

10. "Welcome to a New World"

We left by train in late February west bound to San Francisco. We traveled first from Dayton to Chicago. Then we changed trains in Chicago for our westward journey. We had decided on train travel since we were carrying much luggage for our family of five. We had a sleeper which at least provided privacy. It was tight quarters for the five of us, but we were building ourselves up for the small quarters we would face for almost two weeks on the President Wilson.

Snow was still on the ground as we traveled across the prairies of the Mid-West. We passed endless miles of open space without seeing human life. Johanna who was not yet five months old needed the constant attention of Eunice. My imagination was stretched to the limits keeping three and a half year old Scott and one and a half year old Kerry engaged and in good spirits. There are only so many walks one can take back and forth through the cars of a train. We were bone weary by the time our train rolled into San Francisco.

It was my first time on the West Coast so the city was a refreshing change from the cities of the East. Reservations had been made for us at a second class hotel for the few days we would wait until we boarded the President Wilson. At least there was more space in our hotel room than we had had on the train. We were expected at the offices of the Mission Board in San Francisco to check on last minute arrangements and accommodations in Japan where we would disembark. I had already been notified by Henry Jones, the industrial missionary in Japan, that I was expected to be at an industrial evangelism conference in Ito, Japan, a train ride south of Tokyo. Arrangements had been made for the family to stay at the Shiba Park Hotel in Tokyo while I was away in Ito.

The day came for our boarding the President Wilson. We arrived at the dock with our belongings. Crowds of people were seeing off friends and family. We struggled up the gangway with our luggage, Eunice carrying Johanna, I guiding Kerry along the way with one hand and carrying luggage in the other. Scott carried a small bag. We had additional help from a porter who helped us pile up our bags in one corner of the deck. We next had to identify the number of

our stateroom and the deck. We were downstairs in the second class accommodations. We found our room and threw open the door. It was a few square feet larger than the room we had had on the train. I moaned thinking of two weeks of close quarters with three active children. On a ship we at least had the decks and the open air of the sea to use up some of their energy. Scott and Kerry took to their new environment with a great deal of excitement. This was another adventure for them. They were getting used to our continual change of scenery. They had been at this now since July and had been in eight different living spaces since that time.

We got our bags unpacked and clothes stashed away in the drawers and small closet allowed for our hanging items. The loud speaker suddenly boomed: "Last call! All ashore who's going ashore." I took Scott and Kerry up on deck and we watched the last visitors leave the ship. We stood at the railing as the anchor was hoisted and the ship slowly pulled away from the dock. People at the ship's railings waved their final good-byes to those standing on the dock below. Tug boats latched on to the guide ropes as the President Wilson was pulled out into the Bay and finally under its own power moved away from the skyline of San Francisco. We all made our promenade around the decks, past the swimming pool, through the ballroom and the children's play area. Scott and Kerry were on a high, the noise of the engines and the motion of the ship gliding through the water had given them a feeling of euphoria. We finally headed back to our tight quarters and every one went down for a nap.

Our next call was for dinner. Our family was assigned a table for the duration of our sea voyage. This would become one of our more familiar places for the next two weeks. We sat down to our round shaped table. Scott and Kerry were given red checkered bibs to match the tablecloth. Johanna had her own high chair, but since she was not yet sitting up by herself, she needed to be continually propped up. Our waiter was a friendly Filipino who enjoyed the children. He was pleased that we were bound for the Philippines. He would serve us during the voyage. The children took to this new setting. We felt like we had an established place for the first time since we left Dayton. The food was delicious and was one of the best parts of our trip across the Pacific.

We still had to make one stop Stateside, down the California coast in Long Beach. It was a quick stop to pick up additional cargo. Then we headed west toward Hawaii. We left Long Beach late in the afternoon and within two hours we hit rough seas. This, I was told, was natural for this part of the coastal waters off southern California. It was the worst heaving and churning we were to feel during the whole journey. It was also the only time I felt seasick during the voyage. The word was: "Lie down and try to sleep through the rough seas." That was good advice. When I got up in the morning, the seas were calm and so was my stomach.

