GOSPEL OVER THE ANDES
Notes of Roger S. Winans

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01 -- EARLY YEARS

My forefathers were pioneers first in Kentucky and later in Kansas. My Grandfather Busby was among the "forty-niners" who washed gold in California. Returning to Illinois by way of Cape Horn, he moved his family to Kansas in the year of the land sales-1854. On their way they met men on horseback fleeing from the bloodshed and strife in Kansas who tried to persuade them to turn back. My grandfather replied by cracking his blacksnake whip over his mules and driving on.

They settled on the Delaware Indian Reservation, which was rented out to the Potawatomis for hunting and maple sugar production. Their relationships to the redskins were friendly and pleasant. For eighteen months my Grandmother Busby did not see a white woman.

My father came to Kansas just before the Civil War and served in the "ninety day" men at the beginning of the war and later in the volunteer army. He was a blacksmith by trade and did not acquire property while land was cheap. The doctors advised him to quit blacksmithing because of high blood pressure and heart trouble. He became a renter, became involved in debt, and our family was among the poorest of the poor.

As a girl, my mother suffered with her eyes to such an extent that the neighbors referred to her as the blind girl. She could see objects outside the house and as a consequence learned to do boys' work rather than cooking or sewing. Although later in life, after having an operation on her eyes, she learned to sew and cook, she felt handicapped in raising a family of ten children. She never attended school, but for several years attended Sunday school and class meeting. She secured a New Testament and had her uncles and other visitors read to her. She said she could memorize a short verse of scripture if it was read to her three times and she was allowed to repeat it with the reader the last time. In this way she stored her mind with hundreds of verses of scripture and won the prize in the scripture-quoting contests.

I was born December 15, 1886, in a farmhouse two miles south of Osawkie, Kansas. In my earliest memory our family lived near a brook or creek, and "Old Hoover," the creek, was our chief entertainment. So far as I can remember it was always spring or summer in those early years. Our family placed food before clothing and we always had enough to eat. Thickened gravy and potatoes, mush and milk were the standard foods with pork most of the year and chickens and eggs to help out. I can vividly remember the first big red apples I ever saw, as we had no orchard. As we grew older, we collected a steady toll from Mother Nature. There were greens and sheep sorrel in the early spring, with wild fruits, berries, and nuts in the summer and fall months.

School attendance was irregular for my older brothers and my older sister, for lack of suitable school clothes. Being thick-skinned, I attended school even if the other children did sometimes make fun of my ragged clothing. One day I was asked why my older brother did not come to school. When I replied that his clothes were not good enough, my answer was greeted with a roar of laughter. However, I failed to see what they were laughing about.

My mother stayed away from such meetings as were occasionally held in our schoolhouse for the same reason that my older brothers and sisters stayed away from school. Usually some of us

attended, but it was not possible to fit us all out with properly washed and patched clothes at the same time. We sometimes took turns in going to Sunday school.

One Sunday when it was my turn to go, we were told about the famine in India and the starving children there. An offering was to be taken the following Sunday and I decided to give all the money I had, which was just nine cents, which I had saved up over a long period of time. (We always had enough to eat even if our clothes were not quite up to rural standards.) The next Sunday it was my older brother's turn to go and I charged him to be sure and put my money in the offering for the children of India.

When he returned, I asked him about it and he said he just put it in the first offering taken, which turned out to be for the preacher. What did the preacher need money for? He had a fine horse and buggy and wore fine clothes all the time. A few years later, my mother sent me to town with a peck of potatoes for the preacher. I knew he didn't need nor want the potatoes, but I had been taught to obey and decided to comply. When I delivered the potatoes, the preacher thanked me so heartily that I was convinced that he appreciated the gift. It made preachers more human to me.

On the whole, schoolteachers made a deeper impression on me than preachers. They were more human and I knew more about them. We liked some of them better than others and one teacher we even disliked. When some of the boys wanted to gang up and whip him, I told them not to count on me. One teacher impressed me deeply. He was a Christian and opened school every day with Bible reading and prayer. Ten years ago, in the city of Denver, he left his own church services and came to hear me speak.

Shortly after I was seven years old, a crazy old man held a few services in our schoolhouse. At least everyone said he was crazy. The one night I went to hear him, he drew a line on the blackboard and said: "Let this lower side represent the people who are lost and on their way to hell, and this upper side represent those that are saved and on their way to heaven. Now," he said, "every man, woman, and child here tonight knows which side of the line you are on." I said to myself, I don't know, but wish I did.

A few days later I went out to the woods alone and decided to ask God which side of the line I was on. There was no delay nor uncertainty in the answer. I was at the deciding point and could choose for myself which side I wanted to be on. Yes, there was a price or condition to be met. If I chose the right side of the line I would have to come out boldly for the Lord and my older brothers would laugh at me and class me with that crazy old man. I wanted to decide right, but fear, fear of my brothers, was too much. Yes, I knew now, I was a coward and a sinner. I left that solitary prayer meeting a sadder and wiser boy.

Before this time I had scarcely known fear. My older brothers, to try me out, would send me to the cellar some distance from the house on a dark night to bring them an apple from a certain bin. I would go without a light and bring the apple without hesitancy or fear. There was nothing to be afraid of. From this time on it took determination or courage to do such an act. There was something to be afraid of.

About the time I was fourteen I was under deep conviction a second time. It is true that I had been trying to find an easy way or a different way for a long time. Couldn't I be a Christian in secret without anyone's knowing about it? No, the preacher said, you would have to come out with it. Would not my good deeds outweigh my bad deeds? I had too much light to deceive even myself. A very earnest Christian man moved into our community. He was a splendid, hard-working young man who made a deep impression on his neighbors. In the winter months they started protracted prayer meetings. At first only three or four attended. Then one of our schoolmates, a tough chap in our estimation, attended the meetings and was soundly converted. A number of us went the very next night to see what was going on. After a few songs and prayers and the reading of a scripture portion, a call was made for seekers. The new convert came to plead with my older brother, and I knew if he went forward, I would too, for conviction was deep on me. No one made a move, however, and after a few nights the meetings were discontinued. When we went home and told about the meeting, our grandmother reproved us all, saying that we all should have been converted.

My father died the summer after I was fifteen years old. My oldest two brothers assumed all the family debts and paid them off. My mother made good money raising chickens and was the first one in our county to introduce thoroughbred stock. We younger boys did the farming.

It was customary in our school district for young people to continue in primary school until they were eighteen or twenty years old. The girls would specialize on grammar and spelling and the boys on arithmetic and history. Our girls usually won at the spelling matches and our boys did pretty well in the debating matches. When I was eighteen years old, I failed to pass the county examination for a third grade certificate and I failed on my favorite subject, arithmetic. I resolved to go west and make money and let the Jefferson County youth grow up in ignorance!

* * *

We Move West

All was arranged for the move. My mother, in her right as soldier's widow, gave me a power of attorney to represent her in filing on a quarter section of western Kansas land. I found a desirable homestead and filed on it in my mother's name and longed for the day when I could file on another in my own name. In due time the house was built and a well dug and the rest of the family followed me.

We laid our plans; my younger brother was to work on a ranch and bring his wages home while I farmed and improved the homestead. We irrigated an acre of land with a pumping plant powered by a windmill and found we had power to waste. With bigger pumps and windmills, we could irrigate ten or fifteen acres of land. Dry-land farming was also profitable. We got a bumper crop of onions from an acre of land by dry-land farming. Our prosperity was brief, however. My brother returned home with the typhoid fever, and before the summer ended six of us had suffered with it, my older brother dying with it and two members of the family suffering permanent injuries or weakness from it. Doctor bills, medicine, and special food reversed our financial standing and we found ourselves again in debt. It was decided that I should work away from home the following summer and I chose eastern Colorado, where wages were a little higher.

The death of my brother, about two o'clock one morning before I left, was a shock to all of us, but with me it was more than a shock. It brought me face to face with eternal realities. With the exception of my mother, he was the only member of our family who had been converted. If I had been called into eternity instead of him, what hopes had I? None at all, I had to confess.

With the earliest streaks of daylight I set out for the village and county seat two miles away to secure help. I went afoot and took a cut-off trail which crossed and recrossed the dry creek bed. I would seek religion, but I had to confess my ignorance as to the steps to take. The few professors of religion in the county did not impress me as being capable of helping me, so, as I knelt in the dry creek bed, all I could do was to beg for mercy and time. How much time did I dare to ask for? A year seemed to be the least and the most that I could honestly ask God for, so I asked Him for a year's time. Having settled the issue up to that point, I went on my way.

Some months later we heard that some strange men were preaching a strange doctrine in town. It was reported that they were teaching that people could be holy in this present life. My younger brother thought they should be run out of the country, but I wanted to hear them.

The next Sunday morning I was among the group who went to hear them and was impressed with their earnestness. They doubtless were good men, so I invited them home with us to take dinner. They were taking homesteads beyond the town and I wanted to be helpful and neighborly.

Time went by and a younger man joined them who was also a preacher or exhorter. He was to speak one night, but as I was to leave early the next morning I did not go to hear him. My younger sister went and, as the preacher set forth the joys of salvation and the possibility of complete deliverance from sin, her heart grew hungry. After service she told the preacher she wanted that kind of experience, and he assured her that she could have it then and there if she would kneel down and ask the Lord for it. She returned home after I had gone to bed and called out to me, "O Roger, I've got salvation." Half asleep, I turned over and replied, "Well, Nettie, I'm glad you joined the church."

* * *

To Colorado To Work

I left for Colorado early the next morning while my sister was still in bed and did not see her for months. On my way, I fell in with two tough characters going to Colorado in a covered wagon to hunt work. The themes of their conversation and the roughness of their language shocked me, and I wished I had not accepted their company.

The first night we camped by a schoolhouse and, lacking a suitable vessel to put water in, I took the bucket from the schoolhouse, planning to return it the next morning. The older of the two men, after watering his horses from the bucket the next morning, said, "I need that bucket," and then he placed it in his wagon. I walked over to the wagon and took the bucket out and said, "I took the bucket and I will return it to where I got it," and I placed it back in the schoolhouse. "Now," said I, "if you want the bucket, you can go in and get it yourself." He turned white and said no more.

A few days later we passed a big tent where they said the "holy rollers" were holding a meeting. I felt impelled to leap out of the wagon and leave my companions and go in, but my bedding was rolled up with theirs and I was ashamed to ask them to get it out for me. When we reached Las Animas, they separated my bedding from theirs and indicated that I could now go my way. We were mutually relieved by the separation.

After a few days' temporary employment with a farmer, I went on my way and sought employment with a contractor known as "Pick-Handle Jack" from his reputation of settling all labor disputes with a pick handle. I stayed with him a couple of days, hauling water for my board. Then I secured work with a German family who were Lutherans, and worked for them several months. They employed a group of Mexicans to thin their sugar beets and I learned a few words of Mexican Spanish.

* * *

My Conversion

The letters from home telling of the conversion of my younger brothers and sisters brought tears to my eyes and I was under conviction all summer. Sooner than I had planned, I was on my way back to Kansas and home. Everything had changed: prayers in the morning, prayers at night, and the blessing before each meal, with all kinds of meetings at regular and irregular times. I was the one sinner in the family and the object of their prayers and exhortations. "Why," said I, "don't you hunt up someone who is really bad to deal with? I am not very bad." One afternoon I saw my sister praying behind a haystack. In my mind there was no doubt as to whom she was praying for. A little later she announced to me that I was to be converted that night. In my opinion, she had gone too far in her prophesying and I decided to see who was right.

Before prayers that evening I slipped off my shoes preparatory to going aloft to bed. They gathered around me and insisted that I should not go to bed before prayers. Out of respect to God I knelt with them barefooted, but refused to pray. Suddenly I realized that I was struggling against God rather than against my brothers and sisters. The scripture came forcefully home to me, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

Convinced that this was my last chance, I decided to yield to God, but found it hard to frame a prayer. My mother told me to ask for mercy, and I asked God to have mercy on me and forgive me. There was a clear sense of relief and a measure of peace, but the definite witness of the Spirit did not come for some time after.

I had definitely decided to be a Christian, but believed I could choose what kind of Christian I would be. Could I not live the life and let others do the testifying, praying, etc.?

One night I got the answer to this question. A group of rowdies were in the back part of the meetinghouse. I was seated about halfway between them and the testifying crowd. During prayers, these rowdies got down on their knees and in mockery made noises like hogs. I immediately saw my position halfway between the hogs and the Christians. A few steps backward and I would be a

hog like them, while a definite step forward would put me on record as a follower of Christ. I would seal my faith with my public testimony before three worlds.

When the time came for testimonies, my legs were trembling so that I found it necessary to take hold of the seat ahead of me with my hands and pull myself to my feet. Although I had not read it for years, the passage in Matt. 10:32 came vividly to my mind; and as I confessed Christ before those rowdies, the witness came, clear and definite, that He at that moment was confessing me before His Father. What joy! What peace! What assurance was mine! From that moment on I was an open and public disciple of Jesus.

In my early youth I had heard some misquotations of various scriptures on the sin question, and this error stood in my way m seeking holiness. One day our preacher, Rev. Lee Hipple, gave a Bible reading on these passages. I was completely convinced and from that day on became a candidate for the second blessing.

A matter of restitution still stood in my way; in fact, another man's turkey began to cloud my sky. A group of boys had stolen and cooked the turkey and they insisted that I take just a little taste as evidence that I would not tell on them. I wrote a letter, enclosed a coin, and the turkey ceased to trouble me. I went out to the haystack to pray and thank the Lord that there was nothing to hinder me in seeking the blessing. The glory descended and I said: "This must be what they have been telling about. Oh, how I wish the preacher was here, so I could ask him if this is sanctification!" God was displeased by my lack of faith and the glory departed.

Soon afterwards I publicly sought the blessing and took it by faith, dry faith. I began to testify to an experience I did not possess. A few months later, a revival meeting was planned in the schoolhouse, with Seth Rees as evangelist. I was the only seeker in that meeting. It was the last night of the meeting and the evangelist had already left for his hotel when I prayed through, so it was a direct transaction with the Lord.

* * *

To Hutchinson

Someone sent me a catalogue from the Hutchinson Bible School. In it was a paragraph suggesting that the recipient pray about the matter of attending Bible school. I took the catalogue in my hand and went out behind a soapweed and, kneeling down on one knee, said, "Lord, if You want me to go to Bible school, I am willing."

Arriving in Hutchinson, I went to an employment agent and got a job washing dishes in a cheap hotel for my board and $3.00 a week. I attended services regularly at the Bible school, but with my old clothes made rather a sorry sight. A job of climbing tall trees and trimming off protruding branches at twenty-five cents an hour came my way and I quit dishwashing. People were pleased with my work as a tree trimmer, and I thought there were trees enough on that one aristocratic street to last me all winter. It turned out that only a few were able or willing to pay such a wage, and it was not long before I was out of work again.

* * *

My Call

With only a day's work here and there occasionally, I passed a hard winter. Friends advised me to go to the country, as I was a misfit in town. A restraining hand kept me from doing so. Finally, in desperation, I decided to settle the issue.

One morning, as the laboring men were on their way to work with their dinner pails in their hands, I walked out of town with my Bible in my hand to the sand hills. I spent the day in prayer and was greatly blessed of the Lord, but did not get any clear leading on my future. I went back again the second and third days.

On the third day, about the middle of the afternoon, I saw as clearly as Paul saw the man of Macedonia a tribe of Indians on the upper Amazon River. A hand seemed to point them out to me and I knew that was my field. I went back to town walking on air. That night, at testimony or prayer meeting, I testified to my call. There were no amens, and the people seemed to think I must be mistaken. One man shook hands with me and said, "It is a long way to South America, Brother Winans."

* * *

Bible School

In 1909, a few months before I was twenty-three years old, I entered Bible school. In order to make good progress, I limited my course to four or five studies. The two years I spent in school I learned as much by association as from the textbooks. The lives of the teachers and the more spiritual students impressed me deeply.

In addition to our regular pastor, we had the privilege of hearing a number of outstanding evangelists and church leaders. Among these I might mention Rev. I. Guy Martin and Rev. L. Milton Williams. Dr. Bresee held one of our district assemblies. He preached some masterly sermons, but what impressed me most was his ability as a presiding officer and his short five- or ten-minute sermons while waiting for some committee to bring in a report.

Dr. H. F. Reynolds presided at our first district assembly and preached on various other occasions in Hutchinson. His sermons were built like one laying the foundation for a house with care and precision. When he reached the superstructure, he warmed up to his theme and preached mightily. It was my privilege to make his personal acquaintance and correspond with him occasionally over a long period of years. He influenced my life more than any other individual I ever met. Two words could describe his character: faithfulness and energy.

While I was in Bible school, Rev. C. B. Jernigan visited Hutchinson, and the Hutchinson Holiness Church as a body was admitted into the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. After a time I felt led to cast my lot with this church and was received as a member.

A few weeks later, one of my schoolmates said he thought they were going to license us to preach. When I expressed surprise, he said, "Why did you join the church then if you did not expect to be licensed to preach?" Sure enough, it was not long before we were called before the church board and questioned. When asked if I was called to preach, I replied that I did not know if I was or not. They then asked me if I was called to the mission field, and I told them I was sure of it. They asked me what I planned to do when I reached the mission field, and I replied, "Preach the gospel."

They decided that my call to the mission field constituted a call to preach and gave me a license on that ground. Throughout my missionary career I have felt that my call to the mission field was primary or basic, and that my call to preach was conditioned or dependent on this primary call.

* * *

South To Work Among The Mexicans

In October of 1911,1 found myself en route to El Paso, Texas, where Rev. S. M. Stafford had invited me to join him. He was absent when I arrived and certain changes turned his activities to other fields. For nine months Santos Elizondo was my fellow laborer. She put me up to preach on every possible occasion, and I butchered the Spanish language horribly.

One day a slim young lady walked into the mission and introduced herself as Mary Hunt, a sister of Ed Hunt, a Nazarene missionary in southern Mexico. She was on her way to join him, but the revolutionists providentially kept the railroad cut so she could not advance. Sister Santos Elizondo placed her in charge of a day school and appointed me as her interpreter or helper. Her use of Spanish was sufficiently limited for her to be almost totally dependent on me.

I had often prayed and wished for a companion in the work, but I had always thought he would be a man, strong and robust and willing to share the hardships ahead of us. Could this slim girl bear the hardships of pioneer missionary life? What right did a man in my condition have to entertain thoughts of marriage? I had no regular income and it had been only a few months since I had had only money enough to buy one postage stamp when I had two letters to mail. On one of these letters hinged a promised gift of $50.00, and the other was to my mother. Of course I placed the stamp on the letter to my mother and the other letter waited indefinitely.

* * *

Marriage

A little money came my way and, in spite of our feeling of caution, we decided to get married June 7, 1912. Rev. S. D. Athens had been sent to El Paso and he officiated at the wedding. We rented a one-room apartment and fitted it up as best we could with our limited means. Our food bill cost us about four dollars a month. For one dollar, we bought a twenty-five pound sack of whole wheat flour, which served as breakfast food, dinner staple, and mush for supper. Beans were cheap and a soup bone could be bought for only ten cents.

Dr. H. F. Reynolds spent several days in El Paso planning for the work. We invited him to dine with us and the main dish was to be beans. Unfortunately we under-timed the beans and they were not quite done. He invited us to dine with him the following day and gave us a splendid dinner at the "Dairy Lunch."

It was during this visit that he spoke to me the never-forgotten words: "Brother Winans, we cannot send you to South America; but if God has called you, you will go or backslide." It was clear he believed in my sincerity and in my call, and for my part backsliding was entirely outside of my plans. With that kind of "commission" anyone could go to the mission field.

With the way through Mexico blocked by the revolution, we had best go by California. Hot weather and our crowded quarters made it necessary to leave El Paso and I wrote our Nazarene pastor in Deming, New Mexico, about going there in search of work. His answer was, "Come on."

* * *

To New Mexico

One day about the middle of 1912, we found ourselves at the depot in Deming, New Mexico, inquiring where Rev. Hackley, pastor of the Church of the Nazarene, lived. A real estate man spoke up and said, "He is not here but his pal is," and pointed out a one-eyed, one-armed man nearby. We introduced ourselves as workers among the Mexicans in El Paso and he said, "God has sent you here; come on, we can talk while we walk."

As we covered the distance to the residence of Rev. Hackley, Brother Thompson told us of a group of Mexicans holding Sunday school in a private home, who were in need of a preacher and probably a church home. "They are good people but you will have to go slow with them at first," he said.

Sunday morning found us knocking on the door of the Mexican family where the Sunday school was to be held. We introduced ourselves as missionaries to the Mexicans and asked if this was the house where the Sunday school was held. The party who met us at the door was somewhat confused, but others in the room said, "Send them over to the Nazarene church," or, "Send them to the Methodist Mexican church," etc.

When they got through directing us around to the various churches they thought might be suitable, I replied, "We understood you had a Sunday school here and would like to visit it." This brought a favorable response and they invited us in. We took part in the discussion of the lesson and they invited us to preach at night. I only know I preached the very best I could and held up the standard good and high.

After the meeting was dismissed, they asked us to wait a few minutes and a few of the older folks had a little private conference in one corner of the room. Presently a lady came to me and handed me some money, somewhere between three and four dollars.

"We did not come here for your money; we came for your souls," I said.

"That is the very reason we want you to have our money too," she answered.

We had money enough to live on a whole week on a much higher scale than we had lived in El Paso. Again my efforts to secure work in the country were futile.

The following Sunday found us with the Mexicans morning and night, and again there were good interest and a good offering. Brother Thompson gave us a little two-room house to live in fitted out with a stove, table, bed, and two or three chairs. There was also room for a garden and I planted a few quick-growing vegetables, which produced before frost came in the fall.

For many months we labored among the Mexicans in Deming and finally organized a Church of the Nazarene. We built a little adobe church and later a small one-room parsonage (on which I did most of the work myself).

During this time I sent in my annual application for appointment to South America. In due time I was informed of the negative decision of the General Board.

From the time we started we had one great desire, and that was to have a revival. Shortly after dedicating the little chapel, we sent for Rev. S. D. Athens to hold the meeting. After the meeting had been going several days, a young man for whom I had been burdened slipped off the front seat and fell at the altar. Others followed until virtually all the young people in the church prayed through to victory.

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02 -- BOUND FOR PERU

After the revival, the urge to reach others became almost an agony. I tried to content myself by hunting crews of Mexican laboring men to work among, but the call to South America pressed me. Finally, the Mexican church reluctantly released me and I. sent my wife to Kansas while I went to California, to try to stir up interest in Peru. One of our missionary leaders told me that our first task was to evangelize Mexico, but that he could foresee a day when we might extend our activities to Guatemala.

In the course of my wanderings in southern California, I was entertained in the home of Rev. Hutchens for a time. He became convinced that I was going to Peru. In San Francisco, the pastor of our church, Rev. Thomas Murrish, gave me encouragement and good, sound advice: "Put your money in the bank and get a job on a fruit farm and write your friends that you are going to Peru just as soon as you have enough for your passage." I took his advice and from month to month we added a little to our savings.

Finally the amount tallied with what the steamship company asked for third-class tickets for our family, and we were off. Being green in the ways of the world, I entrusted our baggage to some hoboes at the pier and the dock officials refused to let them come aboard until I assured them

that it was my baggage. "Those fellows would steal anything they could lay their hands on," I was told. Evidently our baggage was not worth stealing. I have often read of the leave-taking of missionaries at the pier, but these hoboes were the only people to see us off at the pier.

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First Days In Pacasmayo -- November 1, 1914

An hour or two before midnight on the first of November, 1914, we were put ashore at the port of Pacasmayo without a single acquaintance or a document worthy the name, and worst of all, almost penniless. We were placed in a hotel for the night, and the next morning before breakfast a boy from the hotel was knocking on our door and demanding pay for our night's lodging. We were definitely up against it, as we used to say.

