

---

---

THE SHINING

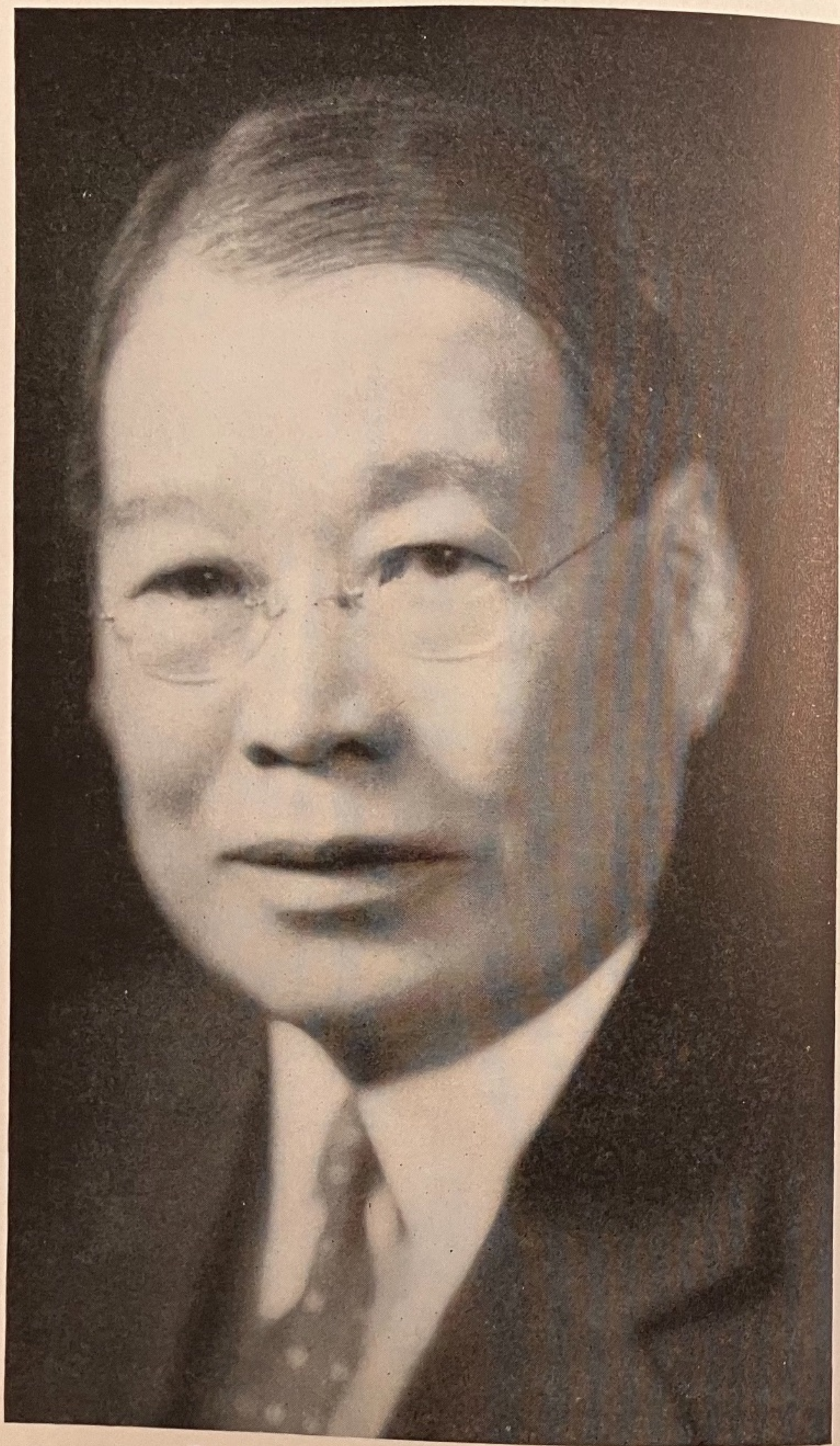
*Stars*

---

---

The Autobiography of

DR. TOYOHICO CAMPBELL TAKAMI



DR. TOYOHICO CAMPBELL TAKAMI  
1944

#### DEDICATION

Because of the immense influence she had on the phase of my father's life as depicted in his unfinished autobiography, this work is gratefully dedicated to the memory of

MISS NANCY E. CAMPBELL

by a "grandson" whom she had  
never seen.

## CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION .....	6
Chapter I— <i>Boyhood in Japan</i> .....	7
Chapter II— <i>On the High Seas</i> .....	14
Chapter III— <i>Tribulation and Hope</i> .....	16
Chapter IV— <i>School Days</i> .....	22
Chapter V— <i>College Years</i> .....	34
Chapter VI— <i>The Study of Medicine</i> .....	39
Chapter VII— <i>The Shining Stars</i> .....	43
ADDENDUM .....	48

## ILLUSTRATIONS

Dr. Toyohiko Campbell Takami.....	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Miss Nancy E. Campbell.....	18
Aboard the Floating Hospital.....	28
Lawrenceville School Football Team—1897.....	32
College Days .....	36
Feast in Takami's Room.....	36
The Young Practitioner.....	44
Miss Sona Oguri .....	46

## INTRODUCTION

My father was always so occupied in the fullness of his everyday life, that he found little time to tell us of his early days. However, he used to speak often of Miss Campbell and whenever we had accomplished some act worthy of commendation, he would say, "Miss Campbell would have been so proud of you." And so, without ever having been privileged to know our "Grandmother Campbell," as we referred to her, we children grew up under the benignant influence of this great Christian lady.

In recent years, when the precarious state of my father's health forced him to retire from most of his activities, Mother induced him to take pen in hand and write of his life. He was occupied in this task at the time of his death, so his autobiographical notes must, perforce, remain unfinished. However, whether by chance or by design, he completed the narration of that portion of his life it was not our privilege to share.

I had long been toying with the idea of writing a biography of my father. When, at last, I found the time to pick up his notes, I could not put them down until I had read every word he had written. I realized, then, that to put his words into my writing would be tantamount to the defilement of a beautiful object. Therefore, this work remains essentially an autobiography. It covers the period of my father's life from his birth to the early days of his medical career, ending in 1909. It appears in the simple, forceful, narrative style of English used by my father and the job of editing has been confined to correction of spelling, punctuation, and occasional rearrangement of paragraphs.

Of my father, I can only say that he was the finest Christian gentleman I have ever known. His life has always been a constant source of inspiration to me—and to all who knew him. It is my hope that *The Shining Stars* will ever serve as a source of inspiration and encouragement to young men and women throughout the world.

MASAHIKO RALPH TAKAMI.

Cold Spring Harbor,  
July, 1945.

## CHAPTER I

"Now the Lord said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto the land that I will show thee."—Genesis XII, 1.

### BOYHOOD IN JAPAN

I WAS born in the 8th year of Meiji (April 4, 1875) in the province of Kumamoto, Japan. My father, Korekazu Takami, was an influential retainer of the feudal Daimyo (Lord), Hosokawa. My mother was Takako Takami. I was, therefore, brought up in strict discipline in the atmosphere of a Samurai family.

At the age of five years, I was afflicted with an attack of pneumonia and my case was going from bad to worse, day by day. At the end of a week, our family physician was so frightened by my condition that he told my parents to expect the worst. My father, who was a firm believer in the Shinto religion, made a vow to his gods that if they would spare the life of his son, he would dedicate it in their service. Strangely enough, I began to show an improvement on the very next day and by the end of two weeks, I had recovered entirely from the attack of pneumonia.

I began my schooling at the age of six years, attending only the morning session. At the age of nine, I began my Chinese lessons which took place from 7:00 to 7:30 A.M. Since my tutor lived two miles from my house, I walked to and from my lessons. I then had breakfast and went to my regular school which began at 8:00 A.M. This routine was carried out until I became twelve years of age.

At twelve, I was sent to the Todajiku in Hanta, four miles away from Kumamoto City. This institution was very exclusive and only certain families of the province were permitted to enroll their children. The ages of the pupils were from twelve to eighteen years and the enrollment was limited to thirty-five boys. The school was founded by Takanori Toda who served as its principal. The vice-principal was my uncle, Jotaro Miake. There were also six instructors. The school building was very large and had two stories. The classrooms were on the lower floor and the dormitory, dining room, and reception room were on the upper floor. The dining room contained a large table with wooden benches and we all sat together at mealtime. The principal sat at the head of the table with the vice-principal at the opposite end. The instructors were scattered here and there among the pupils.

Since we were not permitted to receive delicacies from home, the meals were very attractive and much welcomed. On one occasion, an argument took place between two boys when one of them was given the head of a fish while the other got the tail. They were reprimanded by the principal and excused from the table without their meal. The principal thought that he must find a way in which to remedy such table misconduct, so he called together his staff for a meeting. After long discussion, they decided that the best way to distract the attention of the pupils while the meal was being served was to install the "shigin" (singing of poems). Thus, on the next morning, after we had all been seated for breakfast,

the signal was given to stand up. Then, one of the instructors led the "shigin" and we sang with him for about fifteen minutes, until the food had been served. This system certainly stamped out the arguments about the food, because, after we finished singing, we were so hungry that we got right about the business of eating. Thus, the Todajiku established its later-famous mealtime "shigin." Many of the neighborhood people, including several pretty girls, used to come around to the school grounds at mealtime just to hear our "shigin."

Physical education consisted of instruction in "gekken" (fencing) and "judo" (wrestling). Our instructors were so efficient that we could proudly say that we were more than amply capable of meeting in contest such schools as the Seiseiko in the province of Kumamoto and the Shigakko in the province of Kagoshima.

This daily routine of Chinese literature, exercise, and discipline began to wear on my nerves and, besides, I did not want to become a Shinto priest as my father wished me to be. I began to take a strong interest in going to the Eigakujiku (Kumamoto Missionary School), of which Dr. O. H. Gulick was the head. Of course, my interest in Dr. Gulick's school was absolutely forbidden by the Todajiku, but, nevertheless, I continued to go whenever the opportunity was given. Once, on a Saturday afternoon, I was welcomed to a lecture given by Dr. Gulick on Joseph Hardy Neesima's adventurous voyage to America and of his schooldays there. This discourse became so deeply impressed in my heart that I said to myself, "I, too, am going to America!" I went back to school in the happiest mood of my life and began to plan on how to get away from home.

A few days later, the spring vacation came and we were ready to go home for two weeks. I was warmly welcomed by all at home and, especially, by my grandfather, who was closer to me than my own father. I greeted my family, trying not to show them my inward thoughts of getting away from home during that vacation. I did my utmost to be just as natural as possible.

I realized that in order to get on a foreign ship, I must first go to Kobe or Osaka to make myself fit to apply for a position. Knowing that my cousin, Katsuma Ozaki, was in Osaka, I tried to induce his brother, Jiro, to go with me. At that time, I was fifteen years old and my cousin, Jiro, was sixteen. I told him in secret of how I came to my decision to go to America upon hearing of Neesima's experience. I felt that once in Osaka, I might be able to find some kind of work to support myself and I knew I could accumulate enough money to get there. Jiro finally agreed to go with me, saying that he would get some money for himself. Just at that time, it was necessary for me to take some money back to school; money for board, books, and miscellaneous expenses. In this way, I could collect around one hundred yen (Y100). Then, too, my grandfather always gave me a little extra money, so I would have plenty enough to reach Osaka by taking a boat from Hyakkan, a seaport in the province of Kumamoto.

Toward the end of my vacation, I started to get ready for the long journey to Osaka. I asked my father to give me a short sword. He thought the request was rather unusual and asked me why I needed a sword in school. I told him that it was quite common for

students to go on "musen ryoko" (penniless journey) and that I might have such an adventurous affair, so I wished to be prepared. He smiled and consented to let me take any one I wanted, so I got my sword. I bought a strong knapsack and put into it as many necessary things as I could. I also took a few books and the sword that I had always wished to have as my own.

It was on a day early in April (1890) that I was supposed to go back to school. I bid farewell to my family and met Jiro outside of town at the appointed place. From there, we headed for Hyakkan, about fifteen miles away, instead of to Hanta and school.

We reached Hyakkan in a "jinrikisha" (carriage pulled by man). Then, we tried to secure tickets on a steamboat, but the steamer, listed at that port, was delayed because of a heavy storm. Two days passed as we vainly awaited the arrival of the steamer. We began to feel nervous, fearing that some people from home would come and overtake us. I consulted with Jiro and told him that we ought to get away from that place as quickly as possible. After a long consultation, we decided to go to Hakata, a seaport in the province of Fukuoka and about fifty miles away from Hyakkan. We arranged for a suitable "jinrikisha" as, at that time, we thought we had enough money to use "jinrikisha" and stay in good hotels, still having sufficient sum to pay for steamship passage to Osaka. When we reached Hakata, after a journey of two days, we found the violent storm still in progress.

At the hotel, someone said that a gentleman from Kumamoto was looking for a couple of runaway boys. Although we were assured that we would be able to obtain passage for Osaka on the next day, we thought that if we continued to remain in the hotel, we would surely be caught. Thus, we decided to get away as quickly as we could. At this time, our money had gotten quite low as we had been spending lavishly, thinking that, somewhere, we would be able to get a boat to Osaka. This hope was banished forever as they were watching for us at every port. The only thing left for us to do was to start on a real "musen ryoko" to reach our destination.

