William Wynn Jones - extracts from Tim Arblaster's memoirs

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Extracts from Ted Arblaster’s memoirs

Bill was buried in Dar es Salaam. The headstone carries the simple words:

William Wynn Jones
2nd Bishop of Central Tanganyika
A Friend

Nothing could have been simpler or more appropriate. Mrs Wynn Jones told me once that when she took the children to see the grave as they were passing through Dar on their way back to Australia, their son Tim, aged 15, looking at the long lines of graves, said "How like Dad. He never wanted to be first - just one of everybody."

In extraordinary ways he was "one of everybody." In other ways, no less extraordinary, he was like no-one else at all.

On the Sunday, eight days after he died, there were Memorial Services in the Cathedral at Dodoma, in Swahili in the morning, in English in the evening.

The local Muslim Sheik attended the morning service and asked to be allowed to speak and pay a tribute, "thanking Almighty God for the life he lived, and commanding him to Sad." Referring to that in the evening service Archdeacon Banks added "Not many could have brought that about - a Mohammedan leader to have fellowship with us in a Christian church."

"He was a good man," Archdeacon Banks said at the beginning of his sermon that night, June 4. He recounted how before Bill was appointed as diocesan bishop relevant authorities in the diocese had drawn up "a list of qualities which were regarded as very desirable if not essential." "Some of us felt," the Archdeacon went on," that such a combination could scarcely be found in any human being, and only an archangel could fulfil such conditions.

"And yet William Wynn Jones possessed most of them in a great degree: but above and through all the graces the quality of sheer goodness predominated."

A couple of days earlier, on June 2, jbg_jimes, a more prestigious paper than it is now, published a piece by Canon Max Warren, the General Secretary of CMS England.

"A few months ago," he wrote, "I had the very great privilege of spending nearly a fortnight with Bishop Wynn Jones in Tanganyika. Much of the time was spent in travelling with him, both by air and by car. For me the road from Dar es Salaam to Kongwa and then on to Dodoma will always be associated with the picture of the bishop who was able to combine the heavy burden of the oversight of an enormous diocese with a quite wonderful sense of detachment. The journey was one a+ a series of detours or roadside stops as the bishop paused to greet Africans and Europeans who were members of the church within his charge. The unaffected pleasure with which he was welcomed, the jay he brought with him wherever he stopped, and the simple and natural way in which he was able an the turn of a sentence to swing from some matter of trifling importance to matters of eternal significance were remarkable evidence of his fitness for the exacting post he held.

"His diocese contained that scene of so much controversy, the groundnut experiment at Kongwa. From the very inception of the scheme he was alive to its momentous consequence +or the African, and no less for the European, +or he was equally the bishop of both. With foresight and determination he laid his plans in order to ensure that any facilities which might be offered by the groundnut corporation should be used to the full. He was always most appreciative of the splendid co-operation given him by the officials of the Overseas Food Corporation on the spat in Tanganyika. He, for his part, led his diocese magnificently in buying up the opportunities presented by this revolution in the African bush, and he was a statesman who commanded the respect of those with whom he dealt
in the official life of the Territory. He was a father in God whose touch with all his children was sure. He was above all a missionary, one with a touch and an abiding concern for winning men and women for Jesus Christ and his service. He would ask no other tribute and he could be given no higher testimony."

Six months later, the Tanganyika Standard reported "One of the most moving farewell messages ever recorded in these columns was made recently at Dodoma when Mr T. E. J. Mangos, President of the Dodoma Social Welfare Centre, speaking on behalf of the Centre, bade farewell to Mrs Wynn Jones, widow of the late Rt. Reverend William Wynn Jones, Bishop in Central Tanganyika, and to their four children on their departure -From Dodoma."

Edward Mwangosi, an Mnyakusa from the Southern Highlands Province and a Moravian by training, was Senior African Clerk in the Department of Geological Survey. He owed a great deal to Bill’s friendship and influence through the years. He himself and his wife, Alice was exemplary in the care and oversight they themselves gave to young men and young families, particularly to young Wanyakusa, to whom he was a real "Elder." His English was very fluent, if sometimes a little fulsome but there was never any doubt about his sincerity. He was a large, warm-hearted man with a hearty laugh and a great sense of humour. Inter alia, he is reported as having addressed Mrs Wynn Jones as follows:

"We ... have assembled here to express in all humility our heart-felt gratitude and our deep sense of appreciation to you, to your loving children and above all to him, your late husband - our father, adviser and friend; him, to whom we Africans owe a deep debt of gratitude for his noble work, spiritual leadership and great sacrifice. We give him supreme honour because he was a wonderful pastor and a loving shepherd of the fallen and the lost in this dark continent.

