

FOLLOWING THE WILD PIG TRAILS

*Missionary Experiences In The Philippine Islands
1956 - 1959*

By
Margie M. Perry

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Chapter 1

I Wanted to Marry a Preacher

My name was Margie Mae Horn, the young lady whose ambition was to marry a preacher. Ever since I had obeyed the gospel and had become a Christian at Okemah, Oklahoma, in October 1938, my ambition was to be a preacher's wife and to work by his side in the greatest work on earth. I had no prospects whatsoever, so I set about to find my preacher.

Following high school graduation from Seminole High School in May 1939, I took a job in the City Clerk's office in Seminole, Oklahoma, my home town, for the duration of summer and autumn. I lived with my mother and stepfather, Dera and Alvin Thompson, in a pleasant relationship. Alvin was a police officer in the Seminole Police Force.

I was a member of the Park & Seminole church of Christ and a student in Bob Wear's young people's class. It was here that I was strengthened as a newborn babe in Christ, and the teachings which I received in this Sunday evening class were enriching. Bob, a gospel preacher, was very talented in working with young people, and I owe much to him as a result of the Bible truths I learned. This capable teacher knew exactly what to say in molding our lives to fit the Scriptures. His spiritual-mindedness stood as a solid example.

I decided to change jobs, so I left home and went to Oklahoma City. I was thankful to find a vacancy at the Y.M.C.A., where I made my temporary home. I immediately placed my membership at the 10th & Francis church of Christ, where Brother C. E. McGaughey served as the local preacher, and I did volunteer work in the church office. I became close friends with Brother McGaughey, his wife Pauline, and their teenage sons, Paul Ellis and Don Hugh; they were my "family

away from home.” These fine, dedicated Christians had a profound effect on my life, as their strong example and influence taught me many principles in everyday Christian living and spiritual values. I felt so secure when in their presence, and I loved being with them. I attended Brother McGaughey’s young people’s class and gained much from his lessons.

I searched for a job in Oklahoma City and located a position with John E. Wolfe Advertising Company. After having worked there almost two years, I learned about Civil Service assignments to Washington, D. C., and tests which were being given at the Post Office in Oklahoma City. I thought, “Why not give it a try?” So I took the Civil Service exam and waited for the outcome. One day a telegram came to me from Washington, stating that I had been accepted as a Civil Service employee. “Could you come to Washington?” the telegram inquired. I was thrilled over the opportunity of working in the nation’s capitol.

As soon as I wound up all my business in Oklahoma City, I made a trip to Tulsa to say goodbye to my mother and stepfather. A few days later, I was on the train to Washington. As the train rambled along the tracks on that cold January day in 1942, many thoughts raced through my mind, so many memories that would be mine forever, memories of the never-to-be-forgotten stay in Oklahoma City. My association with lovely Christian people and the friends I had made were priceless, and I felt as if a part of me were remaining there.

However, there was one tragic event I knew I could never forget. After Pearl Harbor was bombed by the Japanese on December 7, 1941, a father had come to the Y.M.C.A. to get his daughter and to break the agonizing news that her brother had been killed in the attack. Oh, if only I could have said something or done something to erase their grief! To blot this terrible incident out of my mind would be impossible, and even now, every

time December 7th rolls around, the memory takes me back to the sadness of that adverse day, and I can visualize the heartbreak of that father and daughter.

When my train finally arrived in Washington, D. C., I was happy to see some young people from the church waiting to meet me. This really “saved the day” for me, as I knew nothing about Washington or how to get around. I felt quite secure after having established my residence in a private home and placing membership with the 14th Street church of Christ. I found something there that held a special meaning for me — a group of 200 young people who had come from all over the United States to work for the government during World War II. I had never seen such a spirit of liveliness as had radiated from these young Christians. Just being with this group gave me a pleasure and joy like I had never experienced.

The first Sunday that I attended the 14th Street congregation was the last Sunday for Brother Hugo McCord to be with the church, as he was terminating his preaching and local work there. I remember vividly the going-away gift that was being presented to Brother McCord and his wife, Lois — a set of silverware.

With Brother McCord’s leaving, the church started looking for a replacement. I was pleased to know that the elders were considering Brother C. E. McGaughey, as he would be just the preacher to fill the pulpit. I knew him to be a sound gospel preacher, an effective winner of souls, and an ideal worker with young people. So I wrote a letter of appeal to Brother McGaughey in Oklahoma City, telling him how much he was needed in Washington, and I felt confident he would not turn us down. I could hardly wait for his answer! I found good news in his reply to me, as he said he had discussed the matter with his wife, Pauline, and they had definitely decided to move to Washington. Brother McGaughey always did tell me it was my

letter that threw the weight in the direction of his final decision.

It was a happy day when Brother C. E. McGaughey, his wife, Pauline, and two sons, Paul Ellis and Don Hugh, arrived in Washington to begin working with the 14th Street church of Christ. Brother McGaughey was so organized in his plans for young people that he immediately outlined our activities. We worked in zones when it came to door-knocking and distributing announcements and invitations to gospel meetings. We held church services in the parks, and a number of baptisms resulted.

One of the most pleasurable things the young people did together was going to Arlington and Alexandria, Virginia, and attending gospel meetings. The group was enjoying life tremendously, and evidently our enthusiasm rubbed off on the conductor of the streetcar, because when our voices would strike up in song, he would keep time with our singing by clanging his bell. The twinkle in his eye was evidence enough that he was pleased with the spark of life that his passengers had brought.

Brother McGaughey organized a training class for preachers-to-be. These young men were taught to make sermon outlines, along with other techniques of preaching. One night, Nancy Redd and I showed up for the class. Immediately, we were informed that this was a study for "men only," to which I replied unhesitatingly, "But we want to marry preachers, and we need to learn the art of making sermon outlines." After Brother McGaughey understood our motive for attending the class, he decided to let us stay. We did master the art of making sermon outlines, and we did marry preachers at later dates.

Aside from all the duties the young people performed in the church and all the personal work achieved, we enjoyed recreation together by going sightseeing at the many historical places the nation's capitol had to offer. One of the favorite pastimes was strolling through beautiful, picturesque Rock Creek Park, putting

our cameras to use — taking pictures of each other and scenic spots. One of the young men, Robert Rainwater, whom we nicknamed “Drip,” seemed always to be the life of the party.

Another of the young men, Bert Perry, whose ambition was to be a preacher, soon found out that my ambition was to be a preacher’s wife, so he frequently visited the McGaughey family with whom I was living. One day while he happened to be at their house, he overheard Brother and Sister McGaughey planning a trip to New York City, where Brother McGaughey had been invited to preach in a gospel meeting at the Manhattan church of Christ.

After Bert found out that I was going along on the New York City trip, he was hoping the McGaugheys would include him, too. He highly anticipated the invitation. Sister McGaughey called him over to one side and said, “Bert, I want to ask you something.” His face lighted up like a candle. He thought, “Oh, good, here comes the long-awaited-for invitation.” Sister McGaughey continued, “Bert, would you take care of our dog, Peaches, while we are away?” His facial expression changed from a radiant glow to wilted lettuce in a second’s time. But he did agree to look after the dog, regardless of how disappointed he was.

Bert proposed to me when he was 19, but I told him he was too young to marry, so I informed him he would have to wait four more years. “After all,” I said, “I am worth waiting for!”

In the meantime, Uncle Sam took Bert overseas where he served in India and Burma. After he was discharged from the U.S. Army in 1946, we were married in Seminole, Oklahoma, on June 2, 1946. Immediately thereafter, we went to Nashville, Tennessee, where Bert was enrolled at David Lipscomb College as a ministerial student. In February 1947, Bert transferred to Abilene Christian College, where he graduated in May 1949.

We did local work with churches of Christ in Hondo, Texas; Vanderbilt, Texas; Heavener, Oklahoma; Prairie Hill, Oklahoma; and County Line, Oklahoma. By this time, 1954, our house had been filled up with little Perrys, bearing the names of Judy Carol, Mary Jane, Richard Morris, and Donna Gay. One of our preacher friends, Perry Cotham, informed us that “those little stair steps are stepping right along.” When our first child, Judy Carol, was two years old, I told her we were going to have a new baby. She gave me a puzzled look and inquired, “What’s wrong with the old one?”

Chapter 2

"Go Ye Into All The World..."

"I wouldn't mind going to the Philippines," I remarked, in response to Leland O'Neal's search for mission workers. I shall never forget the gratified look in his eyes as he exclaimed, "Oh, you wouldn't?! That's exactly what I have been wanting to hear!" Leland had just finished presenting color slides of the Philippines to the County Line, Oklahoma, congregation and giving a report on the mission work in the Islands, in an effort to seek more workers.

Leland and I proceeded to inform Bert of my desire and decision to go to the Philippines, and his reaction was as I had expected. Bert was just as thrilled and enthused as I was over the prospect of our launching out to a foreign field, where *"The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few: pray ye therefore that He would send forth labourers into His harvest"* (Luke 10:2). "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest" (John 4:35).

I had read and studied these Scriptures many times, and with their deep meaning well fixed in my mind, I did not see how I could decline an opportunity to obey such a direct command from the Lord. Here it was: "An Open Door to the Philippines," and I knew we had to walk through that door in order to reach and teach multitudes of lost souls. My conscience would not allow me to turn down the Lord's command and Leland's plea.

I concentrated on Matthew 28:19,20, *"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world"* and Mark 16:15,16:

"And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." I was more determined than ever to render my services in a distant land. Would this not be the fulfillment of the Great Commission?

The burial detail at Bataan found this poem on a 19-year old lad from Indiana who lost his life in a bloody battle:

The Tragedy of Absenteeism

"And if our lines should sag and break,
Because of things you failed to make —
That extra tank, that ship, that plane
For which we waited all in vain;
Will you then come to take the blame?
For we, not you, must pay the cost
Of battles you, not we, have lost."

This is a burning indictment of industrial absenteeism — and how right was this lad! Bataan and many lives were lost on the home front.

But we are concerned with the Army of the Lord:

The "Cry" of the Missionary

By Bert M. Perry

And if "we" fail in our great task
To take the gospel to the lost,
Because of things "you" failed to do —
Provide the tools with which to move
The means of travel here and there,
In search of souls for which "we" care;
Will "you" then accept the blame
As we before the Lord do stand
In judgment on that last great day,

we had left was a baby crib, which we decided to take to the Philippines with us.

We secured some steamer trunks from the O'Neals and smaller trunks in which to pack personal belongings, clothes, and miscellaneous items, then we began the tedious process of itemizing everything which went into the trunks; the lists would have to be turned over to the customs agency in the Philippines. I found that the itemizing business was one of my most difficult tasks.

After all the necessary preparations had been made, and we felt we could spare a short period of diversion, we made a trip to Wilson, Oklahoma, to meet with our sponsoring congregation, the Ash Street church of Christ. We enjoyed our fellowship with the members at Wilson; they were a kind, understanding, friendly, warm-hearted group of Christians, and we had much confidence in their sponsorship of our Philippine mission work. They had a going-away fellowship in our honor, and we were presented a nice set of Samsonite luggage for our voyage to the Philippine Islands.

Chapter 3

Voyage to Philippine Islands

Prayer *must* go with those Christians who have committed themselves to mission work on the foreign field. When embarking upon the most urgent mission of their lives, they need the encouragement and guidance of the Lord. Perseverance and stamina are of the utmost importance to a missionary, as he should determine in his heart to remain on the mission field as long as he possibly can. One missionary who arrived on a certain foreign field decided so suddenly that he did not want to stay that he returned to the United States *before* his trunks and personal belongings arrived on the field!

One young man landed on a foreign mission field, saying he was resolved to be of service indefinitely — as long as he was needed. In ten months' time, he walked off the field and made his flight back to the United States. One of his reasons for such a quick departure was that he missed hamburgers and milk shakes! A short-term service proves to be a waste of money for the sponsoring congregation that is forced to bring missionaries back home after a premature period of work on the field.

We had no fear of launching out on our new, unknown venture, because we felt secure in knowing that Donald and Nell Bone would be there to assist us in becoming adjusted to missionary life. The Bones were already established in the Philippine work, and we would be working side-by-side with them.

The last of the dreaded good-byes to relatives, neighbors, and members of the County Line, Oklahoma, congregation were behind us when we started the long trip to California in our 1955 Chevrolet station wagon on April 15, 1956. We anticipated a slow journey, as we were pulling a trailer loaded with trunks,

including a steamer wardrobe trunk, suitcases, boxes, and a baby crib.

We stopped along the way to spend the night in a motel west of Amarillo, Texas. Next morning when we continued our trip and had travelled 20 miles down the highway, Bert frantically remembered that we had left our passports, ship tickets, and other credentials in a drawer at our motel room. So we turned around and went back, hoping desperately that our “essentials” would still be there. Fortunately, we found them, and our anxiety turned into peace of mind. We could only imagine the situation we would have been in, had our passports and ship tickets been lost!

After a four day journey, six weary, wayfaring travelers pulled into Pomona, California, where we were to stay one week with our friends, Brother and Sister L. A. McMullen, as we awaited the departure of our ship from Los Angeles to the Philippine Islands. In the meantime, it was necessary for us to make a trip to nearby Los Angeles to obtain our visas.

We put our station wagon up for sale and had a buyer before we left Pomona with Nyal Royse, who had come to take us and our luggage to Norwalk, California, where we spent the night with him and his family. Next day, Brother Royse and some other brethren from the Norwalk church of Christ drove us to Los Angeles and saw us off as we boarded the Norwegian M/S Ventura, an 8,000 ton freighter. It carried only twelve passengers on this voyage, and our family comprised half of them. We were ready to set out on our Pacific Ocean adventure.

Our children, Judy Carol, age 8; Mary Jane, age 5; Richard Morris, age 4; and Donna Gay, age 21 months, were delighted to be on the “big ship.” They had fun playing hop-sotch, shuffle board, and ping-pong. Movies were a part of the entertainment, and we watched the one we knew to be a wholesome comedy entitled *Sad Sack*, starring Jerry Lewis.

During this 28 day voyage to the Philippines, nothing could be seen except water, the sky line, sea gulls, porpoises, and albatrosses, which were large, web-footed sea birds that had long, narrow wings and hooked beaks. At a distance we got a glimpse of a shark and whale. Most of the time, we enjoyed peaceful sailing. The Ventura sailed non-stop from Los Angeles to Manila on Luzon Island.

We were alerted at mealtime by the clanging of a gong. One evening as we were having dinner, I commented on the delicious meat (whatever it was!). But as soon as I learned it was tongue, I pushed my plate aside and did not eat another bite. Needless to say, after that experience, I became quite suspicious of what lay lurking on my plate.

As we were coming into the Islands, little Mary Jane noticed two men in a rowboat, and she exclaimed, "They will never make it to County Line!" She figured if they were going the opposite direction from us, they had to be heading for County Line, Oklahoma.

Near the Manila Harbor, our ship passed by Bataan and Corregidor. We docked in Manila on May 10, 1956, and Sister Edwina Bull, an American, came aboard the Ventura to meet us. Her husband, Brother Frate Bull, was working in Manila with the Department of Agriculture. She drove us around Manila in her 1954 Pontiac.

There were many historical places to visit in Manila, including Fort Santiago, an old Spanish fort where José Rizal was imprisoned before he was executed by the Spanish in 1896, and where many Filipinos lost their lives at the hands of the Japanese during World War II.

Sister Bull took us to her home, where we rested awhile in her nice American-style apartment with an Oriental look. Following this pleasurable fellowship with our brethren, they

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The following information was obtained from the records of the [redacted] Department of the Interior, Bureau of Land Management, regarding the [redacted] land grant.

[The remainder of the page contains extremely faint, illegible text.]

For souls who lived and died in vain?
Or would you rather help us now
To gain some soul who's gone astray,
And in so doing, gain your own,
To live with God near His great throne?

Around about us millions die without hope, because we do not furnish the means of their salvation. We haphazardly study God's Word. We miss Bible study and worship. We half-heartedly work at our jobs. We give too little. Our vision is limited; and this neglect, this absenteeism, this idleness becomes a dark blot on the church. It is the tap root to almost every weakness and failure. As the saying goes, "The world at its worst needs the church at its best." If every member of the Lord's church would demonstrate a genuine love and true compassion for lost souls, millions would obey the gospel and carry with them the hope of eternal life in Heaven. A great number will stand condemned at the Judgment for an "indifferent attitude." (Copied from Eldred Stevens.)

Now that the final decision had been made to carry the gospel to the Philippines, we were confronted with the question, "Where do we go from here?" What steps must be taken before we could realize our dream of helping to evangelize the Islands? Since Leland and Wilkey O'Neal had done previous mission work over there, we knew they were well-qualified to give us necessary pointers and advice which would help in detailed preparation before departure. Physical check-ups, injections, visas, passports, travel funds, "red tape" concerning paper work, what to pack, what not to pack, what to expect in the way of "culture shock" in a foreign country, customs, food, climate, and attitudes toward the natives were some of the important aspects. Our sponsorship and support were already assured, the same being transferred from the O'Neals to the Perrys.

Leland was a tremendous encouragement to us, while a few others were reluctant about our going. A certain gospel preacher confronted Bert with the question, "How could you conscientiously take your wife and four little children to a country like the Philippines and expose them to all the dangers and hardships of such a place?" Then he added that he had three reasons why he would never go overseas to live and do mission work. Another acquaintance came up with this type of question, "Brother Perry, suppose you get over there, and you lose your support. What will you do?" Bert gave him a very direct answer, "I'll turn to you for help." The man had already told us that he would come to our aid if we ever got in a tight spot, so Bert was answering him accordingly.

For a whole year, our time was consumed in the search for travel funds. I remember a friend at Elmore City, Oklahoma, handing Bert 45 cents and saying, "Here's your starter." Well, everything has to have a beginning! Bert was on the road, meeting speaking engagements at various congregations, and I was at the typewriter day and night, writing letters in an effort to alert them and individuals to our urgent needs. We were very thankful for the response we received and when, at last, our travel funds were completed, we felt relieved and secure.

It was necessary for our entire family to make a trip to Oklahoma City to obtain our passports, and while in the City, we accepted the gracious hospitality of Wendell Broom's parents to stay in their home. We will always be appreciative of their help.

Another big step in preparing to leave for the foreign field is the disposal of household furniture and all items which will not be taken overseas. It is wise not to take anything which would require expensive customs dues, as many times the cost of the dues far outweighs the value of the items. After we had sold part of our furniture and stored the rest with friends and relatives, all

took us back to our ship at 9:30 P.M.

Early next morning, the MS/Ventura pulled out of Manila Harbor and headed for Iloilo City, arriving there the same day. We went ashore for a few hours and did a little shopping. As we walked along the streets, we had quite a following. One Filipino after another came up to us and touched our hair and skin, as they wanted to see what blonde hair and white skin felt like. That evening, on May 11th, our ship sailed for Cebu City, but after our arrival there two days later, we were not permitted to dock until 8:00 P.M., because the tide was out and the ship drew too much water.

Donald Bone, missionary to Zamboanga City, Philippines, came in a vinta to meet us and help us go through customs. A vinta is a Philippine outrigger canoe. Customs inspectors went through one-fourth of our things that night and decided to finish the tedious job the next day. We had a lot of papers to fill out.

After the inspection was over, Donald Bone took the children and me to Eddie's Log Cabin, the only air-conditioned cafe in Cebu City, owned by an American, Eddie Woolbright, from Ada, Oklahoma. Meanwhile, Donald and Bert took our baggage to the building of Compania Maritima, the company where we booked our passage to Zamboanga City, and made arrangements to have our baggage shipped. Afterwards, Donald and Bert joined the children and me at Eddie's Log Cabin to eat and cool off. We enjoyed a feast of hamburgers, hot dogs, fresh milk, and ice cream. How nice it was to be in a place that prepared the food American style! Eddie's Log Cabin was also a good place to sit and rest, as the inspection had left us "drained" and totally exhausted. Just when we thought the ordeal had come to an end, we were told to open every box, trunk, and bag. We were required to open our powdered milk in sealed packing cases, considering the fact that a few months prior to this, a customs inspec-

tor was arrested and put in jail for not inspecting baggage closely enough.

Our ship from Cebu to Zamboanga was an old inner-island Army cargo ship converted into a combination freight and passenger ship called the *Snug Hitch*. It was a seaworthy craft but plenty dirty. The children and I had cabin #3 on the main deck, and the only thing I could say about the cabin was the fact that it was private; otherwise, it was atrocious! The heat was almost unbearable. I discovered an electric fan which ran for a few minutes and gave a little relief, but it soon ceased to function, much to our disappointment. The mattresses were filthy, and no sheets, pillows, or pillow cases were available. Needless to say, we got very little sleep under those circumstances. To add to the dilemma, there were "Peeping Toms" at our porthole — Filipino men looking in to watch our every move, one of whom was persistent. The problem ended when Bert put a stop to it.

Just outside the porthole, there were chickens, pigs, ducks, goats, carabaos, rats, dogs, and people, making the odors very repulsive; the noise had its part in the unpleasant situation. My being pregnant with our fifth baby made matters worse for me; I felt literally ill.

Since my cabin happened to be the only one available, Donald and Bert had what was called first class on an upper deck, but it turned out to be too crowded with men, women, and cots on the open deck — no privacy there. In fact, the cots were so close together that they touched one another. Donald and Bert decided to do something about it, so they moved their cots up to the very top deck, the gun deck, which had no top on it, making it impossible to be shielded from the hot sun and rain, should rain come.

The food on the *Snug Hitch* ship was strictly Filipino. Bert was so hungry that he ate everything that was set before him,

including turtle meat. But it was a different story with me. I lived on bananas and coffee the duration of the four day voyage; I could not go the turtle.

Our first stop after Cebu was Cagayan, and 25 miles away, we docked near a Del Monte pineapple cannery. Bert, Judy Carol, Mary Jane, and Richard Morris decided to walk to the cannery, as they thought it would be interesting to visit. Donna Gay and I stayed in our cabin, as it was necessary to guard our suitcases and personal possessions.

We finally reached Zamboanga City, on Mindanao Island, at 7:00 P.M., Thursday, May 17, 1956. As a result of having been on the Snug Hitch, I was half-starved and sick. Nell Bone and some of the Filipino brethren were at the dock to meet us with a typical Filipino welcome (flowers and all). When American brethren land in the Islands, the Filipinos throw out the welcome mat. While we were in Manila, I wore a strand of Sampaguita, native flower, around my neck, which Sister Jamosin made.



The Perry Family:
Back Row: Judy Carol, Richard, Mary Jane.
Front Row: Bert, Donna Gay, Margie, Linda Sue.

Publisher's Statement

I first met Bert Perry when the two of us were attending Harding Graduate School in Memphis, TN. I was especially drawn to him since he and his family had done mission work in the Philippines and my family and I were at that time making plans to go to India. He had also spent some time in India while he was in the military during World War II. Later he sent me a video of some of those scenes.

While at Harding, Bert shared a manuscript he had written about his work and I was given the opportunity to print it under the title, **Missionary, Know Thyself**. It is now in its second printing.