We prepared to start our hike, leaving the hotel at midnight and heading toward Moji, a distance of about seventy-five miles. Jiro asked me whether or not I knew how to get to Osaka. I replied that it was quite easy. There was only one telegraph line running between Osaka and the island of Kyushu. It might be difficult in some sections, but, as long as we followed the line to the east, we would eventually get there.

We walked at the rate of about fifteen miles a day, following the telegraph line. Each night we stopped at "kichin yado" (cheap roadside lodging houses), where we obtained supper. They provided us with "onigiri" (salted rice balls) for our lunch. Thus, we reached Moji in five days and, fortunately, we still had enough money to take the ferryboat to Shimonoseki, on the main island of Honshu, about two miles away.

From Shimonoseki to Hiroshima City, one hundred and twenty-five long miles, we had a very strenuous journey for ten days. When we got to our destination, I was completely battered up. I had caught a cold. My feet were so swollen and painful that I could not take another step. The only thing I could do was to se-

cure a room in a lodging house and lay myself down to wait for recovery. By this time, our money was almost gone, so we decided to send a telegram to Jiro's brother, Katsuma Ozaki, to come and take us to Osaka.

We anxiously awaited an answer from Katsuma, but no word came. We thought even Katsuma had deserted us. I told Jiro to take my books and extra clothes to some second-hand store and sell them, so that we could pay our obligations to the lodging house. The money Jiro brought back was plenty enough to pay our bill and we even had a little left over for our future usefulness. Sorely disappointed in not hearing from Katsuma, we settled with the landlady, thanking her for her many kindnesses, and left Hiroshima City for the province of Okayama.

The road through the northern part of the province of Hiroshima was very mountainous and it was difficult to keep track of the telegraph line. Besides, our funds were getting low again and not knowing how many more days we had to go before the end of our journey, we decided to cut out the lodging house expenses, except for purchasing a few "onigiri" daily for our food. At night, we would look for a rice field and make fox-holes in the piles of straw stacked at the end of each field. Of course, we could not always find such convenient places to sleep. On one occasion, we walked up a dense, mountainous trail. We thought that we might get through to a road and find some field beyond where we could rest for the night. It was getting dark and the more we walked, the deeper we got into the thickest forest. When it was quite dark, we were so tired that we sat down in the middle of the trail and since we could not get through, we thought that we would pass the night there. Suddenly, we heard the report of a gunshot. We were frightened, thinking that someone had come to do us harm. We decided to prepare to defend ourselves to the limit, so we took out our swords and stood facing the unknown darkness. I began to sing the poems I had learned at the Todajiku, one after the other, so that the enemy would know we were unafraid. Then, two big, tough-looking men came out of the forest into the clearing where we stood. Each carried a gun in one hand and a "taimatsu" (flaming pine-wood torch) in the other. They approached slowly and seeing the manner of our form, one of them said, "What do you think we are? We were only hunting for our pleasure and would certainly do no harm to you boys. By the way, what are you doing out here at this time of night; both of you; and so young, too?" We told him that we had gotten on this trail earlier in the evening, thinking we could get through the forest very quickly, but the further we walked, the deeper we got into it. We were tired and were resting. They were very sympathetic and guessing that we were two of those many students on "musen ryoko" who were wandering all over Japan at that time, they told us that we would find a road-side inn about a mile and a half ahead, where we could get shelter for the night. I said, "Oh, no, sir! We do not need the inn tonight." However, they insisted we go with them and we could do nothing but follow.

When we arrived at the inn, the place was closed, but the two men pounded and pounded on the door until the proprietor woke up. When he saw them, he greeted them like old friends. Then,

they said, "These two boys look hungry. Feed them well and keep them for the night. We will look in on you in the morning to settle the expenses." We had a delicious supper and, afterwards, slept like babies. When we awoke the next morning, we were met with a steaming breakfast and they even provided us with enough "onigiri" for two days. We did not know how to express our grateful appreciation for such an unusual kindness. The innkeeper was also very kind to us and wished us luck for the rest of our journey.

We left the inn, much refreshed in body and in spirit, and headed toward the province of Okayama. We made a rate of over fifteen miles a day for two days. On the third day, just after sunset, we arrived at a city called Onomichi, which was a seaport of considerable size on the Inland Sea. Here, we had to find some lodging place as there were no convenient rice-straw piles for us to dig into. Besides, we did not have enough money left to pay for a night's lodging and it had started to rain. We wandered around the wet streets, trying to find a place to spend the night. Finally, at around 9:00 P.M., we went into the nearest police station. The policeman at the desk looked at us disgustedly and asked us if we were "musen ryoko" students. When we said "Yes!", he asked us what was the idea of coming into the police station at such a late hour. We told him that we came to see if we could spend the night in the station house. Then, he got angry and asked us if we thought the police station was a lodging house. We replied that we would not ask him for a "futon" (mattress) or anything else, but that we would appreciate it if he would allow us to sleep on the floor, as it was raining outdoors. The sour-looking policeman would not let us stay even one minute.

While we were thus arguing with the policeman, a young lieutenant, wearing the uniform of the Imperial Army, came into the room. He said that he could tell from our dialect that we came from the province of Kumamoto. Then, he told us that the police station was no place for two bright boys who would, someday, be the backbone of the Empire and he invited us to his home. When we got there, he told his wife to prepare supper for us. The lieutenant said he also came from Kumamoto and asked me what school I attended. When I said that I went to the Todajiku in Hanta, he was greatly surprised to find that a boy from such a school could get himself into so sorry a predicament. He then asked me the reason for my adventure and when I told him of my desire to go to America, he shook his head, but said that he hoped I would be successful in anything I undertook. We retired on the most comfortable "futon" that we ever experienced.

The next morning, we were treated to a wonderful breakfast and provided with enough "onigiri" to last us for several days. Before taking our leave, we asked our host for his name, but he said that names were unnecessary and he wished us lots of luck. We were so intensely moved by his unusual kindness that we bid him and his wife a tearful farewell. I was very much encouraged to find that human beings are, in general, kind and sympathetic and ready to give the open hand to those who are less fortunate.

When we reached Okayama City, another port on the Inland Sea, fifty miles from Onomichi, we were completely exhausted and downhearted. Brazenly, with no money in our pockets, we secured

lodging at an inn and sent another telegram to Katsuma. We told him of our whereabouts and said we were mentally and physically tired out after our three-hundred-odd-mile foot journey, so we wished him to come and get us. This time, we got an answer by return wire. Katsuma told us not to budge until he got to Okayama. We were overjoyed to receive this good message and two days later Katsuma arrived. He asked us why we did not wait for him at Hiroshima, as he had gone there, only to find that we had left the inn. He scolded us for taking such an adventurous journey, saying that everyone at home was much disturbed and worried. On the next day, we took a steamboat to Osaka. Thus, ended happily (June 1890) our tedious, but eventful, "musen ryoko."

About one-half of the police officers of Osaka were Kumamoto men. One of them was the director of the Police Dormitory of the city. We were, therefore, taken there to stay. The place was very dignified and large. The director had a wife and two young girls of high school age who were delighted to have us there, as we were about the same age. Some of the policemen who lived in the dormitory had heard of my family, so they were very nice to us. Katsuma asked us what we would like best to eat, so I asked for some "kinako-mochi" (rice patties covered with brown sugar). In a little while, he brought in a large platter of these cakes and told us to eat all we wanted. I ate about forty pieces and even to this day, I think I have never tasted anything so delicious as the "kinako-mochi" I ate in Osaka on that summer day in 1890.

Katsuma told me that my father would come up to Osaka to take me back with him to Kumamoto as soon as he was informed of my whereabouts. Then, I told Katsuma that my reason for undertaking this adventure was to go to America just as soon as possible. No matter what the consequences, I would not go back home until I realized the fulfillment of my aim. If my father, or anyone else, came for me, I would hide and never see them. I asked Katsuma to tell my father to be patient for a little while, as I would surely come home after I accomplished my purpose. I also asked him to tell my parents not to worry about my not having any money, because I knew I could take care of myself very nicely. Katsuma clearly understood my position and he said that he would do his best to explain my determined purpose to my father.

In order to become a sailor, I had first to learn something about ships. Because of my youthful age, I could not get a job as an apprentice seaman. Therefore, I decided to go to navigation school. I found out that I could stay in the policemen's dormitory indefinitely, so I asked Katsuma to find a part-time, schoolboy's job for me. In the course of a few days, he found a place for me in Captain Miake's home. The captain was also from Kumamoto and was skipper of one of the Osaka Shosen Kaisha (O.S.K. Lines) ships. He had a very comfortable little home. His wife was young and she came from Kyoto. Her sister lived with her. My work was to take care of the ladies and to clean the house. Since this did not take up very much of my time, I applied for admission to the Osaka Navigation School. Everyone at the Miake home was very kind to me. Although Mrs. Miake was young, she was extremely thoughtful and treated me as if I were her own brother.

After three months of studying navigation, I found that I was

making no progress, so I thought that I had better find some means of getting a position on a boat. I asked Captain Miake if he could give me a position in any capacity on his ship, in order that I might get acquainted with seaman's work and at the same time, make some money. He said that he could take me on as a mess-boy at eight yen (Y8) a month. I worked on Captain Miake's ship for four months (November 1890-February 1891), during which time, we went from port to port on the Inland Sea. Finally, with fifty yen (Y50) that I had accumulated, I decided to leave Osaka and go to Kobe, where I might be able to get on a foreign ship.

At Kobe, I obtained a room in Takahashi's boarding house where most sea-faring men stayed. Foreign ships came into port from time to time, but I could not get a position as I was too young and had no experience as a sailor. Then, after a month's idleness, I got a position as Captain's boy on the *H.M.S.S. Morgal*. This steamship came from England and Kobe was her last stop. I was so happy in knowing that the way was now open for the realization of my dreams.

The first thing I did was to provide myself with some books, so that I might learn English. I bought the English National Readers and a Japanese-English dictionary. At last, in March, 1891, one month before my sixteenth birthday, the *Morgal* steamed out of Kobe Harbor and I started on a new adventure into the outside world.

## CHAPTER II

*"Through black waves and stormy blast,  
And out of the fog-wreath dense and dun,  
Guided and held shall the vessel run,  
Gain the fair haven, night being past,  
And anchor in the sun."—Coolidge.*

### ON THE HIGH SEAS

Three days after we left Japan, the *Morgal* steamed into Shanghai. I was greatly amazed at the magnitude and modern construction of the harbor. There were dozens of foreign ships at anchor. It took us two days to unload the cargo and then we prepared to sail up the great Yangste River to Hankow, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles. China so impressed me by its size that I thought it was the most wonderful big country in the world. At Hankow, we loaded a cargo of tea bound for Odessa, Russia. It took us five days to complete the loading and then we steamed back down the river to Shanghai, where we stayed for only a half a day, setting out for Hongkong.

Hongkong, having been under British rule for many years, was largely European in style. The houses were all made of stone or brick, but the streets and stores were filthy and dirty. We stayed there for two days and then sailed for Singapore.

It took us eight days to reach Singapore. The harbor was cluttered with sailing junks and the docks and wharves were made of wood. The people were dark, mostly Malays. They wore only loin-cloths and headbands as the place was extremely hot and uncomfortable. We took on as much coal as the ship would hold, in preparation for the long trip across the Indian Ocean.

Captain Johnson of the *Morgal* was very kind to me. He thought that I was intending to study navigation, so he taught me as much as he could at every available opportunity. He also tried to teach me English, although the work on the ship kept me quite busy. The ship was manned by Japanese and East Indians. The Japanese were occupied as deck-hands (sailors) and the Indians were firemen. There were twelve deck-hands and twelve firemen in all.

The Indian Ocean was very calm and peaceful, although occasional squalls tossed the ship about as if it were a sampan. The temperature and humidity were very high and it was most uncomfortable when we passed the Equator. The only relief we had was to go up onto the highest deck at night to sleep. Whenever there was a favorable wind, the engines were turned off and the sails hoisted, so that it took us nearly three weeks to cross the Indian Ocean.

We stopped at Aden for refuelling and supplies and then sailed up the Red Sea to the Suez Canal. The canal was such a marvel of engineering that I could hardly keep my eyes and my mind on my work. Surely, I never dreamed that I would be seeing so many wonderful things. It took us a whole day to get from one end of the canal to the other. At Port Said, we refuelled again and had

to wait for inspection of the canal authorities. Then, we went up the Aegean Sea and through the Dardanelles to Constantinople. Captain Johnson had some business with the agents for his steamship company, so we stopped at anchor in Constantinople Harbor for three days. Then, we went into the Black Sea and sailed to the Russian port of Odessa.

At Odessa, we unloaded the tea and took on a cargo of wood-alcohol for England. We went back by the way we came and sailed across the Mediterranean Sea. We stopped again for refuelling at Malta. Just before we left Malta, a group of missionaries came aboard. One of them gave me a book and told me that it contained everything I wanted to know. He said it was the most wonderful book in the world and that I would enjoy reading it. It was the Holy Bible. I was very happy to receive it, because I had exhausted the books I brought with me and this new one that the missionary gave me would help me to learn the English language.