Going out into the street, I accosted a well-dressed young man and told him I had come to town to start an English school. He was already an English student and employed by an American businessman. He made me acquainted with a few of his friends who also wanted to study English, and last of all, took me to the office of his employer. I informed him that I had three of his clerks enrolled in my English classes who agreed to pay me five soles a month each as tuition and that I was in need of a little loan to carry me over my present distress. After consulting his clerks, he counted out 30 Peruvian soles to me, agreeing to collect it from his own clerks. I was able to pay our hotel bill, the transportation of our baggage, and a month's rent on a new house in the edge of town, and still had a little money left over for food.

We soon had more students, which gave us more income, but we had some expense in buying lumber for homemade furniture, giving special attention to the front room for services. Not knowing Peruvian customs, we made a mistake in placing the benches in our front room. No Peruvian wanted to be seated in front of anyone else, as that would be a show of pride or preference. In their own homes, but more particularly in their municipal halls and public meeting places, the chairs or benches were placed carefully around the four walls, so that all were on an equal. Time has changed these customs somewhat, and now Peruvians consent to be seated in front of or behind their friends without any thought of distinctions in social rank or impoliteness.

Three years were spent very profitably as a colporteur and subagent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. It was during this period that I made my first trip to the high mountain region. These experiences prepared us for our future work.

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Open Nazarene Work In Peru -- 1917

After reaching Peru, we looked continually for word from the General Board of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. The most favorable statement we had ever gotten from a member of the board was the words of Leslie F. Gay "We may someday extend our work as far south as Guatemala but never as far as Peru." Imagine our surprise and joy upon being informed that we had been appointed as missionaries to open the field.

With as little delay as possible we turned over the work of the Bible Society to our successor, who providentially was at hand. We chose the town of Pacasmayo as our base because we thought it would be a strategic gateway to the mountains and faraway interior. On March 11, 1917, we held the first public service under the auspices of our own church in Pacasmayo, Peru. We combined English teaching and colportage with our missionary work and tried to reach as many of the towns and plantations in the province of Pacasmayo as possible.

In order to make quick trips to neighboring plantations I bought a little mare from a petty lawyer at a cheap price. I afterwards learned that he had acquired the mare as a fee in defending a shady character who had been thrown into jail. She was fleet-footed and willing and carried me to many a village and plantation.

The visit to the village of Chocofán might serve as a sample of these trips. I had timed my arrival for 5:00 p.m., the hour when the laborers would be arriving from their field work. To my surprise I found the village deserted and all doors closed. Surely before dark a few people will arrive, I thought. So after tying my steed I fished a nail out of my pocket and with a stone nailed my picture roll up to a tall post. About that time a small boy came out of one of the houses and as he passed stopped to look at the picture roll. He threw his head back and shouted at the top of his voice, "Ven a ver!" "Come to see!" Doors flew open and out rushed the people, eager to see what the excitement was about. They had returned from their fields by the back-door route and had failed to see me, just as I had failed to see them. In such villages where house is joined onto house and there are no windows, the family is quite secluded when the front door is shut. I proceeded to give them a gospel message from the books I had for sale and sold a goodly number of Gospels and Testaments. There may have been some question as to the legality of open-air preaching, but there was no question of the right of a bookseller to explain the books he had for sale.

At Faclo Grande we attempted to open a Sunday school with the aid of the schoolteacher. After Esther Carson arrived in Peru, I decided to turn this work over to her and took her there one Sunday to introduce her. I hired a big, clumsy horse for the occasion, which I rode, and gave her the fleet little mare. With the stimulus of a lighter load on her back the little mare galloped down the trail, and the best efforts of my lumbering old horse were in vain to keep up. Finally Esther Carson stopped and waited for me, and again repeated the galloping race. Within a few years our lives would be like that. She would be the galloping mare always taking the lead and I would be the lumbering old horse. The following Sunday, Esther Carson went alone, and the galloping little mare chose her own trail to a strange plantation. A crowd soon gathered and Miss Carson, quick to take advantage of the situation, got out her picture roll and gave them a gospel message. Then without inquiring for the name of the place, she mounted the little mare, said good-by, and rode back to Pacasmayo. She merely reported that she had gone to some place and held a meeting.

We were full of plans for the extension of the work and placed a Peruvian worker in the mountain town of San Pablo, where we had gone for a vacation. There was considerable opposition but no genuine conversions, and eventually the worker was transferred to the coast.

Shortly after the arrival of the two lady missionaries, Mabel Park and Esther Carson, in August, 1918, two men from the mountains visited the mission and told me of a little group of nine

converts in the Santa Cruz district who were praying for the visit of a missionary to their community. A few weeks later I was able to make the trip to this community, employing about three days for the trip. My arrival created a great deal of excitement and we had what amounted to almost all-day meetings with a little recess at noon, and no night meetings. Nine others were converted during the three days I was there and the work was given a good start. The last day I was there, two men came from the highlands and the younger of the two asked some very pointed questions which betrayed the fact that he was a Bible student. I asked him where he had secured a Bible in that out of the way place. His reply was, "You sold it to me." Yes, he had changed some in three years' time, but he was the same smiling boy who stood outside one of the laborers' houses in the rice plantation that Monday when we were in such straitened circumstances and the Lord had a higher motive in giving me such wonderful sales that day than relieving our need. We agreed on a meeting place the following day and he served me as guide and traveling companion on the return trip as far as the village of Llapa. There I met for the first time that remarkable idealist, Victoriano Castaneda, who spent long years as an itinerant preacher for our mission, and is still active in the Lord's work with a neighboring mission.

Our adjustment to living conditions in Peru had been a slow, difficult process. The yuca or mandioca sold in the market place seemed to us a tasteless, starchy tuber. Rice was the staff of life in every home but ours. We experimented with different ways of preparing it, even grinding it in a mill. We longed for vegetables and fruits like we were accustomed to. The poorly ventilated houses were more of a trial than the food, which we eventually became accustomed to. With our enlarged home consisting of two houses and a small vacant lot we felt that we were even solving the house problem.

Our oldest child, Joel, was suffering from malaria when we moved to Callao, but under the treatment prescribed by an English doctor he was completely cured and never suffered from malaria again. Our second boy, John, was very hardy and robust and suffered only such passing ailments as are the common lot of children in all lands. Our third child, a precious little girl, from the time of birth suffered from a disease which the doctor diagnosed as inherited malaria. She did not linger with us long and we laid the little body to rest just outside the Catholic graveyard in Pacasmayo.

* * *

Mary's Death-1918

A little over a year later a baby boy, Pablito, was born. My wife, Mary, did not rally but became feverish. The doctor treated her for pneumonia but wrote on the death certificate, "Pulmonia galopante," or quick consumption. During her last hours I went through an awful agony in prayer. It was hard to resign to the inevitable. Could I by believing prayer stay the hand of death? Finally she grew weaker and slipped away to be with Jesus. We laid her mortal remains beside the baby girl who had preceded her.

The months which followed were difficult indeed for me. It was hard to make any definite plans but I realized that some change would have to be made. Esther Carson, the new missionary, wanted to adopt Pablito, but I refused, saying, "Just now he needs a mother; but if he lives, the day

will come when he needs a father." We secured a wet nurse for him for a time and then tried various baby foods, but nothing seemed to agree with him. Meanwhile I was trying to find some solution for the care of my older boys without burdening the lady missionaries.

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03 -- MOVE TO MONSEFU

Finally a letter from the Stevens, independent missionaries located at Monsefu, informed us that they would like to sell their property and retire from the mission field. I visited them and we agreed on a price and made the legal transfer of title. About the close of the year 1918 we took possession of the property.

The principal house was a combination of lumber and adobe and had never been completed. Services were held in the living room. A Peruvian worker had an adobe house at the back of the property and made his living by selling flowers, so most of the vacant land was planted to flowers, and especially roses. The property was enclosed by a barbed-wire fence in bad repair on one side and untrimmed hedgerows on two sides, and comprised in all about one-fourth of a block.

Our worker was an adobe brick mason and we were able to buy adobe bricks quite cheap at that time, so we replaced the barbed-wire fence with an adobe wall. In putting up the wall our worker was the boss and I was the helper, carrying the mud and adobes to him. The house plans had been quite extensive and some of the work begun. I found enough used lumber around the place to complete a meeting hall which was under construction. A year later we got an appropriation for building a chapel with rooms for students on the second story. Some years later an earthquake made the second story unsafe and it was torn down, leaving the chapel standing alone.

In pastoring the congregation I learned that every family had some difficult home problem or personal problem which hindered the spiritual life of the congregation. Every morning for a time I called the roll on my knees until some of the problems were solved. Then at prayer meetings it was customary for fifteen or sixteen people to pray one after another rather long, drawn-out prayers without. rising from their knees. I tried to get them to pray by groups of three or four, with some singing or exhortation interspersed between the different prayer sessions. In this effort I did not succeed very well at first; but eventually, with new converts and other changes, we had more life and variety in the prayer meetings.

A very strict standard had been maintained and only people whose outward lives measured up were allowed to testify. There also seemed to be limitations placed on who could seek and profess conversion. One night a man and woman came to the services who had never heard the gospel before. In fact, they had secured a Bible only a few days before. There was a tangle in their lives and some of the old converts came to me to inquire if such people could be converted or not. My reply was that I was not God to dictate who could get converted and who could not. "Let us pray with them, and if we pray up against an obstacle we will know what is hindering them; but if God gives us liberty in prayer and they pray through, let us not limit God." They prayed through to

victory that night and within a week we had the tangle straightened out. They are humble people, and after thirty years are still members of the church.

The years 1919 and 1920 were a time of extending and reinforcing the work. A member of the Monsefu congregation, the son of a priest, did colportage work in Chongoyape, Llama, and Huambos. In Chongoyape several women were converted of the ultra-Catholic type and a congregation was formed. Near Pacasmayo the work was extended to Chepen and nearby plantations. In the mountains a group of converts was formed near San Miguel. An active worker was put in charge of the groups near Santa Cruz and the work grew in the face of persecution.

In 1918 and 1919, owing to the poor steamer connections between Pacasmayo and Eten, I made a number of horseback trips between Monsefu and Pacasmayo. Once, when I had no horse on hand, I made the trip by foot. On one of these trips a man hired us some horses he had stolen out of his neighbor's pasture and insisted on our leaving town before daylight, as he said, to avoid the desert heat. Weeks later we learned the truth about the horses.

The first trip I made, I traveled along the beach, which served me as a guide most of the way. To avoid the heat of the sun I traveled partly by night. On the return trip I decided to take advantage of the full moon and travel entirely by night. The white fishing birds along the beach were a beautiful sight. Noticing that they slept with their heads under one wing, I thought it would be a simple matter to catch one of them. Leaving my little mare in the trail, I tiptoed softly to where the chosen bird was standing and seized it with both my hands. It turned on me with its long, wicked looking beak and I suddenly changed my mind as to the desirability of such a bird and turned it loose.

A few miles farther on I reached a place where there was only a narrow gravel ridge which separated the ocean from a lagoon which, with other like lagoons, gave its name to the little village of Lagunas, only a couple of miles inland. A half mile or so from the ocean stood a lone building, half buried in the desert sand, which marked the former site of the village. The residents of this village were famous for their thieving proclivities and my little mare showed a decided affinity for the place, trying to turn aside from the trail.

I had barely crossed the narrow ridge of gravel and entered the sand dunes when I met three horsemen dressed in light-colored clothing, driving a herd of horses, mules, and donkeys. I hastily turned aside into one of the little depressions scooped out by the wind in the sand and stopped my mare. As I was dressed in dark clothing and fairly well hidden, I hoped they would not see me. After they passed on, I found I had gotten off my trail, but decided to follow a general direction facing the wind until I reached the ocean. But my course took me too near the abandoned house. I saw dark objects moving about and decided it must be people who doubtless belonged to the same gang as those I had just avoided. Shifting my course a little towards the ocean, I found a long, straight hollow made by the wind. At first I thought they had not seen me, but after a few minutes I looked back and saw three mounted men pursuing me at a gallop.

My little mare was fleet of foot, but we had been on the trail five hours, while doubtless their horses were fresh. To try to run was worse than useless, so I kept on my way at a good swift trot, looking back occasionally to note how fast they were gaining on me. Over my regular clothing

I wore a big woolen poncho or cape, so it was impossible for them to see whether I was armed or not. As they drew nearer, I suddenly stopped my mare and, dismounting, turned her square across the trail in such a way that I would be on the -opposite side from them. Summoning all my courage, I shouted at them to halt.

They flattened their bodies on their horses but kept on coming. By their protective attitude I inferred that they were as badly frightened as I was and shouted to them a second time to halt. They stopped their horses and waited. I stepped out from behind my mare and invited them to come on. When they drew near, we saluted each other and entered into conversation. According to their story they were on their way to Pueblo Nuevo, a town some ten or fifteen miles back from the ocean, in search of some strayed donkeys. I also told them who I was and managed to include the fact that I was a very poor man, which is a good reputation to have when traveling with thieves.

A few miles on, our ways parted and they took the road or trail for Pueblo Nuevo. As they rode over the first ridge I decided to follow them and see if they were acting in good faith, or if I might expect a second scare before morning. Just as my head reached the level of the top of the ridge I stopped my mare and, looking down the trail, I saw they had stopped to talk matters over. A half hour later it seemed I could see black objects flitting along the sides of the sand hills a distance from the ocean. Were they birds, or were they men?

Arriving at a little house near a stream which entered the ocean, I called the owner to inquire the proper place to ford the stream. "At this state of the tide it is far out near where the waves are breaking, and three men have just passed over ahead of you," he said.

My acquaintances will be waiting for me on the other side, I thought. Sure enough, their horses were grazing in a little patch of grass near the stream while they were stretched out apparently asleep. They probably hoped or expected that I would run, but I rode in among them and, dismounting, called out, "Friends, let us eat; I have some lunch with me."

They explained that they had changed their mind about their lost donkeys and thought they might be at La Boca del Rio, near Pacasmayo, rather than at Pueblo Nuevo. As the night passed and daylight came, I had a chance to look them over. One was only a boy of eighteen or twenty years of age while the other two were mature men. The oldest of the three confided to me that he had been wounded by the police in a tumult in the town of Guadalupe when they ran the priest out of town. Their horses were becoming jaded while my little mare was still fresh after nearly fifty miles of travel through the sand. We parted company near La Boca del Rio, and I continued my journey alone to Pacasmayo. In telling this story to Peruvians acquainted with the region, their reply or comment invariably was, "Fueron ladrones" ("They were thieves").

During the year 1919 I made three trips to the mountains; one to visit the work in the district of Santa Cruz, one to San Miguel, and a long trip to Ja'n. The one to Santa Cruz was the most fruitful in immediate results, and the one to Ja'n the most far-reaching in paving the way for the future mission to the Aguaruna Indians. Returning from San Miguel, as I rode along the mountain trail a feeling of loneliness came over me and I could not resist the thought that Pablito, my baby, had slipped away. The feeling passed away and I continued on my journey. The following night when my train reached Pacasmayo, I had to hurry to take the boat for Eten and

Monsefu. On my arrival Miss Carson wanted to tell me something but found it hard. When she finally succeeded, I told her my experience of the day before. "God has made it easier for you," she replied.

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04 -- EXPANDING HORIZONS

We made great preparations for the trip to Ja'n, the unknown, great "beyond." What glowing tales I had heard about this fabulous province! But my chief interest was in the people, and more especially the Indians. We bought two medium-quality horses for the trip and had them shod before setting out. Toribio Suarez was my traveling companion. We traveled light, taking along the bare necessities, and this proved to be providential before the trip was over. We carried a small stock of Scriptures with us and had no trouble in disposing of them along the way, although we did not delay to canvass either the towns or country sides.

After several days we arrived at the banks of the Chamaya River, a fairly large stream rushing madly to join the Maranon a few miles to the north and east. Because of the intense heat, we waited until the cool of the evening to set out on the last short stage of our journey to Ja'n. The night was dark and we found it convenient to stop and sleep in a dry stream bed.

Early the next morning we were on our way and about 9:00 a.m. were approaching the town. An old man with a small beard, very much excited, met us on the road. "Where are you going?"

"To Ja'n," we replied.

"Turn back," he said; "there is a revolution in Ja'n."

We explained that we had traveled a long distance to see this famous town and we hardly thought it wise to turn back just as we were reaching the town. His next inquiry was as to whether we had any special recommendation as to lodgings.

"Yes," we replied, "we have been specially recommended to the house of Senor Sixto Vidarte."

"Don't go there," he said; "the revolution is right in his house." Of course we were relieved to know that the revolution was small enough to be confined to one house and decided to go on.

As we entered the town we decided to avoid, if possible, that one house. The streets seemed almost deserted but a tall man dressed in tropical, light-colored clothing stopped us and made inquiry about us and our destination and inquired if we had been recommended to anyone in town. Reluctantly we informed him that a certain Senor Oseas Montenegro had recommended us to his cousin, Senor Sixto Vidarte. "I am the man," he replied. He took us to his home. It turned out that there had been considerable shooting the night before and the mayor of the town had been killed. At first it was believed that a posse or gang from Bellavista, the rival town on the Maranon,

were the guilty parties. Investigation proved that the bullet which killed the mayor was from a high-powered army rifle which only the local police had in their possession, and that a gendarme who had recently joined the local force fired the fatal shot.

Everything and everybody about the place were of interest to us, including the Chinaman who had the only restaurant in town. We explored a ridge above the town on foot and returned with a collection of small ticks attached to our persons. Our inquiries about the Jivaro or Aguaruna Indians brought conflicting reports. We hired mules and made the trip to Bellavista, having heard that the Jivaros had arrived. We found no Jivaros in Bellavista, but we circulated a number of Scriptures and went to the home of a cousin of Victoriano Castaneda. In the afternoon we had a good swim in the Maranon and late in the day returned to Ja'n, surprising our host by having kept our word.

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Marriage To Esther Carson -- December 19, 1919

My next memory is of being at home in Monsefu, but what is a home without a mother? So I set out for Pacasmayo to bring back a mother for the home.

Much has been written about Esther Carson, but I find it impossible to describe her. Ours was to be a life of pioneering with its hardship and adventures. She carried her full share of the burdens uncomplainingly. I can only say, "Who was I to be worthy of such a wife?"

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The Mission Grows -- 1920

The year 1920 was a time of great undertakings. We already had a few children in a day school with their teacher. This we enlarged into a Bible school for the training of workers. We enlarged our buildings to make room for students and teachers. Some of the students were not far enough along in their primary work to carry the simple course we laid out for them. This involved a preparatory class.

In 1919 we had celebrated our first district assembly, which was more of a camp meeting than an assembly. In 1920 there was increased attendance.

During the year I visited the mountain work, and Pacasmayo, and accompanied individuals and groups on scripture circulation campaigns in nearby villages. During those early years our staff tried to equal the circulation of a full-time colporteur. We never quite achieved our goal, but in view of our efforts, the Bible Society granted us special colporteur terms on the Scriptures we circulated, which was a great help to our mission.

Besides Esther Carson and Mabel Park, three more missionaries were sent to our field in the course of a little over two years. Miss Augie Holland had spent a term in Guatemala and a few years in Bolivia and was able to take up active work as soon as she arrived. Brother Rademacher

made good progress in the language, and being peculiarly a man of prayer, surprised us by praying in Spanish before he could preach without an interpreter.

Some men seem born to carry responsibilities and for leadership. I was not. Restless nights with very little sleep became all too frequent with me. I did not feel that the time had come to take a furlough, but I needed a period of rest. It was arranged for Brother Rademacher to take over both the superintendency and the schoolwork, but he requested that we remain near enough for consultation when needed.

We decided that San Miguel would be the proper place for such a rest. The cool mountain climate with lighter responsibilities soon restored me to vigorous health. We rented a haunted house on the public square, very suitable for our purpose. Even in Pacasmayo we had lived in a haunted house, but that was a passive case, while this was said to be an active case. A priest had died in the house and his spirit was said to haunt the place, moaning and shaking the doors and windows at night. To a man from the wind-swept plains of western Kansas it was nature's music lulling him to sleep.

A little group of believers met for worship in a private home about a mile and a half from town on Sunday mornings and I often accompanied them. At night we would have services in our own home in town and a crowd came largely through curiosity. There were other converts a few miles from town who visited us at different times. We made several trips to the village of Llapa, where Victoriano Castaneda lived with his mother, sister, and nieces and nephews. As this village was five or six miles away and we made the trip by foot, we stayed all night and held services.

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Joel And John To The States

Joel and John were rapidly growing up and we felt that. they should be in the homeland in school. They had their ours for classes and study and ran a great many errands, but still had time on their hands. It was their job to carry water for the home, but as a good proportion of the people in town got their water from the one common hydrant or fountain, there was often a long waiting line with the consequent. delays and at times disputes.

One day John returned with his clothes wet, and both he and Joel affirmed that a woman had thrown a bucket of water on him. I went to the fountain to investigate, and the women present said John had put his foot into the woman's bucket of water. I asked John why he had done that and he said because Joel had told him to do it. I did not investigate what the woman had done to provoke them, but informed all the women that I would attend to the punishing of my sons and requested that they inform me at any time they misbehaved. There was no more trouble after that.

A few months later we arranged to send them to the homeland in company with a personal friend. We made the trip by horse, train, and local boat to a sugar-loading port where the boat was to stop. The boat delayed about two weeks in arriving, so I had this additional time with my boys. The next time I saw them they were not boys but young men.

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05 -- PERSECUTION ARISES

Throughout the country the clerical element had never been satisfied with the reform in the Constitution and put up many arguments to prove that the situation was just as it had been before. They succeeded in getting one of the leading cabinet members or ministers, as they are called in Peru, to issue an order in sufficiently ambiguous terms to lend itself to local interpretations. This was sent out to the local authorities to be published or enforced. In San Miguel they threw it into the wastepaper basket. In Llapa it was proclaimed or published, but not enforced.

As the time of year drew near for our district assembly we decided to visit the work in the Santa Cruz district and hold a number of meetings on our way to the coast. After arriving at the first group of converts we sent our guides and saddle animals back to San Miguel, planning to hire others when we resumed our journey.

At night there was what I took to be an unusual amount of fireworks in the houses a hundred yards or so from where we were staying. Afterwards we learned that in reality this was rifle fire with the purpose of intimidating us.

One morning I was out in the yard walking about and reading my Bible when a group of men arrived. I continued with my reading until one of them walked up to me and snatched my Bible out of my hand. The others were preparing to enter our lodgings. I stopped them and demanded that they tell me who they were and what was their mission. They were wild to locate a stock of Bibles which they supposed we had, and kept asking for the Bibles.

Finally the leader reluctantly allowed me a hasty reading of his written order. He was the local constable and his instructions were to "absent" us from the community. I supposed it meant to arrest us and told him we were quite ready to accompany him. As I remember, they searched our goods and gathered up most of our books and my wife's guitar.

As we traveled along the road towards the town with them, they taunted us with the weakness of our followers and informed us that the Constitution had been changed again and we no longer had any rights before the law.

Town was still ten miles away but I wanted above all things to arrive there and appear before intelligent judges or authorities. Our captors were in no hurry and seemed to want to delay. We had traveled scarcely a mile until they stopped by the roadside and insisted that my wife play the guitar for them. I objected, insisting that we be taken to town and to jail without any undue delay. The son of the local constable laid hands on my wife and I struck him without stopping to think of the consequences. My only thought was that I was her protector and she was being mistreated.

Instantly the other members of the group started beating us over the head with their heavy clubs until our clothing was spattered with blood. The young man I struck pulled out his big revolver and fired into the air. One man in the group of six or seven did not participate in the

affair, as he had been forced to go along against his will. Another, the professional killer they had hired for the occasion, awaited orders and the opportune moment to carry out his part. The leader ordered us to go on and we continued another half mile towards town.