"We need men, with light, who will lighten our soul, our mind and our body. We pray and long for women, who will dispel darkness and doubts from the minds of African women and will lift their hearts and heads to heights of womanhood. We yearn for ideal children from other lands, who will be a model to our growing children, and whose influence will be such that our children will ultimately increase in wisdom and stature.

"We found in him and see in you and your children these virtues. We admired him and we admire you and your children for he had and you all have a great love and admiration for us Africans. We assure you how affectionately we enshrine his memories and all he did for us.

"The late Bishop, among many other worthy activities, was the founder of the social work in this Territory. His untiring zeal and enthusiasm in the cause of the social uplift of the Africans had made all of us love and trust him. He lives now, as then, in the hearts of all the Africans.... His generous hospitality, both to friends or foes, was unique. He was a friend of the strangers; he comforted the fallen and helped the needy."

Many in the Centre that night would have shared personal examples and reminiscences of all the things Edward said.

Bill had been born at Swansea, Wales, in 1900. He came to Australia in 1919, entered Trinity Grammar School, Dulwich Hill, as a senior student, matriculated, joined the school staff and took his MA and was ordained in 1925. He went to the newly-formed Diocese of Central Tanganyika in 1928.

Minute 1 of the meeting of the Diocesan council meeting of November 1950 reads:

"This Diocesan Council places on record the deep sorrow of the whole diocese at the passing of their Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Wynn Jones, and gives praise and thanks to Almighty Sad for all that he was enabled to do in witness of his Master in his loving self-giving at all times to people of all races during his twenty-two years of service in the diocese.

"It offers its loving sympathy to Mrs Wynn Jones and family and prays that God will undertake for them in all their future needs."
Ten years later, in July 1960, the Council passed another Minute:

"As the Minute recording the death of Bishop Wynn Jones in 1950 did not have the details of his life and work it was agreed that an insertion be made to the Minutes of November 1950 filling in these details."

This second Minute included these words:

"From his earliest days he had a great sympathy with and burden for the 'down-and-out' and lonely African town 'staff' and 'jail-birds,' and sometimes took them on as houseboys simply to help them. He wrote Baruwa z@_t1S@fliri ("Letters of a Traveller") dealing with the problems young men away from home would have to face, which had a wide sale."

Mrs Dora Banks has written "When he came out to Tanganyika he came to us at Kongwa and lived with us for six months. My husband, Ralph, was in charge of the Training College and Bill was to take over as soon as he had got a grip of the language. That didn't take him long!" (The KongV@_L29_Pggk indicates it was only five months, not six!)

The Council Minute lists Bill's appointments: "Soon after his arrival in 1928 he was appointed Principal of the Teachers' Training College, Kongwa and District Superintendent, Kongwa-Mpwapwa."

"In 1930," the Minute continues, "he was appointed Education Secretary which gave him contact with the Department at Dar es Salaam.

"When the Arusha School was planned the Governor, Sir Stewart Symes, specially asked for Mr Wynn Jones as first Headmaster. which position he took when the school was opened in 1933. For the next 10 years he exercised a wide influence over European children and parents, but his love and care for Africans never waned.

"In 1934 through a bequest from an African, Jackson, whom he helped through his final illness, he opened Jackson House at Arusha as a Hostel for passing Africans.

"In 1939 he was appointed Chancellor of the Diocese.

"In the 1939-1946 he was chaplain to the forces, and had a never-ending care for soldiers wherever he met them. He would take services in III Class Carriages as he travelled on the railways, and might often be seen with head bowed in prayer with an African soldier just wherever they happened to have met.

"In 1943 he was consecrated as first Assistant Bishop and as such travelled widely among troops in North Africa and Palestine. On return from his consecration by the Archbishop of Canterbury he was appointed District Superintendent, Mvumi. In 1945 he was appointed Vicar-General and in 1947 second Bishop of Central Tanganyika on the retirement of the Right Rev. G. A. Chambers.

"He will be remembered outstandingly as one to whom, to a superlative degree, 'people mattered,' and whether at home or in mud or grass huts in the bush or on the mountains, or whether at trains or in the back streets of the big towns, he was ever "seeking and saving that which was lost."

I am glad the Minute mentioned Jackson House. It must have been unheard of at that time, as I am sure it has been rare ever since, for an African to leave his estate to a European. In Jackson's last illness, extending over a number of weeks, Bill had taken him food and soda water every day. It was like Bill to have used such a legacy for the benefit of other Africans in transit. Few Africans or Europeans would have had such imagination. Unfortunately when Bill left Arusha those who remained
behind and those who succeeded him did not take the same interest in the House or give it the same supervision he had done. For a time it became a catechist's house. Perhaps now with an African bishop resident in Arusha and more African staff it has been able to revert to its original use with adequate oversight.

