



THE CHINESE CHIMES

Gratitude Number

Shanghai, China
November 1, 1945

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so cold as man's ingratitude."

THANK YOU, AMERICA.

When Elizabeth graduated from high school in 1941, the Commencement speaker was Dr. George Brooke whose book, "Thank you, America," had been published in condensed form in the Reader's Digest. He was grateful to America because, having come to this country with little education and a family of three or four children he had found undreamed of opportunities. During recent months millions of Chinese have shown by their attitude that they too wish to say, "Thank you, America." Even an American army lieutenant told me that he was not ashamed that his eyes filled with tears as he watched the crowds on the streets of Tientsin when the Marines entered the city. All over North China the welcome has been spontaneous, genuine and unusual. When have people of any country been so glad to have soldiers of another country land on their shores?

A few weeks ago I was present at a dinner in Peiping given to Henry Luce by the Chinese American Cultural Relations Association, at which Mr. Luce said that anybody is fortunate to be in Peiping at any time, but to be there as peace was being realized after eight years of war was a special good fortune. I was one of those fortunate ones, and I am grateful to the U.S. Fourteenth Air Force for making that stirring experience possible. The Air Force flew Margaret Dow and me from Sian to Peiping in three hours on October eleventh and delivered us with our baggage, and without price, to the American Board Mission at Tengshihkou. Hugh Hubbard was already in Peiping, having flown in an American army air plane from the concentration camp in Weihsien, where he had been for two and a half years. I was glad to be able to welcome to Tengshihkou Beth and Ernest Shaw, Louise Meebold, and Hazel Bailey who also had come by plane from Weihsien. I helped to sort out and distribute the twelve car loads of heavy furniture and baggage that came by train to Peiping for the more than 200 internees who had been in Weihsien.

I am writing this in Shanghai where the Shaws and I are waiting for a ship to take us to America. We thought we were to sail day after tomorrow but the ship has been delayed and we probably will not get off before November 17. We flew down from Peiping, thanks again to Uncle Sam. He has loaned us money for our tickets and enough actual cash for our living expenses in Shanghai, so again I say, "Thank you, Uncle."

THANK YOU, FRIENDS.

The farther I get along Life's Way, the dearer my friends become to me, and I have more reasons than I can enumerate for being grateful to my friends this past year. I left Chengtu a year ago last summer very reluctantly, mainly because I wanted to stay and work with the friends who had been so good to me. I felt that I was going to be a

stranger in Sian, but since duty said "go" I obeyed. At the end of my thirteen months there I felt when I left Sian that I was leaving one of my "homes," though I had lived in four different houses while there.

My work at the Luho School with Principal and Mrs. Ch'en, the other members of the faculty, and the fine group of students there will ever remain as a delightful memory. My contact with missionaries and Chinese on Relief Committees, in the Y.M.C.A., at the Rotary Club, and in social activities made life anything but a lonely bore, as I had thought life in Sian might be when I went there.

During the last four months I was in Sian I was employed by the U.S. Fourteenth Air Force as Contract Chaplain, an experience for which I am most grateful. The attitude of most of the men with whom I came in contact towards chaplains was one to make me very humble. The crosses on our caps and collars seemed to make us, in the eyes of both enlisted men and officers, worthy of special honor, and they seemed most happy when they could do something for us. I am meeting here in Shanghai men whom I knew in Sian and it is good to see them on their way home. Some of them will be on the boat with the Shaws and myself.

Yesterday I called at the headquarters of the Chinese National Christian Council where I met Dr. Chester Miac, Mr. Ronald Rees and Dr. Charles Boynton. They invited me to attend a meeting of the Council at 2 P.M. and I did so. Bishop Ch'en, in whose house I had lived when I first reached Chungking three years ago, was also present. He is head of the branch committee of the Council in West China and gave an interesting account of the work in that part of the country. The Council voted to send a cable to America urging all missionaries who could to return to China as soon as possible to assist in Relief and Rehabilitation work. Dr. Chiang, who is head of the CNRRA, which will administer a large part of the UNRRA funds in China, had written a letter to Dr. Robert Henry of the American Advisory Committee in Chungking asking that such missionaries come back to help with this work. They need not leave their own Board but carry on their regular work and do what they can for Relief and Rehabilitation. This ought to facilitate transportation for many who are waiting to return to China.

THANK YOU, GOD.

This is Thanksgiving month, and when has there been so much reason for giving thanks to God? Plans have already been made for a Thanksgiving Service here in Shanghai and Dr. Boynton will give the main address. (I learned while living at his house a few days ago that his father and mine were born in the same little town of Waitsfield, Vermont. Although he came to China ten years before I did, he is still going strong, though he and his wife have just come out of a Japanese civilian camp where they have been for two and a half years.) I expect to be on the Pacific Thanksgiving Day and that will be a good reason for being grateful, even if the sea should decide to be rough. Months ago I said that I would like to go home via Shanghai and the Pacific, but had little hope then that it would be possible, forgetting for the moment that "all things are possible with God."

