

GILBERT BOWLES

He was a friend and confidant of Statesman and with them helped to influence the course of a nation. Though being at home in the circle of great names, he also identified with the little people, trapped and helpless in the flood of world conflict. As a missionary and world friend, he was an interpreter between East and West. Elliott:1972”47

For almost 60 years, Gilbert Bowles gave himself in the depth and breadth of his inclusive life. In spirit he was not defeated when the second world war drove him from Japan to Hawaii, for peace was for him a way of life which , like a candle, is more clearly seen when the days are dark. Elliott 172:49.

Sketch of Gilbert Bowles Life
Probably Written in 1950's

Childhood, Youth and Young Manhood

I am grateful for my family heritage, through my Father, Ephraim Bowles, and my Mother, Elizabeth Epperson Bowles, who were born, brought up and lived until their mid-years in a Friends community a few miles southwest of Indianapolis, Indiana. With a family of seven children they resettled near Stuart, Iowa, where I was born October 16, 1869.

On the wall of my study, in our Honolulu home, hangs a picture of our next home, the pioneer Kansas log house, as later encased with upright boards, which retells for me the story of my childhood, youth and young manhood. In the dawning light of memory and of retold family stories I can discern the covered wagon carrying Father and Mother, and their five younger children, the four grown ones having been left behind in Iowa and Indiana, to settle on this pioneer farm home in Jewell County, Kansas. One cheerful story of this winter move is that of our young, fat dog, Ring. We five children sat in a circle in the wagon and put our cold feet under and around the dog. This two weeks journey of three hundred miles from Iowa to Kansas ended on the evening of December 31, 1873.

Until the next Spring our family lived in the vacated dug-out of John Green's family. With the help of neighbors my Father was building the log house which, with alterations, was to be our family home for twenty-one years. In this home centering around my Father

and Mother the roots of my later life were nourished. In more ways than one, this home in our growing community was for me the center of the world. I can still feel the later thrill when I learned that the center of the United States was this very Kansas, in which we were living. Later I became conscious that we were four miles from the Kansas-Nebraska line, midway in the State East and West. In the earlier years our nearest Post Office was the small town of Burr Oak, two miles east and four miles and three-quarters south; the nearest railway station was Hastings, Nebraska, sixty miles distant until the Guide Rock bridge over the Republican River straightened the road and brought it twenty miles nearer.

The life center of this pioneer Walnut Creek community into which we had moved was the native log Friends Meeting House. The majority of the families were from Friends' communities near Marshalltown, Iowa. There was no other organized religious group. From the first six years, this log Meeting House and its two successive half-log, half dug-outs, also served as public school buildings.

After the winter in the dug-out, our family, Father and Mother, brothers Lindley (11), Elihu (9), sister Joanna (7), Gilbert (4), Louie (Lucinda, 2) and little George F., born in the dug-out, moved into the new log house, built from timber grown on the banks of nearby West Walnut Creek. Although in later years partitions were put in and a kitchen added, in the beginning this was a one-room house, save for the half-story upstairs store room and boys' bedroom. Between East and West Walnut Creeks lay our farm of 160 acres, the limit for one family under the Government Homestead Law. This provided normally for four families for each square mile.

Through personal memory and repeated stories I can see the following family and community experiences of our first year in Kansas: Father's garden and apple trees surrounding our home, within the square three acre plot, enclosed with rows of young cotton-wood trees from the Republican River, nine miles away; the coming of the hordes of grasshoppers which literally darkened the mid-day sun as they alighted over that whole region, devouring all garden vegetables, the small plantings of corn, and the leaves and bark from our one hundred young apple trees, killing all except seven, one of which became "mine"; the community visit of the "Aid Committee" of Friends from eastern Kansas, with some clothing and other gifts from Iowa Friends, in what became known as the "Grasshopper Year" of 1874; my falling headlong into the small square boxed-in spring one-fourth of a mile from our home, and my timely rescue by my brothers with whom I had come to help carry water for the household; Father's celebration of my fifth birthday by letting me down with rope and windlass in the dirt-box into our new well, then forty feet deep, to the neighbor who continued to dig day after day until an inexhaustible water-vein was struck at seventy-six feet.

The above mentioned spring calls for further comment. It was this perpetual spring, and the Friends Meeting only one mile distant, which led Father, with his plans for stock raising, to choose this farm, somewhat hilly though it was, instead of more level land with no springs or running water and farther away from a Meeting House.

Such pioneer community activities as welcoming new families coming in, men breaking up the prairie sod and growing vegetables and grains were for me as a growing boy often overshadowed by other joys

and sorrows: a man killing a buffalo not far away and dividing the meat among neighbors, including our family; my hunting for beads and flint arrow-points on a large Indian burial mound; collecting buffalo horns or following the deeply worn buffalo paths going down the slopes to our perpetual spring, and my joy in walking nearly a quarter of a mile to meet Father, who was to bring home from Burr Oak my new Third Reader.

Of sorrows, these two left life-long impressions on my memory. One evening my younger sister, Louie, with cup in hand for her evening drink of milk, walked out as usual to meet sister Joanna and me. We were to bring home Piny, our only milk cow, from the place where she had been tethered for the day. But we came back with the sad story that Piny was lying dead, with legs tangled in her lariat rope and neck broken, as she had fallen on the grassy slope.

I hasten to add that within a few days several sympathetic neighbors came with horses and breaking plows and in one day broke up the buffalo-grass sod for what became our twenty-four acre field, our best for growing corn and wheat. At that time prairie breaking was equivalent to money. These neighbors had in reality given our family enough money to buy another cow. Never until this moment had I connected this deep sympathy of our neighbors with two of the most tendering memories of my life -- both of which were connected with this twenty-four acre field on the southwest corner of our farm. My clearcut decision to live the Christian life, when eighteen and a half years old, was made while harrowing young corn on this cherished field, and six and a half years later, the day after receiving the Tokyo letter from Minnie M. Pickett which gave the inner assurance that she would one

day be my wife, I worked digging post holes for making a barbed wire fence around this same field.

One deep sorrow of my child life was the death of my little four-year-old brother, Georgie. One night when little brother's diphtheria suddenly few worse Father started the seven mile horseback ride to Burr Oak to call our nearest doctor. But the doctor's skill was of no avail. Little Georgie soon breathed his last. The only memory I have of Father's weeping was as he stood, with all members of the family grouped around little brother's bed, repeating the Scripture text, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." (Job 1:21). In the South Walnut Creek Friends Cemetery a small head stone marks the burial place of little Georgie.