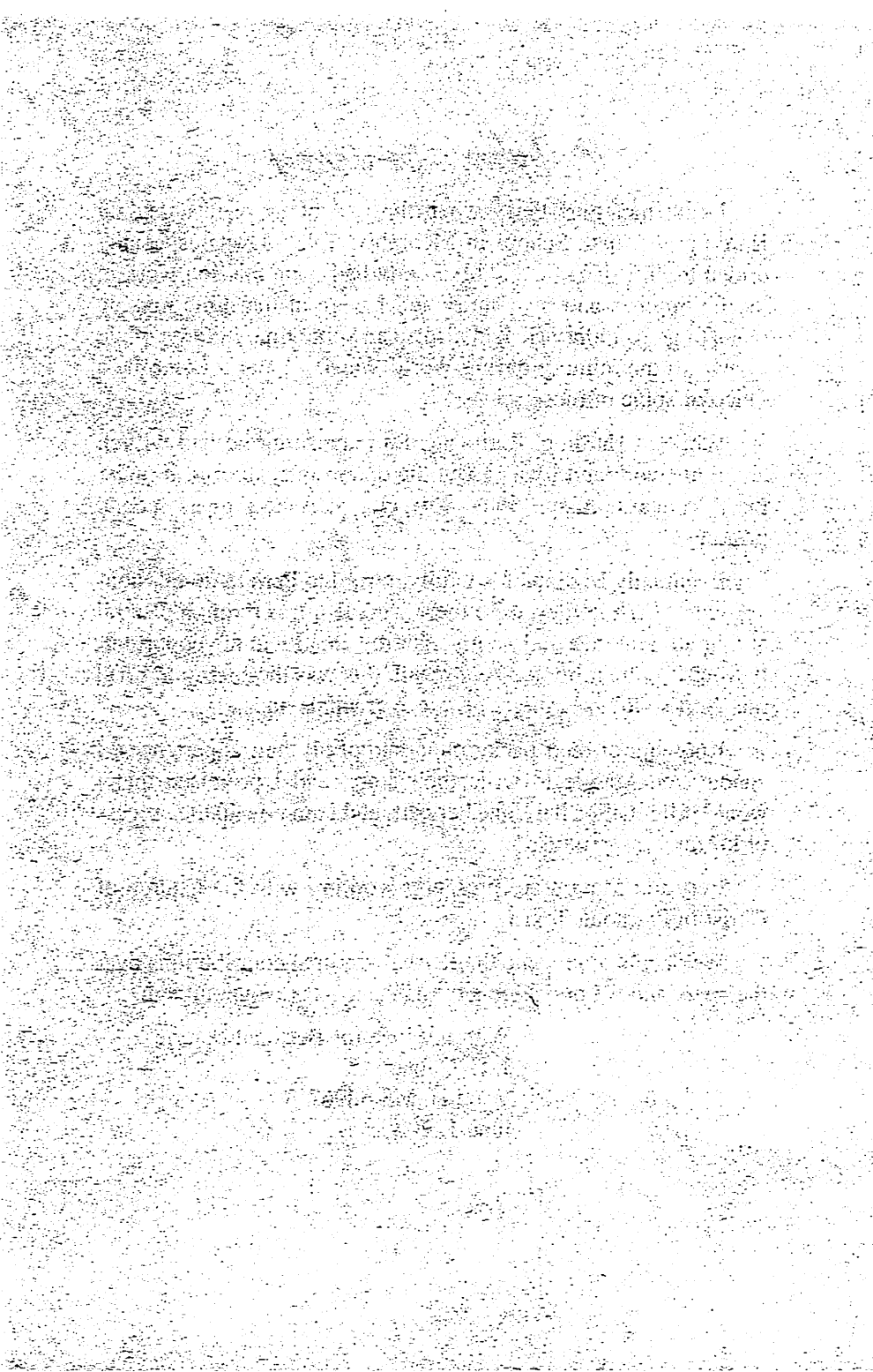
Eventually Bert and his family moved to Peru to do missionary work. While they were there I made a trip through Central and South America and on my visit to Lima I had the opportunity to visit in their home. As I recall, this was the first time I had met Bert's wife, Margie. She was a gracious hostess.

Knowing of their background and of all their experiences, I encouraged Margie to write their story, and I promised that I would print it. She has done her part, and I am now in the process of keeping my promise.

Bert and Margie are presently working with the Church of Christ in Premont, Texas.

We deeply appreciate the Perrys' spiritual contributions over the years and we pray God's blessings to ever be upon them.

With my love for Bert and Margie,
J. C. Choate
Winona, MS 38967
June 1, 2000



Chapter 4

Pearl of the Orient

The Philippines, known as “Pearl of the Orient”, lies off the southeast coast of Asia, a little above the Equator. It consists of a chain of islands stretching almost a thousand miles north to south. There are 7,100 islands and islets, of which more than 4,000 are unnamed, in the Philippine archipelago. Luzon, Mindanao, Mindoro, Samar, Panay, Negros, Cebu, Palawan, and Leyte are the biggest islands in the group.

The Philippines has an irregular coastline that stretches for 10,850 miles, twice as long as the coastline of the United States. It has 61 natural harbors, 20 landlocked straits, and hundreds of rivers, bays, and lakes. Manila Bay is one of the finest natural harbors in the world; it has an area of 770 square miles and a circumference of 120 miles.

Mount Apo, on Mindanao Island, is the highest peak in the Philippines, rising 9,600 feet. Mount Pulog, on Luzon Island, is the second tallest, with a height of 8,481 feet. Volcanoes abound in the Philippines. Typhoons have destroyed millions of pesos worth of property and agricultural products. The country has experienced severe earthquakes. One of the most destructive earthquakes in Philippine history occurred in Manila, the ancient capital city of the Philippines, on June 3, 1863, when the Manila Cathedral and hundreds of structures collapsed, and many people were killed.

The population of the Philippines is mixed and includes extreme racial types. The Negritos, a primitive people, live in the mountains. They are a short, black people with kinky hair, flat noses, and brown eyes. Their culture belongs to the Old Stone Age. They have no government and no fixed homes. They live by hunting, fishing, and gathering wild fruits, roots, and rice.

Their houses are made of leaves, sticks, and grasses. Their favorite weapon is the bow and arrow, which they use with skill. They have their own songs, dances, and musical instruments. Their religion is a superstitious form of fetishism (idol worship).

The tropical climate of the Philippines is tempered by breezes from the Pacific Ocean and the China Sea. There are only two seasons: the summer or dry season, extending from March to June, and the rain season, extending from July to October. The temperature during the warm months (April to October) rarely goes over 85 degrees F., while the temperature during the cold months (November to March) rarely goes under 70 degrees F. May is normally the warmest month of the year; January the coldest.

Beautiful tropical flowers bloom year-round in the Philippines. Tropical fruits can be bought year-round, some of the favorites being papaya, mango, avocado, guavas, bananas, oranges, star fruit, lemons, calamondin, and coconuts. Vegetables grow in abundance, and certain ones that are grown in the Philippines are the same as those grown in the United States, such as carrots, okra, tomatoes, green beans, eggplant, etc.

The Philippines has more than 70 languages, of which nine are considered major languages. These are Tagalog, Sugbuanon, Samaron, Pampangan, Pangasinan, Bikol, Iloko, Chavacano (broken form of Spanish), Moro Magindanao, and Hiligaynon (**The Philippines, A Handbook of Information**).

The Filipinos are generally a Catholic people, having been won over to the Catholic faith by the Spanish missionaries who came with the first conquistadores.

Philippine National Anthem

Land of the morning,
Child of the sun returning,
With fervor burning,
Thee do our souls adore.

Land dear and holy,
Cradle of noble heroes,
Ne'er shall invaders
Trample thy sacred shore.

Ever within thy skies
And through thy clouds
And o'er thy hills and sea,
Do we behold the radiance,
Feel the throb of glorious liberty.

Thy banner, dear to all our hearts,
Its sun and stars alight,
O never shall its shining field
Be dimmed by tyrant's might!

Beautiful land of love,
O land of light,
In thine embrace 'til rapture to lie.
But it is glory ever,
When thou art wronged,
For us, thy sons, to suffer and die.

Chapter 5

Getting Settled in Our Filipino Home

The first thing I noticed when we walked into the missionary house in Zamboanga City, after our long, 28 day voyage to the Philippines, was an Air Mail letter lying on a shelf. The letter bore a very familiar handwriting, that of my mother's, and was postmarked Seminole, Oklahoma, my hometown. My heart skipped a beat! Could anything be more welcome than news from home when a distance of 10,000 miles lies between? I was amazed to see that the letter had reached the Islands in eight days, which is very quick mail service compared to some mail that requires a number of weeks when being dispatched to distant lands.

The house that we were to live in was an unpainted wooden frame structure with a living room/dining room combination, three bedrooms, one bathroom, and a kitchen. It was complete with household furnishings, and the furniture was made of Philippine mahogany. Attached to the house was a washroom, which contained two very old Montgomery Ward wringer type washing machines. When a "part" broke down, it took too long or was sometimes impossible to order from the United States. So we handled the situation by taking the broken "part" to Brother SeSosa, a teacher in the machine shop at the Trade School, and he duplicated it.

We hired a Filipino to do our laundry; however, we had to be careful in our selection of workers because sometimes certain ones would play tricks on us, especially if we were not looking! One of the most practiced tricks was washing their own clothes in the clean water, then doing our laundry in what was left over — the dirty water. Our clothes went through that experience more than once until we discovered what was going on, then it

did not happen again. Our hot water heater was a make-shift that we rigged up, a Filipino galvanized oblong tub with a fire under it in the backyard.

There were three porches to the house: a small front porch, a small side porch, and a tiny back porch. The house sat up three feet from the ground, a tropical climate style.

Our wooden floors were always kept clean and shiny through the work of young Filipino men whom we hired to wax and husk the floors with coconut husks. This was a traditional method of the Islands that worked perfectly. Native help was practical, and we could hire our floors cleaned for one peso and fifty centavos, 75 cents American money. It was convenient for me to hire my ironing done by a Chinese woman who lived next door to us.

I cooked on a kerosene stove. The biggest disadvantage was running out of kerosene while in the middle of cooking a meal. I had to wait until someone walked to the store and brought back a five gallon can of kerosene before I could resume my cooking. Sometimes I wondered if I would ever get the meal on the table.

I very quickly adapted myself to the Filipino methods of cooking. The natives make good use of coconut milk by boiling vegetables in it, giving them a special flavor. My family and I liked pichay (greens) and green beans cooked in coconut milk; however, all vegetables could be prepared in this manner. The Filipinos taught us how to process coconut milk. After the coconut is husked, it is grated and placed in water, then squeezed; only the liquid is used. Filipinos either drink the coconut oil or sell it for making soap.

A coconut factory was located eight miles up the coast from Zamboanga City. It was interesting to take a tour through the factory to watch the coconuts being husked, shelled, and peeled, then the final step of being shredded through the machines. We could buy a huge tupperware bowl of coconut for 50 cents. Nell

Bone and I used it in fruit salads, ice cream, pies, cakes, and cookies.

There are many varieties of bananas in the Islands, and to name only a few, there are the tiny, tart yellow bananas called "Lady Fingers", which happen to be the favorite of the Islanders; the medium size red bananas with a sweet taste; the long Plantain and the short Plantain, which are cooking bananas. Plantains are cut lengthwise, rolled in flour, cooked in deep fat, then coated with brown sugar. Judy, Mary Jane, Richard, and Donna Gay had a fancy for these treats, which served as favorite after school snacks. There were 250 banana trees in our yard and on the premises of the church building, as well as 18 papaya trees.

Papayas and mangos were some of our best loved native fruits, which we used in fruit salads and processed into juices. Also, a delicious drink was made from calimoncies (limes). A variety of other fruits could be bought at the open market. Since rice is so plentiful in the Philippines and is one of the major foods, I included rice cakes and fried rice in my menus. Rice fields abound in the Philippines.

Don and Nell Bone and their four-year-old son, Philip, lived across the street from us in a two-story apartment. This was an ideal arrangement, since we maintained a close work relationship and were within reach of one another at all times.

Nell and I took turns one day each week preparing meals for our families. I was always glad when Nell's turn rolled around, as she was a much better cook than I, and she had a knack for putting flavor into everything she cooked and turning out tasty meals. What a wonderful change from my own cooking! I remember so well the night that Nell came over to our house, and she and I made some divinity candy. I attributed its success to the fact that Nell had put most of the work into the candy. On another occasion, we made popcorn balls.

We bought chicken, fish, and baby turtle from the open market, and I actually learned to like the turtle when it was young and tender, rolled in flour, and prepared like chicken fried steak. We usually had a young Filipino, Lolita DeSosa, to buy our meat at the open market, since she was experienced in her selections. The vendors practiced their "cheating techniques" when it came to selling fish. For example, if a fish were sold, the customer was asked if he wanted it wrapped. The vendor proceeded to reach under the table, and in the process of wrapping, he would switch the good fish for a spoiled fish. As a result, the buyer had on hand a fish not fit to eat. So the vendors had to be watched very closely.

It was inadvisable to buy beef at the open market, since it was considered unsanitary and was not refrigerated; some of the cows were sick before they were slaughtered, so we were skeptical of such meat. The safest way for us to buy beef was from stores owned by Chinese/Filipino brothers, Fred and Mateo Surrao, who received the frozen beef by plane from Manila. The cows were shipped from Australia to Manila, where they were slaughtered and processed.

Sometimes a pilot from Philippine Air Lines, or a manager from the local office, would knock on our door and hand us frozen turkey and ham, sent to us by brethren at Clark Air Base, 80 miles northwest of Manila; they were kind enough to provide us with something special when holidays came. In Zamboanga City, we lived near the airport; therefore, it was convenient for pilots to deliver things right to our door.

One day, a knock came at our door, and there stood a pilot from Clark Air Base with a five-pound can of what was supposed to have been powdered milk. As he handed it to me, he was all smiles, thinking that I would be overjoyed to receive powdered milk in such a big quantity. I told him how much I appreciated

his act of kindness, and after he left, I opened the can with quite a shock. Twenty-four aircraft spark plugs greeted my eyes! In his haste, the pilot had picked up the wrong can, failing to read the label with an inscription of "aircraft spark plugs". Bert took the misleading can to the local airport, handed it over the fence to a pilot, and explained the situation. The pilot seemed to think it was quite amusing and remarked, "I imagine your wife got a 'charge' out of that!"

Filipinos celebrate weddings, birthdays, Christmas, and all-occasion festivities by roasting the traditional "lechon", a young, milk-fed, suckling pig. The pig is placed on a pole, over an open fire, after he has been slaughtered, then the roasting begins. The cooking procedure sometimes takes all day long by turning the pig often.

I decided to list some Filipino recipes in case my readers might like to experiment with them. If certain ingredients cannot be bought in the United States, perhaps substitutions can be used.

Filipino Recipes

Adobo with Coconut Sauce

1 fat chicken cut into pieces
1 lb. pork cut into pieces
1 head garlic, chopped fine
Achuete (food coloring)
1 cup water
1 cup pure coconut milk
1/2 cup vinegar
Salt and pepper

Simmer chicken, pork, garlic, vinegar, water, salt and pepper until tender. Color with achuete. Add coconut milk and simmer 5 minutes longer.

Jamon en Dulce

Boil ham for 20 minutes in enough vinegar and water to cover. Remove from cooking vessel. Boil again (with thyme, cloves, cinnamon, oregano, anise, laurel, 1 head garlic, 1 cup sugar, in enough water to cover). Cook until ham is tender. Remove skin and coat with sugar or caramelo. Brown top under broiler or by applying a red hot pancake turner on sugar coating.

Empanada

(small meat pie)

Pastry:

Mix together 2 slightly beaten egg yolks

3/4 cup water

1/3 cup sugar

1 teaspoon salt

Add to 4 cups sifted flour

Mix to a stiff dough. Knead until a fine texture is obtained. Toss on floured board and roll very thin, almost like paper. Powder with sifted cornstarch to keep from sticking, stretching the dough gradually while rolling. Take one end of dough, brush surface with melted butter. From this end, roll the dough like a jelly roll, brushing the surface with more butter until the whole roll is about 1/2 inch thick. Cut into 1-inch thick portions. Roll each portion into rounds. Place a teaspoon or more of meat filling on each; brush each piece with cold water, halfway round, close to edge. Fold and press edges together, or trim with fluted pastry cutter.

Heat plenty of fat in deep vessel. When it browns a piece of bread in 60 seconds, drop each empanada and fry until golden brown. Drain on paper before serving.

Empanada Filling

Sauté in:

- 3 tablespoons fat
- 2 segments macerated garlic
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 1 tomato, chopped
- 1 cup ground veal
- 1 cup ground pork
- 1 cup ground chicken
- A few slices of ham, finely diced
- Add 1 small package raisins, then seasonings

Cook until done. Cool before using. Add a slice of hard-cooked egg and a slice of sweet pickle before wrapping.

Shrimp Croquettes

- 1/2 cup peeled shrimps, chopped fine
- 1 small onion, chopped fine
- 1/2 cup sliced ripe tomatoes
- 2 cups mashed, boiled potatoes
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Bread crumbs
- 2 beaten eggs

Saute onions in about 2 tablespoons fat. When onions are tender, add tomatoes. Cover and let simmer until tomato skin curls up and mixture is quite thick. Add shrimps and continue simmering until shrimps are cooked.

Add mashed potatoes and salt and pepper to taste and paprika, if desired. Continue cooking, stirring now and then to avoid burning, until mixture is quite dry. Remove from pan and cool.

Shape into oval croquettes the size of chicken eggs, roll in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs. Roll in egg again and fry in

lightly greased frying pan, rolling each around (so it will brown evenly) with the aid of a pancake turner.

Mango Ice Cream

- 1 large ripe mango
- 3 yolks of eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 pint milk
- 1 egg white
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Scald the milk and pour over the beaten egg yolks and white mixed with the sugar. Return to the fire, stirring constantly for 10 minutes, taking care that the custard does not boil. Peel the mango, scrape or cut in small pieces and, when custard is cold, mix it with the mango. Flavor with vanilla and freeze.

Arroz a la Filipina

- 1/2 cup boiled "malagkit" (overcooked rice)
- 1/2 small chicken
- 3 cloves garlic
- 1 small onion
- 3 ripe tomatoes
- 3 tablespoons oil
- 3 medium size Bell peppers
- 1 small package raisins
- 1 hard-cooked egg
- Achuete (coloring)
- Salt and pepper

Cut the chicken into small pieces. Slice the onion and tomatoes. Soak the achuete in a little amount of water and set aside.

Saute the garlic, onion, tomatoes, and chicken. Add salt and pepper to taste. Cover. When chicken is brown, add water and cook until tender. Then add the sliced pepper and cook for a few

minutes. Add the achuete water for coloring, then boiled rice, malagkit, and raisins. Continue cooking on low heat. Garnish with hard-cooked egg and green and red Bell peppers.

Banana Fritters

6 to 8 firm saba (cooking) bananas
Fritter batter

Peel bananas and slice lengthwise. Roll in flour, then dip in fritter batter, completely coating the banana pieces with the batter. Fry in hot fat, turning fritters to brown evenly. Drain. Roll fritters in brown sugar and coconut.

Fritter batter is prepared as follows:

1 cup sifted flour
1/3 cup water
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 tablespoons sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons milk
1 beaten egg

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add milk and water and then the egg to dry ingredients and mix until batter is smooth.

Curried Chicken

1 chicken, cut in serving pieces
1 cup coconut milk with dilao (yellow ginger)
1/2 cup vinegar
2 tablespoons oil
1/2 cup green pepper, cut lengthwise
1/2 cup onion, cut lengthwise
1 tablespoon pounded garlic
1 teaspoon salt

Put chicken in saucepan, add vinegar, salt, and one-half of the garlic. Simmer until tender, adding water if necessary. When tender, remove chicken from saucepan. Heat oil in frying pan, saute garlic until golden brown, add onions and pepper, then the chicken. Cover and cook about two minutes. Add coconut milk, season with salt, if necessary, cover and cook until sauce is reduced to one-half. Serve garnished with green pepper.

To prepare coconut milk, pound about one-half cup grated coconut with peeled, yellow ginger. Add to the grated coconut and extract the milk.

Leche Flan

(Coconut)

2 cups thick coconut milk

6 egg yolks

4 egg whites

1 cup sugar, refined

1 cup brown sugar

Dissolve brown sugar in 1/4 cup water and cook over moderate heat until the sugar browns or caramelizes. Line a suitable mold with 3/4 of the caramelized syrup evenly, and set aside.

Stir the milk into the remaining 1/4 of the caramelized syrup. Place over low heat and stir continuously until all caramel is dissolved.

Mix egg yolks and slightly beaten whites and beat lightly to mix thoroughly. Add sugar and lemon rind. Then add coconut milk with caramelized syrup and mix well. Strain through a cheese cloth and pour into the mold previously lined with caramel. Cook slowly in a pan with hot water without allowing water to boil. After about 1-1/2 hours cooking, slip under broiler in oven just long enough to brown. Cool and unmold before serving.

Sometimes when we felt the need for diversion and a variation of meals, we would get together with the Bone family and go to the Hotel Bayot, located by the Sulu Sea, for a real treat of eating out. It was an ideal place to relax and let the pleasant sea breezes cool us off. We always chose to eat at the outdoor tables, so we could look out across the sea and watch ships from around the world pass by. One such ship was a Russian submarine. The Sulu Sea is that part of the Pacific Ocean between the southwest Philippines and Borneo and is known as a “sea highway”. Eating at Hotel Bayot was affordable because the owner only charged 20 pesos (\$10.00) for a group of as many people as we wanted to bring. They specialized in fish and chicken, deliciously prepared.

The Deluxe Mami, a Chinese restaurant, was another favorite place that served tasty food — tasty except for one thing — octopus! No one told me I was eating this repulsive sea urchin. If I had only known! The cost at Deluxe Mami was unbelievably low, only \$1.50 for any number of people.

Having sewing done in the Philippines was so inexpensive that I could not afford to pass up the opportunity of hiring my sewing done by Famia, an expert seamstress who never used patterns. She took our measurements and turned out a perfectly designed garment by looking at one like it in a Sears catalog. She would make a child dress for \$.75, and the prices were just as reasonable for other types of clothes. Material was sent to us by brethren in the States. Cotton was the most practical cloth, as there were no dry cleaners in the Islands.

Zamboanga City, known as the “City of Flowers”, is located on Mindanao Island, the second largest island in the Philippines, at the most southern tip of Zamboanga Peninsula, which places the city within 10 degrees of the equator. Thus, the weather is warm and humid year-round in this tropical region. Annual rainfall in Zamboanga City is about 42 inches. The environment is

very beautiful with lush tropical growth surrounding the city and lofty coconut trees adding to the tropical beauty.

Lovely flowers bloom year-round in Zamboanga City. It makes no difference how humble the dwelling of Filipinos, colorful flowers adorn the yards of nipa huts, such huts being made of nipa palm leaves and bamboo, finished off with thatched roofs. Most of these huts are built rather high up from the ground for a number of reasons: (1) Less mosquitoes, (2) Less heat, (3) To avoid flooding from heavy rains, (4) For the sake of coolness, (5) To keep animals and strangers out. The lower class of Filipinos live in nipa huts, some of which have only one room. The middle class live in bamboo houses, while the upper class live in attractive American-style homes. The lower and middle classes of Filipinos sleep on floor mats and would feel out of place on mattresses.

The “calesa”, a two-wheeled, horse-drawn cart, is used extensively in the Philippines and serves as a taxi; the jeepney serves the same purpose. These two modes of travel are the most widely known.

Filipino horses are very small, even though they are full grown. Ever since the Spaniards brought horses to the Philippines, from generation to generation they have become smaller and smaller, possibly due to an improper diet; however, this is not a proven fact.



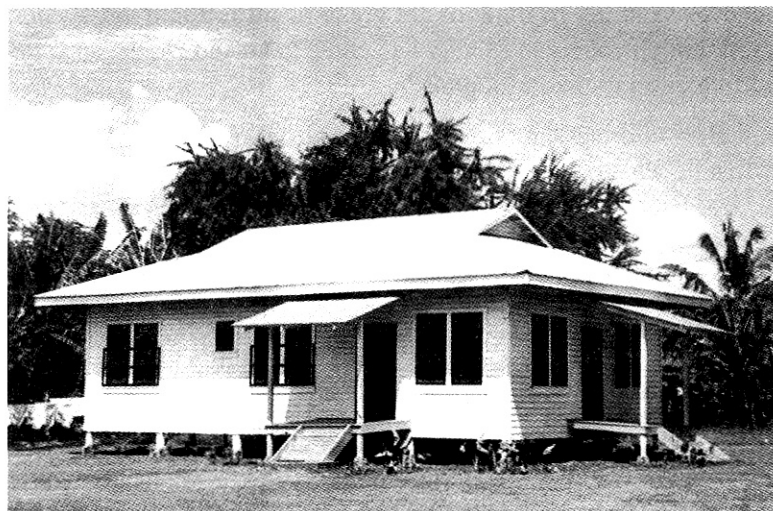
Hotel Bayot
Zamboanga city, Philippines



Donna Gay, Richard, Mary Jane, Judy Carol at Hotel Bayot



Getting Settled in our Filipino Home



Our Missionary House in Zamboanga City, Philippines

Chapter 6

Our Perpetual House Guests

I have always had a horror of anything that creeps, crawls, wiggles, or jumps, and lizards are no exception. These creatures took up permanent residence in the Zamboanga missionary house, and any attempt to get rid of them would be useless, since they multiply so fast.