We made quick passage to Hawaii. The railings were filled with people as we saw the islands off in the distance. We sailed past the low-lying hills of Oahu Island. Both Scott and Kerry stood on the second rung of the railings as the ship glided through the waters past the shoreline of Hawaii. There was a sense of security seeing land so close. We were guided into Honolulu harbor as the Sun broke through the low-lying clouds. Eunice had written her cousin Peggy Place, her Aunt Eva's daughter, that we would be stopping in Honolulu on our way to Japan. Aunt Eva was the sister of Eunice's father, Pete Blanchard. Peggy Place was married to Richard Place who was an urban planner in Honolulu. After we had docked, the Places located us in our stateroom. Eunice had not seen her cousin for many years. Dick and Peggy greeted us as if it had been only yesterday. In the short time we had in Hawaii, they decided to take us to their home on the other side of Oahu. It was a scenic drive. As we moved away from the heavily tourist-oriented Honolulu beaches we drove through the downtown commercial section and past the residential areas and onto a road that wove around the island. We left major settlement behind and entered into a rich, lush green landscape. The air seemed to become lighter as we drove around the back of the island. I imagined the Philippines with the same kind of scenery. We reached their home - a retreat in the midst of the green profusion. It was a wonderful place and refreshing after the closed-in environment of the President Wilson. Our visit ended too quickly. There had been much remembering about family and making connections with events in the past. I talked to Dick Place about his work in urban planning with the Honolulu government. The Places set out a snack of Hawaiian fruit and when we finished we were on our way back to the ship. It was just the break we needed in preparation for our long journey across the rest of the Pacific.

We were back on the President Wilson as the darkness descended. We waved our last farewell to Dick and Peggy Place as they descended the gangplank. We stood by the rail as an Hawaiian combo on the dock played the songs of the islands. The ship moved away from the brightly lighted dock and out into the darkness of the ocean. We turned in early that night. The children were exhausted from a full day of color and excitement.

There were many things to do in the crossing of the Pacific. There was a children's program which gave us a respite from twenty-four hour attention. Johanna still needed constant care, except when she went down for her nap. Then Eunice had her break to play in the water with Scott and Kerry. We took time to engage in shuffleboard matches. The passage was peaceful as one day passed into another. Standing by the rail watching the waves breaking on the endless ocean became mesmerizing. One hoped for sight of porpoises or perhaps even a whale in the vast expanse. One of the breaks came halfway through the voyage, when ceremonies were held for the crossing of the date line. Watches and clocks were suddenly to be reset. We would gain a day.

We were now about one day out from Yokohama, the port where we would be landing in Japan. We began to get all our belongings together. Even in our small space we had made good use of every available corner. Scott and Kerry had picked up on our excitement. They were helpful in getting their things and putting them in their bags, even if haphazardly. We had our last delicious dinner the night before we were to arrive in Yokohama port. We bid our Filipino waiter good-bye with many thanks for serving us so well on our journey. The children slept soundly our last night. I dozed in and out of a half sleep. My mind was on the arrangements made for our arrival. I worried first about getting from Yokohama to our hotel in Tokyo with our belongings. I thought about the language problem. Would we be understood? I thought about leaving Eunice with the children to attend a three day program set up in Ito, wherever that was. My anticipation and anxiety heightened as we woke to see in the distance, the landfall of Japan. We were about three hours before docking in Yokohama.

We had our bags packed, with an empty bag for last minute items. We took our breakfast as preparation for the day ahead. As we finished breakfast the ship was moving into Yokohama harbor. We stood by the railing to become acquainted with the world we were about to become part of - the world of Asia. We had arrived on a very gray winter day in March. Yokohama matched the color of the day. The wharves, and the cargo on the docks waiting for transshipment, gave a very cold, commercial look to the port area. It was not an inviting scene, but it was one to which I would become quickly accustomed. I could not help thinking about the children and their first impressions of this new world.

