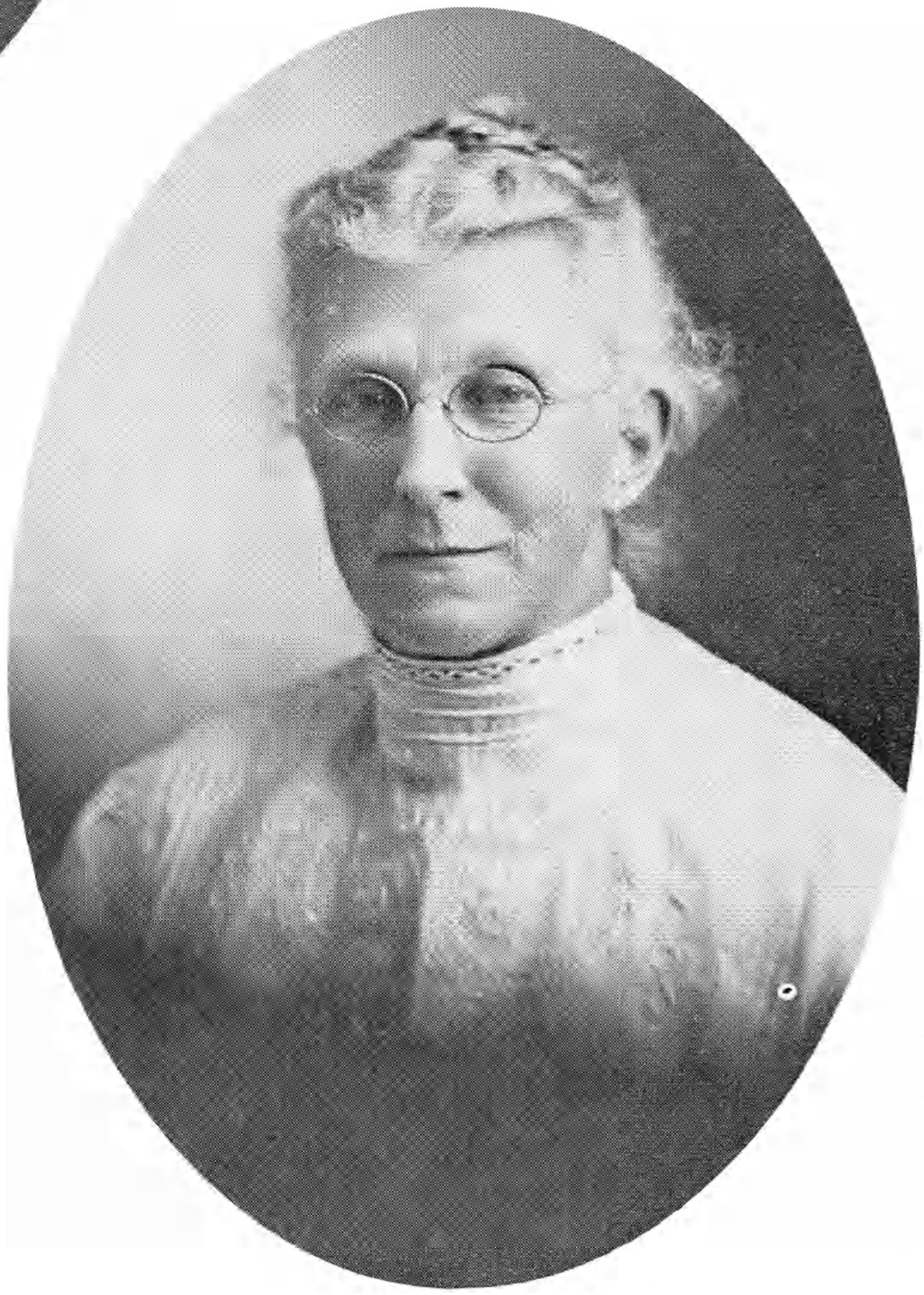
When Mary and I learned that we were assigned by the Mission Council to move to Paotingfu we began to realize how much we had come to love the life in Peking. We didn't realize at the time that Paotingfu would give a closer contact with rural life, which was the backbone of China's national life. Three-fourths of China's population lived in country villages, not in large cities.

Paotingfu was a walled city with houses and shops grouped into suburbs on every side outside the city walls. The American Board Mission compound where we were to set up our first true family home was located outside the south city gate in the South Suburb. When we arrived, there were three American families in our South Suburb mission compound—the Galts and the Hubbards, besides the Robinsons. The Galts soon left for a furlough in America and we lived in their house, used their furniture and had the service of their servants. In the West Suburb the Presbyterians had a mission station, including two good hospitals. The missionary personnel there included four American families and some single women, among whom were a doctor and nurse who ran a general hospital and a women's hospital. These medical people furnished good health facilities for the American Board missionaries as well as for the Chinese community

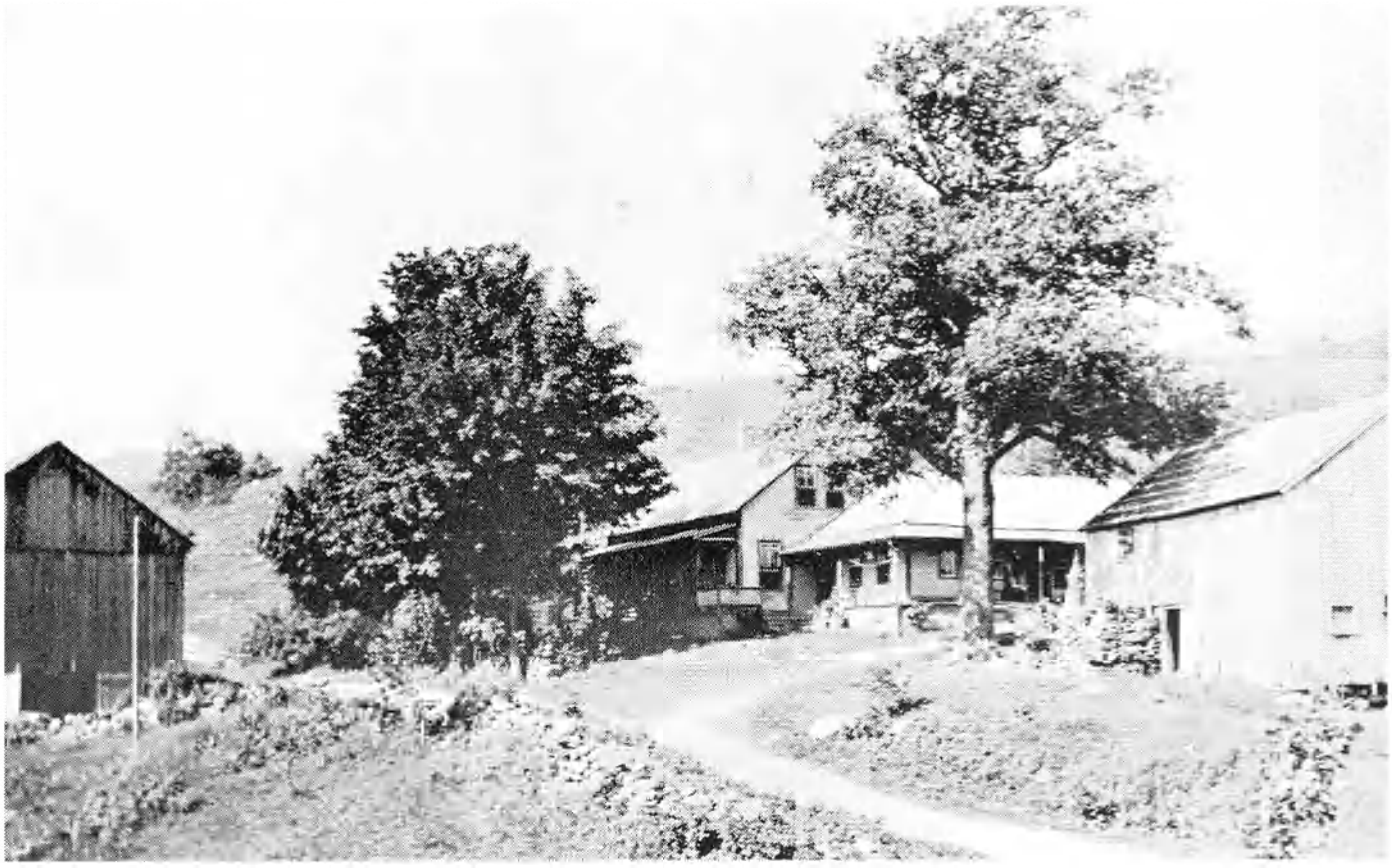
The Robinsons were glad to have their own home with



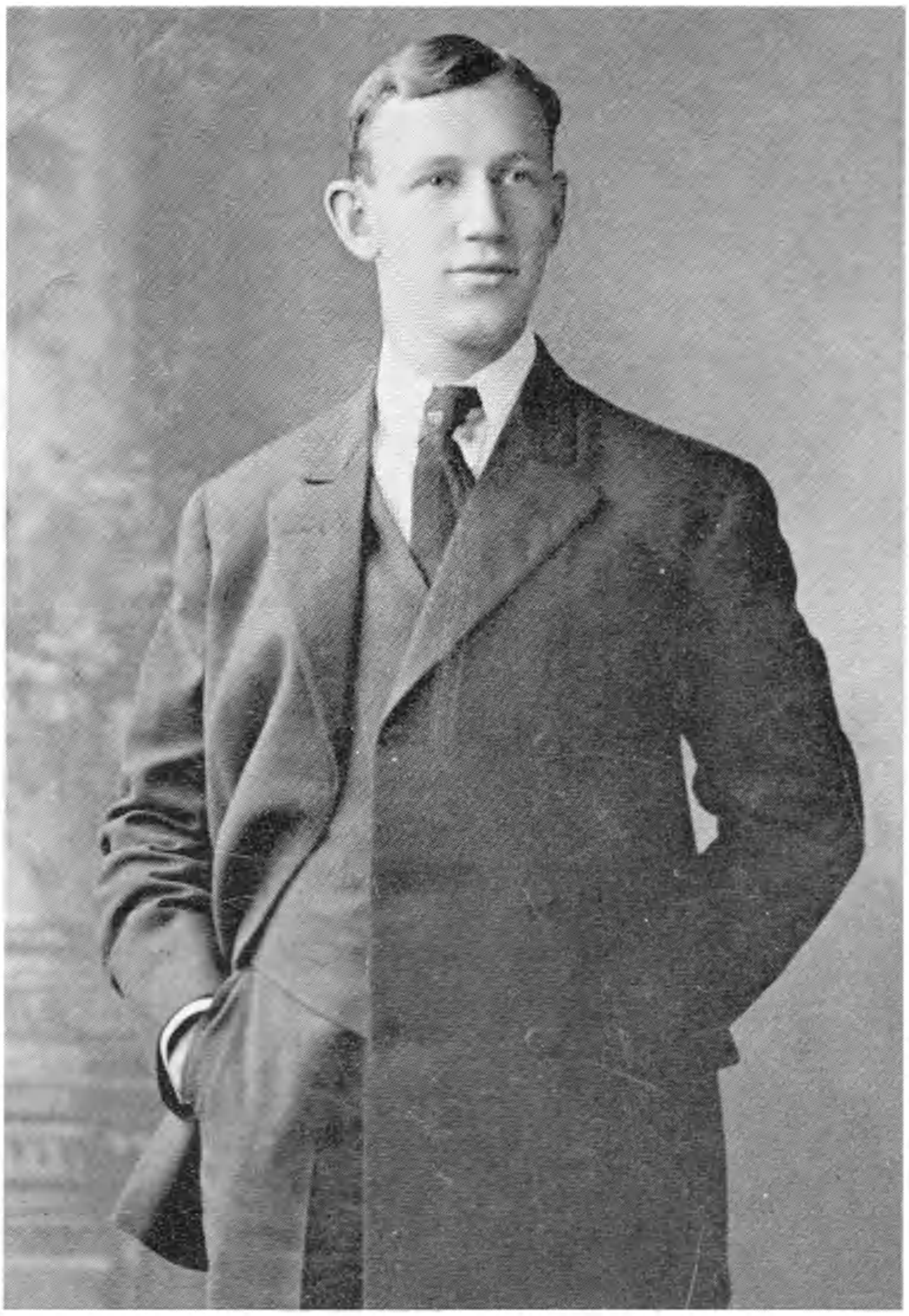
George Henry Robinson,
Harold Wesley's father



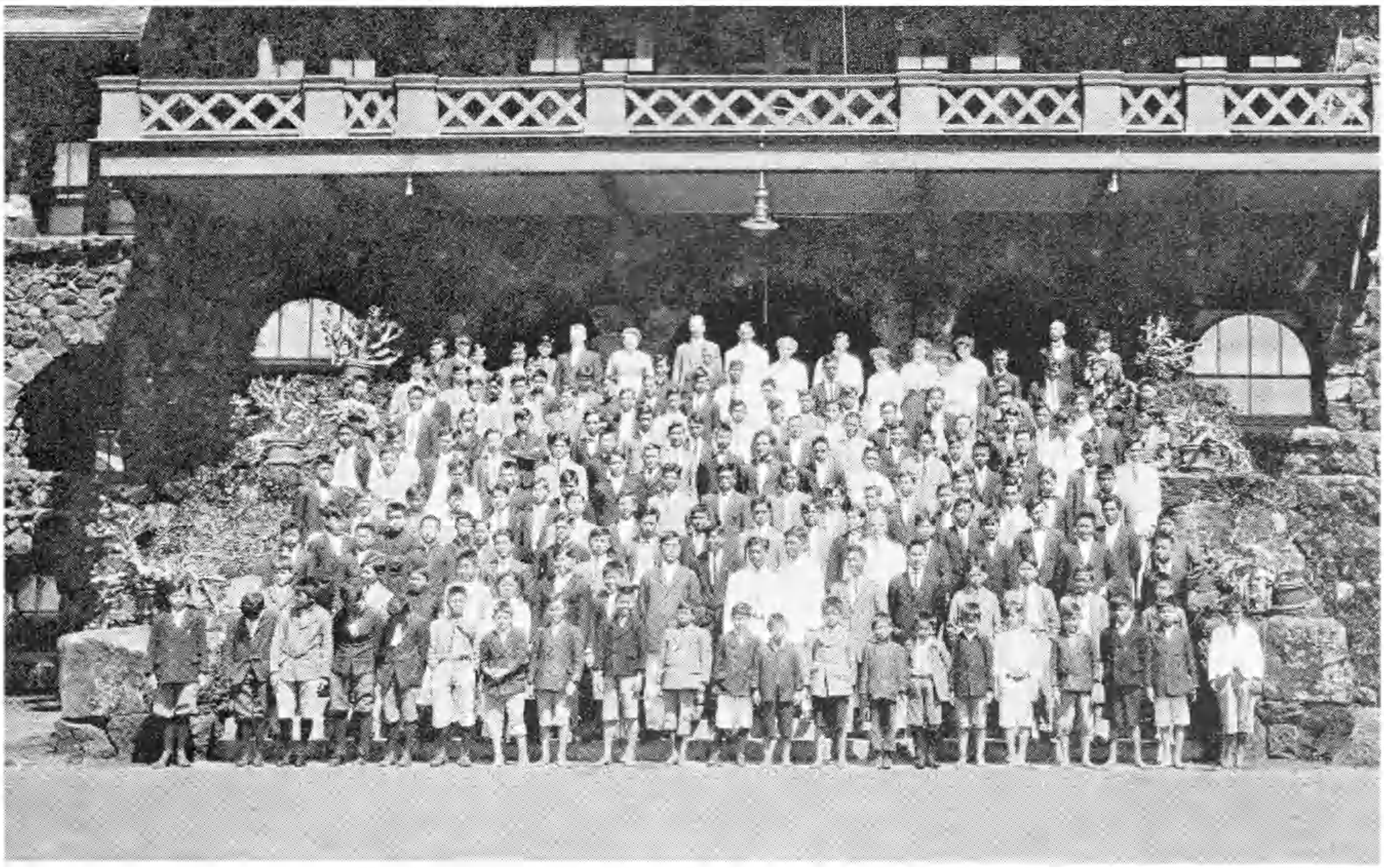
Julia Miller Robinson,
Harold Wesley's mother



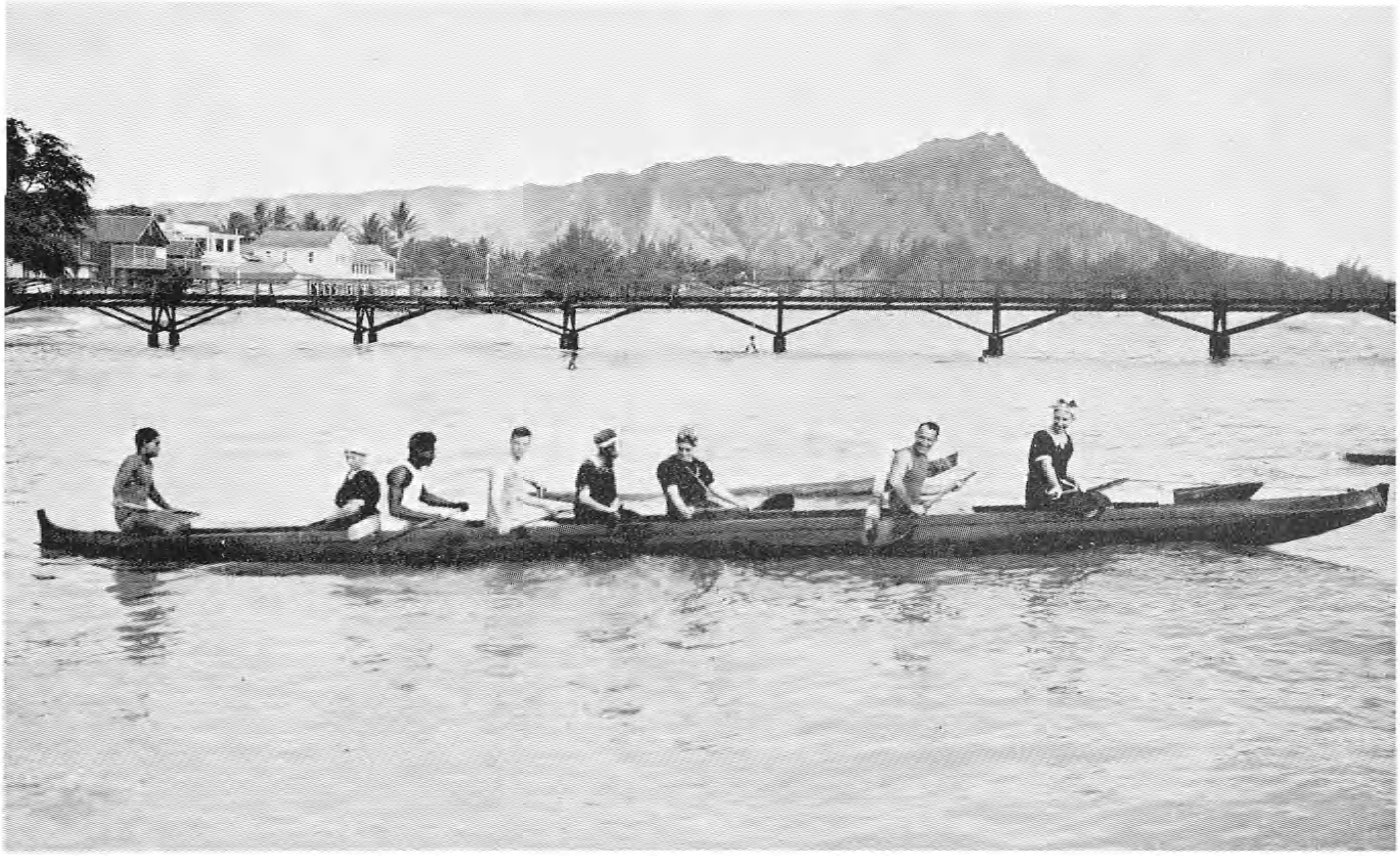
“The Old Home ” South Hollow Warren Vermont



Harold Wesley Robinson, graduation from Dartmouth College, 1910.