Lizards were everywhere — crawling up the walls, hanging from the ceilings, running across the floors, making their way into our cabinets, lodging in our shoes, and falling into bed with us. Bert said the lizards were an asset, as they killed out all the bugs around the lights. I would rather live with bugs than lizards!

The night we arrived in Zamboanga City, May 17, 1956, and walked in the house, I decided to wash my hands in the lavatory. I heard something rattling in the curtains, and before I could recover from my fright, a bright green lizard fell into the lavatory. I thought surely my sanity had come to an end. What an eerie introduction to the Philippines!

Bert told me it was foolish to be afraid of lizards. One day when he was reaching up to the tall bookcase to remove a book, a lizard jumped out at him, and he threw the book across the room. I very quickly reminded him, "I thought you said it was foolish to be afraid of lizards!"

Shoes were the lizards' favorite resting place. Every time I picked up a shoe, I could expect a lizard to jump out, and it got to where I was tempted to quit wearing shoes!

I soon found out that lizards were also attracted to vases. I picked up a vase with intentions of washing it, and a lizard leaped out at me. My reaction was quite normal. I was so "shook up" that I threw the vase on the floor and watched it turn into fragile

pieces. From that day forward, I never picked up another vase!

In the kitchen, I kept the aluminum tumblers turned upside down on wooden stobs. Every time I picked up a tumbler, a lizard was sure to be nestled inside, taking it easy. I spent a great deal of time washing and scalding those tumblers.

Lizards did not care where they fell. I made a big pot of stew which my family never tasted, because a lizard happened to beat them to it. After he fell into the stew, it went out the back door. For obvious reasons, I did not include the recipe for Lizard Stew in my previous chapter concerning Filipino recipes. I do not think it would have been a popular dish with Americanos! Lizards had a habit of falling down in our bed, and that is why I became a nervous wreck. Lizards did not make good bedfellows!

One night, in the wee hours of the morning, I went in the kitchen for a drink of water. In the darkness, I reached up on the wall in search of the light switch. I felt something, a jelly-like something, a rubbery something, on the wall, as my hand touched it and jerked back, quick as a flash. I finally composed myself enough to turn the light on, and there he was — a curious lizard staring at me.

We caught a lizard licking on the bottle of the children's liquid vitamins. He seemed to be enjoying the sweet taste of the vitamins with every lap of his tongue, and he turned out to be the healthiest specimen of all the lizards in our household!

Now that I have introduced the house lizards, I will go on to something bigger. The huge lizards were called chuckos by the Filipinos, but the technical name is gecko, and these creatures grow as long as fifteen inches. The reason they are known as chuckos in the Philippines is because during mating season they make chanting sounds — like Chucko, Chucko, Chucko!

The weird looking chucko is identified by his big head and

spots all over his body; he is, in fact, an ugly creature. To make him more repulsive, the chucko has toes with adhesive disks, which causes him to cling to anything he contacts, including human beings. The Filipinos told us that once a chucko lands on a person, it is almost impossible to release the chucko, due to his strong suction cups. These monstrous lizards were sometimes clinging to the eaves of our house when I went out the back door, and I was living in hopes that they would not fall down on me. Chuckos had a way of unnerving me!

One day as I was sweeping the floors, I moved a trunk from against the wall, and to my horror, there was a chucko clinging to the wall with his adhesive toes. I threw the broom down, ran faster than my legs could carry me to the boys' dormitory and summoned one of the Bible students, Ben Libertino, who answered my cry for help. He rushed to the missionary house and killed the "monstrosity". The chucko had crawled through a hole in the kitchen floor and made himself at home. After this hideous ordeal, we did not lose any time patching the hole. Never again did I want to come face to face with a chucko!

An American lady by the name of Mrs. Barnes went out to her duck pen and was surprised to see that one of her ducks was missing. She discovered that a four foot lizard had broken into the pen; the only conclusion was that the lizard had eaten the young duck, about one-third grown. Mrs. Barnes could not figure out how the lizard entered the pen, as it was completely enclosed with chicken wire, inside and out. She and her husband were able to kill the lizard, since he was trapped in the pen and unable to get out.

Bert and Donald Bone saw a six foot lizard tied up in town, and it looked almost like an alligator. This creature was of the same variety as the one in the duck pen.

Bert saw another giant lizard in town that a man had caught

and tied up; this one was five feet three inches long and weighed more than 60 pounds. In fact, when Bert first saw the lizard, it was so large that he thought surely it must be an alligator. He asked the man what he planned to do with the creature, and he said he would sell it to someone to eat. Bert assured him that we did not need any fresh meat!

Chapter 7

Schooling for Missionary Children

Soon after our arrival in Zamboanga City, we enrolled three of our children in the Zamboanga Normal School, which was located two blocks from our house. Judy Carol was in the third grade, Mary Jane was a first grader, and Richard started in kindergarten. Filipino children are required to be seven years old when they start to school; however, the teachers permitted Mary Jane to begin at age six, because she was an American.

The Philippine government had passed a law which decreed that kindergarten and the first two grades had to be taught in the local vernacular, which, in Zamboanga City, is Chavacano. Since Chavacano is a very corrupt and incorrect form of Spanish, and can in no way be called a written language, the grades had to be taught in Spanish. Chavacano is completely incorrect in its grammatical form compared to Spanish and includes some Ilacano, Cebuano, and Moro words. Mary Jane's teacher explained some things to her in English, and she learned very quickly to count to 50 in Spanish. Judy Carol studied the Tagalog dialect at Zamboanga Normal School in addition to her basic subjects.

The purpose of Zamboanga Normal School was to train teachers to teach children. The curriculum of the public schools in the southern Philippines included gardening, grass cutting, and weed pulling. In fact, more emphasis was placed on these "subjects" than book knowledge; however, on the side, the children were taught the basics of reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Filipino public schools have a different standard to that of schools in America. In the Philippine culture, the perfect tool for very young students to use in gardening and grass cutting is the Bolo, a large, curved, sharp, single-edged knife used by Filipinos.

But there was one little American kindergartner in the group who did not join the Bolo sessions. We did not allow our five-year-old son, Richard, to subject himself to such a dangerous weapon; instead, we substituted sensible garden tools.

Zamboanga Normal School prided itself in the school programs that were presented to the public. On one particular occasion, Judy Carol portrayed "Snow White" when "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" was a major event of the school year. At other times, Mary Jane and Richard were part of a program that featured toy bands; they were neatly dressed in red and white uniforms.

At certain periods of the school year, classes were held at a school camp in Pasonanca Park, a beautiful place representing nature in all her glory. There were lush green trees, colorful flowers of every variety, swimming pools, covered picnic tables, tents, and a pavilion where parties, picnics, and reunions were held. Pasonanca has been referred to as a tent camp.

Zamboanga Normal School students studied at the camp during the daytime and remained overnight, so they cooked their meals while there. This school camp experience proved to be a special joy to all the children: they loved being out in the open, the great outdoors. It was a refreshing change from the indoor routine of the school building to "living in the outdoor world."

The Filipinos are known for their creativity, and they exercise skill and ingenuity in making all types of multi-colored Christmas lanterns. The students at Zamboanga Normal School put their talent and hands to work in turning out colorful, attractive lanterns, most of which were star-shaped; others were in the patterns of boats, autos, jeeps, airplanes, rocket ships, fish, animals, and buildings.

After Donna Gay started kindergarten, she was enthused over her new adventure; however, she learned that she had also

enrolled in the “school of hard knocks”. She and a little friend were chasing each other around a pole when they ran into each other. So forceful was the impact that Donna Gay’s lip was cut, and she had to be taken to the hospital for stitches.

As time went on, it became evident that Judy Carol and Mary Jane were learning very little in Zamboanga Normal School, they were definitely getting behind, and something had to be done to better the situation. All they were learning were the dialects, how to plant gardens, cut grass, and pull weeds.

In order to solve this curricular problem, we enrolled Judy Carol and Mary Jane in the American School, which taught the Calvert system of education, recognized as one of the very best. Had we left the girls in Zamboanga Normal School, they would have been far behind the students in the United States schools upon their return home. The teacher who taught the first four grades in the American School was a public school teacher in the United States at one time and seemed to be well-qualified. She gave Judy Carol and Mary Jane a test and found them to be behind her students; however, she said it would not take much to catch them up.

It was our intention to enroll Richard in the American School, but after the teacher gave him a test, it turned out that he was too far behind to be accepted. So, of necessity, we home-schooled him with the “Calvert” system for six months. As a result, he got caught up and enrolled in the American School as a second grader.

Every place where the missionaries traveled in the Philippines, whatever island (on the coast or in the interior) Coca-Cola could be found. They did not always get it cold, but after walking for a number of miles in the heat, even a warm Coke tasted refreshing, except when there was no assurance of how pure the local water was. When there was a strong thirst,

something wet was needed to quench that thirst. As Bert often said, "The Coke wasn't cold, but it was wet!"

One time in the interior of Mindanao Island, Bert asked one of the Filipino brethren, "How in the world could anyone bring king-size Coca-Cola into the jungle where there are no roads or transportation?" He replied, "Brother, we carried Coca-Cola by the case on our backs or shoulders, one case at a time."

On one occasion, a Filipino with whom Bert was visiting actually gave him a Coke with ice in it, which was unusual. Of course, when the missionaries drank water on their trips, they insisted that it had to be boiled, then cooled.

Bert often made the statement that if the gospel could go everywhere that Coca-Cola had gone, it would cover the world.

The school children adopted the Coca-Cola song of the Islands, and they took pleasure in singing:

Coca-Cola,
Drink it everyday,
Coca-Cola,
It's the perfect way
For refreshment
Always bright and gay,
There is nothing like a Coke,
So let's drink Coca-Cola.

Chapter 8 *History of Zamboanga Mission Work*

The Philippine mission work began in 1928 when George S. Benson, expelled from China by Communists, spent a number of months in the Islands. H. G. Cassell and O. T. Rodman also labored on the field before 1945.

In the 1940's, the condition and growth of the Lord's church in the Zamboanga area made wonderful progress. Brother Frank Trayler served as a chaplain during World War II, at which time he was instrumental in helping to establish the mission work.

In October 1946, Brother Leland O'Neal and family arrived in Zamboanga City, Philippines; however, they did not locate in Zamboanga City proper, but rather in the San Ramon area. Even though Brother O'Neal's work was centered away from Zamboanga City proper, still he was able to convert some there.

In January 1948, Brother Floyd Hamilton and family arrived in Zamboanga City to help in the mission work. During the first month, the Hamiltons stayed with the O'Neal family near San Ramon, after which they moved into a rented house across from Zamboanga Normal School, Baliwasan, Zamboanga City. Shortly after this, the Oak Park congregation in Sacramento, California, purchased a large tract of land in the Baliwasan district near the Normal School.

On this land, the Oak Park congregation built the largest and nicest building of the churches of Christ in the Philippines. The wooden frame building, which is painted white, had a seating capacity of 200 and was equipped with four classrooms. It was completely furnished with pews, communion table, pulpit, and chalk boards for teaching. A baptistry, set just above floor level, was the only baptistry of the church of Christ in the Philippines at that time. A beautiful oil painting portraying the scene of a

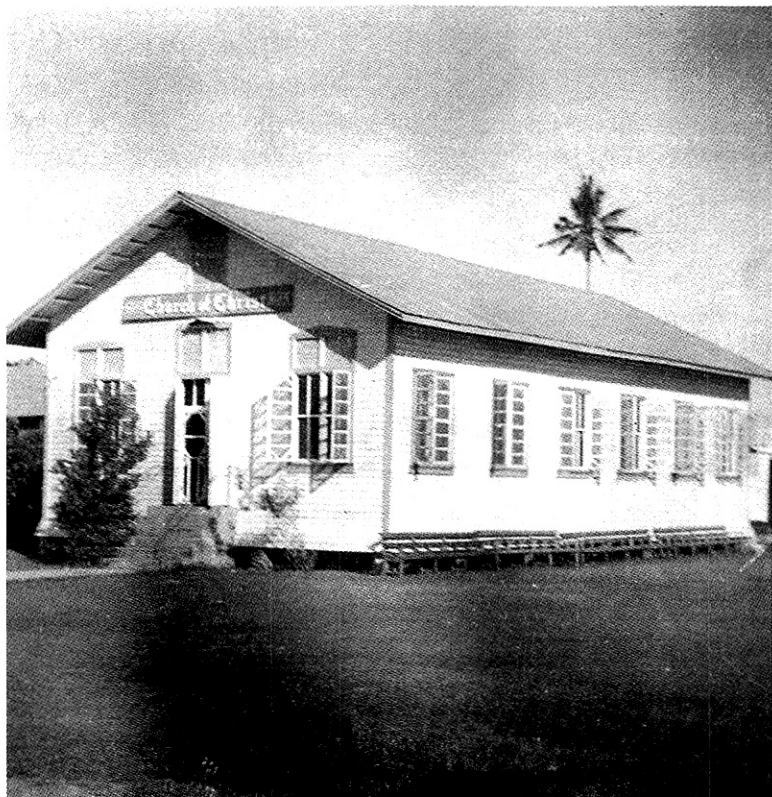
waterfall flowing into a mountain pool in Pasonanca Park, by Sister Blanche Perry, aunt of Bert M. Perry, was located above the baptistry and immediately behind the pulpit stand. Sister Perry has baptistry paintings in various buildings of the churches of Christ overseas.

Through the efforts of the O'Neals and Hamiltons, the Baliwasan church, Zamboanga City, grew to approximately 200 members. Toward the latter part of 1950, the Leland O'Neal family returned to the States, and about one year later, the Hamiltons also returned, leaving the work of the church in the hands of Filipino members. Due to untrained leadership, the congregation suffered greatly and was down to only a few members.

In the latter part of 1953, the Leland O'Neal family returned to the Philippines, bringing with them the Harold O'Neal family. Both families settled in Baliwasan, Zamboanga City, and went to work to build up the congregation again.

In July 1955, illness in the family forced the Leland O'Neals to return to the States. Brother Harold O'Neal carried on the mission work in Zamboanga until he and his family returned to the States the same year. In March 1956, Brother Donald Bone and family moved from Baguio City, on Luzon Island, to Zamboanga City, where they labored until June 1957. The Bert M. Perry family arrived in May 1956 for a three year period, returning home in 1959. Charlie T. Garner and family arrived on the field in April 1958 and labored until 1961. They were followed by the Ray Mayhue family and the Trimmer family.

By the mid 1959's, the Baliwasan church had begun an intensive advertising campaign throughout the city of Zamboanga. An article concerning the church of Christ was printed in the newspaper, "Zamboanga Inquirer" twice a week, and 500 handbills advertising the church were distributed each week.



Baliwasan Church of Christ, Zamboanga City, Philippines

Chapter 9

Zamboanga Bible College

After Brother Floyd Hamilton arrived in Zamboanga City in 1948, a Bible college was established with a few young men enrolled from out of town. They lived in the back classrooms of the church building.

Upon the return of the Leland O'Neal family to Zamboanga in 1953, along with the arrival of the Harold O'Neal family, they started again the Bible college conducted previously by Brother Hamilton. This training school had been terminated temporarily, due to unforeseen problems. At first, a small dormitory was built which housed only a few students, and when a cook shack was added, they considered this a real convenience for preparing their own meals. Later, a dormitory was constructed, complete with bunk beds made of plywood boards, a modern commode and shower, on the church property, which would house 32 men and afford proper living quarters for out of town students. The bunk beds contained no springs or mattresses according to the way Filipinos slept at home. The smaller dormitory was turned into housing for female students.

Due to the language problem in the Islands, it is a "must" to train Filipinos in order that they will be qualified to preach to their own people. In reply to this necessity, the O'Neals were trying to build up a training school to serve the entire southern section of the Philippine Islands. The Bones and Perrys were endeavoring to carry on the school to fulfill the same purpose.

Zamboanga City is considered the "cross roads of the south". It is located on the southern tip of the Zamboanga peninsula, Mindanao Island, where all ships going to and coming from the other main cities of the Islands stop. Also, there are more congregations of the Lord's church on the Island of Mindanao than

any other part of the Islands, making it important that a Bible college be built up in this area to train future leaders and preachers.

The school was set up under the name of Zamboanga Bible College, featuring an intense three year curriculum, with the needs of the Filipinos kept foremost in mind. Students completing the entire course of study would have an equivalent of 90 semester hours of intense training at college level in Bible and Bible-related subjects.

The Baliwasan congregation also sent out three young preachers on the Lord's day — one to San Ramon, one to Maluso, and one to Isabela, paying them each ten pesos per week.

After we arrived in Zamboanga City on Thursday, May 17, 1956, classes at Zamboanga Bible College started on Monday, June 18, with nine boys enrolled; however, we were assured that others would be coming soon. At this time, Donald and Nell Bone were in Manila with the birth of a baby girl, Donell, so it was necessary for Bert to begin classes alone. Courses offered were as follows:

Monday, Wednesday, Friday:

Old Testament Survey

Acts

Roman Catholic Doctrine

Church History I

Life & Teachings of Christ

Church of Christ

Tuesday, Thursday:

English I

English III

Music I

Pastoral & General Epistles

About a week before classes started, a few brethren from

other islands came and wanted to enroll their 10 to 13 year old sons in the Bible college. Brother Bone sent a few of them home, explaining that the boys were not old enough to do the college work and that children of this age could not be supervised, as they were too young to be away from their parents.

A few weeks after Don and Nell went to Manila, a Filipino brought his 13 year old son to Bert and pleaded with him to permit the boy to stay. Bert tried to explain why his son could not be allowed to enroll as a student in the Bible college. After about an hour, it was evident that the man's feelings were hurt and that he was somewhat angry, so Bert had to end the discussion right there. He requested that the man return home and take his son with him. The next day it was learned that he did go home, but left his son in Zamboanga. The youth could not speak English. With a 13 year old boy on their hands, Don and Bert realized they had to search for a solution to their problem. Under the circumstances, the outcome was quite satisfactory. Since the lad and his father were determined to further his education and they refused to give up, the boy was permitted to stay in the Almontes' home. He enrolled in high school and studied courses on the side at Zamboanga Bible College.

Don managed to get a few Stateside people to send some new books to enlarge the Bible College library. He had a good system for building up the library. He mailed letters to certain individuals, appealing to them for help, and listing the books that were needed for the library. He ended up on a perfect score for returns. In order to successfully operate the Bible college, it was necessary to have commentaries, Bible dictionaries, books on church history, books on denominational doctrine, Christian evidences, concordances, debates, sermon preparation, and anything else that would be good for a school library. As a starter for the library, it had grown to a little over 100 volumes.

Textbooks were one of the greatest needs, and they were supplied in due time. The Bible college was progressing nicely, and within one month's time, the enrollment had increased to fifteen students, partly because night classes had begun. Old Testament Survey and Acts were taught on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights.

The second semester started at Zamboanga Bible College on Monday, November 5, 1956. The following courses were taught:

The Pentateuch
Sermon Preparation & Delivery II
Protestant Doctrine Examined
Bible Geography
Pastoral & General Epistles II
Corinthian Letters
Church History II
English II
Music II
New Testament Survey

The last week of the school year was the busiest time. All the students were studying for exams, and Don and Bert were busy making out the exams and grading them. In grading English papers, Bert found the following answer to the question, "What is a Composition?" Answer: "Composition are sentence which deals in a grammatical construction in order to have a good form of paragraph in a certain topic."

The week after school was out, the students worked on the new boys' dormitory, and at the end of one week they practically had the whole building finished, a job well done. The reason the students worked so fast was a reminder of the scripture, Nehemiah 4:6: "*So built we the wall; and all the wall was joined together unto the half thereof; for the people had a mind to work.*" Our Bible college students certainly kept at the task

because “they had a mind to work.” I must not fail to mention another reason that prompted their speed. They wanted to go home for their two months’ vacation before the 1957-58 school year began in June!

The students were in need of some new sports equipment, so a new basketball and volleyball were ordered. The equipment on hand was limited, which included a two-racket badminton set, softball, glove, bat, and a busted basketball. Other items needed were a croquet set, more birds for badminton, and two more rackets.

The new semester for the school year 1957-58 got off to a good start with sixteen students enrolled, four of whom were girls, with the following schedule of courses:

New Testament Survey
Sermon Preparation & Delivery I
Evidence of Christianity
Pastoral & General Epistles
Old Testament Survey
Epistles of Paul I
Teaching God’s Word
Romans
Hebrews

The boys moved into the new dormitory, even though it was not quite finished; the only thing lacking was work on the doors and steps. The two out-of-town female students stayed in what used to be the boys’ dormitory; the other two girls lived in Zamboanga City, so they stayed in their own homes. All classes were conducted in the church building, and the dormitories were located on the church property. The following semester, the enrollment increased to 24 students, as six new ones were gained. Fifteen male students lived in the boys’ dormitory, and four female students lived in the girls’ dormitory. The other five lived

elsewhere in town.

In addition to their college classes and studies, the students were engaged in the personal work program of the Baliwasan congregation, which bore fruit. Besides restoring one member to faithfulness, they converted three women to Christ. One Sunday, about one hour before services, some of the women of the congregation brought three women to the church building for baptism; they had been teaching them in their homes for about three months. At another time, one young man from the island of Basilan brought his mother to be baptized. He said he had taught many people the gospel, and some wanted to be baptized, but he did not know how, and asked for instructions.

Zamboanga Bible College was progressing steadily. At the beginning of Christmas vacation, some of the students went home to various islands to help harvest rice, to preach, and to do personal work. Other students remained in Zamboanga to continue with their personal work of the church and to work in their vegetable gardens on the dormitory grounds. Bert thought he would do the students a favor by sending to the States for some black-eye pea seeds, but it didn't go over. After they planted the seeds, and the plants were laden with peas, they were soon ploughed up, as the students decided they did not want any foreign vegetables. They preferred to stick with Philippine seeds.

While teaching classes in Zamboanga Bible College, Donald Bone and Bert received some unpredictable, surprising answers to certain questions. On a test, the question was asked, "Who do you think is a Good Samaritan?" One student replied, "It is someone who helps me when I am in trouble." He did not say a word about *his* helping someone — the "me first" attitude.

On another occasion, the students were asked to give their opinions of the teachers. One of them said, "Brother Bone is very strict; Brother Perry is very handsome."

The students asked permission to memorize Scriptures in their own dialects (Visayan, Ilocano, Tagalog), as they would be preaching to people who spoke these dialects.

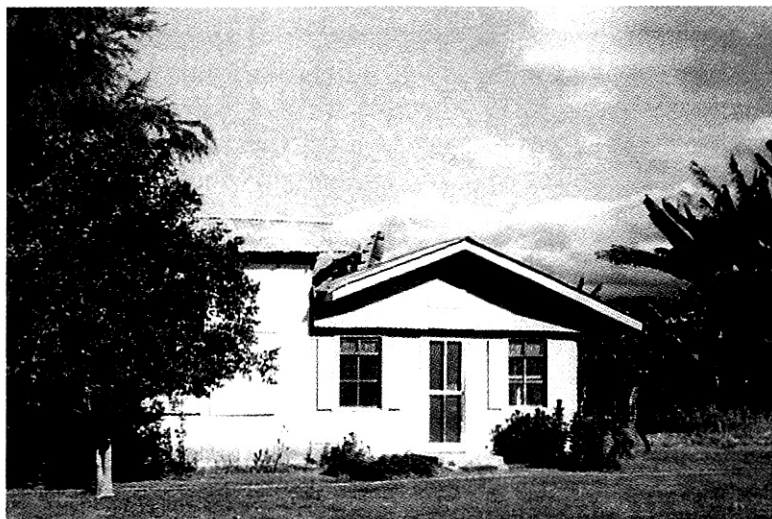
Because of continued work, perseverance, and teaching of daily Bible classes, steady growth could be seen in the students. One of the greatest pleasures was to observe the advancements that took place in the lives of the students. When some of them arrived in Zamboanga, they could hardly speak or understand English, and they knew so little about the Bible that they did not even know the two main divisions of the Bible. But after one year, they had a working knowledge of English and a general knowledge and understanding of the Bible that seemed almost impossible at first. Some of them came to Zamboanga acting like children, even though certain ones were in their twenties, but they left with more of an adult attitude toward life.

