

THE CHINESE CHIMES

Fellowship Number

337 Carroll Park W., Long Beach, California

March, 1942

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Explanation:

Since copies of this "issue" will be going to new "subscribers" let me explain that the Robinsons have been ringing the Chimes for many years, especially at Christmas time. It seems to us that there is altogether too little harmony in the world and we want to do our bit to increase it. Confucius is reported to have said that when music and courtesy are better understood and appreciated there will be no more war.

How Silently. How Silently.

The Chinese Chimes rang so silently last Christmas that you didn't hear them, at least not with the outer ear. Mary and I were in Long Beach, grateful that we could be together, and grateful that since our children could not be with us (It was the first time in twenty-three years that we had celebrated Christmas together with no children) they could be together in the east. They had a grand time for a few days in Auburndale, Mass., and then went to Brooklyn, N. Y., for some more enjoyable days. Later James spent some time with his roommate, Elizabeth went to New Hampshire with a college friend and Harold returned to his work at Harvard Medical. Their common pleasure brought joy to us, but we did not feel that we had a suitable tune for the Chimes, so did not "go to press". We wrote more joint Christmas notes than ever before and the echoes that came back to us have brought music to our souls.

One reason why we did not ring the Chimes at Christmas is that we were using all our energy listening. Listening for some good news from our colleagues in China and the Philippines to whom we had usually sent copies of our sheet. We were also listening, as we have never listened before, for an answer to our prayer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" We are still listening, and while it was good to hear that our friends in China are well treated in their homes, most of the time all that we hear is "How silently, how silently". We try to be patient as we remember that it was not until the wind, the earthquake and the fire had passed by that Elijah heard the still small voice.

Fellowship Along The Way.

When it was discovered last August that Mary had a duodenal ulcer it seemed best for me to cancel my booking for China October 10. As the State Department would not give her a passport, she had planned to go as far as Long Beach with me and remain there with her father. Since her illness prevented me from starting for China as planned, it now appears like a blessing in disguise. But for that I might now be fellowshipping with others in Manila, Hong Kong, or some other place along the way, perhaps in Davy Jones' Locker.

HARTFORD: On October 23 Mary was well enough for us to start driving across the continent. We had a wonderful three weeks visiting friends, many of whom we had known in China. At Hartford we had supper with Anna and Jonathan Leete, and spent the night in the guest room at Hartford Seminary where we visited with Grace Matthews, Pansy Leuders, Mrs. Leitzel, Prof. and Mrs. Hodous. We were sorry that we could not see more of our friends in that lovely spot but we had Sunday engagements in Akron, Ohio, which necessitated our moving along. As we drove through Connecticut we were glad that so much of the autumn foliage was still on the trees. In this fellowship with nature our hearts leaped up as we beheld the rainbow in the *wood*.

AKRON: As foreign representatives of the First Congregational Church of Akron it was good to renew our contacts there and we had delightful fellowship in the homes of some of the church members, as well as at the Sunday church services. The rightly famous choir of that church lived up to its reputation and we felt honored to represent such a church.

In the congregation to which I spoke Sunday morning was the principal of Central High School who invited me to speak to his students Monday morning. I was glad to do so and closed my remarks to the 1500 students by saying that if they wanted to do something for China they might contribute to United China Relief. The president of the Student Council, an attractive Senior girl, stepped to the platform and presented me with a check for \$15.00 (one cent for each student) to be used for work in China. The check had been written before I began to speak, and the students didn't know what I was going to say, but I was glad that I had closed as I did.

CLEVELAND: From Akron we drove to Cleveland where we spent the night with our Paofu friends, Altie Galt and her two daughters, Edith and Faith. Another Paofu friend, Martha Wylie, came in and had supper with us. The next day we called on Mrs. Ewing and her two daughters. It was good to see these missionary mothers enjoying the fellowship of their daughters.