The ship made its final approach to the dock allocated for its arrival. Huge ropes were thrown down for securing, the anchor was let down, the gangplank was dropped. We looked down on the faces below. Many were there to welcome passengers leaving the ship in Yokohama. We hoped that somewhere in the crowd would be a person delegated to help us through the next steps on our journey in Japan. As soon as the gangplank was secured, the Japanese customs and immigration officials came on board. We had been told that anyone leaving the ship in Yokohama would have to have their passports checked and any customs cleared before they could leave the ship. While Eunice waited with the children in the room, I stood in line for immigration and customs clearance. It was a perfunctory task since we were only making a stopover in Japan. I already had the confirmation of our Air France flight to Manila. The officials stamped our passports and our customs declaration. We were cleared for our visit.

I went back to our stateroom to assess our next steps with Eunice. I was greeted happily as I came in the door. Eunice excitedly introduced me to Paul Winn who had come to help us get ourselves to the Shiba Park Hotel in Tokyo. Paul Winn was a Presbyterian missionary assigned to the Kyodan - the United Church of Christ in Japan. Henry Jones had asked Paul to assist us in getting to the Shiba Park Hotel. Paul was an affable person who immediately took to our children. The children sensed our relief in Paul's visit and were also more free in their relationship to him. Paul helped us get our luggage off the ship and provided us the transportation we needed to Tokyo. We crammed into his small car, but that was a natural state for us. This was our introduction to miniaturized

culture. The cars appeared half the size of U.S. vehicles and everywhere I traveled I found my size a disadvantage whether in a taxi, a bus or a train.

Yokohama was located on the bay south of Tokyo. Our journey took us through the crowded thoroughfares and streets of Yokohama and on into Tokyo. We looked in amazement at the passing scene. We were engulfed in a language we could not understand. We could not tell where we were going by the street signs. But we trusted that Paul Winn knew the way and would get us finally to the Shiba Park Hotel. Along the way Paul carried on a continual conversation providing us with insights into the Japanese situation, telling us about his and his wife's work, and asking about our own background. Somewhere in the conversation we discovered that Eunice and the Winn's had a family connection. A family line had crossed and they were related. This made our meeting even more friendly.

We finally arrived at the Shiba Park Hotel. It was March 11th. Our Air France reservations to Manila were for March 18th. We had one week in Japan. The Shiba Park was a second class hotel but comfortable and conveniently located. It was good to finally get settled into our two connected rooms. There was more space than we had for the last three weeks of travel. Waiting for me at the desk was a telegram from Henry Jones. It read: "Welcome to a New World - the Far East. Dr. Franklin plans to bring you tomorrow to industrial evangelism conference." "Henry Jones wastes no time." Paul Winn said. As he bid us good-bye, he told Eunice he would be getting in touch again to help us see some of Tokyo.

Henry Jones' telegram had set my agenda. Eunice and I would have less than a full day together. She would be left with the children for three days. We got our things unpacked and put away. We went downstairs to look over the dining room and to review the menu. The menu was in Japanese but with English translations - some very literal. We figured that we could put together meals acceptable to the children. Scott and Kerry were confused by the different people around them. The people spoke a language which they could not understand. We took time with Scott, particularly, to help him understand that we were in a new country, that the people were different and they spoke a

different language. But they were friendly people and they would try to help us. We were not sure how far the message was sinking in.

After supper I had a call from Sam Franklin. He said he would come by the hotel in mid-morning and take me to the Tokyo train station. He arrived as he said and with some apprehension I left Eunice with the children. We headed for the Tokyo station. It was like any other train station, except there seemed to be more people. We bought our tickets for Ito and crowded onto the platform to wait for our train. It was mid-day and the platform was packed with people. Trains came through regularly with people getting off and others getting on. The platform never seemed to be empty. Our train finally arrived and we moved with the crowd toward the doors. There was a pusher on the platform whose only job was to cram people into the train. I was carrying a traveling bag since this was a three day event. We were jammed in the car along with our luggage. It looked like we would be standing all the way to Ito.