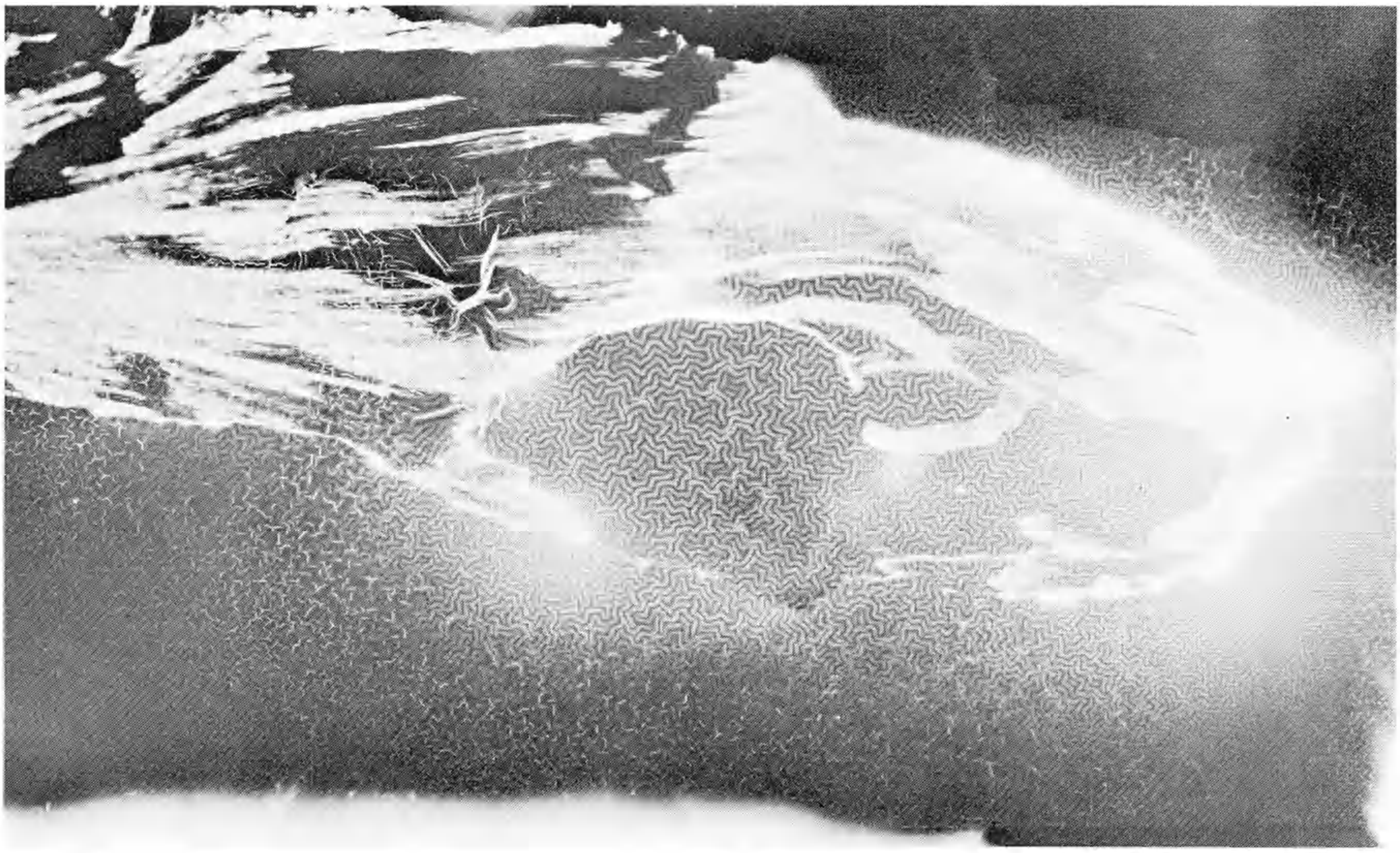
Mills Boys School, students and faculty Honolulu.



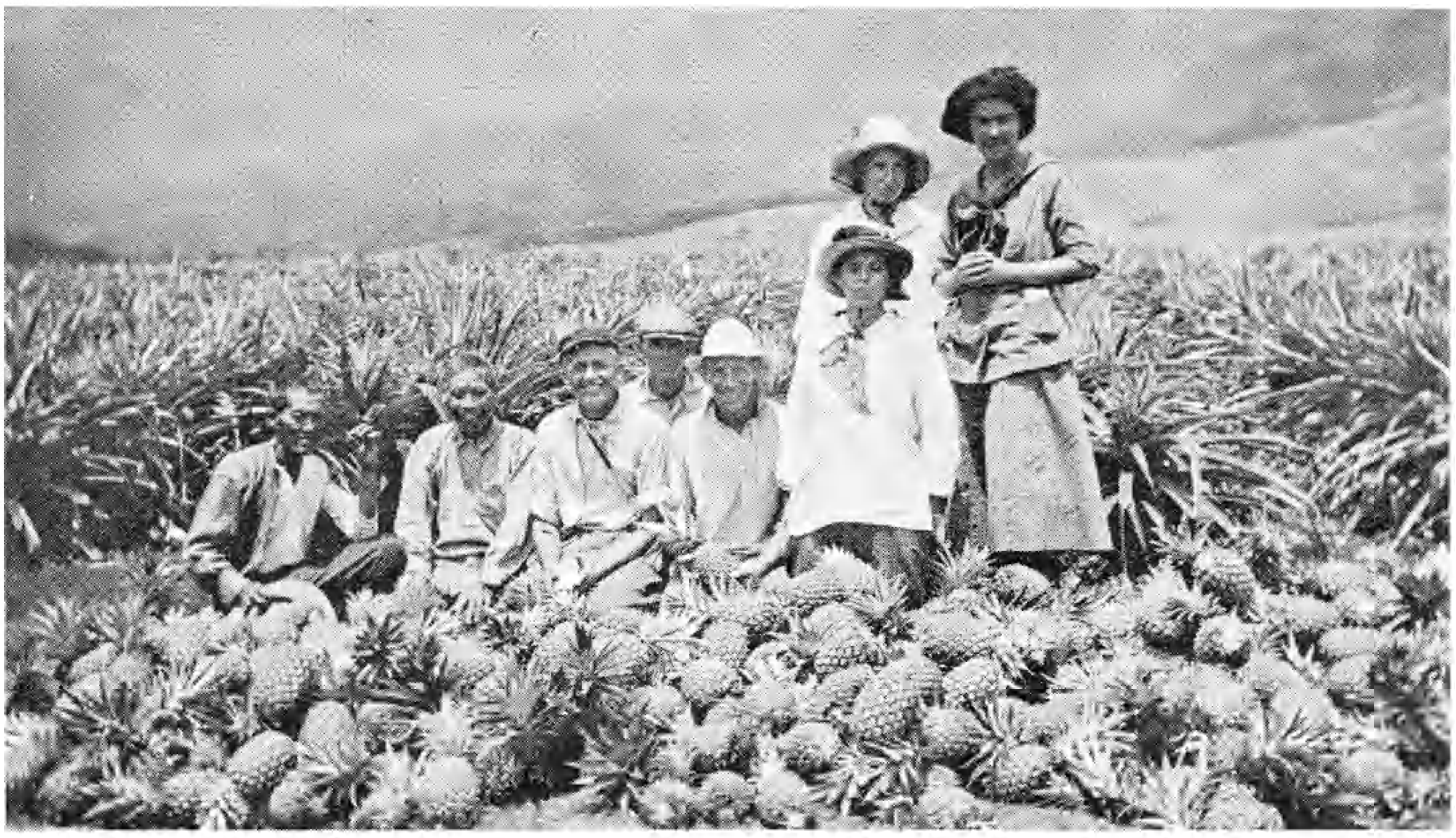
"This is the party that went surfing a few weeks ago, that I wrote about. From front to back they are Miss Stambaugh, "Rob" Diamond Head in the distance" Honolulu.

Faculty of Kawaiahao. Mary Stambaugh 2nd row far right.

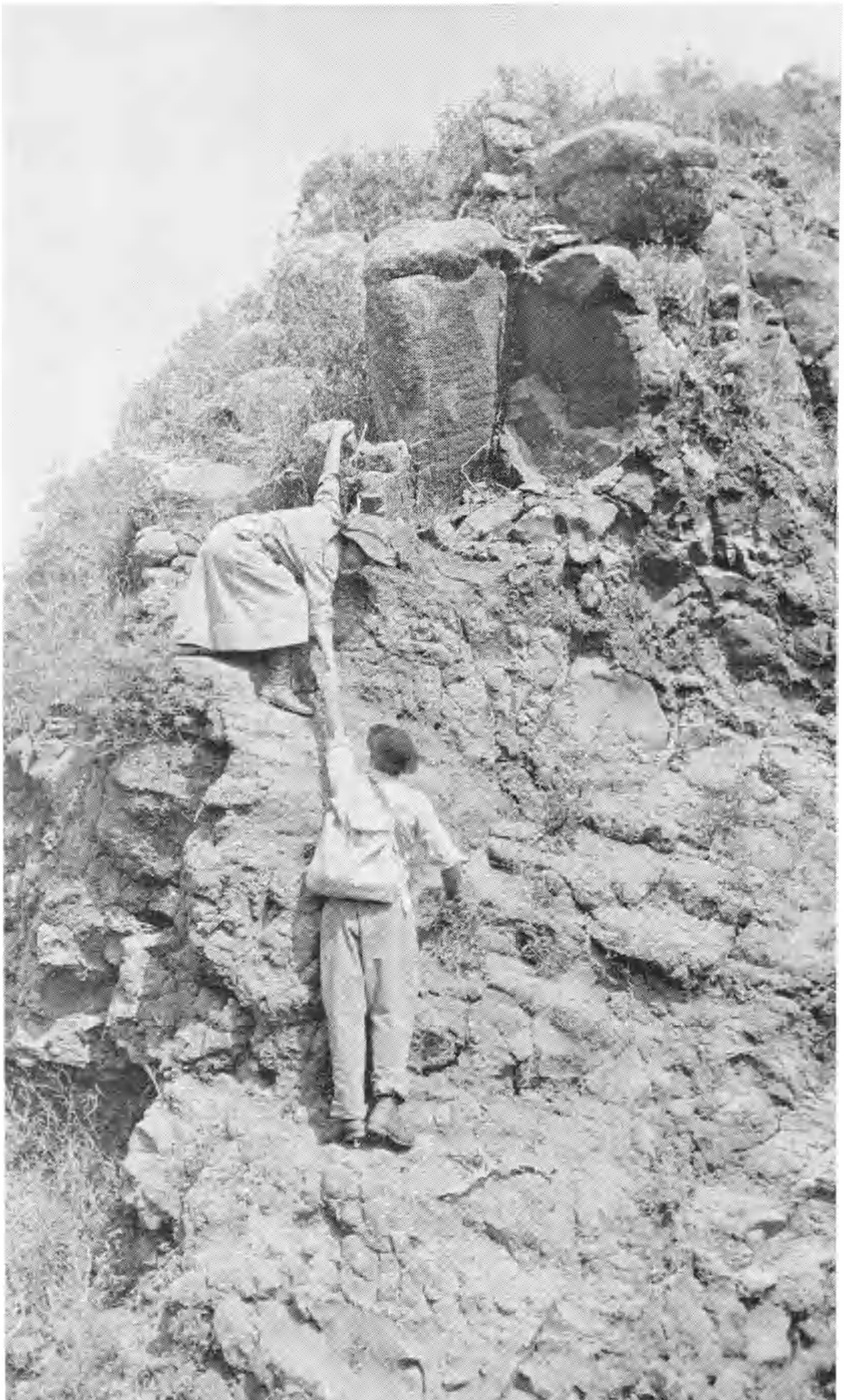
“Our bunch on Tantalus” HWR center front with kitchenware hat.



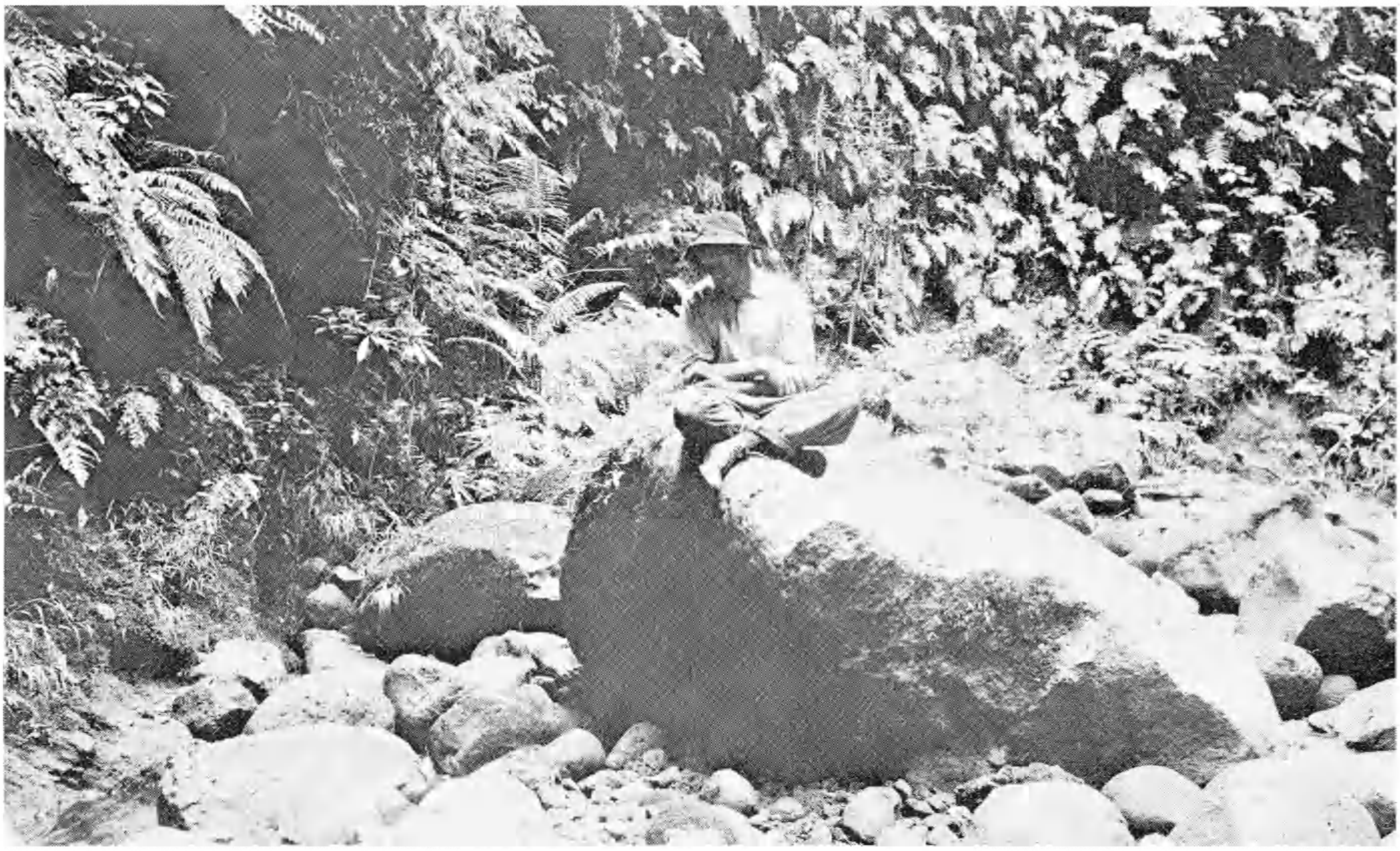
“This is one of the films I spoiled. It is a picture of the active volcano at night looking down into the boiling lava of Kiluea”



“This picture in a pineapple field was taken in the morning we started up the valley Miss Henry is on the right Miss Stambaugh in the rear Two Japs on the left, then Nelson and Cross in the rear Shaw took the picture.”



"Miss Henry is not helping me as you might think but she is trying to get down to me. This is one of the places we had to go over on our last trip I wrote you about. On either side below us was a steep slope for hundreds of feet and the rocks were not solid so you could get a hold."

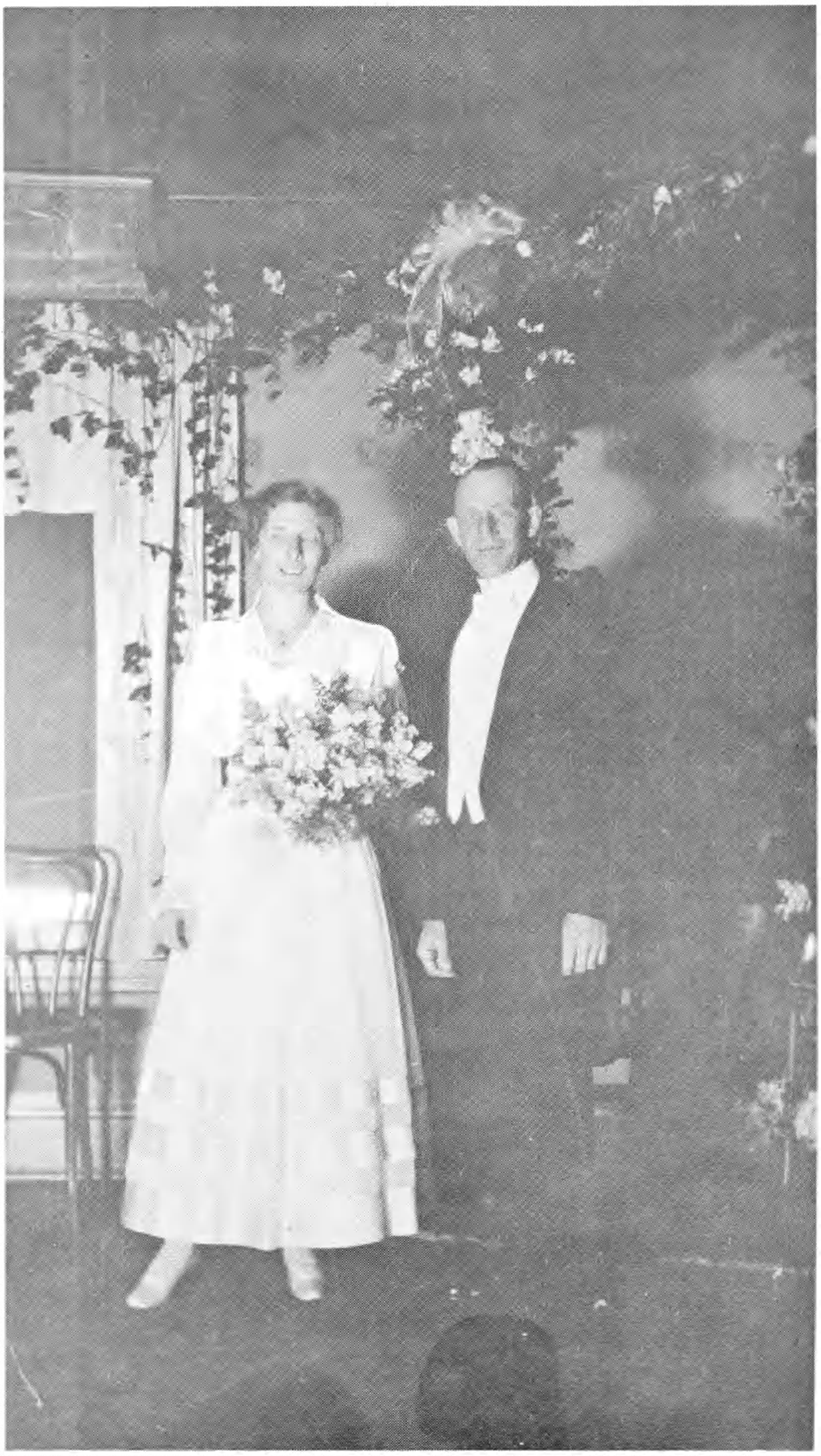


"This is my private home in the mountains. It was under the shelf of this boulder that Miss Henry laid three days nearly The water has washed out the stones so it is very rough there now I had a roof extending from the side of the bank to the top of rock but that is all gone now "

Miss Ruth Henry and Mary Stambaugh.