The Council Minute also referred to Bill’s book, Letters of a Traveller. A leading member of the Muslim community would later remind me that Bill had written another book. (Where is God?) While it was obviously written as an evangelistic tool and an exercise in Christian apologetics Ali Ponda was very impressed that what Bill had written about Muslims was accurate, that they believed in one God and were people of faith and so on. Bill would never have countenanced writing something that was not accurate in an attempt to put people down or score cheap points. Evangelism that took place in those conditions would not be evangelism at all!

Archdeacon Banks, after speaking of Bill in his panegyric as a “good” man, went on “a good man, full of the Holy Spirit and of faith.” “He had faith in God and in his purposes for the world; he had faith that eventually right would triumph over wrongdoing; that injustice would be set right; that oppressed peoples would be delivered. He also believed that he was one of God's chosen servants, and that through him a divine force was working, as indeed it was. He was an optimist, and be the outlook never so discouraging he never forget the up-lock.

“He had faith also in the human race. He recognised the possibilities for good in the most degraded person. In the most unpromising one he could recognise the streak of gold. He believed in the power of God to reclaim the most despicable of human beings.

He certainly lived at a very high rate. None of us could keep pace with him. He worked, twice as hard probably as most of us. He covered ten times the ground in his frequent journeying.

The Archdeacon went on to recall: "He could never drive past anybody in trouble, be he black or white, without stopping to ask if he could do anything to help. I remember one occasion," he said, "about two years ago, he came by car to Kilimitinde to bring me down to Dodoma when a fellow worker was seriously ill. He had only returned to Tanganyika two days before, and he came up after the Sunday evening service, driving through the night, and losing the road up the hillside. He was in a tremendous hurry and didn't want to stop but we did prevail little breakfast, and off we went, lapping up the miles on one of - I had never done that the most atrocious roads in the Territory upon him to take a journey so fast in my life. But hearing Bahi he saw ahead of him on the road a Mugogo with a woman who was obviously very sick, tailing along seeking help. The Bishop turned round to me and said 'Can we squeeze them in?' and the car came to a sudden standstill while the rather bewildered husband helped his wife into the car. In spite Of his anxiety for a member of the Mission, he could not neglect the need that God brought to him on the road. He could never bear to see anyone in distress without doing something about it. His car was like a public service vehicle, and was at the disposal of anyone who wanted a lift. it was most embarrassing sometimes to the other passengers packed in to the limit, and we wondered whether in some mysterious fashion his car had been provided with elastic sides like the boots of old ladies!

The behaviour was consistent through the years, only the details being different. My colleague Frank McGorlick recalled that he and another missionary, George Pearson, were on local leave in Dar es Salaam on one occasion when the Bishop was at a Christian Council of Tanganyika meeting. They met about lunchtime. ‘Come and have lunch’ he said. They piled into his car. Soon after they met another two chaps Daniel Lungwa (one of our pastors) and another: ‘Come and have lunch. ‘Then another group including Stefano Moshi. (a Lutheran pastor): ‘Come and have lunch. “Eight of us! The car was bulging! We went to the Ismailia Hotel realising that Africans couldn't 90 to the New Africa', - where Europeans would normally have gone to eat. The Ismailia was run by an Asian Muslim family of followers of the Aga Khan!

Soon after Bill arrived in Kongwa in 1928 the Kongwa Logbook began recalling events that were going to be a continuing mark of his ministry. The students of the college went out into the villages taking evangelistic services which Bill accompanied and at which he showed
lantern slides. He went to Mpwapwa, the District headquarters, to take English services Bill recorded that at a meeting of the (African) Church Council it was decided to receive back into fellowship after confession one of their members who had been suspended. "This matter has been before the Council since 1926, two years. Bill recorded, 

For some time," he wrote in January 1929, "it has been felt that the Christians of Kongwa had gone back a long way. Adultery was the rule rather than the exception. No definite work was being done to evangelise the district and the surroundings natives (sic!) were laughing at the poor show put up by the so-called professing Christians. Audi, an ex-teacher, is in prison for theft. It was decided to call all the Christians together for a straight talk on it all. I had the men and Miss Forsythe had the women. Out of it we are hoping +or a time of humble repentance and reform and following that a definite aim of reaching the outlying villages. Many welcomed this and we hope for a good result. A definite time of prayer is held each week in preparation for what is to follow."

Meanwhile an epidemic of "whooping cough had broken out in the villages and many children were down with it." "Baby died." "A temporary hospital opened and mothers and babies were invited to come. Difficult to get them at first but afterwards they appreciated it and came without trouble. It was, however, in many cases too late and a number of children died during those weeks."