I finally had a chance to talk to Sam Franklin. He was a professor of social ethics at Union Seminary in Tokyo. We already had a common base from which to begin. He told me about the Kyodan, the United Church of Japan and about the industrial program and how it was organized. He filled me in on the work of Henry Jones and how effective he had been in pressing the industrial work forward. I also learned about Ito and who I could expect to meet at the industrial evangelism conference. Ito, I learned, was a hot springs spa on the ocean. It was halfway down the coast between Tokyo and Osaka. It was near Hamamatsu a major industrial town south of Tokyo. One of the old time industrial pastors Matsumoto, had a church in Hamamatsu so the meeting was near his church. He also mentioned Masao Takenaka whom he said was a major figure in the industrial evangelism program. He was a professor at the Seminary at Doshisha University in Kyoto. Takenaka was one of the important thinkers in developing the theology which undergirded the work of industrial evangelism. I would also be meeting many of the young pastors who had come under the influence of Masao Takenaka and who were the backbone of the industrial program.

By the time we had reached the Hamamatsu station, I felt that I had a good sketch of the people and the program of industrial evangelism in Japan. We still had to get to Ito which was not far away. We arrived at the hot springs inn at

which the conference was being held just before supper time. Henry Jones was there big as life to greet me. We had been in correspondence since July 1956, but this was our first meeting. Henry was a large bear of a man. He had a large head, bald on the top but framed on both sides with shocks of white hair. His face was almost expressionless, but he had an emphatic way of talking which gave his words importance. He was intensely involved in what he was saying and caught his audience up in his message. He told me that he was happy that I was on the scene. He also said that there was a great gang of people in the Philippines to make industrial mission work happen. Before he was through, a familiar figure came around the corner. Marshal Scott had come to Asia to visit the people and programs which were just getting under way. It was good to see Marshal again after seven years. He told me how happy he was that I was going to the Philippines. How important it was that we were laying a foundation for the churches' work in industry in Asia. Before he was through we got the call for dinner.

Before dinner, I was shown to the room in which I was to sleep. There were no doors to swing open, instead the geisha slid a partition open and Sam Franklin and I stepped into a room lit by natural light. The partitions were all translucent. There were no beds in the room, only mats to sleep on and a heavy comforter to sleep under. This was a new world for me. I was finding intriguing experiences around every corner. Sam Franklin and I set down our bags and we were shown to the room we would take our meals. The room, similar to our bedroom, had been enlarged by pushing the partitions back. Others had already gathered and were seated on pillows on the floor. Low square tables were set around the edge of the room. We took our places at one table. A blessing in Japanese was said, the food was brought in by geishas and soon we were all deeply engaged in eating. Although I had used chopsticks before, this was the beginning of my long romance of learning to eat Japanese and Chinese food at a leisurely pace.

After dinner, Masao Takenaka took over the proceedings. He immediately moved to introductions. Since Marshal Scott was an honored guest, Masao Takenaka began with him. He spoke in Japanese first and then translated himself both for Marshal's sake and for the rest of the non-Japanese speakers. Masao had recently been at Yale Divinity School and had participated in the

Presbyterian Institute of Industrial Relations summer ministers-in-industry program. He acclaimed Marshal for the work he had done through the P.I.I.R. program and told how he was one of the founders of the industrial mission program. He introduced Henry Jones with some affection, both in Japanese and in English, and gave thanks for the ground work he was doing in industrial evangelism in Japan. He asked Henry to introduce me, since I was the only other non-Japanese speaker in the group. He then went around the room, each Japanese speaker introducing himself and Masao Takenaka translating into English. By this time the tables had been cleared and Takenaka got into the gist of the evening discussion.

An historic background paper was given by Takenaka on the background of industrialization in Japan and the early issues which presented themselves in Japanese society. He touched upon the early response of the churches to industrialization, mostly through the work of Kagawa and finally in the post-war period. He described the nature of industrial mission at that moment and then called for responses from the other participants to detail their own work and their thoughts. All this was in Japanese, but Sam Franklin, who was sitting beside me, had been delegated to synopsise for me what was going on. It was a long evening and my mind was filled with many things. After the meeting closed several Japanese, who had English, introduced themselves to me. They expressed appreciation that I was at the meeting and hoped that we would meet again. I also took this chance to talk with Masao Takenaka. He welcomed me to the meeting and said he looked forward to our continuing conversation on the work developing in the Philippines.