Reaching a precipitous mule trail which branched off into a very deep gulch or mountain valley, they ordered us down that trail. I refused to go down the indicated trail, insisting that we be taken to town. The leader replied that his orders were not to take us to town but to "absent" us from the community. "Besides," he replied, "you would never reach town alive; crowds of people are waiting along the road to mob you."

It was evident that their plan from the beginning was to take us to some secluded spot and murder us. The son of the constable remarked that this was as good a place as any, and the hired man-killer raised his rifle to take aim and shoot. He was quite near me, and when I faced him and looked into his eyes, he dropped his head and lowered his gun. I addressed the leader again and the man-killer raised his rifle. When I faced him, again he put his gun down and hung his head.

Suddenly we were surprised by the appearance of a man on a little ridge overlooking the road. It was Don Pedro Villareal, a distinguished man in whose home we had been entertained on a former occasion. Fear seemed to grip him and he started to leave, but I called to him.

"Don Pedro, you profess to be our friend; I do not ask that you take our part but I do ask that you stand right where you are as a witness and after we are dead tell the whole world how we died."

His courage returned and he rebuked the crowd for beating my wife. Then he said, "You have beaten them without a cause; now turn them loose and let them go."

The constable immediately agreed and sent the one peaceable member along to carry such goods as they saw fit to restore to us, including the guitar. The son of the constable gave us the final warning. "You are getting away today, but you will never get out of this region alive."

Returning to the house where we had been staying, we found the occupants greatly alarmed and they begged us to leave immediately. Two or three miles up the mountainside a half brother of Victoriano Castaneda was teaching a little country school. We decided to go to this schoolhouse for the night and set out with our two boys, Joel and John. We carried most of our clothing and bedding in our bags slung over our shoulders, and a distance behind us a woman carried some of our books and the guitar.

Early in the day, Mishe ("the cat"), a crippled gunman, had hidden in a cane field by the trail in order to shoot us in case we tried to escape. The warm afternoon sun, coupled with the aftereffects of the liquor he had imbibed, put him to sleep and we passed within a few feet of his hiding place without disturbing him. He was awake a few minutes later and took the guitar and the books away from the woman.

Schoolteacher Castaneda gave us a warm welcome and put us up for the night. After dark a group of long-bearded men armed with Winchester rifles called on us and informed us that we

were among friends and need not fear anything that night. We decided that there were enough people present for a preaching service and I preached to them from the text, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." The message, coupled with our blood-spattered clothing, made a deep impression on them. Years later many were converted to Christ in this neighborhood.

Our plan of escape was simple but not particularly clever. We would leave our boys in the home of this schoolteacher, who in turn would send them to the home of Baldomero Terrones, the valiant disciple of Christ, while Wife and I escaped on foot. We carried with us only the minimum of bedding and clothing to facilitate our flight. The young schoolteacher, armed with his revolver, accompanied us about two hundred yards and returned to his home.

As we approached the foot of the last steep mountain which leads up to the high, rolling tablelands, we passed the last house we were to see for several hours. A small boy, either innocently or maliciously, inquired if we were returning, to which I replied, "Yes." "That is all right," he remarked. After we passed the house a woman came out and shouted as loud as she could,. van" ("There they go"). I said to my wife, "They are waiting for us somewhere up the trail."

It had rained hard the night before and the ground was soft and slippery, but there was not enough travel to form deep mud. We thought it would be advisable to leave as few tracks as possible behind us and made it a point to step on stones or walk on the grass near the trail. For a distance we followed a ditch which ran parallel to the trail, but the briars forced us back again.

Up and up we climbed, but we had to stop for my wife to rest. She was heavy with child and weak from the loss of blood and the happenings of the day before. As best I could I helped and encouraged her to press on, all the while listening and watching for any sign of human life on the trail ahead of us.

At last we were nearing the top and the trail was not so steep any more. To the left and a little ahead I heard human voices. A man replied to some inquiry which I did not hear, "I have not seen anyone pass by here."

Quietly I spoke to Esther, "They are in that field; we will have to hurry before they return to the trail." Summoning all her strength, she accompanied me as we left the trail on an angle to the right. Providentially we had not traveled far until we came to a slight depression, just deep enough to conceal a human body stretched flat on the ground, and we needed no instructions as to what to do. Stretched out flat on the ground, we heard the steps of our would-be pursuers approaching the trail, then a long pause, and finally their spoken verdict, "They have not passed this way."

Almost breathless, we waited as their footsteps descended the trail we had so laboriously come up a few minutes before. Impatient to be on our way and placing more distance behind us, we waited what seemed almost an eternity until the last faint sounds from the men on the descending trail died out. At the foot of the mountain they would learn from the woman that we had escaped and there might be another posse following us in an hour or two. We still needed to hurry and take precautions at the same time.

The remark of the small boy and some word which our captors had let fall the day before convinced me that they expected we would try to return to San Miguel. Instead, we planned to take another trail to Hualgayoc, the capital of the province. The parting of the trails was only a few miles away. Would we reach there before our pursuers overtook us?

The trail followed along a ridge on the open grassland with patches of thick timber along the watercourses a few hundred yards away. Looking behind us, we saw three men on horseback. They may have been innocent travelers, but we wanted no dealings with them. Leaving the trail, we followed the swale to the nearest timber and hid while they passed. Two miles to the east was the home of the parents of Toribio Suarez. I thought I could find the place by following the general direction, and that would be safer than returning to the trail.

By this time our nerves were getting a bit unsteady and we were ready to see fantastic things and people. Suddenly we saw not far off two armed people. One had his gun over his shoulder and the other what looked like a gun pointing out from under his arm. They were coming in our direction, but as they drew near the picture changed and cleared up. It was a man and a woman. He was carrying his walking stick over his shoulder and she was spinning wool with her distaff in front of her. As we drew still nearer we recognized them; it was Toribio's brother Doroteo and his grandmother out looking after their cattle. We were at last safe among friends. We could rest and eat and wait for the morrow to continue our journey.

A few hours later we were surprised by the arrival of Baldomero Terrones leading a horse well laden with good woolen blankets. He had heard of our plight and set out to follow us and help us on our way. The next morning the three of us set out over the high, rolling tableland where the sheepherders grazed their flocks. Our scanty baggage added to the blankets we had brought made a very light load for the horse, and we ourselves were light of heart and fleet of foot as we journeyed on our way. There were no mountains to climb and the cold was stimulating. We had time to meditate on God's goodness and mercy in delivering us from death three times in succession in twenty-four hours. We continued on our journey to the coast and arrived in plenty of time for the assembly. After our assembly we returned to San Miguel by way of Pacasmayo, the Chilete railroad, and one day by mule.

While I have dwelt at considerable length on the attack on us in the Santa Cruz district, there are certain side lights and consequences which it is hard to pass by. Certain sections of the mountain region had long been dominated by certain groups of armed men formed in clans or groups, which took the name of their leaders. Such a group might consist of a single man, his sons, and a few other relatives, or it might be headed by a cunning man with forty or fifty armed followers. To give a guise of legality to his position he pretended to be defending the sacred rights of himself and family, or of his town and country. One wise old man remarked that, regardless of how just or honorable the beginning of such a group might be, they invariably terminated as thieves. "Because," he said, "people must eat and when they spend their time fighting they haven't time to work, so their only recourse.is to steal."

Finally there was one particular family, and there may have been others, who were willing to hire themselves out for so much for a specified crime. The gunman who failed to shoot us belonged to this hireling family. A few years later he was shot by a petty officer of the law. A

cousin of his a few years later was taken to Lima to shoot the president of the republic when he entered the cathedral. His courage failed him when the moment arrived and his suspicious actions, putting his hand into his inside pocket and pulling it out repeatedly, drew the attention of the police, who captured him.

Some members of this family did not seem to participate in the deeds of the others and eventually separated themselves from them. One such, whom I knew personally, moved a good distance away and settled down to earn his bread with the sweat of his brow. Another, much younger than any of these old-timers, was converted to Christ five or six years ago and it has been my happy privilege to give him the right hand of fellowship, with no hint or reference to his family.

A few years after our cruel beating the Roman Catholics celebrated by building a chapel near the spot. A few years ago, Susana, the daughter of Baldomero, began holding meetings in the community and the last information we had was that there is a growing congregation of the Church of the Nazarene there now.

While the authorities in Hualgayoc and Cajamarea made little or no attempt to administer justice, the matter was laid before the American consul in Lima and we were officially informed that we would not be molested in the future. The decree which caused the trouble was never enforced or circulated anywhere after this incident.

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06 -- TO THE INTERIOR

The work on the coast was moving on quite well without us; and after our two sons, Joel and John, were sent to the homeland, it seemed that the time had arrived for us to move forward on our cherished mission to the jungle Indians.

Toribio Suarez and family were to accompany us and he was to furnish his own horses and saddles while we furnished ours. There was one qualification we insisted on in our horses and mules. They must be cheap. There was Ford, the mule Esther was to ride -- a little undersized but young and gentle, except when he smelled blood or fresh meat or uncured hides. Maud, my mule, was a trifle larger than Ford, but unpredictable. For the trip she would have to carry freight. A sorrel mare and a little black, scraggly horse completed the lot we were to furnish. Then there were pack saddle and rawhide braided ropes or riatas to secure.

One sunshiny morning in July, 1923, we made all due.preparations for travel accompanied by Victoriano Castaneda, who was to go with us to a given spot on the high plateau, where Toribio Suarez was to meet us. Some of the brethren helped us make the start and bid us Godspeed.

Night found us near the agreed meeting place, but there was no Toribio in sight. We slept out under the stars and early the next morning found Toribio and his family camped about a mile from where we had slept. After the necessary conversations we said good-by to Brother Castaneda, who returned to his home in Llapa, and Toribio took over the job of teaching me the science of freighting.

The third day of our journey brought us in sight of the important county seat town of Chota, but the hours dragged on and it was nearing eight o'clock at night when we were halted in the main square by the gendarmes and the subprefect, the highest official in the county. Who were we? Where were we going and in what house did we expect to take lodging? Our answer was that we were evangelicals on our way to Ja'n and that we expected to lodge in the home of Senor Esteben Gavidia Romero. "Oh, yes, he is a fine man and his brother is the gobernador [constable or marshal]. You may go on to your lodgings."

All were agreed that we should delay a whole day in Chota and arrange for the first public preaching service (Protestant service) ever held in Chota. There were approximately five hundred people respectfully listening in the plaza while I spoke, and many more from the various balconies overlooking the plaza.

In Socotá we were informed that it was rather a short day's journey to Santo Tomás, the next village. I was walking, carrying our little portable typewriter in my hand. We met a somewhat excited man on his way to Socotá who mistook me for the German priest. When I inquired about the road to Santo Tomás he understood me to say that inside the case I was carrying was a saint or image called Santo Tomás, and before I realized what he was doing he was kneeling before my typewriter.

With difficulty I restrained him and made him understand that I was carrying some kind of machine and not an image. As soon as he realized I was not the priest, he was gone without answering any questions. Crossing the summit, we descended rapidly to a green plain with spots of scrub timber. Here we camped for the night, taking pains to stack our baggage and protect it as much as possible from threatening rain. Our large rubber cape and woolen ponchos also helped to defend us from the heavy rain which fell that night.

The next three days and nights are somewhat of a blurred memory of pulling mules and horses out of the mud and reloading baggage from morning till night. Even at night, in my dreams, I seemed to be lifting heavy boxes and chests. The little black horse was up to his belly in the mud most of the time. By dint of persistence we advanced from three to five miles a day, and shortly after noon on Saturday were resting and eating in Santo Tomás.

Thirty-six hours of rest for man and beast put us in shape to travel again. Three days' journey through the sparsely settled semi-desert valley skirting the Maranon brought us to the banks of the Chamaya, a very swift stream which we crossed on a raft. From there it was a very short day's journey to our immediate destination, Ja'n.

* * *

Visit To The Aguarunas -- 1923

We had not been in Ja'n many weeks until an American engineer passed through the town to investigate some reputed gold- and oil-producing regions. He had made one trip a short distance inland and planned a longer trip far down the Maranon. Although a professed Roman Catholic, he

took a particular interest in our proposed mission to the Aguaruna Indians and promised to speak to Senor Simon Cosio, a Peruvian living among the Indians at Pomar. About a month later he sent for me after returning from his trip, and advised me to lose no time in visiting Senor Cosio in Pomar.

Saddling the little mule Ford, I reached the village of Santa Rosa in three short days' travel. The permanent residents of the village at that time consisted of one Peruvian family and a rather eccentric American gold manipulator.

On the general advice of those who knew the trail, I left my mule behind for the final day's travel and set out on foot. I had no guide, but they informed me that there was only one place where I might get lost. About midday I entered the heavy timber region and lost the position of the sun. I hastened on to avoid the possibility of night overtaking me on the way.

Just as I reached the foot of the big mountain, three young Indians stepped out on the trail behind me and smiled when I looked back at them. Each was attired in a simple loincloth reaching from his waist to his knees and carried some hunting instruments such as a blowgun or spear. They carried no game and probably had not been very far from home that day. They made no attempt to speak Spanish, but passing me led the way to the house of the chief, Samarin.

The chief was seated on his high stool or chimpui and was in the midst of an animated conversation with some Indian and consequently paid very little attention to me. After a time I was conducted to the home of Senor Simon Cosio, where I was made welcome. During the following three days I gathered all the information I could about the Indians and their language and wrote a great deal down on paper. I discussed with Senor Cosio the proposition of opening a school for the Indians. He said he had written to the Franciscan friars in Cajamarca requesting that they open a school there. "But," said he, "this is the second time I have written them and have had no answer. I will wait on them another six months, and if they do not come, then you will be welcome to open a school here."

Here in Pomará I met a much-traveled Englishman, Mr. Harry Watkins, who was making a collection of birds for the American Museum of Natural History in New York. All too soon the time arrived for my return trip to Ja'n, but I carried with me much information about the Indians.

* * *

Other Visits To Pomará -- 1924

In March, 1924, a group of Aguaruna Indians came to Ja'n to trade, and of course we took some of them to our house to get a few more words of their language if possible and show them our friendship. As Esther continued to improve in health, we longed to make a trip to Pomará, but there was no one to leave in the ex-mayor's house to protect it from the hands of his enemies.

Suddenly the gold manipulator from Santa Rosa arrived in Ja'n and we gave him lodging in some of the side rooms. Now we were free to visit the Indians in Pomará and press Senor Cosio once more for an answer regarding the school proposition.

This time Toribio Suarez accompanied us and took a shorter trail by La Yunga. Providentially, we found the aged Aguaruna, Shavit, and sons in La Yunga and for a pittance they consented to carry our baggage. In fact, with our supply of fishhooks and cloth we were no longer the poverty-stricken people we had been in Ja'n. We could eat well and travel in style with our own private carriers, although we left our saddle animals behind as much on account of the lack of pasture in Pomará as the bad condition of the trail.

We were in no hurry about returning to Ja'n and it seems we must have spent nearly two weeks in Pomará at this time. Esther tried her hand at teaching school and taught the children to play the game "Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?" substituting a little white stone for the button. They dubbed the game kaiya huhu and, of course, enjoyed it.

Our Aguaruna vocabulary grew in size during those days. At last Senor Cosio agreed to our moving there and opening the school, but we were to make a trip to the coast first to lay in supplies. Returning to our home in Ja'n, we started preparations for the trip to the coast.

One day Esther went to town alone and returned quite excited. She had met Mr. Harry Watkins and wife and they wanted us to go back to Pomará with them. "It is out of the question," I replied. "We are out of money and our clothes are getting badly worn. We need to go to the coast as soon as possible and get our money and lay in supplies."

"Well," she replied, "he said to come to town and talk it over with him."

The next morning early I called on the Watkins and started in to explain the various reasons why we could not accompany them. He was displeased and cut me short, saying, "I didn't ask you if you had any money or not; I only asked you if you will go. The expenses will be mine."

"Of course," I replied, "that changes matters considerably." So we were soon on our way, not to the coast as we had planned, but back to the Aguarunas with the other fellow paying the bill.

To travel with such an experienced man as Harry Watkins was somewhat of an education in itself. He knew how to travel light without sacrificing the essentials.

A yellow jackets' nest gave us a lively ten minutes early in the forenoon. First of all, the freight animals started lunging and racing down the trail, but the muleteer kept up with them and managed to calm them down without damaging the freight. Then Mr. Watkins' little horse took up the gait, and before he had gone far, Mr. Watkins had lost his pipe out of his mouth. At a judicious distance he wheeled his horse, stopped him, and dismounted in time to halt the little mare which was running away with Mrs. Watkins. By the time Esther had reached the spot, most of the yellow jackets seemed to have dispersed and she had little difficulty in controlling her mule, Ford. I dismounted and led my mule for a distance and picked up Mr. Watkins' pipe from where it was lying on the ground.

Later in the day the trail seemed almost shut in by the brush, when suddenly I found my mule going underneath a slanting tree just high enough to clear the saddle. I was carrying the baby

with one arm and barely had time to bring my mule to a stop in time to save crushing the baby. Our sure-footed mules did well on the big mountain descent, but at the very foot of the mountain was a fifty-yard strip of almost perpendicular trail down which my mule plunged as best she could while I held the reins tight and balanced myself and the baby in the saddle.

How can I tell of the month we spent in Pomará? The large front room of Senor Cosio's house became our bedroom, along with additional guests who might arrive. Part of our cooking was done in Sesingus (Cosio's wife, an Aguarunan) kitchen, and part in a temporary shelter which we threw together for the purpose. Mr. Watkins carried just enough sheet metal and stovepipe to facilitate the building of a small stone and mud oven. In this way we could have hot biscuits frequently. During five days of the week he and his men shot only birds for the museum, but every Saturday they were allowed to shoot a few large game birds called turkeys.

One day he threw in his fishhook and pulled out a short, heavy scale fish called gamitana which weighed twenty-two pounds and was excellent eating. One day the Indians came in with the news that a large herd of wild hogs were nearby. Every man with a gun rushed towards the spot and, in spite of the fact that I was looking after the baby that day, I picked him up and followed them to witness, if possible, the exciting chase.

By the time I had run about two or three hundred yards, I was so far behind that I decided to give up the chase and return to the house, but my curiosity was aroused by a well-beaten side trail. I soon came to a row of neat little shelters lined with a sort of split-reed mat on the floor and two sides. Here was some secret of the Indians' religious beliefs and practices and I was anxious to find out about it. Senor Casio, who had lived in the tribe over twenty years, had informed us that they had no religion, only a few superstitions, etc.

Esther and Mrs. Watkins joined me in the inquiry and we found the Indians ready to explain about the little houses secluded in the woods. It was there the boys went to dream and see visions after taking their narcotic drink called natem. Only young unmarried men and boys could participate, but others might enter or leave the house at will, providing they were respectful and did not disturb the ceremonies. Giggling girls were strictly barred from entering the house. A master of ceremonies led the chants, while some boy or young man beat the large, hollow log drum to the special time which signified to every Indian for miles around the nature of the gathering. Small boys would have great difficulty in keeping the strong drink down, but in the course of a few hours of repeated drinking they would be pretty well under the effects of the narcotic. Just at sundown the drum would cease to beat and they would file out of the house in the direction of the little houses, where they were to pass the night seeing visions.

Some pass the night in a somewhat troubled sleep, but do not see anything in particular; others dream of ordinary labor such as making clearings or building houses, and this is considered a poor dream. Still others dream of successful hunting or fishing expeditions, which is considered a good dream. The best dream of all is of warfare and killing the enemy. It is also believed that these experiences help to harden the boys into successful hunters and warriors.

While Sesingu (Cosio's wife) did not speak or understand much Spanish, she was a great help to us in the study of the language. By listening to the excited expressions of the children we

learned a great deal more. There were also amusing incidents as well. Senor Cosio owned the only cat in the tribe and one day he turned over an open tin of condensed milk and ate so much he made himself sick. Sesingu was quick to say that we foreigners ate things that not even a cat could stomach.

We tried to talk religion to Senor Cosio and urged him to repent and seek salvation. His answer was that God had made him what he was and therefore was responsible for his sins.

All too soon our time expired and Mr. Watkins completed his bird collection; six of each kind, I believe, was his number. Before leaving, we paid for a house in trade goods, leaving the articles with Senor Cosio. In Ja'n we parted company with the Watkins in order to hasten on our way to the coast.

One day we found the trail longer and more tiresome than usual. In fact we had missed the way and gone a mile or two out of the way. When we finally reached our destination, Esther and the baby went into the house while I looked after our saddle animals. and our baggage. When I entered the house I was surprised to find the women in a very earnest conversation about religious matters. I asked Esther if she did not think it would be wise to get some food and rest first. She replied, "She started it by asking me if we were not evangelicals." This being the halfway place on our trip, we rested here over Sunday and the woman of the house professed conversion.

The day we crossed the Great Divide, as we were descending the western slope, the Indians refused to give us lodging, although those we met on the trail were friendly enough. Finally we met a very distinguished Indian, well mounted, with an abundance of silver ornaments on his horse's bridle. He saluted me as a "Compadre" and inquired about our trip. I told him of our predicament and asked his advice.

"Just stop anywhere you want to and camp by the roadside and turn your animals loose to graze; it will be all right," he said.

Finding a place to our liking with some space for grazing, we followed his advice. We tied a rope across the road at a convenient place, so our animals would not return over the trail we had come over, and passed a pleasant night. Two more days' journey brought us to the railroad town of Ferrenafe, where we left our saddle animals in a pasture and traveled by train to Monsefu.

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From Assembly To Pomará -- 1924

There had been some changes in the missionary force at the coast. Sickness had caused the Rademachers to retire from the field, and Rev. Ira True and wife had been transferred from Guatemala to take their place. Rev. J. D. Scott presided at our assembly as missionary general superintendent. He was pleased to see the crown which Samarin, the chief, had given to Esther as a keepsake.

We were able to lay in a nice lot of supplies and send them with a regular muleteer over the usual freight route while we returned over the same trail we had gone over.

As we journeyed on our way a man overtook us near the Chinchipe River with a very alarming message from the subprefect in Ja'n. A Jesuit priest or friar had preceded us to Pomará by two or three days' time and it was feared that he would stir up the Indians against us and the authorities would be held responsible for the disturbance. As the head of the family, I felt the gravity of the situation. Was there some alternate course we could take and avoid the difficulty? Esther said, "Let us go on and trust the Lord; He will take care of us."

Late the following day, as the shades of night were falling, we reached the house we had contracted through Senor Cosio. Most of the Indians were away from home on a trip, but a group of boys were following us. Addressing the oldest of the group and pointing to the house, I said, "Mina jea."

He replied immediately, "Atsá, Taita Cura jea." I had said, "That house is mine," and he had replied in the negative, saying it belonged to the priest.

"See, the priest is trying to take our house away from us," said I to Esther.

We decided not to stop in our house that night, to avoid contention, but this decision made it necessary to go to the home of Senor Cosio, where the priest was staying. Senor Cosio was away from home and the priest came out to welcome us and tell us how grateful he, as a Belgian citizen, felt to all Americans, including ourselves, for having saved Belgium in the war. I replied that this was all right, but that I felt it my duty to deliver the message of the subprefect before discussing anything else.

"No," said he, "there will be no trouble between us; we will work together as brothers."

As time passed by we finally mentioned the matter of the house, and a servant boy whom Senor Cosio had raised spoke up and said, "The house belongs to the pastor; I saw him pay for it." The priest replied that he had no intention of taking our house away from us but that some of the Indians, who incidentally were not the real owners, had offered it to him free. The next morning we moved into our home with the few objects we had brought with us. A few hours later the raft arrived with the goods we had bought in Chiclayo. I hastily made a zigzag trail down to the river and, putting the pack saddle on Ford, transported everything to our house.

