

THE CHINESE CHIMES

(History Number)

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Whither?

As we look back over the interval since the last issue of the Chimes and seek some word which best depicts the events of that period it seems to us that History is the word. Whether we review the events in our own personal sphere, those of national concern, or the ones which are of world-wide importance, we are impressed with the unusual amount of History that has been crowded into that brief space of time. The stream of Life which usually moves so quietly has taken on a new velocity and to put it mildly we are shooting the rapids. The poet who penned the lines, "Roll, roll, roll your boat gently down the stream," is sadly out of date, and the command, "Sit down, you are rocking the boat," is more to the point for some people in the world. Or at least that is as it seems to us. We wonder what is ahead.

Personal Ripples.

While it may seem ridiculous to mention in the same breath events that only concern us personally with those that affect the whole human family, we know that some of our readers will want to hear of our experiences, and besides, we feel more competent to write about them than about the events that have a world-wide significance.

Those of you who read the last issue of the Chimes know that we spent some of our furlough in Hartford, Connecticut, and we shall ever remember that city as one of beautiful homes, delightful parks and hospitable people; located among hills of ever changing beauty and easily accessible to many places we wished to visit. Never before last spring did we realize what a variety of colors there can be on a New England hillside at that time of year. We knew of the autumn glory but we had not been conscious of the many shades that come and go as the new leaves are put forth in the spring time. Good roads and our faithful old Buick made it possible for us to enjoy many rides among those New England hills.

We made one trip to Brooklyn, New York, where we spent a few delightful days with friends in Dr. Cadman's church with which we are happy to be connected. Later we visited friends in and around Boston and during the maple sugar season we made a trip to Vermont where we helped to gather sap and eat sugar on snow.

The Tempest.

Those were happy days we spent in Hartford but there finally came an experience that caused us no little anxiety. Our future History was up for consideration, and for several weeks last summer we didn't know whether we were to return to China or not. We withdrew to the hills of Vermont while the authorities in Boston collected the information on which our fate was to depend. Finally a cable from the North China Mission, and since we returned we have learned of some unsolicited letters from friends in China, helped to turn the tide for us in the right direction.

We realized when we went on furlough that we might not get back to China, for these are uncertain days for all who leave the mission field, but that did not prevent us from being disturbed while our future was being determined. We hope we shall not have to pass through such an experience again but there was some satisfaction in being "put through the fire" without being rejected, and the added time that it gave us with friends in Vermont was very enjoyably spent. The one member of the staff who was born on the Pacific Coast remarked in Vermont that if we did have to remain in America she hoped we could settle in New England. We hesitate to write this in a sheet that is to go to friends in the West but it is too good keep and I assure you that we did have a "Skookum" time on the Pacific Coast.

Making the Most of It.

The male members of the staff helped to cut hay and put it in the barns on some Vermont farms and then we had a delightful four-day hike, with two boy relatives along the Green Mountain Trail. The rest of the staff, and about 20 other relatives, went with us to the top of Lincoln Mountain. Here they turned back while we "boys" continued on to Camels Hump. We carried our bedding and food on our backs and if any of you doubt that four high school boys can put away a lot of "grub" on a four-day hike try it out. This hike and two outings at Lake Champlain and Lake George helped us to understand why so many people go to the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains for the summer.

A Time of Great Rejoicing.

When early in August word came that we might return to China there was a time of shouting among the younger members of the staff, and we *all felt* like shouting. The neighbors must have thought that our ship had come in and we thought that we knew better how Noah felt when the dove brought him the olive leaf. It was too late for us to catch the boat on which we were booked to sail from San Francisco, so we decided to go on the President Cleveland which left Seattle, September 2. We wished to go via Long Beach and as to drive that distance in the time at our disposal was too much for us to undertake, we disposed of our Buick which had served us so well for 16,000 miles and divided our staff into two sections. The boys went across the continent by bus and the rest of us, who could travel half fare or on Clergy Certificates, went by rail. We met in Chicago and the boys spent two days at the Fair after the rest of us had gone on. We who were at the Fair only one day of course saw very little of what was there, and one should spend many days to do justice to the interesting and instructive sights, but we did see enough to realize that considerable History has been made during the last century. We spent two weeks in Long Beach and arrived in Seattle September 1.