OBERLIN: Our next stop was at Oberlin, where we were royally entertained by Dorothy Moyer and her three daughters. Word had just arrived that Ray had reached Peking and I told them that I was going to write and address him as "Grand Father", since he has three "Grand Daughters". I didn't write, since I didn't know where to send the letter but I hope he has received my mental messages which have gone to Hong Kong, where he was trying to get a plane for west China when the storm hit that island. We also saw in Oberlin the Phil Duttons, Gladys Hubbard, Prof. and Mrs. Hartson (Mrs. H. is Alice Reed's sister), Mrs. Roger Arnold and Thomas Chu. The latter was meeting with much success in promoting World Citizen Associations, while his wife, a native of Scotland, was teaching English to Chinese students in the Oberlin Academy in West China.

CINCINNATI: Although it took us somewhat out of our way we drove to Wyoming, Ohio, just north of Cincinnati, to visit more Paofu friends, Marion Whallon and her sons. Harry is a student in the University of Cincinnati, Jimmy is in the Wyoming High School, and Dan is following in the footsteps of his father at Hanover College, Hanover, Indiana. President Parker was formerly a missionary in Tsinan, as was

Lyman Cady who is also a teacher in the college. I talked with Lyman on the phone and had the Cadys been at home we would have driven even farther out of our way to visit them. They were leaving the next morning for Oberlin and we did not get to see them. Marion had a pleasant surprise for us when we arrived by having Dr. Maude Mackey, our former Paofu physician, as a guest when we were there.

PEORIA: This was our next destination and we stopped with our Paofu, and T'ungchow, friends, the Hunters. We did not see Bob, who is at Swarthmore, nor Jean, who is at Knox. Jim, Maude and Phyllis had just returned from an enjoyable month in Evanston, and Maude was busy with her work as Director of Religious Education in the Peoria Federated Church. We attended some interesting meetings in that church conducted by a secretary and some missionaries of the Presbyterian Board. One of the missionaries was Dr. Kepler, whom we knew in China.

Another interesting meeting in Peoria was the Fellowship Supper held at the Y. W. C. A. It is an annual community affair and each year some group acts as host. This year it was a Jewish Charity Society. There were over 300 people present and much to our surprise roast pork was a part of the menu. So far as we could see the hosts enjoyed it as much as the Gentiles. Dr. Paul Douglas was the speaker of the evening and it seemed to us that such Fellowship Suppers might well be introduced in other cities where they are not now held.

COLCHESTER: The day we left Peoria was the only rainy day we had on our 3800 mile drive. We drove only eighty miles from Peoria to Colchester, where we visited Mary's aunt, a half sister of her mother. We saw the house where the two sisters were born and it was in that region that Mary's father had grown up. Although Mary and her aunt had not seen one another for nearly forty years the two families seemed to "fit" together very nicely and they invited us to remain a week. It was a genuine invitation and we would have enjoyed seeing more of them but since we had not arranged to have mail sent anywhere between Peoria and Long Beach we were anxious to be on the way.

ELK CITY: Saturday night we found ourselves in Elk City, Oklahoma, where we got a comfortable room in an auto camp. We planned to remain for a church service on Sunday but did not know what church to attend. Though there was no Congregational church we followed a sign directing us to the Presbyterian church. When we reached the parsonage, we found the pastor, Dr. Clagett, preparing his Armistice Day sermon. Although he and Mrs. Clagett had never heard of us they were most cordial and even invited us to spend the night with them. Since we had already engaged the other room we declined, but they seemed persistent in seeing more of us for Dr. Clagett invited me to speak at his church the next morning and his wife asked Mary to speak to her adult Bible class. We did accept those invitations, and I also spoke to the Sunday school as a whole. The people in the church were just as cordial as the Clagetts and after church we enjoyed a home-cooked chicken dinner at the parsonage. As we left those newly made friends in a strange city we wondered whether Christian Fellowship isn't often around us without our being conscious of it. When we stick out our hands, instead of our necks, we are likely to find that there in the dark is another Christian hand ready to be grasped, and those hands

are like "fuses" uniting dead ends of charged wires. It is good to have fellowship with old friends but unless we have fellowship with new friends we are missing an important part of our heritage, Christian Fellowship. Why not more interdenominational Fellowship?