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First Home In Pomará -- 1924

The house stood on a flat piece of tableland eighty or one hundred feet above the narrow Pomará Valley. It was an old, abandoned house; and when we moved in, the central part of the roof along the ridgepole had blown off. The owners had also carried away the two doors at the two extreme ends of the house, and the public had made a pathway through the center, entering through one door and going out through the other. Every morning the women passed through on the

way to their field plots and every afternoon returned with their heavy load of vegetables and bananas. Groups of young men on hunting expedition or simply idling away the day might stroll through at any time. Esther called it the house on both sides of the road.

Nearby stood another abandoned house which served as the storage place for the bones of those who had died a year or so earlier in an epidemic. Some of the bones were hung up around the walls in baskets, while others were still in the temporary coffins hewed out of very soft, perishable wood. Between these two houses had stood a palm tree war tower, but Senor Cosio had it taken down in order to utilize the material for the palings for our bedroom.

Weeds and brush surrounded the houses on all sides. It was our job to change as much of our environment as possible. Inside we needed to make a combination fireplace and oven, tables, bedstead, and shelves for merchandise and goods. Outside there was much clearing, planting, and a poultry house to build.

We were able to buy some articles of food from the Indians in exchange for merchandise, but I found it necessary to make frequent trips to La Yunga or Santa Rosa for such things as the Indians did not possess or were unwilling to sell. I usually stayed all night and returned with my large saddlebags or alforja well filled with shelled corn, raw sugar, and oranges, and a number of chickens tied to my saddle. On one such trip a heavy downpour seemed to drown the chickens, but they revived when we placed them near the fire. As our flock of chickens increased, the foxes and wildcats killed a number of them, but we put up a hard fight to defend our flock.

For a time the priest was a regular caller at our home and often stayed for our midday meal or dinner. He and Esther read the Bible in French, as that was his native language, and we discussed religious matters quite freely. He had traveled much in many countries and had twice been the village priest of San Miguel, but at the time we were there he was on a visit to Europe. The Catholics seemed to like him much better than his predecessor, but he suddenly told them he must go to the wild Indians on the Maranon and left his charge.

One day the priest failed to appear at our home and we were told that Shavit, the bald-headed old Indian from Tutumberos, had carried him away. Shavit claimed to be chief in Tutumberos inasmuch as his brother-in-law, Samarin, was chief in Pomar. His one complaint was that he was a huacho (orphan) because he had no patron to finance his section of the tribe. He thought the priest would make a good patron and called on him late one evening with everything in readiness. Would he like to be patron in Tutumberos, or would he not? The priest would have liked a few minutes to consider the proposition and say good-by to his friends, but Shavit would admit of no delay. The canoe was waiting at the river, night was coming on, and it was going to rain. So, gathering up his few belongings, they rushed the priest to the river and into the canoe.

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07 -- LIFE AT POMARA

We turned our attention to our own activities, starting the little school, holding public services, defending our flock of chickens, seeking pasture for our mules and food for ourselves.

The Indians could count readily up to three, and the word for point-finger also meant four; five was a hand, ten two hands, and twenty was both hands and both feet. However, the complication of such numbers as six, seven, nine, eleven, etc., were too great and they preferred to simply say kwashat (a great many) and let it go at that. In order to teach the children to count up to one hundred we found it advisable to employ Spanish and found the pickets or split-palm pieces which formed the outside wall of the house convenient objects to count. They were also taught to read a few phrases in Aguaruna and Spanish by the phonetic method.

Esther was the teacher and one of the young men who had accompanied us from the coast her helper. One Indian boy who advanced a little faster than the others was certain that at the end of a month he had learned all there was to learn. We secured an Indian boy who had spent a few months with a Peruvian family as interpreter and servant.

I bought an old field of yuca or cassava from which the owners had already extracted most of the tubers, and spent a great deal of time in digging for enough of this substitute for bread to satisfy the needs of our family. For meat we killed a chicken occasionally, and I tried fishing a few times without much success.

Finally I secured a few sticks of dynamite and gained a reputation not only for fishing but for generosity which brought returns for years. At the beginning of the rainy season when the main river becomes swollen and muddy, certain fish congregate in the clear water near the mouth of small streams. A short section of dynamite tightly wrapped with paper, cloth, and twine, and attached to a small stone for a sinker, if thrown at the right moment will kill a lot of fish.

My first experiment gave us about a dozen nice, large suckers weighing from four to five pounds each. A large group of Indians were present to see and participate in the results. If each could succeed in catching one fish and taking it home, I would go home empty-handed. The tribe had rules for game chased by hunting dogs, game killed by novices with blowguns, game killed by professionals with firearms, and at least a few rules for fishing with fish poison, but who had ever heard of a rule about fish killed with dynamite? It was up to me to establish some kind of precedent in the next thirty seconds or suffer the consequences.

Unfortunately for me, the chief, Samarin, was the first to lay hold of one of these nice fish of doubtful ownership. I had an idea, but would he, the chief, listen and obey? I requested them to pile all the fish up in one heap, but the chief protested that he had caught only one. Finally he complied and, of course, all the others followed his example. Nine months earlier I had seen two Peruvians carry away a whole killing of fish and refuse to give the Indians even one. Did they think I was as stingy as those two Peruvians? Then I started in giving out fish to each head of a family, taking care to give the chief a different fish from the one he had caught.

Among others there was a weak-eyed old man who had to shield his eyes with one hand to see objects in the sunshine. He had two or three wives and many children. When I gave him a fish the Indians protested that he never could have caught it himself and that instead of dividing up the fish I was giving them away. All were pleased with my action and thought me to be a very generous man, even if I did carry away about half the fish myself. From then on it became a rule of

the tribe that every time there was a fishing party each one must send me one or more small fish, and sometimes a larger one or a good cut out of a big fish.

* * *

Medical Work

In the division of labor in our home I was to become the doctor. For ten years I had refused to dabble in medicine lest I do more harm than good; but around Ja'n I had observed old women who could neither read nor write, treating the sick and talking very learnedly about the healing art. I decided that if those old women could practice medicine I could also do so by being very careful.

Bewildered by many advisers or instructors, I bought a large family doctor book and decided to stick to my one textbook. I also secured a smaller first-aid manual, which on almost every page instructed the reader to send for the doctor. With the nearest doctor about two hundred miles away by mule trail, I did not consider this very practical advice.

My first attempt at tooth extraction was a failure. I lacked the nerve to go through with it, but I finally decided I would succeed or know the reason why. The next case was relatively easy and I succeeded. While I used no anesthetic, I gained the reputation of having an "easy" hand, that is, being careful. The wild Indians had excellent teeth and in extreme cases had their own method of extraction, so they seldom called on me for my services. The Peruvians, who consumed a great deal of raw sugar and sweet cane, had very poor teeth.

My services were most sought after in treating tropical ulcers, and for a time I had almost uniform success, and then suddenly very little success. My only explanation was that there must be different kinds of ulcers requiring different methods of treatment. Eventually medical men confirmed this and were able to treat some of the most malignant types.

Twice the Indians sent for me in childbirth because the mother had delayed a few minutes longer than they thought she should. In the first case the baby was born before I reached the spot, outside the house where they had spread down some banana leaves. Several women were standing up near the baby and it took me a few minutes to decide which one was the mother. It was a bright moonlight night and I made some remark about this fact when the old chief, who had called me, said the moonlight might be hard on the baby's eyes. The mother picked up the baby and all went to the house, leaving me to stand there or return home as I thought best.

The next morning I visited the home and found the mother sweeping and doing light housework. The following day she would go to her field, but on her return would carry only a half load of vegetables instead of a full one.

The second case was somewhat more difficult, as the mother had delayed three hours or so in giving birth. A few vegetable ivory leaves had been crossed over some frames to give temporary shelter, and a bar crossed between two upright stakes from which the woman could swing her weight and hasten the process. A crowd of men, women, and children had gathered and

were much excited over the delay. I told them to be calm and let the woman take her time, as civilized women usually delayed much longer than that. Of course all went well and I decided that Indians knew more about childbirth than I did. From that time on I stayed away, and the Indians also ceased to call me on such occasions.

One young Indian insisted on trying to kill fish with dynamite when I was away from home. He insisted that he had watched me carefully and knew how. Finally Esther yielded to his pleading and gave him the dynamite. Just as he raised his arm to throw the dynamite he got the "buck ague" or jitters and could not release the dangerous explosive. Fortunately he had it at arm's length and only his fingers suffered. If he had held it near his breast, his life would have been in danger. I treated his fingers until they healed completely over, the flesh growing out over the jagged bones. It was a clean wound and gave me no trouble with infection.

* * *

Move To Sunsuntsa (Snail Creek)

As time slipped by we slowly learned that the land in the old clearings around our house could not be made to produce again under our methods of cultivation, and the house itself would rot down in another year or two. We needed a new location and virgin soil. Esther mentioned a beautiful little brook (Sunsuntsa) about a mile downstream, which she discovered one day. I had crossed this same brook on my way to Tutumberos, but in my haste had not considered it as a possible building site. I went back and looked it over and decided it was just what we needed. The chief agreed that we could have it, and with what goods we had on hand we started the work and began planting. The chief himself oversaw the work and did as much as anyone. In fact he was the life and center of the crew.

Let me describe some of the arrangements in our home. The doors were hewn out of great wide roots or braces of a certain tree and were approximately thirty inches wide by seven feet long. Instead of hinges the door swung on projecting tenons about six inches from one side. We had no locks, but some of the Indians, fearing night attacks from their enemies, had special bars to secure their doors. The way our house was built we had six outside doors instead of the usual two which the Indians had. Our house, like theirs, had a well-patted-down dirt floor. Another distinguishing feature of our house was a hole or two in the walls, which we called windows. I managed to secure a wide board five or six feet long which I called my desk. It was securely set on the heads of two short posts. A rough bench served me as a seat. A large slab from the same tree the doors were hewn from, supported by four stakes, served me as a bed; and an army blanket was my mattress. Boxes or packing crates served as cupboards or bookcases. I built up a platform for the folding organ, but frequent guests found it convenient to place the organ on the damp earth and use the platform as a bed.

* * *

1925 Assembly

The time was drawing near for our annual assembly in Monsefu, but Esther and little Roger would not be able to go this year. A group of four Indians decided to accompany us, so we formed quite a crowd and drew a great deal of attention along the way. In Chiclayo and Monsefu there was a great deal of excitement and even some criticism. One of the Indians, not being accustomed to the raw, cold winds from the ocean, took pneumonia and narrowly escaped dying.

As the time drew near for my return journey, I was suffering from a sore toe and a touch of malaria. Some of the missionaries suggested that I wait another week until I was better. I told them I had reason to hurry and would be there on time if I had to crawl. As the one Indian was not yet able to travel, I returned with only two of them. Having one pack mule free, I took along a load of freight consisting of two boxes of various small items. One of the Indians carried a big ripsaw which I needed to saw out a few boards.

With the cold of the highlands my malaria became worse and I took generous doses of quinine. As we went down the eastern slope into the burning semi-desert valley, my thirst became unquenchable. Stopping over Sunday at a large plantation, I ate a number of large, sweet oranges. The next day I began suffering from diarrhea and barely had strength to load the freight mule every morning and sustain myself in the saddle during the day. By limiting the amount of food I ate I managed not to get any worse.

Then at the end of two days I remembered that in one of the boxes was a package of cinnamon and this was said to be good for my ailment. I opened the wrong box, using a cutlass to pry it open, and had to nail it up and open the other. I found that the cinnamon did calm me. When we reached Ja'n a gentleman invited me to a cup of tea and some gingersnaps, which set perfectly with me. I was slowly improving and traveling at the same time. Friday night we reached the Chinchipe River and had only one long day ahead of us. I was becoming very hungry and decided to eat one good meal, even if it made me worse. Sure enough, I was worse the next day, but home was near.

During the eight weeks of my absence Esther had gained a day and was keeping Saturday as the Sabbath. She was somewhat scandalized because she thought I was traveling on the Lord's day. A day's rest with careful dieting put me in good shape again.

As we were in need of food supplies from La Yunga, Esther said, "I feel that you have time to make the trip and return before the baby comes." Sure enough, she was busy in the usual preparation for such events when I returned the following day. There was still time for me to compose my mind and go over all the details in the coming event. There was no doctor nor midwife to turn to, and I was fully aware of the gravity of the situation. Fortunately all went well and we were soon rejoicing over the arrival of a baby boy whom we named Frankie George, born in August, 1925.

Eventually our freight from the coast arrived and we were able to take up the completion of the new home on the brook Sunsuntsa, or Snail Creek. Our house was built on a ridge, which later measurements showed to be about eighty feet above the Maranon flood level at that point. To the east of us, on the other side of the Maranon River, was a very steep mountain rising two or three thousand feet above the river level. Except where there had been landslides, or abrupt cliffs

showed through the heavy foliage, it was wooded. Some of the trees were covered with a dense growth of vines which in season blossomed out in bright colors.

Once or twice a year troops of spider monkeys traveled along this mountainside, swinging from limb to limb in comparative safety from the Indians who would have pursued them on smoother land.

All year round we had before our eyes this natural painting full of life and color. To the west behind our house was another high mountain, but the ascent was a little more gradual and the timber near us obscured the distant view. The most enchanting thing about the property was the babbling brook, carrying an abundant supply of crystal cold water. My observation was that it was large enough to be useful and small enough to be tamed or harnessed for our service.

One day I found a slight depression, almost obscured by time, running along the hillside and reaching the top of the ridge right at our door. Following it in the opposite direction, I noticed that it kept on a level drawing ever nearer to the brook until suddenly it was lost in a landslide. Going beyond the landslide, I found the depression again and traced it to the water's edge at a natural site for a head gate. Putting some sights on my carpenter's level, I found this depression had plenty of fall along its course, but could not be sure of the section where the landslide had obliterated it. It was evident that no Indian nor Peruvian had ever built a trail with such a perfect level. It must be an old ditch bed, but why would anyone want a ditch there? With the heavy rainfall there was no need of irrigation.

An Italian had informed me that in the crevices of some big rocks the Maranon deposited a few grains of coarse gold from year to year during high water. Was it possible that in past ages there had been a considerable quantity of gold deposited here and the early Spanish explorers had taken out this ditch for placer mining until the gold was depleted? Upon inquiry I found that neither the residents of Santa Rosa nor the Aguarunas had any knowledge of this ditch. I felt quite sure that it would be useful to us for power purposes and with this thought in mind began investigations and plans.

About this time Chief Samarin told me that on former occasions he had always lived near his patron and that he wanted to build his house just across the brook from us. We had already cleared this land, but granted him a building site, which was duly fenced off, and he made his fields farther up the mountainside. This was a pleasant arrangement for us and for him. Our services were not as well attended as at first, but the interest in school continued.

The Indians ate most of their food late in the day after the women returned from their fields and the men from hunting and fishing. The girls and small children would cook some food in the fields while their mothers were working, and the boys would go out on foraging expeditions wherever their fancy led them and gather such delicacies as Mother Nature provided. After the boys entered school they would miss this food. Esther became sorry for them and after our fields began to produce would have a pot of yuca with some other food for them at recess time.

Once a year the Indians would cut the brush out of the trail about halfway to La Yunga and I did considerable work with pick and shovel and crowbar, lengthening out the trail and leveling up the steep places. This was all free labor, as it was to the good of the community.

The study of the language I felt must be more and more Esther's work, as she was better fitted for it than I was. Still I took an interest in all she was doing.

* * *

Esther On Furlough -- 1926

As the time of the year drew near for the annual trip to the coast, Esther said one day, "I am going to have to take a furlough." I suddenly realized that she needed it, but somehow the thought of a furlough had never occurred to me. I would stay on and keep things going without her, but the separation would be hard for both of us.

The return from the coast to the interior without Esther was hard, but everything needed to be kept up for her return. On the whole I needed less goods and less supplies than in former years.

* * *

Exploring At Pomar -- 1926

Arriving at the mission station, I looked after the few little urgent matters which needed my attention before setting out on the trip down the river with Pakunda and Ujukam.

One night we camped on an island where game was abundant. Pakunda and Umpunchi went hunting while Antonio and I remained in camp. Suddenly Antonio said, "The jaguar is looking at us." Before I could turn to look, he was gone, so I missed my one chance of seeing a wild jaguar in the forest. But I can at least say the jaguar saw me. We went to the spot and, sure enough, there was a fresh jaguar track in the sand. We had used up a week in traveling and I decided to rest over Sunday on this island, but the Indians found it impossible to rest with so much game around them.

Monday we poled slowly upstream, stopping here and there to talk with the Indians along the way. At one place they were harvesting peanuts and gave us a generous helping free. The following day we visited the home of a very old Indian whose name I have forgotten. There was much animated conversation which I did not understand; but I noted that, while the older men were busy talking, Pakunda carried on a quiet conversation with a young woman in the house.

I made a few purchases and Pakunda exchanged some small objects with the woman. As we went down the path Pakunda said to me, "The sister is crying much."

"Whose sister?" I asked.

"My sister," he replied.

"Don't try to fool me," I said; "I know all your brothers and sisters."

"Listen," he said, "my mother was a Wambisa and my father and my Uncle Samarin went on a war raid and killed some of her family and carried her away prisoner. This woman is also a Wambisa, a sister of my mother, and a few months ago that old man went on a war raid and killed her husband and carried her and her child away prisoner. Now she is very sad and cries a great deal."

After all, I wondered, is it not too much to ask a woman to love, cherish, and obey the man who killed her own husband? The people in Ja'n used to say of such affairs, "It is a chain," and we would say, "It did not end there."

Passing through the "Pongo of Guaracayo," we found a nice strip of sand on which to build our little shelter. It had been raining and during the night the river began to rise. Two of the Indians picked up our little house and carried it above the water line. When we finally left the next morning we forgot the spear Umpunchi had stuck in the sand. It was probably washed away by the rising water, and during the day he would groan and grunt from time to time over its loss.

Nearing the mouth of the Cenepa River, we came to the first rough water on the trip. The combined currents of the two rivers striking on the point of rocks just below the juncture set up a lot of dashing waves. Pakunda had been doing the light work of steering the canoe up to now, while Antonio and Umpunchi had done the heavy punting job. In this dangerous place we needed a good, strong man to do the steering. Antonio changed places with Pakunda and as we headed out into the waves I could feel the canoe tremble at every stroke of his broad paddle. But we soon crossed the rough water and were moving along the quiet water on the opposite side of the Maranon.

Reaching a convenient point near Yupicusa, Umpunchi returned to Pumpu with the canoe, while Pakunda and I continued overland to our home at Sunsuntsa.

The dry season of 1926 was exceptionally dry and the residents of Santa Rosa were short of food. Our yuca and bananas were in full production and a number of people came to me desiring to buy. I told them I was willing to trade for such items as chickens, turkeys, raw sugar, etc., but did not care to sell for cash. Some of the Aguarunas were vexed with me for selling yuca to the Wampukos, but Chief Samarin said they were hungry and needed food.

With no very pressing duties I had time to work on the ditch, with dreams of a power plant in the not-too-distant future. The landslide and a boulder in the ditch bed were the only serious obstacles which confronted us. We were able to remove enough of the boulder with dynamite to allow the water to pass and also made a cut through the landslide. Cracks and holes in the soapstone formation were stopped with well-kneaded clay.

* * *

1927 Assembly

When we reached Ja'n on our way to the coast we found the town in a great commotion. Over a hundred of the crack civil guard had just arrived with their officers to investigate affairs and restore order in the province. Both officers and men were very considerate of us the few days we were in town. In a two months' campaign the forces of resistance were defeated and disintegrated, leaving a lone man and his immediate family to hold out a few weeks longer until he, wounded and pursued, took his own life.

Arriving at the coast, we threw ourselves into the plans and meetings. Our district assembly in those days was somewhat like a camp meeting, with all of us taking part. The principal speaker that year was George Simmonds, representing the American Bible Society. Esther and her parents arrived from the States during the assembly with considerable equipment, including a small turning lathe and the metal parts of a Pelton water wheel. We had to repack a great many articles to get the boxes and trunks down to mule-load size, and later argue the point with the muleteers. In fact the revolution in the mountains, with the army confiscating mules and horses, made it very difficult for us to secure transportation.

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08 -- THE CARSONS COME TO POMARA

We finally succeeded in arranging for transportation and set out on our journey. The beauties of nature were a delight to Mother Carson and she filled her notebook with a long list of wild flowers. I tried to add a few by removing a petal from one of the common flowers and pulling the others a little out of place to cover the vacancy, but after studying rather intently this freak she declared it to be a fraud.

The roads were dry and we made good progress, arriving at the village of Santa Tomás for the night. The next morning when we got our mules and horses out of the pasture, we found that old Ford had been badly bitten by the vampire bats. In all the years which he had spent in the bat-infested region he had never allowed these bloodsuckers to bite him. I always said he slept with one eye open. Clearly he was a sick mule and the men of the town gave me plenty of advice as to what to do with him. Shifting our loads so as to relieve him, we pushed on another long day's journey to a point on the Maranon River. The following morning we found old Ford dead and we joined the men of the plantation in dragging the carcass a reasonable distance from the dwellings. How attached one becomes to his saddle animals!

Two days later we reached the bank of the Chamaya River, which we must cross before proceeding to Ja'n. The ferryman or "raftsman" had abandoned his post, but the raft was in plain sight on the other side of the river. The water was very low and we decided it could be forded by a large horse. The one Esther was riding since the death of Ford was suitable, so I girded myself with a towel and led the big horse into the water. We crossed without difficulty and I took charge of the raft to ferry over the other members of our party and our baggage. Just as we were ready to load the raft, a sergeant with two gendarmes rode up and demanded the raft, as they were on official business and wanted to reach Ja'n that same day. It was necessary for me to cross over with them and return again with the raft. The delay was sufficient that we lost hopes of reaching Ja'n that night and lodged with some farmers near the river instead. A few more days of uneventful

but weary travel brought us to our forest home, where the roar of the Maranon on the big boulders and the lesser sound of the brook Sunsuntsa were music to our ears.

Everywhere we turned there was work to be done, indoors and out. Our house was big but we had not planned how we would divide it up nor what room would be for the Carsons. I was busy away from home when the decision was made and put into effect. My study or office was moved to the far extreme of the house and the Carsons fixed up their little room in the same end of the house as our bedroom, with a kitchen and dinette between the two rooms. The Indians who were watching these procedures did not understand nor approve. Possibly they may have been drawing their conclusions from the menial position the son-in-law holds in the Aguaruna household. At any rate I overheard them saying that the "pastor" was about to be put out of the house.

Our fields were in full production and our artificial pasture flourishing. By keeping down the brush we had avoided the encroachment of the foxes, and the big wildcat had visited us only once since our moving to this location. We were soon to build a new poultry house with the main section enclosed with vermin-proof and bat-proof woven wire. We decided to buy a milk cow and, hearing that the leading citizen in Santa Rosa had a good cow for sale, I made a trip to interview him. The cow was very much to my liking, but the price was a little more than I had anticipated. The owner demanded sixty Peruvian soles or the equivalent of $30.00 in United States money for the cow. I finally offered him fifty-five soles. He had been drinking and replied, "Fifty-ten soles, not one cent less."

With an abundance of good pasture the cow turned out to be a remarkable milk cow for that region, although she would not measure up to our dairy cattle in the homeland. Her calves were all heifers, which increased our herd rapidly.

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Installing The Water Wheel -- 1927

With the arrival of our freight from the coast we were able to start definitely on our project of installing the water wheel. There is considerable distance between starting and completing such a project. My father-in-law had brought along a set of good tools and a small turning lathe and we had bought a supply of round iron and taps and also a little flat iron. Most essential of all were a few small pieces of tool steel and a seven-foot steel shaft.