That "temporary hospital," in which Miss Bullard became very run down after the extra work involved in the nursing of babies grew into the Centre for Mothers and Babies in which Narelle Bullard had won the Empire Baby Competition just before my first visit to Kongwa.

Bill's method of talking with the people about the problems he saw and the vision he saw drew a response. He reports, for instance, that "About 150 Christians turned out to clean, repair and whitewash the church." A month later "The dispensary was re-roofed and extended by voluntary labour." And again "Two houses for poor women without relations were built by voluntary labour." Then "It was felt right to help the two old women with food as they had no relations on whom to depend."

Along with much else about the ups and downs of church life there are some interesting vignettes about missionary, and European, life in the Territory at that time.

"The Bishop and Mrs Chambers arrived by an Indian's car and went on to Berega." Did the Bishop, or the Mission or the Diocese not have a car a+ their own? Did the Bishop not drive? Were the Bishop and Mrs Chambers chauffeur-driven, or had they hired the car or been lent it?

"The Rev R.B. and Mrs Banks arrived," we are told, "en route +or Berega and Kibariani, in a motor cycle and sidecar. The former had a broken fork."

"The Bishop accompanied by myself," Bill wrote in September 1929, "left for Nairobi and subsequent trip to Kampala and Bukoba. He was then lost between Biharamula and Uvinza and tramped 100 miles. I returned from Bukoba to open the college."

"The Bishop left to meet the Prince of Wales," he wrote on another occasion, and later "All the Europeans left on a hurried visit to see the Prince of Wales." (Underlining mine.) How did they travel? Presumably it was not thought necessary to say where they went to see the Prince or how far they had to go.

Relations between the missionaries and the local Government officials were good. We read that "ThL- District Commissioner and Mrs Pringle arrived to stay a few days." It was not always, everywhere so!

During the Governorship of Sir Donald Cameron, who founded the Tabora Schools, an attempt was made to upgrade English medium education too. The government took over a small private school at Ngare Nairobi (in Tanganyika - nothing to do with Kenyan Nairobi) far out on the plains that stretched endlessly to the south of Mount Meru. But this was not a success, and when Sir Stewart Symes became Governor he approached the Bishop and
offered to build a really first-class modern school at Arusha and equip it if the Bishop would find the
staff and manage it. "This was an entirely new mode of co-operation between the Government and
the Diocese and the Bishop accepted the proposition." When Sir Stewart asked the Bishop to
release Bill to be the first headmaster the Diocese agreed to do so for two years. He remained for
ten.

Bill went first to Ngare Nairobi to organise the transfer of the children who were there as a
core group to go to Arusha.

Looking back on that time, 1934, from 1942 he wrote "that it was here that he first came in
contact with the serious

repercussions which African life brings upon European children. Contact with ayahs and
houseboys had left its all too penetrating mark on their outlook and customs, and it was seen ever
more clearly how necessary it was to provide a new atmosphere and environment for white
children living in the country."

Aileen Wyllie one of the first matrons at the school has written: "Big Sir, as the children
called him, a literal translation of Bwana Mkubwa, was faced with an intensely difficult assignment
when he was seconded to start the Arusha School. All manner of white children, English, Germany
Dutch, Scandinavian, French, Greek, American, Australian, Italian children, (many) that had run
wild an large shambas or the gold mines. He solved it by running his school as a family. He was a
spare father and the children and his staff were treated as brothers and sisters."

"I never felt I was working under him," one of the Arusha staff has written of Bill, "I always felt
I was working with him."

He was literally a "spare father" for German children whose natural fathers were shipped off
to South Africa as prisoners of war and whose mothers were interned at Oldeani with younger
children. German children at Arusha School were brought to school on the first day of term and
officially handed over to Bill who assumed responsibility for their security until the last day of term
when they were returned again to Oldeani.

From his days at Trinity Grammar, and perhaps before, Bill had been keen on Scouting. It
wasn't long before there was an Arusha School Troop, and it wasn't long before they were in camp
with the Hitler Youth from the small German School at Oldeani, in a genuine attempt to promote
understanding and to break down any sense of isolation. His efforts in this regard had Government
approval.

native in a fez, smoking a cigarette and riding a bicycle, accosted me 'Jambo Mama,' and so an to
all the Europeans he met as he rode through town and the King's African Rifles compound by the
school, and so arrived at his destination safely with his despatch!" It was the Headmaster!

"Another day during a fancy dress party a new houseboy arrived doing all the things a good
houseboy shouldn't ~ taking away plates before we had finished and when we weren't looking, and
popping the food into his mouth or his pocket! It was quite a long time before we realised who he
was!"