ALBUQUERQUE: Our next stop was one to which we had been looking forward with much anticipation. Twenty-five years ago we spent our first year in China as a three-family household, one of the families being Lee and Freida Miles who are now living in Albuquerque and whom we had not seen for about ten years. We knew that Lee is terribly busy in his work at the Lovelace Clinic but we found that the day after we arrived he had a half holiday. His sister, as well as the Miles' second daughter, Carolyn, and her husband, Douglas, and the youngest daughter, were living together but they had room to take us in and kept us longer than we had expected to stay. On Lee's half holiday we of the older generation set out to drive to the top of some nearby mountains but before we reached the top we found several inches of snow in the road and several cars stalled. We helped them get turned around and joined the procession down the mountain. Mary and I had wondered when we set out from New England whether we might meet up with a snow storm, but we never dreamed that it would be in New Mexico.

The next day Lee had to return to work but Carolyn and Douglas took the rest of us to the Jemez Indian village to attend their annual Corn Dance. It was only about fifty miles north of Albuquerque but it seemed almost like a visit to another country. It was quite different from anything we had ever seen in America, and the adobe houses with Indian corn drying on the flat roofs looked more like North China than America. There is more color in the Indian corn than one sees in China, where it is a golden yellow, and the bright red chili peppers were more plentiful than in China. The brilliant blankets and the colored hair bands which the Indians wore were new to us, but there was the same hospitality that we found in China. We visited the home of a young Indian whom Carolyn and Douglas had known in the University of New Mexico and he invited us all to sit down and eat chili. Mary, Lee's sister, and I thought that it was too large a group, so we returned to the car. The rest of them enjoyed the chili and were licking their lips and saying how good it was when they rejoined us. Hospitality is a synonym for fellowship, isn't it?

In the dance that followed it seemed as though the prime motif was fellowship. It began with a religious ceremony in the kiva where the men and women dancers prepared for the dance. Not only did they seem to enjoy themselves dancing together, and we entered into their enjoyment, but there was real fellowship with the Great Spirit. The singing, which was accompanied with much gesticulating, plainly revealed the reality of religion in the dance. We felt it even though we could not understand the words.

On our way to that village we learned of a wealthy Indian in the Navajo tribe, living farther to the west, who was known as the Rockefeller of the Navajos. He usually is known as Chee Dodge and is looked up to throughout that region as the great man of his tribe. Because of her interest in the Indians Carolyn wore a Navajo costume and had her beautiful red hair done up in the style that their women use. As we were watching the dancing, a

white haired Indian came along and asked Carolyn if she was a Navajo. When she said "No", he replied, "I am. My name is Chee Dodge". Douglas and Carolyn had known his nephew in the University where he drove around in an expensive auto which Uncle Chee had presented to him. We were introduced and had a very friendly chat. Chee Dodge's grandmother had been carried away from the Jemez tribe when they were defeated by the Navajos. Recently I read in the newspaper that Chee Dodge had bought \$20,000 worth of Defense Bonds and had advised that everybody buy all that he possibly can. I don't suppose that he realizes how much it meant to us "white folk" to have him speak to us in such a natural friendly manner, but do any of us know how much our friendliness may mean to strangers along the way? Such simple acts between human beings, especially when they be of different races, are the substance of which fellowship consists.

But I must get on, as we had to get on from Albuquerque. It was indeed a pleasure to renew our contacts with those good friends who had shared with us the struggle with the Chinese language, and with whom we exchanged stories and life's experiences twenty-five years ago. Many things have happened to them, to us, to China, and to the world of which we are all a part, since those days, but the changes have but added to the value of Christian Fellowship. We are bound closer and closer together as the world falls more and more apart.

THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO: Our next experience in fellowship cannot be expressed in words. Those of you who have experienced it will know what I mean, and to the rest of you I can only say, join the happy throng who have had Fellowship with Nature at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. We had never been there before, and how little we had grasped the significance of the place. We were thrilled not only by the beauty of color, and the enormity of the canyon, but also by the gigantic engineering feat that has been going on there for millions of years. While the earth's crust of that region has been gradually raised up it has also been worn down, but the mighty river has kept its level by cutting through the moving crust, as a circular saw cuts through a moving log. In order to accomplish this great task the river has had to carry a million tons, or more, a day, of gravel, sand and rock, which serves as the "cutting edge" of this mammoth tool.