For four years after our arrival in Kansas we had no relatives nearer than three hundred miles. The four older brothers and sisters were still away in Iowa and Indiana. But one June day when I was eight years old I was in the field with brother Elihu, when a very tall man came walking up. It was brother Levi, thirteen years older than I. He had come from Indiana to settle on a farm near us. That autumn sister Ella, eleven years my senior, came from Iowa and for a few years lived in the parental home, part of the time teaching neighborhood schools, at one period our own Walnut Creek School.

The coming of Levi and Ella stimulated family conversation about other relatives. This made us younger children more conscious of our larger family of uncles, aunts and cousins, mostly living in Iowa and Indiana. When I was nine years old sister Edith, fifteen years my senior, came for a short visit with her husband, William L. Stanton, their two-year-old son, Alva, also my maternal Grandmother, Edith

Epperson Hawkins, and cousin Amanda Parnell, all from near Bridgeport, Indiana. This was not far from where my parents had lived most of their lives until they moved to Iowa, three years before I was born. Levi and Ella coming into our family had seemed to me like messengers from another world, but to have a sister still older, with her husband and little son, and my Mother's Mother and a cousin! The world was growing very fast! And then to hear them all talking and showing photographs of uncles, aunts and cousins, also telling us stories of more distant relatives and old neighbors--this was exciting! My Father's stories reached back to Pasquotank County, North Carolina, where his branch of the Bowles family settled and renewed their connection with Friends. Perhaps we then heard how our great grandfather, David Bowles, a widower with three sons, came from North Carolina and settled on land where a part of the city of Richmond, Indiana now stands.

One exciting memory of the above mentioned visit of sister Edith and family is of our three mile trip to see the skeleton of a super mastodon, temporarily housed in one room of a local farm house. This skeleton had been discovered by a neighbor boy, who stumped his toe on a bit of one protruding tusk. So long as it was kept in this farm home people came from near and far to see the curiosity.

Within the next few years four of my Father's sisters and his only brother, Alfred, with their families, moved from Iowa, also my sister Edith and family from Indiana, and settled in our Walnut Creek and Northbranch Friends neighborhoods, all within four miles of our home. All of these near relatives and several others more distant, also old friends of the family, stayed for shorter or longer periods in our

crowded home, using their covered wagons for the overflow, while they searched for available land. In some ways the greatest excitement was the coming of two of my Father's cousins and their families from Tennessee, for one of them brought a tall Negro man--perhaps the only Negro I ever saw until I was eighteen. These two Tennessee families soon moved on seventy-five miles southwest to Mount Ayre, near Alton, Osborn County. The later exchange of visits between relatives and Friends of Mount Ayr and Walnut Creek was always exciting.

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Until I was eighteen years old, my education was limited to that given in a one room school; for two or three winters we had two teachers for the sixty or seventy pupils, ranging in age from five to twenty. There were two terms a year, but from my ninth year I attended only the winter term. The summer term after I was nine I stayed out of school to hunt ground squirrels, with snares, traps and dog, to keep them from eating the seed corn being planted. I was working near Father or one of my older brothers as they broke the buffalo grass sod for planting the first crop. From my tenth year I worked in the field as a farm hand, according to common custom, from March to November, attending school in the winter months.

Here are a few very special memories of my early school life. There was my great delight in solving one teacher's oral mental arithmetic problems, rapidly given out, such as this, though often much more difficult: "Take seven, square it, subtract five, divide by eleven, square it, multiply by four, divide by eight, subtract eight; answer?". Then there were the experiences of one very stormy day, when because

only a few pupils got to school, the teacher, sister Ella, permitted me, a third reader pupil, to join the fifth reader class, and to spell with the big boys and girls, really young men and women. I vividly remember freezing my feet for the first time, when twelve years old. I chose to walk home nearly two miles from school, one very cold stormy day, with my big brothers, rather than ride home when Father had come with team and wagon to get my sisters and me.

I once puzzled my brain for three weeks in trying to solve all of the "100 Miscellaneous Problems" in Ray's Arithmetic (still in my possession). On one flyleaf of this book I copied pictures of fourteen dogs of various kinds and in various postures. This long wrestle with arithmetic problems doesn't seem to accord with the remembered family story that when five years old I could repeat the multiplication table backward and forward, and could promptly answer any random question, such as 9×12 or 11×8 . In winter evenings we five younger brothers and sisters would often be gathered around our one table, eagerly preparing our lessons for the next day. In geography I well remember learning the five largest cities in the world: London, Pekin (sic), Yedo (later Tokyo) and Constantinople. What excitement there would have been if somebody had assured me that I would spend nearly half my life in one of those five cities.

In my early and middle teens I shared brother Elihu's keen interest in attending evening "Spelling Schools" in our own and other public schools, even those four or five miles distant. Many evenings we spent a home in careful drill for these tests.

Another interesting social and educational community winter gathering was the Literary Society. This included recitations by the

younger members of the community, essays, dialogues and debates, in which older men often took part. The climax of the evening was the "Paper", edited and read in turns by one young man and one young woman. I can see now the colored ribbons which bound the sheets of these interesting papers. Some paragraphs of the paper usually contained humorous, personal notes. I remember this item: "James Jones has bought Ephraim Bowles' old well to but up into post holes for his new pasture fence."

In our pioneer days, with none of the modern conveniences for swift and frequent travel, opportunities for even short journeys, especially for children and young people, were cherished and long remembered. Here is a brief record of some early short journeys which gave me long memories of an expanding world: The lonely four-mile ride of old Prince to the Moore School to bring home the teacher, sister Ella, for the week end; the eighteen mile wagon journey with my Father to Mankato, the county seat, a privilege bought the day before with my zealous weeding of two long rows of beans; the twelve mile ride on the back of Charlie, the half Indian pony, with the anxious fording of the Republican River, to carry special provisions to my Father and older brothers working on the road bed of the Burlington Railway through southern Nebraska; my sixty mile journey via Redcloud, with brother Linny to market a load of wheat at Hastings, Nebraska, and my excited dry on seeing my first remembered locomotive was, "Oh, there goes a carriage without any horses;" the seventy-five mile wagon journey with cousin George Russell when I was fifteen, to visit relatives at Mt. Ayr, Osborne County, and the return with two additional older cousins who persuaded me to try smoking--the nearest I ever got to that habit.

When I was seventeen there was the lone forty mile horseback ride, facing a bad dust storm, at one point so severe my horse suddenly wheeled and faced away from the storm, to a farm near Downs, Mitchell County, to help care for brother Linny. He and brother Elihu were driving some cattle out to their Gove County homesteads when Linny was caught under his falling horse and suffered a broken leg. I remained three weeks in a farm family as Linny's nurse.