Miss Wyllie had a similar story: "There was the fancy dress party," she said, "when I was
suddenly conscious of a strong smell of boot polish as the soup was handed to me. The houseboy
seemed larger than usual and more undisciplined, but the fun didn't stop there. He went into the
serving hatch and showed an uncanny knowledge of where they hid the food +or future removing!
First there was amazement, then a roar of joy as he was recognised."

"One April Fool's Day was a delight," she went on. "At prayers the very small bays had piled
his table with presents, which he seriously opened with comments, at the end saying 'Oh well, I've
got till twelve!' He then announced a hymn not in the book and on finding a real one the piano gave
out a most peculiar sound until the dish cloth was removed from behind the hammers. We then sat
down to a quite straightforward assembly, all honours being equal."
Bill was sufficiently confident in himself and in his relationships to joke and fool around with others as well as the children and staff. In the new building "They put in the wrong showers, the angle soused the seats of those washing at the hand basins but failed to bathe the bodies of those in the cubicles. Bill was showing the Governor round and said tentatively 'I don't think this angle is quite right, Sir, do you?' - keeping well out of range himself!"

It must not be thought, however, that school life consisted only of camps and pranks and parties.

None of that meant "that he was not a disciplinarian." Perhaps all that helped make him an effective disciplinarian. "He could deliver a competent switch for young insubordination or a sharp rap over the knuckles for erring staff," Aileen Wyllie tells us.

Examinations were instituted for entrants from the Greek Community Schools so as to ensure an adequate knowledge of English in the upper classes at Arusha.

"It has been an established policy to teach Swahili in the upper forms of the school," Bill wrote in 1942, "as it has been felt that whatever vocation children may follow in East Africa it is essential for them to know how to speak correctly (not necessarily pedantically) to those who work for and with them. Swahili has been taken as a subject with a high percentage of passes at the Junior Cambridge Examination. This is in itself an asset as a good pass in this examination is recognised by the Tanganyika Government as being equivalent to the first Government language examination in Swahili.

"In 1942 the Inter-Territorial Language Committee (a joint committee of the Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika Governments and the Zanzibar Protectorate) instituted a Swahili Essay Competition for European children and the school gained the first three places in East Africa."

When the invitation to be Assistant Bishop came "I begged him to consider deeply about accepting consecration as a bishop," Mrs Wynn Jones said, "in case his personal work suffered. It did not. People still counted most."

I agree: his personal work did not suffer by virtue of his having become a bishop. Rather, he saw the episcopal office as opening new doors for personal contact and personal service. People did still "count most." In Africa, England or Australia. Wherever he went the impact was enormous.

After Bill left Arusha the School was resumed by Government directly and a new European Education Authority set up to manage it. In due course Bill chaired the Authority.

Aileen Wyllie, with her background knowledge of many of the children and their families obtained from her work at the school went to Kongwa to set up a new programme of Sunday School by Post. She tells how Bill arrived one day asking if he could use her spare room and if he could put up a camp bed there so that he could spend the night with a young African chief who was going a bit off the rails. "This was typical of his way of working. Going where people were and sharing their living. He shared ideas during a journey or out on a job. Something of Emmaus here! 'He joined them and talked with them on the way.'"

He didn't always carry his camp bed. I remember an occasion when he arrived, as expected, at a Chaplaincy House in one of our bigger towns. But after greeting his hostess he went on something like this: "You won't mind giving Nsilo my bed tonight, will you?-? There's no one else in this town I could ask to put him up. There are plenty of people who will give me a bed." The hostess was a little taken aback - not so much at being asked to give an African a bed, (she may never have done so before, but she did already know Nsilo), but quite independently of her husband she had her own agenda that she wanted to discuss with the Bishop! Her opportunity came! The Bishop returned.

Bill was consecrated Bishop by the Archbishop of Canterbury in London. On his way back to Tanganyika he visited East African troops in North Africa and Palestine.
A few days after he died I was in Musoma, on the shore of Lake Victoria, near the Kenya border, celebrating the Holy Communion with an African congregation - the educated township people for whom he cared so much. "Quite suddenly," I would write later, "it was as if he himself was with us, 'in the midst.'"

As we talked after the service an African Government officer said "I saw him in Cairo last. It must be six years ago, but I can see him so clearly. He confirmed 300 Africans that day. It was like a big convention. But he had a personal ward +or each and every one."

That was one of his great gifts, that in the middle of a public occasion he could meet people personally and intimately.

In the days following his death almost everyone I met, African and European, Asian and Arab, talked of him. It was as if the whole Territory was grieving personally.