Finally, in July, 1891, we docked at Southampton. Since the ship was going to remain in England for about two months, Captain Johnson invited me to work in his home. Mrs. Johnson was very nice to me, as she had no children of her own. She gave me English lessons every day and took me to see the sights of London and of the English countryside. I did all the housework and helped in every way I could while waiting for the ship to sail. When the time came to leave England, Mrs. Johnson decided to come with us. We took on a cargo of textiles for New York.

The trip across the Atlantic was the first really rough voyage I ever experienced. The waves were so high and the ship rolled so much that we could not cook anything on the stove. We were forced to eat uncooked food much of the time. On one occasion, the ship stayed in the same position for twenty-four hours under full steam. At times, I thought that I had come to the end of my existence. On this voyage, we again used our sails whenever the wind and the sea were favorable, so it took us three full weeks to make the crossing, arriving at New York in October, 1891.

The Harbor Pilot came aboard at Sandy Hook and he told us that we would dock in three hours. We moved slowly past the beautiful Statue of Liberty and my heart almost burst with joy. Here was the symbol of Liberty. Here was the land that would set me free from my ignorance and make me a cultivated gentleman. My emotions were such that, if, then, I had known God, I would have bowed my head in prayer.

During the voyage, Captain and Mrs. Johnson told me that I would not have to go back to sea upon our return to London. They had made tentative plans for me to live in their home while attending navigation school, so that the next time I made a sea voyage, it would be in the capacity of an officer. While I was very appreciative of their kind consideration for me, I had no intention of becoming a seafaring man. I had finally reached America and I intended to stay, at all costs, to get an American education. as Joseph Hardy Neesima had done before me.



### CHAPTER III

"And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope . . ."—Romans V, 3-4.

## TRIBULATION AND HOPE

The *Morgal* docked in the East River at the lower end of Manhattan Island. Captain and Mrs. Johnson went ashore immediately, as they intended to stay at a hotel while the ship was in port. Later in the day, half of the crew was permitted to go ashore and I was included in that first group. I wrote a short note of appreciation to the Johnsons and left the ship at around 6:30 P.M., intending never to return.

With two of my friends from the ship, I took a horse-drawn trolley car across the great Brooklyn Bridge and went to a boarding house on Sands Street, near the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The boarding house was run by a man named Suzuki. He took care of unemployed Japanese seamen. Mr. Suzuki invited us to stay for supper and my first meal in America consisted of rice and fish. I thought I was back in Japan.

I asked Mr. Suzuki if I could stay in his boarding house for a while, because I intended to remain in America. I told him that I did not have much money, as I would never have been able to leave the ship if I had waited until pay-day. He agreed to let me stay until I found some work.

The men in the boarding house were a rough, heavy-drinking lot. They were mostly ex-sailors and could hardly understand English. The conversation was entirely in Japanese. There was much quarrelling and many fights occurred between the drunken men. They used to tease me by calling me "bot-chan" (little boy). I was quite dismayed, as there was no one to whom I could talk about my plans for the future. It was certainly not a very encouraging environment.

About a month after I landed in America, a Mr. Fujimoto came to the boarding house. This man was about forty years old and was the steward of the Officers Mess aboard the *U.S.S. Vermont* at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He told me that he could get me a job as mess-boy (dishwasher) on his ship and that they would pay me sixteen dollars a month with room and board. It was the first bit of encouragement to come my way after a month of despair. It made me very happy.

I began my work on the *Vermont* on the following day. I was especially glad to find that there were other young Japanese boys working on the ship. These boys, too, were seeking to be educated and they were working to save enough money to go to school.

The *Vermont* was an over-aged battleship and was used as a receiving station at the Navy Yard. It was docked there permanently and was used by officers awaiting new assignments. Most of the officers could not understand my grammatically-correct, but poorly-pronounced, English. I remember, one morning, an officer asked for some fruit, so I said, "There is no fruit on the menu this

morning." He could not understand a word I uttered because of my atrocious pronunciation. I did not know what to do, so I asked the steward to tell him. The steward went out and said, "Nobolly no flute ziss moaningu." The officer understood perfectly.

The chief cook in our mess, Kambi-san, was a most excellent man. He was well-educated in Japan and had come to America to go to college. Unfortunately, he had never been able to save up enough money to do so. When he heard of my ambition, he took a great interest in me. He told me to go to school as quickly as possible and he encouraged me a great deal. Nine months after I came to the *Vermont* (August 1892), he made me his assistant cook at twenty-two dollars a month. He did everything he could to teach me the art of cooking. About six months later, Kambi-san had to go back to Japan because of his father's death, so he arranged it for me to take his place. Thus, at the age of seventeen, I became the chief cook on the *U.S.S. Vermont*. My salary was forty-five dollars a month with room and board. The work was not very hard, as we were through by 7:00 o'clock every evening and I had an assistant working for me. I began to hope that my schooldays would not be far off.

Every evening I spent my time studying. I studied from the book the missionaries gave me at Malta. It was a tedious job, as I had to look up nearly every word in my English-Japanese dictionary. Gradually, I became interested in the book for itself, aside from the English it taught me. I read it at every opportunity. One day, the skipper, Captain McCullen, saw me reading this Bible and he asked me if I liked it. I told him that I liked it very much, especially as I learned English from it. He said that if I really wanted to learn English, he would try to make some arrangement for me to take lessons from a teacher. At last the clouds were clearing from my brain.

A few days later, Captain McCullen called me to his quarters and told me that he had spoken to a friend of his, a Miss Nancy E. Campbell, who conducted a Chinese Sunday School in Brooklyn. She had consented to teach me English and I was to go to see her that very evening. He told me not to forget to take my valuable textbook (Bible) with me.

It was a very cold evening in March (1893) and I had considerable trouble in finding my destination; which was 282 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York. Finally, I found the house and I rang the doorbell, clutching the Bible tightly to my breast. The door was opened by a tall and dignified lady of advanced age. She had very keen and observing eyes. My first impression of her was that she was a lady of unusual quality, such as one rarely sees on the streets. She took me by the hand and looked at me as if I were a strange object. Certainly, I was more than a bit frightened at this first contact with an American lady.

Miss Campbell asked me why I came to America and what my plans were. I related my experiences to her at considerable length and told her that I was determined to obtain an American education. It was quite difficult to make her understand my poor English, but, somehow, she seemed to get the gist of what I said. The hour was getting late, but she did not seem to mind. She told me that she was in charge of a Chinese Sunday School, but that she



MISS NANCY E. CAMPBELL

would be free on any weekday evening to teach me. If I wanted to take lessons every evening, I would be welcome. No one can imagine how happy I was to find, at last, a teacher who would teach me every night. I thanked her heartily for her kindness. Then, when I mentioned that there were five other boys on my ship who would like also to take lessons, she said that she would enlist the aid of some other ladies, so that we might have a class. I was again made happy to know that my friends on the boat could share my joy. It was nearly midnight when I took my leave. I vowed that I would work diligently and achieve my aim in life. When I got back to the Navy Yard, it was so late that everyone was asleep.

On the following morning, after breakfast, I went down to the bunk-room and told my friends of my interview with Miss Campbell. They were overjoyed to hear that they, too, could take lessons. That evening, Nishijima, Sugiyama, Tashiro, Kinoshita, Katagiri, and I set out for Miss Campbell's house as if we had just discovered a gold mine. I introduced the other boys to Miss Campbell. There were two other ladies there to help out with the teaching, so we had the benefits of private instruction. After we had finished with our lessons, the ladies invited us to attend the Chinese Sunday School and we promised that we would be there every Sunday.

Although the weather during March and April (1893) was very bad, I went faithfully to Miss Campbell's house, never missing a day. I got to know her very well, as she taught me alone, and we would talk at length after the lesson was over. I learned that she had been, for many years, a teacher of art in various women's colleges in the South, until her retirement five years previously. She had, since then, conducted the Chinese Sunday School and through it, become intensely interested in missionary work.

One day, a man by the name of Kinya Okajima came to see me on the *Vermont*. I was studying on the upper deck as usual, when Tashiro came up and said, "Hey, Takami! There's a Japanese fellow below who wants to see you. He looks like a beggar!" I went down to the service quarters and met the man. He was very dirty and shabbily dressed. He wore a straw hat that was more black than straw-colored and his face looked as though it had not been bathed in months. He said that someone had told him about my being on the *Vermont*, so he came over to give me a circular entitled *The Teachings of Christ*. He told me that he had become a Christian three years previously with the help of the great Japanese Evangelist, Abe. At that time, he had a good job with a road-construction company in California, but he saw the value of saving human souls, so he gave up his position to do Evangelistic work. He had just arrived in New York after having walked across the United States, because he had no money for train fare. At first, I thought the man was a tramp, but he spoke good English and his Japanese was of the highest quality. I began to admire him for his devotion to Christian work, so I told him that I would take him to Miss Campbell's house. First, I took him to the water-closet to wash his face and hands. I gave him a clean collar and told him to wear my derby hat instead of his dirty straw one. That evening, after I had finished my work, we walked over to Fulton Street. I introduced Mr. Okajima to Miss Campbell, telling her

that his ambition was to preach the Gospel to the Japanese in New York. She was much delighted to know him. Mr. Okajima spoke very good English, so that he could talk with Miss Campbell with ease and fluency. She told him that she would do all in her power to help him in his work in New York City. Then, she asked him to help with the teaching in her Sunday School. He was very happy and said that he would be most pleased to teach at Sunday School.

Until Mr. Okajima came, we Japanese at the Sunday School had been getting along very well with the Chinese, because we were both taught in English by the American ladies. However, Mr. Okajima began to lapse more and more into the use of Japanese, especially as we got to the more difficult passages in the Bible. Naturally, this created some friction with the Chinese. Therefore, Mr. Okajima thought it was time to start a Japanese Sunday School and he approached Miss Campbell with the idea. She was very enthusiastic and she said that she would speak to a friend of hers who was the pastor of the Central Methodist Church on Clinton Street.

Ever since Mr. Okajima came to Brooklyn, he had been attending Dr. Dixon's Baptist Church. At that time, Dr. Dixon was one of the foremost Evangelistic preachers in the country and Mr. Okajima had talked to him about starting a Japanese mission. He said that he had a nucleus of sixteen boys who were trained at Miss Campbell's Chinese Sunday School and that this would give him an opportunity to start missionary work amongst the Japanese men who were working at the Navy Yard. Dr. Dixon gave him his support and, when the plan was worked out, Mr. Okajima came and told me about it. I told him that since he had spoken to Miss Campbell about starting the Sunday School, she had been working with the Central Methodist Church and that her plans were also completed. I asked him how he could explain the other arrangements to Miss Campbell, who had done so much for us. He answered that he wanted to start a *mission* and not a Sunday School. Thus, with the Japanese boys from the Chinese Sunday School as a nucleus, and with Miss Campbell's complete approval, he started the first Japanese Mission in 1893 on the second floor of a house on Sands Street (Now, the Japanese Methodist Church of New York).

In the meantime, I had embraced the Christian faith and had been baptized in the Presbyterian Church. I had also been getting along very well with my English and Miss Campbell was much pleased. She told me that if I would give up my work at the Navy Yard and stay with her for a few months, I would have enough training to go to preparatory school. I felt that I did not yet have sufficient money to pay my expenses. Miss Campbell said that I was wrong to worry about the expenses. She said that I must first prepare myself to meet the requirements for admission and then think about how to meet the expenses. Accordingly, I decided to take her advice and on the following day, I resigned from my position on the *Vermont*.

When I told Mr. Fujimoto, the steward, about what I did, he was thunderstruck. He said, "Have you lost your mind? You came here as a dishwasher at sixteen dollars a month and in the

short space of a year and a half, you have risen to be chief cook at forty-five dollars a month. Everybody working at the Navy Yard is envious of your position and you want to give it up and go to high school. Suppose you do graduate from high school, you will not get a position that brings you more than twenty dollars a month. I am saying these things to you to bring you to your right mind. Think it over before you decide." I thanked him for his advice, but I told him that I was firmly decided on my course. I did not come to America to make money. I came to get an education and I would not rest until my ambition was fulfilled. I thanked him again for all his kindnesses to me in the past and took my leave. Then, I went below to say goodbye to the boys in the bunk-room. They, too, thought that I was crazy for leaving, but they wished me luck in my future struggle. Thus, in July, 1893, I left the Navy Yard to live with Miss Campbell and prepare myself to be fit to enter school in the autumn.

## CHAPTER IV

*"Behold, I lay in Zion for a Foundation a Stone, a tried Stone, a precious Corner-stone of sure Foundation . . ."—Isaiah XXVIII, 16.*

### SCHOOL DAYS

After I had been living at Miss Campbell's house for about a month, a young Japanese man by the name of Yezo Ishii came to see me. He was in the Junior Class of the Cushing Academy in North Ashburnham, Massachusetts. He said that he received a scholarship for his tuition and that he worked at the home of the principal, Dr. Cowell, for his room and board. Besides that, he had a summer job with the Floating Hospital of the St. John's Guild. He advised me to apply for a scholarship for the coming fall, saying that he would try to get me a job on the Floating Hospital during the following summer. I introduced Ishii to Miss Campbell. She questioned him thoroughly about Cushing and finally gave her consent for me to send in my application.