Mary E. Stambaugh.

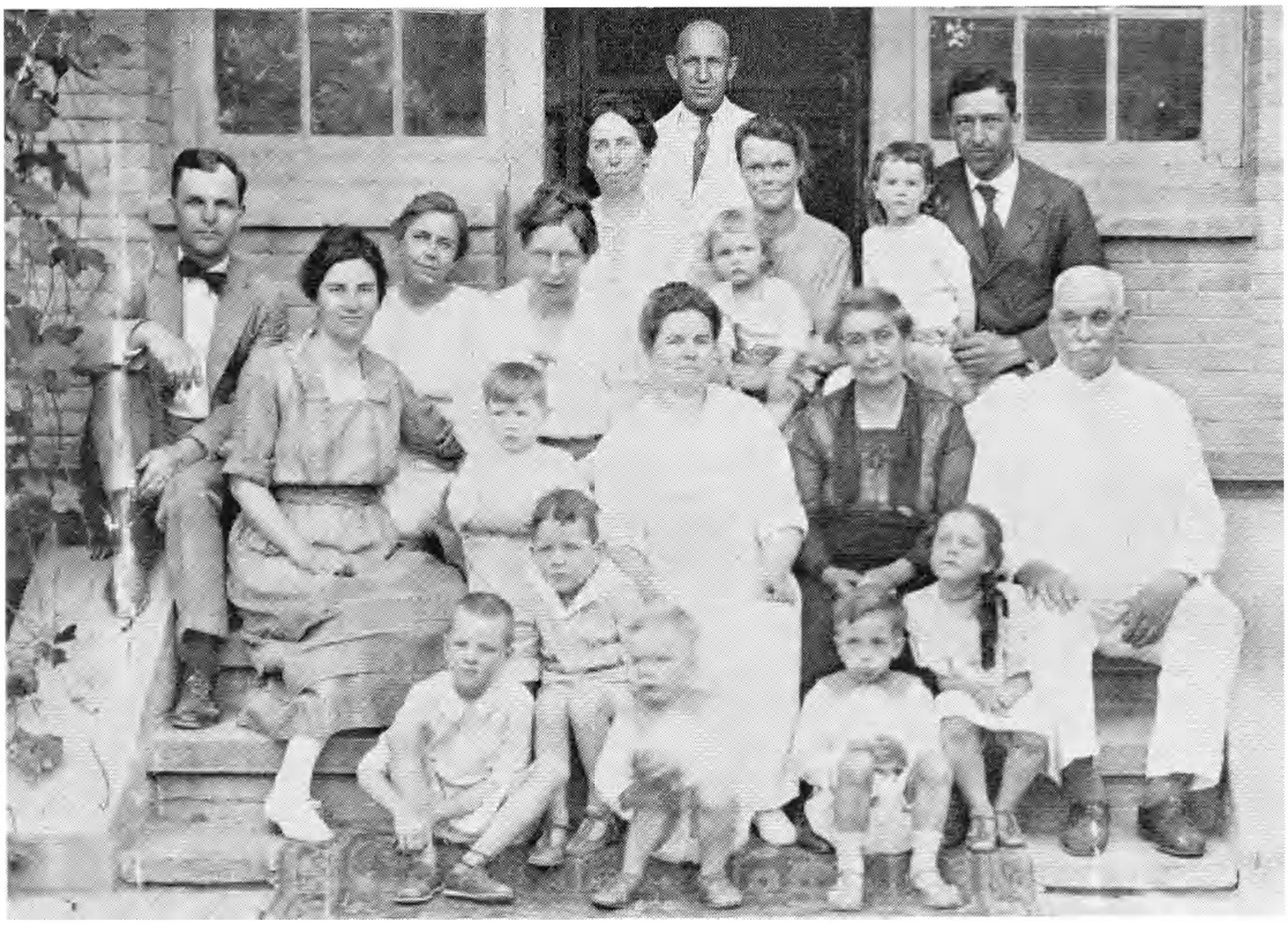
Harold Wesley Robinson, graduation from Union Theological Seminary 1916.



Mr and Mrs. Harold Robinson, August 8, 1916

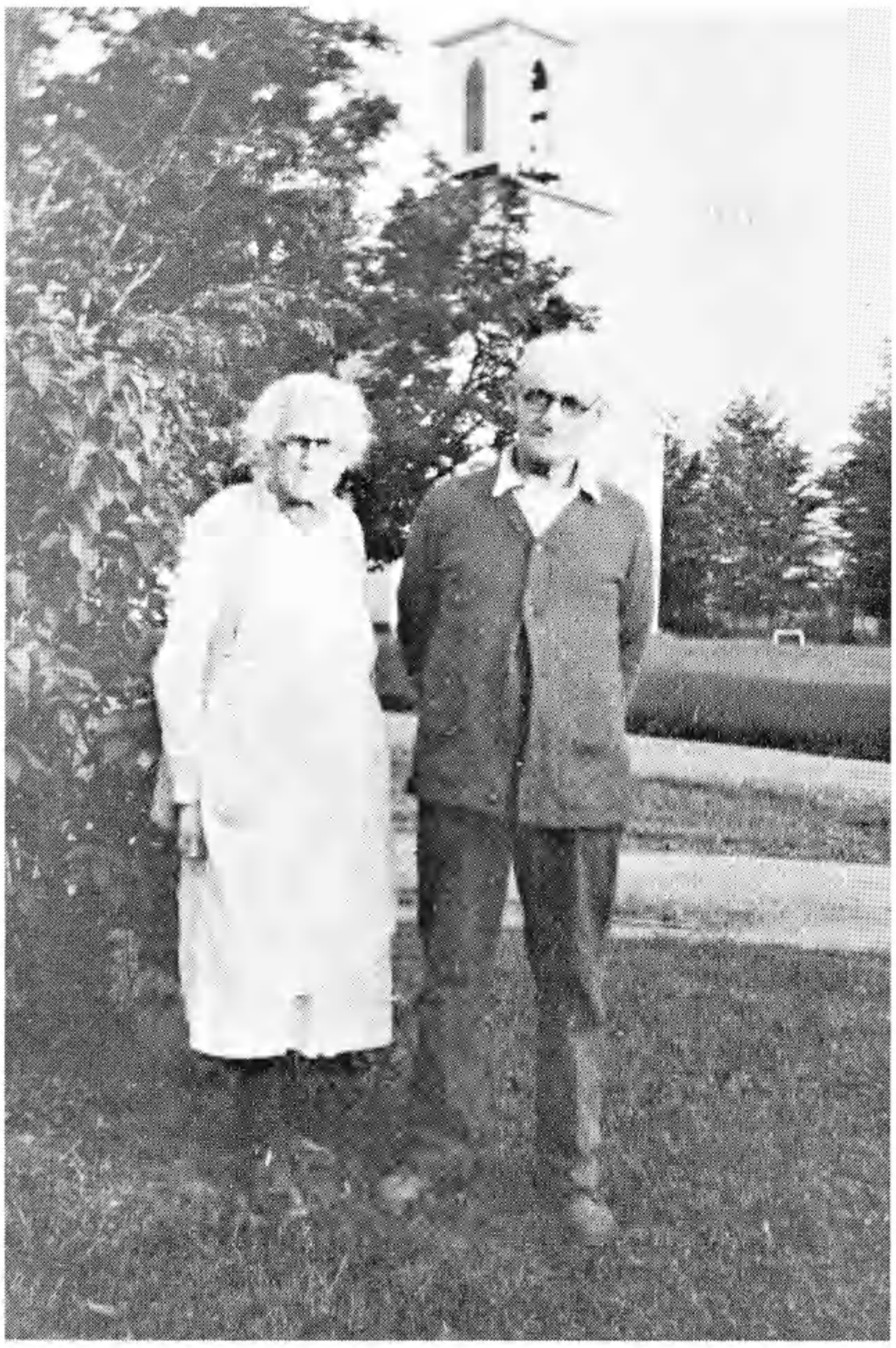
The Rev and Mrs. Harold W Robinson, honeymooning at Spirit Lake, Idaho, August, 1916.

Honeymoon canoeing on Spirit Lake.

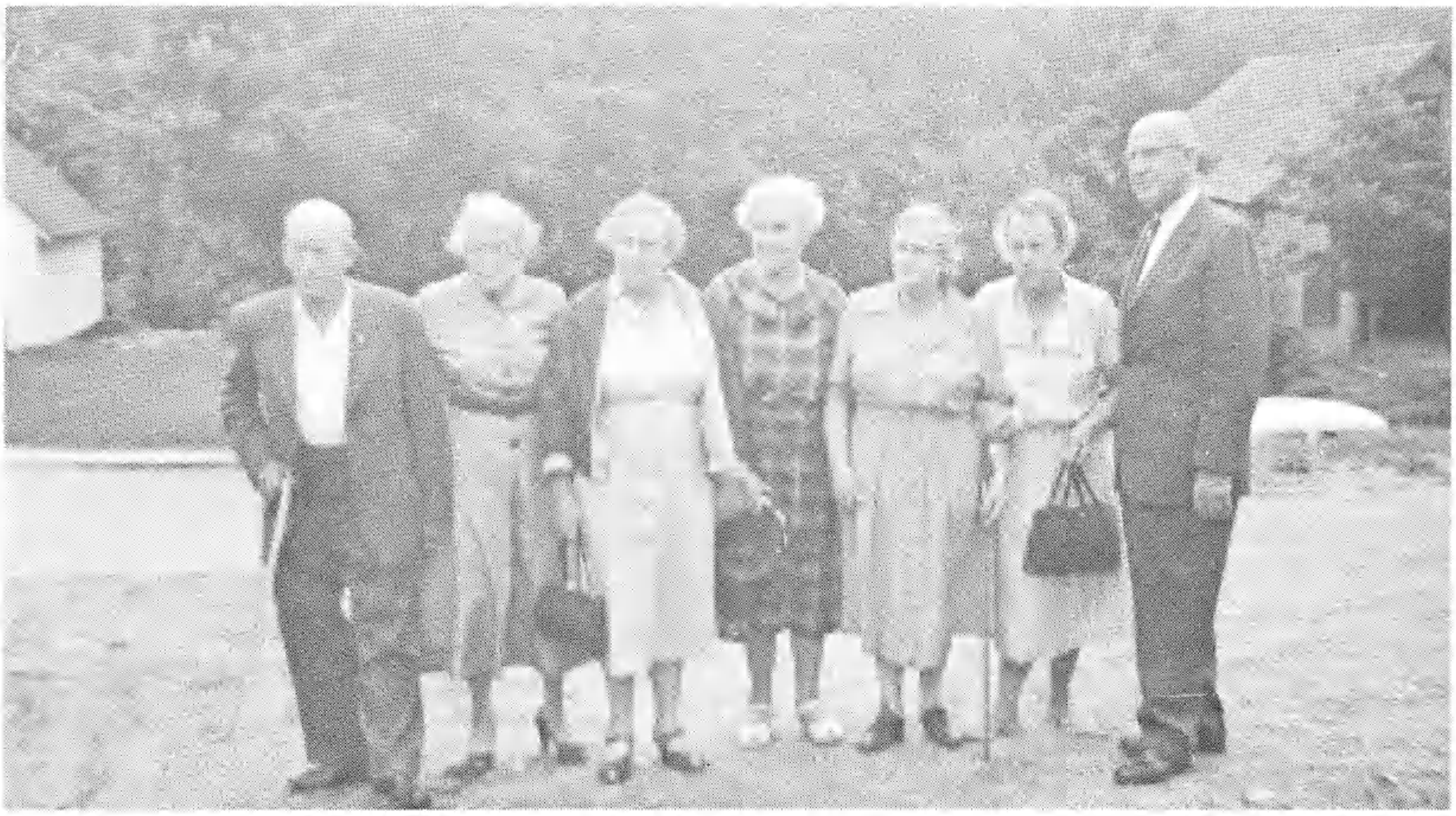


Paotingfu families, Robinsons, Hubbards, Galts Dr and Mrs. Price, Miss Isobel Phelps and Grace Breck.

Robinson family's home in the South Suburb, Paotingfu.



HWR's parents, Julie and George Robinson, in front of Warren church, 1923



The seven children of George and Julia Robinson, George, Mabel, May Josie, Ruth, Doris, Harold. Taken June, 1960.

Robinson family passport picture, 1925.

Elizabeth, Harold and James Robinson before returning to China, 1925.

Mary and Harold Robinson, on the occasion of their being honored before retiring from San Mateo Congregational Church, to Carmel Valley Manor 1963.

servants who were familiar with the house and the city where we and they did our shopping. We continued the study of Chinese with a teacher and I taught English in a junior and senior high school for boys. After the excitement of our year in Peking, life was rather dull most of the first year in Paotingfu. However there was one big event the birth on January 1 1918, of Harold Stambaugh his mother's maiden name Robinson. Our first son was born in the West Suburb hospital and I was so thrilled that I tried to express my feelings in verse

He came to us on New Year's Day
What better could be?
A Happy New Year? Yes, indeed
For Mother and for me.

His weight? 'Twas eight pounds and a half.
My what a bouncing boy
One thirty six, the ounces are
But tons and tons of joy

His hair is black, or nearly so
His body nice and fair
His face, "So different from other babes"
His parents both declare.

And for this gift, from heaven sent
To bless us on our way
Our hearts send up, a constant prayer
And this is what they say

"O Thou, the giver of all gifts,
Especially this one
We ask of Thee one last request
'God bless our darling son. "

Nearly three years later our second son, James Wesley Robinson, was born at the West Suburb Presbyterian Hospital on October 4, 1920 Anticipating the event and not wishing to have to race across the city of Paotingfu in the dark, his mother had been spending nights in the Presbyterian Mission compound so as to be near the hospital. On Sunday October 3rd, Lucius Porter visited us from Peking and Mary decided to take a chance and not leave home However at 11 00 p.m. she decided she had best change her mind and needed to get to the hospital as soon as possible. Our cook ran out into the dark street to find a rickshaw for the trip. The amah brought a clean sheet from the linen cupboard so as to have something in case the baby arrived before we reached the hospital. I went ahead on my bicycle and got the gatekeeper to open the South City gate Baby James cooperated very well, and we hadn't been at the hospital very long when he made his entrance into the world. His parents were overjoyed of course, but when his brother Harold saw this new little brother he expressed disappointment because the baby had "no teeth and no hair " However he proved to have other redeeming qualities and made a wonderful addition to our little family

Our family reached its final size of five when our third child, Elizabeth Adda, was born in 1923 She was not, like her brothers, born in China but in Barre, Vermont when we were in the United States for our first furlough.

Besides teaching English in the junior and senior boys schools, and continuing with my Chinese language studies, the first few years in Paotingfu, I also was station treasurer and visited churches in country villages where I preached, baptized, and conducted classes in Chinese. In the summer of 1920 there was a great drought in North China and farmers were able to harvest very little. Some of them came so near starvation that they sold their farm animals to get money to live on, and some even killed their animals and ate the meat. Since they were in the habit of eating enough grain corn, millet, wheat and beans so that they felt "full," they made themselves sick by eating enough meat so as to feel "full" when they had no grain in their diets.

In the summer and fall of 1920, missionaries and Chinese leaders gave most of their time to famine relief work, distributing grain and large sums of money sent to China from the United States and other countries. Most of the money had been used to buy grain in Manchuria that was brought to the drought areas by the trainload. We received a large amount of grain in Paotingfu and spent the fall, winter and spring of 1920-1921 working with our Chinese leaders doing relief work in the countryside.

One type of work which we did was gathering young Chinese women into groups where we fed them as they learned to make hairnets. China, of course, had a large supply of human hair and Americans spent millions of dollars for hairnets from China. After the women had learned to make the hairnets they returned to their homes and made the nets there. American businessmen had representatives take hair to the homes and collect the nets to be shipped to the United States. The money which was paid for their labor enabled the women to pay for food for themselves and members of their families.

Our American Board Mission had a training class in hairnet instruction in the city of Jao Yang, about sixty miles south of Paotingfu. I arranged to have a Chinese carter take a load of wadded winter garments for relief sufferers to Jao Yang and on the cart were two Chinese women who were going to teach hairnet making. After the cart had been gone a day I rode my bicycle to Jao Yang and arrived about the same time as the cart carrying the two women.

All had gone well thus far but in the night about six inches of snow fell, an unusual event for that area. After the cart had unloaded the wadded garments it started back for Paotingfu, planning to spend the night at Li'Hsieu, a walled city where we had a church. I asked the carter to take my camp bed and bedding and leave them in the church so I could spend some time visiting the hairnet making class. The snow was light and fluffy and I thought I could ride my bicycle without any difficulty but I hadn't gone far when the wind began to blow and the snow piled into drifts so I could no longer use my bicycle. Villages were several miles apart, and when finally I reached one I tried to hire a carter to take me and my bicycle to Li 'Hsieu. But no Chinese farmer would venture away from home on such a stormy day no matter how much I was willing to pay

At last I found a man without a cart, who agreed to go with me to show me the way push my bicycle and carry it when the drifts were high. It was in the latter part of December and darkness fell early that stormy afternoon. In fact, it was so dark before we reached Li'Hsieu that the man who was showing me the way said he could no longer see the road and we should spend the night in the village which we had reached. Since it was only five miles to Li'Hsieu, where my bed and bedding was, I said I would go alone rather than stay in the village. This would cause the man to lose face so he decided to go with me and we reached Li'Hsieu without difficulty

When I got back to Paotingfu I wrote up this trip and sent a copy of the account to the *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine,* which printed it. The editor of the *National Geographic Magazine* saw it and had the Assistant Editor write me and ask if I would write an article for that magazine on "The Hairnet Industry in North China." I didn't know much about it, but I found material, including some pictures, and took some pictures myself I sent the article and pictures and it was accepted for publication for September 1923. [See Appendix C I received $125 for the article and was asked to write some more articles for the *Geographic.* This I did, first sending one on the subject "Keeping Warm in North China." That was accepted, and I received another check for $125. Then I wrote and sent a second article on "Keeping Cool in North China," and received a letter stating that since they had not been able to use the former article they could not purchase the second one. They surprised and pleased me by asking if I would like to have them dispose of the second article to some other magazine. I thanked them and asked them to do so. Then I got another letter saying they had decided to accept the second article and use it in combination with the first one. They sent me another check for $125 I placed the three checks in an American Bank in Shanghai thinking that I would save the $375 until our oldest son was ready for college. Before that time the Depression came along, the Shanghai bank failed and the $375 went "with the wind" and we never got a cent of it.