The European District Officer who received the telegram addressed to me at the District Office in Mwanza telling me he had died, said, "I had never met him. But I had had letters from him. One knows so much about him. I feel he was a close friend."

The senior Government staff in Mwanza were patently sincere in voicing their sympathy and sense of loss.

The sense of loss remained. Thirteen months later one of the White Fathers at Tabora said to me "I only met him once, that time you came together, but he impressed me very much. He was indeed a man of God. One felt that. We are all the poorer for his passing."

He made an impact an first meeting almost invariably.

"I knew he was a great one as soon as I met him," an Asian shopkeeper in a tiny community said, "There were no big ones and little ones with him!"

Someone who had met him during his last furlough in Australia wrote to say "I was impressed by his depth of conviction and his broad toleration - they're not often found together."

"He had rich and poor, educated and uneducated, dirty and clean in his house and an his chairs," a pastor reported. The fact that "his chairs" are mentioned says something about other European hospitality!

Macimo, one of his housebays, said: "Some have taught us, some have helped us, but in him we saw Jesus."

Fourteen years later another former houseboy, Saidi Hassani, wrote to me saying "I include some details of the life of our respected Rev. William W. Janes as I knew them during the period of three years I lived with him." (We had spoken from time to time of our mutual respect and affection for Bill.)

"As we know," he wrote, "this man was someone who loved peace, and moreover he loved conversation and laughter and making people happy."

"1. He loved very much helping people, especially those who were sick or in any sort of trouble or need. He gave whatever he had to help people in trouble."

"2. On every occasion he was willing to give up his own time to look after the sick and to care for them.

"3. As far as Europeans were concerned he was a good counsellor of his own people."
"4. He was often in hospitals giving people money +ram his own pocket and giving them bananas and oranges and resolving their doubts.

115. He was the one above all who helped the wayward and wrong-headed by gentle words and wise advice so that they might become his friends.

"6. Often he made friends with people who had no religious belief to try to draw them to follow whatever religion they chose, because, he said, to follow a religion was a way to avoid wickedness and wrangheadedness.

"7. So far as his servants were concerned he treated them like his children. He made no difference between his children and those who worked for him.

"8. He was not a man who easily became angry, rather he was given to show respect."

An unusual reference for an employee to give his employer!

There were occasions, however, when Bill came close to anger! He was travelling home to Dodoma late one night. (Trains always seemed to arrive at Dodoma at unearthly hours!) There was a poor maniac on the train, manacled, being brought to the Territory's only Mental Hospital, at Dodama. Others were mocking him. Some tried to talk to him, and Bill tried. (Bill often managed to find himself in a III class compartment!) Bill thought of his little wooden pectoral cross and held it up in front of the man. Immediately he was quiet. "Yes!" he said, "Yes! That I can understand." And he was quiet for the rest of the journey. But when they reached Dodoma representatives of a number of Government Departments were there to meet him. But none wanted to take responsibility for him. Finally Bill gathered the man up and took him to Hospital himself - after a few well-chosen words about departmental red tape and christian charity.

He and I visited an African home in Tabora that had been much touched by the Revival Fellowship. After an exchange of greetings and our listening to their witness, Bill started to tell them news of other parts of the diocese. The ordinary courteous African custom. "Habari gani? - What news?" One of the young men present interrupted frequently while Bill was still in mid-sentence. "Put it under the Blood, brother. Put it under the Blood of Jesus. "I marvelled at Bill's patience and the perseverance with which he brought the man back every time to the paint he had been making. "Of course," he said as we drove away. "What that young man needs is for someone to kick his tail, hard. But we are not the people to do it. We must go on loving these fellows - whatever they do we must hang on to them and not let them go."

"I am willing to accept what is genuinely Christian in anyone," he once wrote, 'land in every form of experience." His actions bear that out. He moved easily between people who practised bizarre forms of fundamentalism and those tied up in the requirements of a rigorous ritualism. The context of his letter had required him to say "what is genuinely Christian in anyone." In other circumstances I think he might have said he was willing to accept what is genuinely human in anyone.

There are two stories about doctors that I rather like. The fact that they were doctors is incidental of course but it rather identifies them.

An African doctor travelling on the same train as Bill was refused entry to the dining car. The dining car was provided by the railway catering services for the benefit of passengers who paid by the meal. The manager of this particular car was a Greek. Bill asked him if he was a Christian! And then, receiving an answer in the affirmative, asked him if he would like Bill to report his behaviour to his Bishop! Adding, -or good measure, that Doctor X was far better educated and had far more brains than both of them. In a very short time a most luscious meal was served in the doctor's compartment - brought by the manager himself.
The other doctor was a European. "I'll never forget his coming to stay with me," he said. When the doctor was in the throes of a particularly painful marriage break-up one of our missionary colleagues had asked him to resign from the secretary-ship of the local English language church congregation. Bill, when he heard, asked if he could come and stay.