The following special educational experiences of my middle teens are deeply fixed in my memory: Attendance two winters at our local Friends School, held in the new sod Conservative Friends Meeting House with brother Levi as the first teacher. One impression of Levi's pacifist teaching comes to mind: In one of my compositions, I described a riot at our local Burr Oak railway station. When a small traveling show, which was being driven out of the town for some misconduct, was leaving the station by its own train, one of the showmen fired a shot into the crowd gathered at the station and wounded the Mayor. To my patriotic statement that "The blood of the Mayor on the station platform calls loudly for revenge," Levi commented that this was not in accord with the teaching of Christ on forgiveness of enemies. Through the stimulus of his first teaching experience Levi carried out his decision to study for some five months at the Friends Boarding School at Barnesville, Ohio, which then seemed to me farther away than Calcutta does today. Levi did not dream that in later years one of his daughters, a niece and a granddaughter would have teaching experience at this Barnesville Friends School.

The following farm experiences are typical of my many others: In the spring after I was eleven I spent lonely days plowing with a yoke of

oxen one-half mile from our home. From that time onward, save for the three winter school months, I worked with my older brothers on our 160 acre farm, or on rented land, from one to three miles distant. We all helped Father in the care of our cattle, hogs, and horses, and in the evening milking, usually after dark. Corn was the major crop in Jewell County, then one of the best corn counties in the State, when the hot winds didn't blow. Within the period of my farm experience we passed through various methods of harvesting wheat and oats, up to the self-binder. In that period when wheat straw and corn stalks were often burned, my task through one long threshing season was to haul away with a one-horse drag the straw as it fell from the threshing machine's straw-carrier, some ten feet from the ground. Daily my eyes were irritated by the chaff and dust falling down over my head. For several weeks of that early winter, I sat much of the time with weeping eyes, awaiting the time when I could go to school. At threshing time no one knew that my eyes would suffer more than a day or two. I was simply doing my part. Out of this experience came the discipline of better care of my eyes and of holding book higher up when reading.

Here are a few memories of my early reading experiences: Reading in a pocket edition of the life of William Penn the story of his Treaty with the Indians. I was reading on horseback while herding cattle as they ate the dry corn stalks, standing and moving about in two or three inches of snow. Eagerly I read and reread the first book, a large one bought with my own money, the price of a pet pig I had raised. This was *The World's Wonders*, with many such historical stories as those of Lt. A.W.Greely's Arctic Explorations and Henry M. Stanley's finding David Livingstone in the wilds of central Africa.

Somewhat later was my reading in Well's Natural Philosophy (a book brother Levi brought back from Barnesville Boarding School) while herding cattle. I have always remembered how to quickly recall the order of the rainbow colors by the word VIB - GYOR --violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red.

The spring after I was seventeen Father told me that if we had a good crop of wheat and corn that summer I might enter in the autumn term Grellett Friends Academy, forty miles away in Mitchell county. A few years earlier, sister Ella had brought back from this Academy wonderful stories and more wonderful text books. But the wheat was very poor that year and the early July hot winds burned up all possibility of a corn crop, and also my hopes of entering Grellett Academy.

The hot winds which closed the doors of Grellett Academy channeled my life into a year of intense intellectual hunger and creative discoveries. The fourteen months from July 1887 to September 1888, covering my eighteenth birthday, gave to me the following creative experiences preparatory to my four years in Northbranch Friends Academy:

1. From July till November, with cousin George Russell, I worked in western Jewell County with a gang of men, each with his own team, in building one section of the road bed of the new Rock Island Railroad to Denver, through our Jewell County and other northern counties of Kansas. A week end at home at the close of the first six weeks work on the railway gave me a new and deeper sense of the tenderness of home life that I had ever felt before. For a part of that autumn, Father also worked on the railway while Mother and sister Joanna ran a temporary

boarding place for the railway workers. Brother Elihu also came from his Grove County homestead to work with us for a while. Before we finished we had worked in Smith and Norton counties. In later years, the last time in 1947, when riding over this Rock Island Line in northern Kansas, I have watched when nearing Jewell County, where I worked longest, hoping to discover the part of the road-bed which I helped to build.

2. After the end of our work on the railroad, near the end of November, brother Elihu and I spent about six weeks husking corn near Harvard, Nebraska, some sixty miles from our home. This was just across the border line into the part of the State where a heavy rain had saved the corn crop at the critical period. In the home of the farmer for whom we husked corn the local school teacher was boarding. In the evenings we eagerly read books from his small library. My favorite was Lossing's Encyclopedia of American History (underlined), for U.S. History was then my favorite subject, following my concentration on Physiology and then Civil Government. With some of our earnings from corn husking we bought two loads of corn, hauled it to Hastings, twelve miles into the region of corn failure, and sold it for a higher price. We then returned to our corn husking and evening studies. In mid-winter we bought two more loads of corn, which we hauled home and sold, most of it for neighborhood seed corn.

For a few weeks of that winter brother and I cut stove-wood on the shares, felling trees on the creek banks of a neighbor. One load of our share I hauled to Guide Rock and sold to buy family groceries.

Near the end of that winter Elihu returned to his Grove County farm, while for three weeks I joined sister Louie in attendance at our

District School. In this I was living up to my desire "to go to school if I get a chance, even for one day".

In the latter part of that intellectually hungry winter, in response to an advertisement, I sent ten cents for a paper covered, revised edition of Todd's Student Manual (underlined), first published some forty years before. Though disappointed on finding this was not a manual of the common branches of learning, I soon found it was much more--a manual of human life and character. The impressions made on my mind by the "eating" and assimilation of that book were so deep that I believe I could today pass a fair examination on the contents of such chapters as Conversation, Reading, Selection of Friends, Choice of Books, the True Object of Life and Discipline of the Heart.

Repeated reading of these last two chapters brought me consciously nearer to my great life decision. I believe this book, rebound in later years, was among our especially cherished possessions which we packed in August, 1941, and placed in a small storeroom in the Tokyo Friends Meeting House for later sending to the United States. They were all burned in May 1945, in fires lighted by American bombs.

In the Spring of 1888, the middle of my eighteenth year, I was at the Turning of Life's Corner. while there was one definite day of decision, there were several other closely related events of every day life. In the past, either one or the other of my sisters nearest me, Joanna or Louie, had always been at home to help Mother with the home work. But this spring, Joanna was teaching and Louie was working in the home of a cousin. On realizing that all the housework for Father, Mother, cousin George Russell, then a member of the family, was falling on Mother, I voluntarily began to help her when farm duties permitted.