Farewell to Autos, Radios, Good Roads Etc.

Our journey across the Pacific was uneventful. The Busy Manager had stated even before the "Tempest" that she would believe we were actually returning to China only when we were on the boat, and someone advised us to open no telegram that might reach us in Seattle until the boat had left the wharf; but there were no telegrams to disturb us and as we sailed away from the beautiful city where we landed more than a year before we felt that we had indeed had a wonderful furlough. We had been "fur" but we had not lived "low". It was an extremely interesting year to have been in America and we wondered if History would continue to be in as much of a hurry during the next year as it had seemed to be while we were there.

Japan the Beautiful.

We had delightful companions on the Cleveland, some of whom we had known in China, some in Hartford and others whom we had never met before. When we reached Japan we saw other friends of former days and had a day or two in which to sense a bit of the national atmosphere of that stirring country. In Yokohama and Kobe we were impressed with the evidences of industrial activity. With the possible exception of Washington, D.C., we had seen no city in America where there was as much building going on as we saw in those Japanese cities. In the warehouse on the docks we saw large consignments of boxes marked for Five and Ten Cent Stores in the Middle West of the U.S.A. Some of you may be getting some of the contents for Christmas presents. (We wish that we had stocked up with more supplies from those stores before we sailed for China.)

At Yokohama we watched our boat unload tons and tons of scrap iron and used auto tires, and we could not but wonder what the final forms of those old railroad rails would be like, and what they would be used for. There was considerable discussion in the Japanese papers while we were there as to what sentences would be imposed on the naval men who had been convicted of assassinating the Japanese statesmen in May 1932. The military and naval authorities seemed still to have the controlling power in the government but there was a good deal of feeling that most anything might happen to History in Japan.

One Tempest Which We Did Not Encounter: Another Which We Did.

When we reached Moji we had an unexpected delay of a whole day because of a typhoon, the tail of which we felt the next day, which experience made us glad that we had not been on the open sea the day before. Our friends who went to Shanghai on the Cleveland did encounter the typhoon and we understand that some of them found their beds much more comfortable than the deck.

There was a tempest of another sort for us, however, when we reached the shores of China. It came to us in an envelope which contained a letter from our mission secretary, although we do not in any way blame him for its contents. The letter stated that although the Mission Council had voted last spring that we should be located in Techow an emergency situation had arisen which made it necessary for someone to go to Fenchow, Shansi. Among others was our name, and some family would be chosen by a committee which would not meet for two weeks. In the meantime we might amuse ourselves as we wished somewhere "up in the air" between "East Mountains" (Shantung) and "West Mountains" (Shansi). We went up in an aeroplane in Hartford and had enjoyed (?) it for a few minutes but to be left up in the air again for two weeks nearly took our breath away. Of course it was only our minds and hearts that had to be up this time but something had to be done with our bodies. That question didn't affect the Cub Reporter and Sport Editor for they were to go direct to Tungchow where their school had been open for two weeks. The rest of us decided to go to Techow, but after twiddling our thumbs there for a few days we set out for Paotingfu to pack up our household goods to be shipped "somewhere" when our fate should have been determined.

No Friends Like Old Friends.

Our visit to Paotingfu where we had lived so long brought back many pleasant memories and we were glad to find that the railroad service had greatly improved in the years that we had been away. It wasn't easy to pack up and pull up from the place where we had lived and worked for twelve years but the days of packing were so interspersed with friendly fellowship that the experience was not as difficult as we had anticipated. We became convinced that the "fond farewells" of

two years ago had not been simply because an attempt was being made to get us to come back.