As soon as Ishii left, Miss Campbell wrote a letter to Dr. Cowell, stating my case and asking him for a scholarship for me. She received a very prompt and favorable reply. Not only would I get a scholarship for the coming year, but Dr. Cowell said that he would take a special interest in my welfare. I could hardly wait until the time came for me to go to school.

Although my tuition would be free, I would have to pay for my room and board. I had only seventy dollars left out of my savings and that would not carry me very far. Accordingly, I went over to Chinatown and bought ten pounds of rice, two quarts of "miso" (soy-bean paste), and a gallon jug of "shoyu" (soy-bean sauce) to take to school with me. That would take care of my food requirements for a while. Then, I bought a ticket to North Ashburnham. This left me with only forty-five dollars for emergencies. Miss Campbell said that I could not get along for a whole year on such a small amount and she tried to give me some money, but I refused to take it. I told her that I would work when I got to the academy and if I needed her help later, I would ask for it.

On September 13, 1893, at 9:00 A.M., I left New York City from the Grand Central Station to go to North Ashburnham, Massachusetts. It was the first time in my life that I had ever been on a train and the experience was rather bumpy. The trip was long and I had to make several changes. The train from Springfield (Massachusetts) was late in arriving at Gardiner, so I missed the 5:00 P.M. train from Gardiner to North Ashburnham. I was very much disappointed and I asked the stationmaster about the next train. He told me that there was no train to North Ashburnham until 8:00 o'clock the next morning. I was thoroughly perplexed and dejected. The station was a small shack and since the stop was just a junction on the main line, there was no place where I could find a night's lodging. Therefore, I resigned myself to sleep in the station until morning. I went to the extreme end of the shack and sat down on a bench. Arranging my two suitcases

around me, I then settled down for the night. I had not eaten anything since breakfast, but there was no place where I could buy any food. I was very hungry, tired, and dirty.

At about 7:30 P.M., another train pulled in from the direction of Springfield. Several passengers got off and waited around the station for another train. One of them, an elderly gentleman, saw me sitting in the corner of the station, so he came over to me and asked me whether I was Chinese or Japanese. I replied that I was Japanese and that I was on my way to Cushing Academy. Then, I told him about missing my train to North Ashburnham. This gentleman, whose name was Mr. Whitney, said that he lived in South Ashburnham, which was only seven miles from North Ashburnham. He invited me to go to his house with him to pass the night, saying that he would drive me to school in the morning. I did not know what to say, as it was so unusual, in my experience of this country, for an utter stranger to offer such kind hospitality. While I was thinking of the proper answer to give him, the train for South Ashburnham pulled in and Mr. Whitney picked up one of my suitcases, telling me to follow him. I could do nothing but obey. Thus, we boarded the train at 8:00 P.M.

It took about forty-five minutes to reach South Ashburnham and I was very frightened. When we arrived there, a horse and carriage were waiting at the station. Mr. Whitney told me to get in, saying that the driver would take care of my bags. His house was about a half a mile away and it was constructed in the manner of an English mansion.

Mr. Whitney's wife and daughter were waiting for him when we got to his house. He introduced me to them, telling them of my predicament and saying that I would be their guest for the night. Mrs. Whitney welcomed me and directed me to a room on the second floor, where I was to stay. She told me to wash up and then come down to dinner.

The room was very large and beautifully furnished. It had three windows, facing a garden. I could not figure out why I should be shown so much kindness and I began to get a little anxious. However, Mrs. Whitney had instructed me to wash up, so I went to the wash basin and stood in front of the mirror. It was the first time that I was confronted with my countenance since I left home that morning and I was shocked to see that my face was almost pitch-black from exposure to the soot of the train. I washed my face two or three times before I managed to bring it back to its natural color. I changed my collar, brushed my clothes, and then went downstairs.

When Mrs. Whitney saw me, she smiled and said that I did not look like the same boy who came home with Mr. Whitney. We had a wonderful New England dinner and I stuffed myself so much that Mrs. Whitney must have thought that I had not eaten in a month. After dinner, we had a pleasant conversation in the library. Then, Mrs. Whitney said that I had better go to bed, as I must be tired from my long trip. I said goodnight and went up to my room. When I got in bed, I tried to analyze why these people were so kind to me, but I was so tired that I soon fell asleep.

Early the next morning, Mrs. Whitney knocked on my door to wake me up. Of course, I had been up and dressed several hours

before and I was still wondering what would happen next. I went downstairs and found the family waiting for me. At the breakfast table, Miss Whitney asked me whether I had a good night's rest. I could not say other than "Yes!" Mr. Whitney said that he was going to drive me to the academy in his carriage, so I prepared myself to start. I got my two suitcases, thanked Mrs. and Miss Whitney for their kind hospitality, and climbed into the carriage.

When we arrived at Cushing Academy, we drove to Dr. Cowell's house, where we were met by Ishii. They were all very much worried because I did not arrive the night before, as expected. I told them of my unusual experience and, then, while Mr. Whitney was talking with Dr. Cowell, I gave Ishii five dollars, telling him to give it to my benefactor for his hospitality. Ishii said that Mr. Whitney would not take it, but I insisted. When Mr. Whitney saw what was in the envelope handed to him by Ishii, he looked straight into my face and said, "I am, indeed, sorry that you do not comprehend my sincerity. If you wish to repay me for what I have done for you, I will tell you how you may do it. When you get back to Japan, if ever you should find a stranger in a similar predicament as yours, show him your compassion. That will be ample recompense and that is all I ask." I felt deeply moved and could utter no word in answer.

Dr. and Mrs. Cowell received me with much courtesy and kindness. They made me feel instantly at my ease. Dr. Cowell informed me that he was not able to place me in the school dormitory, as all the rooms were taken, but he said that he had secured a room for me in a house across the street from his home, where several other students lived. He said that he was sure I would be comfortable and he invited me to stay for lunch.

After lunch, Ishii took me over to my room. It was on the second floor and faced northeast. The room was of medium size, having two windows. There was a peculiar-looking stove placed right in the middle of the room. Ishii said that it was a Franklin stove and that wood logs were burned in it, as it got very cold in Massachusetts in the winter. I was quite satisfied with the place, the rent being only two dollars a week. I was especially happy to find a small gas stove in the corner of the room on which I could cook my meals.

As soon as I got settled in my room, I went out to the General Store in town and bought a pound of soup beef, a few onions and turnips, and some salt and sugar. I then carried these purchases to my room. I took out the Chinese "shoyu" (soy-bean sauce) that I had purchased in New York and took one cup of this, adding four cups of water, a pinch of salt, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. I boiled the mixture for one hour and the result was a pretty good imitation of Japanese "shoyu". Then, I sliced and salted the turnips to make "okoko" (pickles). I chopped the beef with some onions and boiled them in "shoyu" to make "tsukudani" (cured meat or fish), which would last much longer than fresh beef. Thus, I had taken care of the eating problem. I would boil enough rice in the morning to last me the whole day, so I would limit my cooking to once daily. In this way, I would have more time to study.

School started on September 16, 1893. This was my first day

of formal education in America, so I remember it well. I arose very early and went to Chapel, where I met a great many students. They were very nice to me and did everything to welcome me. I recalled my first days at the Todajiku and pondered over the difference in attitude toward incoming freshmen. My respect for American institutions grew stronger and stronger.

My freshman courses were English, Mathematics, Latin, Bible, and Elocution. On the whole, the subjects were not so difficult, as Miss Campbell had prepared me well. However, Latin was new to me and I was slow in catching on to it. Dr. Cowell took a special interest in tutoring me and I was soon able to get along nicely.

I used to study my lessons with a young fellow by the name of Jack Spur. Jack was from Boston and we were always in each other's rooms. He told me that his father did not have much money, but that one of his uncles was very rich. This uncle not only manufactured whiskey, but he was also a great philanthropist, being zealously religious. Jack said that he was a good man, but he did the most contrary things. For instance, he would send some missionaries to Africa on the same boat with a shipment of whiskey from his distilleries; the one to save souls and the other for their degeneration.

With October, the really cold weather set in and I had to buy a cart-load of wood for my Franklin stove. The wood cost me five dollars, but I could not escape buying it, as I had no other source of heat in my room. Therefore, I was glad to see the snow fall, because it would mean that I could earn some money shovelling it. There was a great deal of snow that winter. It seemed to fall every day. I earned twenty-five cents an hour and worked three or four hours a day.

As for my meals, I cooked rice every day and made beef "tsukudani" each Saturday, so that I did not spend much time or money for my nourishment. Mrs. Cowell was so kind and knowing my circumstances, she invited me to Sunday supper every week. This meal consisted of a big bowl of milk and crackers, cake, and tea. It was a real treat for me.

Every other Saturday afternoon, Mr. Whitney used to come to take me to his home in South Ashburnham. Mrs. and Miss Whitney were always glad to see me and they fed me until I was stuffed. I would stay overnight and then Mr. Whitney would drive me back to school in time for Sunday morning Chapel. I was so grateful to those dear friends.

We were to get a two-week Easter vacation and I wanted to go home to see Miss Campbell. The forty-five dollars I brought to school with me was almost gone, but I had earned some money shovelling snow, so I had just about enough money to buy a ticket to Brooklyn. Miss Campbell had been writing to me, asking me whether I needed any money, but I was always happy and proud to tell her that I could get along on what I had.

When I arrived home, Miss Campbell embraced me. Then, she held both my hands and started to cry, not only because she was glad to see me, but also because she said I was so thin that I looked like a ghost. We stayed up until very late that night, talking about all the things that had happened to me since I left home and of how kind everyone was to me. Of course, I had written of these things

to Miss Campbell in my weekly letters to her, but she wanted to hear about them from my own lips.

On the next day, Miss Campbell's nephew, Alexander Campbell, came to welcome me home for my first vacation. Mr. Campbell was the secretary of the Republican Club of New York, besides being a very successful attorney. When I told him of Mr. Whitney's kindness to me at Gardiner, and afterwards, he was deeply touched. He sat right down at the desk and wrote a long letter to Mr. Whitney, in which he expressed his gratitude. Mr. Whitney thought so highly of that letter that he later had it published in the South Ashburnham daily newspaper.

I went to the Japanese Mission on Sands Street to see my old friends. They were very glad to see me and I had to relate my experiences all over again. Tashiro told me that Sugiyama, Kata-giri, and Hachida had applied for admission to the Mount Herman School in Massachusetts and were accepted. He, himself, had started a Japanese laundry on Read Avenue in Brooklyn. I asked him how on earth he ever got into such a business. He said that he had obtained a job in a Chinese laundry and learned all about the laundry business in a month. Now, he could do the work better than a Chinese laundryman, so he operated his own successful establishment. I was very grateful that I did not come to America to be a laundryman.

When it came time for me to return to school, Miss Campbell did not want me to leave. She said that I did not know how to take care of myself and that if I continued to eat as I had, I would surely get sick. I begged her to let me go back, promising her to be more careful about eating and sleeping in the future. Besides, I told her, when the summer vacation came around, I would build up my constitution. Reluctantly, she gave me her consent to return and she provided me with enough money to finish out the school year.

The spring session at Cushing was one of much happiness and contentment. I studied very hard, passing all my subjects creditably. I had eaten quantities of fresh fruit and taken long tramps through the beautiful Massachusetts countryside. Thus, when I again returned to Miss Campbell, for my summer vacation, she was exceedingly joyous to notice the improvement in my appearance.

Before I left school, Ishii had instructed me to apply for his old summer job on the Floating Hospital. Accordingly, I went to see Mr. Richardson, the secretary of the St. John's Guild. Mr. Richardson was very nice and when I told him that I had been the chief cook on the *U.S.S. Vermont*, he said that I could have the job. I was to be the chief cook on the Floating Hospital at a salary of seventy-five dollars a month for three months, starting on June tenth (1894). This meant that I would have over two hundred dollars to take back to school with me in the fall. It was indeed a welcome sum.

The Floating Hospital was operated under the joint auspices of the St. John's Guild and of the Department of Welfare of the City of New York. The boat was docked at the foot of Twenty-Third Street in the East River. Every morning, during the summer months, about five hundred underprivileged children and their mothers would come on board for a day's outing and to receive medical attention at the Guild Hospital on Staten Island. It was

my job to order all the supplies and to cook luncheon for the passengers and breakfast and supper for the crew. I had two assistants to help me with the cooking and there were also about twenty-five waitresses for the noon meal. I took much interest in my work, knowing that I was doing something for the poor children of the city. Thus, I passed a very gratifying summer.