I learned to make corn meal mush for supper, initiated myself into dish washing, relearned my boy hood lessons in churning, and became intelligently concerned to help Mother in other ways. Being more with my Mother gave me a deeper understanding of her life and character and a clearer appreciation of her deep but usually unexpressed love for all her children. That love, outgoing to all people near and far, once responded to a neighbor woman's desire to exchange a poor hen for a fat one - for unexpected guests had just arrived.

Another new experience for me was learning to eat turnips and gravy. Until that year I had always imagined I didn't like turnips so never tasted them. In the previous summer we had little wheat, no corn, and no common vegetables. But August rains had blessed Father's faithful sowing of a large turnip patch, no doubt after quoting his annual reminder, "The twenty-fifth of July, Sow your turnips wet or dry." With almost no other vegetables, and a shortage of other foods, by sheer act of will I soon learned to like turnips. I also relearned to like common gravy, against which some unpleasant experiences had turned me, and patient Mother had for some years made daily special cream gravy for me. To others these things may seem trivial, but they were not so to me; they marked a changing attitude toward life and toward people.

Eagerly that same spring came the reading of a new edition of an old book, I. By the time I had finished reading that book I felt that I was already a teacher. While working on the home farm that spring I made plans to attend the August, 1888, session of our Jewell County Normal School for teacher training. At that Institute I first met Minnie Macy Pickett, who ten years later changed her name to Minnie Pickett

Bowles. Only two moths (sic) before this Normal Institute, I had made a clear-cut personal decision to live the Christian life. The story of this and other religious experiences is told in another chapter.

The next important event in this year of discovery and change followed naturally. It was my first teaching experience, two terms in public country schools. The first, the Cline School, in the autumn and winter, six miles distant, gave me my first experience of actually living away from home, save for the previous summer and autumn when working on the Rock Island road-bed. In the spring of 1889, I taught the Oglevie School, four miles from our home. I lived with Father and Mother, making the daily round trip to school on horseback.

Before I began to teach, Father hired a neighbor young man to take my place on the farm. I was then nearing my nineteenth birthday, the age at which Father had freed my four older brothers to begin work for themselves. He used to say that since he could not give his sons money, he decided to give to each two years' time.

After working the summer of 1889 on the home farm, I shared with brother Lindley the two hundred mile wagon journey to his and brother Elihu's 160 acre farms in Grove County, Western Kansas. Here I lived for ten days or two weeks with my two brothers in their joint sod house, built half on the edge of one farm and half on the other, so that they could with a minimum of expense fulfill the Government requirements for final ownership. One of the unforgettable experiences of that visit was our day's round trip to the Smoky Hill River. Most of that day we were within sight and sound of the little barking prairie dogs (really squirrels) darting in and out of their holes. My return to our Jewell County home was my first train ride, over the Rock Island

Line, which I had helped to build only a year before. I was then returning home to prepare to enter the new Northbranch Academy.

Anyone interested in more details about the Bowles family ancestry and pioneer experiences in North Carolina, Indiana, Iowa and Kansas may consult the life sketch of my Father, "Ephraim Bowles, His Quaker Heritage", a book compiled by my sister, Joanna Mott, and published by my nephew, J.J. Newlin, Route 1, Des Moines, Iowa. Aside from my personal connection with this book, every time I look into it I find it so interesting that it is difficult to stop reading.

MY FOUR YEARS AT NORTHBRANCH FRIENDS ACADEMY

As a part of the wide-spread nineteenth century education movement among Friends, Northbranch Academy, nearly four miles from our home, was opened in the autumn of 1889, in the remodeled Friends Meeting House. At twenty years of age, in intellectual hunger and self discipline, I was well prepared to join the first class of some twenty eager young men and women. The Principal, Professor Henry H. Townsend of Earlham College, and the Assistant, his wife, Anna R. Townsend of Penn College, had had several years of teaching experience in other Friends Academies.

For the first two terms at the new Academy I lived, with sisters Joanna and Louie and ten cousins and near friends, in the village of Northbranch, very near the Academy, in an empty hardware store, jovially named the "Orphans Home". For a part of the next school

year, when sister Joanna was teaching, I lived with sister Louie in a nearby cottage.

As I had to earn most of my tuition and board, I lived much of my four Academy years in the homes of nearby families doing chores. At one period I lived with my sister Edith Stanton and family, doing farm and family chores. Edith, fifteen years my senior, was like a second mother. She was a deeply spiritual Friends minister and had a profound influence of my life. My brother-in-law, William L. Stanton, was always intellectually, socially and spiritually stimulating. While I lived in their home I used to study my World History in the evening after chores, and next morning while milking the cows I would review this lesson from memory. At one period, a fellow student and I lived in a vacant farm house, husking corn in the autumn and milking cows to help meet expenses. The autumn term of my Junior year I lived at home with Father and Mother, helping with farm and home work. One of my best intellectual disciplines at that time was to ponder my trigonometry assignments in the morning while daily riding the three and three-fourths miles on horseback.

As further help in meeting my expenses, I served as school janitor for several terms, doing the sweeping and dusting, and in winter keeping up wood fires in two stoves. For most of the last two years I taught first or second year classes in Grammar and Civil Government.

One of the essentials of our school life was the morning worship periods, at the close of which an assigned number of students would give self selected literary quotations. I now recall that I gave, "Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart". One of those morning worship periods emerged into one of the most unforgettable

spiritual experiences of my whole life. In the quiet following Professor Townsend's Scripture reading one of the students knelt in prayer. Unexpectedly this was followed by another student in prayer, and another and another, with silent periods intervening, for about thirty minutes, after which all went quietly to their classes. But an unforgettable, purifying, energizing power had coursed through our lives.

With the cooperation of other helpful influences, especially our family, the Friends Meetings and related activities, and the reading of Christian literature, Northbranch Friends Academy made the following contributions to my character, life purposes and preparation for Christian service: Clarified, deepened and settled my religious convictions and my life purpose to serve Christ; held me steady through the four year course, and cooperated with other influences in settling my life in the face of other appeals, one of which was to take a short cut through a business college; and prepared my mind under Professor Townsend's teaching of geology to accept the six creative days of Genesis as periods, leaving the great spiritual truths of the Bible to stand unchallenged.