We collected a good supply of short cedar logs and improvised a large turning lathe to turn them down to uniform size. Then with the steel shaft and tool steel my father-in-law made an auger to bore an eight-inch hole through these short logs, and with other devices made tenons or points to fit the logs together. There were times of delay and experimenting when only the two of us could work, but at other times we could put on a full crew of Indians and push the work along.

One day when the two of us were working alone, Esther sent little two-year-old Frankie George to be with us. He was in our way around the lathe and I told him to watch the end of the log and see what would come out of it. Seeing the movement of the wood as the auger broke through,

he shoved in his hand and instantly two fingers were cut off. He fell to the ground and I realized that something serious had happened. Blood was spurting from the wounds or stumps of fingers and I hurried with him to my office, where I had bandages and disinfectants. It was a difficult matter to stop the flow of blood completely, but eventually we succeeded. To avoid the possibility of renewing the bleeding I left the bandages on as long as possible. Healing set in soon and there was no infection. How often I have blamed myself for my thoughtlessness in sending him to see the auger break through the log!

There was a natural division of labor among us and each one of us realized the importance of the work of the others. Esther found her place in the school and in language study, and took time to look after a growing flock of chickens. Father Carson was the all-round mechanical genius around the place and installed many little conveniences about the home as well as the water wheel, with its pipeline for pressure, and the sawmill. Mother Carson had a winsome way with the Indian women and understood the treatment of sick babies so much better than I did that I gladly turned that part of the medical work over to her.

By this time we had three Indian boys working for us and each of these boys had a shadow or another boy who helped him in his tasks. We did not pay these shadows nor give them orders, but allowed them to eat and sleep with the other boys until there was a vacancy, when they inherited the steady job which the other had dropped. It was my job to look after the field work, the pastures, the building work, and make the trips and keep the budget balanced. By bringing our property into full production, we were trying to demonstrate that four people can live as cheaply as two, just as many young people have advocated that two can live as cheaply as one.

But it was not all work and no play in our home. We had time for visiting with the Indians, and for an occasional exploring trip. We had applied for title to the land we had squatted on, and I began exploring the neighborhood. Following up Sunsuntsa Creek, I came to a beautiful cascade or falls in three leaps. At the foot of the last leap was a nice, crystal-clear pool. Father Carson and Esther wanted to see these falls and if possible get a picture of them, so the three of us set out.

Having seen all there was to see from below, there suddenly entered the minds of all three of us a desire to scale the steep wall to the right of us and look down this roaring torrent from above. To the left the wall was almost perpendicular and impossible to scale. Receding a short distance, we were able to climb a certain distance up the right wall and, skirting along the edge of the precipice, finally reached the upper valley above the falls. Coming down to the stream, we located a rock wet with the spray from the stream which we believed would give us the desired view of the falls. For safety we decided it would be best to take turns and hold onto a hand of the one who stood on this slippery rock to peer down into the roaring vortex.

Esther's turn was to come last of all. Very cautiously we two men took one hasty look, but suddenly Esther began leaping about and saying, "Hurry, hurry, let me look." We were frightened by her wild actions and both of us took hold of her and warned her to be careful. She too had her hasty look, and then chiding us for our over-caution explained that she had been standing on an anthill while waiting for us to get our look. That one awful second of looking down the cataract was enough to put a hush on us as we went on our way.

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Early Conversions

As early as 1925 three young men in La Yunga showed an interest in gospel teaching and early in 1926 professed conversion. A few months later the leading men in Santa Rosa, where political and religious gatherings were held, gave them notification to leave the community. They appealed the case to Ja'n and the authorities ruled that, inasmuch as they were natives of the region, they could not be expelled because of their religious belief. Later a blind boy and a woman were converted and then a few others, making a nucleus for the present congregation in La Yunga.

The Aguarunas were slow in seeing any real advantage in education, and in fact had no realization of its nature. They were always anxious to see the contents of all the boxes and bales which arrived from the coast. When we opened a box of books they would turn away in disgust, saying to one another, "Ayatak papi" ("Nothing but paper"). On one of my trips to Ja'n I took along an Indian boy, Andwash by name, who spoke considerable Spanish. We went to a store to cash a check and lay in a supply of dry goods for trade purposes. This particular merchant had never dealt in checks, and it required a long conversation and much explanation to sell him the biggest single check I ever negotiated in Ja'n. As usual, it was to be half in merchandise and half in cash. When cut after cut of cloth, and even whole bolts, were piled on the counter, Andwash's interest was deeply stirred. Then he noticed the stack of silver coins and all this for one little piece of paper!

After I returned to the tribe a group of Indians wanted to see my book. What book, I wondered, could they be so interested in? They explained that it was the little book Andwash had told them about a single page of which was sufficient to buy a mule-load of dry goods and a pile of silver in addition. I showed them my checkbook and they inquired the value of each blank check. I told them these had no value until I wrote on them. They why didn't I write more? I tried to explain to them the necessity of always having funds in the bank, but they could not understand this. With this incident a new interest was created in learning.

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Protestants Gaining In Ja'n

For a long time Ja'n was left without a regularly appointed priest, but finally they secured a young man of rather limited experience.

When the priest failed to secure the backing of the local authorities in collecting back burial dues, he dropped the matter and turned his attention to us. The earthquake presented the opportunity he was waiting for. He was out of town at the time and did not arrive until a day or two later, but started in immediately to stir up trouble, claiming this was a judgment from God on the town for tolerating heretics. The only thing to do, he claimed, was to run them out of town immediately before greater calamities were visited on the town. The subprefect gave his approval, but thought it would be wise to consult the sergeant in charge of the civil guards or police force before taking action.

In order to get the full force of the sergeant's reply it will be advisable to recount some of the happenings immediately after the earthquake. It was a few minutes after 5:00 p.m. and the prisoners in jail were cutting the weeds in the public square. They begged of the guard the privilege of working just a few minutes longer, as it was so hot inside the jail. This circumstance saved the lives of both the guards and the prisoners. Some of the smaller children in the two schools had been allowed to go to their homes at an earlier hour, but the teachers and older students were still in the schoolroom.

The first strong tremor jammed the door of the girls' school and they were imprisoned within. Toribio Suarez succeeded in finding a crowbar and went to the school building to save as many lives as possible. Another young man whose daughter had been buried in the ruins joined him and worked by his side until they recovered the dead body of his daughter. After that Toribio worked on alone, directing his attention to saving the girls who were still alive. He could hear their call for help as they recognized his presence and efforts. "Don Toribio! Help me! get me out of here!" was the usual call. He succeeded in rescuing yet another and another, until he had dug fourteen live girls out of the ruins of the heavy adobe building. As the hours of the night wore away there were no more calls for aid and finally he abandoned his self-imposed task.

The next day he and others joined the civil guard to dig their arms and possessions out of the ruins of the heavy two-story adobe building, and also helped to throw up a temporary shelter for them. There was also the work of burying the dead and throwing up some kind of temporary shelter on the mission premises. Meanwhile many of the Catholics of the town had fled to the brush or joined in the rescue of the helpless wooden St. Huamantango from the ruins of the church.

In the face of these happenings one can understand the sergeant's reply: "While your Catholics were fleeing to the brush or praying to that wooden saint, these Protestants were saving the lives of the dying and burying the dead. We owe this shelter over our heads to them and these arms to their efforts. Now if you want to run them out of town, go ahead, but remember you can't count on us.

Without the aid or approval of the civil guard it was thought best to abandon the immediate project of running the Protestants out of town, but the priest had plans for the future and only needed time to work them out. The main object, after all, was to get rid of the leader of the Protestants and all the rest would be easy.

We were busy at Sunsuntsa in putting everything in readiness for my annual trip to the coast. We also wanted to push the installation of the sawmill. With a crew of ten Indians I cut out a section of a twenty-foot log of hardwood and with the aid of block and tackle placed it at our door. This particular timber is somewhat heavier than water per volume and by figuring out the number of cubic feet I found the log weighed over a ton. This was to serve as the foundation or bed to which our saws, etc., were to be bolted. "When I return from the coast," I told Father Carson, "I will get a crew of Indians and put it in place."

Returning from the coast, I found everything in good shape at the mission station. Father Carson alone had pulled the big hardwood log to the brow of the hill and gently let it down to the

mill site and placed it just where it belonged. Except that he used the block and tackle, I am still guessing just how he did it.

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Sawmill

Turning our attention to the mill, it was not long until we had the wheels turning and were able to saw boards up to six feet long and six inches wide. We planned to install a larger saw for longer and wider boards eventually. The material side of the mission was moving on satisfactorily, and God was also blessing us in the school and public services. Andrés Pijuchkun, the oldest son of the chief, was definitely converted and others were showing interest. The work in La Yunga was also progressing and plans were being made for the building of a chapel by the congregation. We pledged lumber and labor for the doors from the Aguaruna mission.

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09 -- ESTHER'S HOME-GOING

While we were rejoicing in these material and spiritual blessings the time drew near for the arrival of another baby. There was no doctor nor capable midwife nearer than the coast, but we had been alone when Frankie George was born and all had gone well. As the hour drew near, it became apparent that all was not well, but I prayed and expected the best. Esther asked me to call her mother and pray, but by the time I did so she had lost consciousness. A little later the baby (Jean Esther) was born, but Esther slipped away to be with the Lord. Mother Carson was better prepared and calmer than I was, and took complete charge. I went about dazed and almost out of my mind.

Father Carson made the coffin and we picked a little knoll about fifty yards above the mission as the site for the grave. Little Frankie George was accustomed to bringing his mother flowers from the roadside, and that day he brought in a handful of pure white flowers, which we laid on her breast. As best I could I conducted the funeral service and we laid her mortal remains to rest. I wrote the Board and the missionaries in the coast all that I knew.

Some weeks later, when I was calm enough to listen, Mother Carson told me a number of things which I did not know. It seems that Esther had never completely gotten over the severe attack of malaria in Ja'n. Her family doctor in California realized that she was far from well, but advised an active life rather than medicine. She suffered from an enlarged spleen and at least once during her furlough there was a recurrence of the malaria. To her mother and possibly one other person she had confided the possibility of death on this occasion and given instructions as to what they were to do in this eventuality. She was cheerful up to this time and had given me no occasion for alarm.

It was my sad duty to go through all her papers and conserve as much of her work on the language as possible. One great difficulty was that she had employed her own private system of phonetics, which she had told me was intelligible to her alone. The two short periods of time she

had spent in the tribe, about thirty-two months in all, had been divided among a number of duties, so that she had given only a comparatively short time to language study. The vocabulary which I compiled from her papers and my own knowledge of the language was very limited indeed. No attempt had been made towards a grammar. I lacked both the preparation and the natural linguistic ability to carry out this work, but it was my duty to go on with it as best I could.

Among her papers I was surprised to find what seemed to be a copy of an agreement with Miss Ethel Wilson that she should assume the responsibility of raising her children in case of her death. I remembered her having mentioned Miss Wilson a number of times since her return in a very familiar way. After a few months I received a letter from Miss Wilson mentioning this agreement and stating that she stood ready to carry out her part of it if I approved. After praying over the matter I wrote her that I trusted Esther's judgment in the matter and gave my approval. Of course, Roger Joseph was already in the home of Mrs. Nicholson, and none of us wanted to make any change with him.

From this time on I spent more time on the language and less time at the sawmill. In talking with Mother Carson I told her I was willing to be their son and live with them indefinitely if they would remain in Peru. She replied that Esther had charged them that in case anything occurred to her they were to take the children and return to the homeland. However, they delayed more than a year, completing the work Father Carson had planned.

The house we were living in was a temporary structure and the roof was of the vegetable ivory or yarina plant, which at best does not last much over three years. We were planning on more permanent buildings with board floors and shingle roofs, but found that we would have to resort to other temporary buildings before we could carry out our more permanent building plans.

First of all we had to level off a building site, and for this purpose Father Carson built a wheelbarrow complete, wheel and all, and we also contrived other dirt-moving devices. We leveled off a piece of land almost as large as a city lot, and at one extreme put up a little two-room house for the Carsons and Baby Esther. At the other extreme we built the mission house for the school, public services, store, office, etc. We had secured a roll of Plexiglas and with part of this Father Carson fixed up a very nice window for their bedroom and a roof window for the mission building.

For Frankie and myself I fixed up a screened-in bedroom up in the attic of the mission building with a long ladder from my study and storeroom as the only approach. In this way I could rise early for my work and be near enough to take care of him when he awoke. Mother Carson lamented that she would not be able to climb the long ladder and take care of me in case I should become ill. About this time Toribio Suarez became teacher of the school and secured a house a few hundred yards from the mission for his family.

* * *

Aguaruna Feuds

The Aguarunas, like the other Jivaro tribes, lived in endless feuds, fighting and killing one another. The belief in witchcraft and the practice of polygamy were incentives for war raids. The group living in Pomará had various advantages over the other groups. They had several Winchester rifles and through trade could secure ammunition from Bellavista and Bagua Chica. The valor and experience of their chief, Samarin, and their proximity to the Peruvian settlers added to their security. They could attack other groups without fear of reprisals. They also had many alliances with different groups down the river.

Before we had been in Pomará very long they came to me saying they wanted to stop work and go on a war raid downriver. I realized that as yet my influence with them was not very great and that a prohibition on my part would not carry much weight. Therefore I appealed to them on the basis of my own need. Would they not please finish my clearing and house first, so we could have food to eat and a place to live? They agreed to this proposition and by the time these jobs were completed had forgotten the proposed war raid.

Down through the years we had found that keeping the Indians busy usually kept them out of mischief. Just as I was preparing for my annual trip to the coast in 1929, the schoolboys told me that the Indians had held a war council in the home of Pujupata and decided to delay only one day in preparations. In my absence there would be no field or construction work, so their going would not affect us in a material way. I would have to oppose it on moral grounds or not at all. I explained briefly to the Carsons what was taking place and they agreed with me that I should take drastic action.

Going to the home of Pujupata, I mentioned the struggle and efforts I had put forth for the good of the Indians and their children. At last I said I have grown weary of the struggle, and if you are determined to go on fighting and killing I will take my father-in-law and mother-in-law and my two children and leave. He did not answer me directly, but said to the other Indians, "Timue, timue" ("That is what he says"). Evidently he did not take much stock in what I had said, so I carefully repeated it to him a second time.

On my way back home I met Samarin, the chief. He was quite excited by my decision and said: "We did not talk things over well yesterday. We will have another meeting today to talk things over again; then I will send Puetsaenta and Anibel to talk with you."

Sure enough, late in the afternoon three Aguarunas called on me, two of whom understood Spanish. I was busy about my work, so they would have to start the conversation. They did so by asking the date of my trip to the coast. I replied that I was uncertain until I saw what they were going to do. If they persisted in going on the war raid, I would delay a little in my preparations and go with all my family; but if they called off the war raid, I would be leaving the following Monday.

They laughed at me and said: "That is the most foolish thing you ever said, Pastor. Your family is in no danger here with us; we are not going to fight here at all, but far down the river. In fact there will be no fighting because they are scared like chickens and have left their homes and are hiding out in the brush. We will track them down and kill one or two of them, and that is all there will be to it."

I explained to them that I was not afraid for myself nor my family, but was opposed to the practice of killing. I said, "Sometime I expect to go down the river and do not want the Indians to point their fingers at me and say, 'There goes the man who sent his Indians down here to kill us.'"

Their final argument was a plea to let them go just this one time, and after that they would never go on another war raid. Seeing that they were weakening a little, I decided to make one final appeal to their sentiments. I started in describing their trip, counting the number of days' journey by "sleeps," as is their custom. "Then you will find them scared like chickens and kill two or three of them without difficulty, but their blood will be on your hands and all the tears of the widows and the orphans will be upon you."

Puetsaenta spoke up and said, "Mitek, mitek ['the orphans, the orphans'] -- we had not thought of that; we will not go, Pastor." The others also agreed to what Puetsaenta had said and called off the war raid. I left the following Monday and was gone eight weeks and returned to find that the Indians had kept their promise.

* * *

Crisis In Japan

Let us go back a few months to my last trip to Ja'n, which marked the definite turning point in the long-drawn-out battle there. Noting the trend of affairs, I had remarked to Brother Victoriano Castaneda that I did not believe we would have complete victory until some one of us went to jail for our faith. Brother Castaneda had been through many battles and risked his life in Santa Cruz, so it is no discredit to him to say that he decided to return to his home and relatives rather than go to jail in Ja'n.

The priest had used his influence to secure the appointment of the nephew of another priest as chief of the civil guards or police force. He had also sent for two Franciscan friars, one of them a Spaniard, to aid him in his campaign against us.

As I knelt in prayer before leaving our mission station, I realized that I would face difficulties in Ja'n. As I journeyed on my way, different people warned me that trouble awaited me in Ja'n. In Bellavista I sought a quiet place outside of town for prayer and received such assurance and strength that I was prepared for what was ahead.

Last of all I met the marshal from Ja'n, who was going on a special mission. In the absence of the subprefect he was filling this position. He begged of me to turn back or wait somewhere in hiding while someone else went for my mail, but I told him I felt it my duty to go.

"Then let your stay there be very brief," he answered.

Arriving in Ja'n, I found everything quiet, but the mail from the outside world had been delayed. After sundown I went to visit a traveling merchant and discuss some matters of business with him. Other themes of conversation offered themselves and I delayed some time in this visit. Nearing the mission, I heard the Spanish friar preaching in the Catholic. church. At last, I thought, I

am to hear a real Catholic sermon. As I drew near, I suddenly realized that the theme of his discourse was not God, not the Virgin, nor even the saints, but a certain Protestant foreigner.

He is not a missionary at all; he is a spy running around the country hunting for gold mines and other wealth. Someday, after he has found what he wants, he will find some pretext to complain to his consul and the Americans will send their soldiers and you will be slaves in your own country, all because you allowed this foreigner to run at large. Now I am as good as a Peruvian since I have been in the country twenty years. I say unto you, Run this man out, out of town, out of the province, out of the country."

Then followed some Latin ceremony and prayers and dismissal. It was a bright moonlight night and, although I was standing some distance from the church, I could recognize most of the people as they came out. A friend of mine, a tailor and schoolmaster by profession, came out and turning to the friar said, "Father, you preached the truth."

If my friends talked that way about me, what could I expect from my enemies? thought I.

Someone noticed my presence and nudged the others and the conversation ceased. For my part I turned and went to the mission house. The next day was Sunday and I spent a quiet day with the brethren in public services and conversation without leaving the grounds. Most of the brethren lived in the country and went to their homes before night, so we had no night meeting, but a little group were conversing together in the mission house.

Suddenly there was an awful clanging of the church bells in the Catholic church. Turning to the brethren, I inquired what this could mean. One of them replied, "It is the call to prayer for the Catholics."

"No," I said, "that is not a call to prayer, that is an alarm; that means us." As I stepped out into the yard I could see the mob coming from the Catholic church. They were coming at a lively gait and some of them shouting, "Kill him, kill him, run him out of town!"

I still had plenty of time to run if I wanted to, but felt it my duty as pastor not to do so and simply stood still and waited. If God wanted me to die for the cause, it was my duty to be ready. But the mob was nearing the pole fence and the wooden bars and would soon be inside.

Suddenly a tall, slim civil guard leaped out from behind a clump of bushes and stood in front of the bars with drawn sword, waving it in the air. One man tried to go around him and climb over the fence, but he quickly drove him back. Just how long he blocked the way and held back the mob, I do not know; but finally the lieutenant with a group of civil guards, armed with rifles, came on the scene. He demanded to know the reason for this disturbance and an old woman, whose voice I recognized as that of the owner of a small restaurant where I had often eaten, cried out, "Isn't there liberty?"

"Liberty for what?" answered the lieutenant.

"Liberty to kill this man," she replied.

"No," replied the lieutenant, "there is not liberty for that. You folks go home."

As he and his armed guards faced the crowd, they dropped back a little. Having quelled the disturbance, he and several of his guards entered our property and walking up to me said, "You are coming with us." I told him that was all right and accompanied him to their barracks and was given lodgings in the inner section which also served as a jail. I informed the lieutenant that I had left some money and other valuables at the house and asked if he thought they would be safe there until morning. His reply was that with the disturbance nothing was safe outside their barracks. He sent me with a guard to bring my belongings, which included my bedding.

Once settled in my new quarters I was plied with questions as to why I had come to Peru. This gave me an opportunity to testify and I started in with the story of my conversion and call to the work of God and told them of the reason that I had chosen Peru as my field of labor.

We were interrupted by the arrival of another prisoner, who turned out to be no other than my friend, the schoolteacher and tailor. Was his arrest a farce, and did he have instructions to report to the friars what he heard? Then I would see to it that he heard a plenty.

The guards inquired if I was not badly frightened. I told them this was about the tamest mob I had ever seen and recounted to them our experience near Santa Cruz, where we were beaten with clubs until our clothing was stained with blood. I had overlooked the fact that the lieutenant was a native of Santa Cruz and of course proud of the culture of the aristocracy in this village.

The civil guards were quick to have a little fun at the expense of their own commanding officer and called his attention to the backwoods region where he was reared. He replied that his town was a place of culture, but unfortunately they had a town marshal at that time who did not know his duty. While this conversation undoubtedly nettled the lieutenant, yet it assured me that he would be careful to keep within his legal prerogatives.

When I was assured that I was to be run out of town the following day, I inquired who would assume the responsibility of issuing the order. "To my way of thinking we will have to appeal this matter to the capital of the republic, and wait a month at least for an answer," said I. "In the meantime let us make the situation as pleasant as we can for all of us. I will give you English classes and in that way we will pass the time quicker." While they were not averse to learning English, they did not like the idea of having me on their hands so long.

Late in the night we decided it was time to retire and my fellow prisoner devoutly crossed himself before going to bed. Early the next day he was released and it was reported in town that his offense had been fussing with his wife, while still others claimed that he had taken a revolver from one of the guards as a surety or pledge for a loan.

As early as possible I dispatched my Aguaruna boy for the interior with a note to my father-in-law and mother-in-law. Some of the guards had taken one of my mules for a short trip, and I wanted to get the other one out of town before any order for my expulsion be issued. If they wanted to ride me out of town on a mule, I wanted them to furnish the mule. I started a rather

lengthy letter to our missionaries in the coast, and before I finished it dinner was served for the lieutenant at the same table where I was writing. Addressing him, I said: "Lieutenant, sometimes I am hasty; maybe I am hasty now. I am writing my fellow countryman and telling him I am in jail and do not expect to get out for a month."

"No, you have not been a prisoner for a single minute; you have been a guest among your friends. Do you think we would treat a prisoner with the consideration with which we have treated you?"

I added a few lines to my letter and said, "The lieutenant says I am not a prisoner, but a distinguished guest in his honorable institution."

A stray lawyer had established his residence in Ja'n for a time and a group of merchants went to him to discuss my case. They went to the office of the town marshal, who had returned from his trip and was exercising the authority of subprefect. Addressing him, the lawyer said: "We have come to you as friends, because we know you are in trouble; in fact you are the only man who is in trouble today. The friars and priest are not in trouble; they can do what they please and no one can punish them. The Protestant pastor is not in trouble because he can appeal to his consul, who will defend him. If you make one little mistake today it may ruin you and there is no one to defend you. Now listen to us and we will get you out of your trouble. First of all put the pastor at liberty and send him back to his family, and write up an account of all that has happened and send it to your superiors. When they answer you, do what they tell you."

The marshal was a very thankful man for such good advice and had his secretary write up the account at once. Then he sent for me and I went in company with a guard. He asked me to sign the written account with him, but I was rebellious and told him I would write my own account in due time.

He said, "I am not commanding you as an officer, but asking you as a friend to do this for me."

I said, "That changes the matter considerably." So giving the account a hasty reading, I decided that as much as I disliked the way it was written I could conscientiously sign it.