Some of the students who completed the three year course of studies engaged in full time evangelistic work with great success. Occasionally the Baliwasan congregation sent student preachers out to preach for other congregations; however, this activity was limited, due to a lack of funds. The students were willing and able, but there was not enough money to send them. George Potoc was sent to Isabela, Basilan, to preach each Lord's Day, and another student preacher, Mauro Ducallas, was sent to San Ramon Prison to preach. Two female students were sent to Malagutay to assist in teaching children's Bible classes.

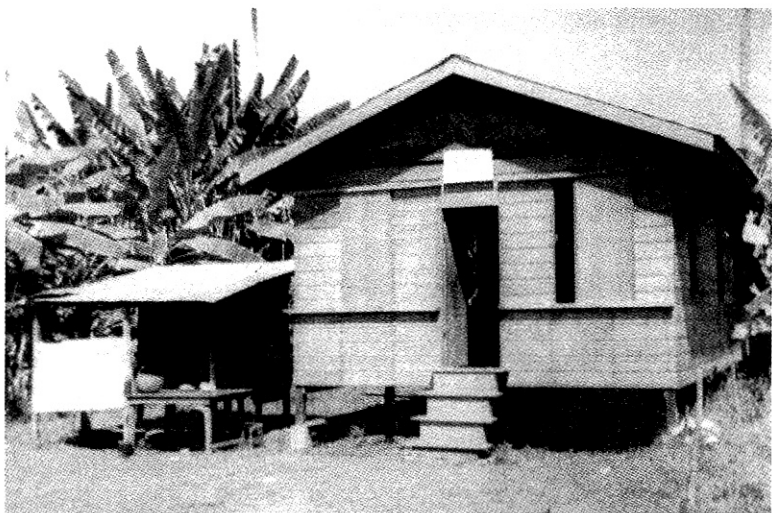
Of necessity, the semester work of certain students was interrupted because they were forced to leave school and return home to help work the rice fields. When this happened, the enrollment declined to as little as thirteen students, but it was only on a temporary basis. On occasion, some of the students were not able to return to school because of crop failures and drought.



Zamboanga Bible College Library



Girls' Dormitory Zamboanga Bible College



Boys' Dormitory Zamboanga Bible College

Chapter 10

Missionary Journeys Begin

On the weekend of August 11, 1956, Bert took a trip to Vitali, 50 miles up the east coast of Zamboanga Peninsula, to visit the congregation where one of our students, George Potoc, preached every Sunday. Vitali is reached by a very rough road over the mountains, uphill, downhill, and around many hairpin curves.

The buses of the Philippines are so different from the ones in the States that they demand a separate description. The bus companies order from the States only the chassis of a truck. In the Zamboanga area they use mostly Chevrolets and Internationals, and a wooden body is built on the frame.

If this type of bus is involved in an accident, the body crushes like a matchbox. The top usually consists of canvas stretched over wooden slats or ribs, and the seats extend all the way across the bus, with no aisle down the middle. The left side is closed up to the windows, and the right side is completely open, permitting passengers to get into the seats from that side. The seats are made to fit Filipinos, who are short people, but it is almost impossible for long-legged Americans to fit in, since the seats are so close together. Bert had to sit sideways so his legs would fit in between the seats. George Potoc had no trouble fitting in, as he was one of the short Filipinos.

Before leaving Zamboanga, the bus driver went from place to place picking up cargo and passengers. About two tons of cargo rode in the rear of the bus, which was loaded to capacity and seemed too full to hold another person or another pound of cargo. Finally at 10:30 A.M., one and one-half hours after Bert and George boarded the bus, it started out of town, but at the last moment, a man ran up to the bus and got on. He picked out the seat that Bert and George were on and told them to move over so

he could sit down. Bert informed the man that there was no place to move, as the seat was already full, and he would have to find another place to sit. He would not take "No" for an answer, insisted that each seat was made to hold six people, and squeezed in anyway. After that, Bert really did not have any room for his legs.

On the way out of town, the driver stopped to pick up more passengers and cargo. When they finally got under way, there were about nine passengers to each seat, which was made to hold six, not counting the chickens, fish, pigs, coconuts, baskets, bags, and children. The rear was practically dragging the ground, overloaded with cargo. Besides the people on the seats, some were hanging on the sides.

George Potoc said, "Think you can ride this way for three hours?" Bert thought surely he must be joking. Three hours just to go 50 miles? He was not joking! They stopped every mile to take on and discharge cargo and passengers.

At approximately 11:30 A.M., they came to the village of Sangali, where they stopped to eat lunch in a nipa hut. The menu consisted of a plate of rice, a bowl of soup made of boiled greens and pork, one banana, and a glass of water, all for the price of 25 cents.

After lunch Bert was able to get the seat right next to the driver, where he had plenty of leg room, but there was no windshield in front of him. He rode this way for the remainder of the trip and ate plenty of dust. Only about five miles of the road was paved. The first ten miles of gravel road was fairly smooth for a gravel road, but after that the road was made of big boulders. Bert thought surely his insides would jar out.

When they got up into the mountains, they saw a lot of lizards which stood six inches high and from three to four feet long; some of them had saw-tooth ridges down their backs. On

top of one of the mountains they saw a python about fifteen feet long and about four inches in diameter. It was dead, having been run over by a bus.

Finally at approximately 1:30 P.M., Bert and George reached Vitali, got off the bus, and walked 1-1/4 miles to the house of one of the church members to spend the night. Most all Filipinos, as is the case of people in the Orient, sleep on a floor mat. Bert followed the Filipino custom with the aid of a cotton pillow and mosquito net. The supper menu of braised chicken, rice, and hot canned sweetened milk was a welcome treat for the two travelers, considering the rough journey they had encountered from Zamboanga to Vitali. For breakfast they were served fried chicken and rice.

At 7:00 A.M. next day, they left the house for the church building, as services were to begin at 7:30. The meeting place, a structure ten feet wide and twelve feet long, was made of bamboo with a palm leaf roof and dirt floor, in which pigs had been rutting. Shortly after Bert stepped through the door, a small hornet stung him on the neck, as there was a hornet nest hanging from the roof. Nine people were present for services.

After services that morning, George and Bert ate some pancakes and drank some brown liquid which tasted a little like tea and milk mixed together, then went into Vitali, as their bus was to leave for Zamboanga at 10:30. Had they known what a sorry bus they were getting ready to board, they would have waited for the next one; however, they did not realize their mistake until it was too late.

Going through the mountains, the bus had to stop about every two miles to add water to the radiator, as it was boiling constantly. When the driver and his helper poured the water in, they did not try to pour it in the radiator hole; they just poured the water at it. The result was that some water went into the carburetor,

some into the oil spout (on top on it), and a little into the radiator. Of course, when they would try to start the motor with water in the carburetor, it would not start for fifteen or twenty minutes. Sometimes, on the side of a steep mountain, the motor would stop, due to the carburetor containing water. Then the driver would pump the brakes about six times before they took hold to keep the bus from rolling down the mountain backwards. Even when the motor would run all the way up the mountain, the gears had to be in compound low, which was very slow. They had no trouble going downhill. The driver would take the bus out of gear and let it coast, hoping the brakes could hold when he needed them.

Finally at 3:30 P.M., Bert and George Potoc arrived back in Zamboanga City, five hours after they left Vitali. They had finished a fifty mile trip in five hours — Filipino style. The purpose of the trip to Vitali was to preach and to strengthen the small congregation.

The Baliwasan church in Zamboanga had a 30 minute radio program each Sunday over the local radio station DXJW with Don and Bert preaching alternately. Originally the program began on a wire station similar to a P. A. system with a wire running from the studio to each house of subscribers to the service. This arrangement was only temporary, and after the broadcasts were aired over the local radio station, the gospel reached the entire city of Zamboanga and surrounding areas.

The first week of August 1956, there happened to be some excitement in town. About 100 prisoners being transported to Davao were kept overnight in Zamboanga City, due to rough seas. During the night, ten of the prisoners escaped and spent the night near our house, near "Auntie's" house (directly behind us) and under the Valdez house, across from the church building. "Auntie" was an elderly Filipino, member of the church, and our

neighbor who lived in a nipa hut. The prisoners went through the neighborhood stealing anything they could use, mostly clothes. They stole trousers and shirts from two of our Bible college students who lived in a room built on to "Auntie's" house. As soon as our neighbors discovered what had taken place, they came to our house, and we called the police. All of the prisoners had been caught except one. Three of them were caught in a cornfield adjoining the church property, and six of them were caught on the grounds of the Normal School, two blocks from our house, where our children attended. The last prisoner was caught near our house after we talked with the police. The house was locked up tight, so the prisoners could not have broken in without awakening us.

October 9, 1956 was an exciting time for our children. Nell Bone gave a party for her son's fourth birthday, and everything was set up on a table in our backyard; balloons were hanging from a tree limb. Seventeen children from the church were present. They enjoyed the cake Nell decorated, the ice cream that Don and Bert made, as well as Kool-Aid and candy. The little birthday boy had fun opening presents.

On October 12, 1956, the Catholics of Zamboanga City celebrated one of their special fiestas called "Fiesta Pilar". Most of the Catholics go to a shrine against the wall of old Fort Pilar during the day to burn their candles and pray before the picture and image of Mary. Donald Bone and Bert had printed, especially for the occasion, 2000 copies of a tract written by Brother Bone, entitled "The Veneration of Saints and Images". Our students distributed the tracts all over town and in front of the Catholics' "Pilar" shrine. There was no opposition to this, except a few tongue lashings for being so bold as to hand out the tracts right before their image.

Only a small number of the tracts were wasted, as most of the

people readily accepted and read them. Bert laid one of the tracts on the counter of a grocery store for one of the clerks who had requested it, but as soon as he moved a few feet away, a Filipino Catholic nun picked up the tract, started reading it, and kept it. Don and Bert put up 500 posters throughout the city every week, and as a result, there was not a Catholic in the city who had not heard of the church of Christ and who did not know the location of our meeting place in Zamboanga.

We had occasion to attend a Filipino wedding in October, which was very unique. Brother Bone performed the ceremony, and Mary Jane was the little flower girl. The reception at the bride's home was the most shocking part. When we arrived at 1:00 P.M., there were already about 100 guests present, and dinner was being served to the first group of 25 people; we were in the first group. Dinner consisted of rice, rice, and more rice, a weak pork stew, and pudding for dessert. After we finished eating, we noticed that the three family dogs were eating from the same pots out of which the people were being served. Some of the women would dish up a platter of rice, then the dogs would eat from the pots. No one tried to stop the dogs. One of the women said, "Don't worry, Brother Perry, the dogs did not eat much." He told her he was not concerned over how much they ate — but was what they left behind! How about germs?

We also noticed that in washing the dishes, after each group of people had finished, the women did not get clean dishwater; they just heated the same water again. How thankful we were that we happened to be in the first group!

Chapter 11

Trip to Cotabato Province

Don and Bert planned a trip to Cotabato on October 24, 1956 for the purpose of introducing the people to Zamboanga Bible College, trying to acquire new students, and putting before the brethren some problems among the brotherhood in the Philippines.

The schedule was as follows:

October 24

Cotabato City
Takurong
Marbel

October 26

San Felepe

October 27

Takurong
Cotabato City
Midsayap
Agriculture

October 28

Nes
Midsayap

October 29

Pikit
Tungot

October 30

Kabacan

October 31

Mlang

November 1

Cotabato City

November 2

Zamboanga City

The plane left on schedule at 6:15 A.M. and arrived in Cotabato City in one hour and 10 minutes. By ship it would have taken twelve hours.

From the airport they took a taxi to the house of Brother Abita, who took them around town to visit a few members of the church and then back to his house for lunch, as their plane to Takurong was not scheduled to leave until 2:25 P.M.

The flight to Takurong was called "El Economico" and was cheaper in price, but the seats were made of steel pipe with plastic stretched across to form the seat and back. The interior of the plane was unfinished — the same as the interior of a cargo plane.

From Cotabato City to Takurong it took twenty minutes; by bus it would have taken about ten hours of rough riding. After Brother L. N. Belo, father of Dominador Belo, met Don and Bert at the airport, they took a jeep into Takurong and a bus on to Marbel. The Filipinos call buses "trucks". There was no road to Marbel — only a very, very rough trail, and they had to travel seventeen miles to reach Marbel. They had to hold on to the rough board seats very tightly to keep from being thrown to the floor or against the wall of the bus.

After having arrived in Marbel about 4:30 P.M., they went to the house of Brother Braga for supper, which consisted of rice, chicken, bananas, and water. Afterwards, they spoke to approximately 50 people at the Pioneer College; the room had a dirt floor

and was lighted by a Coleman lantern.

Don and Bert spent the night at Brother Braga's house, sleeping on Filipino beds with pillows, mosquito nets, and two sheets each. The mattresses consisted of boards (just like sleeping on the floor). The next night they were scheduled to preach in a public meeting at the Plaza; however, they were rained out.

Next morning they took a calesa (two-wheel horse-drawn cart) to San Felepe, the home of Brother Belo. After having visited around the community all day, they preached that night at the church building. The following morning at 5:20, they caught the bus back to Takurong, arriving there at 6:20 A.M. and left by plane at 7:45 for Cotabato City. At 9:30 A.M. they boarded the bus for Midsayap, arriving at 10:30 A.M. The road was a good gravel road, and the bus seats even had sponge rubber cushions.

Brother Fabian Bruno met Bert and Don at Midsayap and took them to his home in Agriculture by calesa, and that night they conducted a meeting in the Bruno home with about 30 present. The next morning, Sunday, they walked with Brother Bruno to Nes for morning worship services. After lunch they walked a different way to the main road, about one and one-half miles, and caught a calesa into Midsayap.

Sunday evening services were conducted in the home of Brother De La Tore, who formerly was a cook and steward for officers' mess in the U. S. Navy for twenty-eight years. He served a supper for Don and Bert that could not have been better than any place on earth. The food, though all local products, was prepared American style. The menu consisted of braised chicken, rice, squash, candied sweet potatoes, fruit salad, chicken gravy, white potatoes, bread, and candied young coconut for desert. Truthfully, the brethren fed Don and Bert like "kings" on this trip. They had chicken at every place (thanks to the Hamiltons and O'Neals who had been there before them). All the

water they had was rain water, which actually is much cleaner and better than the city water in Zamboanga.

On Monday, October 29, at 6:30 A.M., they traveled by bus to Pikit, arriving there at 8:30 A.M. Brother Bruno was with them on the remainder of the trip until they returned to Midsayap. They visited with brethren in Pikit, had lunch, then went on at 1:00 P.M., part way by bus and part way by foot, to a community off the main road called Tungot. They had a meeting in the house of one of the brethren and spent the night there. While speaking they had to fight the "rice bugs", which in the States are called "stink bugs". It rained very hard that night, so by the next morning there was about six inches of water every place.

Don and Bert had a choice of how they could get back to the main road. They could walk with their shoes on and ruin them in the water, walk barefoot and ruin their tender Americano feet, or go out on a carabao sled. They decided on the sled, and it was a rough ride, but they did not fall off as did a previous missionary; they profited by his experience. They happened to be riding with a fast carabao and got to the road ahead of the walkers.

At the main road they took a bus on to Kabacan, arriving at 8:00 A.M. They were scheduled to have a public meeting in the center of town in the evening and later another meeting with the members of the church in the church building. Rain hindered the schedule, so the public meeting was canceled, but there was an attendance of 30 in the building.

Next morning they left Kabacan and traveled by bus to Mlang, where an excellent public meeting was conducted that evening in the center of town. The brethren rented a P.A. system; Bert and Don preached alternately. At the end of their sermons they asked the audience to write down any questions they would like to have answered, and most of the questions were the same type that Baptists ask in the States. Later it was learned that the

Baptists had moved in — in strength at Mlang — and started a school. Some of the American Baptist missionaries listened to the sermons, sitting in their cars, just out of range of the light. As a result of this meeting, there were at least twenty questions which were read and answered.

Don and Bert left Mlang the next morning, November 1, at 5:30 by bus to return to Cotabato, arriving there at 11:00 A.M. A meeting was conducted that night with the brethren, and the next day Bert left for Zamboanga City. Brother Bone flew to Cebu City from Cotabato in order to try to find another printer to print his monthly paper, "Christian Contender". Since he was unable to locate one in Cebu who would do the work at the right price, he was forced to continue having it done in Baguio, even though the printer was five months behind on it, July 1956 issue through November 1956 issue.

Modern times came to Zamboanga in September 1956, as was evidenced by the installation of a traffic light at one of the city's main intersections. On the day of its installation, Sunday, September 2, a crowd of Filipinos gathered to learn the purpose of the strange looking light. Pedestrian lanes were painted in the appropriate places with the words "pedestrian lane" painted on the street. Three to four policemen were stationed at the intersection to make certain that vehicles stopped on red, also to teach the people who "pedestrians" were.

The day after the light was installed, Bert was in town in the car and happened to have occasion to turn right at the intersection. A sign on the bottom of the light read, "No Left Turn". As he began to turn right, one officer blew his whistle from a control booth — the light was operated manually from a control booth — and two other officers rushed out into the street, waving their arms and shouting to Bert, "No left turn! No left turn!" He informed the officers, "Sirs, I am turning right. Don't any of you

three officers know your left from your right?" Most of the Filipinos on the street were watching and listening, and as the officers noticed their mistake and ducked their heads, returning to the sidewalk, everyone laughed. It seems that all morning the three officers had been directing traffic to turn left, thinking it was right, and forbidding the drivers to turn right, thinking it was left.

Some of the Filipino brethren thought that in order to convert someone to Christ, it was necessary first to send him to the American brethren to receive something free, that is, clothing or money. One day, a Filipino came to our house with a note from one of the men of the Baliwasan congregation. The note read, "Brother Perry, will you please give this man something? I am trying to convert him to Christ." Bert looked at the man and noticed that he was wearing fairly nice clothes, so he asked him if he had a job. Yes, the man said he was working. Then, Bert wanted to know if he had enough food and clothing for his family, and he said he was able to provide for them sufficiently. After having perceived that this man did not need anything, Bert sent him back to the Filipino brother from whence he came. The next Sunday, Bert preached a sermon on "Rice Christians", that is, people who would become Christians if we had something to give them. When the giving quit, such people quit being Christians. Don and Bert tried to impress upon the members that we should not try to convert people on a material basis only.

One day as I was sitting on the front porch, from a distance I could see a group of Filipinos approaching our house. I was curious as to their purpose in coming, but my curiosity was soon settled. One of the men spoke unhesitatingly as he looked at me with a plea written on his face. "If you will give me some rice, I will become a Christian." I proceeded to tell him that Christianity was not gained from such a non-Biblical proposition. I tried to teach this group the Lord's plan of salvation, which

reaches out to every individual on the earth, and that Christianity comes through obedience to the gospel. I had hoped they would understand.

I further explained that the two missionaries were on a mission trip and would be glad upon their return to have Bible studies with those interested in becoming Christians. But the group walked away sorrowfully, as they had no interest in this kind of Christianity.

Chapter 12

Our Little Filipina

On November 15, 1956, a special event brought great joy to our family. A beautiful baby girl, Linda Sue Perry, weighting 8 lb. 2 oz. was born at Brent Hospital by the Sulu Sea, Zamboanga City. She was a little Filipina until we registered her with the American Embassy.

Three days after her birth, we discovered that baby Linda Sue was running a temperature, so Dr. Brilliante recommended that she and I return to the hospital for a few days. We remained there until November 24. The baby's color turned extremely yellow from jaundice, but after the proper treatment with vitamins, it gradually went away, and we could see the pink color coming through.

We took it for granted that Linda Sue's jaundice problem was over, and everything would be all right; however, as the months went by, it became evident that something was wrong. The baby was not making the proper physical developments such as holding her head up, pulling up, sitting alone, and crawling. Dr. Brilliante readily admitted that he was unable to diagnose the case, as the Filipino doctors were "not up on those things", as he put it. He further stated that even if they could determine the cause of Linda Sue's trouble, the hospital did not have the facilities to deal with it. The baby had been to Brent Hospital four times since her birth and was susceptible to pneumonia, bad colds, and viruses.

So, with much thought and prayer, we sought other help. The decision was made for me to take the baby to Manila for consultation with an American pediatrician, Dr. Hebert, who had been specially trained to take care of such cases.

On September 30, 1957, at 6:15 A.M., I boarded a Philippine

Air Lines plane with ten-month old Linda Sue in my arms and three year old Donna Gay by my side. We stopped in Cotabato for fifteen minutes, then proceeded on to Cagayan for a one hour wait before changing planes.

When we arrived in Manila at 12:00 noon, we were met by Sister Edwina Bull, in whose home we stayed during the two and one-half weeks we were in Manila. She and Brother Bull received us with true hospitality; we could not have asked for kinder treatment from this wonderful Christian couple. They took us in and made us feel at home with their warmth and compassionate hearts.

When I took Linda Sue to Dr. Hebert, I met the appointment with an optimistic outlook, as I kept thinking the baby perhaps had some kind of deficiency disease which could be treated and overcome. Then I could go back home with a normal child, and all the stress and strain would be a thing of the past. It took Dr. Hebert only a short time to examine Linda Sue and announce to me that she was a victim of cerebral palsy, for which there is no cure. This cruel, unexpected news pierced my heart in total disbelief. No! Not my baby!

I visualized Linda Sue as a little crippled child, unable to run and play like her brother and sisters. This could not be happening to my precious baby! After the initial shock, I began to compose myself and to try to accept this painful adversity. I knew the only thing I could do was to be strong and rely on God to help me through my heartbreak and disappointment. This would require perseverance, prayer, bravery, and determination on my part, and I realized it would be a long, hard road to travel. Oh, how I longed to be with my relatives and friends back home! But knowing they were so far away made the 10,000 miles seem more of a reality. I could just "feel" the distance.

Dr. Hebert explained to me that Linda Sue's cerebral palsy

resulted from the RH-blood factor in me and the baby. I was RH-negative, and Linda Sue was RH-positive, which is incompatible. One works against the other. Dr. and Mrs. Hebert took me upstairs and showed me their two and one-half year old son, who had the same type of cerebral palsy as Linda Sue — spastic type. Dr. Hebert was an exceptionally good pediatrician, and I trusted his knowledge and advice.

I asked Dr. Hebert what I could do for Linda Sue at this stage of her handicap. He said, “Take the baby back to Zamboanga and love her.” Nothing much could be done for a cerebral palsied baby as young as she, but I did look forward to returning her to the States for physical therapy in due time as she grew older. There were no crippled children’s clinics or facilities on Mindanao Island where we lived for giving therapy treatments. Dr. Hebert told me something encouraging — that Linda Sue’s mental outlook was promising and her problem was purely physical.

While in Manila, I took a trip by Army bus to Clark Air Base, located on Luzon, attended a ladies’ Bible class, and had a profitable visit with the American brethren. Sister Edwina Bull and I traveled by boat to Sangley Point U.S. Naval Station, located across Manila Bay, and had an enjoyable visit with American members of the church. Cubic Bay was interesting.

Some American brethren in the church at Manila were very helpful and accommodating. They purchased a playpen and stroller for Linda Sue and had them shipped to Zamboanga City. They also paid for my plane ticket to and from Manila.

On October 17, 1957, Donna Gay, Linda Sue, and I left Manila at 6:00 A.M. by Philippine Air Lines. We stopped in Cebu for 30 minutes where we changed planes, then proceeded to Dipolog for a 15 minute stay. We arrived in Zamboanga City at 10:40 A.M. There is a distance of 500 miles between Manila and

Zamboanga City.

Linda Sue was such a darling baby that it was a pleasure for me to love her and care for her. Judy Carol, Mary Jane, Richard, and Donna Gay thought their baby sister was a “specialty” and gave her a lot of attention. Linda Sue was the pride and joy of our family.