The next really important event that I recall was planning for our first furlough. Someone said that a furlough was where you went "fur" and lived "low " We went "fur " but didn't live "low " We had planned to go by train to Peking, Tientsin and Shanghai where we would get a boat to take us across the Pacific. But, shortly before we were to start, some bandits held up a train between Tientsin and Shanghai and we decided not to go that way Instead we went south to Hankow by train and then went down the Yangtse to Shanghai on a river boat. It was a delightful journey and we saw a part of China that we had not seen before.

In the summer of 1923 we landed in San Francisco and went by train to Long Beach where Mary's parents, Mr and Mrs. George Stambaugh, lived. They had built a nice cottage on the back of their lot and we had a very enjoyable life there In October we went to Vermont, where we lived with my parents in Warren for a short time and then moved to Barre, where Elizabeth was born November 1 1923

We had planned to go back to Warren as soon as Mary and Elizabeth could leave the hospital, but Mary developed phlebitis and had to remain in the hospital until February She still had to stay in bed, but the doctor thought it would be O.K. for her to go on the train to Long Beach where the weather would be much warmer than in Vermont. It was good to be back in the little house which had been built for us, and Harold went to school and James to kindergarten. Soon Harold got the whooping cough and gave it to James. Later James got the mumps and gave them to Harold.

Their mother had not fully recovered from phlebitis, so "Daddy" had his hands full and decided after the boys had recovered and their mother was better that he needed a change Mary's brother Guy had charge of a sheep ranch in Montana, with 14,000 Rambouillet sheep. I wrote and asked if he could give me a job, and Guy replied saying to come ahead and do some carpenter work at the ranch until the weather got better This I did, and was in Deer Lodge, Montana, when the thermometer dropped down to 44 degrees below zero, the coldest I have ever experienced. I was looking for a change and I certainly got it there

I didn't stay long that winter but went back again in the summer when the weather and work were more enjoyable. The sheep were divided into several bands with a shepherd at each band. Since the sheep were pastured on mountain slopes, some sheep got separated from the rest of the band and one day a man who was looking for gold told us that he had seen a flock of sheep at the head of a mountain stream and he thought they belonged to our ranch.

The next day I took some sandwiches and rode a horse up the valley until I came to a place where fallen trees were so entangled that a horse could go no further I tied my horse to a tree and walked to the head of the stream where there was a spring and where I found sheep tracks. I followed the tracks for some distance and when I heard a sound like the breaking of a dry limb I stopped and looked around. A short distance from me I saw a group of sheep and got near enough to see that they had the marks on their wool which our ranch used.

I managed to drive them to where my horse was, and after eating lunch, the horse and I drove the sixty-nine sheep down the valley The rest of the band was in an adjacent valley so I had to find a way of getting my sheep over the ridge that separated the two valleys. Fortunately there was an old lumber road which the sheep could follow until we got near the top of the ridge. There small bushes so filled the road that the sheep refused to go through. I carried a large pocket knife and with that I cut a path through the bushes and managed to get a few sheep along the path which I had cut. It was easy to get the rest of the flock to follow their leaders and we reached the larger band, so I was able to get home before dark. Since the sheep were valued at $10.00 a piece, I felt that I had earned my pay that day

Later we drove a band of five thousand sheep through a forest to a mountain slope where there was good pasture, but it took us more than a day to do so. We could go only as fast as the sheep would go and they insisted on bedding down in the hot middle of the day We had a lumber wagon with two horses and carried a cook stove for making warm food, and had plenty of sleeping bags and blankets so we were comfortable at night. Fortunately we did not encounter any wild animals and after a few days we arrived at the good feeding grounds and left the sheep in care of the shepherds.

The shepherds all had good sheep dogs and I saw one who had saved his master's life. One night the shepherd had heard noises among his sheep as though an animal might be looking for a meal of mutton. He went out in the dark to see what was going on. It was in an area where gold had once been mined and the shepherd fell into an abandoned mine. He hit his head and lay unconscious at the bottom of the pit. His dog realized that his master needed help and went to the home of the brother of the shepherd and began to bark in the corral. The brother was awakened and went outside to the corral where the dog stood barking beside one of the horses. The brother saddled the horse and followed the dog to the pit where the shepherd was still lying unconscious. The brother managed to get the injured man and took him to a hospital, where he recovered. I saw the dog who had shown great intelligence and he looked like an ordinary shepherd's dog, but I am sure that his master would not admit that he was an ordinary dog. He was a life-saving dog and no money could separate him from his master

We went home on furlough in 1923 but because of sickness in the family we didn't get back to China until 1925 We published "The Chinese Chimes" occasionally in which we reported the events of our missionary life and I have used parts of those reports in "Grandpa's Story "

CHAPTER SIX

Grandma's Supplement

SINCE GRANDPA HAS SUGGESTED THAT I write something to accompany Grandpa's Story I shall make an attempt. What shall I call my contribution, Grandma's Memories? Her memory is not too accurate—perhaps Grandma's Supplement is better

I think I should begin with something concerning my parents. My father was George Garrison Stambaugh, whose ancestors were Pennsylvania Dutch. The family probably came to the New World from the principality of Hanover Germany sometime in the eighteenth century settling first in Pennsylvania and then moving to Ohio and later to Illinois, where my father was born. After his marriage to my mother they moved, first to Washington Territory and later to Long Beach, California.

My mother was Adda Woolley who was born on a farm in McDonough County Illinois, and at the time of her marriage was teaching in a country school. Her ancestors came to the Colonies from England. Her father was Moses Fitzjarold Woolley her mother Sarah Barnet. I shall copy part of a letter written by my mother to my brother

> "My great grandfather owned the land just across from where the Battle of Bennington was fought. The front doorstep of the house is an immense granite or slate slab under which six or seven Red Coats were buried. My great grandfather helped bury them after the battle. He did not own the land at that time but afterward went back and bought it and built the two story house, so this slab made the doorstep. My Aunt Esther used to live with them a lot, and I have heard her tell of being afraid to step out at night, as she had the feeling that she might be grabbed. The house is of red brick brought from Holland, and it was all hand polished. My grand-

> father Barnet was what they called a Minute Man in the Revolutionary War That was a civilian who at a minute's warning would shoulder a rifle and march with the soldiers. That is why there is so little record given to him, and my cousins hunted that up so they could join the D.A.R."
>
> "My mother's maiden name was Harrison, and her father who was in the Illinois legislature at some time was distantly related to the president(s of that name I could at one time have had the records, but doubt that I could now that my Aunt Matilda has passed away "

I do not know how long my parents had been married when they decided to Go West. They made the long journey to Washington Territory arriving at Spokane Falls where my father could have "homesteaded" but he decided to go to Cheney the county seat, where I was born on May 20 1883. From Cheney my parents went south to the small town of Wilbur to join an older brother Isiah Stambaugh. I think they did homestead near Wilbur but lived on the farm only long enough to make it theirs. My father bought a grocery store where he sold almost everything his customers desired. My brother Guy was born in Wilbur Two other children, Emma Fern and Harry died when infants. I do not remember them.

Wilbur was not too far from an Nez Pierce Indian reservation, and Indians frequently camped on a "bluff" near the town. I remember that they came to my father's store to buy articles, and since they were not good at adding, bought and paid for one article at a time It was against the law to sell intoxicants to them, but an Indian could get drunk on lemon extract used for flavoring cakes and puddings, and many did so. I remember old Chief Moses who came to the store, but I was careful to keep some distance from him. Also I remember when I was a little girl, Chief Joseph would come to the store.

There was no high school in Wilbur and my parents sent me to Spokane to live with friends and attend high school there. Before I did that, I took an examination for teaching, and passed, but was not old enough to teach. After I graduated from high school, I taught in a small country school, where I had grades one to twelve

Later I attended the State Normal School at Cheney and after graduation entered Whitman College, in Walla Walla, where I graduated in 1909. About ten years later after Grandpa and I had gone to China, I was awarded a Phi Beta Kappa key by Whitman "for scholarly accomplishment after graduation" In 1910 I began teaching again at Davenport, Washington. I completed one year there, but after I had been told that I could not become principal, only because I was not a man, I was happy to apply for a position at Kawaihao Seminary for Girls in Honolulu, where a Whitman classmate was teaching. My parents were not too pleased to have me go so far from home but Hawaii called, and I was ready for adventure.

Kawaihao Seminary was a boarding school, classes were small, and there was no problem of discipline. We had Hawaiian, Chinese, Japanese Philippino girls, in grades one through eight. My classes came in the morning, and after lunch, unless we were on duty we teachers usually made haste to get to Waikiki Beach. There we spent hours, lying on the sand, or swimming. We joined the Outrigger Club, where there were convenient bathhouses in which we kept our bathing suits.

Mills School for boys was near ours and we frequently joined teachers from there at the beach. I had met Harold Robinson and Rowland Cross on the ship going to Honolulu and saw them almost every day when we went swimming.

After two years at the girls' school, I decided that I would prefer to teach high school boys and transferred to Mills. After my engagement to Harold Robinson was announced, a maiden lady who lived in Manoa Valley said to me, "You knew what you were doing when you changed schools, didn't you?"

One summer my mother came from Long Beach to visit me, and she was happy to chaperone a group of us at a beach cottage, near the extinct volcano crater Kaipapao. Grandpa has related our thrilling adventure there, but I shall add a few details. I do not recommend spending a night sitting precariously on the limb of a tree, and it didn't help at all to have the group at the foot of the mountain call to John Nelson and me, every time we moved, "Keep quiet, or the falling stones will kill us!" And were we happy to see dawn so that we could safely get out of our tree! Hungry and weary and stiff we began to walk along the mountain ridge, but we were thrilled when we saw a stream of water in the valley below us. We had started to leave the ridge to get some water to drink, when we met Glenn Shaw who had left Rob and Ruth Henry to look for us. He asked where we were going and when we told him, he assured us that it wouldn't do—we must stay on the ridge. So we walked on until I told the boys I couldn't possibly go further I begged them to leave me and to go find someone who could help them take me down. That they refused to do however and we spent the night trying to keep warm. Rain did not add to our comfort either The next morning we started early and had not gone far when we met a group of men looking for us, carrying food and water The soles of my shoes were flapping, the boys had cut off part of my too long kahki skirt, and I must have looked a sorry sight The walk to the road is somewhat hazy but I think a car was waiting for us at the end of the trail. I shall never forget the expression on my mother's face when we arrived at the cottage where Ruth and Rob had arrived earlier

We finished our vacation at the cottage, and were not too unhappy to have it end. Nor were we too pleased with the articles in the Honolulu newspapers and the publicity given to our "adventures." I remember once giving my name at a shop, where I asked to have something delivered, and the clerk with raised eyebrows said, "Oh, you are one of the girls lost in the mountains." Eventually however it was fogotten, and after school began life became normal.

By the summer of 1913 Rob had decided to become a preacher and went to Union Seminary in New York, while I continued to teach at Mid Pacific for three years. My parents were living in Spokane Washington, and we were married in August 1916 in their home with only a few guests present, two of whom were high school classmates.

After a brief honeymoon in Idaho, we sailed for China. Our first year in Peking was devoted to language study and since there were no school dormitories, we and two other newly arrived couples lived in a large house in the mission compound, where we "boarded" with the Chinese cook, and were cared for by an efficient houseboy and an amah. When we had language difficulties, the missionaries next door were happy to be interpreters. I am sure that much patience was required by the husbands, for the wives were homesick and longed for the clean streets of their homes instead of the filthy alleys of

Peking. Vacation at the seashore in Peitaiho was a great relief, and for a while we were able to forget our difficulties, in the presence of blue ocean and clean sand.

After the summer vacation of 1917 the Robinsons were sent to the city of Paotingfu, where we lived in a large house, with several servants to care for us. Rob made some visits to country churches, and both of us continued language study with a Chinese teacher Our two sons were born in the Presbyterian Hospital there—Harold on January 1st, 1918, and James on October 4th, 1920. Our daughter Elizabeth, was born November 1st, 1923 in Barre Vermont, when we visited Rob's family on our first furlough. Harold, two and a half when James was born, had been anticipating the arrival of a brother or sister but when little brother James was brought home from the hospital in a rickshaw he said in disgust, "He has no teeth and he can't talk!" To compensate for the fact that his new brother was too little to play with, Harold found an imaginary playmate, whom he called Daniel, very real to him, if not to other members of the household.

Afterward

The writing that Grandpa and Grandma did for their grandchildren ends with events out of the year 1925. Perhaps there was always the expectancy that at a later date they would pick up the narrative again. Certainly between 1925 and 1981, when Grandpa died, the world changed mightily and Grandpa's and Grandma's lives with it. Next best to their own writing about some of these changes might be information given in an interview with a reporter for the Carmel Pine Cone-Cymbal in August 1966.

from The Carmel Pine Cone-Cymbal, Dated Thursday, August 11, 1966 . . . .

When studying geography in the early days, schoolchildren took delight in asking "Are you going to China to Peek In (Peking)?" Today we are writing about two people who really did go to Peking.

On the passenger list of the S.S. Wilhemena sailing out of San Francisco for the Orient in 1910 were Miss Mary Stambaugh and Harold Robinson, two English teachers going to their first appointments. Since they were both assigned to the same mission school they became very well acquainted. Three years later Mr. Robinson returned to the United States, entered Union Seminary in New York, graduated in 1916, also took special courses at Columbia University.

Following graduation from the seminary, Mr. Robinson was ordained as a Congregational minister, married Miss Stambaugh and sailed to China—all in the course of four months.

The first year they lived in Peking and studied Chinese. The next year they were sent to a mission school at Pao-Ting-Fu and here they stayed for six years. Two sons, Harold Jr. and James, were born to them during this time. (Later these boys became physicians and are now practicing internists in the United States.)

When the second son, James, was to be born, Mrs. Robinson kept in close touch with her doctor. Since the Presbyterian Hospital was on the other side of town, her doctor suggested she stay on a particular day at the hospital but the Robinsons were entertaining friends at their home and Mrs. Robinson said "I will see you tomorrow, I want to stay at home tonight with my friends."

Well! the inevitable happened! A rickshaw had to be called in the middle of the night in order to get Mrs. Robinson to the hospital on time. She remembers the rickshaw man calling out "Make way for the lady—she is going to have a baby," as they rushed through the streets of the city.

Many exciting experiences make up the life story of Dr. and Mrs. Robinson. They told about one night being awakened by what they thought was popping firecrackers—but instead, as it turned out, the war lords were feuding and a battle was being fought just outside the compound. Next day the children of the mission amused themselves by going around the yard looking for bullets which had come over the wall.

In 1927, the Nationalists were fighting the party then in power, trying to overthrow it. Dr. Williams, well known minister and vice president of Nanking University was killed. It was a very serious time for all concerned. Mr. Robinson took his wife and children to Tientsin because there was really no safe place for them to live. Times got worse. The family finally had to move to Korea during those hectic days. In the fall of the year the Nationalists had gained control. At this period of transition the U.S. Government advised the missionaries to move nearer to Peking and not to go back to the interior where much of the fighting was still in progress.

The Japanese overran North China in 1937 and took command. It was thought too dangerous for women and children to be living there. Mrs. Robinson returned to the United States with her daughter, Elizabeth; Mr. Robinson and James stayed on; the older son, Harold Jr., was attending college in the States by this time.

Then, in 1941, Japan's war machine attacked Pearl Harbor.

In 1942, Dr. Robinson left California for the East Coast where he boarded a troop ship with 7,000 GIs. They sailed to Rio de Janeiro around South Africa to Durban, where they left half of the troops at the Suez Canal because of the fighting in North Africa. He then continued on to Ceylon where he left the boat and flew over "the Hump" to West China. Here he was established as a teacher at the University of Yen Ching, later going on to another mission school at Sian, the old capital of China.

Dr. Robinson served as a civilian chaplain for the 14th Air Force from 1944 to 1945 at Sian. In the interim, 1943-44, Mrs. Robinson was acting as house mother for a girls' college in Cambridge, Massachusetts, while her daughter was attending Wellesley College. The year 1946 proved interesting. Home again in the U.S., Dr. Robinson performed the wedding ceremonies for all three of their children—Harold Jr., James and Elizabeth.

In 1947-48, Dr. and Mrs. Robinson were again drawn back to China. This was the year the Communists took over. They wanted the school to continue and allowed the missionaries to stay where they were. But things were not the same. The Communists certainly were not in sympathy with the missions as such. Many of the Chinese ministers were forced to carry banners in Communist parades reading "Down with the Imperialist Americans."

About this time Dr. Robinson's church advisors suggested that he come home and he was given a pastorate in the U.S. He and his wife returned. Their work in China was finished.

The doctor and his wife, Mary (Malia, in Chinese), now live very happily at Carmel Valley Manor. As a hobby Dr. Robinson is painting landscapes and seascapes. He points with pride to a beautiful painting of his hanging on his living room wall—with a blue ribbon attached for second prize taken at an exhibit last year in Carmel.

He is moderator of the current events discussion group at Carmel Valley Manor. "We really have some lively times here," he said.

Mrs. Robinson is not just sitting by watching all this. She's busy, too. She spends several days a week teaching retarded children at Logan Hall in Carmel Valley. "Very rewarding work," is her comment.

* *

Grandma died on November 8, 1974 at the age of 91. Grandpa lived seven more years, dying March 5, 1981. Among the personal papers found in his desk was this poem, which was one of his favorites. The handwritten notation reads, "Written by Victor Johnson, an American Indian, as a Freshman theme at Dartmouth College, 1910-11. He was my classmate." It seems appropriate to include it here as expressive of the life Grandpa had lived.

The Brooklet

I watched a brooklet rushing down to meet the frothing sea,
It sparkled as it danced along—its life was melody.

I picked a stone from out its path, that it might flow released,
But lo, it danced no more in joy,—its melody had ceased.

Almighty God, my soul cried out, I see Thy perfect plan:
For as the brooklet in its path,—Thou has made life for man.

The trials from Thy Guiding Hand, whose aim we may not see,
Are but the music of our lives,—Thine is the melody.

Appendix A

Below are some notes about the Thayer family which I received from my father's elder sister, Sara Viola Miller. Her mother (my grandmother) was born when Great Grandma Thayer was only fifteen years old, having been married at the age of fourteen. Grandma Robinson was Grandpa's second wife, and was ten years younger than he. This made Great Grandma only five years older than Granpa Obed Kent Robinson, which helps to explain how I ever came to know her.

H.W.R.