We sometimes felt in Paotingfu that we were not accomplishing much in the work which we were supposed to do but we are sure that we did make many good friends there, and perhaps that is the most worthwhile thing that we could do. Surely for our own satisfaction there is nothing more delightful than the relationship that comes in Christian fellowship. The more we live and experience it the more we are convinced that History will be,—what shall we say, lived? fulfilled? unfolded? or what?—when there come to be Christian relationships in all groups, and among all groups, from the human family to the nations of the world. If we can help in some small way to increase that kind of relationship between the people of China and the people of our own nation we know of nothing that we should rather do.

We were much pleased with the development of the school in Paotingfu with which we had been connected when we were there. Some splendid new teachers have been added to the staff and the principal, Mr. Yang Sheng Wu, is having a period of travel and study in different parts of China. He was studying in Nanking University when we were at Paotingfu but has now returned to live in the country near Paotingfu with Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, and possibly a Chinese family, so as to study at first hand the rural problems of China. Mr. Yang has long had "Education for Life" as his goal for the school and he wants to train students so that their education will not only bring a better living for themselves but will fit them to change the rural life of China so as to bring a more abundant life to the millions in Chinese villages. There is now a Chemistry Club in the School which manufactures soap, tooth powder, other toilet articles, and purified cotton seed oil. A good cheap cooking oil will be a blessing to the Chinese farmer. The latest development in the school is a wool industry, in which the raw wool is cleaned, carded, spun and dyed. We shall watch with interest the future history of this school and ever consider it a privilege to have had a share in its development. The Dartmouth Christian Association has helped to finance the school for several years and we hope that the new organization which has come to take the place of the D.C.A. will find it possible and desirable to carry on this work. The American Board has cut its support of the school one half this year and will withdraw the other half next year. This makes a critical situation for the school but the teachers have taken cuts in salaries and we hope that funds may be obtained so that the school can continue its good work.

No Place Like Terra Firma.

When we finished our packing in Paotingfu we were still "up in the air" as to where the goods would be shipped but when we reached Peiping our plane was landed and we learned that we were to return to Techow. This was as we had hoped, for although we realized Fenchow's needs we didn't feel that it is good to transplant a plant too often, even if it be a weed. We had become familiar with the situation in Techow and hoped that we might be left there long enough to develop a few roots, even if we didn't produce much fruit. Our goods are now in Techow and we are settled in our own home after having lived "here and there" for two years. We have been up in the air so much that we examine our backs occasionally to see whether any feathers have started to grow.

Something New Under the Sun.

The Mission Council voted last spring that the foreign staff at Lintsing should all move to Techow this year and the new unit should be known as the Te-Lin field. (Te for Techow and Lin for Lintsing). The Pretender was asked to help with the evangelistic (church) work

of that combined area. He was therefore glad in October to have a chance to visit Lintsing and attend a Retreat that was held for the Church Workers and faculty of the Laymen's Training School. Although the Lintsing churches will be served by the foreign workers located in Techow it is natural that the Chinese workers should feel that they have been dealt a pretty heavy blow by the withdrawal of their foreign colleagues. The blow is doubly heavy in that not only are the foreigners being withdrawn but the Board appropriations have been so cut that it has been necessary to decrease the Chinese staff of workers. It was a source of inspiration to find that in spite of this twofold calamity the Chinese workers were rising manfully to the emergency by launching a Three Year Plan of advance. From a psychological point of view this of course is the right course to follow. Instead of thinking of the Depression and how hard it is they are turning their thoughts to a New Deal and trying to push ahead new types of work.

Techow is also trying to meet the Depression with new types of work. For the first time in her fifty-odd years of history the Techow church this fall conducted a County Fair. Dr. Wilder with a staff of Chinese colleagues from T'ungchow who have had several years of experience at conducting such fairs came down to Shantung for the first time this year. They held fairs at Tsangchow and Hsiao Chang (two London Mission Stations near Techow) as well as at Techow. There wasn't any horse racing but we did attract crowds of people and believe that some of them will try to produce better crops next year so as to improve their own livelihood, and possibly get a prize at the next fair.