"Now," he said, "I wish you would leave for your home immediately."

"First," I said, "I need to get my mail and make a few purchases, and then I have no mule to ride, since the guards have taken my mule for a trip."

He replied, "I will give you my own horse to ride, but please hurry, for those friars have been after me repeatedly, trying to get me to issue an order for your expulsion."

In the course of time the priest turned out to be the loser. With no regular income he was finally forced to leave town himself. For our part we gained the respect of the local officials and the public, and have been able to carry on our work.

* * *

District Assembly -- 1929

The special speaker at our 1929 district assembly in Monsefu was Dr. Walter Montano, the converted Dominican monk. We had large crowds at the regular preaching services and his messages made a deep impression on the public. During the past twenty years he and I have been intimate friends.

After the assembly a group of workers made a trip to the mountains and I accompanied them. On our way we had bought a tin of strawberry jam and to avoid any waste I had licked the lid of the tin after we had consumed the contents. Within a few hours I was desperately sick and it looked as if I might not reach the end of the journey. Then my mule (she was a big, flatfooted mule) slipped off a three-plank bridge and fell into the water, getting my saddlebags wet. As a matter of precaution I dismounted before trying to cross this narrow, slippery bridge. A Sabbath's rest and partial fast put me in shape to travel again the following Monday.

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10 -- THE CARSONS RETURN HOME

From August until November the months slipped rapidly by with the routine of labors about the mission. The Carsons had definitely decided to return to the homeland and planned to cross the mountains before the rainy season set in. They would take the two children with them, in accordance with the spoken and written desire of their mother while she was yet alive. Our fields and pasture had reached their maximum production, but who was to eat the bananas and mandioca?

During the darkest hours I had no thought of giving up or abandoning the mission, but just how was I to go on alone? There was only one person whom I could consult at such a time and that was Mother Carson. She knew the situation as well as I did, and when I mentioned the question of writing Miss Mabel Park and asking her to become my wife and share in the responsibility of the Aguaruna mission she urged me to do so. With this encouragement the letter was written.

At that time our mail service had been poor indeed. The revolution, rain, mud, and high water often delayed the mail. The mail carrier sometimes made a little side money by dealing in corn and potatoes, and once left a heavy sack of mail behind in order to take advantage of a bargain in corn. During these months none of these things happened and our letters went through in record time. Not only did I get an affirmative reply, but the outstanding phrase in most of the letters which followed was, "It will not be long now."

Father Carson gave me as much mechanical instruction as possible during the last few months. It included warnings about the buzz saw when moving at full speed, proper care of the pipeline, a few handy tricks in carpentry, etc. He had already taught me how to use the turning lathe.

There were certain delays in getting away and we left early in November instead of October, as I had hoped. We left the main mission house open, but having no lock or key.decided to nail shut the door of the little house where the Carsons lived. The old chief, Samarin, stood by with a pained look on his face while I drove the nails. Perhaps he felt that I distrusted him after all the years we had lived neighbors. Suddenly he seemed to understand my motives and smiled, saying, "That is all right; of course no Indian would steal anything you have, but some Christian might chance this way and want to break in and steal." Of course we understood who the Christians were to whom he referred-the civilized Peruvians.

Our trip to the coast proved to be somewhat trying, but not as bad as we had feared. The rains had set in and it often rained on us while we were traveling and we would be thoroughly wet. If we stopped over to dry our clothing and bedding, it usually turned out to be a nice, sunshiny day ideal for traveling. I carried the baby while Frankie George, much against his loud protests, rode with Ruperto Cardozo. To avoid the deep mud which forms between Socotá and Santa Tomás, we took a longer and drier road or trail. In spite of a few delays we eventually reached the coast. We secured passage for the Carsons and the children on a large steamer which was taking on a load of sugar at the nearest port. The sadness of the parting was relieved by the knowledge that it was for the best.

The return trip was to be made in company with the same muleteers who had brought us. Our purchases were not as numerous as in July, but I fitted up the most convenient traveling equipment we had ever possessed. It consisted of a large alforja or cloth saddlebags containing clothing and small objects properly balanced in bulk and weight, two camp cots, and rolls of bedding covered with a sheet of awning or canvas. These sheets of awning were fitted with eyelets, rings, and light ropes so they could be laced together and turned into a tent. Our tent poles and stakes could be found wherever we stopped overnight. On top of this load, between the two rolls of bedding was nestled down a small box containing canned goods and provisions for the journey. Even the small box was fitted with a pair of cheap hinges and a clasp, and holes were bored in each end into which was inserted a rope handhold especially useful in tying the box in place. This made a light load for one horse or mule and was so well balanced that it gave very little trouble on the trip.

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Marriage To Mabel Park -- 1929

Mabel Park and I were married on December 21, 1929, by the mayor of Chiclayo in the municipal building, and. a few hours later the marriage was consecrated by the resident missionary in Monseff. Two days later we left for the interior and passed through the village of Llama the night they had their Christmas celebration. On the entire trip the weather was perfect and we made our accustomed schedule without hurrying. Before reaching our mission station we separated from our muleteers and traveled the last three days alone. We arrived in good time so we could unpack and straighten things around a little before night on the third day.

We had plenty of company the following days, mostly Indian women who were anxious to make the acquaintance of the new missionary, to whom they gave the name of Senoji. One

schoolboy quite innocently asked me how I caught her. We soon settled down to the routine of missionary life, which, to keep up with the work, had to be a pretty lively routine.

We occupied the little house where the Carsons had lived. It was quite convenient and had a homemade stove complete with stovepipe and all. Nearby flowed the ditch full of clear, cold water, especially useful for keeping milk and cream at the proper temperature on hot days. For some reason the snakes had taken a liking to our home and twice I killed a poisonous one inside the house, one of them coiled inside a basket on a high shelf.

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School And Language Study

Having been a schoolteacher in Ohio, Mabel took an active interest in the little school and introduced modern teaching methods. At the coast she had given much time to personal work and house-to-house visiting, so it was but natural for her to press the claims of the gospel on those about us in spite of the language difficulty. We both made considerable progress in the language during the months before our next annual assembly.

Among the Aguarunas who spoke considerable Spanish were Andwash, the first boy to work for us, and his older brother, Ujukum. One day I asked Ujukum to give me the Aguaruna words for pardon and sin. He said he did not understand these words. I explained to him that if he had an enemy who at some time had wanted to kill him, and in the course of time he grew tired of the quarrel, he would send word that he wanted to forgive him and forget the quarrel. As he faced me his eyes seemed to burn with anger: "I meet my enemy I kill him, he meet me he kill me, Aguaruna no forgive." I had no better success with the word for sin, which I tried to explain to him. He admitted having killed two men; they were bad men he said and deserved being killed. No, he didn't understand what I meant by sin, nor least of all admitted having sinned.

One day the schoolboys came in full of excitement. Yangua, the nephew of Samarin, had forgiven Anibel and they had become friends. "Quick, tell me what word they used to ask forgiveness," I asked. "Anibel said, 'Sangundunda,'" they replied. We wrote the word down, memorized it, put it into everyday use in settling schoolboy fusses, used it in public preaching services, and made an everyday, household word out of this term which they had so seldom used. Eventually we found several words for evil, one of which, tunau, seems to be a fair equivalent for sin.

One of the great needs in the school was desks. We had found a nice, small tree for sawing purposes called mukuntu, similar to a larger tree known by the Peruvian lumbermen as tornillo. I first cut the tree into school-desk lengths, allowing an inch or two for squaring, etc. Then I squared the timber on our sixteen-inch table saw and sawed it into three- and six-inch boards. In one forenoon I could saw and carry enough lumber for a desk, and in the afternoon I could plane the lumber and complete the desk. Unlike Peruvian cedar, mukuntu worked best fresh; in fact, we later learned that it is the only way it could be worked without special tools. In trying to repair these same desks fifteen years later we were unable to drive nails into the wood without first drilling

holes in it. Neither the termites nor worms would eat into this wood, but it rotted easily when in contact with the damp earth.

* * *

Mama Pancha

Mama Pancha was a strange old character who lived in the home of the chief, Samarin, and was said to be his aunt. She was born in the same vicinity as Samarin, but of course was very much older than he. When she was still a small girl, the Indians from the upper Chiriaco or Muchinges River made a war raid on her family and carried her away prisoner. She became the wife of one of her captors and lived with them for years. At times they visited the Quechua-speaking highland Indians near Yambrasbamba, where she said it was very cold. Either then or later she became very fluent in speaking Quechua and could talk a streak in that language at our expense, as none of us could understand her. Travelers from Chachapoyas who also spoke Quechua said they had no trouble in conversing with her. After the death of her husband she moved far down the Maranon and lived near the Peruvian village of Barranca. The priest of this town, Munoz, was also from the region of Chachapoyas and of course spoke Quechua. He baptized her in the Catholic church with the name Francisca, and she became known as "Pancha," and with age became "Mama Pancha" to all.

When we knew her she was a lively little old woman and very friendly. She would come into the schoolroom, pull the ears of her grand-nephews, call them donkeys, and tell them to learn. She was evasive about religious matters, and when we pressed her to pray and be converted she would reply, "I don't know how to read." In Aguaruna the same word means pray, converse, or read. When you pray you talk to God; when you read you talk to the book. She understood our meaning, however, and took this way of avoiding the issue.

One day the schoolboys told us that Mama Pancha was very ill and had been left in an abandoned house over a mile up stream. We charged them to deal with her about her soul and told them what to tell her, but the next day when we inquired they said they had forgotten. Mabel urged me to go, but I found it difficult to leave my work. After Sunday school the following Sunday I went with two or three boys and found her alone. When I urged her to pray and warned her that she might die, she replied that she couldn't die. I told her that in my country when people were as old as she was, and as sick as she was, they usually died.

"If it wasn't for this sickness I couldn't die," she replied. She then told us that the night before the devil had come for her, but she did not want to go to his house. "Pray for me that I may go to God's house; I don't want to go to the devil's house," she said.

We had a prayer meeting with her and urged her to trust the Lord for her salvation. She seemed to find peace and we left her. Two days later about daylight, the chief, Samarin, called us, saying that Mama Pancha was again in his home and wanted to see us before she died. Slipping on our rubber boots, we crossed the brook; and just as we stepped in at the door, Mama Pancha breathed her last.

* * *

To The Coast -- 1930

Before we left for the coast in June, 1930, it was apparent that we would delay longer than usual. We made the best arrangements possible for the care of the work and property during our absence.

In Ja'n we picked up a Peruvian traveling companion who turned out to be worthless. He didn't like our kind of food, was unwilling to get the mules out of pasture before the dew was off the grass, etc. I had to go for the mules each morning. Mabel did the cooking, and he, an ignorant country boy, traveled at our expense.

After firing the unwilling boy at Socotá we acquired the fine services of Don Cesar for the rest of the trip, which was uneventful except for violent attacks of malaria, which I was able to combat with quinine, but which we were afraid for Mabel to take as she was expecting.

Don Cesar knew every stopping place and where we could get the best pasture for our mules and best treatment for ourselves. He not only looked after the mules, but at times even cooked for us and helped us with our cots, etc. How thankful we were for his help at such a time! In spite of our sickness we reached our destination in the usual time and at last were comfortable in the mission compound in Monsefu. The midwife said that Mabel could safely take the usual dosage of quinine and she soon recovered from the malaria.

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Overland With A Boat

We were planning to take a furlough after the baby was born and Mabel was able to travel; and Rev. David Walworth and his wife, Edith, were to take our place. Brother Walworth had brought a "steelcraft" boat, believing that the highway from Olmos to Ja'n had advanced sufficiently to get the boat across the Andes in a truck and float it down the Chamaya River to the Moranon. Investigation showed that the highway had stopped at the base of the Andes Mountains.

We would have to carry the boat over the mountains on men's shoulders. As I remember the trip, it was one continual round of new obstacles, more complaints, and repeated bickerings for higher pay.

Even after we reached the river, we battled whirlpools, shallows, and hidden boulders for many days. Finally, after inquiry and investigation showed that we had over thirty miles of rapids still ahead of us, we decided to send Abad and the Aguaruna boy ahead with a letter asking Brother Walworth to send a few experienced Indians to take the boat downstream. Meanwhile, Ruperto and I waited in the neighborhood and watched the boat. I chose the Book of Job as the most suitable for my Bible reading during the delay.

The sixteen days of waiting were punctuated with many interesting happenings. One day we located a shallow slough full of small fish. Ruperto pointed out a tree whose bark was as effective as barbasco as a fish poison.

We invited a neighboring family to join us in the sport and, filling two ordinary, loosely woven sacks about half full of the bark we had scraped from these trees, we began agitating them up and down in the water. We soon had most of the fish in a stupefied state, so we could dip them up with baskets.

On another day we made a trip on foot to the nearest village, Colosay, employing most of the day in going and coming. Noting that the neighbors hulled their rice by hand mortars, Ruperto and I volunteered to make a treadmill like the ones used around Ja'n and Bellavista.

One day when we were busy working on the rice mill, Brother Walworth arrived with three Aguarunas. Abruptly we left our work and prepared to travel. That evening the Indians took the boat through the bad place which had stopped us, and we camped a mile or so farther downstream. They had brought two mules with them, so while the three Indians traveled in the boat we followed the trail which skirted the river and had several interesting glimpses of how the Indians negotiated the rapids. They relied more on their skill with the paddles and less on the ropes than we had. That day we covered about three times as much distance as we usually did in a day.

That night we stopped at a large cocoa plantation from which there was a direct trail to the coast. Having had no word from my wife and baby during all these weeks, I was anxious about them and decided to return to the coast from this plantation.

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11 -- FIRST FURLOUGH AND RETURN

Arriving in Monsefu, I was alarmed to find that neither my wife nor baby was doing well. I called in the local doctor and his treatment helped my wife a little. Although I was registered as an American citizen at the consulate in Lima and my documents were in good shape with the Peruvian government, I never had held a passport. It was necessary therefore for me to go to Lima and secure a passport before sailing for the homeland. This turned out to be providential, as my wife and baby were greatly benefited by the treatment they received at the American clinic, later known as the British and American Hospital.

We secured passage on a Japanese steamer and left the port of Callao the same night the Prince of Wales was to arrive. We were to make but one stop before we reached California, so our course was well out to see over a calm, tropical ocean which formed quite a contrast to the Humbolt current nearer shore. Schools of flying fish were frequently visible.

When our boat docked at San Pedro we were met by several of our children, accompanied by Rev. D. I. Vanderpool, pastor of Bresee Avenue Church of the Nazarene, and Dr. Orval J. Nease, president of Pasadena College, who welcomed us to the homeland.

I had been away from the homeland nearly seventeen years and there had been great changes. For my part I had become accustomed to associating with Peruvians and the Indians of the jungles to such an extent that the sight of an American, outside our narrow missionary circle, was an extraordinary event. Walking down the central streets of Pasadena, my attention would suddenly be fixed on a man forty or fifty yards away. My instant reaction would be: "That fellow looks like an American"; and suddenly awakening from my daydream I would add: "Sure enough, I am in the United States now."

The 1932 General Board meeting was a time of stress because of the depression throughout the land. It was recommended and voted to close the Aguaruna work, but a day or two later the Department of Foreign Missions reconsidered the matter.

We went through western Kansas and south to Amarillo, Texas, holding a few missionary meetings as we traveled. At Waco I received authorization to sail for Peru.

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Return To Peru -- 1932

In September, 1932, we sailed from San Pedro as third-class passengers. We carried only a limited amount of equipment and paid only about $2.00 duty in all.

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Back To Sunsuntsa Mission

Business matters and traveling arrangements moved rapidly and we were soon on our way to the interior. It being the dry season of the year, we had a good trip and were soon at our Sunsuntsa mission station. We had been absent a little over two years and were surprised to find that many of the Indians had moved downstream. Talking the matter over with the Walworths, it was decided that one couple of us should move downstream while the other remained at our Sunsuntsa station to care for the Indians in the immediate neighborhood and keep up the contact with our coast work and the outside world. It fell our lot to move downstream and open the new mission, which was first called Temashnum and a few years later called Yamá Yakt.

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Through The Gates To Yamá Yakt

The Quechua or Inca word for door or gateway is ponko or pongo, and this word has been adopted by the Spanish speaking inhabitants of the interior of Peru for the narrow passageways eight to ten miles long which the Maranon and other large streams have cut through the numerous mountain chains which obstruct their course. In our move to Yamá Yakt on two large rafts we were to pass through seven of these pongos, three of them included in the list of major ones. Some were of the whirlpool type while others were of the dashing type. The whirlpool pongos are very

dangerous in high water while the dashing ones are worse in low water. At the time of our trip the water was high enough to lessen the danger of the dashing rapids, without increasing too much the danger of the whirlpools.

Since the Aguarunas do not like to risk their lives in the rapids, we contracted four Peruvians to man the rafts. Two young men also went with us as passengers. The rafts were provided with large sweep oars seated in forks or crotches formed by driving pieces of split-palm timber into the soft balsa logs at different angles and tying them securely where they crossed a little over two feet above the water level. One of our men was skilled in using this type of oar, but the other was not and would get his oar pinched when we were in greatest danger.

Our raft was loaded with various household articles and heavy boxes on one side, and on the opposite side was the family milk cow and her calf. As the cow kept moving about, she upset the equilibrium of the raft, and after about ten minutes she slipped off into the water and we thought for a minute we would lose her. All five of us men joined in the effort to pull her back on. Partly by tipping the raft with our weight and partly by pulling and tugging, we got her safely back on just in time to prepare for the first pongo, the Cangarizo. We rode the center or crest safely through this rapid.

A few miles farther on we passed a big rock well out in the river where others have been wrecked on other occasions. Finally we entered the great gorge with towering mountain peaks on both sides of the river. We passed two of the lesser pongos, the Mayasi and the Mayasito, without mishap and began to feel elated with our success. If the rest of the pongos were like these, there was really nothing to fear.

At one place the current carried us towards the big boulders on the left riverbank just as our inexperienced raftsman, whose turn it was to row and save us from the predicament, got his long oar pinched in the crotch and stood there hopelessly trying to wiggle his oar. We were too near the bank to use the other sweep oar and our two passengers awoke to the danger too late to help. They barely had time to get out of the way as we hit the big boulder and the whole raft trembled and creaked with the impact.

The force of the current slowly turned our raft around and headed us out into the river. Many of the stakes supporting our cargo were broken and the entire section leaned dangerously to one side. The crotch to the other sweep oar was also broken. Our one experienced raftsman took charge, gave orders, and we all worked with a will. We took the big rope from the head of the raft and tied it firmly to the leaning upper structure. Then with the help of all available hands we tightened it up and tied it to the outside balsa pole on the opposite side of the raft. Meanwhile the one raftsman alone repaired the support for his sweep oar.

As we approached the "Pongo de Balta," reputed to be the worst of them all, everyone was in his proper place except the dog. The first wave went over all our heads and then followed the lesser bumps. How many were there? three or seven? Nobody knows, nobody stops to count them. Mabel threw a wrap over Philip's face to protect him a little and the dog sought safety by our side.

Having passed this danger we felt relieved, but our head raftsman warned, "We are coming to the Lorocacha, the father of the pongos." Soon we were in it and, sure enough, it bumped us hard like a bucking horse and finished by trying to pull us into its dangerous whirlpool. This time both raftsmen pulled together and we were soon out of its clutches.

It was decided to stop at a suitable place below the rapids to repair our raft, so we spent the night on the riverbank without a shelter. Some thought it wouldn't rain, but it did rain repeatedly during the night and we were drenched. The next morning was bright and sunshiny and we had a pleasant trip in more tranquil water to our new mission station.

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The New Station

In June, 1933, we took up our duties in Temashnum (Yamá Yakt). Temporarily we moved into the small house I had built in December of the year before. House building was in order. There were plenty of Indians to work for us, but we lacked the leadership of Samarin and Puetsaenta. Of course any Aguaruna can build a house, but there is considerable difference in houses.

In the Pomará and Sunsuntsa neighborhood about the only fronds or leaves available for roofing were of the vegetable ivory or tagua plant. Such roofs were not expected to last over three years at the best. In a few favored localities a short roofing leaf grew known as campana, which was said to last eight or ten years or the lifetime of two houses. In Temashnum we had a roofing leaf somewhat similar to the campana which it was believed would last five or six years. We decided to employ it on our house. It required more labor and skill than the vegetable ivory, and we soon learned that our Indians knew how to slight the job to make the material reach farther.

When a windstorm preceded a shower of rain these leaves, tied in only one place, would stand on end like the feathers of a setting hen and we could look up and see the sky. After the wind passed and the rain came, most of them would settle back into place, but sometimes we had leaks. If the wind and rain came together, we could expect to be drenched. We innovated a split or beaten palm flooring and to save labor placed the supports too far apart. We crossed this floor with a beaten bamboo floor and between the two floors had a cockroaches' paradise. We said, "Never again!"

As soon as we could plant more pasture we planned to bring more cattle. If a house would rot in three years, a brush or pole fence would rot in half that time and we would soon have our cattle in our fields rather than in our pastures. Taking advantage of a small stream, I decided to make the pastures on one side of this stream and the fields and houses on the opposite side.

One day an Indian named Papue showed up in the working gang; five years before he had quit me after being paid in advance. I overheard him telling the others that he owed me and had come to pay his debt first and stay on and buy cloth later. His only clothing was a bark loincloth, so it was evident that he was in great need. Nevertheless I allowed him to work out his debt first and build up a balance to his favor before selling him any cloth.

Our policy from the beginning had been to price trade goods as near cost plus transportation as possible. Such medicines as we had were free to the ailing. We had to pay for all school material and board many of the students. In order to do this we had school only in the mornings and had the boys work in the afternoons. Our first converts were from the school and Sunday school, but later we had ten very earnest adults seeking in a prayer meeting. It looked as though we were ready for a real harvest of souls.

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Called To The Coast-1934

Then there arose some complications in our coast work which required a change. We would have to go to the coast and take charge of the work. We put things in the best shape we could and left, arriving at the coast in due course of time with very scanty baggage. Going upstream we had to walk, and the trip up and down the mountains was hard on Mabel.

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Ira Taylor And Wife Arrives -- 1934

The arrival of the Taylors in Peru just before our July assembly in 1934 took a great load off me. Sister Taylor became treasurer and Brother Taylor assumed most of the school responsibilities. Brother and Sister Walworth also came for the assembly and remained indefinitely.

We had agreed to stay at the coast only one year, but instead had been there over sixteen months. With the approval of the board, Brother Taylor was made district superintendent and we were authorized to return to the interior.

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Return To The Interior -- 1935

Shortly after crossing the Chamaya River on our way to the coast in 1933 we heard an airplane motor and, looking back, saw the tiny plane in the distance, near Bellavista. It was Don Juan Pardo Miguel, a wealthy Spaniard, thoroughly Peruvianized, who made the first landing on a narrow field near Bellavista. Because this field lay crosswise to the prevailing winds he was forced to stay all night and take off before the wind began to blow the following morning. Soon he bought a small ranch and later a larger one and made two landing fields of his own. Through his instrumentality we were able to charter a plane for our return trip in May, 1935. Ten days' mule travel was reduced to an hour and forty-five minutes in a relatively slow plane. From up in the sky I could look down and see many familiar sights along the way. Still we had ahead of us the journey by mule to Sunsuntsa and the foot trail on into the jungle.

We had left Ruperto Cardozo in charge in Yamá Yakt during our absence, and he had done what he could to keep things up while we were gone. Still the school and spiritual work had to be started anew. To make room for all our activities we put up a few buildings. In the main building we had our living quarters, an entrance and hallway which served as a store and gathering place for the Indians, and a little farther back my screened-in office room about six feet square. To my right was the schoolroom, which also served as a meeting hall for public services.