Thayer Family History

Bezaleel Thayer—1636-1874 (?) No. 2388 (8) Sept. 27, 1795. Richard and Thomas Thayer from Braintree, Essex County, England to Braintree, Mass., U.S.A. Admitted Freeman 1640. (Abigail p. 99). A. Richard Thayer (11) England. B. Dorothy Pray 10-2-1651. C. ———. D. Ebenezer Thayer (Sarah). E. Jeremiah Thayer married to Alice Holbrook, April 21, 1747. F. Nathan Thayer married Sally Abbott (Born Sept. 4, 1765) Oct. 29, 1793. G. 3617 Rufus Thayer married Patience Pierce (born June 22, 1820) Mar. 6, 1834. (This would indicate that Patience was less than fourteen when married, HWR.). H. Lovina B. Thayer (born Dec. 10, 1835) was married to Obed Kent Robinson (born Apr. 17, 1825) Dec. 16, 1860. I, George H. Robinson was born to them Dec. 2, 1863.

To get back to Grandpa Robinson as I knew him. I didn't know until 1946 where he was born, when I read in the town clerk's office at Rehoboth, Mass., that he was born there April

17, 1825, as the record above indicates. As a small boy I had read a handwritten record in verse of the Robinson family which stated that the first member came from England and settled in Rehoboth, Massachusetts. It wasn't until 1946 that I learned where that town was. I was doing some speaking in that part of the state and looked up the record. Mrs. Marian Nichols was town clerk and when I told her that I would like to see if there was any record of my ancestors in that town she very kindly looked in the books and found that the birth of my grandfather was recorded in handwriting and in another book that that record had been printed with other vital statistics. I also learned from her that Richard LeBaron had written a book *Early Rehoboth,* which was printed in 1945 and from it I coped the following items:

"Geo Robonson" among the list of taxpayers of Rehoboth, 1674. Page 16.

"Gorg Robonson among the list of taxpayers of Rehoboth, 1670. Page 40.

"George Robenson among the list of land purchasers of Rehoboth, 1666. Page 41.

"George Robinson Sr. among the list of inhabitants of Rehoboth, 1689. Page 56

"George Robinson Jr. among the list of inhabitants of Rehoboth, 1689. Page 56.

"Half an acre to George Robinson 1666. Page 68.

The Rehoboth record shows that Grandpa was a twin, but there is no record there as to whether the twin, David, lived or not. Their parents were recorded as David and Abegail Day Robinson. Although there is some variation in the spelling, it looks as though some of my ancestors came from England and some lived in Rehoboth, Massachusetts.

After my visit to Rehoboth I asked Aunt Viola Miller, who was living in Waterbury, Vermont, to write down some of the facts which she remembered of her family. Here is what she sent me:

> My father was born in Massachusetts. I don't know how old he was when his folks came to Vermont. I have heard him say that they came in a sled drawn by an ox team. When your grandfather was

nine years old his father died and when he was sixteen years old his mother died. Then he was left to make his way in the world. I think he had two or three half-brothers, and I believe one half-sister. I never saw any, only Uncle James, who came to Warren to see father.

I don't know how old father was when he married Sarah Gilman of Vershire. She didn't live many years. Father belonged to the Baptist Church (is that spelt right) when he was young. I think his wife did too. He was a good singer, sang in the choir. He was a goodhearted jovial man, a great lover of children. He said they never gave him a saucy word. I think he had only a common school education. He was a fairly good scholar in those days. He was left with three little boys. The youngest, Will, he gave to one of his half-brothers. Len always lived with his grandparents, Lenox Gilman's folks. Warren came to live with father when he was about thirteen years old.

Father's children by my mother always lived at home and went to district school, not a very big education, but we managed to live to a pretty good old age, and always intended to be upright and honest. I was twenty years old the day I married. Georgie[1] said then "When I am twenty I am going to get married." He was married the day before he was twenty. He had to get the consent of his parents before he got married. He and your mother lived with them until after you were born. I don't think they wanted Georgie to get married so young. Don't think they had anything against your mother. She was always a good girl and nothing was ever said against your mother. She was always a good wife and mother, a great lover of her home and her husband. She was the only girl your father ever went with.

My father never owned a farm, but used to work on a farm and sometimes hired one to run himself. I

---

[1] HWR's father

> think he was too honest to ever get rich. Remember your grandfather as a good old man. His heart was all right and he loved God. In his last hours he would say, "Do Lord come and take me." He always loved your father and mother.

Aunt Viola, who wrote the above letter, married Elmer Miller, a cousin of my mother. Uncle Elmer was killed when a tree fell on him in a lumber woods, and Aunt Viola later married Elmer's brother, Charles, whose wife had died. They were living in Waterbury, Vermont, in the summer of 1951 and I took them to Northfield to visit Aunt Viola's only living child, Jennie, whose father was Elmer.

Family Tree

The material for this family tree was taken from *The Robinson Genealogy,* published by the Robinson Genealogical Society. On page 1 in the section titled, "George of Rehoboth" it is reported that the exact date and place of birth of this first American Robinson ancestor is unknown, but that family legend reports he came from Scotland at the age of 16, and bought 250 acres of land from the Indians in Attleborough, Massachusetts. In 1939 the historiographer of the Genealogical Society had visited the farm and its original frame house and reports that it was owned by a seventh generation descendant. Town records of Rehoboth report that George Robinson married Johanna Ingraham in 1651. Neither is given a birth date, and both are listed as having died in 1699.

1) *George Robinson* M. 1651 *Johanna Ingraham*
B. 16 ? (in Scotland)
D. 1699 (in Rehoboth, Mass.)
B. 16 ?
D. 1699

2) *John* M. 1698 *Judith Cooper* (2nd wife)
B. 1668 or 69
D. 1751
B. 1673
D. 1750

3) *Jonathan* M. 1723 *Rachel Cooper*
B. 1700
D. 1785
B. 1698
D. 1780

4) *Johnathan* M. 1752 *Sarah Kent*
B. 1730
D. 1805
B. ?
D. 1811

5) *David* M. 1824 *Abigale Day* (2nd wife)
B. 1766
D. 1839
B. ?
D. ?

6) *Obed Kent* M. 1860 *Lavina Thayer* (2nd wife)
B. 1825
D. ?
B. 1835
D. 1892

7) *Sarah Viola Robinson*
B. 1862
D. 1956

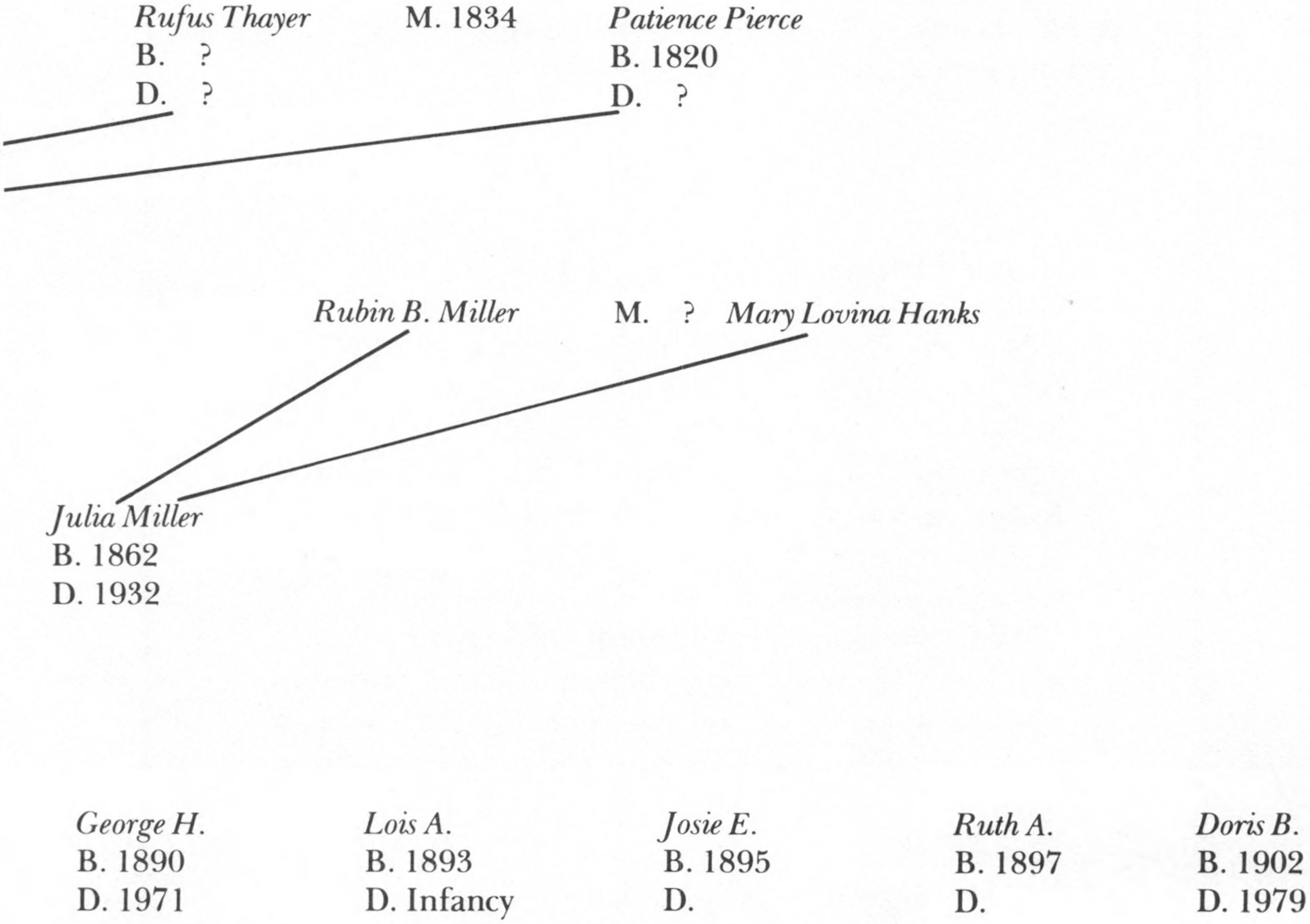
George Henry M. 1883
B. 1863
D. 1940

8) *Mary L. (May)*
B. 1884
D. 1965

Harold Wesley
B. 1886
D. 1981

Mabel A.
B. 1888
D. 1978

Family Tree



Rufus Thayer M. 1834 *Patience Pierce*
B. ? B. 1820
D. ? D. ?

Rubin B. Miller M. ? *Mary Lovina Hanks*

Julia Miller
B. 1862
D. 1932

George H.	*Lois A.*	*Josie E.*	*Ruth A.*	*Doris B.*
B. 1890	B. 1893	B. 1895	B. 1897	B. 1902
D. 1971	D. Infancy	D.	D.	D. 1979

Appendix B

Editor's Note

All his life Grandpa expressed great pride in Warren. From my earliest memories in China until the last years when I visited him monthy in Carmel Valley Manor, I heard him speak lovingly of his birthplace. All the aspects of this New England town seem to have had a profound impact on his senses, and he talked spontaneously about the vividness of the four seasons reflected in the farm lands, and the homely common sense of its hardworking people. The concreteness of its town square, approached through covered bridges and furnished with school, church and townhall, served as subject matter for many of the paintings he made after his retirement in 1963.

After his death, I found this typed item among his carefully saved important papers:

E.R.R.

> "Copied from A GAZEETER OF THE STATE OF VERMONT, 1924.
>
> Warren, a port township in the eastern part of Addison County is in latitude 44^0 6' and longitude 72^0 40' (?) and bounded northerly by Waitsfield and a part of Fayston, easterly by Roxbury, southerly by Kingston and westerly by Lincoln. It lies 31 miles (?) southeast from Burlington, 16 (?) miles southwest from Montpelier. It was chartered October 20, 1769 to the Hon. John Throop and others, containing 16,600 acres. The settlement of this township was commenced about the year 1797 by Samuel Lard and Seth Leavitt. The town was organized

soon after and Seth Lard was chosen town clerk. Thomas Jarrells was the first representative. The religious denominations are the Congregationalists, Methodist and Baptist but there is no meeting house or settled minister. Henry B. Peabody is the only physician.

Mad River rises in Avery's Gore and runs through this township in a northerly direction into Waitsfield affording considerable good mill privileges. The township lies between the two ranges of the Green Mountains at a place where the two ranges commence but the surface is not mountainous. It is divided into four school districts with a school house for each. There are here two sawmills, one grist mill, one carding machine, one store and one tavern. Population, 1,820,320."

Appendix C

These two articles written by Grandpa in the early 20s are reprinted through the courtesy of the National Geographic Society. The first, "The Hairnet Industry in North China" we reproduce, in reduced format, directly from a September 1923 *National Geographic Magazine.* The second, "Keeping Cool (?) in North China", although requested and paid for by the *Geographic,* was never published and the editors of *Grandpa's Story* were pleased to receive a photocopy from the Geographic Archive microfilm files when we wrote to inquire about the fate of what Grandpa tells us was one of two articles he wrote for them on the climate of North China. The sixteen photographs which had originally accompanied the article have disappeared, but to be supplied access to the manuscript stored nearly sixty years in our nations capitol, seemed appropriate to the overall project of gathering together and presenting various strands of Grandpa's long life.

THE HAIRNET INDUSTRY IN NORTH CHINA

By H. W. Robinson

THE people of China are, and have been for centuries, primarily farmers. Their chief essentials of life—food, fuel, and clothing—are mostly of home production. Even in North China, where the winters are cold, clothing comes principally from cotton raised by the northern farmers, and fuel still consists largely of the grain stalks from the fields that provide the food. The people require but little from the outside world and produce little that they do not consume themselves.

But the old order is changing. Although the northern people are less progressive than their southern brothers, even among them modern industries are gradually springing up. Perhaps none of these infant industries has had a more phenomenal growth than that of making hairnets, which now gives employment to thousands who are providing these articles for millions of women in America and Europe.

Although the industry was introduced in China by the Germans only 15 years ago, in 1920 more than 140,000,000 hairnets were shipped to America from a single Chinese city, and the total annual exports of this product are valued at more than $10,000,000.

The nets are made by hand and the workers receive about one cent each for making them. The average person can hardly make ten a day.

THE CHINESE HAIRNET INDUSTRY WAS A WAR BABY

Before the World War, Italy and Galicia shared with China the responsibility for producing most of the hair used in hairnets, while their manufacture centered in Alsace-Lorraine, Galicia, and Bohemia. During the period of hostilities, however, the industry gradually drifted to China and hairnets are now practically an exclusive product of that country.

The province of Shantung has been the largest producer, but during the famine of 1920-21 the industry spread to other provinces, especially to the Chihli cities of Peking, Tientsin, and Paotingfu.

While the hairnet industry centers in the cities, the nets are actually made in country villages. A tourist in China can visit a match factory, a rug shop, a cotton mill, or an egg-drying establishment in some large city and see the whole process; but if he wants to study the hairnet industry, he must get out into the country and visit village homes. To be sure, there are a few workshops in some of the cities, like Chefoo, where exporting houses collect the nets and prepare them for shipment, but the actual making goes on in the home.

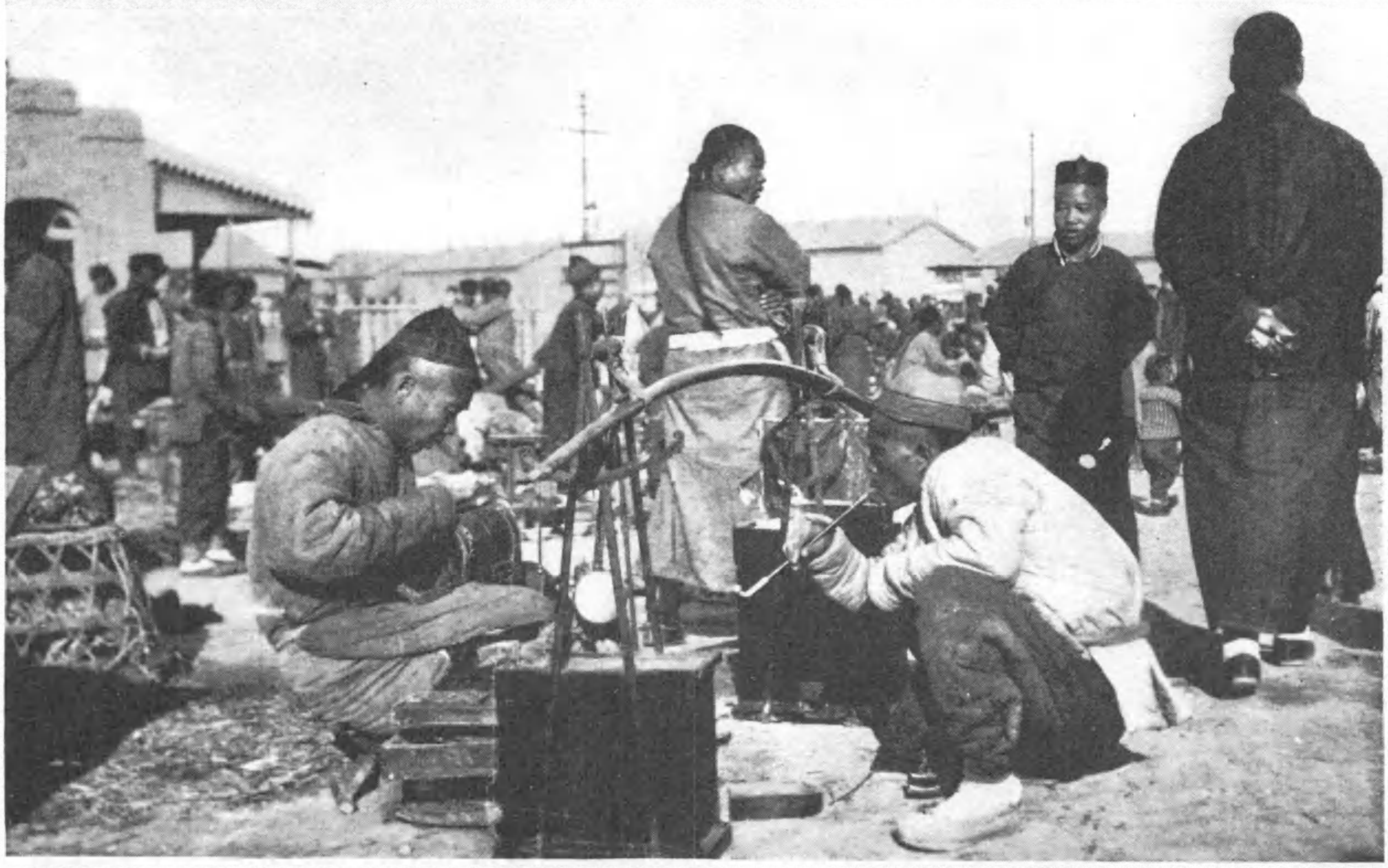
WHY THE INDUSTRY HAS CENTERED IN NORTH CHINA

There are three important factors that have made the hairnet industry almost exclusive to North China: first, a large supply of hair is found there; second, cheap labor is plentiful, and third, the industry requires no machinery and can be carried on in the home.

Where will you find more human hair than in North China? Before the rule of the Manchus, the Chinese men let their hair grow rather long and tied it in a knot on top of the head. When the Manchus came, in the 17th century, they wore their hair in long braids down their backs, and as an indication of subjection forced the Chinese to adopt the same custom.