Ever since the day I arrived home for my spring vacation in such an emaciated condition, Miss Campbell had made up her mind to send me to a different school. She had been in communication with Dr. Cameron MacKenzie, the Headmaster of the Lawrenceville School (Lawrenceville, New Jersey), who expressed a keen interest in the education of her Japanese "son". Dr. MacKenzie wrote that the school had no regular endowment scholarships, but that there were three honor scholarships amounting to three hundred dollars each. He promised to give me one of these scholarships, provided that I could pay two hundred and fifty dollars in addition and of course on the condition that I would maintain the calibre of scholarship required. Miss Campbell was extremely pleased and she made the final arrangements to send me to Lawrenceville in September (1894).

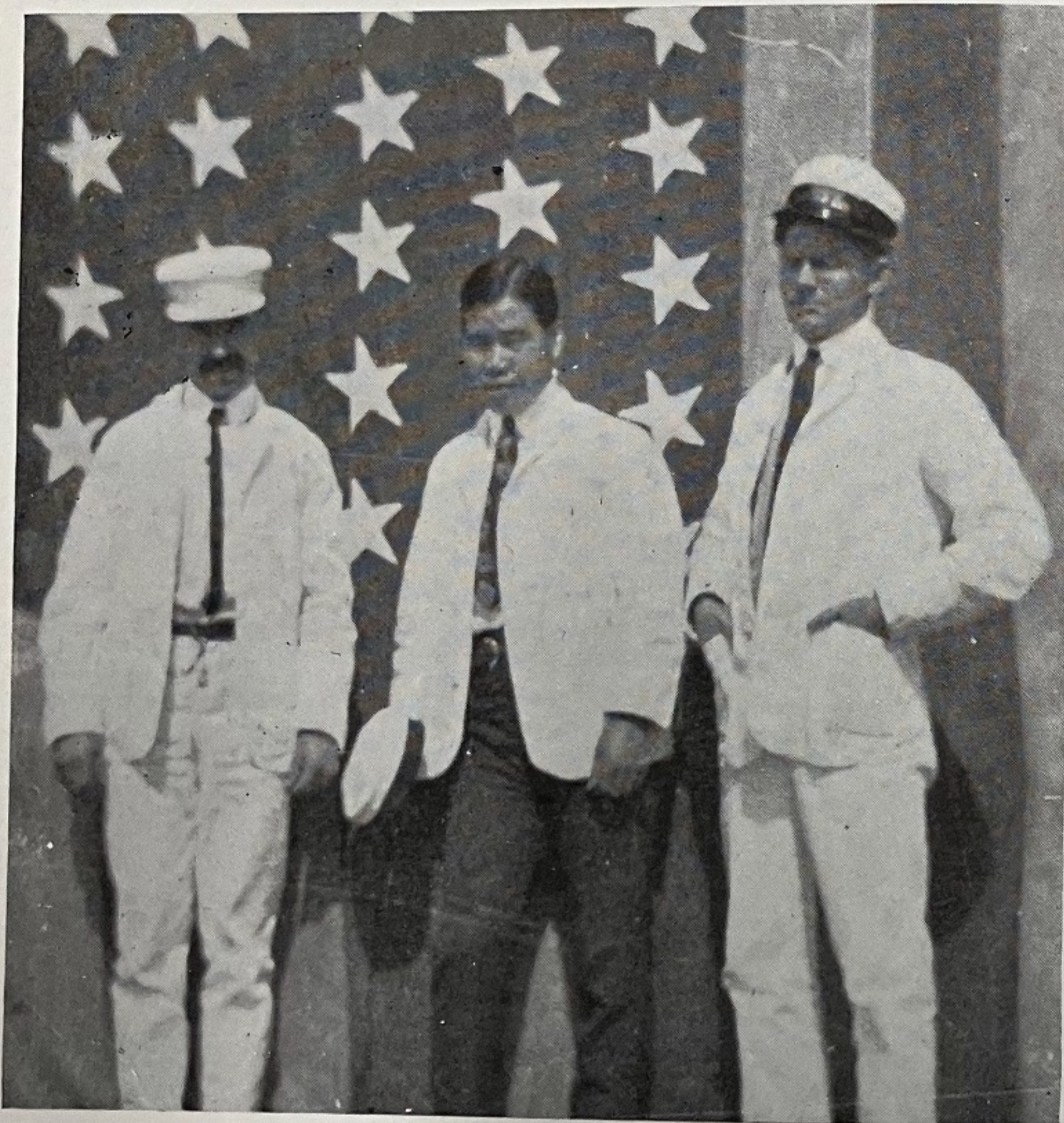
I had known that Lawrenceville was one of the most exclusive preparatory schools in the country and had heard of its character and high standing. Therefore, I could not quite understand how I, an impoverished Japanese student, had been accepted for admission. I felt that God was indeed guiding the destiny of my life.

At the close of the summer, I made arrangements to return to the Floating Hospital during my next summer vacation and I gave the two hundred and twenty-five dollars that I had earned to Miss Campbell. I asked her to use it to pay for the sum requested by Lawrenceville School. However, she would not take it, saying that the school tuition had already been paid and that whatever money I had earned during the summer was to be used to purchase books and clothes. I felt suddenly like a millionaire's son. Miss Campbell said, "You are more than a millionaire's son. You are *my* son."

On the morning of September 18, 1894, Miss Campbell and I left New York for Lawrenceville. When we arrived at Trenton (New Jersey), there were several stage coaches waiting to take us to Lawrenceville, a distance of about five miles. There were quite a few students from New York with their parents, so we all occupied the same coach. The boy who sat next to me was Lytleton Fox. He was with his mother. A boy by the name of James Cash sat opposite us with his parents. By the time we reached the school, we were all thoroughly acquainted.

At Lawrenceville, Dr. MacKenzie welcomed Miss Campbell and me at the Foundation House (Headmaster's residence) and he invited Miss Campbell to be his guest for the night. He informed me that I had been assigned to the Cleve House and he suggested that we go over and fix up my room.

My room at Cleve House was in a southern corner of the building, with one window facing the Circle (campus) and another overlooking the athletic field. It contained a bed, a dresser, a desk, and two chairs. There was no rug on the floor, but, as it was clean, it could have gone without one. However, Miss Campbell insisted



ABOARD THE FLOATING HOSPITAL

that I have a rug, so she inquired of Mr. Gulick, the housemaster, as to where we could get one. He informed us that the seniors were accustomed to dispose of their belongings, so we could get anything we wanted at the school barber shop. We went right over to the barber shop and purchased a few things that I needed for my room.

Miss Campbell was Dr. MacKenzie's guest for two days. Then, after she was satisfied that I was conveniently settled, she left Lawrenceville. For the first time since I left my home in Japan, I felt more than a little bit homesick.

I was the second Japanese student to attend Lawrenceville. Prince Matsukata, who had been graduated three years previously, was the first. Consequently, all of the students thought that I must at least be a relative of the Emperor of Japan. Before I knew anything about it, the boys began to address me as "Prince Tak" and that nickname was carried throughout my four years at Lawrenceville.

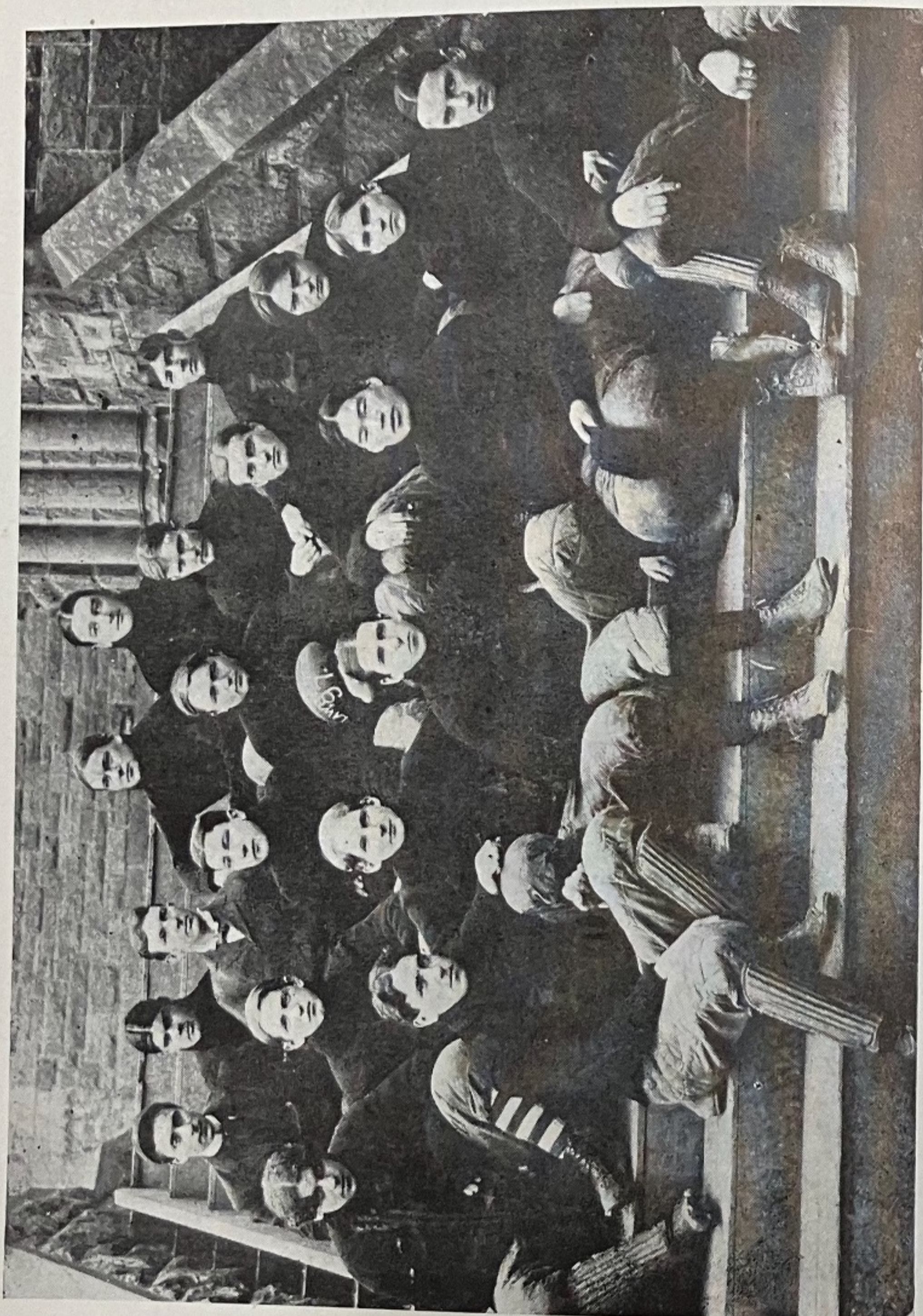
Besides our daily studies, we were required to indulge in some sort of organized athletics. When I was at Cushing Academy, I had taken some football training, so I selected that sport. I became a substitute on the Cleve House team, playing at right guard.

I passed my first year in Lawrenceville just as if it were a dream. I was very happy. I made out quite well in all of the subjects I carried. My grades were sufficiently good for me to keep my scholarship for the following year. The Headmaster, in his advisory lecture at the close of the school year, said that once we got home, we should not think about our studies. Vacation was meant for absolute mental rest and he advised us not to open any school books whatsoever. By so doing, we would be able to accomplish better work when we came back in the fall. These remarks appealed to me very much, as it was necessary for me to devote all of my time to my summer work on the Floating Hospital. I decided, therefore, that I would be a completely good workingman and not half-student, half-laborer. Accordingly, I put all my textbooks into my trunk at school and carried home only my useful clothing. I wished God-speed to my schoolmates and returned to Miss Campbell, who immediately noticed a change in my English, in my attitude, and in my social manners.

My position at the Floating Hospital was waiting for me and everyone was glad to have me back. They knew, of course, that I was a student, but I did not tell them that I went to Lawrenceville School. I spent a very pleasant, but hot, summer, earning two hundred and twenty-five dollars.

In September (1895), I was very happy to go back to school again. The fellows asked me how I had spent my vacation and they told me what they had done. Many of them had passed the summer abroad (Europe) and others had gone to their summer homes in Maine and other places. I am sure that I did not tell them that I had spent my summer in the kitchen of the Floating Hospital. However, everyone thought I looked wonderfully well.

As usual, football was the main topic of conversation. I made the Cleve House first team that year and we won the Inter-House Championship by beating the Davis House team by a score of 12-6 in the final game. In our studies, we took up only Greek and Al-



LAWRENCEVILLE SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM 1897

cleated shoe, doing considerable damage. My ear was bleeding and the pain was severe. After first-aid treatment given to me by a doctor on the field, he said that I had better not continue in the game. I begged him to let me stay in until the end of the game which was but five minutes away. He consented to this, saying that it was against his better judgment. During the last five minutes of the game, Captain McCord made another score. Thus, we won the traditional game of the year by a score of 12-0.

When we were on the train bound for Lawrenceville, my ear began to swell up like a balloon and it was very painful. I asked Captain McCord to let me get off the train at New York so that I could go home and take care of myself. They all thought that I should go back to the school infirmary, but I knew that if I did that, Dr. Johnson would not discharge me for at least four weeks. I did not wish to miss so much time away from my studies, as it was my Senior Year. Therefore, I left the train at New York.