I went to bed bone-tired. The weather was still cold outside and I wondered how the rooms were heated. I had seen no visible signs of heating fixtures. I learned that some of the heat was generated from hot coals in large ceramic bowls in the center of the room. The next day I had one of my more traumatic cultural experiences. After the afternoon session I was invited to take a hot bath. This is why we were in Ito - to take advantage of the hot springs. I was given a locker which adjoined the hot baths and was given a towel the size of an ordinary wash cloth. This was to be my only cloth for washing and drying. Henry undressed, hung his clothes in the locker, along with his eyeglasses and went through the doors to the baths. I followed suit and took my postage stamp

towel with me. I kept on my glasses since I needed to see where I was going. I opened the door and walked into hot steam. My glasses clouded over and all I could hear were voices. Mingled among the voices were women's voices. This was a co-ed experience. I quickly retreated back into the locker room. My glasses were no help. I left them in the locker and took a deep breath and groped my way through the steam to the edge of a gargantuan steaming bath tub. I stumbled over a small stool. Henry Jones called out. "You're supposed to wash yourself thoroughly before you come in the tub. There's a bucket beside the stool. Use that to pour the water over you." I dutifully followed instructions. The water seemed boiling hot as it doused myself gingerly. My wash cloth was of little use. I looked for a free corner of the tub and slowly slid into the hot springs. I hit the bottom of the tub and giving a deep gasp, stood still. I looked around to see many amused faces. Fortunately they were all male. "Welcome to Japan." Henry said.

The conference proceeded on for the next two days. Marshal Scott was given opportunity to tell of the development of industrial mission in the United States. It was the one speech in English during the conference. The rest of the proceedings I picked up from Sam Franklin and from Japanese industrial missionaries who told me of their work in English. I took whatever opportunity I had to sit in on conversations which Marshal Scott and Henry Jones might be having with Takenaka. It was a tremendous introduction to the work of industrial evangelism in Japan and I would find that it would be of enormous benefit to my part in the Industrial Evangelism Conference in Manila in 1958.

During a break in the meeting I had an opportunity to walk through the town of Ito and toward the beach. Besides the hot springs, the town was a fishing village. Along the beach were long lines or racks on which hundreds of fish had been filleted and were spread out for drying. The wives of the fisherman were busy tending to the fish and preparing them for market. This was another side of the life of Japan.

We finished up on the morning of the third day, so we could catch the afternoon train back to Tokyo. Sam Franklin several other pastors and I got a ride to the Hamamatsu station. The train was not as crowded going into Tokyo as it had been coming down so we had seats. When we got to Tokyo, Sam gave me

instructions to the Shiba Park Hotel. I arrived in time for supper and to a very relieved Eunice. She had many stories to tell about her adventures with three youngsters in a Japanese hotel.

Her main occupation was heading off cultural misunderstandings. While I was gone, she told me, she had been trying to get in touch with Reg Arvidson so we could plan a meeting while we were in Tokyo. Reg was a friend from Dayton high school days who was serving as a lawyer in the U.S. Army in Japan. After many tries she finally got him on the phone. Johanna, who was lying on the bed, began to cry. One of the maids, who had come in to do her daily clean up chores, picked up Johanna to try to comfort her. Suddenly there was a blood curdling scream and Eunice turned from the phone to see Scott kicking the young Japanese maid. Scott thought she was stealing his sister and had gone on the attack. The maid dropped Johanna on the bed and beat a hasty retreat out of the room. Eunice was distraught. Here she was, called to share God's love with the people of Asia, and her first encounter was a disaster. A friendly Japanese woman advised her not to interfere further or she might get the maid fired. Scott was scared. Kerry was frightened. Johanna was none the worse for the affair.