There were constantly problems about what appeared to be double standards in regard to church discipline and the rules about adultery, marriage and divorce and the degree of suspension from fellowship or other censure that a local congregation could impose. But characteristically Bill put the person before the problem or the principle.

There were constantly problems about drunkenness and it was subject to discipline in the African church congregations.

Bill accepted people as they were. And he had an uncanny knack of knowing when to say an appropriate word and when to keep silence.

He could be an aggressive evangelist if he felt the occasion warranted it, but he was aware that town evangelism required different methods from village work, and African evangelism and European evangelism required different techniques. He could demonstrate the zeal of an Old Testament prophet when moved to do so. But always he had a healing touch.

Fourteen years after Bill died, Miss Dennant who was the London secretary of the Central Tanganyika Diocesan Association, an English support group for the diocese, wrote "It is characteristic, I think, that each time something is recollected (about him) one discovers 'thought for others and a complete giving of himself.'"

There must have been times when working with him had an element of nightmare. Miss Dennant recounts that "one hectically busy Saturday morning - a positive race against the clock" in the course of a programme of visitation she had arranged for him in England "Someone (appeared) who must see him. (No appointment but a spiritual need.) He saw the person and spent nearly an hour with them. How we got things cleared up before he left I can hardly realise even now - but it was typical that any need always found him more than willing to meet it. (I remember his) coming in late one morning because, he said, 'I saw an African and spoke to him in Swahili - found he was rather lonely and so delighted to hear Swahili again. So we went and had a chat. ""

She went on to say "Having worked with Mrs Chambers and Bishop Chambers and later for Bishop Stanway I always regarded WWJ as "The Bridge" or "The Link..." He made a wonderful "middle" between two utterly different styles, and I personally feel he must have helped the subsequent changes to work smoothly." I would have liked Bishop Stanway to have heard or seen that comment!

Miss Dennant recalled Bill's excitement about attending the First Assembly of the World Council of Churches in Amsterdam in 1948 - excitement which he had also shared with me and probably many others. He spoke of "the remarkable effect of singing the same hymns in various languages at the same time. (Many people who attended the Canberra Assembly of the WCC have
also commented about that aspect of an Assembly's life.) On his return to London Bill gave Miss Dennant a copy of the Assembly hymn book.

At that First Assembly the question of the churches recognising each other's ministries exercised the delegates greatly - with the concomitant question of whether they should communicate at each other's altars. At the Canberra Assembly that was no longer a problem for anyone except the Orthodox. But at Amsterdam everyone was conscious of it. Bill went to the Archbishop of Canterbury saying something like this. "I hope it won't embarrass you, Archbishop, if I receive communion in the Lutheran Cathedral tomorrow at the main Assembly service?" To which the Archbishop replied "Do so with my blessing. I wish I could join you."

Miss Wyllie had a story about arranging an itinerary for Bill in England that reminded me about the story of C.F. Andrews going to visit Sir Gordon Guggisberg, Governor-designate of British Guiana, at his London club, and the hall-porter's hesitation about letting him in. Aileen had made a backing for Bill at a hotel in Portsmouth, a front room with a view across Spithead to the Isle of Wight. When she called the morning after he arrived and found he had been put into a back room she remonstrated with the management. "But the front room has been reserved for a bishop!" she was told.

"He was a remarkable man," Max Warren wrote to me in 1964, fourteen years after his death. Max was encouraging me to write a 30,000 word biography. Some of the quotations in this chapter and the preceding one have come from other letters and information I received about that time. Some of them are from a small personal memoir I myself wrote for Ruth, Mrs Wynn Jones, before she left Tanganyika. Ruth was initially very supportive of the idea of a biography and gave me jottings and references. She felt it would be an inspiration to young people, particularly young missionaries. But then she heard that at that stage other people were planning biographies of Bishop Chambers and Bishop Omari, and she didn't want people to think we were "pushing in" in regard to Bill. It was neither her nature nor his to be "pushy." By that time, too, she was a daily volunteer worker at the CMS Bookshop in Sydney and she became aware of all the books that end up remaindered and she said she couldn't bear the thought of Bill's being "remaindered" About that time, too, we moved from Arusha to Nairobi to Australia and the book was never written.

It would not have been an entirely easy book to write. There were no major eye-catching "achievements" like Bishop Chambers' building the cathedral at Dodoma (with money from Mrs Hamilton Wills of the W.D.& H.O. Wills tobacco family) or Bishop Stanway's building of Mackay House, the new diocesan office block - and a new bishop's house.