When I got home, Miss Campbell was very frightened. She said that she had been praying for me all day so that I would be spared just such an injury. She began to cry and called Dr. Mason, asking him to come and see me. Dr. Mason treated my wound very nicely and relieved me of much of the pain. After a few days, I received a letter from school, telling me to go back and be treated there. On the following Saturday, a week after my injury, I felt well enough to go back to school to resume my work. When I arrived there, all of the students were gathered in front of the Upper House. They cheered me as if I were a wounded soldier coming home from the wars.

I studied very diligently to make up what I had missed and also in order that I might graduate in good standing. During the winter term, I met Dr. Warfield of Lafayette College again at Dr. MacKenzie's home. Dr. Warfield asked me about my plans for college. I told him that I had written to Dr. Patton of Princeton University in reference to a scholarship, but had not as yet received a reply. Then, he told me that he thought Princeton was too large a college to be of advantage to me. He said that I would be much happier at Lafayette, as the relationship between the students and the faculty was much closer than at Princeton. He offered to give me a full scholarship at Lafayette. Being a Lafayette graduate himself, Dr. MacKenzie agreed with Dr. Warfield. I thanked them both for their kindness to me and told them that I would consult Miss Campbell before I made a decision.

The remainder of my Senior Year passed happily and quickly. Lawrenceville was always hard to leave behind for the summer, but even more difficult to leave forever. Graduates returned every year on Alumni Day, but they were never an intimate part of the life of the school, as were the students in it. I shall always remember my four years at Lawrenceville as the richest years of my life.

Miss Campbell attended my graduation exercises and she was made proud to learn that my classmates had voted me the "Best All-Around Man" in the school. Thus, on graduation day in June, 1898, I left my beloved Lawrenceville forever behind.



gebra in addition to the subjects with which we were already familiar, so it was not too difficult for me. However, it was necessary for me to spend some extra time on my English, so I asked Mr. Gulick to let me stay up a little longer than 9:00 P.M., when the lights went out. He replied that he could not permit me to do so under any circumstances. This was a very strict rule and, often, the housemaster would go around from room to room to see if anyone had their lights on. The only way I could stay up late and read was to go into my closet or into the toilet with my kerosene lamp. In this manner, I made good progress in my difficult English subjects.

Dr. and Mrs. MacKenzie were very kind to me ever since I came to the school. Often, they would invite me for tea when special guest speakers came to Lawrenceville to preach at Sunday Chapel. Since Dr. MacKenzie was a Lafayette graduate, Dr. Warfield, the president of Lafayette College, was a frequent visitor. Whenever he came to the school, Mrs. MacKenzie would invite me to Sunday dinner, so I got to know Dr. Warfield quite well.

Dr. MacKenzie was very proud of my football ability. Before me, Matsukata had tried hard at the game, but did not make much of it. During the spring, I took track, as I could not play baseball very well. In the winter, I indulged in boxing and wrestling. I made quite a bit of progress in wrestling, but I was not good enough to make the school team.

Once more, with the approach of summer, I packed all of my textbooks in my trunk in preparation for an entirely different life. I went home to Miss Campbell and told her what had taken place during the year. I told her that I had maintained the required standard for my scholarship and that I had been so successful at football that I was asked to be on the school second team in the fall. Miss Campbell was not happy to hear about the football. She thought it was risky and dangerous. However, she said that as long as they wanted me, she supposed that I could not help it. Then, I told her that Dr. MacKenzie had invited me to meet many distinguished men at his home. This made Miss Campbell very happy and she said that Dr. MacKenzie was the most wonderful man in the whole world. I again passed the summer on the Floating Hospital.

Having been chosen for the school second football team, I was asked to report for practice a few days before the opening of the term. Everyone was glad to see me physically fit. When practice began, the team captain, "Big Bill" Edwards, placed me at right tackle. I was rather short for the position, but my legs were strong. Each time the opposing backs tried to get through my end of the line, I was able to stop them. Billy Houston, a tall, strong fellow, was playing right tackle on the varsity team. The first game of the season was with Pennington Prep. In the opening half, Houston let the opposing backs get through him twice, so Captain Edwards put me in his place. I was able to hold them to no gain whenever they attempted to get through me and we won the game.

Ever since that first game, I played right tackle on the varsity team for the remainder of the season. When the season was over, I was greatly honored to receive the school insignia, the big, red

"L," on a black sweater. Oh, I was so proud and happy that I did not know what to do with myself. That feeling of satisfaction exceeded anything that I have since experienced; even to receiving a college diploma.

Virgil and Greek were difficult, but I managed fairly well. The hardest subject to confront me was English; Milton, Longfellow, Whittier, Goldsmith. There was so much to read that my kerosene lamp burned in my closet, far into the night. So passed my Junior Year at Lawrenceville.

As usual, the day came when I had to begin my summer work on the Floating Hospital. By this time, I had become well acquainted with the official body of the St. John's Guild. I grew to know Mr. Ford, the Commissioner of Welfare of the City of New York, particularly well. He was very kind to me.

I received a notice from school to the effect that as a member of the varsity football team, I should return to the campus ten days before the official opening of the term. Thus, while we had this pre-season practice, I spent my spare time fixing up my room in the Upper House, where all the senior students lived together. The Upper House was a self-governed dormitory and we could stay up at night as late as we wanted. There was no one to watch us and I would not be forced to risk setting fire to my clothes in the closet any more. There was a large dining hall, capable of seating over a hundred persons, on the main floor. The housemaster's table was at one end of the room and the football training table was at the other. Here, we were served before the others, being allowed to eat only the type of food suitable for athletes in training.

The first game of the season was, as usual, with Pennington Prep and we beat them 24-0. We played a game every Saturday and, on Wednesdays, we would often have a practice game with the Princeton University second team. Finally, after a fairly successful season, we were scheduled to play our traditional rivals, the Phillips (Andover) Academy, in the last game. The game was to be played at Andover, so on a Friday afternoon, we set out for Massachusetts. When we arrived there, we were treated very nicely and our quarters were assigned to us. I was greatly impressed with Andover. I recalled that it was the school from which Joseph Hardy Neesima had been graduated nearly thirty years before.

On Saturday morning, we went out for light practice. At 2:00 P.M., everybody was rushing to the football field. About fifty boys had followed us from Lawrenceville and there were nearly five hundred people in the stands. The Andover team went on the field led by their school band. We, too, went on the field led by our band. Everyone in the stands stood up, clapping their hands to welcome us.

The Andover team was very strong and we had to fight hard to keep them from scoring. I never missed a tackle and every time the ball came to me, I managed to make a gain. Then, just before the end of the first half, I made a goal. The score was then 6-0 and we had a twenty-minute recess. During the second half of the game, I realized that the Andover team concentrated on knocking me down, but I managed to hold my ground. Towards the end of the game, I carried the ball and made a ten-yard gain. Everybody piled on top of me and someone stepped on my left ear with his

## CHAPTER V

*"Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate:  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait."  
—Longfellow.*

### COLLEGE YEARS

Miss Campbell informed me that she had been in communication with the Princeton Theological Seminary, which institution had offered me a full scholarship for four years. I was greatly amazed to learn that it was Miss Campbell's wish to have me study Theology, because I had never expressed such a desire on my part. She explained that ever since I had come under her guidance, she had taken it for granted that it was my ultimate aim to become a minister of God. She said, "It is a wonderful profession. Just think, you will have the chance to preach the Gospel to the people of any land and you will receive everlasting blessings." I replied that I had never thought of becoming a minister, but that preaching the Gospel of Christ was a most important part of any Christian layman's life. It was not necessary to wear the mantle of an ordained minister or to stand upon a platform to teach the ways of Christ. It had always been my most cherished ambition and hope to become a physician. Medicine was, in itself, a noble profession. Moreover, I intended to make it my aim to preach the Gospel through my daily conduct and in the manner in which I lived, throughout my life.

Miss Campbell expressed considerable surprise, but she clearly understood the determination in my hopes. She reminded me that I would have to suffer privations for nearly ten more years, but I told her that hardship and struggle mold the future of mankind. I asked her not to worry about me because, if adversities should arise, God would be with me to the end. Then, she embraced me and kissed me, asking my forgiveness for her misinterpretation of my life's purpose.

I described my conversation with Dr. Warfield about going to Lafayette College and Miss Campbell was very pleased. She said that she would go immediately to Easton (Pennsylvania) to make arrangements for me. Accordingly, on the following day, Miss Campbell went to Easton. Dr. Warfield was glad to see her and happy to know that I had decided to go to Lafayette. He told her that he would give me, besides the full scholarship for my tuition, a room on the campus and the sum of fifty dollars to help pay for my board. Needless to say, Miss Campbell came home, made exceedingly pleased by the generous offer from the "beautiful little college on the hill."

Having completed my fifth summer on the Floating Hospital, Miss Campbell and I departed for Easton in September, 1898. The first thing we did was to go to see Dr. Warfield and thank him for his kindness in granting me such unusual privileges. I promised him that I would try to make myself worthy of his interest in me.

My room was on the right side of the main floor in East Hall. It was quite large and had three windows, having formerly been used as a double room. The furniture consisted of only a bed and a table, so I had to provide the rest. Miss Campbell went over to the college second-hand furniture store, but the things they had were not good enough for her, so she took me downtown to the Abel Department Store. There, we bought rugs, chairs, curtains, hangars, and a few other things. They made my room look very attractive and I was not ashamed to receive anyone there.

Soon after we had straightened out my room, the football captain came to see me. He said that he had heard of me as the "weasel" of the Lawrenceville School team. He expressed surprise at the smallness of my stature, but he said that he was lucky to get me and asked me to report for practice. Regretfully, I told him that I would be unable to play football for some time, in view of the fact that the old injury to my ear had not yet healed. He was very disappointed, as he had planned that I should become the "weasel wonder" of the Lafayette team.

Miss Campbell stayed with me in Easton for nearly three weeks. Consequently, she met many of the boys who were later to become my lifelong friends. She went home only after she was fully convinced that my college career was begun on the right track.

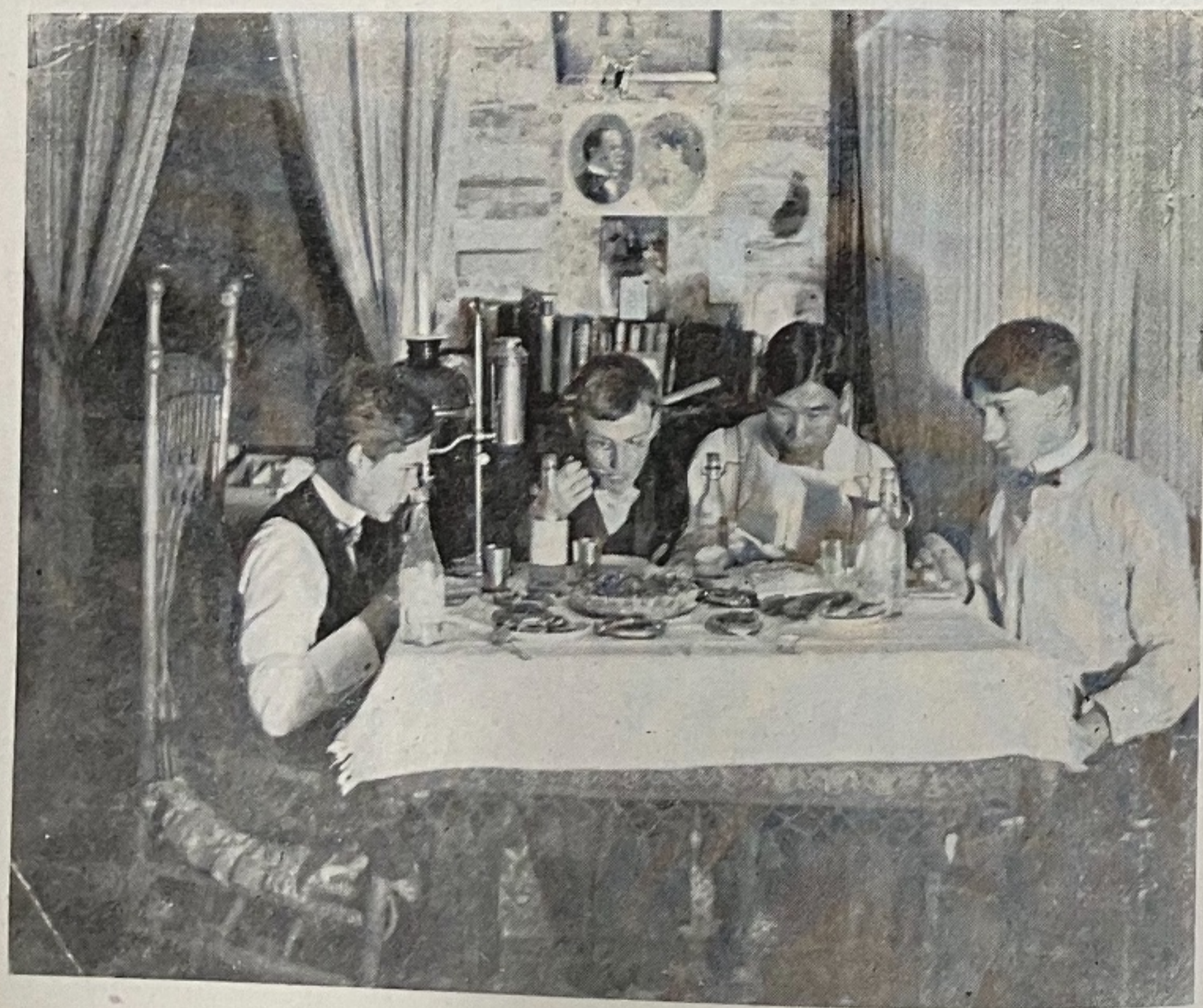
Nearly every day, the representatives of the various fraternities would call on me to take me to their rooms, to meet the other members. They were all so friendly that it was most difficult to choose between them. Finally, I accepted a bid to become a member of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity. I enjoyed my subsequent association with fellow-members of Phi Kappa Psi and I spent much of my leisure time in the fraternal atmosphere of our club rooms.