Eunice was relieved to have me back. The chief amusement for Scott and Kerry while I was gone was playing on the hotel roof garden and feeding the pigeons in the park. She said she knew every pigeon in Shiba Park which was near the hotel. Paul Winn had called to take us on a sightseeing tour on the day before our departure. He brought along his eight year old daughter to amuse Kerry and Scott. We visited the shrines and walked through the carefully sculptured parks in the city. The weather was still cold enough to wear outer coats. The famous cherry blossoms which gave Tokyo its reputation were in bud but would not be in full bloom for another month. Our tour was a good break from the now too familiar face of the Shiba Park Hotel. We stopped for lunch in an awninged shop on a side street. We looked over the menu on the window, which was fortunately translated into English, pondering what to feed Scott and Kerry. When in doubt try soup. We ordered soba a broth with wide Japanese noodles. We hit it lucky. Scott loved the soba. From that day on whenever he traveled he Japan, he knew one meal he would like.

We got back to the hotel and gave a parting farewell to Paul and his daughter. Paul had been a lifesaver in getting us established at the hotel. I went to the desk to get our room key. My eye caught the headline of the English newspaper published in Tokyo. The headline struck me with full force: **Magsaysay of the Philippines killed in an airplane crash in Cebu.** My heart sank. I could not believe what I was reading. He and a number of staff and newspaper reporters had crashed into a mountainside on take-off from the Mactan airport. The Philippines was in shock. Magsaysay had built up a reputation as a problem solver. He had brought peace in Central Luzon after fifteen years of insurgency by the Huk guerrillas. His land resettlement in Mindanao had broken the back of major Huk rank and file action. What would this mean for the country? Would his vice-president Garcia be able to continue his program? What kind of man was he? We would be arriving in Manila at a time of great uncertainty. Who knew what the future would be like?

The next morning we left for the airport in two taxis, since one small Japanese taxi cabs could not hold us and all our luggage. We made for the Air France counter, we had our seats confirmed and our baggage weighed and ticketed. We asked about the Magsaysay death, whether that would have any affect on our arrival in Manila. We were told that the government would be flying Magsaysay's body into the Manila airport from Cebu about the same time as our arrival, so there might be some delays. But they had heard no other news.

We boarded the Air France flight. We had been cleared for Manila on schedule and had an uneventful flight. We arrived in Manila on time and made our approach to the airport. I looked out the window and saw only green below. We passed over fields with different colors of green, some brighter, some darker, some lighter. They were rice fields at different stages of growth. As we got closer to the airport, the roads around the airport were lined with people. We landed and stopped on the tarmac in front of the main building. Kerry insisted on putting on her blue winter coat. I told her it was not going to be cold in the Philippines, but to no avail. The door was opened but we were among the last to leave the plane. We neared the door and as Kerry stepped out onto the platform the heat of the Philippines came at her in a blast. In one motion, she whipped off her winter coat and dragged it in her hand down the steps of the plane. We were here at last. We looked at the crowd peering out the windows inside the

building. We hunted for a friendly face. As we went inside, I caught glimpse of a wave of greeting from the crowd. We were obviously distinguishable - a mother, a father, an infant and two small children. We were hustled off through immigration. Our passports were inspected. All our papers were in order, we were stamped through. Next came customs. We were traveling with only our immediate needs so there was nothing to declare. All of our taxable goods would be arriving by ship and would have to pass customs at that time. We were cleared through customs.

When we got out the gate a Filipino introduced himself to us. He was Nicanor Primavera, who worked for the Philippine Interboard Office. He told us he was happy that we had arrived safely. But he immediately said we would have to move quickly, because the plane with Magsaysay's body was expected to arrive in the next hour. This would tie up all kinds of arrangements. We piled into his car with our belongings and we headed toward the Interboard Guest House which would be our first home in the Philippines. The road from the airport was crowded with people, many of them in mourning. "This is a sad day for the Filipino people," Nicanor Primavera confided. "It will be hard to know what Magsaysay's death will mean. You are arriving at a turning point in Philippine history."