The dry season of 1935 will stay in our memory as the year of the flies or gnats. Every morning about daylight hordes of these tiny, biting insects seemed to rise from the river and fill the air. They penetrated the houses and a few would filter through the screens. Our bedroom, being dark, was fairly free from them. With a spray gun I could dispose of the few which filtered into my screened-in office, but the schoolroom was a place of torment. On many of the lateral streams which enter the Maranon, the coming of this pest is an annual occurrence and the Indians make their houses as dark as possible to keep them out. On the larger rivers there is usually enough wind to drive them away.

Some of the Indians living nearest the mission had lost their interest during our absence at the coast. They wanted to be friends and work for us, but showed little interest in our message. On rainy Sundays they would come to meeting because fishing was not good, but on sunshiny days they tried to get on their way before we started our services. On the other hand, there was increased interest on the part of the Indians from a distance, who came long distances to hear at least once. The schoolwork and Sunday school made progress.

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Assembly -- 1936

Mabel did not accompany me to the coast in 1936. Upon arrival I learned indirectly that Baltazar Rubio, pastor of the Monsefu church, professed a call to the Aguaruna work. Missionary day arrived in our district assembly and Baltazar Rubio publicly testified to his call. It was later arranged that at the end of three months' time Baltazar Rubio would be released to join the Aguaruna mission.

Returning to the interior, I began the construction of yet one more building on our little knoll, which in the coming flood season would become an island once more. With the arrival of these new workers and the increase of boarding students in our school, I had to give special attention to bringing the fields and pastures up to maximum production. All of these labors could not be completed in three months' time, but we could make a beginning.

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12 -- BATTLES AND VICTORIES

At the time assigned, Baltazar Rubio arrived in La Yunga accompanied by his wife and father. Andrea, his wife, had contracted a very violent case of malaria and there was fear for her life. Andrea was unable to walk or ride, but fortunately she was small and they carried her down

the trail to Pomar. The fever left her and they prepared for the trip downstream by raft, as we had traveled three years before. Their raft was lightly loaded and rode high through the rapids.

For years I had been working on a series of Spanish-Aguaruna lessons and decided to try them on the Rubios. Like most language study, it was uphill work at first. However they persisted in the studies, and as they became more familiar with the language it became easier for them. After they had gone through the lessons once, we started in the second time. We always had at least one Aguaruna boy present to give the exact pronunciation of words and phrases. However, no Indian likes to pronounce an isolated word; it doesn't make sense to him. Well, the second time we went through the lessons the Rubios did so well that I thought they could make it alone after that.

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Airplane Excitement

The arrival of the airplane caused a great deal of excitement. We had been expecting it for months and had repeatedly cleared the driftwood from the flat, low gravel strip across the river from our house, and repeatedly the river had risen enough to place more driftwood there. The pilot decided to try the water, as the plane was amphibious. Meanwhile as many as could get into our dugout canoe rushed to the spot to indicate a safe place to get the plane on land.

Before we could reach them the crew had tried a landing in the soft sand and, crossing the river, were heading for some rough rocks. Finally they stopped the plane in shallow water and let the motor idle. We pulled the canoe alongside and told the pilot and owner that if he would come with us we would show him a good place to get the plane onto land. After seeing the place, he agreed with us and went back to maneuver his plane around to the proper landing.

He was on his way to Iquitos. It was arranged that the group should stay at the mission overnight and continue their journey to Iquitos the following day. It had been raining and the river was higher than normal, but not yet in full flood. That night and the following forenoon the rain poured down. Finally they decided it would be best to give up the trip to Iquitos until the next dry season. Having decided to return to the coast, they made several attempts to take off, but for some reason the plane was too heavy. Gradually the water was rising and threatening to cover the gravel strip where the plane had been stationed during the night. The center of the river was full of driftwood and floating logs.

Finally the plane was pulled up onto the remaining strip of gravel for inspection, and to our surprise a great quantity of water gushed out of the pontoons. They had struck a floating log and opened a seam.

I told the pilot our boys had a substance with which they could stop the leak, at least for that trip. They brought some sausage-shaped pieces of a black, shiny gum and, building a fire a safe distance from the plane, melted it into a liquid. When this was applied to the open seams, they were closed tight shut. As a further precaution Senor Pardo lightened his load by leaving his guide to walk out afoot and by unloading several tins of gasoline, which he charged us to keep for him until the following year. He also made me a present of a nice raincoat.

Thus repaired and lightened, the plane took off nicely and they were soon on their way to their home. They found it would be necessary to stop in Bellavista to put more gas in their tank, as they did not have enough to cross the Andes and reach the coast. The wheels had become jammed and refused to move, with one wheel up and the other down. In their desperation they decided to try the landing field rather than the river.

Just as they reached the ground the pilot shut off the ignition to avoid any possibility of a fire. They had also wrapped their heads in their coats and wraps to lessen the blow when they would come to a sudden stop. After the first violent shock the plane turned completely over and landed upside down. They were able to break the glass and get out before the acid in the large storage battery trickled down on them. With the exception of one small cut and minor bruises they were unhurt. The plane was completely wrecked. In later years other amphibious planes of more modern design have safely come down and taken off at various places on the river.

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Aguaruna Feud

There were two houses almost across the river from us and we passed quite close to one of them every time we came upstream. Suddenly an Indian a mile or two away died. His son came to visit us and we tried to explain to him that his father had died from natural causes rather than witchcraft.

For the time being he seemed to be convinced, but as soon as he talked with his friends, they assured him it was witchcraft. They decided that another Indian living about two miles away was the guilty party and, gathering a group from far and near, killed this man and one of his sons. Then part of the mob fled downstream, but others moved into the house across the river from us, and began to fortify it. I sent them word at least twice that I did not want them to fortify a house right across the river from the mission. They refused to listen and said the messengers had made up this story themselves, as I never had meddled in their fusses.

Finally I decided to go in person and talk with them. All around the outside of the house was a row of upright balsa logs which give considerable protection from buckshot and even 44-caliber rifle bullets, but would not stop a high-powered rifle bullet. Two rows of upright logs extended about thirty feet out from each door with a passageway about three feet wide between them. At the end was an entrance, protected with upright timbers. When I arrived they removed one or two timbers, so I could squeeze through.

Before we took up the subject of my visit they invited me to eat with them. By accepting I showed them that I bore them no ill will. Finally I reminded them that I had sent them word twice that I did not want them to fortify the house, but that they had not listened to me. I told them there was sure to be retaliation for the death of the man and his son and that we did not want any fighting near the mission.

"Tomorrow I am sending the mail," I said, "and if you persist I will have to notify the Peruvian officials that you have fortified a house directly across the river from the mission. On the other hand, if you will promise to abandon this house I will not write."

There was considerable discussion among them and they said, "We can't go upstream because of our enemies, and we also have enemies downstream." Then turning to me they said, "Pastor, we don't want you to write; we don't know where we can go, but if you promise not to write we will abandon this house within two days." True to their word, the house was empty before the end of two days.

In April, 1938, Baltazar Rubio and family went to the coast, so he could finish some of his studies and prepare for ordination at the coming district assembly. For our part we were preparing to go to Iquitos and travel to the homeland for our furlough as soon as the water receded sufficiently to make the rapids safe for navigation. Ruperto Cardozo was wanting to set up in business for himself, but agreed to look after the mission until the Rubios could return from the coast. Before he left I asked Baltazar Rubio to open land and build a temporary house at some point which he should select near the mouth of the Genepa River where we would open a new station when we returned after our furlough.

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Evangelizing

The rains held off for a long time in 1937-38. We took advantage of the low water to make various short trips of evangelization in the region of the mouth of the Chiriaco, about five or six hours by canoe above our mission station.

Wijinta, a famous witch doctor, teacher of young witch doctors, and a polygamist, lived along the way and we passed in sight of his house. Sickness and hard times had come his way and he had lost all his women but one. He had never heard the old joke about the three ways of communication, "telephone, telegraph, and tell-a-woman"; but he understood the last method. He told a woman that if we would visit him and hold a meeting in his house he would get converted.

The news reached us in a hurry through few enough mouths that we could trace it back and be sure it was authentic.

The following Sunday afternoon found a canoe-load of us calling at his home. After the usual formalities of welcoming us were over we began our meeting. When it came my time to speak, I became personal, which is perfectly good usage in the tribe. After giving a brief message I quoted the words of Wijinta and said: "Now that we have complied with his spoken request we expect him to keep his promise and get converted." Wijinta was on his feet immediately and began to explain his situation. He did not deny the statement regarding his desire to be converted. He also said he had observed the evils of drinking beer, but that in his particular case it was a food and he was too poor to own a milk cow. By way of explanation let me say that every woman in the tribe makes her own home brew out of the leftover yuca or mandioca and prides herself on its quality.

Frankly I was surprised at the turn of the discussion and somewhat perplexed as to the answer I was to give. Suddenly Baltazar Rubio was on his feet and told of the deer hunter who stopped just before shooting the deer to decide how he would divide up the venison among his acquaintances and relatives. By the time he had decided, the deer was gone. "That is what Wijinta is doing," he said. "Wijinta, let us kill the deer first; after you give your heart to the Lord, He will help you to solve this problem of food." Wijinta answered with just one word, "Aiyu," which signified his willingness. We were soon on our knees pleading the promises, and Wijinta seemed to pray through to victory.

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13 -- SECOND FURLOUGH AND RETURN

In April of 1938, after delay because of rain and high water, we traveled by dugout canoe, raft, motorboat, and steamer to Iquitos and then, after waiting two weeks, to the mouth of the Amazon by river-boat. This was our first furlough home by way of the Amazon.

The trip down the Amazon was very interesting indeed. The wide, tranquil waters formed a pleasant contrast to the rushing, turbulent, boulder-strewn courses of the headwaters where we had spent so many years. A gentle upstream breeze cooled the air day and night on the open river, while on the narrow side streams and in the jungle the few inhabitants suffered in the sweltering heat.

We were able to book passage on a steamer of the Booth line which was authorized to carry only twelve passengers. With our family of three we exceeded this number by one, so I was embarked as a member of the crew with the position of assistant purser. In New York I had to line up with the crew and the immigration authorities inquired why I had no uniform, although of course they understood the situation perfectly. We saw no land between the mouth of the Amazon and New York. With the exception of a few hours in a choppy sea off Cape Hatteras, we had a very smooth voyage.

Brother Tracy met us in New York and was a great help to us in many ways. We made our way across the United States, stopping for services and visits with relatives and friends in Columbus, Olivet College, Chicago, Kansas City, Topeka, Denver, Colorado Springs, and other places too numerous to mention. Continuing our journey to Pasadena, California, we were met by our children and members of our Bresee Avenue Church. The Carsons arranged living quarters for us in their home, and we were soon comfortably settled.

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Parasites

A medical checkup revealed that we were pretty well loaded with intestinal parasites! Philip had three varieties, Mrs. Winans two, and I one. Amoeba and even the hookworm yielded to treatment in due time, but the whipworm persisted for a long time before completely disappearing.

Either the treatment or the parasites left us in an anemic condition, but did not keep us from accepting speaking dates in southern California.

A few weeks before the General Board meeting in January, 1939, I started to Kansas City by way of Oakland, California, and Colorado, holding a few missionary meetings on the way. In Denver, Colorado, a long-distance telephone call informed me that I was now grandfather. At the General Board meeting it was decided to send us back to Peru at the end of our furlough. Arrangements had to be made for a home for Philip, and we were fortunate in placing him in the home of Miss Esther Wilson, a fine Christian woman and teacher.

* * *

Back To Peru -- 1939

Early in August we embarked on the Booth steamship for Pará, Brazil. Our boat stopped at Philadelphia to take coal, and we were sent to a hotel during the dusty operation. During the day we went to see the Liberty Bell and interesting historic documents. We re-embarked before night and slipped out to sea. The journey was very calm all the way to the mouth of the Amazon.

Our trip up the Amazon to Pará was pleasant. A group of Brazilian civil engineers with their helpers were also passengers on the boat. Their job was to put up markers on the borders of Brazil to avoid future disputes. They had a radio transmitting set and kept us informed of the world news, so we knew when World War II broke out.

It is customary on the Amazon for big boats to tug smaller boats for a consideration. Our boat pulled along a fleet of seventeen small craft when we left Manaos. Some of these were fishing boats. When we reached good fishing waters we stopped and waited for them to let down their nets. The first haul was in payment for the tow upstream. This provided us with a good supply of fresh fish for our journey. A windstorm on the Amazon is interesting and dangerous for small craft, but our big boat merely slowed down a little and plowed through the choppy water. It took us one month to reach Iquitos going against the current, whereas we had only spent twelve days on the downstream trip a year before.

In accordance with arrangements which we had made before sailing from New York, two large dugout canoes with their crews were waiting for us at Borja. The river was fairly low and we lost no time in transferring our goods to the canoes and setting out for our mission station. I attached a small outboard motor to the canoe we were to travel in, and with three experienced Indians to help with punt poles and paddles we made good time against the current.

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Home Again And A New Location

We had asked Baltazar Rubio to have clearings made and crops planted at a suitable site for a new station down the river from Yamá Yakt by the time we should return after our furlough. Sure enough, we found all in order with rice, bananas, and mandioca, and even pineapples planted.

It would be some time before they would come into production, but we could buy food from the Indians for a time. Two little houses had also been built, but the roof of the larger one had been thatched with uncured or green leaves. The heat of the sun shrank these leaves, leaving many small openings. When it rained the water poured in. By stacking our baggage in heaps and covering it with canvas, we managed to get along.

It was urgent that we build the new house as soon as possible, and that we enlarge our clearings to produce more food at the same time. I soon had two crews of Indians at work and, as weather conditions were favorable, we made good time.

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School Again

After we could get our building work and clearing out of the way, we planned to give our time to evangelism and translation work. A school would take too much of our time, we thought. We had been there only a few days until boys began to pour in, saying, "We want school."

How could we refuse them? We soon had ten little fellows on our hands with more to follow. We would have to make provision for their food, clothing, and lodging. A schoolhouse which also served as chapel was built, also a boys' dormitory and kitchen. Our rice harvest helped out with the food problem, but our bananas and mandioca (manioc) were slower in coming into production. We were able to buy some from our near neighbors, but in order to secure sufficient for our use we had to go several miles upstream where a group of Indians had made rather extensive plantations on some islands and other land near the river. With our small motor and a medium-sized canoe we could carry up to twenty bunches of bananas at a trip.

The death of a witch doctor, however, led to the killing of an innocent boy with reprisals, burning of houses, and wanton destruction of banana plantations. This shut off our source of supply, but fortunately our own plants were beginning to bear. Successive rice plantings yielded smaller crops as the rice birds multiplied.

Then we secured the seed of a strange plant known as wheat, which produced a head like the plants of the sorghum family. The seeds were too large for the small rice birds to swallow and we thought for a time that we were secure. The grain could be beaten out and hulled pretty much like rice. It broke up badly in the mortar, but even the broken grains cooked up like rice. After one or two successful crops a big, black bird appeared which was able to swallow this larger grain. These birds came in such numbers that we had to abandon the raising of this plant.

Other sources of food were our chickens, fish, and game. The dog I had bought as a little puppy turned out to be a great wild hog hunter, and she and the older boys killed so many wild hogs that they became scarce. The guacharo, a night bird, appeared in our neighborhood. This bird lives in large flocks or colonies in deep, dark caves. The squabs are about the size of a pigeon squab and very fat. The old birds live on fruits and their flesh is also edible.

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Translation

The vacation period coincided with the rainy season. While there was no school and our farm work and building work were almost suspended, we found good time for translation work. We had already completed the translation of the Gospel of St. Luke, but decided to give it a thorough correction before having it printed. We were also working on passages from St. John, and other scriptures. The American Bible Society had provided us with check lists which were quite useful in making corrections. A Greek-Spanish concordance was also a great help.

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Mail Hazards

During the so-called dry season we managed to get our mail once a month with some degree of regularity. During the rainy season there was much irregularity, and much more time elapsed between mail deliveries. Once when we had considerable mail to send out we decided to put forth a special effort and contracted a carrier from the mouth of a certain stream called the Huabico.

The river was high and it had been raining most of the day. A few minutes of sunshine in the afternoon led us to believe it was clearing up. Danduchu and I left in a light canoe with the outboard motor attached. Swift water forced us to keep near the bank and resort to shoving the canoe along with poles. We had not been traveling more than fifteen minutes until the rain poured down, and in spite of rubber capes we were soon wet. From time to time it was necessary to cross the river to avoid obstacles and seek easier going along the opposite bank.

Sometimes we became entangled in the overhanging vines and limbs and had to cut our way through with a machete. At one point a dangling vine caught Danduchu about the neck and came near dragging him from the canoe. Passing under some overhanging limbs and vines at one place, my head and hat were entangled and my hat was lifted off my head. Our movements were slow and I had time to rescue my hat, but would have to drop my paddle in order to do so. I needed my hat, but our success and safety at the next crossing might depend on keeping my paddle, so I let my hat go and saw it float quietly downstream and sink. Returning home, I had to share the use of my wife's straw hat, and before going out to the field I would say to her, "Where is our hat?"

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Army Contacts

The dry season of 1941 passed with the usual activities of schoolwork, public meetings, and visiting homes far and near. Army men found our place a convenient stopping place on their way to their posts along the border. The officers always were polite and well behaved, but some of the soldiers caused a great deal of trouble. The average Peruvian soldier soon grows tired of the regular army rations and, if he cannot secure fish or game, will go to any length to secure food from the Indians. Once they invited us to a special dinner consisting of large balls of rice and

chicken wrapped in leaves. One ball was all an average person could eat. A few days later we learned that they had secured their chickens from the Indians by catching the chickens and throwing a few small coins on the ground. If the Indians picked up the coins, he had received payment and no complaint could be made. We were sorry that we had accepted their invitation.

Once a soldier went to an Indian house when the owners were away and started searching for food. He saw a carefully covered pot and was sure he had made a rich find. Imagine his surprise and shock when he found that all the pot contained was human bones. Oftentimes the soldiers from the nearest post would attend our services and one corporal gave evidence of being soundly converted. Their post was less than two miles from our mission in a straight line, but about twice that far following the bends in the river. We would send two boys with a canoe to ferry them across the river on Sunday mornings. One day the water was rather high and they overloaded the canoe, causing it to capsize. The corporal was seen to shove the sergeant's woman towards land and then disappear. He was wearing heavy shoes and had a quantity of silver coins in his pockets. His body was never found.

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Evangelizing

Just before the date for reopening the school in 1942, a boy arrived from the Sinipa River with a message from his father. "My father says we do not want to go to the fire; come to our house and we will all get converted." We promised him we would make the trip within a few days. On the day set a group of us started out by canoe and made the trip in a few hours' time. We found the house to be back nearly a mile from the river and part of the distance was up a steep hill. The owner had gone hunting but returned an hour or so after our arrival. After the usual salutations and lunch we started our service. The schoolboys who were with us helped by explaining the way of salvation. There were six seekers in this one home and the next morning four more in another home. Several boys returned with us to the mission to enter school.

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Away For Medical Aid -- 1944

During a long absence of mine because of business, my wife had suffered a great deal and it was apparent that I should get her out of the region before high water made travel impossible. Many things needed my attention and I put in a very busy month until the first of the year. All of our first buildings had grown old with age, and our own home had been partially destroyed in a windstorm early in the year. Various circumstances had hindered us from building another large house and we had contented ourselves with putting up some small buildings, using some of the salvaged material from the old house in their construction.

We were disputing the ownership of one of these small houses with the ants, termites, and cockroaches. One night we turned the house over to a horde of invading ants, hoping at least that they would prove to be the cockroach-eating variety, but in this we were disappointed. They seemed merely to have been moving to higher ground and our house was on their travel route.

After about two hours there were only a few stragglers faithfully following the path of their companions, and we took possession of our home again.

One morning an army boat from upstream arrived and the motorist was an old acquaintance of ours. He would take us to Borja if we could be ready within an hour. From Borja on we might have to travel by plane, so it would be wise to leave as much behind as possible. I hastily threw such things as I thought were most useful in some rubber bags and we were off.

The motor was out of repair and we drifted along with the current, stopping at nights in the home of a Peruvian trader and at an army post. At Borja the Peruvian army officials treated us with great kindness, giving us room, board, and medical attention without cost.

After we had been in Borja nearly two weeks a hydroplane suddenly arrived from Iquitos. We learned that they planned to return by way of Yurimaguas, and if we could be ready in a very short time they would take us as passengers. It did not take us long to pack what we had with us, and the army officers gave us soldiers to help us down to the river.

Finally we were off, but it seemed to take us a long time to get the motors warmed up and get off the water. Our course followed the Maranon River for over a hundred miles and then a short distance across the forested region to the Huallaga River and up this stream to Yurimaguas. It was a short and relatively safe trip in a hydroplane flying over tranquil rivers most of the distance.

From Yurimaguas we had a good, safe American pilot on our plane and relaxed and enjoyed the scenery. Our trip was to be over that region where the forest region overlaps the lower section of the Andes Mountains. In Peru it is called the coja or eyebrows of the Amazon jungle. One day we passed through a low mountain pass and we seemed to be playing hide-and-seek with the hills rather than going over them. Farther west we followed the Mayo River where it rushes through narrow gorges and has many falls and rapids. Near Moyobamba we came out to a broad valley where the great river winds its sluggish course in great curves and twists.

Dr. Lindsey met us at the landing field at Moyobamba and took us direct to the hospital in the center of town in the Only motorized vehicle the whole region could boast. I believe it belongs to the aviation company and is dedicated exclusively to runs to and from the landing field. We were to spend fifty days in this peaceful, happy environment under the best medical care. I accompanied Dr. Lindsey on many of his walks around the town and soon noticed the great respect the inhabitants had for him. Since they frequently saw me with him, many thought that I was also a doctor and began to address me as such.

In conversation with certain educated men in the city I learned that three small groups of Aguaruna Indians fleeing from enemies within the tribe had crossed the mountain chain which separates the tributaries of the Maranon from the Mayo River and settled in the forest region north of Moyobamba. I would have liked very much to visit at least one of these groups, but the distance and time involved were too great. Also it was the rainy season, when travel is most difficult.

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Chachapoyas Region

When the time came for us to travel on to the coast we found that our hospital bill, including medicines, was less than any hotel or boarding house would have charged us for the same period of time. Dr. Lindsey accompanied us as far as Chiclayo. Of course we traveled by plane and fortunately had a clear day for the trip. We made one stop at Chachapoyas, but did not visit the city.

What stories and history might be written about this region. It was conquered by the Incas sometime before they invaded Ecuador. They attempted to establish a direct route, but were defeated by the savage Pucamuros, the ancestors of the Jivaros and Aguarunas of today. The Spanish conquerors built a fortress, which they called Levanto, near this city at a very early date. By the use of firearms and experienced guides they invaded the Jivaro region and traveled far inland along the rivers, but did not subdue the hill country. During more recent times the engineers and politicians of this region have worked out a technique for extracting the maximum payments for the minimum accomplishments in public works.

The landing field itself at Chachapoyas is different from anything to be found even in the Andes region. Although of reasonable width and length for small planes, it follows a sloping ridge to a precipice overlooking a deep gulch or valley. The number of planes which use the field is not great, and cattle graze on the grass which has grown up since the brush and timber were cut off.

Herders are supposed to drive the cattle off the field before the plane arrives; but as an airplane travels faster than a stubborn cow, the operation is seldom completed before the plane comes to a stop. The pilot cannot see the full length of the field from the starting place, and tradition tells of the pilot who picked up a female of the species on his landing gear, and with luck and skill carrying her over the high mountain range, landed her in Moyobamba, where they had fresh meat for dinner that day.