Save for the Spring term of my Junior year, when I taught the Cyclone School, some six miles from our home, I was able to continue through the full four Academy years without a break. By studying two required subjects, zoology and Christian Evidence, in evening hours and on rainy days while working that summer on my Father's farm, I passed the examinations in these subjects and thus could graduate with my class of three in 1893. One of the three, Edith Dillon (Beeman), later a co-worker in the Tokyo Friends Girls School, now lives at

Northbranch; and I have recently exchanged letters with the other, Edith's sister, Della Dillon (Osborn), of Friendswood, Texas.

My four years at Northbranch Academy gave me many influences and opportunities for the enlargement of life interests and the creation, or clarification and confirmation, of convictions which have shaped the whole course of my life and service. They include the following:

My life convictions as a temperance advocate date back to our family habits and teaching, attendance at meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, readings in Steele's Physiology and other studies preparatory to writing a temperance essay which I composed and memorized while plowing in our nine-acre field. this was for reading at a meeting of the Northbranch Temperance Society. I fear there was an approach to plagiarism in this, as some of my oratorical expressions were influenced by a book on slavery, The Present Crisis, which I had been reading.

The awakening of my life interest in the cause of Peace came through these influences: The unwavering peace convictions of my Father and Mother; the peace messages of Irene B. Hester, a Friends minister in our Walnut Creek Quarterly Meeting; a lecture at Northbranch Academy on "The Military Situation in Europe", by Dr. Benjamin F. Trueblood, who had just resigned the Presidency of Penn College, in order to make further preparation for his new responsibilities as Secretary of the American Peace Society of Boston; study of that encyclopedia of ancient and modern quotations on Peace and War, published by the Friends Peace Association of New Vienna, Ohio; and finally the preparation of a little peace essay of my own, written for the new Northbranch chapter of the Kansas Yearly Meeting

of Young Friends Christian Fellowship Union, of which Minnie M. Pickett was secretary and I was vice-president.

My life committal to some kind of missionary work, settled within my four years at the Academy, grew out of these experiences: Hearing from time to time the Quarterly Meeting letters of the first Philadelphia Friends Missionaries to Japan, Joseph and Sarah Ann Cosand, members of our own Walnut Creek Quarterly Meeting, also their furlough reports, and sharing in personal conferences with them; reading the reports in Friends periodicals of Friends missionary work among the Indians, also in Mexico and other countries; and the influence of Minnie M. Pickett's decision to go to Japan as a teacher in the Tokyo Friends Girls School.

In closing this chapter on Northbranch Academy, I record the oft-expressed conviction that, aside from my Father, Henry H. Townsend has had a more decisive influence in shaping my life than any other man. This sincere appreciation is shown in the name of one of our sons, Gordon Townsend. In order to express this continuing sense of gratitude, I occasionally address my letters to him, G. Townsend Bowles.

Finally, I select one illustrative personal friendship, cherished within those Academy years. This was my tender friendship with Will Osborn, who later married one of my classmates, Della Dillon. We discovered each other at a deep level as we sat together through most of the noon recess one day, when the melting snow had made the playground too soft for baseball. Were I today on the old Academy ground I could locate the place where we sat that noon hour in a spring seat on one of the wagons which daily carried students from distant

homes. The tone and depth of our continued friendship is shown by this incident: One day when I asked Will's pardon for some little thing which I thought might have caused him inconvenience, he replied, "Oh, I'll forgive you for anything!" Through all the intervening years the spirit behind those words has been for me one of the tests of true friendship.

BETWEEN ACADEMY AND COLLEGE

On graduation from Northbranch Academy I was offered a tuition scholarship at Earlham College, but regretfully declined it, since I did not know how much of one's college expenses it was possible to earn after enrollment. I decided to teach the local East Walnut School in the Autumn and Winter of 1893-94, living in the old home with Father and Mother. The next Spring, as brother Linny and wife Janie, were living at the old home, Linny working on the home farm, I was free to accept an opening for farm work near Arrappahoe, Nebraska, and for sharing in responsibilities for two new Friends Meetings and one Sunday School. But early hot winds blasted all hopes of a crop and sent me home in the early summer with no wages.

In the early Autumn I joined three friends in a two hundred mile covered wagon journey across Kansas into the newly opened Oklahoma Strip. One year before, a goodly number of families from our own Walnut Creek Quarterly Meeting of Friends had settled in this neighborhood, where good land was easily obtained. The appeal was very strong for me to use this opportunity to get a financial start in a congenial religious community. Stella Friends Meeting and Academy

were soon established here. But my desire for a college education was stronger than my desire to own a pioneer farm even in this attractive community.

That autumn (1894) I was left alone in the old home, after Linny and Janie went to their Grove County farm and Father and Mother, with brother Levi and family, moved to the Friends neighborhood near Galena, Kansas. Before I finished my Autumn term at the East Walnut School, I resigned in order to accept temporarily the position of Assistant Superintendent of the Philadelphia Friends Indian School at Tunesassa, New York, seventy-five miles south of Niagara Falls. My decision to enter Penn College in the Autumn of 1895 was already made.

I yielded the old family home to Anna J. Winslow and her two daughters. She was a Friends Minister to whom I owe much. When in 1910 she published her life story, *Jewels from my Casket*, I accepted her invitation to write a brief introduction.

The memory of my final farewell to the old Jewell County home, the center of my life for nearly twenty-one years, recalls the following comments which I once wrote: When I look at the picture of the old home which hangs in my Honolulu study I think not of the house, but of the home inside. Through the years this was a home for Father and Mother, brothers and sisters, older and younger, with neighbors, relatives and friends coming and going. It was a home in which worship, work, discipline, education and example nourished reverence, integrity, simplicity and hospitality. Winter and summer the day began or ended (changing with the season) with my Father's reverent reading from the family Bible, followed by a period of worshipful silence, sometimes broken by Father's vocal prayer. While my Mother seldom

gave vocal expression to her Christian experience, her whole life was a witness to her vital and practical faith.

After farewells to my younger sister Louie, once more, after her teaching, a student at Northbranch Academy, and to my eldest sister Edith Stanton and family, came my journey to the Indian School. I stopped in Iowa to visit my elder sister, Ella Newlin and family, in the Bear Creek Friends neighborhood, twelve miles from Stuart, where I was born. I could not then visit my eldest brother Amos and family in a neighboring county. In Chicago I had my first experience in a barber shop, where my "yes" and "yes" to the barber's questions gave me a bill for \$1.35, when a simple haircut was probably twenty-five cents.