BOULDER DAM: After that great sight we drove to Boulder Dam where we saw what man can do when he cooperates with Nature. The valley and the water were there long before man arrived but it was no simple task to redirect that mighty stream while a 728 foot wall of concrete was built across its path. The cities in Southern California, as well as in other areas, are now lighted, and the machines are driven, by the electric power from Boulder Dam. But electricity is only a by-product of that dam. The chief purpose in building it was to protect the people in the southern part of the valley when the Colorado puts on a real water show.

RIVERSIDE: Our last stop before reaching Long Beach, was Riverside, California, where we called on Mrs. Frank Cary from Japan. Having seen so many friends from China we were glad that we could also renew contact with one from that other country, for there is great need these days to streng-

then every possible tie between America and the Island Empire. Mrs. Cary is helping along that line by working in a Japanese church in Riverside. One of the tragic things about aliens in this part of the country is that many of them are not citizens through no fault of their own. The laws of this land prevent them from becoming citizens.

California Fellowship.

Since we reached Long Beach, November 23, our lives have been enriched by meeting many friends in this region, many of whom we knew in China. December 7 we were with Mark and Mildred Wheeler, formerly of Paofu, and of Tchow, when the staggering news of Pearl Harbor came over the radio. Since we had to receive such news we were glad that we could be with such understanding friends as the Wheelers are. The day before we had lunch with Mary Kinney in San Diego and had called on Will and Mrs. Crawford, where Will is doing a fine job as superintendent of San Diego's schools. On another trip we visited the Scudders in Claremont and met several China friends there, as well as my former teacher at Union, Dr. George Albert Coe. We have visited Clara Wolfe twice in Santa Ana, and the last time we found Steve and Mrs. Pyle of the Union Church of Peking there. Steve was a classmate in Union. Twice we have called on the James McCanns in Costa Mesa, and once on Flora McCann and her three children at Newport Beach. We drove to Glendale one day to see Edith Clack, a former Paofu neighbor, but who is now living in Alma, Michigan. She was here on the Pacific Coast visiting her daughter, Constance, who was hoping to join her newspaper husband in west China. Later we attended the wedding of Mary's college roommate, Mrs. Victor Shawe, who flew down from Berkeley for the event. When we met the groom's father I learned that he is the cousin of a former college professor of mine and the nephew of the president of Union when I was there. Another cousin of this man was a teacher in Wellesley, where our daughter is now a student. What an interesting place this strange world is when we get to know the people in it. Perhaps one way to help solve the problems of today is to get better acquainted with strangers so we can learn how much we have in common. One of the longest spans of neglected friendships was bridged when we called on Leora Worthington in Los Angeles. We had not seen her since she attended our wedding, twenty-five years ago.

A Real Fellowship Service:

When we met the Pyles in Santa Ana Steve told us that he was planning a Peking Union Church Get-together in Pasadena, February 8. Mary and I drove over in the morning and came back that evening. At the Twizzle Twig Restaurant fourteen of us from North China had lunch together and later we joined about 35 more at a nearby Baptist church for a social hour, sharing letters from China (No recent ones, of course), recalling the names of Union Church members known to be in Peking, and some not members of that church, and listening to news that anyone had to offer. Mrs. Lawrence Todnem told us that her husband, and Mr. Fuller of the Methodist Mission, had only a few days before that sailed from the Atlantic coast for west China, via Africa. We hope that they get there. It was reported that Mrs. Stelle had received word from Charles that he had

reached Chengtu from Fukien and was hoping to return to America.