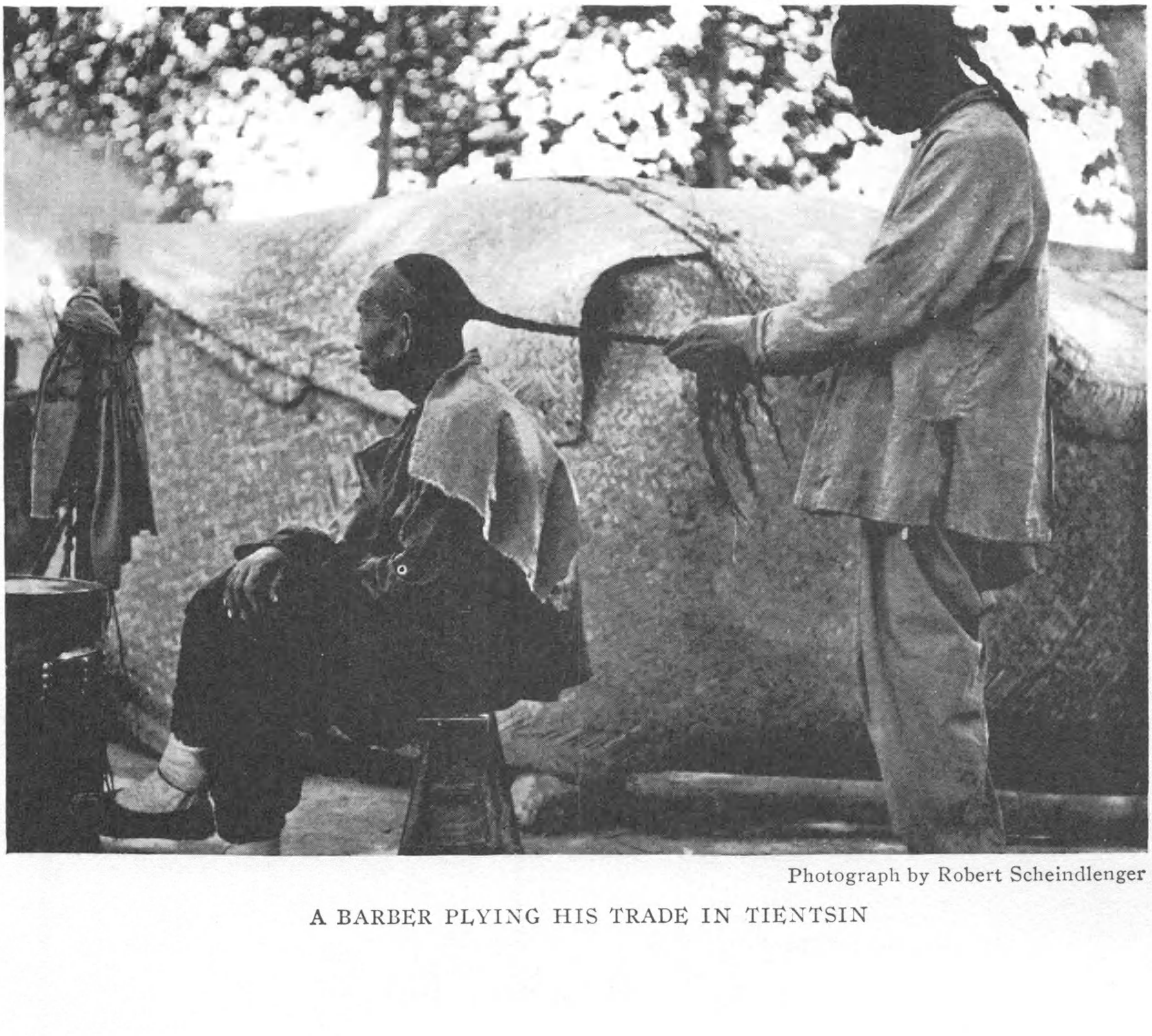
Thus began the history of the world-famed Chinese pigtail, and for two and a half centuries China has not only had the greatest number of heads, but she has also had more hair per head than any other country.

Probably no other land has a more distinctive national peculiarity than the Chinese pigtail, and, like so many other social customs, it persists long after the cause for which it stood. The revolutionists of 1911 tried to do away with it and ordered that all queues be cut off. Those who objected were in danger of losing head as well as pigtail, and the queues provided a handy means of suspending the heads along the city streets as an effective suggestion that the revolutionists meant business in their attempt



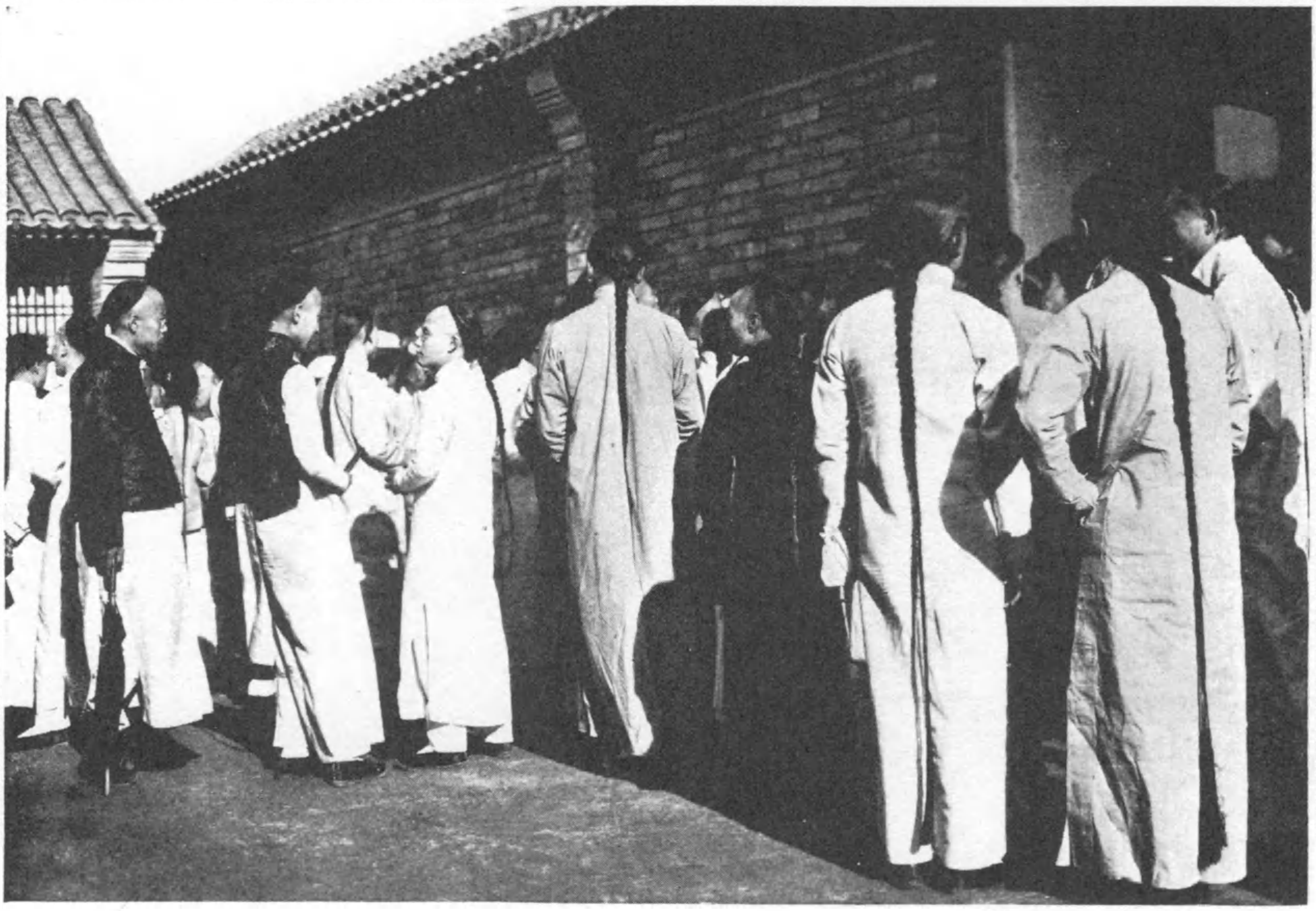
Photograph by M. Hartung

A STREET SCENE IN NORTHERN CHINA: QUEUES LIKE THESE HAVE MADE THE HAIRNET INDUSTRY POSSIBLE



Photograph by Robert Scheindlenger

A BARBER PLYING HIS TRADE IN TIENTSIN



Photograph by M. Hartung

A GROUP OF CHINESE GOVERNMENT STUDENTS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

In those days students were proud of their long queues and even braided silk in with the hair to make them look longer. At present a student with a queue in a Chinese middle school or college would be as much out of place as he would be in an American college. The students are the most patriotic class in the Chinese Republic and would be the last to return to the Manchu régime. They no longer grow hair for the hairnet industry, but have done much to promote new industries.

to do away with the badge of the victorious Manchus.

In the south, and in large cities in general, the queues did disappear to a great extent, and for a time there was a flood in the human hair market.

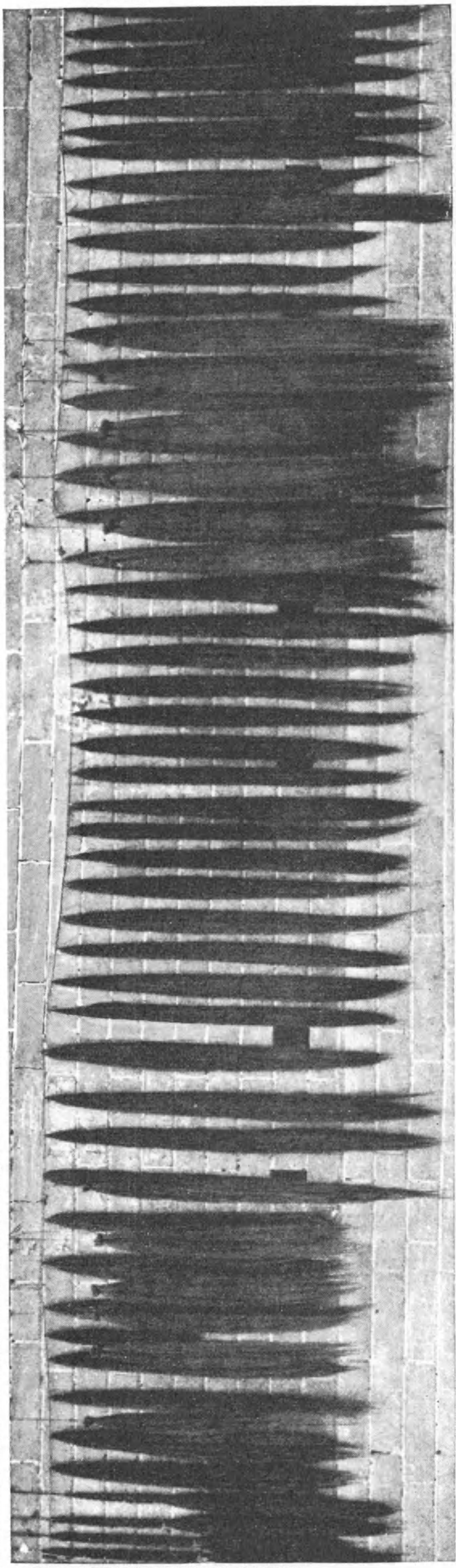
But in North China the law forbidding the wearing of queues was not enforced, and they are still plentiful in Peking and Tientsin, while in some country villages away from the coast there are nearly as many boys and men with queues as without.

Some of these wearers of queues hope that the Manchus may one day be restored to power. The Chinese Republic has not been very satisfactory to the peasant class of China. One revolution has followed another, and the spendthrift methods of military rulers have made it harder and harder on the laboring people. The people do not care so much about the form of government in Peking as they do about the price of grain. Many would gladly go back to prerevolution days, and their queues are ready to welcome the return of their former rulers.

In July, 1917, when Chang Hsun staged his little farce in Peking and put the Boy Emperor back on the Dragon Throne, his soldiers all wore queues and were known as the Pigtail Army. Of course, Chang Hsun was in sympathy with the Manchus and naturally would follow the customs that they had established; but there is many a peasant who has the same respect for the Manchus that Chang Hsun manifested.

CHINESE HAIR IS BEST FOR HAIRNETS

I am told that there are no queues in Shansi, for the progressive governor of that province enforced the no-queue law. In most places of North China, however, the raising of hair continues, and no other region can well compete with this in



Photograph by Alexander Stewart

QUEUES FOR SALE AT FIFTY CENTS AN OUNCE: SHANTUNG

providing raw material for hairnets. It is claimed that Chinese hair is especially suited for hairnets because it is stronger than the fine hair of European women, and therefore stands bleaching and dyeing much better.

BARBERS SAVE AND SELL COMBINGS

Perhaps one reason why queues have not disappeared more rapidly is because of the many barbers, who depend on combing queues and shaving heads for a living. Whatever hair they can comb out belongs to them and becomes a source of income; so, naturally, they are not in favor of a queueless country.

In the cities there are barber shops, but in the rural districts barbers travel about from place to place and carry on their trade in the open streets. Market places and fairs are their favorite haunts, and wherever crowds congregate, there you will find the itinerant barber.

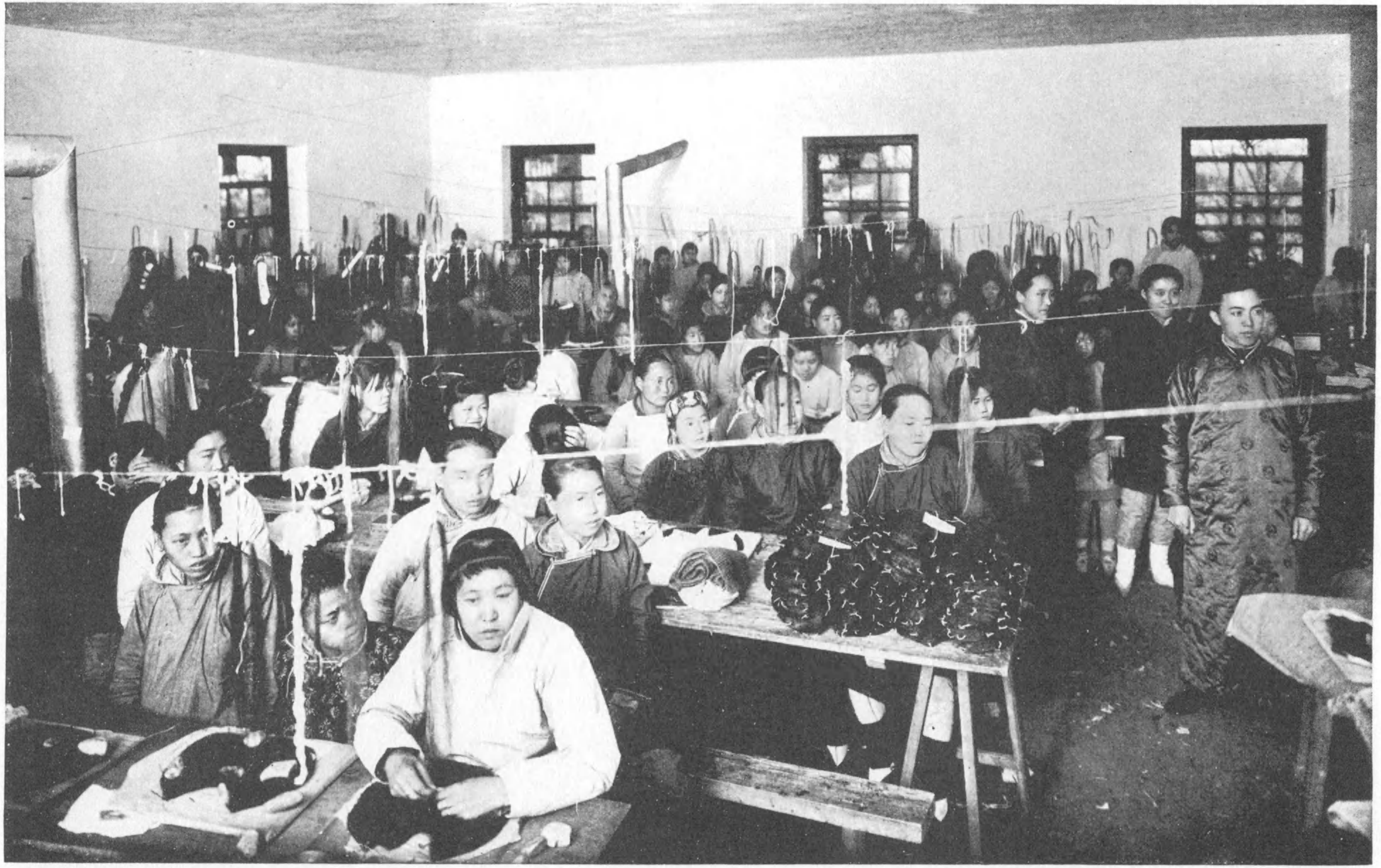
Both he and the stationary barber spend their odd moments unsnarling their combings and arranging the hair according to length. Sometimes they also weave it into switches, to be sold either at the shop or at the market places and fairs.

Chinese women do not patronize the barbers, but comb their own hair at home. Nothing is wasted, however; the combings are saved from day to day and, when a sufficient quantity is collected, it is sold or exchanged for small household articles. In some places venders travel from house to house, calling out, "Needles, thread, and matches exchanged for hair combings."

This raw hair is sold very cheaply, and, when girls are learning to make nets, is used for practice purposes.

Enough hair can be purchased for 50 cents to last a class of 60 or 75 girls a month, while they are learning to make nets. As soon as they are able to make salable nets, they use prepared hair, which costs as much as several dollars a pound, depending on length and other qualities. A pound of hair will make over 2,000 nets, for a whole gross of hairnets weighs only about one ounce.