* * *

In Monsefu

The Burchfields gave us two rooms in their home in Monsefu and for a time we ate at the same table. With the arrival of the Taylors and changes in housing we eventually had a house to ourselves. I made one trip back to the Aguaruna region and made some changes in the plans. We had decided to open a new work farther downstream and place our old helpers, the Garcias, in charge and employ Julian Lara, a brother-in-law of Baltazar Rubio, and place him and his wife in charge at Wachintsa.

Returning to the coast, I found occupations to keep me busy until assembly time in July. Dr. C. Warren Jones, accompanied by Rev. Ira L. True, visited our field at this time and plans were made for a definite forward movement. A number of new missionaries were to be sent out and a building program was to be started.

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Temporary Superintendent -- 1944

Although I had been superintendent on two different occasions before, there were many new and serious problems to face. There were problems of discipline and placing of workers and problems of finance. Our workers were all paid in Peruvian money and the cost of living had gone up with the depreciation of their money. A few churches were making a feeble effort towards self-support while others were doing virtually nothing. Then there were places where we could hardly consider the congregation as constituting a church. We scarcely had workers enough to lead these congregations, but I had a heavy burden for the unreached and unevangelized. With our limited finances and shortage of workers, how could we open new work?

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14 -- THE WORK PROGRESSES

The following year was made up of trips, short and long, with plenty of preaching appointments. Having no conveyance of my own, I traveled in every conceivable way: on trucks, by mule, by plane, and long distances on foot. It had been decided that Brother E. G. Wyman would open new work in Huancabamba in the mountains and that Brother and Sister Taylor would go to Piura to oversee our work in that populous section and direct the building of the new church and missionary home. Brother Burchfield was placed in charge of the building of a missionary home in Chiclayo. Plans were made for building chapels in various places, some of which were completed while I was in the superintendency. It was expected in most cases that the congregation invest in labor or cash at least half of the total expense. In two cases this was not possible, as the work was too weak.

One congregation rebuilt their thatch-roofed chapel with their own labor and no expense to the General Board. As the membership had increased, they decided to make the new building larger in all respects than the old one. It was to be higher, wider, and longer, but be built on the same general location. When I visited them I was surprised to find that they had put up the new building right over the old one without pulling it down. In this way they were able to continue worshipping in the old chapel while building the new one.

Just before the work was completed a wise man informed the brethren that they were making a great mistake. The missionaries had lots of money, and if they would only get up enough courage to ask for it, they could have a nice, well built chapel with tile roof free. Work was suspended when the chapel was almost completed.

When I arrived they were quite frank in explaining to me the reason for their action. I explained to them that it would take us at least a year to get the request into our budget, get it approved, and secure the funds if everyone concerned gave full approval. As the rainy season was not far off and the roof of the old chapel leaked like a sieve, they had better get busy at once and complete their chapel in time. To this all agreed, and so we confounded the counsel of Ahithophel. I also believed that God would be more pleased with the kind of chapel they could build themselves than a more costly chapel built with outside money.

One of the most happy experiences during this time was to revisit the mountain work in San Miguel, Santa Cruz, Chota, and Llama, and take note of the progress made down through the years in some of these places. What memories of the battles and victories of former years came to mind during these visits!

* * *

Back To The Interior -- 1946

There followed talks with our new district superintendent, Rev. Harry Mingledorff, and letters to Kansas City. Before long we had the necessary approval and were making our plans for the trip to the interior. This time it would not be by mule and on foot but by the central highway and then by boat. It took us some time to complete our packing and set out for Lima. Then there was considerable delay in Lima in searching in vain for a suitable motor for the boat. We made use of this delay in contacting as many converts as possible from our work in the north who for various reasons had moved to the capital city. We also investigated a number of vacant properties offered for sale with the thought that our church would eventually open work in Lima. Not finding a suitable motor in Lima, we finally ordered one from the United States and set out for the interior, with instructions that the motor be shipped on as soon as it arrived.

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Overland By Truck

The trip overland by truck was quite different from our travels in the north. The mountains were higher and the distances greater. The many switchbacks or hairpin turns at the high altitude sometimes gave us sorroche or mountain sickness, and at times the delays were a trial to our patience.

The morning of the second day we came to some very interesting territory. We had left the stream and valley and on every side had the slightly rolling tablelands with herds of llamas, alpacas, and sheep. Here and there were rivulets of water and a few hours later we came to the widespread swamps or lakes. Near one of these was fought one of the decisive battles of the War of Independence many years before. The large cavalry horses with their heavy coat of mail used by the Spanish bogged down in the wet lands while the smaller horses without armor were able to maneuver freely. The defeat of the Spanish cavalry in Junin paved the way for the defeat of the entire army in Ayacucho a little later.

At one place we were delayed because of landslides across the highways. This and other delays caused by bad weather and trouble over the new boat lengthened into many months. I found it best to return to Lima on business matters pertaining to our jungle mission property.

During this period of delay I spent considerable time in visiting the municipal library and reading old historical publications. I also visited most of the secondhand bookstores with the same

purpose and acquired a few rare volumes. In this way I was able to tramp the forests with the early explorers and even accompany the ancient Incas in their conquests.

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1947 Assembly -- Douglasses To Aguarunaland

Finally the time arrived for more practical activities. One of them was to attend our district assembly in Monsefu for the last time. Along with others, Brother Elvin Douglass had made a hasty trip to the Aguaruna work and our thoughts were turning to him and his wife as our successors. It was arranged that Brother Douglass with his equipment would travel with us over the central highway and by boat, while his wife and little boy would go by plane, if possible, and we would pick them up on the way.

* * *

With Elvin Douglass By Boat

In due course of time we arrived in Pucallpa with our goods. The contractors who built the original boat had sold it and built a better one for us and it was nearly ready to be put into the water. We had bought a large canoe to be used as a lighter, but when we finally left port on December 13, 1947, we had freight stacked up in every available place and quite a number of bulky articles on the roof. We had contracted an Indian guide to go with us as far as the union of the Ucayali and Maranon rivers, but he lived at a mission station some distance downstream. A trader who was going our way offered to serve as guide to a point just a little above the mission station.

What could be easier than a journey downstream with a new motorboat? The river dwellers in Peru often say, "De bejada, haste las pie dras ruedan" ("Even the stones roll downstream"). Nevertheless, there were some problems ahead of us. The night before we left, the agent of the oil company warned us that, owing to lack of transportation facilities, we would find a scarcity of gasoline along our route, and a 1200-mile trip under these conditions was not reassuring. We had filled our tanks with over six drums of fuel, but at that time did not see how we could carry more. We were to learn later how it could be done.

Then there would be such swarms of mosquitoes at some of our stopping places that we would hasten to get under our mosquito nets. It is said that the earliest Spanish explorers to visit the Ucayali River found the wild Indians using diminutive tents, which in reality were mosquito nets. Again in our ignorance of the river we might run aground, which we succeeded in doing several times. Then travelers had warned us that we were setting out at the season of the year when windstorms and big waves could be expected.

We found travel on the Ucayali River much as we had expected. We ran into storms when we had to battle high waves, the mosquitoes were terrible when we neared land, our gasoline supply was uncertain, and at times we traveled without a guide, attempting to follow directions by landmarks described to us along the way.

Unfortunately our last guide left us a few miles above the union of the Ucayali and Maranon rivers, but gave us directions as to our course. We were to take the left branch of the river just before we reached the next island. To our surprise, just below the island the river widened out like the Amazon itself. If we turned too far to the right we would be on our way downstream to Iquitos, and if we kept too near the left shore line we would travel a very crooked course and might unwittingly enter some lagoon or lesser stream than the Maranon.

Far ahead of us, a point of timbered land pushed out into our sea of water. I believed this point must be the union of the two rivers, but held a little to the left of it, knowing that it was safer to err on the upstream side than the downstream side. Sure enough, when we rounded the point of land we reached the juncture of the two rivers. The contrast in the color of the water, as well as the width of the stream which came into view, indicated clearly that this was in reality the Maranon.

We had completed 600 miles of downstream travel and had before us an equal distance of upstream travel on the Maranon. We had been instructed to keep to the south bank of the Maranon until the village of Nauta came into view.

In many ways the town of Nauta is an interesting place. On some large maps of South America an anchor is shown in mid-river to show that it is the theoretical end of navigation for ocean-going vessels. In reality Iquitos is the end of practical navigation.

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Last Trip Up The Maranon -- 1947

At last we were on our own river, and with what expectation we set out! At the last stop our host had carefully explained that we should change banks at stated places in order to find water deep enough for our boat. But didn't we know our own river?

As we continued our journey upstream day after day the current became swifter. The river bed was composed of gravel, stone, and sunken timbers, so the matter of running aground was more serious than it had been before. The swift currents at the runway of Calenturas were a real test for us.

Just before we reached Borja I made an awkward entrance into a place called El Pozo, which upset our equilibrium a bit and might have capsized a less stable boat. It was somewhat of a warning of what was ahead of us. At Borja we were delayed a day in unloading a few articles we felt must be left behind to lighten our load, including the canoe.

The rapids of Manseriche were ahead of us and the river was a little too high to attempt a passage when we arrived. The water fell enough during our delay to make a passage reasonably safe. While I had been through the rapids repeatedly, I preferred to have a guide, and we secured a young Peruvian and his Indian servant who were going our way, as passengers and guides. After we were well out in the river I turned loose of the wheel to make some other adjustments.

To my surprise, when I returned the young man had taken over and was steering the boat. He begged me to let him continue a little longer, since he said he knew how to steer. I thought it would do no harm to let him continue until we reached the first obstacle or point of rocks.

The pongo or rapids consists of a very narrow gorge about eight or ten miles long, cut through solid rocks and enormous boulders. The course is very crooked and the river varies in width at different places. Every few hundred yards the current rushes against a pile of boulders or point of rocks and, changing its course, rushes downstream in a high crest, leaving an eddy or whirlpool between it and the protected bank. In fact minor and major whirlpools suddenly break out with their funnel-shaped centers at different places and after traveling a short distance as suddenly disappear. A few large whirlpools are more or less permanent and stationary and can easily be avoided. In low water much of the disturbance disappears.

Running through an eddy we were approaching some boulders at slow speed when a sudden wave hit the bow of the boat and threw us off course. The pilot had planned to steer between the boulders and the current, but suddenly we were heading straight for the boulders. I barely had time to slow the motor and reverse the power, but the momentum of the heavy boat with four tons of freight and baggage carried us head on into the boulder. The heavy planking resisted the shock and no damage was done. Some planks sprung enough to let in a little water and immediately closed.

About 11:00 a.m. the next day we reached the home of the young men who were traveling with us. They gave us an Indian boy partly as a guide, but especially to take the depth at any place we desired. We had a good distance to go, but we hoped to reach the home of Titus and Florence Nickel that night. We had. been warned about the shallow water at Patawachana and had just a little difficulty in finding our way through this place.

Then we began to count the bends in the river and try to recognize all the landmarks. Suddenly we saw several people at the water's edge dressed in light-colored clothing. Yes, there they were, Sister Douglass and Lennie and Titus and Florence Nickel surrounded by a group of Indians. Mr. and Mrs. Titus Nickel had gone into the interior in 1946 as translators. Six weeks had gone by with no communications and they had begun to wonder if we would ever arrive. It was certainly a happy meeting for all of us, but especially so for the Douglasses.

Titus had put up some new buildings to take the place of the old ones which had to be torn down, so there was plenty of room for all of us without crowding. There had been a number of light showers of rain during the day and the weather was threatening.

That night there was a big rise in the river and we realized that we would have to wait for lower water to continue our journey to our mission station. It might be the beginning of the rainy season, and in that case we could expect to be delayed at least two months. At least we were at home among the Indians, and had dry quarters and an abundance of trade goods with which to buy food. It turned out that we were delayed here only twelve days by the high water, and we did our best to redeem the time preaching the gospel. We saw more seekers than usual in that length of time and it seemed that the time of reaping had come.

A change in the weather and lower water in the river led us to believe that this might be our last chance that season to reach our destination. The river was comparatively high the morning we set out upstream, and we had an all-day battle ahead of us against swift currents and treacherous rapids. For one thing we had no fear of running aground, but we might bump into a hidden boulder.

Our first serious obstacle was the Pongo de Guaracayo, which was pretty turbulent in the center of the river. We crossed the river just below the whirlpool and circled it just as we would with a dugout canoe, except that we could not pull up to land and handle the boat with ropes or vines. We slid over the top of a big boulder and the boat lurched forward with no harm done.

We continued our journey with less difficulty and arrived at a certain place where the mission had paid for planting a field of manioc and built a temporary house which served for shelter for the night. The mouth of the small stream also served as a safe harbor for our boat. Ahead of us was the more formidable Pongo de Escurribraga and a dozen other bad places. Why not wait here a few weeks and preach the gospel to the Indians around us?

Suddenly someone said there was a canoe going downstream with white men in it. Because our boat was well inside the creek they had not seen it. We began to shout until we drew their attention. They pulled up to the opposite bank and returned upstream a sufficient distance to make the crossing to the mouth of the creek. As they came nearer we recognized all of them. It was Brother Mingledorff and Brother Torgrimson with Kaikat and a group of Indians from Yamá Yakt. They had received our telegram from Borja and, fearing that we had been delayed there, had made the trip to see that Mrs. Douglass and Lennie were being cared for. Now that they knew all was well, they were anxious to be on their way back to the coast. Kaikat was of the opinion that we could pass the Pongo de Escurribraga with the boat if the water remained in the same state.

The next morning we were glad to see that it had gone down over a foot during the night and was still falling. We set out with high hopes and battled the currents successfully during the day.

At least we were on the home stretch; a few more big bends, a few more crossings, and the lower end of our mission property was in sight. As we neared the mission, the noise of the motor announced our arrival to all. A group of boys raced downstream to meet us below the first bend. As we rounded the last curve and pulled into our home port, all the inhabitants of our little village were there to meet us. In the midst of our rejoicing there was sadness. Witchcraft, revenge, and murder had driven from our village our most faithful lay member in the congregation, Esteben Japa. Others from across the river were also absent for the same reason. We felt that the Lord had not deserted us and that there was work to be done for Him.

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At Home At The Mission -- 1948

At home in the mission, we had before us the reorganization of the little school; a crusade for souls in the public services and in our homes; building work and intense labor m the fields to bring up the production of bananas, manioc, and rice to the needs of the inhabitants of the mission.

The Douglasses moved into the mission house vacated by the Rubios when they moved to the coast. Sanjinez had just completed a new house, which he offered us, but I saw a better prospect in an uncompleted house which was planned for storage space and tools. With a crew of five young men we gathered building material consisting mostly of posts, timbers, and split palms and soon floored a section which was to serve as a bedroom and a living room.

The bedroom section was made bat-proof with scraps of leftover material like burlap, tar paper, heavy wrapping paper, and a limited amount of screen wire. It wasn't much for looks, but it was comfortable and just what we needed. Inside the bedroom we had a chest for clothing and a strong line for our everyday wearing apparel. Several boxes on the floor were fitted up with shelves for our supply of canned food, and an overhead shelf provided room for the surplus. It would have been hard to pack more into so small a space and still have been comfortable.

The little living room afforded space for shelves, desks, two chairs, and a bench. A ladder made it possible to reach our trade goods which were stored overhead partly on the long, wide shelf and partly on the inner roof or ceiling of the bedroom.

Behind the bedroom was a spacious kitchen and dining room, combined with a dirt floor and the usual split-palm wall and thatched roof over the entire house. I was fortunate in finding a stove top and a few more irons from which to construct a very satisfactory stove with a mud and. stone foundation. There were also a few joints of stovepipe, which I ran out through the window. At the end of two weeks we had our home furnished and ready for use. This being the eighth house I had fitted out for a residence in the forest region, I had become accustomed to the routine.

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Food Problems

One of the problems we faced was securing food for those directly dependent on the mission and encouraging others less dependent to put forth a real effort to produce their own food. At the time of our arrival there were over seventy residents in our village, and the number gradually increased to near ninety without taking into account transient laborers in our fields. There were seven young married couples and all of the men attended school and five of them with their wives. Five of these had their own homes and food supplies while the other two were making an effort to make a beginning.

Our teacher, Francisco Kaikat, had a manioc plantation a few miles down the river and at intervals was able to bring food by canoe. He had also acquired fields of bananas and plantain on the mission property, which was badly grown over with weeds and brush and therefore in a low stage of production.

The mission was responsible to furnish food for about forty students, for the one Peruvian worker, Sanjinez, and for the two missionary families. We had a good plot of manioc just coming into production and a small plot near depletion, and various plots of banana and plantain somewhat overgrown with weeds and brush. There was also a quantity of rice already harvested, which we hulled in a mortar from time to time.

I took the schoolboys out each day to work in the old fields along the river and bring them back into production. We were short of tools and used everything we could lay our hands on, and some even worked with their bare hands. We drained and cleared a piece of swampland and planted it to peanuts, rice, and bananas. Then we took the other fields by turn and soon increased the banana production. We harvested a small patch of sweet potatoes and consumed them. in a very short time. After school began the boys worked only about three hours a day, but even that was a great help. After we had advanced considerably with the mission work, I let Francisco Kaikat have a group of the older boys a few days to weed out his bananas and plantains. We did not have to wait long to notice the increase in the production from our fields, and had sufficient bananas and plantains for our needs. Before our rice gave out, a Peruvian gave us a small plot free for the harvesting. On several occasions we secured corn from our neighbors, which added variety to our fare.

The boys always looked forward to Saturday as a free day to go to the woods to forage or to go to their relatives. There was a certain amount of work which had to be done, however, so I divided them into two groups with their captains. One group worked one Saturday and the other the following Saturday. Even the group which worked could usually complete their tasks by noon and have the afternoon free.

One of their favorite haunts was the big swamp, where they found a great variety of delicacies for an Indian boy's palate. They would chop down the swamp palms and extract the tender palm-tree cabbage; leave the trunk for a month or six weeks and then harvest a crop of fat, juicy grubs, of which they were very fond. This particular palm tree was very hard on axes and especially on sharp axes. There were a number of fruit-bearing trees in the forest or along the streams, which also contributed to the bill of fare.

I made it a point to harvest the breadfruit which had been planted near the mission. Several times the boys brought the fruit of a certain domesticated palm from an island where we had planted the trees ten years before. The extreme height to which these trees grow, coupled with the thorns on their trunks, makes harvesting difficult and the boys begged. for the privilege of cutting down the trees to get the fruit. I feared that they might not use good judgment in deciding which trees to chop down and so forbade them.

Brother Douglass and I discussed plans for making our mission site more permanent. This included the question of permanent buildings and cultivation of the land. The regular thatched-roofed house with medium-sized timbers can be expected to last three years and in extreme cases four. By employing the heart of heavier timbers and employing a certain rare leaf for the thatch, houses often last from eight to ten years. A brick building with a shingle or shake roof of Peruvian cedar would stand indefinitely. We hoped that the clay at our mission site would prove

suitable for brickmaking and started by leveling off a piece of land and putting up a shed for drying the brick.

We also believed that it would be advantageous to keep cattle and use oxen for field work and transporting timbers and other material. Cattle are destructive to crops and fencing is difficult in the forest region. We had a timber plot which was somewhat isolated from the farmland and decided to clear it and plant it to grass. For this we employed hired labor, and it was my job to oversee them part of the day and look after the boys the rest of the day. In our ambition we laid out too big a plot and, as our laborers were not steady, we never completed the clearing. One part was planted to manioc, however, and was very useful to the mission.

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School Reorganized -- 1948

Sister Douglass was an experienced schoolteacher and she and my wife took charge of the schoolwork. The search for books, slates, and other material finally gave results. Two abandoned houses were fitted up for the school, and when the time finally arrived there was much interest and enthusiasm. Modern methods of teaching took the drudgery out of study, and the students made remarkable progress. Over sixty students were enrolled and the average attendance was high.

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Last Months In Peru -- 1948

During the months we were at the mission station I took the Sunday morning services and arranged for our worker, Manuel Sanjinez, to take most of the night services. There were a number of seekers in the public services, others in our home, and yet others at the outlying places where the students and workers went on Sunday afternoons. We also saw a number of seekers on our trip upstream and others on our trip downstream. In all we saw 120 professions in five months' time. The seekers were more intelligent and seemed to understand what they were seeking better than those of the earlier years of the mission. Some of the outstanding meetings were a campfire meeting in front of our home one night, a missionary meeting representing different fields, and Mother's Day. We organized a Prayer and Fasting League to fast each Sunday morning, with most of the school participating. Also a Young People's Society and W.F.M.S. were organized.

* * *

Last Trip Down Stream -- 1948

In these activities the months slipped by rapidly, and with the passing of the rainy season we prepared for our trip downstream to Iquitos, where we would take passage for the homeland. We visited different groups of Indians on the way.

Our first stop was at a place called Utah, where we had a simple meeting in the home. There were several children in our school from this place, including a young man who was an

outstanding soul winner. Two girls in the home were giving a consistent testimony to their faith by abstaining from the use of native beer and other questionable practices.

The following night we stopped at Chikais. This is located about fifteen miles upstream from our former mission station at Wachintsa. Three of our former schoolboys had settled here with their families, including a few relatives. They had built a mission house at their own expense and were holding their own services every Sunday. They had hoped that we would be able to send them either a missionary or a Peruvian worker. We held a meeting with them that night and the next day continued our journey.

For a few days we made our home in an abandoned army barracks and picked the house with the best roof for our quarters. The soldiers had planted quantities of bananas and plantains and a few pineapples, but these were struggling with the brush and briars and production was low. We managed to get enough fruit for our rather numerous crowd and were able to buy peanuts and manioc and other food from the nearby Indians. We were surprised to find some very nice tomatoes growing where the soldiers had thrown out their trash near one of the houses. What efforts we and others had spent trying to grow a garden without success, and here tomatoes were growing without any human effort! The secret seemed to be fertilizer.

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15 -- FAREWELL TO AGUARUNALAND

A great many Indians visited us while we were waiting at this place. Among others was Marik, a woman who had been converted while we lived at Wachintsa. She had been all alone since the mission was closed there and evidently had backslid. She was desirous of getting back to the Lord and on our invitation readily sought to be reclaimed. In addition there were four children who also sought salvation. With the group in Chikais and these converts, this seemed like a promising field if a spiritual worker were available.

One day some of the boys and myself took a canoe and went to visit our old friends at Wachintsa for the last time. The river had washed away a good strip of cultivated land; but cutting a path through cane, vines, and brush, we came to our old banana plantation. The plants were growing tall and rank, competing with the vegetation around them, but there were only newly formed bunches or windfalls unfit to eat; so after wandering around in the dense growth, we returned home disappointed.

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Last Steamer Home -- 1948

After visiting the last of our Indian friends we proceeded down the river to Par.

We had hoped to make connection with a steamer of the Booth line in Par, but found that none was expected for over a month. Instead a large steamship of the Moore-McCormack line was to leave within twenty-four hours of our arrival. The difference in fare was considerable, but not

as much as our hotel bill for a month in Par. The only question was, could we make it with the red tape involved? Fortunately our hotel was in the business section of the city and, by hurrying around one day, we were able to secure the necessary permits, exchange money, book our passage, and board the ship.

We were given the best-ventilated stateroom on this large ship. It was large with portholes on two sides, had a private bath and every convenience we could desire. The food was abundant and, to us, all we could desire in quality. The number of passengers was limited and we ate with the officers. One day the captain opened up and allowed us to talk religion to him. He was the son of a Protestant missionary to India and wondered if the sacrifices his parents had made were really worth while. From then on he never came to table with us and seemed always to be busy. We felt that he must be under conviction.

It is now several years since we landed in New York. On our way west we stopped off in Washington, D.C.; Columbus, Ohio; and Kansas City. At first we made our home in Pasadena, California, but had to be away in missionary meetings and teaching much of the time. We have now retired and enjoy a comfortable cottage at Casa Robles, our church's home for retired missionaries at Temple City, California.

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THE END