I was welcomed at the Indian School for Boys and Girls by the Superintendent and Matron, Thomas and Louisa Blackburn of Iowa, and the teachers, including my elder sister Joanna, who had pioneered for me, after her Iowa teaching experience.

In 1795, Philadelphia Friends, responding to the appeal of Cornplanter, their great Chief, began agricultural work for the Seneca Indians, one of the great Iroquois Federation of Five (later six) Indian Nations (Tribes). In 1852 the Tunesassa Indian School was opened by Philadelphia Friends on their own land, adjoining the Seneca Reservation, near Steamburg, in Cattaraugus County, New York. Pupils came from other Indian tribes on the nearby Cattaraugus Reservation.

My work in this Indian School consisted mainly of teaching two classes and superintending the farm and shop work of the boys. Since I knew my work was temporary, and since I had had no experience in social and historical studies of an institution or a community, I gave

very little time and thought to studying the history of the School or the family conditions and tribal background of the pupils.

As my work was largely outdoors with the boys, the long snowbound winter and a serious foot wound (caught under an overturning wagon) gave me some free time for a few months. My reading and study in the period included: Careful reading of a helpful book, *Health Through Right Eating*, which, with emphasis on "fletcherizing" (chewing each bite until it disappears, has had permanent influence on my life, even though I haven't always lived up to this standard; serious study of a large book on christian Evidences, which Penn College later accepted as the equivalent of the College course on that subject.

In addition to contacts with the teachers and pupils, the Indian School gave me these special experiences: My first contacts with Philadelphia Friends, two members of the Indian School Board, one through correspondence, the other, John G. Haines, through his visit to the School; acquaintance with a good Canadian, one of the teachers, who couldn't accept the common U.S. interpretation of the Revolutionary War; renewal of my Latin study, aided by one single hour's introduction to Virgil by a Latin teacher; continuation of the tender ties of family life through frequent association with sister Joanna; last mentioned here, but very important in my life, the consummation early in my service at the Indian School, my marriage engagement to Minnie Macy Pickett, who had already completed her first year at the Tokyo Friends Girls School.

Jumping over 35 years, when Minnie and I spent a week end at Tunesassa in August, 1931, we found the Friends School had been transformed into a Community Center for nearby Indian families.

Enroute from the Indian School to Oskaloosa, Iowa, for the opening of Penn College (now William Penn) in September, 1895, I visited Lake Chatauqua Conference Grounds, where I had my first boat ride. I then went to visit with near relatives of both Father and Mother, uncles, aunts, and cousins, in Indianapolis, Indiana, and in the nearby Friends communities of Mooresville and Bridgeport. It was like living in dreamland to visit the first farm home of my Father and Mother, where my older brothers and sisters were born. But soon came the day when I took the train for Oskaloosa, Iowa, for the opening of Penn College, in September 1895, one month before my twenty-sixth birthday.

MY STUDENT DAYS AT PENN COLLEGE

Oskaloosa, Iowa, was only a college town, not a city, hence easier for me. A street car drawn by mules (soon replaced by electricity) carried me from the railway station to Penn College. At South Hall Dormitory I was welcomed by the Matron, Melissa Kenworthy, who was like a mother to me all through by college life. I soon found relatives, Rebecca Bowles and son Paul. She was the widow of Darius Bowles, double first cousin of my Father. As a representative of Iowa Friends Darius had given most of his life to Negro education, mainly as Principal of Parsons Normal School, Parsons, Kansas. The home of "Aunt Rebecca" was always open to me.

The formative period of my life, with decisions which largely determined my future, came before my college days, but these did much to help prepare me for service in accord with earlier foregleams. Was it James A. Garfield who defined college life as "sitting on one end of a log with Mark Hopkins on the other" As I look back over my days at Penn College, now William Penn College, I am always tendered with grateful memories of the professors with whom I was most closely associated, not only in classrooms, but also in other common interests and in personal relations.

President A. Rosenberger was not only a good administrator and teacher, but a man of wide and deep human interests, and personally helpful to each student under his care.

Stephen M. Hadley, Dean and professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, was a scholar, and a quiet, dependable friend and advisor.

Dr. William L. Pearson, head of the Biblical Department, was my teacher in Old and New Testament Studies and Church History and a personal friend and advisor in other areas of life, especially in missionary studies.

Professor Rosa E. Lewis, cousin by marriage to my sister, Ella, gave me a personal welcome to Penn College. She was not only my teacher in Latin, English, and English literature, but also another faculty friend and advisor.

In accord with faculty advice and personal desire, I chose the Classical Biblical Course, which included Hebrew language and history, Greek, New Testament Studies and Church History, I did not then know how much I missed in not taking Sociology, even though that field

of study was in its earlier stages. I had to wait until our first furlough from Japan to take some essential studies in human relations.

Though the problem of how to meet expenses had delayed by entering college, the actual difficulties were not so great as expected. With the exception of a very small cash reserve and some six or eight head of cattle left with a Kansas cousin to be sold as money was needed to meet emergencies, I worked my way through college and got my diploma without debt. The various types of work were: Dishwashing in a student dormitory, milking cows, garden work and household chores in a private home, self-boarding with a fellow student, and one term with my sister Louie, summer farm work and in my senior year some teaching in the Biblical Department. Writing a report of one of the special College Lectures, writing, rewriting, and cutting out all extra words, brought me a Faculty prize of a five dollar gold piece. It will be seen that the portion of time which most college students give to athletics I had to give to various kinds of work to help meet expenses.

My first winter and first summer vacations were spent with sister Ella Newlin and family, in the well known Bear Creek Friends neighborhood, some forty miles west of Des Moines. I also visited my eldest brother, Amos, and family in Adair County. I spent this first summer vacation working on the farm of Abner and Ella Newlin. Just before returning to College an experienced, friendly neighbor and I took two wagon loads of apples to sell in northern Iowa.

The spirit and tone of Penn College life was of the finest. I was conscious of being lifted and guided by the Christian spirit and purpose of each one of my College teachers. They lived and taught in a spirit which inspired the students in all their activities. This naturally

encouraged the students in Christian service and fellowship, mainly channeled through the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. and the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions.

One of the most memorable group experiences of the manifest presence of the Holy Spirit was in the Monday morning Bible Class, led by a science professor not at all marked as a spiritual leader. Evidently a number of students were spiritually prepared by attending the special series of meetings then in progress at the College Friends Meeting. In the quiet meditation at the opening of this Bible Class one student unexpectedly offered vocal prayer, which was followed by another and another, until the larger part of the class period was taken with this quiet, wholly unplanned period of Spirit guided prayer.