Since the fair the Techow Church has also conducted a Better Home Week. This movement has been sponsored by the National Christian Council for several years and has met with considerable success. Some very good literature has been produced and plays, posters and games have helped to make the program effective. Much needs to be done along this line at a time when the History of the Chinese family which has played such an important part in the past is passing through a very critical period.

Just Among Ourselves.

This stream of History is turning out to be a flood but we do want to explore one more little eddy. The members of the staff who are in T'ungchow are too busy to contribute special articles for this issue, though two recent letters bore original drawings of the N.R.A. emblem and one of them had the motto, "We do our part." The policy of the American Board not to pay travel expenses back to the field of children who have reached their fifteenth birthday produced a problem for us this year but we decided to hang together for the next two years even if it did mean raising travel expenses to China and back for the Cub Reporter. Our visit to T'ungchow, together with reports of conditions in the school that have come to us, lead us to believe that there is an unusually fine spirit there this year and good work is being done. The boys seem glad to be back there in spite of their fine year in American schools during furlough.

The Treasure is pursuing her education with the Busy Manager at home and probably will do so for two years more. Besides the Office Dog, Pickles, there are Lois Wheeler, Margaret and Eleanor Wickes, "Tuck", Allan and Mariel Gilbert for companions, the largest group of foreign children that Techow has seen for years. With the coming of the friends from Lintsing it looks as if a new stage has started in Techow's History. We are looking forward to the Christmas vacation when the boys will come home and we can all be together in our new home.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to mention the fact that if any of our readers have jig-saw puzzles that they wish to dispose of our

Chinese friends find them very entertaining when they come to our home and we have a very limited supply. They would also be useful to take into the country to share with people who have very little with which to amuse themselves in times of leisure.

Our Confession.

Some of you may get the impression from what we have written above that now we are settled in our new home all is perfectly smooth sailing for us. So it is, mostly, but if any of you who have trials and tribulations are thinking to escape them by volunteering for the foreign field let us give you a tip: "Don't do it" Life is not all roses, even on the foreign field. Those of you who have had the experience of moving from one house to another probably know that it takes some time to get adjusted to the new place. Your furniture does not always fit the new house and the new house does not always fit you. Then in China there is the problem of servants, and we have had to take on an entire new group. We have a fine spirited man for a cook but he has had but little experience in that fine art. At times we find ourselves longing for our old Ts'ang Shih Fu who cooked for us in Paoingfu. Even good intentions and a good disposition fail to make up for some of the good things that we had from Ts'ang Shih Fu's kitchen. Please don't think that we are making complaints. We just want you to know that every silvery lining has its cloud.

That reminds us of a statement that we once read to the effect that a dog should have at least a few fleas to remind him that he is a dog. Perhaps in the same way every Christian should have a few "crosses", just to remind him that he is a Christian. Now having come to the end of our sermon we suppose that it should end with a poem. Here it is,—probably the shortest one ever written:

"Adam Had 'em".

The Same to You.

That last note is not the one on which we wish to end this tune on the Chimes. We don't know how Merry you will be able to be as Christmas rolls around again but we hope you will be as Merry as you can, and may even the attempt to be Merry bring you much Joy. As we review again the events that have gone into the making of History since the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem we take courage in this sustaining conviction: Human beings can influence somewhat the course of the stream of History. Does anyone doubt it? We don't, and we have nineteen hundred years of History as a basis for our belief. The Christ-Child has been trying to teach us for ages that we have, not the stars, but ourselves, to blame for much of the misery in which we live, personally, nationally and internationally. More than we like to admit, our lives are what we ourselves make them. It is a challenging thought but that is the message we hear as we listen for a message from "the Herald Angels" of Christmas. And then as we turn from the past and face the future with the coming of a New Year we hear an even more challenging question: "What kind of a future are we making for our children and their children's children?" We hope that the year 1934 may be a little less hectic than its predecessor, but if it isn't let's make the most of it, and in so doing prove to ourselves, and to others, that we are true followers of the Babe who was born in Bethlehem and whose life has made such a difference in the world's stream of History.