I had become intimately acquainted with a number of boys; especially Ben Sheppard, Bill Peters, Joe Skinner, and Theis. They seemed to be in my room much of the time and we studied together. Whenever we could, we went out for long hikes in the wooded hills or along the Delaware River. At night, we would have sumptuous feasts in my room and talk until the small hours of the morning. We told each other of our hopes and plans for the future. We argued about Darwin and Marx and John Dewey. We discussed the Bible and its teachings. We lived our college life to the full, knowing that such happy days would never be recaptured.

At one time or another, every freshman would be made to do something to add to his degradation. Just as I was boasting about not having been caught, three or four sophomores came to my room, informing me that several of their friends wished to meet me. They then took me to an immense room, filled with their classmates. There, they made me climb up on a table in the middle of the room and instructed me to make a political speech in Japanese, as they wanted to hear what it sounded like. I certainly did make an eloquent speech. I spoke for fully fifteen minutes. When I had finished, they all clapped their hands and otherwise showed me that they were very pleased. They thanked me and gave me permission to leave. My friends were waiting for me in my room. I told them that I had just made a campaign speech in Japanese, but—Oh, boy!—if those sophomores only knew what I said! I had



COLLEGE DAYS



FEAST IN TAKAMI'S ROOM

called them every vile name I could think of. I told them that they were the scum of the earth and that they were so ugly that even their own mothers were frightened of them. My friends laughed and laughed, claiming it to be the best trick ever pulled on the almighty sophomores. That was the great joke of my Freshman Year. I enjoyed that year at Lafayette so much.

I returned home for my summer vacation and was much surprised to learn that Miss Campbell had made plans to take me to Chautauqua, New York, for the three weeks before my work on the Floating Hospital began. Thus, during the last three weeks in June (1899), I passed a wonderful holiday under the cool shade-trees of northern New York State.

One afternoon, as I was reading a book on the veranda of our hotel, an elderly gentleman approached me and sat in the chair next to mine. He asked me who I was, so I told him that I was a Japanese student at Lafayette College. He was greatly interested and asked me to tell him of my experiences in coming to this country. We had a pleasant conversation for almost an hour and then, wishing me luck in my future career, the gentleman shook my hand. Later, I was amazed to learn that the person to whom I had been speaking was the Honorable William McKinley, the President of the United States of America. I wondered how it came about that a nobody like myself could speak to so distinguished a personage. Certainly, I could never hope to do such a thing in Japan. What a magnificent country—the United States of America! I resolved, then and there, to become a citizen of this great, democratic country and to cast my vote for the re-election of this great man, who could forget his cares and worries long enough to say words of encouragement to an insignificant foreign student. (Dr. Takami became a naturalized citizen of the United States on June 11, 1900, by order of the U. S. District Court of the Eastern District of New York, at Brooklyn. He cast his vote for the successful re-election of William McKinley in the Presidential Election of November, 1900.)

Immediately after my return from Chautauqua, I went back to the hot kitchen of the Floating Hospital for my sixth season. The summer passed very quickly and it was soon time for me to return to Lafayette.

Since, at that time, the medical schools of the country required only two years of college study, I knew that this would be my last year at Lafayette. Therefore, I was determined to make the most of it. I participated in almost everything I could. Besides my extra-curricular college activities, I attended Salvation Army and Mission House meetings in town. I taught Sunday School in the Easton Presbyterian Church and was often asked to speak at various school and college groups throughout Pennsylvania. Thus, in this way, my college career came to an end. I bid a fond farewell to my college friends and came home in high spirits, looking forward to going into the study of medicine.

Before I left Easton, I had sent in my application to the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, along with letters of recommendation from Dr. MacKenzie and Dr. Warfield. When I returned home in June (1900), I found a note waiting for me from the dean of the medical school. He asked me to see him

at the first opportunity for a personal interview. Then, in reviewing my prerequisite studies with Dean Brockway, it was found that my chemical background was insufficient for medical acceptance. He informed me that it would be very difficult for me to get along without the proper foundation and he advised me to go to summer school to take a course in Chemistry, so that I would be able to start my courses at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in the fall.

Taking a summer course would necessitate the payment of tuition amounting to about one hundred dollars, in addition to the sacrifice of the money I would have earned on the Floating Hospital. Such an idea was, of course, out of the question, so I decided to return to my summer work. Then, during the winter months, I would study Chemistry, in order that I might enter medical school in the following year. I was very disappointed, but I felt that the delay of one year would be to my benefit in cementing my foundation for medical study.

Thus, I went back to the Floating Hospital for my seventh, and last, summer. At the close of the season, I spoke to my friend, Mr. Ford, the Commissioner of Welfare of the City of New York, and I told him that it would be necessary for me to earn more money during subsequent summers, in order to meet the increased expense of medical school. Mr. Ford promised to see if he could find me a better-paying position for the following summer and he asked me to stop in to see him in the spring. I thanked him for his kindness and went back to the Floating Hospital to bid my friends there a final farewell.

Miss Campbell suggested that I enroll in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute to take a course in Chemistry. She pointed out that it was so close to home that I would be able to return for my three daily meals. Accordingly, I went to see Mr. Lawrence Hull, the headmaster of the Preparatory Division. I had known Mr. Hull at Lawrenceville, where he taught Latin and where he was affectionately known as "The Old Roman." He was very glad to see me and when I told him of my predicament, he introduced me to Dr. Snow, the president of the institute and the head of the Collegiate Division. Dr. Snow was extremely sympathetic and he said that I could attend the chemistry courses without paying any tuition. Thus, I spent the school year (September 1900-June 1901) studying Chemistry in the Collegiate Division of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute.

When spring came around, I went again to see Mr. Ford at the Department of Welfare. He informed me that he had found a position for me as assistant superintendent of the Seaside Hospital, near Coney Island. I was to be put in charge of the supply department and the kitchen, my appointment having previously been passed by the board of directors of the hospital. My salary was to be one hundred and fifty dollars a month for the three summer months, enabling me to earn a total of four hundred and fifty dollars during my summer vacation.

The Seaside Hospital was a small summer institution to which chronic and convalescent cases were transferred from various city hospitals for the hot months. It was operated by the Department of Welfare in conjunction with the Department of Hospitals. I found my work there to be very interesting and I passed a most pleasant summer. Mr. Ford informed me that I had saved over a thousand dollars in my department and he complimented me on my work, saying that he would look forward to seeing me again during the following summer vacation.

*"I swear by Apollo, the physician, by Aesculapias, by Hygieia, Panacea, and all the gods and goddesses . . . (that) with purity and holiness will I pass my life and practice my art . . ."*—Oath of Hippocrates.

## THE STUDY OF MEDICINE

Early in September (1901), I went to see Dr. McLane, the assistant dean of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He informed me that neither he nor Dr. Brockway could manage to get a scholarship for me, so it would be necessary for me to pay the full tuition of four hundred dollars. I told Dr. McLane that it would be virtually impossible for me to pay such a large amount, as the money I made during the summer would have to last me all year for my support. I was very disappointed and I told him of how hard I had worked for my education for the sole purpose of becoming a physician. If I could not achieve that end, the whole course of my life would be altered. Dr. McLane thought for a moment and then he said that he would allow me to start in at P-&S on October 2nd, even if he had to pay my tuition himself. I did not know how to thank him for his great generosity. When I told Miss Campbell, she said, "God is with you, my son."

Thus, I started my courses at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, on October 2, 1901. My subjects were Anatomy, Physiology, Organic Chemistry, and Physics. The curricular instruction used at P-&S at that time was limited to a series of lectures. There were very few recitations and no quizzing until the final examinations in June. Under such a system, it was impossible to get the interpretation of the individual professor on many controversial matters. Seeing the defect in this system, a group of professors got together and conducted private Quiz Classes for a nominal fee of one hundred and eighty dollars in each subject. Naturally, an impoverished student like myself could not afford to attend these sessions. I felt keenly the imperfection in my medical education, so I spoke to Dr. Elliot, who conducted a Quiz Class in Anatomy. Dr. Elliot said that he could not make an exception in my case, as it would be unfair to the other students. However, he consented to let me prepare his demonstration dissections and in this way, I would at least be present and I might get something out of his recitations. After that, I stayed in the anatomy laboratory every evening to prepare the demonstration dissections for the next day.

One evening, having a particularly difficult dissection to prepare, I worked in the laboratory until nearly midnight. When I had finished, I discovered that the night watchman had locked me in. I pounded on the door and shouted for the watchman, but he did not hear me. The prospect of sleeping with all those dead bodies was not very pleasant, but I had no alternative. Accordingly, I got up on an empty table and using my coat as a pillow, I went to sleep. Early the next morning, I was awakened by the watchman. He really thought that I was dead and he was even more frightened than I was. When I returned home, Miss Campbell was a nervous wreck. She had been waiting up for me all night, imagining that

all sorts of terrible things had happened to me. She made me promise that I would never again stay in the laboratory until so late at night.

In spite of the help I was receiving in Anatomy, my other studies remained as they were. I certainly could not do special work for four professors and I felt that I was not getting the best out of my medical education. Therefore, I consulted Dean Brockway about the matter. He said that he realized the shortcomings of the system, but such things could not be changed overnight. He suggested that I transfer to a school with the newer system of recitations and quizzes and he promised to see if he could arrange to have me transfer to the Cornell University Medical College. Accordingly, a few days later, I went to see Dr. Polk, the dean of Cornell. Dr. Polk informed me that after speaking to Dr. Brockway, he had decided to accept me as a student. However, as he could not permit me to enter a class in the middle of the term, I would be a special student for the remainder of that school year and then be enrolled, in the fall, as a regular member of the Class of 1906. Thus, I transferred to the Cornell University Medical College in January, 1902.

In the summer, I went back to my position at the Department of Welfare's Seaside Hospital. One day, while there, a young Japanese man came to see me. His name was Mori and he was a student at the Princeton Theological Seminary. He was a frail-looking young man and very dignified. He asked me to give him a summer position, but the only one available was as a dishwasher and I told him that I thought such work would be too difficult for him. However, saying that he did not mind hard work, he took the position.

Mr. Mori used to arise at 5:00 o'clock every morning. He would then go to the beach to read his Bible, before doing his daily work. His influence on the other employees of the hospital was great. He taught them lessons from the Bible and lived what he taught, in his daily life. His manner and conduct were truly Christ-like. Nobody called him anything but *Mister Mori*, although he was employed as a dishwasher. I felt honored to be his friend.

Whenever the nurses at the hospital had some spare time, they would like to go to Midland Beach to walk along the ocean. However, since the beach was some distance away, they were required to have a male escort before they received permission to go. Often, I was asked to be an escort and I would go on the condition that the girls pay my carfare and buy me an ice-cream cone. I told them that I was just a poor student and could not afford to seek such pleasure. They always managed to buy me two or three ice-cream cones instead of just one.

I worked at the Seaside Hospital for four summers in all (1901-1904). During my last summer there, Mr. Ford called me to his office and told me that he was highly pleased with my work. He informed me that the directors of the hospital had decided to operate it on a twelve-month basis and they offered me the position of assistant superintendent on the permanent staff. I declined the offer and I thanked Mr. Ford for his many kindnesses to me in the past. When I left the hospital for the last time, the employees

presented me with a beautiful watch fob. It is always difficult to say farewell to friends.

My four regular years at the Cornell University Medical College (September 1902-June 1906) passed very quickly. The deeper I got into the study of medicine, the more fascinated I became in it. I spent long hours in the laboratories and lecture rooms during my first two years; and then, in the hospital clinics and wards during the last two years. We received tremendous inspiration from our professors—such immortal men as Templeton, Ewing, Loomis, Alexander, Ferguson, Tilton, and Winter. It was truly a labor of love and Miss Campbell used to scold me for sometimes forgetting to eat my meals.

One day, in my Junior Year, I went to the City Morgue to watch the post-mortem examinations. There were about a dozen cadavers, lying on various tables, waiting to be autopsied. Among these bodies, I came across that of a young Oriental man. I looked at the ticket attached to a cord tied around his neck and noted that the name it bore was Japanese. I was almost overcome with sympathetic grief. Here was a young Japanese boy who probably came to this country, just as I did, full of ambition and hope. Some disease or injury had cut short his life and now his body lay on a slab in the City Morgue, unclaimed and unwanted. The remains would be buried at public expense in Potter's Field and the grave marked only by a number. How tragic that this young man should have died so many thousands of miles away from his loved ones and unknown to them.

