

March 1924 Robert Campbell stood beside his parents, Pastor Jack and Sarah Campbell, along the passenger deck railing on the steamer SS Amanda Rogers. They watched with fascination as the details of Yokohama harbor materialized in the haze. The cold breeze pinching Robert's face did not dampen his excitement of at last reaching their new home. His father clasped the brim of his fedora to keep it from flying away. His mother clutched the scarf knotted at her throat. The wind tugged strands of hair spilling from under her hat. Finally, fifty days after leaving San Francisco, they had arrived in Yokohama. Last October a mysterious man wearing a fancy suit had visited his father's chapel back in Oglesby. After worship service the man introduced himself as someone from the main church in Chicago. He was then invited to their home for Sunday dinner. Nothing important was discussed over the meal. But even at eight years old, Robert recognized small talk when he heard it.