Not that Bill had not had his own less spectacular but strategically important building programme too. He himself continued to live out at Kikuyu, the old mission centre five kilometres or so outside Dodoma, where the Alliance School was, and where he lived in the house that Bishop Chambers had occupied. But he had moved the diocesan office into a new building in town, where it was more in the centre of things and not an the periphery. And he had built the staff quarters which I had occupied when I first arrived. He was supremely aware of the importance of building up the work in the towns generally. He had begun the consolidation of township work in terms of the buildings in Dodoma and the erection of the new church at Kongwa. He had furthered the expansion of township work by appointing Tom McKnight to work at Kongwa and me to the townships of the West. He had been Bishop of the Diocese for only two and a half years. I think that was no mean achievement.

Above all Bill had sought to build new communities. His real "achievements" were much less objective and much more difficult to assess, they were much more volatile and much more vulnerable. His influence as a midwife in bringing people to a new birth of faith and a new quality of life, as individuals and as communities was beyond measure.

He did have some "firsts" too - his appointment of Daudi Muhando to be the first African archdeacon in the diocese was significant in the growth of African responsibility and participation. His
constant concern and testing of ideas about opportunities for further training and enlarging the
experience of people like Yohana Omari was important in the rise of a younger generation of Africans
equipped to take the new positions of responsibility that were emerging in a fast changing Africa.
Almost more than anyone else he was aware of the opportunities, for good and for ill, inherent in the
Groundnut Scheme, and more than anyone else who was not actually employed in the Scheme he
applied himself to ensure that relations between the races were better because of the Scheme, not
worse, and that the Scheme was producing not just peanuts but better communities and the people who
could maintain and improve them further.

1 have already mentioned how Edward Mwangosi, the President of the Welfare Centre in
Dodoma, claimed that Bill was "the founder of the social work in the Territory." Certainly he supported
the Government's sending men like Thomas Marealle and Frederick Mchauru to England for training in
that field, he visited them assiduously on their return, and he supported Government sponsored centres
wherever they came into being, and the staff who ran them. Where they did not exist he encouraged
Christians to form "Christian Clubs" which combined a social and a religious function, with no exclusive
religious test for membership.

I was in Dodoma, at the Bishop's request, towards the end of March that year, and was returning
to Tabora and Urambo for Easter. I had been reading a book he'd lent me : Winnington Ingram by S. C.
Carpenter. I told him I had been much affected by it. In the light of Ingram's work in the slums of East
London I thought again of the immense unused potential of the CMS property at Girguam in Bombay.

Bill listened to me patiently, his eyes never leaving mine. When I had finished he said something
like this: "For the present, Ted, your work is here. You have a gift which all the peoples here, African,
European and Indians alike, need perhaps more than anything else - the gift of friendship. It's a gift that
has its dangers - I know because I have it myself in a small measure." (I wanted to protest - he had it
himself in a very great measure! But I in my turn listened, as he went on.) "There's the great danger
that you'll draw people only to yourself and not through yourself to Christ. But if you recognise the
danger and bear it in mind as you give yourself to Our Lord He'll use you wonderfully here. It meant a
lot to me tonight that you have wanted to go to see Nsilo again - because I'm only too conscious of how
little time I have to search out these fellows. I know it hasn't been easy for you here." (I had appreciated
that, in contrast to many others, he had never asked me how I was liking Tanganyika.) "I suppose there
could hardly have been a greater contrast than your work in Armidale and what you have been doing
here - and I know you must have longed at times for something nearer the sort of thing you liked doing
so much.

"I go down to Dar," he continued, "and sometimes feel I could do a bigger job down there than up
here - and a better job than they are doing - and they feel it too - Tom Dix knows that a person holding
the strict views he does hasn't the broad appeal that we have in Dar - but that's his job, and this is mine.
And it's no use envying another man his job.

"I often wish I didn't have to tear around, down to Dar, up to Nairobi, meeting people, making
contacts, representing the Church an this committee or that. I'd often much rather go quietly, steadily
an in just one place. My sort of life makes big demands - and sometimes I wander if it's worth it and
whether in the midst of my tearing around I'm really doing anything. But through it all," he smiled, a tired
smile, it was late at night, he was nearing the end of an exhausting Diocesan Council meeting, "through
it all, God reigns."

I left Dodoma by goods train early in the morning. Apart from a prayer before we said goodnight,
they were the last words I heard him say: "God reigns." Perhaps today I would echo "God is still God."
But he, I am sure, would still say 'God reigns." The consciousness of God was central to all he was and
all he did. He was above all "a friend" of God and "a friend" of people.

As Max Warren said: "He was a remarkable man."