At four o'clock we retired to the church chapel for a Communion (Fellowship) Service, with special intercessory prayer for our friends in China. Steve conducted the service, Mr. Cunningham (Paofu) led in prayer, Jesse Wolfe and Harned Hoose passed the elements, and I spoke on Christian Fellowship. It was the preparation for that service that prompted this issue of the Chimes. This unique bond of Christian Fellowship appeared on earth nineteen hundred years ago, when the little group of followers of Jesus, our Spiritual Forbears, became united by that new force in human relations. From that little group the Fellowship has grown and expanded until today it includes members in every class, color, tongue, nationality and race. The length and breadth of the Fellowship reaches to the ends of the earth, while its depths and height includes not only those in past ages who have suffered and sacrificed that we might have a better world in which to live, but also those who will receive from us what we have to pass on to them. The bonds of that Fellowship offer more hope of holding the world together today than any other force known to mankind, and it had its beginning when totalitarianism was trying to unite the world by force. In closing my talk I tried to sum up what I had outlined in a paraphrase that came to me as I pondered on the theme: Twenty minus one centuries ago our Spiritual Forbears brought forth on this planet a new Fellowship, conceived in faith and dedicated to the proposition that mankind is one. Now we are engaged in a great planetary war, testing whether that Fellowship, or any Fellowship so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met to celebrate the Holy Communion of that Fellowship and we gather in the presence of kindred spirits from the four corners of the earth. We are met in the presence of Almighty God, whose help we greatly need, and relying and trusting in his strength and wisdom we dedicate ourselves anew to the unfinished task of making real the answer of the prayer of Jesus, "That they may be one, as we are". We here highly resolve that Christian Fellowship shall not perish from the earth.

Future Fellowship.

My plans for the future are still unformed. I have written the American Board that I am willing to return to China if they can arrange passports and transportation. I cannot return to my former field of labor and the Board is investigating the possibility of going to west China via the Atlantic and India. The probability of executing such a plan seems to me so slight that I am now in Berkeley where I am studying at the Pacific School of Religion the rest of the school year. I find that there are many former friends of Union Seminary in this locality and I have greatly enjoyed a Pastoral Conference attended by more than 100 ministers of several denominations. The fellowship was of a high type.

Mary is remaining in Long Beach with her eighty-eight-year old father. He is nearly blind but in other respects he is physically remarkably well for a man of his age.

Motif of This Tune.

The tune is already too long but unless I point out the purpose of it you may not guess what it is. While attending a conference recently in Los

Angeles conducted by the Federal Council of Churches the most significant statement that I heard was made by Dr. Van Kirk at the closing meeting. He said in substance "We are all agreed that the world must become united after this war if we are to have a just and durable peace." "If," said he, "*the church is going to demand that the world become united, it is reasonable for the world to demand that the church do the same.*" Isn't that something to think about? Not only to think about, but to act upon? With more than 200 sects and denominations in the Protestant part of the Church what are you and I going to do about it?

Perhaps it is too much to expect that the Church will become united with a common creed, or with one organization for all its branches, and yet these are days when nothing is impossible. The Protestants in Japan are now united in one organization and are working out a common creed. The National Christian Council of Japan now includes Roman Catholics and Greek Catholics, as well as Protestants, according to a statement I recently saw. Let us not forget that the Church, throughout the world, is already united in Christian Fellowship. Now as never before you and I must do what we can to keep that integrating force functioning in this world of disintegration. Now as never before we should "Expect great things of God and attempt great things for God".

Listen!

Hello! Are you there? I thought you were. How about it? Let's do our bit for spiritual defense by promoting Christian Fellowship.

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Listen Again, Listen to the Echo!

While this sheet has been unavoidably delayed at the printers, more good news has come from North China. Among other items it was reported that reorganization of religious bodies is proceeding. A Union Protestant body has been organized for North China with headquarters in Peking, following in general the lines foreseen by the church in Japan.

Found At Last.

The school janitor who had to erase from the blackboard "Find the L. C. D." day after day finally remarked, "Haven't they found that blamed thing yet? It's been lost for a long time." Those of us who remember our grade school arithmetic will recall that when we had fractions to be united, or integrated, we first had to find the Lowest Common Denominator. Nations and denominations may well be considered as fractions (improper fractions, perhaps) and they very much need to be integrated. What is the Lowest Common Denominator of Nations and Denominations? As near as I can figure it out it must be SIN. It is common to them all and can you think of anything lower? If we would spend more time thinking about our own sins, instead of the sins of others, there might be some hope that nations and denominations will eventually become integrated.

H. W. ROBINSON.