Some cerebral palsied children are left with distortions on their faces, but not so with Linda Sue. Cerebral palsy in no way affected her beautiful features. She was lovely with her soft blonde curls and dreamy blue eyes. Every time I looked upon her little angelic face and into her sparkling, cunning eyes, I could see innocence, sweetness, and purity that made her an adorable little someone. Truly, she was “Heaven’s Very Special Child”.

Heaven’s Very Special Child

A meeting was held quite far from Earth!
It’s time again for another birth,
Said the Angels to the Lord above,
“This Special Child will need much love.

Her progress may be very slow,
Accomplishment she may not show.
And she’ll require extra care
From the folks she meets down there.

She may not run or laugh or play;
Her thoughts may seem quite far away.
In many ways she won’t adapt,
And she’ll be known as handicapped.

So let’s be careful where she’s sent,
We want her life to be content.
Please, Lord, find the parents who
Will do a special job for You.

They will not realize right away
The leading role they're asked to play.
But with this child sent from above,
Comes stronger faith and richer love.
And soon they'll know the privilege given
In caring for their gift from Heaven.
Their precious charge so meek and mild
Is Heaven's Very Special Child."

by Edna Massimilla



Linda Sue at 3 months and 9 months.



Linda Sue Perry, age 8, after we returned home from the Philippines.

Chapter 12

Mission Trip to Basilan

On Saturday and Sunday, December 15 and 16, 1956, Bert and three Zamboanga Bible College students took a trip to Basilan City, an island south of Zamboanga City. The trip was made in answer to an invitation by the church in Mahiyahi, a community on the south side of the island, for the occasion of the opening service in their new church building. The congregations at Maluso and Isabela were also invited to the service and dinner afterwards. It was similar to the same type of occasions in the States with our fellowship dinners.

Bert and the students left Zamboanga City at 9:00 A.M. on Saturday by motor launch for the island of Basilan City, and it took them two hours to cross Basilan Strait where they landed at Isabela. After having had a cold Coca-Cola at a small air-conditioned cafe (unusual in the Philippines), they proceeded to the house of some of the brethren who worked for Basilan Lumber Company. The brother introduced them to the head of the company, who invited them to the company guest house for snacks of "real" American hamburgers, "real" ham sandwiches, and home-made ice cream.

At 2:00 P.M., Bert and the students boarded a bus (truck) for Maluso and Mahiyahi. They traveled on a new government road which was supposed to be graveled all the way, but it turned out to be a two rut road graveled with "mud". It had not rained in twenty-four hours, so they made it through, getting stuck only once for a few minutes; however, they were not so fortunate on the trip back the next day, as it rained hard that morning. They got stuck in the same spot, but this time it took them one and one-half hours to get out. Everyone had to leave the bus to make it lighter (that is, everyone except Bert). He did not like the idea of

stepping off into the mud, which was about eight inches deep, so he stayed on the bus.

The new church building at Mahiyahi was an old house repaired and rearranged; nevertheless, the brethren were very proud of it, as the building represented a big step forward for them. They financed the project themselves. They also had a new sign on the building with an electric light over it, plus electric lights inside the building, which is unusual in that part of the Philippines.

Sunday night Bert was invited to the guest house again, and when he came in, the cook asked him what he wanted for dinner. Bert asked him what he had, and he replied, "Anything you want." Bert called for a steak dinner and received it with all the trimmings. The cook told him the lumber company had a deep freeze and kept it stocked with all kinds of fresh meat and American foods.

To add to his comfort, Bert had an American bed to sleep in that night, and the three students stayed in the homes of some of the Filipino brethren. They would have to arise at 4:30 A.M. in order to catch the 5:00 A.M. boat back to Zamboanga City, but when the students awakened Bert, he looked at his watch and discovered it was only 3:30 A.M. He asked them why they were one hour early. They said they were telling time by the position of the moon and must have miscalculated. They all went to the dock, boarded a boat leaving at 4:00 A.M., and arrived in Zamboanga before 6:00 A.M.

During December, most Filipinos were engaged in their various Christmas celebrations. Children were going about each night, carrying their lanterns made of bamboo, covered with white and colored tissue. Most of the lanterns were in the shape of a star, although they were designed in many varieties of shapes. Due to the lack of cedar and pine trees in the Philippines,

many of the Filipinos put up "homemade" trees, covered with tissue and crepe paper, plus decorations highlighting the trees. The star is the typical Christmas symbol for the Filipinos. Americans did not get the "feel" of the Christmas season because the weather was so hot. When the school children went caroling, it was very hard, even with an active imagination, to picture "Dashing through the Snow", or a "White Christmas" in a land of continuous summer. Filipino children sang the carols without having known what snow was, never having seen snow, nor having experienced the joy of building snowmen.

We will never forget our first Christmas in the Philippines. Members of the church at Clark Air Base on Luzon were responsible for making our holidays enjoyable and our Christmas a merry one, even though 10,000 miles separated us from our homeland. They sent packages containing every type of gift designed to delight the hearts of children — from Barbie dolls and other "little girl things" to toy cars and other "little boy things". Sister Edwina Bull of Manila also sent a Christmas ham to us and the Bone family, as well as toys for the children. We got together with Don and Nell for Christmas dinner. Our Filipino neighbors sent over homemade goodies and we received gifts from some businesses in town. Nell added to our Christmas joy by bringing over a home-baked breakfast cake in the shape of a Christmas tree, decorated with candy. On the foreign field, such acts of kindness mean a lot.

Chapter 14

The Faith of David Lachica

While in the Philippines, Bert and Don had a very encouraging experience which taught them that the more they adapted their missionary methods to those of the apostle Paul, the more successful they would be.

They realized that they had to have faith in God and His Word to give the increase. Furthermore, they had to have faith in their converts to work and reproduce spiritually as they had been taught.

The story of David Lachica's faith served as a strong influence. David and his wife had been students at Baguio College. While in Baguio, David was baptized by Brother Ralph Brashears; his wife was baptized by Brother Bone. David studied Bible under Don at Philippine Bible College, but did not consider himself a ministerial student.

When the time came for David Lachica and his wife to return home to Caburan, he asked Brother Bone for instructions in what to do concerning worship services, as there were no Christians in his home town. Don gave him some gospel tracts and a Bible, told him to start worship services in his home, convert as many as possible to Christ, then build a church building.

Brother Lachica went home, baptized 300 people, established two congregations, and built two church buildings, all in one and one-half years. He and his converts did all of this without asking for any outside help. Bert and Don received a letter from David, asking that they come and visit with them, in order to help strengthen the brethren. They consented to do so in the future as time permitted.

In October 1956 there was a Filipino wedding at the church

building. The 15 year old bride was dressed in a white satin wedding gown with a veil, and she was attended by six bridesmaids. The building was not decorated as elaborately as weddings in the States. Mary Jane served as the little flower girl and carried a homemade basket of flowers down the aisle. Little Philip Bone served as the ring bearer, carrying the ring on a pillow. Later in the day, Don, Nell, Bert, and all the children went to the house of the bride's parents for a reception of rice, pork, and pudding, but no wedding cake. These Filipinos were of the poorer class.

In December 1956 there were two childbirths among the ladies of the Baliwasan congregation. Sister Desosa delivered her fourteenth baby; both mother and baby came through with no problems. But Sister Soler died in childbirth, having had her baby delivered at home with a midwife in attendance. Complications arose, and the midwife let her hemorrhage to death rather than call a doctor. Brother Soler, a barber, notified Bert and Brother Bone, who secured a doctor and took Sister Soler to Brent Hospital. She had not yet passed away, but her blood vessels had already collapsed, and all efforts to revive her failed. The baby boy was strong and healthy, and this made four children for Brother Soler. The midwife custom is a bad system in the Philippines.

Grandma Fontanillia, 83 years old, who lived next door to us, was sick in the hospital, but miracle drugs made her well. These were just some of the happenings as we saw the year 1956 fade away.

As the year 1956 drew to a close, we recounted the mission work that had been accomplished thus far in Zamboanga City and other islands in the Philippines, then we started planning our work for 1957. The longer we were in that part of the world, the more we realized how much teaching was needed among the Filipinos. The Catholic religion was predominant, and

Catholicism was even planted in the hearts of children.

One of Judy Carol's classmates, who was the daughter of a prominent Catholic in the community, told Judy that she would like to look inside the church of Christ building. After having looked in, the Filipina exclaimed, "Oh, you have no gods in your church." Judy Carol replied, "Our God is in Heaven." The classmate revealed her belief in idols when she remarked, "Oh, but you have to have gods in the building!", which showed that even though the Catholics denied worshipping their images, this little girl was growing up with the idea that idols are God and are to be worshiped.

Attendance at the Baliwasan congregation continued to increase. One Sunday, a goal of 60 was set for Bible study; the next Sunday we had 61. Then we raised the goal to 75, and the following Sunday, attendance ran 67. We had one visitor who came as a result of having listened to the radio program: the lady said that she and all her neighbors always listened to the sermons.

The Baliwasan congregation regretted the loss of one of our most faithful members, "Auntie", who lived with her blind sister in a nipa hut behind our house. They moved to Manila to live with a niece, and "Auntie" was to help care for the children, do housework, etc., in exchange for her keep. She was the one who gave \$5.00 to help get us to the Philippines, although she was very poor. Everyone in the church and the whole neighborhood thought so much of "Auntie" and we were all sorry to see her leave.

I missed "Auntie" because she was one of my most trusted friends upon whom I could depend. She volunteered to help me with Linda Sue in a special way that I will never forget. Every Sunday morning, a knock at the door told me that "Auntie" had come to carry the baby to the church building and to hold her during services. I appreciated her kind, unselfish ways. Our chil-

dren and little Philip Bone loved to go to “Auntie’s” nipa hut when she was cooking rice cakes, which she served on banana leaves. To the children, this was something unique, and “Auntie” delighted in sharing her rice cakes. We soon learned that the banana leaves served more purposes than one. During the rain season, Filipinos created their own umbrellas by shielding their heads with huge banana leaves. To them this was just as serviceable as real umbrellas.

We did not need an alarm clock in Zamboanga City for early morning awakening, as the vendors came through our neighborhood calling out loud and strong — “Balut!...Balut!” No one could miss hearing these 5:00 A.M. chants. What is Balut? It is chicken or duck cooked in the shell and is a somewhat popular food item in the Philippines, especially with the Filipinos. It is prepared by incubating a duck or chicken egg to the almost hatched stage, then cooking the egg in boiling water. The final step is to mix the egg content with rice and indulge in a Filipino delicacy. But the people, including some Americanos, who are repulsed by this concoction, consider it anything but a delicacy.

Chapter 15

Dawning of the Year 1957

The old year 1956 went out with a bang, and the new year 1957 came in with many big bangs, as the Filipinos in Zamboanga City seemed to have had more fire crackers than usual for this new year. There was a city ordinance against the shooting of fire crackers; however, enforcement seemed to have taken a vacation.

New Year's Eve was on a Tuesday, our regular public meeting night in town, but there was so much noise that Bert and Don did not even try to preach. Besides the fire crackers, there were also many "bamboo cannons" booming out their earth trembling explosions. Bamboo cannons were invented by the Chinese and have been used in actual combat. But the Filipinos seemed to have devised some way to explode the cannons with kerosene, and every time one went off, the earth all over town trembled.

The new year started off on a tragic note, as two men were killed, with whom we were slightly acquainted. The first was Philip J. Watts, an American who was President and General Manager of the Watts Selective Philippine Timber Company, Inc. He and his family were permanent residents of Zamboanga City, due to his lumber business. Watts, along with his payroll clerk and another American, was taking the payroll back into the forest to a remote lumber camp at 4:30 one morning when they were ambushed by five Moro bandits. They were riding in a jeep and fired upon by the Moros with U. S. carbines. The Moro tribe (Mohammedans) are a Malaysian people of the southern Philippines. Watts, driver of the jeep, was killed, and the others would have been killed had it not been for the quick thinking of the other American. He grabbed the steering wheel and pushed the accelerator down with his other hand, driving them on out of

danger. The five Moros who committed the murder were caught and convicted.

The second man killed during the new year was a Mr. Langford, who owned a welding and machine shop in Zamboanga City. His father was Americana, and his mother was Chinese. We took an oil drum to him to be cut into, to be used in heating our wash water. Immediately after Mr. Langford finished our job, his brother-in-law, a Filipino, came to him with a carbine he had stolen from a guard and shot him three times, killing him with the third shot. The brother-in-law gave himself up shortly to the police. He said he shot Mr. Langford because he stopped giving him money.

Foreign missionaries must forever pursue challenges and methods of evangelism which will win souls to Christ. Bert and Donald Bone rigged up a P.A. system and used it on Tuesday night of each month in a public meeting downtown on a rented lot. The brethren at Clark Air Base donated the amplifier; Bert and Don sent to the States and bought two 10-inch Permanent Magnet speakers. They bought some plywood and made the boxes for the speakers, bought the lead-in wire to the speakers, bought light fixtures for the lot, and paid two months' rent on the lot, which cost \$10.00 per month. The electric bill was \$4.00 per month. One thing needed to go with the P.A. system was a good "dynamic" microphone with a floor stand and desk stand. Buying a microphone in the Philippines was out of the question, as it would be too high priced, so temporarily the microphone to Don's tape recorder was used.

Two six-inch speakers were used with the amplifier in the church building on Sundays. During weekdays, the speakers were placed in the boys' dormitory so Don and Bert could talk to the students when necessary. A two-way communication system was installed with wires running from our house to the Bones'

house, connecting our tape recorders. This was a convenient setup, as we could talk with one another without leaving the house, and it was especially handy at night and when it rained.

The P.A. system was a permanent part of our mission work in the Philippines. We had our broken record player repaired so we could use it through the amplifier or through either one of the tape recorders.

We had our first public meeting at the rented lot on the evening of Tuesday, February 19, 1957, beginning at 7:00 P.M., with preaching, singing, prayer, and a question-and-answer period. About 50 adults and 50 children were present. Rocks were thrown at us. Catholic priests were standing in the back of the crowd, directing little children to throw the rocks.

On the morning of February 2, 1957, a wooden boat, approximately 60 feet long, sank beside one of the Zamboanga piers. The cause of sinking was due to the fact that more and more cargo was being loaded on the boat until finally it could not hold up any more. It was fortunate that the boat sank at the pier, for a few of them had sunk from overloading after they were in deep water.

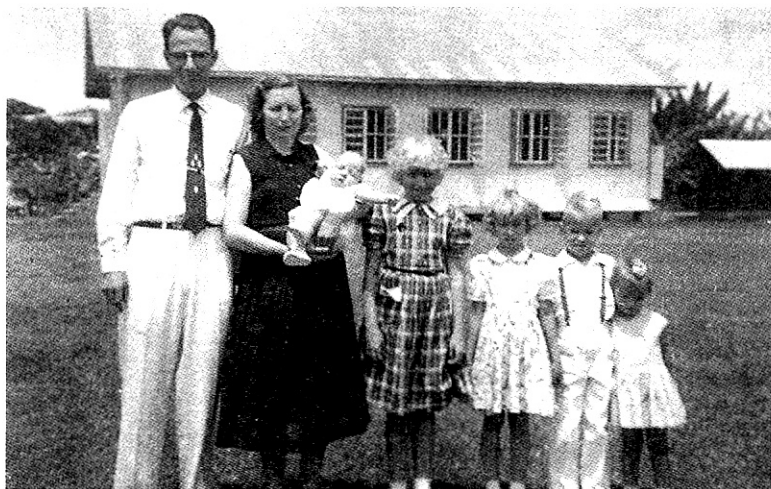
The missionary house in which we lived had been in dire need of being painted for the first time, so after we had acquired some money in the "paint fund", we were thankful to see a coat of white paint applied to the house. At least this was a starter, and plans were made to apply a second coat as soon as more money was added to the paint fund. We visualized painting our window and door screen frames black, as well as painting the inside of the house, since it was dark with no paint. The boys' and girls' dormitories also needed to be painted. Most houses in the Philippines were painted multicolors, but white is much cooler in the hot tropical climate of the Islands.

As time went on, we realized more fully our need for gospel

tracts, as many as we could possibly attain, some printed in Spanish, as there were thousands of people in Zamboanga who read and understood Spanish. The need was just as urgent for teaching people who spoke different dialects. Some of the congregations in the Zamboanga area conducted their services in Spanish and needed Spanish hymnals.

In March 1957, the Filipinos were in mourning for their President Magsaysay, who was killed in an airplane crash. The plane was checked before it took off, and apparently nothing was wrong, but it caught fire in midair. Twenty-eight other people were killed.

Our students of Zamboanga Bible College and other young people of the Baliwasan congregation started a young people's meeting, which was conducted prior to Sunday evening services at 5:00 P.M. They began this class on their own volition and only asked Bert and Don for advice as to type programs, etc. They did remarkably well and showed signs of initiative.



Bert, Margie, baby Linda Sue, Judy Carol, Mary Jane, Richard, Donna Gay.

Chapter 16

Lectureship at Tayasan, Negros, Oriental

On Monday, April 1, 1957, Don and Bert left Zamboanga City by inner-island ship, *Albert I*, for Dumaguete City, on their way to Tayasan, Negros, Oriental, to attend a lectureship. It took them one-half day and one night to reach Dumaguete City. The trip on the ship was pleasant enough, as it was not crowded, and the food was fairly good. They reached Dumaguete City at 6:00 A.M. on Tuesday, April 2nd.

After having spent the day in Dumaguete sightseeing and taking pictures, they retired for the night in a hotel, then left the next morning by bus (truck) for Tayasan. The distance was 52 miles, half of which consisted of concrete highway; nevertheless, riding in the truck with board benches for seats made it very hard and tiresome during the four hour trip to Tayasan.

When Bert and Don arrived in Tayasan, they were the only visitors from another island; however, the next day, four more preachers arrived from Mindanao Island. Every meeting during the lectureship, the church building was full, and many more people were sitting outside listening through the windows. Bert and Don had prepared all their lessons in mimeograph form to hand out to everyone. This is something that had never been done by speakers before, and it happened to be the best lectureship they had ever attended in the Philippines. This effort resulted in eight baptisms.

On the return trip, Don and Bert left Tayasan at noon, Sunday, April 7, arriving at Dumaguete at 4:30 P.M., just in time to board the ship, *Grace I*, for Zamboanga City. They had expected to stay in Dumaguete until Tuesday, April 9, for the return of the ship, *Albert I*. But having made it to Dumaguete earlier than anticipated, they caught the ship, *Grace I*, thereby

arriving home two days before the scheduled time, Monday, April 8th. They deemed it a worthwhile endeavor to have participated in the Tayasan lectureship.

Aside from mission trips to various islands and carrying on the Lord's work in Zamboanga City, our family had to spend time in the tedious matters of red tape with the Philippine government. This included re-registering with the Immigration Bureau, an annual affair: buying new driver's license, auto tags, income tax, etc.

Many things that are considered minor in the United States, such as buying a new driver's license, seemed to be a major operation in the Philippines. We had to fill out six papers, six cards, have them all notarized, put our thumb prints on all of them, and furnish a photo for each family member. Now this would not have been so complicated if it could have been done all in one building, but no, we had to walk all over town to at least three different buildings.

When we got all the papers and cards filled out, we had to take them all over the building where the license offices were located. Just as we were thinking that we finally had accomplished the necessary requirements, we looked forward to handing over the \$2.50 fee and winding up the red tape. But not so! We were told to go to the City Hall to pay the money, get an official receipt, and bring it back. Then, and then only, would our driver's license be issued. We were obedient to this request, but it was not over yet! The clerk told us to come back "tomorrow" and they would finish issuing our license. One of the philosophies of the Filipinos is "never do anything today that you can put off until tomorrow." *Manana* is good enough for them!

In Zamboanga City there happened to be a non-fruit-bearing orange tree growing beside the front steps of the church building. It had grown so big that its branches were blocking about one-

half of the steps; therefore, it was decided that the tree had to be transplanted. Don and Bert did not want to destroy the tree, as it was truly a beautiful one. They cut back most of the branches until there was not a leaf left on the tree. Then they had some of the students to dig it up, preserving all the roots they could, and plant it out about twenty feet from the building. One of the students was assigned to keep the tree watered.

Our students and most of the members of the congregation told us that surely the tree would not live, and the work was wasted, as a tree could not live without leaves. Bert and Don explained to them that in a cold climate, most all trees lose their leaves in winter and re-grow them in the spring. A week later, Bert said to one of the students, "The tree must be dead, as it has no new leaves yet." The student answered with a smile on his face, "it is still winter, Sir." After one more week, they were pleased to see little green buds all over the tree. When Bert told the students and members of the church about this new life, they all had to go and see for themselves, as they felt sure the tree was dead. The same student remarked, with a happy look on his face, "It is spring now, Sir."



Donald Bone and Bert Perry on a trip to Tayasan, Negros, Oriental



Philippine Annual Bible Lectureship, Tayasan, Negros, Oriental, April 4-7, 1957



"To Brother Bert M Perry and family. May this replica remind you of some brethren from Negros! Best Wishes and Love, Bro. Santiago L. Sameon and all."

Chapter 17

Extended Trip to Davao City and Caburan

Almost one-half of the month of May 1957 was used by Don and Bert in making a trip by ship to Davao City and Caburan, in Davao Province, south of Davao City.

Their ship, *Legaspie*, was scheduled to arrive in Zamboanga City at 10:00 P.M., Sunday, May 19, but did not arrive until 1:30 A.M., Monday, May 20th. They were informed that the ship would leave Zamboanga City for Davao at about 4:00 A.M. the same morning, so they boarded it and tried to settle down to sleep on their cots on deck, amidst the noise of loading and unloading cargo. Four o'clock came and went, but still the ship failed to leave. Finally at 10:30 A.M. the ship pulled out. Needless to say, they could have had a good night's rest at home, had they been properly informed as to the departure of the ship.

It turned out to be a very pleasant trip to Davao, as they slept on the top deck (1st class without cabin) and had their meals in the ship's air-conditioned dining room. An added comfort was air-conditioned cabins. They arrived in Davao City at 6:00 A.M., Wednesday, May 22nd. The first thing they did was to contact the Davao Penal Colony Receiving Station and were informed that a truck would take them to the Colony that evening, which afforded them the entire day to see the city of Davao. Bert was able to recognize some of the buildings and streets because he had seen Brother Leland O'Neal's color slides of Davao before coming to the Philippines. In fact, he took one picture from exactly the same spot that Leland did of a street showing a sign advertising Evenrude motors; the only difference was that the 1948 Studebaker in Leland's picture was not there for Bert's picture.

At about 4:30 P.M., Bert and Don boarded the truck that

transported them to the Penal Colony. When they arrived inside the gates, a young man who was “66” (Philippine expression for “crazy”) threw two large stones at the truck, breaking the windshield. Fortunately, it was safety glass, so no one was hurt.

That night, Bert and Don stayed in the home of Brother and Sister Manzon, whom Bert recognized from Leland’s pictures. He was a nurse and she was a school teacher in the Colony. Next day, Friday, they toured the Colony, and in the evening they held a preaching service with the prisoners who were members of the church. Many of them remembered Leland and asked about him.

That same evening, Don came down with a bad case of the flu, which, at that time, happened to be an epidemic in the Philippines; nevertheless, they felt they had to keep their schedule, so they returned next morning by bus to Davao City. Immediately upon arrival, Don went to the doctor, who prescribed medicine and bed rest. After having located a hotel room and putting Don to bed, Bert proceeded to the Receiving Station again to meet Brother David Lachica from Caburan.

Since Brother Lachica had done a tremendous, outstanding work of establishing two congregations in his home town, Caburan, building two church buildings, and baptizing 300 people, and had requested that Bert and Don come to Caburan to strengthen the brethren, they set out on the trip.

Caburan is located approximately 100 miles south of Davao City on the east coast. Brother Lachica, Don, Bert, and the owner of an outboard motor vinta left by bus for the four-hour trip to Basiauan, from where they proceeded by vinta. When they arrived at Basiauan, they learned that there were two other men who had been left to watch the vinta and motor and would travel with them, making a total of six men, plus their baggage. It seemed like an overload; however, they were assured that the vinta was made large enough to hold as many as ten men.