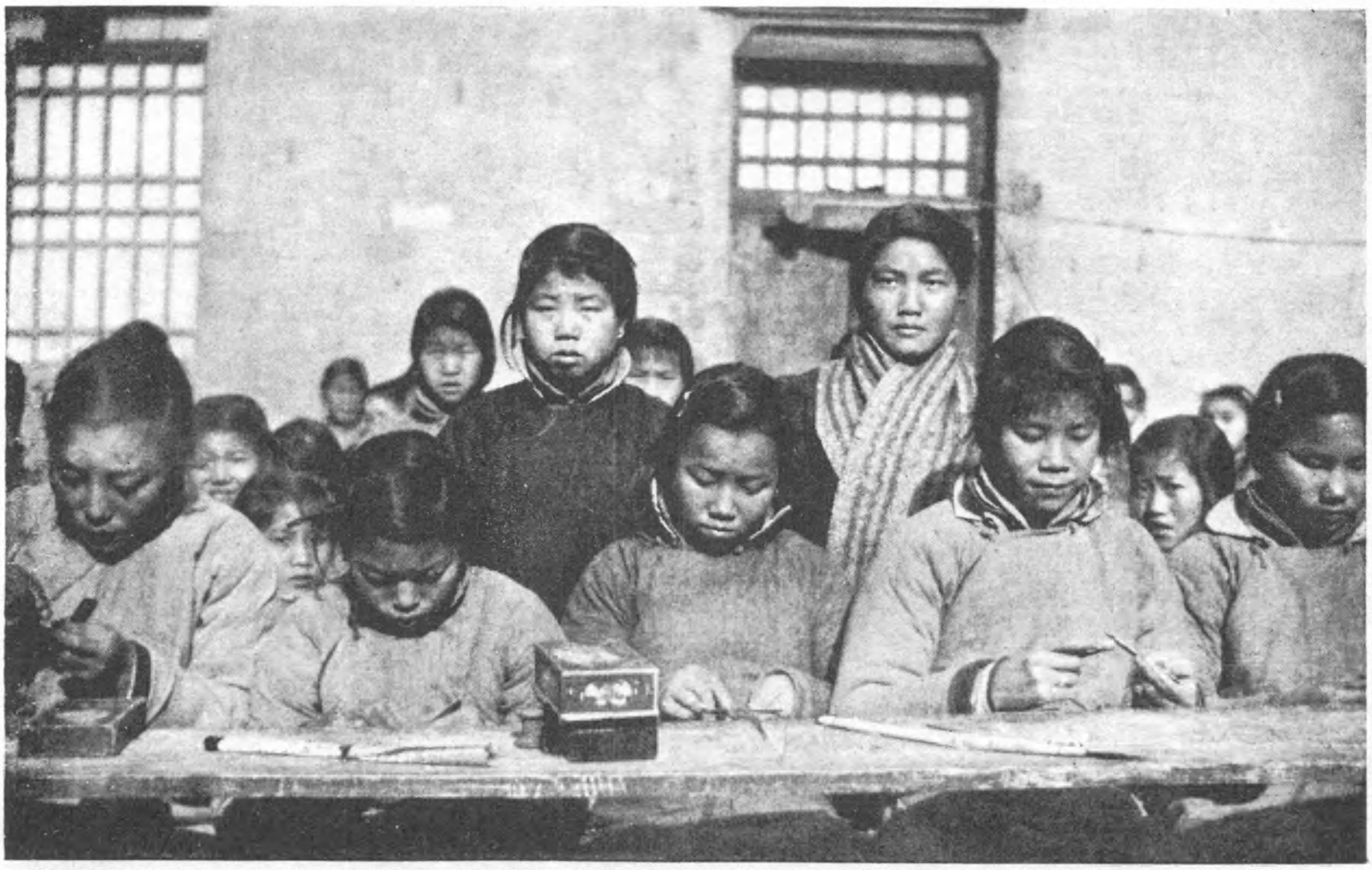
The processes of bleaching and dyeing the hair are the most difficult parts of the hairnet industry. All the raw hair was formerly shipped from China to Europe or America, where it was bleached and



Photograph from Eastern Products Company

REPAIRING HAIRNETS IN THE WAREHOUSE OF A LARGE EXPORTING FIRM

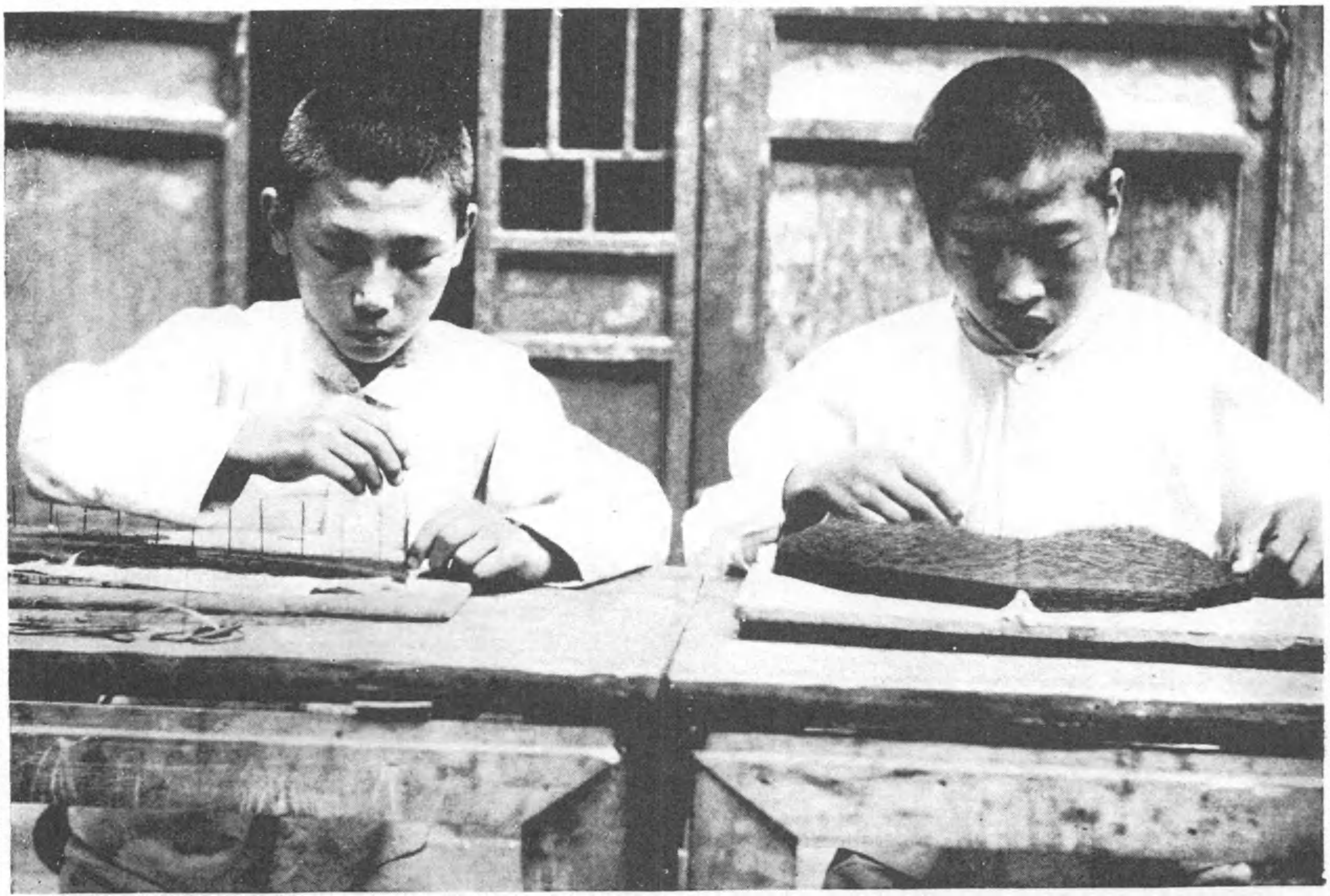
Nets made in the village homes are often imperfect and each one has to be looked over carefully. Many of them must be repaired before they are shipped abroad. The black bundles on the table in the foreground are one-gross bundles of hairnets. The hair for repair work is hanging on the lines strung across the room.



Photograph by Margaret Smith

VICTIMS OF THE GREAT FAMINE OF 1920-21 LEARNING TO MAKE HAIRNETS

These girls learned the trade in about a month and then were in a position to earn their own living (see text, page 336).



Photograph from H. W. Robinson

TYING THE NETS UP IN ONE-GROSS LOTS

The nets are stretched on a board into which nails have been driven. Occasionally boys do this work, but it is done chiefly by women and girls. The long nets on the left are the fringe type and the round ones on the right are the cap nets.

dyed by experts, and then sent back to China for manufacture. But as the industry has developed, the preparation of the hair has also been transferred in great part to China.

Probably nine-tenths of the hairnets exported from China at present are made from hair that has been prepared in that country. Chinese firms are undertaking this work, but as they have not yet mastered the scientific processes, their product is somewhat impaired by crude methods and careless treatment. At least one American firm has already completed arrangements to prepare its own hair in China under the supervision of expert American chemists.

Contrary to general belief, nets are never made of split hair. Only whole hair is used, and sometimes double strands are utilized to make a stronger net, but the lighter weight is usually preferred.

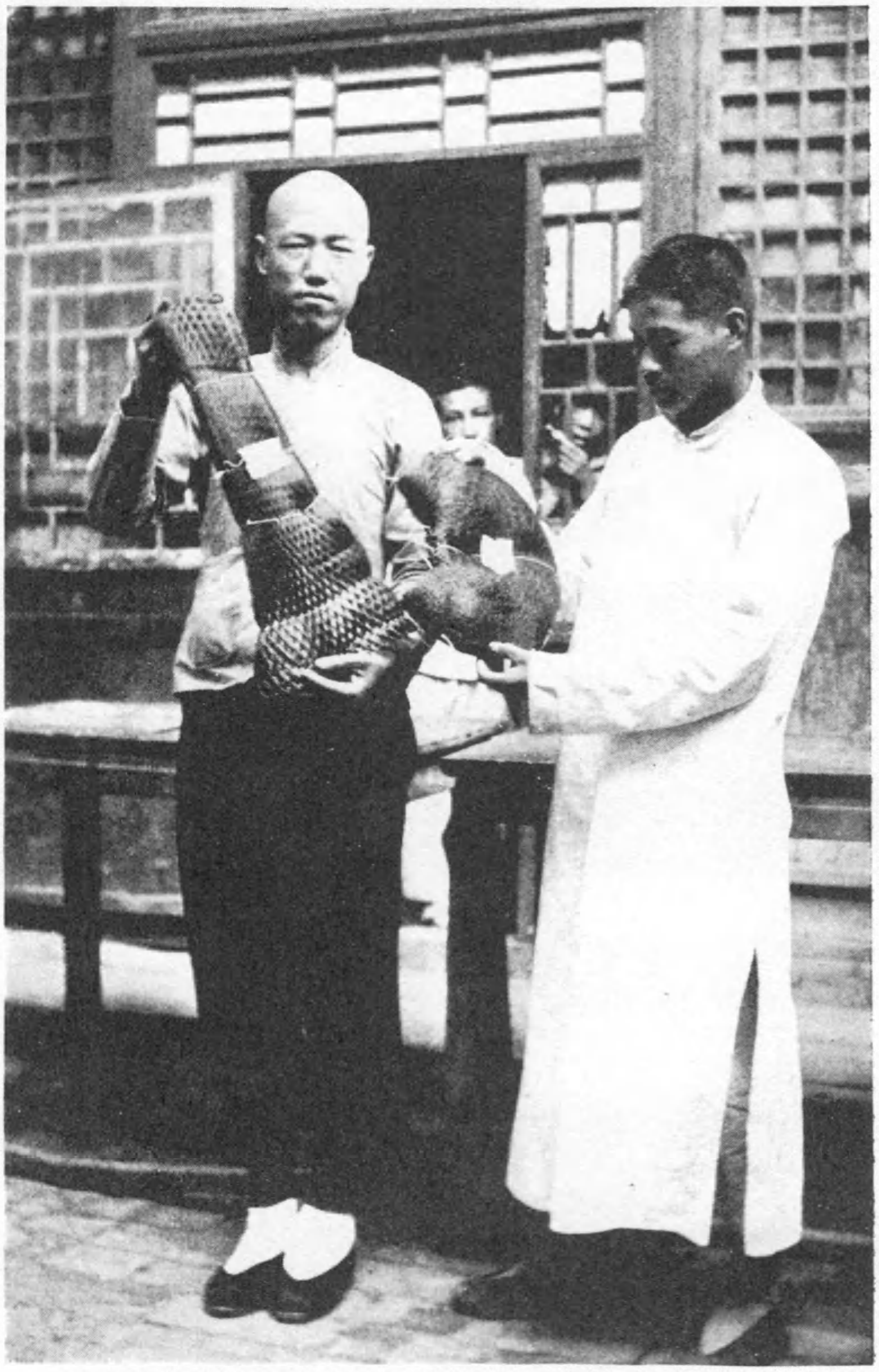
LABOR IS PLENTIFUL

The second factor in the success of the hairnet industry in North China is the almost unlimited supply of cheap labor. Tell a carpenter in this part of the world that his fellow-journeymen in America get from $10 to $15 a day and he will probably inquire at once how much it costs to go to America. He gets 15 or 20 cents a day in United States currency, and other workmen get about the same.

While the American farmer has difficulty in getting satisfactory help at $50 or $75 a month and keep, John Chinaman is willing to dig in the fields for $3 a month, and to find his own keep.

However, it is not men, but young girls, who make hairnets, and of course a girl's wage is much less than that of a man. In fact, there is very little in North China that a girl can do to earn money. Few have a chance to go to school, and except during harvest season, when they help to bring the grain onto the threshing-floors and thresh it, they find it hard to obtain work. Consequently, when a hairnet company enters a region and calls for girls, candidates are numerous.

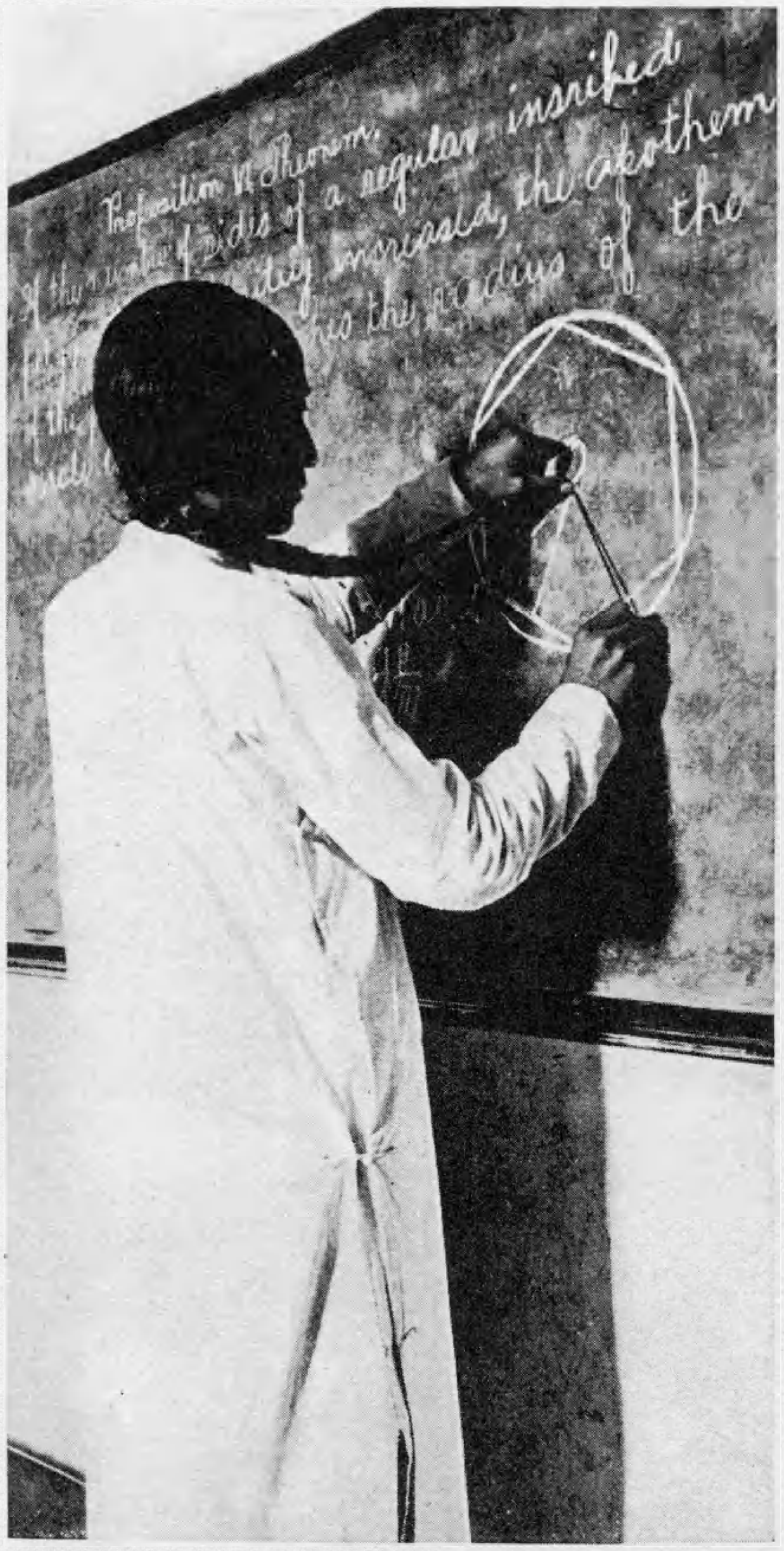
The fine lace and embroidery which they have made so successfully is evidence that these girls are clever and skillful with their fingers. So, when the hairnet industry was introduced into Shantung a few years before the War, they learned quickly, and those who mastered it first began teaching others. Of course, there have been firms which have promoted the industry; but, once started in a region, it grows of its own accord and spreads from one village to another.



Photograph from H. W. Robinson

HAIRNETS AS THEY ARE SHIPPED

This picture shows the fringe nets and the cap nets. Each lot contains one gross and weighs about one ounce.



Photograph by H. S. Elliott

A LESSON IN GEOMETRY

A boy of the old régime in Peking University used his queue in drawing a circle for his problem (see also illustration, page 329).

One concrete illustration will suffice to show how the industry expands. About four years ago a native firm was organized in Paotingfu for the purpose of engaging in hairnet manufacture. Seventy-five girls were called in from the country and formed into a normal class.

Trained teachers were brought from Chefoo and the girls were given instruction free of charge for one month. There was only one requirement: that they promise to sell their product exclusively to the company which taught them the trade.

As soon as the first class was finished, the girls went back to their homes to begin their new trade and teach it to others. (No doubt they received a bonus from those whom they taught.) The company kept starting new classes, and its agents took the hair out into the regions where the girls lived, collected the completed nets, and paid the makers.

To be sure, the girls at first earned only a few coppers a day, but it was better than any other employment they had ever had. Some had once tried spinning thread and weaving straw braid, but they could not make a living at those tasks.

ONE CENT FOR TYING 1,000 KNOTS

The hairnet company also undertook to do tatting and to make lace and embroidery, but the demand for the nets in America and Europe increased so rapidly that the production of the other articles has been discontinued, and work is now concentrated on hairnets. When many nets are accumulated, they are taken to Chefoo to be sold to exporters.

Some of these exporting firms, which are mostly American, would be glad to make long-term contracts with Chinese buyers. This method of selling is not very attractive to the Chinese trader, however, for it lacks the element of chance, of which he is so fond. Rather than sell his nets at a good price on a long-term contract, he prefers to take them to Chefoo and sell to the highest bidder on the day he happens to be in town.

This means that the market is somewhat irregular, and consequently the girls never know how much they will receive for their work until the agent comes to collect. However, during the last few years the price paid has not varied much from two or two and a half coppers, or about one cent in United States currency.

A single net requires the tying of a thousand knots or more, but if a girl is clever she can make as high as twenty coppers a day; and, as she can live on much less than that, she often not only supports herself, but helps other members of the family as well.

NEITHER MACHINERY NOR CAPITAL IS REQUIRED

Is it any wonder, then, that fathers and mothers are glad to see the hairnet industry enter their villages? Their daughters, heretofore a burden, are now becoming the breadwinners of the family.

One might naturally ask, "Why are other industries not developed more rapidly in North China, if there is such a supply of cheap labor?"

Part of the answer is that most industries require considerable capital, expensive machinery, and large factories, and, with political conditions as they are in China to-day, capitalists are slow to take the risks.

With the hairnet industry there is no such obstacle. The girls work in their own homes, where they have always been secluded. The only tools needed are a small brass shuttle and a bamboo splint. On a nail driven into a table or chair the first loop of the net is fastened. The hair is wound into the shuttle, like thread into a bobbin, and as each new loop is tied it is slipped onto the bamboo splint like a stitch on a knitting needle. Thus, with shuttle in one hand and bamboo splint in the other, the maker adds knot to knot and loop to loop until the net is completed.