There are some 20,000 Jewish refugees from Europe here in Shanghai, and a few weeks ago a Jewish chaplain, Rabbi Fine, arrived in Shanghai from West China where he had been serving the Fourteenth Air Force. He was on his way home, but when he learned of the large

number of his own people there he arranged to be released from the Army and remained in Shanghai to serve his brethren. Among the 20,000 were about 400 students and professors from a Jewish Seminary who had walked hundreds of miles to get to China from Europe. Rabbi Fine was asked to address this group and as he was still in his army uniform he apologized for appearing before a religious body in military uniform. After he had spoken a bearded patriarch got up and said that it was not necessary to apologize for appearing before them in a military uniform, for, said he, "This war has been God's way of destroying evil that His work may go forward." Whatever may be the true explanation of God's relation to war, let us not forget that God does have His plan for a better world, and He does work out His plan in history. He can succeed only if He has the cooperation of mankind and we should be grateful for the opportunity of work with such a partner in trying to make better living conditions for mankind.

THANK YOU, EVERYBODY.

I am finishing this December 15 at Auburndale, Massachusetts, where I landed last night. We had a rather hard trip across the Pacific on an old 6,000-ton freighter, now transformed into a troop ship. There were about 1400 military people and 120 civilians on board, and those who had not traveled on such a boat before gained some valuable information about the life of millions of men during these past few years. We had to "line up for chow" and slept in beds four or five layers high made of iron frames and pieces of canvas for mattresses.

Fortunately it took us only nineteen days from Shanghai to San Francisco and the only stop we made was to take on some vaccine which a destroyer brought down from the Aleutians. I managed, with the help of the Red Cross, to get a room in a hotel in San Francisco, where I had to remain for five days before I could get transportation across the continent. Trains were late so I did not arrive as early as I expected, but when I got here I found Mary and Elizabeth in one of the missionary residences which we can have for a few days. James arrived from Philadelphia about three hours after I did, and we expect Harold from New York tonight. If we had a Hallelujah Chorus record it would be a fitting time to play it, but whether we have any music or not I am sure we will all be most grateful for the family reunion, the first in over four years.

As we approach the Christmas Season and look forward to the New Year I lift my heart, my head and my hand with these words: "Thank you, God. Here's my hand," and wait joyfully for the interesting future that I believe lies ahead.

H. W. Robinson

POSTSCRIPT by Mary, December 16, 1945.

This week-end has been one for which the Robinsons are truly thankful. For many months we have been saying, "Family reunion at Christmas," but deep down in our hearts we have wondered if it would be possible, even though all of us worked toward that goal. With that in mind I decided not to return to Lesley College where I spent such happy and interesting months last year; and to fill in my time I have been working in the archives of the American Board, filing and

preparing for binding old letters from missionaries to the Woman's Board of Missions. Those letters, written from the four corners of the earth, from 1870-1900, revealing the deep devotion and sacrifice of the writers, have been a real inspiration.

I had the joy of attending Wellesley commencement festivities in May, when James and I saw Elizabeth graduate. Soon after that important event she and I moved to the International Student Center in Cambridge, where the Lawrence Meads, formerly of Yenching University, China, keep open house for students of all nationalities in the Greater Boston area. Elizabeth took a position at the Fogg Museum, and we had a delightful summer. She has demonstrated internationalism by becoming engaged to Mr. Nisso Aladjem, a Bulgarian. He is a graduate of the University of Illinois and is working in Boston as a structural engineer. During the fall and winter we have been at Walker Missionary Home in Auburndale.

Early in July James completed his internship at the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia, and received his first navy assignment to a large naval hospital in St. Albans, New York where he had duty until December first. He now has been assigned to the USS Mispillion, A O which probably will be commissioned this month, and he will begin his duties as medical officer.

Harold was with the Third Fleet for more than 25 months of sea duty. His destroyer, the Lansdowne, one of three which served as taxis in Tokyo Bay during the surrender ceremonies, carried the Japanese signatories to the Missouri. He left Japan in October, and docked in Brooklyn on December 6, having come via Singapore, Colombo and Capetown. He telephoned to me from New York about eleven that night, and it seemed that I had only fallen asleep when I heard someone at my door saying, "San Francisco calling." I ran upstairs to call Elizabeth, and she in her sleepy haste almost fell downstairs, but at 3:30 a.m. December 7, we had a three-way conversation with her father who had arrived from Sian, Peking, Tientsin, Shanghai. Were we thrilled! Now our dreams have been realized -- possibly we shall not be together Christmas, for James is not sure of his plans, but we have had this wonderful week-end. Though we are not certain of the future, Pa and Ma expect to go to China in the late summer; the two sons, being doctors, probably will not be released from duty in the Navy for some months. No date has been set for Elizabeth's wedding, but we are looking forward to welcoming Nisso as a member of the family.

All of us wish all of you a truly happy Christmas and a year filled with contentment.

Dear Mabel Thompson

Mary E. Robinson

I'm wishing a joyful Christmas for you and yours, and will you extend my greetings to the F.M.D.C. and the Auxiliary -- is there one now? I think of those groups often and remember the good times with them. If and when we go to China, we



probably will sail from the west coast,
and shall hope to see you.

We have had a wonderful snow storm
and I look out on a beautiful
white world.

Sincerely

Mary S. Robinson

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... of his first list for more than 25 months of ser-
vice. His father, the landowner, one of three who served as
taxi in Tokyo for 20 years, the surrender certificates, carried the
Japanese authorities to the masses. He left Japan in October, and
boarded in Hiroshima on September 6, having come via Osaka, Kobe
and Osetown. He was sent to a prison in New York City, where he
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All of us wish all of you a truly happy Christmas and a year
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Mary S. Robinson

Dear Mother & Tempson

I am wishing a joyful
Christmas for you and yours, and
your return to the U.S.A. and
the ...
the ...
the ...
the ...