The owner of the vinta informed the rest of the men that he had recently painted it black, and the paint was not quite dry yet. When they got into the vinta, they discovered it was not paint, but tar. Something else they learned was the purpose of the two extra men. The vinta leaked like a sieve; the two extra men were for bailing. Bert and Don were told to put their raincoats over their laps, covering their legs and shoes, as sometimes water splashed over the boat.

Six hours — and a hundred or more splashings later — they arrived at Caburan, thoroughly wet and tired. The first four hours of the trip they were traveling in the Davao Gulf; the last two hours they were in the Philippine Sea. Arriving after dark (7:45 P.M.) made their beaching of the vinta more difficult than usual. The motor was shut down about 30 yards from shore, then they drifted in with the waves — backwards.

Due to the size of the waves on the Philippine Sea, it took ten to fifteen men to help them land; the men were on the beach waiting with two Coleman lanterns. As the vinta came near, some of the men proceeded to go out into the water to pull it, and when it first touched the beach, all the men grabbed hold and pulled the vinta clear out of the water onto the beach. All of the men in the vinta immediately jumped out and helped pull it farther up on the beach, out of reach of the tide. Just as it was being pulled onto the beach, one last wave (a big one) washed over Bert's end of the vinta, completely soaking him and all the baggage. That night he and Don rested well on U. S. Army cots.

The next morning, Sunday, May 26, it was raining but the Philippine Sea did not seem very rough. Brother Lachica said their first scheduled worship service was in a community located down the south coast, about a 20 minute ride by vinta. There was nothing to do but put on some old clothes, raincoats, straw hats, and proceed in the rain. The trip was uneventful except that the

raincoats and hats did not keep them dry. They had to land about one-half mile from the church building, as the beach was very rocky. Approximately 100 people were present for worship services; Bert and Don both preached while Brother Lachica served as interpreter.

The trip back was a little more eventful, as it was raining harder, and the Sea was rough, causing them to go against the tide and waves. As they were rounding one point where the water was extremely rough, two huge waves washed over them, filling the vinta half full of water. The pilot immediately shut down the engine, and all four of the Filipinos jumped over the side to balance the vinta and bail it out as quickly as possible. Bert and Don each grabbed a paddle and began to push toward calmer waters nearer shore. They thought for a moment they were going to be able to say with the apostle Paul that they had been in the "deep", but the quick actions of everyone brought them safely through.

That afternoon they conducted worship services at the church building in Caburan with approximately 150 people attending, even though it was raining and very muddy. As the invitation hymn was offered, Brother Lachica's father came forward and obeyed the gospel. After services Bert baptized him in a stream one-half mile away; the stream was only six inches deep, very muddy, and a raging torrent, due to the rain. In the States it would have been impossible to baptize in such a place, but in this instance they dammed up the stream with stones to make it about one and one-half feet deep and proceeded with the baptism.

The next morning, Monday, the owner of the vinta left in his vinta; he must have sensed that Don and Bert were going to ask him to take them back to Davao, so he wanted to take off as quickly as possible. As a result of his leaving, they had to wait three days for a motor launch. They left Caburan at 10:30 Wednesday night aboard the launch loaded with people and

cargo, taking sixteen hours to reach Davao. They had planned to leave Davao Thursday at 8:00 A.M. aboard the *Ilacano*, but, of course, they arrived too late and missed the boat. They were able to board another boat, which left at 1:30 A.M. Friday for Zambaonga City, arriving home at 6:00 A.M. Saturday, June 1st.

Chapter 18

Encouragement of Visitors

Sometimes amid the stress and pressure of daily routine mission work, there comes a longing for companionship of other people, someone to be with, someone to talk with, someone to offer encouragement. This can turn a dreary day into sunshine.

While Donald Bone and Bert were on their trip to Davao City and Caburan, an Americana lady, member of the church in Manila, Philippines, Edwina Bull, came to Zamboanga City to visit Nell Bone and me. She is the one who treated me and my family so well with her genuine hospitality when we stopped in Manila on our way to Zamboanga City from the States in May 1956. Sister Bull also showed hospitality to Nell when it was necessary for her to go to Manila for the birth of her baby daughter, Donell.

When Sister Bull came to Zamboanga City by plane with 29 other American ladies whose husbands were in government work at Manila, Nell and I went to the airport, took our children along, and met the plane. As we watched the ladies, one by one, alight from the plane, we remarked, "That's the most Americans we have seen at one time since we arrived in the Philippines." All the ladies got together and went on a sightseeing tour. They stayed part of a day and one night in Zamboanga City viewing the historical points of interest. They slept and ate at the Hotel Bayot while Edwina visited with Nell and me. After the ladies finished touring Zamboanga City, they traveled to the Del Monte Pineapple Factory, which is located on the same island, Mindanao. Afterwards they took a plane to Cebu.

Nell and I were thankful for the things Sister Bull brought us from Manila: Cheese, Kitchen Bouquet (brown liquid which gave gravy an added flavor), and instant tea. For the children she

brought cookies, candy, and chewing gum. Another lady in Manila sent Nell a ham and a roast by Edwina, and Nell shared it by giving me half the ham, which was a rare treat.

Late one afternoon, Bert brought a Dutchman home with him, and it was interesting to talk with someone from another country. He said he had just come from Holland and was on his way to New Guinea to deliver a tugboat; he took advantage of the few days layover in Zamboanga City by visiting us. I asked him if all the people in Holland wore the traditional wooden shoes, and he said, "No, only a few on festive occasions."

Brother (1st Lt.) William DeMontbreun, treasurer and one of the main leaders in the Clark Air Base congregation near Manila, was able to visit with us for part of a day. We were pleased to be with him, as this was the first visit we ever had from any of the Clark Air Base brethren. Brother DeMontbreun flew to Zamboanga City on a C-47 plane and brought some food items for us that were hard to obtain, as well as high-priced. He promised to return, if possible, and bring other brethren with him. He said the attendance of the Clark Air Base congregation was running about 60.

On another occasion George Gurganus paid us a nice visit; he had done mission work in Japan for eight years. After having visited in Zamboanga City, he left for Manila by plane, then on to Singapore, India, Union of South Africa, French West Africa, Nigeria, French Equatorial Africa, Northern Rhodesia, and South America. Brother Gurganus' purpose in touring these points was to study and prepare facts for a special course in "World Missions" which he planned to teach at Freed-Hardeman College upon his return to the States.

In January 1957, a ship came into the Zamboanga Harbor, and an Americana got off by the name of Dixon from Manhattan, New York City; Bert invited him home for a visit. He was a sin-

gle man, had quit his job overseas, and was taking the long way home; he estimated it would take him about a year to get back to the States. On the same day, three American men from Clark Air Base flew to Zamboanga City on a sightseeing tour. Bert and Don took them around town to see the historical highlights, then invited them to stay and eat supper with us. Nell and I put our food together, so we turned out a well-balanced meal. We were proud of ourselves for being able to serve visitors on such short notice, and we did enjoy the pleasant get-together. The three young men from Clark Air Base were also single, and when one of them announced that he was from Sapulpa, Oklahoma, I told him I was from Oklahoma, too, and was happy to see another "Okie". One of the men was from Pennsylvania and the other from Florida.

Another appreciated visitor to Zamboanga City was an American, Mr. Phipps, a Baptist, who was on an inspection tour for his company. Bert and I met him in town, took him sightseeing for about an hour, then invited him to our evening church service and supper afterwards. He accepted the invitation and explained that, being a religious-minded person, he appreciated invitations from missionaries when he was away from home, as most of his business associates were very worldly.

Living in the Philippines would not be complete without a monkey in the family. Bert bought one of these jungle creatures, a short-tailed rhesus monkey, from an agency in Zamboanga City for \$1.50. The agency captured this type and sent them to the United States for medical purposes.

Our monkey acquired a strong dislike for our oldest daughter, Judy Carol, and we assumed that in his monkey mind he resented her because she was a platinum blonde, completely different from the black-haired Filipinos. So the monkey set out to prove his resentment by aggravating Judy, and he seemed to thor-

oughly enjoy his pursuit.

One day the monkey broke loose from his chain and chased Judy around the house. The race was on! It was the kind of chase to see which one could outrun the other — monkey or girl. Well, the monkey won out, caught up with Judy, and got too close for comfort. At last he had reached his goal of touching her hair, the object of his curiosity. Her fright produced shrieks and screams that could be heard all around. The rhesus got his point across: he did not want Judy to invade his territory, and after this escapade, to be sure, she saw to it that there was no invasion!

The monkey met his fate one time while our entire family was out visiting. Upon our return we found a dead monkey. Apparently he had wrapped his chain around the pole and hanged himself with his collar. After this happened, some of the neighbors informed us that we should have placed the collar around the monkey's waist instead of his neck.

This is not the end of the monkey capers. One of our friends gave Philip Bone a four month old monkey, and the smaller children thought it was a novelty. The monkey climbed all over them, got into their hair, and scared Donna Gay more than it did Philip, Richard, and Mary Jane. But the monkey did furnish a lot of fun for the children. There was a saying we sometimes heard in Zamboanga City which went like this: "Oh, the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga". This happens to be true, and it turned into a song.

Something exciting was always happening in Zamboanga City. One night the Police Department sent out loud speakers announcing that a prisoner from San Ramon Prison had escaped and warning everybody to watch out for him. He was supposed to be in our neighborhood, so we locked all our windows and doors. Next morning, Don called us over the tape recorder and asked, "Are you folks alright, or did the San Ramon prisoner take

care of you last night?" We were happy to report that we had not seen the prisoner.

On a hot, humid day, Don and Nell Bone, Bert and I, along with the children, decided to visit an elderly couple, Brother and Sister Climaco, who lived in Cawit, near Zamboanga City. One of the first things they told us when we arrived was that someone had stolen their carabao, which cost \$150.00. Carabaos are used in the Philippines for plowing and making crops. With their carabao gone, the Climacos had no living. They had no children, no family at all on whom to depend, and no savings, only the small plot of rocky land they owned on the side of the mountain.

We felt sure the Climacos would never find their carabao, since the animal probably had been killed and eaten. These people were not the type to be dependent on charity; they were willing to work, but their means to work had now come to an end. The church in Baguio had helped them with some clothing, but the Climacos realized that when their corn gave out, they would have no food and no way to make any.



Our monkey that disliked Judy Carol.

Chapter 19

Unexpected Occurrences

Foreign missionaries like to think that their Bible students are honest, reliable, and trustworthy. Our Zamboanga Bible College students possessed these traits; however, there was one exception. One student betrayed our trust. He was doing household chores for Don and Nell Bone and doing something extra on the side — stealing. While shining their floors with a coconut husk, in a very sly manner he would make his way over to the pantry and sneak food items. This was only the beginning of his theft.

One evening as Nell was leaving to go to church services across the street, she walked down her stairway, not knowing that the culprit was hiding underneath the stairs. As soon as she was out of sight, he entered the house, took Nell's jewelry box containing valuable items and important papers, then proceeded to bury it under a banana tree. To add to the dilemma, the student later came inside the house with a knife while my children and I were there with Nell. Don and Bert happened to be away on a mission trip at the time, so we had no one else to turn to except the Zamboanga Bible College students, who helped us get in touch with the police. After they arrived at Nell's house, they confronted the guilty student and demanded that he return the jewelry box. What he put all of us through was a frightening experience.

Nell knew she had to act quickly in solving this unexpected occurrence, and she found encouragement in the fact that our Zamboanga Bible College students stood ready to help in any way. One of the students arranged for the culprit to be "shipped out" as this was necessary to keep him from causing further trouble.

After this trouble-maker was put on a boat, Nell and I thought

he would be heading home to Cotabato, and the air was going to be cleared of any further antagonism. At last we could get a good night of peaceful sleep. Wrong! We slept until midnight when we were awakened by a loud knock at the door. Upon answering the call, we stood there in a state of shock and utter amazement, as we gazed into the face of the one who was supposed to have been a boat passenger! All kinds of questions entered our minds. How did he get off that boat? Why did he return to Nell's house? How could we handle him this time? We finally got the answers out of him. He told Nell that before the boat shoved off, he decided he did not want to ride that particular one. So he demanded money from Nell so he could sail on a first-class boat. We got the money together and handed it to him, as we realized this was the only way we could get rid of our "problem student". He never did come back to bother us. The calm, peaceful atmosphere was "sweet as honey"!

Another unexpected occurrence was when a student, a house-boy who worked for us, approached Bert with a distressed look on his face. "Sir," he said, "I have a tooth problem. Could you vouch for me at the local dentist, or loan me the money, so I can have this tooth worked on?"

Bert decided that the best way to handle a situation like this would be to "stand good" for the dentist bill, assuming that the student would repay him in due time. So he was turned over to the dentist, and upon returning to school, he was flashing the most brilliant smile, a shining "gold crown" smile.

Bert was taking it for granted that the dental work for one tooth would be no more than \$10.00, but since his curiosity annoyed him, he asked the student, "How much was the bill?" He replied, "\$90.00, Sir." Bert was completely taken by surprise. In the States today, that would be considered a minimum charge for installing a gold crown, but in the Philippines in 1958, \$90.00

was a lot of money.

Bert decided to investigate the matter further, so he asked the student, "You mean the dentist charged \$90.00 for the installation of *one* gold crown on *one* tooth?" This student was very honest in his response to the question, as he answered, "Well, Sir, while I was at it, I thought I might just as well go ahead and have gold crowns put on a few more of my teeth." This young Filipino was well-acquainted with the age old art of taking advantage of a good thing. Besides, Filipinos observe a custom all their own — they believe the more gold they have on their teeth, the more prestige they have.

The end result was an agreement between Bert and the student, who was to work out the dental bill by polishing and shining our floors, as well as doing other jobs at our house. But when the school term came to a close and he had not finished working out the bill, he said, "Sir, I will go home, and my father will send you the rest of the money." The promise was fulfilled.

In all countries there are people who need help from time to time. In the Philippines this is especially true. One morning, a man came to Bert, and according to his actions, he apparently was upset and in a grieving mood. He said that last night his house caught fire and everybody escaped, except his wife, whom he said was pregnant. Bert was slightly acquainted with the man, since he was a cousin of one of the church members. He went on to say that at the last moment his wife appeared at a back window and jumped out, injuring herself very badly. He continued by saying that he took his wife to the General Hospital in Zamboanga City, and there she died. He presented his plea with these words, "Now, Brother Perry, all I need is money to buy a board to build my wife a casket and to bury her." Bert went ahead and gave the man the money he requested, as he had promised that he had some pigs he would sell to pay back the

money, or, he added, Bert could have the pigs if he wanted them.

After the man received the money and left, Bert decided he had better start investigating to learn if the story were true. If it were untrue, he needed to do something about it, or if it were true, the man may have needed more help. He began by relating the story to some of the Bible students and other members of the church, and they all told him the man in question was a known con artist. Bert then talked with the man's cousin, who verified the fact that definitely he was a con artist. This did not upset Bert too much, as the amount of money he had given the man was very little, according to American standards.

The next thing Bert did was to call the General Hospital to confirm whether or not the man's wife had died there the night before. The hospital administrator informed Bert that they were well-acquainted with the con man and his wife, who had not been to the hospital in a long time. His cousin said that the man could not sell Bert any pigs, or give him any pigs, because he did not own them; they belonged to a neighbor.

Bert did some further investigation by taking two of our biggest, strongest students with him and going to the con man's house to confront him. There stood the house intact, not burned, and the man's wife was at the door, very much alive! Bert asked for her husband, who came out shortly, then immediately snapped a close-up picture to identify him to the police, and informed the guilty one that he must accompany them to the Zamboanga City Police Department. Bert made it clear that he was determined to press charges. The man quietly entered the car and was escorted to the police station.

The Chief of Police took Bert aside and informed him that he had done a very dangerous thing; the Chief should have been notified first. He then proceeded to show Bert some pictures in his photo album of former and known criminals, including a pic-

ture of the man who had conned Bert. Obviously he was well known by the police. Bert was asked, "Do you want to press charges against this man or just get a statement from him assuring you that he will return the money within a week?" The Chief made certain that Bert understood if he pressed charges, the con man would surely go to jail and probably would have no way to pay back the money. All things considered, Bert decided not to press charges but rather to get the statement signed and verified by the Chief of Police. The man of guilt wanted to know how he was going to get back home, and since Bert did not want to drive him back, he gave him 25 cents for bus fare.

This is not the end of the story. During the following week, the man's cousin, who was a member of the church, came to Bert and asked to borrow money, which was exactly the same amount the con man owed. Bert did not hesitate to lend money to this brother, as he had borrowed from him before and very promptly repaid it.

When the time came for the con artist to pay back his debt, the money Bert had lent him, he arrived and repaid every cent. However, his cousin did not show up to repay Bert the money he had borrowed; in fact, thereafter we never saw him at church services. Bert was convinced that he had been conned again! The brother in the church to whom Bert had lent the money immediately took it to his cousin, who in turn brought it to Bert and repaid the debt with Bert's own money! In other words, Bert never saw either of the men again, and he was thankful to have gotten this chaotic experience behind him.

Chapter 20

Bone Family Leaves the Field

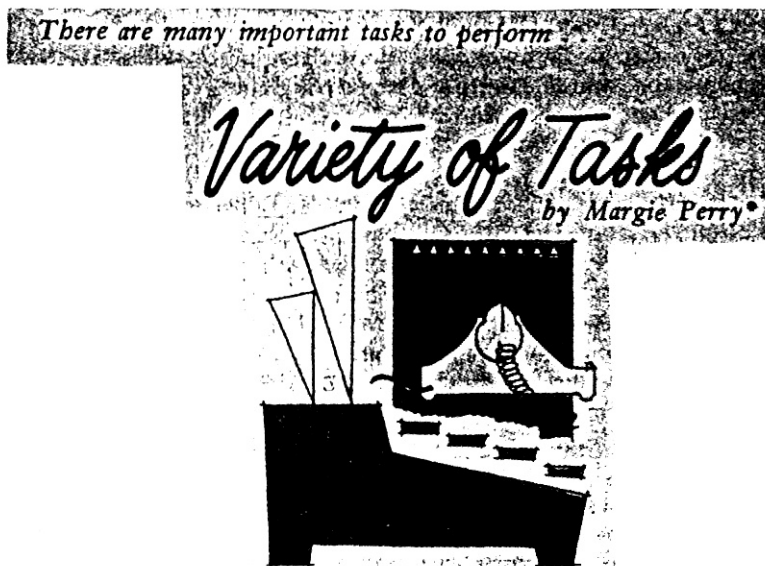
Missionaries on the foreign field are well aware of the fact that sooner or later they will have to bid farewell to co-workers. We knew the day was coming when we would be seeing the Bone family off to the United States. It was not easy to say good-bye to Don, Nell, little Philip, and baby Donell.

The one year association and work relationship we had with this fine family was pleasant and compatible. Don and Nell were always there for us in time of adversity and problems, providing encouragement and help, which gave us a feeling of security to know that someone was standing by. But now, we knew we were in for a lonely work schedule in the absence of our co-workers. The Bone family's mission term in Zamboanga City had come to an end, so we would have to accept it and do the best we could.

On June 15, 1957, Don, Nell, Philip, and Donell boarded the *Elcano*, an air-conditioned ship of the Philippine Steam Navigation Company, bound for Manila. At exactly 6:30 P.M., the ship pulled out, taking them on the first leg of their journey. Upon arrival in Manila, June 19, they were met by Brother and Sister Frate Bull, Americans who were affiliated with the U. S. Government in Manila.

On Friday, June 28, at 12:30 noon, the Bone family left Manila aboard the Viscount turbo-prop plane of the Philippine Air Lines for Hong Kong, where they were to visit with Sister Elizabeth C. Bernard, missionary for the church of Christ. From there they continued on to Tokyo, Japan, for a visit at Ibaraki Christian College. While in Japan they were scheduled to visit with the missionaries and stay in the home of Brother and Sister William L. Carrel. The Bones planned to attend the Annual Bible Encampment near Mt. Fuji. After having left Japan, they visited

Hawaii, arriving in the United States on July 17, 1957.



I received a letter from the editor of *Christian Woman*, magazine, stating that she would like for me to write an article for the December 1957 issue concerning my part of the mission work in Zamboanga City, Philippines.

I responded with the following:

Sincerely I wish that every Christian woman in America could realize the joys, blessings, and rewards that come from laboring on a foreign mission field.

From personal experience, I have found that engaging in this great work (1) brings one in closer relationship with God, (2) opens one's eyes to the great need of teaching the gospel to those in spiritual darkness, and (3) causes one to realize more fully the necessity of sac-

rificing the comforts of home in order to travel across the sea to serve those of other lands.

The Christian woman can become a useful servant for the Lord on the foreign mission field, and there are many important tasks for her to perform. For example, our work here in the Philippines involves much paper work and typing, such as monthly reports, letters, stencils for mid-week Bible lessons, tests for our Zamboanga Bible College students, etc. Thus, I have found a definite place at the typewriter.

Also, there are various things the Christian woman can take care of which time will not permit her missionary husband to do. For instance, I grade and mail out two correspondence Bible courses and, occasionally, we have calls from other islands for tracts and religious literature, among things which I package for mailing.

Another important phase of the woman's work is visiting neighbors who are non-members, taking them tracts to read and extending a personal invitation to attend the worship services of the church, and visiting delinquent members in an effort to get them to come back faithful to the Lord.

Visiting the sick in homes and hospitals is of the utmost importance in the work of the Lord. Then, there are prospects for conversion who need to be visited. This lends encouragement to them and breaks down any barriers that may be in their way.

In supervising our girls' dormitory, I share with these young Filipinas their problems and administer medicine to them when needed. While serving them in this capacity, I experience a fuller understanding of God's people on the foreign field.

Perhaps some of our readers have wondered how they can help out in our work. One of the greatest ways those at home can help is to send tracts and religious literature to the field. I am teaching a group of children, ages 9 to 13, on Sunday mornings and Thursday evenings, and my present need is workbooks which are designed for this particular age group.

We also need books to enlarge our Bible College Library, as our students are assigned to do research work from time to time. We need commentaries, Bible dictionaries, books on church history, books on denominational doctrines, Christian evidences, debates, sermon preparation, speech, and anything else that will be good for a school library. We can use new or used books, paper bound or cloth bound.

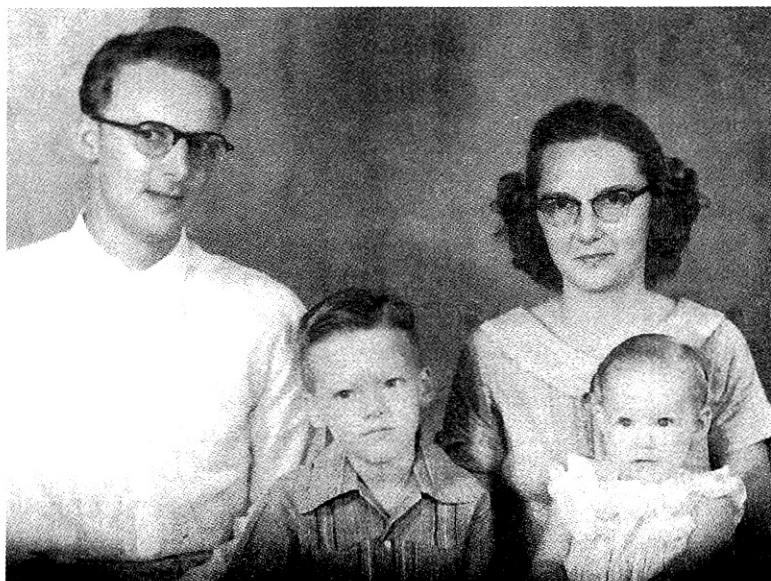
A definite way in which ladies' Bible classes at home can help in our work is to collect and send summer weight clothing to us. This clothing will be distributed to the needy people of the Zamboanga area.

At the present time, we are confronted with a difficult problem in our work in the Philippines. Recently, our co-workers, Brother and Sister Donald E. Bone, left the field, and we now have the full responsibility of the work. When a missionary leaves the field, a replacement is needed immediately; however, it is sometimes a year before another worker arrives to relieve the remaining missionary of his heavy load.

We need at least three or four more families on the field if the work of the Lord is to be successfully carried out. May there be more preachers and their wives who are willing to look beyond their own borders and answer the "Macedonian Call". The Lord said "Go", and

we, as Christians, must not ignore His command.