In addition to required work as a college student, I made time for additional interests and activities, including the following: Teaching a Sunday School class; assisting at times in a neighborhood Negro Mission carried on by Oskaloosa Friends; writing editorials for the college paper, The Penn Chronicle, which I edited in my senior year; occasionally responding to invitations to make week-end visit to other Friends Meetings; sharing in the Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, Y.M.C.A. Summer Conference. In my senior year I was one of the two Penn College delegates to the Cleveland quadrennial Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, where I met my first Japanese.

I spent part of the summer preceding my senior year assisting in a pioneer Friends Meeting in the Missouri River Valley, some miles south of Council Bluffs, Iowa, near a Mormon community the founders of which remained behind when their fellows pushed on to the Salt Lake

region. The early part of that summer was perhaps the most difficult and yet one of the most rewarding periods of my life. Although I had planned to start a Sunday School a few miles from the Friends Meeting, selling Christian booklets from house to house, I could get no guidance to begin either of these tasks. This largely limited my work through the week to family visiting in connection with the Friends Meeting and neighborhood. I had many forenoons alone with my Bible out under the oak trees. Although I felt I was in my right place, I could see the opening of the college year would find me short of funds. This and the sense of aloneness in the hills called me daily to deep devoted Bible reading and prayer and led to my real discovery of the Psalms.

Beginning with the first Psalm I would read until I found a verse which found me, and then memorize it. Each day, and often through the day, I would review my memory verses, then memorize a new one in the next chapter. Although I have not held all these verses in memory through the years, the truths they express have remained a part of my very life.

On my return to college, I found that in addition to teaching Freshman Biblical History, Dr. Pearson wished me to do secretarial work for him. This made it possible to me to finish the next year without debt. I could then see a deeper meaning in the summer's testing experiences.

On the opening morning of what would have been my junior year, I was naturally interested, though not wholly surprised, to hear my name called with the senior class in the annual classification roll call. I was above the average student in age and had had teaching experience before and after high school.

In view of my previous committal to foreign missionary work, it was natural that one of my college activities should be as leader of the Student Volunteer Mission Study Group, which used the study books prepared by the National Student Volunteer Movement. At one period I led a Faculty class which was following this same course.

As with most serious students, the formation of life-friendships and the opportunities for group associations were among the cherished gains of my college life. Among the meaningful personal associations were these: Nursing through a period of illness a German student living in the private home where I was working for my board; and at another period, sharing a room in one of the college dormitories with a Negro student from the Friends Mission in Jamaica.

It will be seen from the above records of my college life that a good measure of time and thought was given to various kinds of Christian service, some of which took me into a number of surrounding Friends Meetings. This in addition to my sharing in our College Friends Meeting activities led, just before my graduation, to my being recorded, or recognized, as a minister by Oskaloosa Monthly and Quarterly Meeting of Friends.

The general theme of my Valedictory message on my graduation in June, 1898, was Things we shall Forget and Things we shall Remember --I've forgotten the exact title! One especially meaningful event for me in connection with our graduation was the Baccalaureate Address by Dr. Benjamin F. Trueblood, who some six years before had resigned the Presidency of Penn College to become Secretary of the American Peace Society of Boston, a position he held until shortly before the outbreak of World War 1. In later years he was to have a

very marked influence on my life work for peace. It was early in 1906, while reading the Advocate of Peace, organ of the American Peace Society, edited by Dr. Trueblood, that I was guided to make the definite decision to take the initiative in the formation of the Japan Peace Society. For several years I carried on personal correspondence with Dr. Trueblood.

Since I had already planned to spend another year at Penn College as a post graduate student and assistant instructor, I had no "feel" that my regular college days were over. They had been rewarding and full of meaning.

The summer after my college graduation was eventful for me. I visited my Mother's brother, William Epperson, and family in Kansas City, Missouri. I also visited my Father and Mother and sister Joanna, the latter home from the Tunessasa Indian School; also my brother Levi and family, all living in the Spring River Friends neighborhood in Cherokee County, Kansas.

Toward the end of July that summer, Minnie Macy Pickett came back from her five year term of missionary service as teacher in the Tokyo Friends Girls School and returned to her parental home in the Friends neighborhood, three miles southwest of Glen Elder, Mitchell County, Kansas. Here in the home of her parents, Evan and Huldah Macy Pickett, where her seven brothers and sisters were gathered to welcome her, Minnie and I met after a separation of five years. This was four years after the consummation of our engagement when I was in the Indian School at Tunessasa, New York.

After a visit with my widowed sister, Edith Stanton, and family at Northbranch, Kansas, where I met many old friends and attended

Walnut Creek Quarterly Meeting, I traveled in their covered wagon with sister Edith and the three younger sons the forty miles back to Glen Elder Friends neighborhood. Here I left them to continue their journey to settle in the Stella Friends neighborhood, Oklahoma, which I had visited four years before. I then had opportunity for further visits with Minnie Pickett and family, making up for lost time and planning for the next steps in our lives.

MY LIFE AS POST GRADUATE STUDENT AND TEACHER AT PENN COLLEGE

After my graduation from Penn college with the class of 1898, I remained at the College for two years and one term, from September 1898 to December 1900. For the first term I lived with my sister Louie, on North G Street. On New Year's Eve, 1898, I was married to Minnie Macy Pickett at her parental home near Glen Elder, Mitchell County, Kansas. We came directly to Oskaloosa, Iowa, and settled into our first home on North B Street, Oskaloosa. We had to wait for our honeymoon until the spring vacation, which we spent in the neighboring town of Fremont. Here we began our life-experiences of reading together, planting the seeds of our "Kitchen University". But the pleasure of reading the youthful book, *The Swiss Family Robinson*, was marred the first evening by the discovery of Minnie's mumps.

As a post graduate student at Penn College I did the major part of my work under Dr. William L. Pearson. The thesis for my M.A. degree, which was received at the 1899 commencement, was "The Organization

and Government of the Early Christian Church". The combination of continued study and teaching in the same general field was searching and stimulating.

As a teacher in Penn College, my time was given to Old Testament History, the Life of Christ, the Life of Paul and Church History. I have been grateful through the years for the discipline of this experience of study and teaching, with the guidance and suggestions of a scholar who had had the advantages of years with leading Biblical scholars in the United States and Germany.

Within the period of my post graduate study and teaching at Penn College I had opportunities for a variety of other experiences, including the following: The first year, I was visiting minister at the Bloomfield Friends Meeting, four miles from Oskaloosa. This gave opportunities for family visiting, in which my wife helpfully shared after New Year's. This gave her a chance to continue one phase of her Japanese missionary life.