I recalled that when I was in Lawrenceville School ten years before (1895), I read in the newspaper about the case of a Japanese man who was sentenced to death for killing another man in a Brooklyn boarding house. The writer of the newspaper article was of the opinion that the punishment was too severe, because, according to the evidence, this man had killed in self-defense, without premeditation. I immediately wrote a letter to the Japanese Consulate in New York, hoping that they would go to the aid of the unfortunate man. I received not a word in reply from the Consulate and the man was hanged for his crime.

These two cases made a deep impression upon my mind and in my heart. I resolved that at the very first opportunity, I would found some sort of an organization in New York for the welfare and protection of the Japanese people.

For a number of days, I had been looking around for something to do during my last summer vacation from medical school (1905). One day, I read an advertisement in the newspaper for a competent steward on a yacht for the summer months. I went to see the owner of the yacht, Mr. Sloan, at his office on Fifth Avenue. Mr. Sloan was the head of the great Sloan Furniture Company of New York. He asked me whether or not I was a good steward and I replied that I was the best steward in the country, having served for several years aboard the *U. S. S. Vermont*. Then, Mr. Sloan told me that he had been in the habit of paying his stewards seventy-five dollars a month for the three months of the yacht's commission. "In that case," I said, "my services are out of the question. However, I need four hundred dollars and if you pay me that amount, I will show you that I am worth it." Mr. Sloan

replied that he had been hiring stewards for fifteen years, but he never came across one who spoke as I did. He said, "There is something about you I like, so I will take the chance. You will get your four hundred dollars."

The yacht was anchored in South Brooklyn and my work began on the fifteenth of June. During the three months that I was aboard, we cruised up and down the New England coast. It was more like a vacation for me than work and I had a most enjoyable time. I used to have long talks with Mr. Sloan in the evening, after my work was done. We talked mostly about Japan and about the Bible. He never once asked me who or what I was—and I never told him. When the summer was over, he shook my hand and said, "You will go far, my boy."

My Graduation Day at Cornell (June 9, 1906) was different from the others. At Lawrenceville and again at Lafayette, the sorrow of parting was mingled with the joy of going onward; first to college and then to medical school. But now, I heard myself repeating the Hippocratic Oath. Now, I was ready to go out into the world; a world in which the sick and the poor would come to me, entrusting their lives in my hands. I felt very humble, indeed, and grateful to the Lord for having guided me through many trials and temptations. I prayed God to be worthy of His trust.

Just after the graduation ceremonies were over, a special messenger came up to me and handed me a package. It contained a beautiful, gold Elgin watch, with this inscription on the cover: "To my good friend, Dr. T. C. Takami, from John Sloan, June 9, 1906." I could not imagine how Mr. Sloan had ever found out about my graduation.

## CHAPTER VII

*"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised . . ."—Luke IV, 18.*

### THE SHINING STARS

My professor of Surgery, Dr. Alexander, had induced me to serve an internship at Bellevue Hospital, so I started my practical training on July 1, 1906. The wealth of clinical material at Bellevue afforded me great insight into the nature of disease and in its diagnosis. I came into contact with men and women and children who were forced by economic adversities to seek refuge in a charity hospital. I found that these people were living, breathing, warm-hearted human beings, who were ever grateful for the smallest act of kindness. I am sure that my six months at Bellevue Hospital did as much for my spiritual welfare as it did for my medical knowledge.

During my internship, I had been licensed to practice medicine in the State of New York. I decided, therefore, to go into private practice rather than take a hospital residency. My funds were running low and Miss Campbell's meager savings had largely been expended in my interest. Thus, it became my privilege to support both Miss Campbell and myself. Accordingly, I rented the basement and first floor of a house at 182 High Street in Brooklyn. The basement contained the dining room and kitchen. On the first floor, there was a large front room that I used as a reception room and a larger back room that I converted into a combination office and examining room. The hall room was used as a bedroom by Miss Campbell and I slept on a couch in the basement dining room.

The house was located in a congested, immigrant neighborhood, very near to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The houses, even then, were overcrowded and a dozen foreign languages were spoken in the streets. It was a far cry from Lawrenceville and Lafayette and Cornell, but these were the people who needed me and whom I could most help. Often, in the cool of the evening, when Miss Campbell and I would sit in our small back yard, under a maze of wash-lines displaying all sorts of garments, I would tell her that, someday, I would take her out of this environment into a newer, cleaner world. Then, she would look up into the sky and say, "My son, look up above. Look at the shining stars! They shine on us as well as on the people in the finest mansions."

In the meantime, I had not forgotten the Japanese cadaver at Bellevue. As soon as I had gotten well started in my practice, I went to see Mr. K. Midzuno, the Japanese Consul in New York. I told him of the results I obtained in my only other previous contact with the Japanese Consulate, when I was a student at Lawrenceville School. Mr. Midzuno apologized profusely for the "oversight" of his predecessor. Then, when I told him of my plans to start a welfare organization in the interests of the Japanese people of the city, the Consul was very enthusiastic. He said that although he could not give me his official support, he would help



THE YOUNG PRACTITIONER

me in every way he could. With this encouragement, I called a meeting at my home of as many Japanese students and laborers as I could contact. I told them of my plans to form a welfare organization so that no Japanese person would die a pauper's death or need to fear illness or adversity. Their response was overwhelmingly enthusiastic and, thus, was founded (1907) the Japanese Mutual Aid Society (Later, the Japanese Association of New York).

In the summer of 1907, I sent Miss Campbell to visit her cousin, Mrs. Anderson, in North Adams, Massachusetts. While she was gone, I rented the entire house we lived in and furnished it as best I could. I took a picture of Miss Campbell that I particularly liked and had it enlarged to portrait size, then, colored by an artist. I hung this portrait in the place of honor, over the mantel in the parlor, and covered it with a piece of silk cloth.

At the end of the summer, I went up to North Adams to bring Miss Campbell home. Both Miss Campbell and Mrs. Anderson were happy to see me looking well. They said that I did not look as hungry as I used to when I was a student. I thanked Mrs. Anderson for her kindness to Miss Campbell and we took our leave. We came back by way of Troy, New York, where we paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Campbell, who were very glad to see us. From Troy, we took a boat and came down the Hudson River. Miss Campbell enjoyed the trip very much.

Miss Campbell was amazed and delighted in the transformation to our home. I could see the joy and happiness in her face as she stepped through the door. Then, when she saw the covered portrait over the mantel, she asked me what it was. I replied, "That is a portrait of the most wonderful woman in the whole world. She is my very best girl." I took off the silk cloth and when Miss Campbell saw herself in the beautifully-colored portrait, tears came into her eyes and she embraced me and kissed me. She said, "Now, my work is done. I am ready to go into another world at any time. God bless you abundantly, my bonnie boy!"

During the next few weeks, Miss Campbell was cheerful and happy, but I could see that her health was failing rapidly. Accordingly, I called in my friend and classmate, Dr. William M. Kerr (Now, Captain, Medical Corps, United States Navy, Retired), to see her. When Dr. Kerr arrived, it was about 9:00 P.M. (October 3, 1907) and Miss Campbell was in the parlor teaching the Bible to a young Japanese boy who worked in the Navy Yard. Dr. Kerr examined Miss Campbell and finding nothing unusual, we all sat around and talked of old times. Suddenly, Miss Campbell stretched out her arms and said, "Come to me, my bonnie boy." She embraced me, put her head on my shoulder, and ceased to breathe.

Miss Campbell's death left a void in my life that I found it difficult to fill. I plunged myself into my practice with a renewed vigor, never forgetting my promise to preach the Gospel through my work.

One day, I was called to deliver the baby of a lady in New York. When I got there, I found a young Japanese girl running around the house, boiling water, sweeping the floor, consoling the prospective mother, and, generally, getting in the way. However, despite this young lady's efforts to help me, I managed to deliver a normal infant with no ill effects to mother or child. Later, I discovered



MISS SONA OGURI

that her name was Sona Oguri and that she was a student at Mount Holyoke College in South Hadley, Massachusetts. She had come to America three years previously, in 1905, after having been graduated from the Jogakko (Girl's School) of Doshisha University, the famous Christian institution founded by Joseph Hardy Neesima in Kyoto, Japan.

After her return to South Hadley, I began to correspond with Miss Oguri regularly. I found her to be a most charming young lady, cultivated, gifted, and gracious. I passed many pleasant week-ends at Mount Holyoke College, enjoying the luxury of relaxation—and the company of Miss Oguri.

I had been, for several years, acquainted with a very brilliant, young, Japanese man by the name of Ernest Atsushi Ohori. Mr. Ohori was then studying for the ministry at the New Brunswick Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, New Jersey. He felt strongly that there was a great need for a center of Christian teaching in the Japanese community of New York. Although there were, at that time, two Japanese missions already established, one in Brooklyn and the other in New York, Mr. Ohori thought that the scope of these missions was too limited. There were a large number of Japanese workingmen, students, and businessmen in the city, who were, for various reasons, forced to live in boarding houses where drink and gambling were prevalent. Their contacts with American people were limited and, in most cases, undesirable. Mr. Ohori's plan was to establish an organization that would provide living quarters for these men, away from evil influences, and at the same time, to teach them the Christian way of life. Then, too, a close association with American Church groups would tend to bring about a better understanding of the Japanese on the part of the Americans, and of the Americans on the part of the Japanese. Therefore, when Mr. Ohori asked me for my advice, I gave him my whole-hearted support and with the generous backing of the Women's Board of Domestic Missions of the Dutch Reformed Church (Now, the Reformed Church of America), he established the Japanese Christian Association, on May 2, 1909, at 102 West 123rd Street in New York City. (The Japanese name for this association is *Shudokai* or, in broad translation, *The Association for the Teaching of the Way of Christ.*)

My professional life had, meanwhile, become increasingly full. I received staff appointments at Bellevue Hospital and at the Cumberland Street Hospital (Now, Cumberland Hospital). I also continued to teach in the Department of Urology of the Cornell University Medical College, as I had done since my graduation. At the same time, my private practice increased rapidly. My patients came from all walks of life and were of many different nationalities. It was truly the hey-day of the general practitioner. We were unencumbered by the x-ray machine and laboratory techniques of today. We used our fingers, our eyes, our ears, and our brains—the celebrated instruments of the so-called "clinical acumen" of Dr. Alexander.

Often, when tired and dispirited from a long day of weary calls and sickness and death, I would think of Miss Campbell. Then, I would look up above the housetops and into the sky. There, I would see her "shining stars"—and sleep a peaceful sleep.



## ADDENDUM

Dr. Takami was married to Miss Sona Oguri on July 3, 1909. This union was blessed with six children; three sons and three daughters.

In 1916, Dr. Takami bought and moved to the premises at 176 Washington Park, Brooklyn, which house combined office and home. Although he had spent much of his time, in recent years, at his summer home at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, it was in his Brooklyn house that he succumbed to his last illness.

At the time of his death, Dr. Takami was on the attending and consulting staffs of the Prospect Heights Hospital and of the Cumberland Hospital, both of Brooklyn. He had been for many years the Chairman of the Department of Dermatology at the Cumberland Hospital and upon his retirement in 1935, had been made Honorary Consultant in Dermatology to all the city hospitals by the Mayor of the City of New York.

He listed amongst his professional activities, membership in the American Medical Association, the Kings County Medical Association, the American Society of Medical Jurisprudence, and the Long Island Biological Association of Cold Spring Harbor. He was also a member of the Lafayette Club of New York, the Cornell Club of New York, the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity, the Brooklyn Hill Association, and the Clinton Commandery of the Masonic Order of Kismet, having been a thirty-second degree Mason.

Dr. Takami was the founder and first president of the Japanese Mutual Aid Society (1907-1918) and later served several terms as president of its successor organization, the Japanese Association of New York (1930-1933). He was on the Board of Directors of the three Japanese churches in New York, the Japanese Christian Association, the Japanese Methodist Church, and the Japanese Christian Institute, and was very active in their support. In 1935, he was elected to the Board of Trustees of the Doshisha University of Kyoto, Japan.

In 1940, Dr. Takami was awarded the Order of the Sacred Treasure by the Emperor of Japan for his untiring efforts to bring about a closer understanding between the people of Japan and the people of the United States.

Until his death, he was active in the membership of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, with which he had become united in 1899.

On May 17, 1945, Dr. Takami passed away in his home, after a short illness.

*"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."*  
—John III, 16.

瀧澤男爵邸に於ける修養團懇親會幹部及來賓



◎去る五月十二日の懇親會紀念撮影なり。前列向つて右より(1)幹事松岡子誠、原林之助、棟居局長、早川千吉郎、(2)瀧澤男、(3)岡田前次官、(4)鎌田塾長、清水博士、根本正志田博士、井上博士、後列(5)宮田修、(6)蓮沼門三諸氏にして男爵の後(5)の右は實業少年主筆石井研堂なり。