In some cases, however, a preacher sees his life-long ambition shattered by a wife who is unwilling to launch out and go with him to a foreign field. Thus, she becomes a hindrance to him rather than a help. Little may she realize that she is causing her husband to use the flimsy excuse, "I have married a wife; therefore I cannot come."



Don and Nell Bone with Children, Philip and Donell

Chapter 21

Trip to Ipil, Zamboanga Del Sur

On October 22, 1957, one of the Zamboanga Bible College students, Aquilino Bartolome, and Bert boarded a Philippine Air Lines plane, Otter (eleven passenger, single engine plane) at 6:00 A.M., bound for Ipil, Zamboanga del Sur. At exactly 6:35 A.M., the plane rolled to a stop on the airfield at Ipil. The trip by boat would have taken twelve hours. They went directly to the house of Aquilino's aunt, where they slept that night. That evening they conducted a public meeting, using a P.A. system which belonged to the city.

Brother Remigio Flores met Aquilino and Bert at Ipil in the afternoon, and the next day he guided them to Titay, his home. Titay is located eight miles north of Ipil, and due to the fact that the road was not completed and there was no available transportation, they walked. Although this walk was long and tiresome, they learned later that it was just a good warm-up for the walking which was to come.

A gospel meeting was conducted that night in a public place in Titay with mostly members of the church present. Bert had thought he was the first American evangelist ever to visit there, but the brethren informed him that Brother Floyd Hamilton had been there in past years. Bert was the first American from the church to visit the remainder of the places on the trip.

The next morning they walked three more miles to Kalawit, Zamboanga del Norte, and it was necessary to walk on the dikes of the rice fields. As the crow flies, the distance is only one and one-half miles, but by the path of the rice field dikes it is a zigzag three miles. More than once, Bert's foot slipped and he went up to his knees in muddy water, but at a cool, clear stream he and Aquilino stopped for a bath. It felt very refreshing compared to

their hot tropical walk. At Kalawit they preached in a gospel meeting in the home of one of the members on the afternoon of Thursday, October 24, and that night another meeting was held in a Roman Catholic home.

On the morning of October 25 they walked back to Titay, had a rice and fish lunch (also some sugar cane to chew), and walked on to Taway, the home of one of the Zamboanga Bible College students, located three-fourths of a mile north of Ipil. They had another refreshing bath in a nearby stream, washed some of their clothes, then had services in the home of a student, Emitterio Badon. After supper that evening, they walked on into Ipil to spend the night, so they would be close to the dock the next morning to catch the early motor launch for Kabasalan.

The next morning, Saturday, October 26, Bert and Aquilino boarded the M/L Basilan II, a double deck wooden boat with flimsy looking outriggers on each side. This boat had two engines and was therefore fast for a boat of its construction. Departure time from Ipil was 8:00 A.M. They were informed that possibly the boat would reach Kabasalan by 10:00 A.M., but such was not the case. At 10:00 o'clock the boat arrived at a little Moro village and unloaded cargo.

By 11:30 A.M., the boat moved on, but Aquilino and Bert were told they could not go to Kabasalan, as the tide was out; they would go on to another small coastal port near Olutanga Island and return to Kabasalan on the evening tide. Ipil, Kabasalan, and Siay are located inland on rivers and can be reached by the larger motor launches only during high tide. The evening high tide came but still they did not go to Kabasalan. Bert asked the pilot of the boat when they would be leaving for Kabasalan, and he said they would have to go in on the morning high tide, as it was too late then. So, on Sunday morning, October 27, at 3:00 o'clock, the boat began moving toward

Kabasalan, arriving at 6:00 A.M. The trip took seventeen hours by boat, when it should have taken only two hours; they could have walked it in six hours.

At Kabasalan, Bert and Aquilino were supposed to have met Brother A. Sugue Catalon, but since they were a day late arriving, he had gone on to Siay, leaving word with the operator of a small motor launch for them to proceed to Siay, where he would be waiting for them. They managed to contract a small motor launch to take them to Siay for \$5.00; the usual price was \$.50 per passenger when there was a full load.

They arrived at Siay at 11:30 A.M. in the midst of a presidential political rally. Brother Catalon was there in the crowd to meet them, and they had lunch shortly thereafter. Then at 2:30 P.M., one of the members of the church engaged a member of the Iglesia ni Cristo (church of Christ) by Manalo in a debate. The Manaloite was trying to prove that Christ is not God. Our preacher was giving Scripture showing that Christ *is* God. It was a typical Filipino debate with both speakers speaking at the same time, trying to shout down one another, with the timekeeper and moderators getting in a few words now and then. Of course, the audience was doing their part of the shouting. Bert took pictures of the ordeal to show the state-side brethren what a Filipino debate was like.

At the conclusion of the debate, about 3:30 P.M., Aquilino, Brother Catalon, and Bert, along with ten other brethren, proceeded to Labasan, three-fourths of a mile from Siay, to the home of another Zamboanga Bible College student. They ate supper, had a worship service (with Bert preaching), then went to bed Filipino style. In all the homes in which they stayed, they ate typical Filipino food (rice and fish) and slept typical Filipino fashion — on a bed mat spread on the floor, one or two pillows, a sheet or spread to cover with, and sometimes a mosquito net over them.

In some of the homes, everybody slept in one big room. When Bert and Quilino were far back into the mountains, they noticed that there were very few mosquitoes, so most of the Filipinos in those areas had no nets. Bert carried mosquito repellent along on the trip.

The next morning was the beginning of the long, hard walk over the wet, slippery, wild pig trails, over mountains, through the jungle, with trees 200 to 300 feet tall shutting out the light, across and through the clear water mountain streams (muddy and deep when it rained). At the advice of Brother Catalon, Bert had purchased a pair of tennis shoes for the journey, as he would have to make his choice of hip boots, tennis shoes, or go barefoot. His shoe size was 9-1/2, but size 9 was all he could find. He said the shoes felt fairly good until they shrank from wading in the water, and his feet swelled from walking. Brother Catalon indicated that in all their trudging through the jungle, crossing logs, and wading through streams up to their waist, with Coca-Cola flairs to light their way, they did not see any crocodiles.

The following morning at 9:00 o'clock, Aquilino and Bert started walking toward the mountains. Before reaching them, they had to walk through a few rice fields, cross some very muddy spots, walk some logs, and wade some streams. Bert began to complain about his muddy shoes, but Brother Catalon assured him that they would not stay muddy long, for within the next four hours they would make twenty-seven stream crossings before arriving at his house at Maniha; most of the crossings were of one stream.

Soon they started up the first mountain. The trail was simply a watershed with tree roots exposed, which made the trail look like steps leading up and down. The trouble was that the wild pigs also used it, and what should have been natural steps were mudholes with each tree root as a dam to hold in the water and

mud. Most of the roots were small, but some were from the big, tall trees and were like great logs, or similar to a wooden fence. Most of the big roots had footholds cut in them with a bolo to make climbing over easier.

After crossing the third mountain (each mountain was separated only by the stream that flowed between and wound around them), Aquilino, Bert, and Brother Catalon found a clear, almost round, pool of water about six feet deep in the deepest part. They stopped for one hour to take a cool, refreshing bath.

During World War II, when the Japanese invaded the Philippine Islands, the Filipinos who lived along the coast on each island migrated, if they could, to the interior of whatever island on which they lived. The interior of most of the islands was mountainous, jungle, and uninhabited.

The story is that the two major animals that inhabited these islands, besides monkeys, were small Philippino deer about the size of a big goat with horns similar to our western antelope, and wild pigs. The pigs, in rooting for food through the forest, formed trails which were very easy to follow. The Filipinos followed these trails into the interior and built their houses of jungle materials such as bamboo and palm tree leaves. They even cleared suitable lands for rice fields.

When Bert asked the Filipinos who guided him on his missionary tours how the trails were made, their answer was "wild pigs". Even after the war, people continued to inhabit and develop these interior areas. As a result of more and more people using the trails, of course, they became better, and eventually some of them were developed into roads.

The wild pigs became the Filipinos' supply of meat during the war while they stayed in the jungle, hiding from the Japanese. Bert asked how they caught or killed the pigs. He was shown an iron spearhead about ten inches long which was barbed on each

side. The back of the spearhead was made hollow so that a pole from four to six feet long could be inserted. A stout rope was tied in the middle of the pole with the other end tied around the spearhead. When the pig was stuck with the spearhead, he would run through the brush, the pole would come out of the spearhead and catch in the brush. The pig could not break loose from the barbed spearhead, thus he was captured.

On Mindanao Island, in some of these interior areas, most of the inhabitants were members of the church of Christ, having been converted by missionaries before us. Bert asked the brethren how many white men had been in there before him. As far as they knew, he was the first white man who had ever set foot in the interior in the history of the Philippine Islands.

The streams that Bert, Aquilino, and Brother Catalon crossed were only about two to six inches deep when it was not raining, but during rain the streams became two to four feet deep. Bert was wading across each time with his tennis shoes on, walking all the time in wet shoes; he was carrying only a camera. Some of the Filipino brethren were taking turns carrying Bert's baggage, and had it not been for their help, he could not have made it over the mountains, as he was doing well to carry himself. They reached Maniha, the home of Brother Catalon, at 4:00 P.M. on Monday, October 28, having walked eight miles to reach their destination. Services were conducted that night in the small nipa church building at Maniha. Most of the places that were visited are not towns, only small country communities.

The next day, Tuesday, the 29th, they went a short distance to Camanga, conducted morning services, ate lunch at the home of a church member, and returned to Maniha. Then, on the morning of Wednesday, the 30th, they began walking to Bingon and Ditay; this time the walking was a little easier because no mountains were crossed. They arrived at the home of Brother Colorado at

Bingon before noon, conducted a gospel meeting, had lunch, then walked on to Ditay, reaching there by 4:00 P.M. They had supper in the home of a member, followed by a meeting, and spent the night at the same house.

The next morning, Thursday, October 31, at 9:00, a gospel meeting was held, and after lunch they started the walk to a nearby river where they were supposed to have gotten a motor boat to Malangas. The walk to the river was relatively easy, as there were not as many muddy spots, nor were there any hills to climb, and the distance was only two miles.

When the river was reached, there was bad news — no motor boats to take Bert, Aquilino, and Brother Catalon down to the highway. They were told to wait until the next morning at 9:00 o'clock when there would be a boat; however, Bert had to be at the airfield in Malangas by 7:15 A.M. to catch a plane back to Zamboanga City. Their next alternative was to hire a special vinta (dugout canoe) for \$10.00 to take them down the river to the highway where they could get a bus on to Malangas. But the vinta had no motor and would get them to the highway as late as 9:00 o'clock that night, and, besides, Bert did not have the \$10.00. He only had about \$4.00 and his plane ticket from Malangas to Zamboanga.

Brother Catalon said the best thing to do was walk, and by walking (if everything went well), they could reach the highway by 7:00 P.M. Bert knew that any walk from that point was going to be a "forced march" for him, as he was very tired, and the short tennis shoes were ruining his feet. He decided to change back to his regular shoes, since the path was good, and no more deep mud was expected, also the sky was clear. They began to walk again, and upon approaching a jungle schoolhouse, the teacher pointed to Bert and exclaimed, "Oh, look at the white man!" She turned out the whole school, so the students could see a white man for

the first time. What a novelty it was to witness such an event! After everyone had viewed him from head-to-toe, and the excitement died down, Bert made a speech to the students.

One-half mile later, a big, black cloud suddenly rolled over the nearest mountain, bringing with it a torrential downpour of rain. They ran to the nearest house to wait for the rain to stop, but after one and one-half hours, it had not let up a little bit. So there was only one thing to do if Bert were to get to Malangas the next day in time to catch his plane to Zamboanga City. They had to go on in the rain.

Bert changed back to his tennis shoes, since the water was about three inches deep on the path. He put on his plastic raincoat, which never did much good in the Philippines, as he always got just as wet from perspiration as he did from the rain. Brother Catalon and Aquilino broke off banana leaves to use as umbrellas, stepping into the rain, down to the river, and into a small dugout canoe, in order to cross the river to their path. The river was swollen from the rain, and the current was swift, but they crossed safely.

The remainder of the walk was over slippery hills, up and down slippery logs, across streams on slippery logs, through the rice fields with mud knee deep, wading across muddy streams waist deep. Soon darkness overtook them, but the rain stopped. Bert got out his "official Boy Scout of America" flashlight and learned that the "9 life" Eveready batteries only had one-half a life left, and he practically had to strike a match to see if the bulb were on. He stumbled, slipped, slid, and attempted to walk on through the dark, trying hard to imagine that his flashlight was helping him to see. Part of the obstruction to his sight, he later learned, was the partial steaming up of his glasses from the heat of his body.

At 8:00 P.M., three weary travelers reached the home of one

of Bert's former Zamboanga Bible College students; Brother Catalon wanted to stop there and spend the night. However, when he said it was only one more mile to the next village, which was one-half mile from the highway, Bert suggested that they go on, so they could get an early start into Malangas by catching the first bus. The brother of Bert's former student furnished a kerosene torch, consisting of a Coca-Cola bottle half full of kerosene with cloth as a wick, to help light the way, and they continued the walk. Bert and the light gave out at the same time, but they reached the village a few minutes later.

Brother Catalon found a very dirty house for the three of them to sleep in, but being as tired as they were, the dirt seemed insignificant. Bert just wanted to lie down on those soft boards and go to sleep! Awhile later, he was awakened by Aquilino, who announced that supper was ready. Bert went to the table but discovered that he was sick — too sick to eat. Brother Catalon and Aquilino were slightly sick but not too sick to eat. They concluded that they must have drunk contaminated water along the way.

Bert awoke the next morning, Friday, November 1, at 4:00 o'clock, feeling much better, awakened the others, and they began to get ready to go on to the highway. Aquilino prepared a breakfast of rice, and by 5:00 A.M. they were walking toward the highway. A bus came along at 6:30 and by 7:00 they were at the Malangas airfield, about two miles from where they boarded the bus. They learned at a private hangar that the plane was not due to leave for Zamboanga City until 2:35 P.M. A Filipina in Malangas pointed to Bert and told her children to "Come see the white man!" So the excitement did not end at the jungle school-house.

The Mayor of Malangas happened to be at the airport and offered Bert, Aquilino, and Brother Catalon a ride to the

Philippine Air Lines in his jeep. At the office, Bert was informed that they had no reservation for him and that all space for Zamboanga City was full; furthermore, there would be no opening until Monday. Bert responded by saying, "Surely you must have my reservation, as I sent in my request eleven days ago from Zamboanga." Nevertheless, they assured him that they had never received it.

Bert told the Air Lines manager that the only thing left to do was try to find a boat going to Zamboanga City. If one left that afternoon, he would be in Zamboanga City the next morning. The manager told Bert that he knew the boat schedule, and no boat left for Zamboanga City until the next Wednesday. The manager suggested that Bert stay with friends, if he had any in Malangas, until transportation could be provided. Bert quickly thought up a good answer when he said, "All right, I'll stay with you." Now that is what prompted the manager to get busy and arrange for Bert a seat on the plane!

The manager then advised Bert to be at his office by 1:30 P.M., and he would do his best to get him on the plane. He thought possibly there might be an open seat to Zamboanga from one of the two airfields north of Malangas. If not, he could assure Bert a seat to Ipil where there probably would be open space on to Zamboanga. He had to take the seat which was open only to Ipil, but when he arrived there, he learned that three open seats were available to Zamboanga City, so by 4:00 P.M. he was home — and "home never looked so good", considering the rough ordeal he had encountered on the Ipil, Zamboanga del Sur trip.



Mlang Church of Christ

Chapter 22

Getting Ready for 1958

The old year 1957 left us something for which to be thankful, something over which to rejoice, and we could say that we saw the old year out on a happy note. On December 29, 1957, a man who worked with the Bureau of Land Survey obeyed the gospel and was baptized; his wife was already a Christian.

Then, on December 31, Brother Fernandez came to our door and informed us that his three sons were ready to be baptized. Since Bert was in San Ramon doing personal work with the congregation, there was only one student in the dormitory whom I felt might be able to take care of the baptizing. When I contacted the student, Rodrigo Diego, I asked him if he had ever had any experience baptizing people. He replied, "No, I have never baptized anyone, but I will try; it is my responsibility." We then went to the church building with Brother Fernandez and his three sons. It was commendable the way the student handled the baptismal service; he carried out every part in a very Scriptural manner.

The new year 1958 also came in on a happy note, bringing with it a fresh, new beginning. On January 1st, New Year's Day, Brother Fernandez returned to our house and brought with him another one of his sons and daughter-in-law. He stated that these two desired to be baptized. Since Bert had gone again to San Ramon to do personal work and had taken some of our students with him, and a number of the students were away for the holidays, there remained only Rodrigo Diego, along with two others in the dormitory. So Rodrigo also baptized the son and daughter-in-law of Brother Fernandez. All six of the converts were from Zamboanga City.

Something new came to Zamboanga City at the start of the new year — a 1,000 watt Standard Wave Radio Station DXJW,

just what we needed for spreading the gospel to lost souls. Bert signed up for a 30-minute program each Wednesday morning from 8:00 to 8:30. The cost was \$8.65 per broadcast. Since there was no extra money in our mission funds, he decided to pay for the program until he could get some support from the brethren back home. He hoped to obtain enough support for a 15-minute broadcast five days a week, Monday through Friday, the cost of which would be \$5.00 per broadcast for Class "C" time and \$3.85 for Class "D" time. It would be unwise to pass up such a wonderful opportunity.

The station would reach all of Zamboanga del Sur, Zamboanga del Norte, Cotabato, Misamis, Occidental and Oriental, a portion of Davao, Bukidnon, Basilan, Sulu, and parts of Negros (all except the last three are provinces on the island of Mindanao). The opportunity was very good, for there was only one other station in the area, located in Cotabato, which was a Catholic owned, non-commercial station with poor reception. Everyone who had a radio listened in the daytime to the Zamboanga station only, and usually the Filipinos turned the volume high enough for all the neighbors to hear.

We had our first broadcast for the new radio station DXJW on the morning of January 17, 1958. It was scheduled to start January 1st, but certain inspectors were unable to get to Zamboanga to inspect the station, therefore, our broadcast did not officially go on the air until the 17th.

Whenever the true doctrine of Christ is preached anywhere in the world, as in Paul's day, invariably there will be some opposition. We learned that Filipinos from the "Iglesia ni Cristo" by Manalo were constructing a church building right beside the lot where our services were being conducted downtown on Tuesday nights. The Iglesia ni Cristo was established by Felix Manalo in 1914 in the Philippines, which had only Filipino members with

Manalo as its head, claiming to be the Angel from the East — sunrising — mentioned in Revelation 7:2. We investigated and found that they were renting their lot from the same man who rented us our lot. The Manaloites' purpose was to put up a temporary building and a sign "Church of Christ" in order to try to reap a harvest from our preaching.

The preachers from the Manalo group challenged us to debate many times, but we refused them because there were very few in Zamboanga City, and we thought it best not to give them publicity with a debate. Besides, most of the Manalo debates consisted of trying to shout down the other preacher, and often-times if they could not win a debate with words, they tried it with rocks and bolos. Bert did tell the Manaloites that he would debate Manalo himself if he would come down from Manila; he did not expect him to show up. He was a rich, religious racketeer, and it was not likely that he would spoil his life of ease with a debate.

As soon as we learned what the Manalo group was doing, Bert mimeographed an 8-page tract on legal size paper, showing forth their false doctrine in the light of the Scriptures and letting the townspeople know that they were not a part of the Lord's church. After the tracts were distributed, we noticed that the Manaloites had done no more work on their church building; they had completed only about one-fourth of the structure.

One afternoon while in downtown Zamboanga City, Bert discovered that the painted cloth sign which we had been using to advertise our Tuesday night gospel meetings on the lot had been stolen. The sign, valued at \$5.00, was taken from the poles where it had been hanging. This theft was reported to the police but was never found.

February 1958 brought more baptisms. A 26-year old man from Basilan obeyed the gospel and announced that he planned

to attend Zamboanga Bible College, as he was desirous of becoming a preacher. He had already completed 2-1/2 years of studies at the Philippine College of Law in Manila.

Three young ladies were also baptized into Christ. One was a daughter from a church family in Zamboanga City; one was a young lady who visited in Zamboanga for a few months and had gone to Davao to live with some members; and the other was from one of the Roman Catholic families in the neighborhood who had been taught and influenced by the young people of the Baliwasan congregation.

We had some unusual excitement in Zamboanga City in February. One morning Bert went to the city market at 8:00 o'clock to buy fresh fruits and vegetables and returned home at 8:25 A.M. He heard the city fire siren sound off at 9:10. He looked toward town and saw a big column of smoke rising about 1,000 feet into the air. Immediately he grabbed his camera, and, along with some of the students, drove again to town. Before they arrived, they could see that the city market was on fire, and over one-half of it was a complete loss. The City of Zamboanga was fortunate that day for two reasons. First, there was not much wind to spread the fire. Second, the city had received four new pieces of fire equipment a few months previously. Otherwise, the entire section of downtown Zamboanga would have been destroyed.

A gruesome incident occurred that Richard will never forget, and he remembers it as a frightening experience. He and some little Filipino boys happened to be playing in a drainage ditch located behind Chopilar's nipa hut. Suddenly and unexpectedly, a red-headed cobra poked its head out of a hole in an embankment and peered curiously at the boys. Richard said he never saw children run so fast in all his life, including Richard. Needless to say, those little boys never again returned to play in the drainage ditch that held such a hideous memory.

Chapter 22

Arrival of More Co-Workers

Ever since the Bone family left the Zamboanga mission field in June 1957, we had been hoping, praying, and searching for a replacement, as our workload was becoming heavier and heavier. Our weeks and months of waiting suddenly came to a halt when we received the wonderful news that, at last, we were going to receive some help. We learned that the church at Upland, California, had selected Brother Charlie T. Garner and family of Belle, West Virginia, to be sent to the Philippines to assist in the work of the Lord.

Of course, considering all the red tape involved in coming to a foreign country, we realized it would, of necessity, take a few months for the Garners to arrive in Zamboanga City. Nevertheless, we were looking forward very much to their arrival.

During the waiting period, things went along as usual, and we continued our busy work schedule and travels. Bert made a trip to Agriculture, Midsayap, Cotabato, where he attended the annual Bible Lectureship, which lasted four days. He traveled to Cotabato City by boat (twelve hours), on to Midsayap by bus, then to Agriculture by "caratella" (two-wheeled horse drawn cart). Two hundred people were present at the Lectureship, which resulted in five baptisms. Bert left immediately after Sunday morning worship services for Cotabato and boarded a Philippine Air Lines plane to Zamboanga City.

A short time thereafter, Bert received an invitation from Brother and Sister Frate Bull to visit them in Manila, as they were leaving soon for the States. He had planned to make the trip by boat; however, he decided to fly, since a new airline was charging only \$37.00 for passage from Zamboanga City to Manila.

This was to be the airline's first flight to Zamboanga. Word had been received that they would have eleven Zamboanga passengers flying to Manila, but upon landing in Zamboanga City, it became obvious that Bert was the one-and-only passenger. The owner of the airline and pilot of the plane was very angry at having to fly all the way to Zamboanga City to pick up one passenger, but by making other stops before reaching Manila, he was able to fill the plane. One week later, Bert read in the newspaper that the same plane on which he flew crashed and burned, injuring some passengers, but, fortunately killing no one. He decided that when the time came to leave Manila, he would ride the boat home, even though it would take three days and nights.

When Bert arrived in Manila, Brother and Sister Bull had six boxes of baby food and eight boxes of miscellaneous foods and hard to get items that had been given to us by the Clark Air Base congregation, as well as members of the church in the Manila area. Bert spent two days packing everything to be shipped to Zamboanga City.

Sightseeing in Manila was out of the question for Bert, as he was so tired from his work that he needed to rest. After four days in Manila, he took a bus to Clark Air Base, located approximately 60 miles north of Manila, to visit with the brethren. He spoke at their mid-week service concerning our mission work in Zamboanga City, but most of his four day visit consisted of resting up. They had two get-togethers for the sake of Christian fellowship and for the purpose of Bert becoming acquainted with all the members. He spent some time touring the Air Base and visiting in the homes of different members. He said it seemed very nice to have some American companionship.