When it became known that a missionary from Japan was resident at Penn College, Minnie received a number of invitations from different parts of Iowa, asking her to speak at missionary meetings. One of these visits to a neighboring college led their only Japanese student, Shinji Imai, to transfer to Penn College, perhaps because of his loneliness for Japan, or someone from Japan. This gave me my first opportunity to get acquainted with a Japanese person.

Shinji Imai was so well satisfied with his life at Penn College and his association with Friends that he joined Oskaloosa Friends Meeting. After his graduation he visited New York City, taking a letter of introduction to Friends in Brooklyn, where he was later taken seriously

ill and died. He was buried beside the grave of Daniel Wheeler, the well known nineteenth century English Friend, agricultural worker for the Czar of Russia and Friendly visitor to the Hawaiian Islands.

Within the first year of our married life Minnie and I received visits from three of my sisters: Louie, who lived with us for a period, studying at the college, until she went to Oklahoma to live with her oldest sister; Joanna, who soon afterward married and settled near Cedar Rapids, Iowa; my eldest sister, Edith, a minister in the Society of Friends, who while visiting with us held some special meetings at the Bloomfield Friends Meeting. Minnie's sister Ida also visited us in our Oskaloosa home.

Gurney Binford, who had been associated with Minnie in the Japan Friends Mission for nearly five years, came to visit us, giving me an opportunity for learning more about Friends work outside of Tokyo. He had done most of his work in and around the city of Mito. He was married a few months after this and returned to Japan with his bride, Elizabeth, to resume work with Friends.

At the triennial meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Association of Friends, held at Marion, Indiana in May 1899, I gave a message on "The Open World"--the fact of the open world, the story of the open world and the appeal of the open world. What a very different world we have today from that of 1899.

In the spring after our marriage I was invited by the Womens Foreign Missionary Association of Friends of Philadelphia, which Minnie had represented in Japan, to speak at their Annual Meeting, to be held at Yearly Meeting time. It was mutually understood that this meant that the leaders of the Missionary Association would thus be

given opportunities for conferences with me, and hence for deciding whether Minnie's husband had qualifications for sharing with her in Friends' work in Japan, when the time came for sending out another married couple.

I was grateful for this opportunity to get acquainted with the leaders of this Missionary Association, to visit William Penn's city, also to see something of the world of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, which at that time was quite different from that of the missionary leaders.

Although I knew that the cordial welcome extended to me by the missionary leaders was to good degree an expression of appreciation of Minnie and her work in Japan, I felt assured of a deep and mutual understanding with them. And I gratefully record here that this understanding with Philadelphia Friends has held good through all the changing years. In the summer of 1899 Minnie and I visited her parents, Evan and Hulda Macy Pickett, and the three younger brothers at Glen Elder, Kansas, where we were married the previous New Year's Eve. Clarence, the youngest member of the family, who later served as Executive Secretary, then Honorary Secretary of the American Friends Service Committee, was then a lad of fourteen. At the time of this visit we did not know it would be our last before our departure for Japan. This proved to be our last visit with Minnie's father, who passed away in 1906.

Because of my well known interest in missionary work and my familiarity with the work of Iowa Friends on the Island of Jamaica, I was asked early in 1899 to write a brief history of Friends' work in that Island. In this work I had the stimulus and suggestions of my College Greek teacher, Professor C.L. Michener, Chairman of Iowa Yearly

Meeting Mission Board. I had the advantage of having led some of our College Student Volunteer classes in the study of a number of other mission field standard text books.

In the writing of this book of 140 pages, Jamaica and Friends Missions, I did some serious study on each chapter: The land, the people, history and government, industrial and social life, education, language and religion; general view of Christian missions; early Friends in Jamaica (George Fox and others) -- then illustrated chapters on the history of Iowa Friends work in Jamaica, beginning in 1881.

My interest in Jamaica was so deep and appealing that had it not been for my previous interest in Japan I probably would have accepted the invitation of the Iowa Friends Mission Board to become principal of their new boys' school. Because of the new international and interracial significance of Jamaica, the work in that Island now claims the vital interest of a wide international circle of Friends.

Early in the summer of 1900 Minnie and I received a letter from the Philadelphia Women's Foreign Missionary Association of Friends, which Minnie had represented in Japan, stating they were prepared to send us to Japan to share in the Friends work in Tokyo. We replied that as we were expecting a baby in October, we would not be able to leave for Japan before the end of December. I then resigned my teaching position at Penn College, to take effect from the end of the Autumn term.

Minnie and I divided the summer of 1900 between a short rest and visit with Minnie's eldest brother Charles and family near Colorado Springs, and the remainder of the time in Chicago. I took special studies in Hebrew and began Ethnology (now Anthropology) at the

University of Chicago, although up to that time Mission Boards, in the preparation of new missionaries for the field, had placed little emphasis upon the study of peoples and cultures. I chose Ethnology because of the "feel" that I ought to know something about people because I was going to live and work with people of another race and culture. My Professor of Ethnology, Frederick Starr, paid repeated visits to our home in Japan in later years, when he was making many trips up Mount Fuji and preparing material for writing his *Fujiyama, the Sacred Mountain of Japan* (1924).

Before the beginning of my last term's teaching at Penn College, the Autumn of 1900, we moved our residence from North B Street to North C Street, Oskaloosa. Here our first child, Herbert Epperson, was born, on October 12th - as if to celebrate Columbus' discovery of America. But in a very short time after this happy event came news of the death of my younger sister, Louie, at the home of our eldest sister, Edith Stanton, at Stella Oklahoma. She was a dear sister, always thoughtful and tender. She was naturally cheerful though long, continued illness had given her much sorrow. I once heard her say there never was a time in her life when her heart was not set to do right - to follow the will of God.

The last term at Penn College passed quickly. With the time drawing near for us to leave our home and start on our journey to Japan, there were many extra things to do. Added to my regular teaching schedule, there were special speaking engagements and farewell visits to other Friends Meetings. When it came to making plans for our journey to Japan, it was a good thing that we had the

advantage of Minnie's previous travel experience and residence in Japan.

Before taking the train for San Francisco we visited as many of our near relatives as we could, including my parents in the Friends neighborhood near Galena, Kansas, where my brothers, Levi and Linny and families were then living. We regretted not being able to repeat the visits we had made with Minnie and parents and brothers and sisters the previous year.

In mid-January, 1901, we sailed from San Francisco to Yokohama, to begin our major life work in Tokyo, Japan.