Then the nets are tied together in bunches of one gross each. For this a piece of board, into which nails have been driven, is provided, and the loops on the edge of the net are slipped over the nails until a pile of 144 nets is made. They are then tied with thread and are ready for the agent when he comes to collect, pay for making, and to leave more hair.

Tying into one-gross bunches, as well as tying the hair into one long thread and putting it in the shuttle, is often done by some member of the family who is not able to make the nets. Mothers whose fingers are no longer nimble or whose eyes have lost their keenness help with this part of the work.

Thus the industry fits in well with Chinese home life. It can be done at odd moments by those who have other duties, or it can furnish steady employment to those who would otherwise be idle.

SOME OF THE DISADVANTAGES OF HOME MANUFACTURE

The homes are rather cold for this kind of work in the winter, and the makers' fingers become too numb to be quick. But that only means a few less coppers, and, fortunately, the cold weather does not last long. The homes are very poorly lighted, and as hairnet-making requires clear vision, it becomes a great strain on the eyes. To avoid this difficulty, when the weather permits, the nets are often made in the open courts, where there is good light.

Photograph by R. W. Clack

NOT A HAIR-TONIC ADVERTISEMENT

A Chinese man servant just after he has had his queue combed out.

Home manufacture has its serious disadvantages as well as its merits. Nets made by the piece, with no chance for supervision, naturally are not as well made as in a factory, where the work can be supervised by experts. Many of the nets bought by the exporting firms are imperfect and have to be gone over carefully, one by one, before shipment. This is done in the workshops run by the exporting firms in such cities as Chefoo (see illustration, page 331).

In some cases the nets are also fumigated in these workshops; but, since the hair has to pass through several strong chemical baths in the process of preparation, some firms think this is not necessary.

HAIRNET-MAKING AS A FAMINE-RELIEF MEASURE

The great famine of 1920-21 was a blessing in disguise to many a North China home. When relief workers investigated conditions and began to look around for ways to aid the destitute people in helping themselves, many learned for the first time of the hairnet industry, which was spreading rapidly in Shantung. Money was obtained and in some cases loaned as capital to trustworthy Chinese, who formed companies for promoting the industry in the famine-stricken regions. In other places, companies were already working in the famine areas and they coöperated with the relief workers.

When these workers had found 60 or 75 girls who needed help, a normal class in hairnet-making was organized. Of course, these girls could not provide their own food while away from home, but the relief committees were glad to assume that responsibility, and the hairnet companies furnished teachers free of charge.

It usually took about a month for a class to graduate, and $1.50 would cover all expenses for a girl during her period of instruction. She was then in a position to go back home and become a wage-earner instead of a burden to her parents. She might not be able to earn many coppers a day at first, but if she could earn seven, even with grain at famine prices, she could live on that, and many of them did so.

Oftentimes girls were found who had actually been sold, or for whose sale arrangements were being made, because their parents had no way of supporting them.

It is to these families, especially, that the famine was a blessing in disguise. The girls have a trade now, whether famine or flood comes. So long as American and European women demand hairnets, the girls will have a means of "getting over the days," as they express it in the Chinese language.

Unfortunately, the hairnet companies do not continue to distribute hair in all places where girls who have learned to make nets live. In most cases the companies will receive only lots of one gross or more, and it takes some of the girls two or three weeks to make a gross. Some buyers go from one market place to another, just as the barbers do, and buy up nets in small quantities of less than a gross. This makes it possible for girls to sell their nets every few days, and the buyers tie them up in one-gross lots and sell to the larger firms.

Whether or not the wearing of hairnets is a passing fad, who can say? I am told by one who is in the business that the article in the United States is no longer considered a luxury, but a necessity, by most women.

If it continues to be in style for many years, it looks as if North China will continue to be the center of the hairnet industry. Human hair is there in large quantities and growing all the time; nimble fingers are waiting to tie it into nets, and American firms are in a position to handle all that American and European women are likely to need.

Notice of change of address of your GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE *should be received in the office of the National Geographic Society by the first of the month to affect the following month's issue. For instance, if you desire the address changed for your November number, the Society should be notified of your new address not later than October first.*

Keeping Cool (?) in North China

by H.W. ROBINSON

(Note. This article is based on the author's eight years life in the Province of Hopei in North China. It contains 3400 words.)

ONE OF THE GREAT SURPRISES which I experienced during my first year in North China was the intense summer heat. Having spent three years in Honolulu without feeling any great inconvenience from excessive temperature my mind was not prepared for any discomfort in a latitude much nearer the north pole. The winter in Peking with snow on the ground at Christmas, and hundreds of beggars freezing outside the city gates, helped me to believe that summer in North China would be delightful. Before the end of June, however, I had radically changed my views on that subject. The thermometer registered one hundred fourteen degrees in the shade, and in the sun it was simply sizzling. Not only did the mercury climb up the column but there is something about the atmosphere on the Chihli plain that intensifies the heat of a given temperature so as to make it seem hotter than it really is. This fact is generally conceded by Westeners, but I have never heard a satisfactory explanation as to why it is true. One's brain is not particularly active in such a temperature and the question "How can I keep comfortable?" is more to the point than "What makes it seem so hot?"

Apparently Dr. and Mrs. John Dewey were somewhat surprised by the Peking summer sun. Read what they have to say about it in their "Letters from China and Japan:" "It cannot be denied it is hot here. Yesterday we went out in rickshaws about the middle of the day and I don't believe I ever felt such heat. It is like the Yosemite, only considerably more intense, as well as for longer periods of time. The only consolation one gets from noting that it isn't humid is that if it were, one couldn't live at all. But the desert sands aren't moist either. Your mother asked the coolie why he didn't wear a hat and he said because it was too hot. Think of pulling a person at the rate of five or six miles an hour in the sun of one hundred twenty or one hundred thirty degrees with your head exposed. Most of the coolies who work in the sun have nothing on their heads. It is either survival of the fittest or inheritance of acquired characteristics. Their adaptions to every kind of physical discomfort is certainly one of the wonders of the world". Just so. The native inhabitants of North China are fatalists as regards the summer weather, as they are in other matters, so instead of raving about how hot it is, or turning on the electric fan, they simply "grin and bear it", except they don't grin; and a Westerner cannot help wondering whether they really feel as cool as they usually manage to appear.

That doesn't mean that they make no effort to adjust themselves to their uncomfortable environment, nor does it imply that they lack initiative in improvising methods of keeping cool. If we make an unprejudiced survey of the facts I believe we will have to admit that in some ways they are more sensible than we in making adjustments to the summer heat. In the first place, they have learned, as we have, that it isn't as hot all the day as during some parts of the day, and they make their schedule accordingly. While we find it difficult to rearrange our summer schedules, even with "Daylight Saving", the Chinese, with no alarm clocks but the sun, rise very early in the summer, take a long rest in the middle of the day, and continue their work in the evening hours.

Particularly is this true of the farmers, and most Chinese are farmers, or belong to farmers' families. Up with the sun, no matter how early that may be, they are busy for hours before "the heat of the day". They have an early morning meal but at noon, or thereabouts, they are ready for another hearty meal of millet porridge, steamed bread and some cooked vegetable. But instead of taking only an hour for noon before returning to the fields they find a shady spot and escape the hottest hours of the day by indulging in a good long sleep. After their siesta, if that term may be stretched to the extent of two or three hours, they are ready to complete their day's work, even tho it does require their keeping at it long after the sun has disappeared.

So it is also with travelers, soldiers and students. Carters and pedestrians are much more common in the early morning, or in the evening hours, than during the middle of the day. In the latter period you will find them stretched out in the shade of a tree, building, or some other object wholly unconscious of the oppressive heat. Soldiers at drill may be heard long before we feel like getting up and students are off to school before we have our breakfast. Go to an encampment or to a schoolhouse in the middle of the day and all is quiet. Even the children have acquired the habit of "knocking off" for their midday rest.

The merchants adjust their program to suit their patrons. The food shops must be open at an early hour and remain thus till it is time to retire, but during the rest period the shop keeper is not so busy but that he may have his nap and even the clerk who stays on the job behind the counter will find plenty of chance for snoozes between the calls of occasional customers. Clerk's unions have as yet not seriously interfered with this age-long custom and it is doubtful if they will be able to change radically the opening and closing hours of Chinese shops, in this generation at least. Why should they? If China's summer schedule is sensible why not leave well enough alone?Who knows but we may learn to be as sensible as the Chinese some day!

Another illustration of how the Chinese are more sensible than we is the way they adjust their wearing apparel to suit the summer weather. Instead of going around in dark wool suits and high stiff collars the well dressed Chinese puts on a loose-fitting cotton, linen or pongee flowing garment of light color and if we could get away from our slavery to style again we might be able to see that the Chinese summer dress puts ours in the shade when it comes to comfort.

But of course the "well dressed" man is not the "average man" in North China. As to whether the summer costume of the "average man" is more sensible than ours depends largely on your idea of being sensible but there can be no doubt as to their relative comfort. The Chinese farmer, laborer and merchant seem to find their summer comfort in the absence of their clothing. Stripped to the waist these men might be classed with some of the half dressed belles of our bathing beaches but the Chinese are not attempting to display their beauty; they are simply trying to be comfotable, or at least to approach that desirable state as near as possible under the existing weather condition. The merchant will probably be able to keep in the shade but the farmer and laborer are more likely to have to expose their bare backs and heads to the scorching sun, and how they manage to endure it is to those of us who have to wear pith hats, as Dr. Dewey says, one of the "wonders of the world". To be sure nature comes to the rescue somewhat by developing a coat of tan such as an American "Nut-brown-maiden" couldn't begin to approach.

Boys under adolescent age often go the limit and clothe themselves entirely in a one-piece-suit of nature's tan. If, as we are told, there is medicinal value in the sun's rays these boys ought never to be troubled with rickets, and certainly they have no need of fear that some one will steal their clothes if they choose for their pastime an hour in the "old swimming hole".

From light weight, light colored, loose unlined garments to "nothing at all" is the range of the summer costume for the male members of a Chinese family. Isn't that a sensible outfit for a scorching day?

The feminine members of the family are not such favored individuals. They must keep their bodies covered, although their garments are few and loose fitting. Their dresses must have high necks and long sleeves but the length of the skirt, except with modern school girls, who wear skirts, is not an important question, since it is the women who wear the trousers in Chinese families. Girls are seldom seen barefooted, in fact I don't recall ever seeing a girl above five years of age without shoes, and of course it would not be expected where there are bound feet, a condition still common in spite of laws to the contrary. The women, however, do not usually work in the fields, except at harvest time, and in their village homes there are usually shade trees beneath which they can find protection from the summer sun.

No description of a Chinese summer costume, be it that of male or female, richman, poorman, beggar man or thief, would be complete without mention of the fan. Everybody has one. The merchant sits and fans his bare body, the preacher and the teacher fan themselves as they deliver their addresses, the bicycle rider carries a fan for use when he stops to rest, the coolie walking along the street fans as he walks, the bareheaded man or woman riding in a ricksha uses a fan as protection from the sun, and even the ricksha puller has his fan that he may keep cool (?) between his sweltering runs.

Nor is the use of the fan limited to the daylight hours. If it is too hot to sleep, take a fan to bed with you and you will at least have something to do besides toss and turn. Of course if you fall asleep fanning yourself it is all your gain. Unlike an electric fan the Chinese variety is noiseless, and automatically stops when the user falls asleep.

Neither is the initial expense prohibitive, even to the destitute Chinese. He can get one for a penny which will produce breezes quite as cool as those which cost several dollars. The palm leaf fan is seen everywhere but no less common are those made of woven grass. Folding fans of bamboo, sandalwood and ivory are available for those who can afford them and the different methods of decorating them make an interesting study. Last summer, when Chinese students were pushing their anti-foreign campaign, fans decorated with the "Twenty-one Demands" made by Japan a few years ago served as a very effective type of publicity. They belonged in the same category as the moving signs of Broadway. If you are ever at a loss to know what to give your Chinese friend for a present I would suggest a fan. He will appreciate it and be sure to have use for it. I have said that every body has one. Perhaps I ought to qualify that for I don't remember ever having seen a naked boy fanning himself, but I would not be at all surprised to see it. The only inconsistency about it would be a question as to whether he were really naked or not, for in China the fan seems like a part of one's summer apparel.

If the first rule of "Keeping Cool (?) in North China" is "Dress Sensibly" the second is "Stay in the Shade". I have already mentioned this custom but it is of sufficient importance to receive futher consideration. About the only trees to be found in this part of the country are in the villages, or near burying grounds. The mountains are denuded, for as soon as a tree starts to grow some one cuts it down, or pulls it up by the root, for fuel. Not so in the towns and villages, however. The farmers practically all live in villages and as one stands in the open fields and views the horizon he often finds that he is completely encircled by trees. The villages of the plain are so near together that when one looks in any direction it appears as though there were a continual row of villages surrounding him and the most conspicuous thing about them is their shade trees. The open courts about which the Chinese houses are built furnish splendid places for trees and without them the houses would be like roasting ovens in the midday sun of the summer months.

Besides the trees, grape, or other vine, arbors are often built above the wells where men and animals spend long hours raising water for irrigation. One would suppose that such shade would be much more common, for to stand in the scorching sun, as so many of these farmers do, turning windlasses which lift bucketful after bucketful of water from wells thirty or forty feet deep is earning one's bread by the sweat of his brow in the most literal sense of that saying.

Where trees and arbors are lacking artificial shade is produced. In the larger towns and cities where the streets are too narrow and the buildings are too crowded for trees cloth screens are sometimes stretched ten or twelve feet from the ground from one building to another on the opposite side of the street, thereby decreasing the temperature of the place by several degrees. In other places, along the streets and above the open courts of the homes and places of business, pole frames are erected which are covered with matting. The frames are high enough to let the breezes into the courts and streets and it is remarkable how effective such shades are. Certain tradesmen stock up with long poles and woven matting and are very skillful in erecting these mat shades. If you wish, you can rent one for the summer by paying a reasonable sum for its use and for the labor of erecting and taking it down.

Other artificial shades are used on boats, carts and along the roads where vendors carry on their small trade. Millions of people travel on the streams and canals of China and the sun from the reflected water is naturally very hot. Inasmuch as the boats are mostly hand propelled and therefore do not move fast enough to create a breeze canopies are stretched above the decks or the places where people sit, even on the small row boats. This shade usually does not protect the men who are propelling the boat, but in hot weather extra men go along so that some can rest in the shade part of the time.

Canopies are also used on the two-wheel carts which are so common in North China. These carts are usually partly covered but the driver, and sometimes one of the passengers, sits in front of the covered part so the canopy is stretched out over the animal which pulls the cart, making a shade for both man and beast. The roadside vendors utilize a sort of large umbrella for shade which they set up at cross roads or places where there is considerable traffic, and besides making a cool spot for themselves their shade is an invitation to passersby to stop and chat, with the hopes that they wil be induced to purchase a box of cigarettes, a slice of watermelon or some other article which the vendor has for sale. These umbrella arrangements are collapsible so the owner can take them down at night and carry them home along with his entire stock of goods. In winter time by tipping the umbrella on its side it protects the owner from the wind and helps to reflect the sun so as to get the full benefit of its warmth.

There is a third rule for keeping cool (?) which is practised to a limited degree in the larger cities of North China but might be applied in other places much more extensively and that is, "Use Ice." The temperature is quite cold enough in winter to freeze ice and there are streams and moats and canals where ice might be harvested, if the people had the inclination. In places where it is harvested large pits are dug in the ground in which the ice is buried in straw and covered over with dirt. Ice harvesting is a rather modern industry and the Chinese are very slow to adopt the western habit of using ices and cold drinks. They still stick to their hot water and hot tea and who knows but they are better off for so doing? I have seen Chinese students playing tennis in the hot summer heat and beside the court was a pot of hot tea in place of the ice water and soda pop of America.

Soda fountains are an unknown institution in North China, except in the large foreignized cities and even there they are mostly of a very primitive type. Usually some one sets up a booth beside the street where he sells ice cold watermelon, bottled soda and sometimes cold fruit juices of his own concoction. As the Chinese almost never use milk they know nothing about ice cream, except as some of them have come in contact with foreigners either in their own country or abroad. Those who have cultivated the taste seem to enjoy it as much as foreigners, even if it be an acquired appetite. Not long ago I was present at a dinner party given in an American home to a group of Chinese. There was one elderly man in the party who did not quite finish his first dish of ice cream, but he was the only one, and most of them seemed to enjoy the second helping as much as the first. They belong to the younger generation and are more eager to adopt Western customs and ideas. Their sons and grandsons may even have refrigerators in their homes. But then again, they may not. Their ancestors have managed for generations to get along without them and do without ice cold drinks. Perhaps they are better physically today for having had such ancestors. Refrigeration does cost money and to all appearances it will be a generation or two, at least, before the average Chinese will be in such a state of affluence that he won't have to figure carefully to get what are generally considered the necessities of life. Refrigerators and ice cold drinks can hardly be classed as such.

I don't know if the expression "cool as a cucumber" came from China, nor do I see any very good reason for believing that cucumbers are particularly cool, or cooling, but if they do possess such qualities the Chinese ought to profit thereby, for cucumbers, and several varieties of small melons, are consumed in great quantities. They are very cheap and are consumed skin and all, as we sometimes eat apples. Watermelons are also very common but the rinds are thrown away. There is a kind of gelatine which is carried around in buckets of cold water and served at railway stations and at street corners which seems to be a great favorite on a hot day. I have never tasted it because it is kept in unboiled water and the dishes in which it is served are none too clean but sometimes when I can get nothing but hot tea to quench my thirst I am tempted to try some cool gelatine. Perhaps I'll get thirsty enough some day to do so, but I hope not.

As the use of ice for keeping cool is probably the result of foreign influence and example so there is another Western custom which is coming to be adopted by Chinese, and, so far as finances permit, this custom seems likely to become more and more general, especially among the educated and better-to-do classes. This is the custom of "Summer Vacation." The most famous resort in North China is Peitaiho Beach on the North Chihli Gulf near where the Great Wall comes down to the sea. Thousands of missionaries, business men and families, government officials and other foreigners spend their vacations at this place and gradually Chinese families are doing the same. Peitaiho is about nine hours by train from Peking and five hours from Tientsin. As it is a treaty port foreigners may own land there and hundreds of summer cottages have been built. There is good sea bathing and the cooler atmosphere is wonderfully refreshing for those whose homes are in the sweltering heat of the interior.

With many Europeans spending the summer there, as well as Americans and Chinese, it is a cosmopolitan gathering demonstrating that all races and nationalities possess the ability to appreciate and enjoy the pleasures of a seaside resort. The children of the different races help to bind together the grown-ups, and the International Children's Sports Day always creates much interest. When one recalls that more than half the children of China die before they reach two years of age, and associates that fact with the intense heat of the homes in which most of them have to spend the summer, it is natural to wish that all Chinese children might have a summer outing at the seashore, but so far as I know there is no attempt being made along this line.

If you ask me what conclusions I draw from these comparisons of Chinese and American methods of keeping cool, my reply is that I leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. But just as there is a question point in my own mind as to whether the Chinese do manage to keep cool so there is also some doubt as to whether we are on the whole any more happy and comfortable with our modern conveniences and inventions than are the Chinese with methods that have been in use for ages. When I see what the Chinese can endure in the way of uncomfortable summer weather, and still keep cheerful, I admit I am ready to take off my hat to them—yes, even my pith hat, with the thermometer registering one hundred fourteen degrees in the shade.