Our wishing, hoping, praying, watching, and waiting for more co-laborers was over. Brother Charlie T. Garner, his wife Jenet, and their two little boys, Teddy and Tommy, arrived in

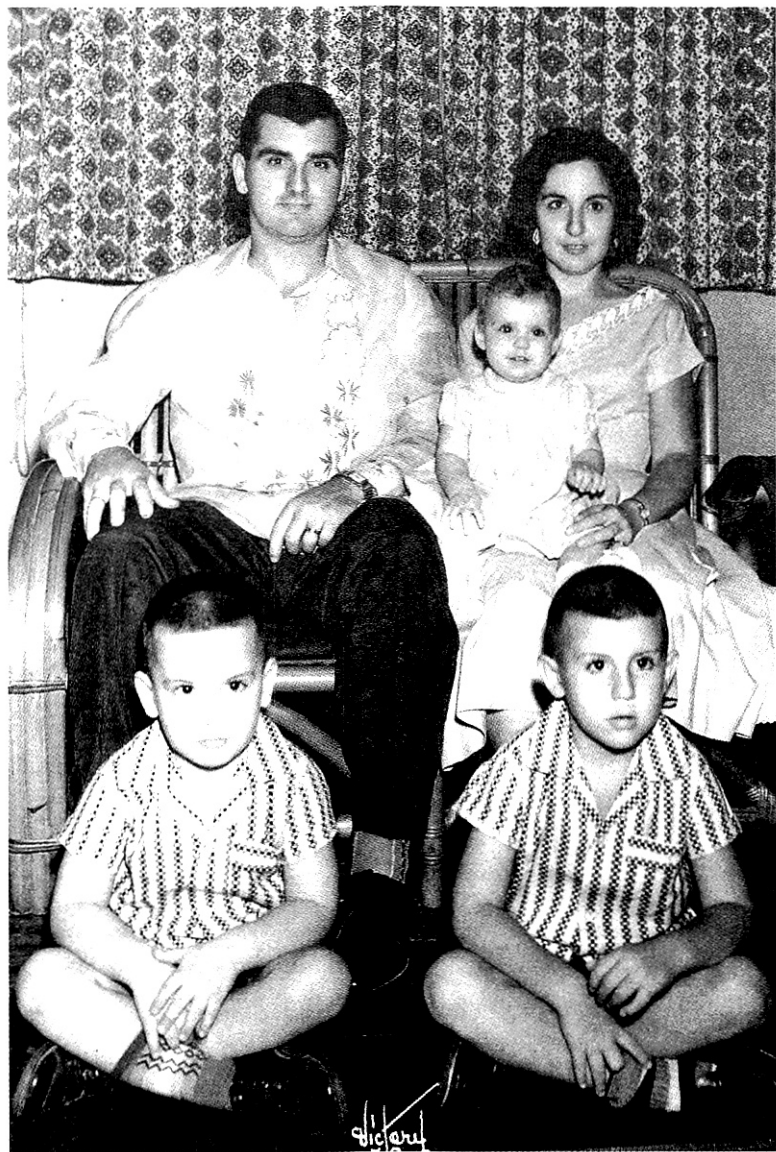
Manila by the ship, *Fernsea*, on Monday, April 21, 1958, at 11:30 A.M. Bert made another trip to Manila for the specific purpose of helping the Garners go through customs, as there is always so much red tape involved. Six Americans and fifteen Filipinos were on the pier to meet the Garners at the Manila Harbor.

The Garners were not able to continue on to Cebu City as we did when we arrived in the Philippines, because their ship was not going there; consequently, they had to debark in Manila.

That afternoon their cargo and baggage were unloaded, sent through customs, and hauled over to Williams Lines Shipping Company to be shipped to Zamboanga City. Since there were no reservations available on ships to Zamboanga City, reservations were made for Bert and the Garners with the Philippine Air Lines as early as possible, which was Thursday, April 24th. They boarded the plane and left Manila at 6:30 A.M. In one hour, 40 minutes they arrived in Cebu City, where they changed planes; by 11:20 A.M., they landed in Zamboanga. The trip from Manila to Zamboanga City by boat takes four days. Fifteen members of the Baliwasan church of Christ were at the airport to meet the Garners with flower garlands, a typical Philippine welcome.

The Garners were busily engaged getting settled at the same house where Brother Bone and family had lived, across the street from us. How thankful we were that the Lord had supplied some new co-workers who would serve as an encouragement in the mission effort!

In March we had another baptism, the brother of Sister Tan. He happened to be visiting from Cotabato.



Charlie and Jenet Garner with Children: Teddy, Tommy, baby Jamie, 1958.



The members of the Baliwasan Church of Christ.

Chapter 24

Trip to Island of Negros, Oriental

On Monday, May 26, 1958, Brother Charlie T. Garner and Bert left Zamboanga City on the Williams Line ship, *Albert*, for the Island of Negros, Oriental. By 4:30 A.M. Tuesday, they were docked at Dumaguete, the principal city of the province. Later that morning, they were met by four Filipino brethren — three from Tayasan and one from Jimalalud.

A few hours were spent in Dumaguete, then they boarded a bus (truck) for Tayasan, a distance of about 55 miles, arriving at 1:00 P.M. After having been in Tayasan that afternoon and night, they proceeded the next morning, Wednesday, the 28th, to Jimalalud, where a gospel meeting was conducted on the public plaza, with a P.A. system. Three of the Filipinos spoke and asked the audience for questions. The meeting place was across the street from the Catholic church building, where some kind of a program was supposed to have been going on. As soon as the meeting began, the Catholics started ringing their bell continuously, but when they saw that Bert and the other men refused to stop preaching and that the P.A. system was louder than their bell, they finally stopped ringing it. After the question and answer period began, the priest typed up questions and sent them over. Bert and the others answered the priest's questions according to the Bible.

At the end of the gospel meeting, Brother Garner and Bert went over to introduce themselves to the priest, who was so surprised he could not even remember his name. Bert had to ask him three times before he was able to speak. Finally, when the priest had composed himself, he told them they did not answer his last question correctly. He was informed that the question was answered correctly and completely by the Bible, to which he

replied, "Oh, but you did not answer it by history; we want it answered by history." They assured the priest emphatically that they followed the Bible, not history. Then, as Charlie and Bert excused themselves and began to walk away, the priest followed them a short distance and kept shouting, "You did not answer the question by history!" As they were leaving the plaza, they held their Bibles up high for the crowd to see and announced again, "We follow the Bible, not history." Later it was learned that the Catholic singers had left the Catholic service and came to hear Charlie and Bert preach. For that reason, the priest was forced to discontinue his meeting.

The next morning they returned to Tayasan and later to the little community of Matauta, located three miles from Tayasan, back between some mountains. The brethren at that place had a nice church building, approximately 12 feet by 15 feet in size. It was impossible to conduct the gospel meeting in the building, as it was too small to hold the people who attended, so the benches were moved out under a big tree. At the close of the service, two young men requested to be baptized, and in order to take care of the baptisms, they had to dam up a small creek nearby, which was about eight to ten feet wide and six inches deep in some spots. They were able to increase it about fourteen inches deep with the dam, deep enough to immerse the average Filipino, since Filipinos are generally small people. After the baptismal service, Bert and Charlie walked back to Tayasan.

On the morning of May 30th, they boarded a bus for Manjuyod, then changed to another bus for Dagpusan, located 25 miles back into the mountains on the high plains of Negros, Oriental. On Saturday, the 31st, they conducted a gospel meeting at the home of one of the Christians in the area, and two people were baptized. The next day, Sunday, after the worship service, four more were baptized, who were formerly of the Seventh Day Adventist church. The baptizing was done in a beautiful

creek with crystal clear water, located in a deep ravine about one-half mile from the house where Charlie and Bert were staying. The creek had water four and five feet deep in some places, making it convenient to take baths. How refreshing it felt to soak in the cool waters of the stream, after a long walk in the tropical sun!

Immediately following the baptisms Sunday morning, Charlie, Bert, and the brethren who were traveling with them, got their bags and began to walk fast to the next barrio (village) to catch the 12:00 noon bus for Dumaguete. They covered the three miles quickly enough to catch the bus, but Bert and Charlie almost wore the Filipino brethren down, as they had longer legs and could walk must faster than the short-legged Filipinos. By 5:00 o'clock that evening they were in Dumaguete.

The next day, Monday, June 2, two public meetings were scheduled in two different locations at Dumaguete. The first meeting was canceled, due to the fact that the rented P.A. system (after repair) was not loud enough to be of any value. However, they did succeed in getting three members of the church in the city to begin conducting worship services every Sunday. Two of the members were students at Silliman University; they were former students at Zamboanga Bible College. The other member was a professional photographer in Dumaguete.

On Tuesday, June 3, Brother Garner and Bert boarded the ship, *Albert*, on its return trip from Manila to Zamboanga City, and by 9:30 the next morning they were home in Zamboanga. Thus, they completed their mission tour, which was Charlie's first trip in the Islands. He experienced many things for the first time, such as eating fish and rice three times a day, sleeping on the floor, traveling on the inner-island ships, and riding the trucks which the Filipinos call buses.

The following Monday, June 9, 1958, the new semester of

Zamboanga Bible College began, but many of our last year students were not able to return because of crop failures caused by the drought. We had only seventeen students studying at the church building and one correspondent student at Tayasan. Bert was scheduled to teach one Bible class at the Trades School with eight to ten students. To our delight, the rain season had started, bringing us somewhat cooler days.

Chapter 25

Meeting the American Ambassador

Monday, May 19, 1958 was a very long and busy day. Immediately after breakfast at 7:00 A.M., we began to get everything ready for the wedding of Norma de Sosa, daughter of one of the members at the Baliwasan congregation in Zamboanga City. While the Garners and I were helping with things at home, Bert took Brother de Sosa to town to take care of some last minute preparations. Bert had another errand to run; it was necessary for him to go to Tetuan, a section of the city across town from Baliwasan where we lived, pick up Mary Jane at the American School, as she was chosen to be the little flower girl. Four year old Teddy Garner was to serve as ring bearer.

At 9:15 A.M., two Americana ladies came by to tell us that we were invited to go to Tetuan for the purpose of meeting the American Ambassador, Charles Bolen, who was arriving by air at 9:30 A.M. We told them we could come after the wedding, which was scheduled for 10:30 A.M.

After the wedding was over at 11:00 A.M., we immediately left for Tetuan, where we had "merienda" (coffee time) with the Ambassador and fifteen other Americans in the home of a protestant missionary. While there, the Mayor of Zamboanga City invited us to have dinner in his home at 12:00 noon. We assured him we would accept his invitation after we attended a wedding reception.

At the reception, a feast was in progress with 150 people present. We ate a little food and by 12:30 were ready to proceed to the Mayor's house for dinner. Over 100 of the townspeople were there, and the meal was served buffet style. We were able to meet some of the prominent people of the city whom we had not met before and to spend some time personally in conversation with

Ambassador Charles Bolen (formerly our Ambassador to Russia).

After having left the Mayor's house at 2:00 P.M., we went for a ride through Pasananca Park, then on to town for our family shopping. Upon arriving at home, we learned from Judy Carol, who had just come from the American school, that the 13-year old son of a protestant missionary had fallen out of a tree and was unconscious. Bert and Charlie went to the hospital to learn the extent of the boy's injury. He was still unconscious and suffering from shock after two hours. As a result of this accident, it was necessary for him to start all over again in his ability to walk, talk, and do the things he had previously done. We understood that his therapy would be quite lengthy.

We had one baptism the month of May — Clemente Julio, the young man who married Norma de Sosa.

When the Garners arrived in Zamboanga City from the States, they brought two gas cook stoves — one for us and one for their use. What a relief it was to do away with our kerosene stoves and start cooking the normal style! The gas stoves worked 100% better than the kerosene stoves, which were in bad condition and were using twice as much kerosene as they should have. They needed many parts that could not be obtained in Zamboanga City, the wicks were burnt out, and the available wicks failed to function.

Jenet Garner and I were like children at Christmas time with new toys; we could hardly wait to try out our new stoves. In fact, we were so excited that cooking had become more of a challenge than ever. So eager were we to start using these life-saving appliances which highlighted our kitchens that we decided to cook for one another. Once a week we took turns preparing meals, and I always looked forward to Jenet's turn, as she could outcook me any day. She put food on the table that satisfied our appetites,

and her meals were tasty and flavorful. Considering the fact that ingredients for American dishes were limited in the Islands, we had to do the best we could with what we were able to find. Of course, we learned to prepare Filipino menus, too. It was a big event when friends in the States and brethren at Clark Air Base on Luzon sent boxes containing hard to get items.

July 4th is a holiday in the Islands, even as it is in the United States, because the Philippines received their independence from the U. S. on July 4, 1946. Their celebration is very similar to that in the States, except the Filipinos do not use firecrackers on the Fourth. They begin the day with a parade at 7:30 in the morning, followed by flag-raising ceremonies and patriotic speeches until noon. In the afternoon, everyone goes to Pasananca Park for picnics, games, contests, etc. On July 4, 1958, our family got ready early enough to see the parade and to take pictures. That afternoon we had a softball game among the students and a picnic by the Sulu Sea.

Chapter 26

Are You White All Over?

It was quite an ordeal for an American missionary in the 1950's to take a bath when he was traveling in the outback, jungle areas, and other interior areas of the Philippine Islands. In the interior, most Filipinos did not have running water in the house, bath tubs, showers, etc.

Some of the brethren had a shower area in the back yard, consisting of a wooden platform for the floor, six or seven foot high boards on the sides with a door, and no roof. Inside the wooden platform would be a small tub filled with water and a pan or bowl as a dipper. This was very adequate for taking a bath because all a Filipino had to do was dip water over his body, soap up, rinse the soap off, then dry. For Filipinos to take a bath this way was not unusual, but when a white American missionary needed a bath, it was a different story. Bert learned the hard way: go in, take off his clothes, hang them on the wall, and, to his surprise, find an eye at every one of the many knot holes in the boards. He would complain to the master of the house, whose answer invariably was, "Ah, Brother Perry, they just want to see if you are white all over!" Bert learned very quickly to leave his underwear on and wash it the same time he took a bath.

In the areas where the brethren did not have such bathing facilities, Bert was instructed to go to the creek or river, anywhere from a block to one-half mile away. On one occasion, during one of the first trips that Charlie Garner and Bert made to the interior, Charlie decided it was time to take a bath in the creek. So they gathered up their towels and other necessities. Since Charlie had his towel draped around his neck, it was very obvious to everyone where he was going and what he intended to do. To Charlie's question, "Where are your towel and change of

clothes?", Bert held up his bag, and to settle Charlie's curiosity as to why he was carrying the things in a bag, Bert answered, "You will see when we get to the creek."

As they walked along the path to the creek, each time they passed a house, two or more people would come out and follow them. By the time they arrived at the creek, a procession of Filipinos at least a block long were sitting on the bank, watching Charlie and Bert taking a bath. To calm his curiosity, Charlie asked, "What are all these people doing here?" And Bert gave him an honest answer, "They have come to watch us take a bath. They want to know if we are white all over." Of course, Charlie decided he did not need a bath at that time. Bert had to explain to the Filipinos who had followed them that he and Charlie wished to take a bath in private with no observers, so they returned to the house where they were staying.

About two hours later, Bert told Charlie to get his things and put them in a bag, then upon arrival at the creek, he should take off his clothes, leave his underwear on and wash it while he was taking a bath. This Charlie did; however, Bert warned him, "Look out over the bank. There is a head peeping from behind every tree." The people did not follow them openly as they did previously, but they came anyway, hiding behind the trees to observe the white missionaries taking a bath.

On another occasion, Bert was staying with some brethren whose house was on top of a knob hill. At the bottom of the hill, out of view of the house, there was a wooden platform built at the side of a spring, specifically for taking a bath. So, Bert informed the brethren that he was going down to take a bath, and, please, would they see to it that no one followed him. He followed his usual procedure of removing his clothes, except his underwear. In the midst of his bath, he looked across to another nearby hill, and there came a funeral procession. Four men were carrying the

casket on their shoulders, and the remainder of the people were following in a double-file line. As soon as the leaders saw Bert taking a bath, they immediately put the casket on the ground, and, along with the procession of about 100 people, came over to the edge of the hill and stood, watching Bert until he finished his bath.

When Bert asked the brethren why the local people in so many places of that area wanted to watch Americans take a bath, their answer was, "Brother Perry, as far as we know, you are the first white man who has ever been in this part of the Philippines in the history of the country."

When the Japanese invaded the Philippines during World War II, most of the people lived in the coastal areas. While the Japanese were there, many of the Filipinos went to the interior where no one had ever lived and began to develop rice fields in those jungle areas. After the war was over, many families stayed in the interior. Some of the older adults had not seen a white man in years, and some of the children had never seen a white man.

Chapter 27

Doctrine of the Veil Settled in Ipil

Brother Garner and Bert took a flying trip to Ipil, Zamboanga del Sur, during the month of July. The purpose of the trip was to help settle confusion among the brethren in the area concerning women wearing veils during worship services. Two Filipino preachers had visited there the past six months, teaching that belief of the "doctrine of the veil" was essential to salvation, and they were teaching it along with the first principles of the gospel. They went as far as telling the members of the church who did not believe the doctrine that they were not Christians and needed to be baptized again. So the problem in Ipil, Zamboanga del Sur needed immediate attention.

Charlie and Bert flew to Ipil on July 26th at different hours. Bert took the 6:00 A.M. flight; Charlie took the 11:00 A.M. flight. They stayed in the home of a Christian that night, and the next day, Sunday, they walked eight miles to Titay, Zamboanga del Sur, for worship services. Bert had walked to Titay before, but he said the distance this time seemed twice as far.

Upon arriving at Titay, they found brethren from four congregations assembled and waiting for services to begin. They learned from these brethren that they could have ridden the bus at 6:00 P.M. the day before, or at 5:00 o'clock that morning. Bert and Charlie preached on the question of veiling and proper methods of Bible interpretation. Apparently, they were able to put down the false doctrine. The women of the congregation placed napkins on top of their heads and called it a "covering". They chased the napkins when a puff of wind blew them away.

That evening after services, it started raining. Bert and Charlie had to take the main road in an attempt to find a bus back to Ipil, as they did not desire to try walking back the next day.

They were told that a bus would run about 6:00 P.M., so in order to get to the road before 6:00, they did not even take time to remove their shoes in crossing a flooded creek.

When they finally reached the main road, wet from head to foot, they were informed that, in all probability, no bus would run because the road was too wet. They took refuge under a shed beside the road, along with ten others who were waiting for the bus. Some of the brethren tried to persuade them to return to the house and spend the night, in hopes they could find a bus the next morning; however, they felt leary of such a suggestion, so they waited longer.

Finally at 7:00 P.M. a bus came from the direction of Ipil. Bert and Charlie stopped the bus, and the driver told them he would be back from the end of the line at 9:00 o'clock to take them to Ipil. Even though they were chilled to the bone in their wet clothes, they decided to wait it out. Soon the rain stopped; Bert opened his bag and put on a dry shirt in order to be warmer and to keep from catching a bad cold.

At exactly 9:00 P.M., the bus returned and within 30 minutes they were back in Ipil. It had taken them over three hours to walk that same distance, carrying their bags. On Monday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock, they conducted a service with the brethren of the Ipil area and had equal success in defeating the false doctrine of the veil.

At 10:00 o'clock on Tuesday morning Charlie and Bert boarded the Otter plane and were back in Zamboanga City within 40 minute. It was necessary to fly on this particular trip because there was no highway from Zamboanga to Ipil.

Upon returning to Zamboanga City, Charlie and Bert launched a campaign to raise funds for another vehicle to be used in the mission work. The old '49 Mercury had good paint and upholstery, but the engine needed to be repaired, the muffler,

exhaust, and tail pipe were gone, and some parts were broken, such as the gearshift housing and one door handle. These parts could not be replaced in Zamboanga City, except at a very high price, also because the government had stopped importation of parts for big cars, so for this reason the Mercury did not have the value it once had.

All things considered, they decided it would be best to sell the Mercury and try to buy a new, more economical vehicle. They could get a 1958 English Thames, designed to carry about fifteen passengers, for \$2,000. A big advantage of the Thames was its powerful four-cylinder motor, and next to the Jeep, it was the most popular vehicle in the Philippines. The Thames' body was built in Manila and was suited to the tropical climate of the Islands. The parts were available, and there were many mechanics in the area who knew how to repair the Thames. It was our prayer that enough money could be raised to purchase such a vehicle.

Chapter 28

Philippine Rice Fields

Rice is the principal staple food of the Filipinos. The cultivation of rice in the Philippines is at least as old as Luzon's mountain province terraces, an estimated 3,000 years.

Farmers plow rice fields with carabaos (water buffalos); in fact, the carabao is the beast of burden upon which the Philippine farmer depends, the main source of power. In 1940, carabaos numbered 3,015,400. As a result of the destruction of livestock during World War II, the total number of carabaos remaining in 1949 was estimated at 1,972,859.

In 1955 rice was harvested from 2,655,000 hectares (41%) of the cropland. One hectare equals 2,471 acres. The 1955 yield of 3,202,000 metric tons was the highest on record and close to the domestic requirement.

There are fifteen varieties of rice in the Philippines. The individual rice fields of Mindanao Island are small, and each family does not own a great number of acres. The fields have dirt dams built around them according to the lay of the land; in other words, the land is either terraced or contoured according to the slope of the land.

The fields are always near a source of water so they can be irrigated and filled with water, as rice is planted in flooded fields. After the fields are flooded, they are ploughed with small factory-made ploughs or home-made wooden ploughs, pulled by carabaos.

Some of the fields are sown first by broadcasting the seed heavily by hand so that the rice comes up thick. Then, in order to have a better crop and to increase the yield, the rice plants are uprooted in clumps while still in the water. Each person who is

engaged in transplanting the rice has a rice-planting stick which is made from ironwood, a very hard tropical jungle wood. The stick is used to make a hole under the ground in the water, and one rice plant is inserted in each hole. The plants are planted about six inches apart in straight rows, which are about two feet apart. It is from this transplanting of the rice that the song, "Planting Rice is Never Fun", was written.

Usually everyone in the family who is old enough and able to work — men, women, boys, and girls — are engaged in this planting process. As the rice grows and matures, it must be protected. There are bugs that look like big mosquitoes, called rice bugs, that will invade fields before the rice grains are matured, sticking their beaks into the green, soft-formed grains and sucking out the interior, destroying the rice.

Also, as the rice grows to maturity, there is the danger of many types of birds invading the fields to eat the rice grains. For this reason, in many areas, a bamboo tower and platform is built either in the middle of the field or at the corner where four fields meet. Ropes are strung from the tower to the far corners of the fields, usually not less than four ropes, and to these ropes are tied any kind of noise-maker — tin cans, certain types of shells, or anything that can make a rattling noise. As the rice is maturing, someone is on guard at the tower, day and night. In the daytime, if birds begin to invade the fields, the ropes are shaken to frighten the birds away.

In certain areas where there are many wild monkeys, they usually will invade the fields at night, so the person on guard has to be there to shake the ropes and frighten the monkeys away. One of the worst calamities is the invasion of rats, which invade the rice fields when they are still wet or when they are dry, ready for harvest.

Harvesting is done by a small, curved rice harvesting sickle,

but in most areas, all the work is done by hand. Today, where the fields are large enough, modern machines are used for the harvest. In interior areas of Mindanso Island, the Agriculture Department of the Philippine government encourages the people to dig small ponds in order to raise certain types of fish for the purpose of providing an increase of protein for the families.

During times of rat infestation, some of the Filipinos who are very superstitious give up the fish ponds, because they think the fish are turning into rats and destroying the rice crops. It seems logical to them, since they see rats swimming in the flooded rice fields. Sometimes when there are widespread crop failures due to drought or the crops being destroyed by bugs, birds, rats, and monkey, people come to the conclusion that there is a famine in the land. This is of necessity a major concern among the Filipinos, considering the fact that they rely on rice for their main source of food.

Such famines are worse on the people in the northern Philippines than in the southern island of Mindanao because it is more tropical than the northern Philippines. Practically all the Filipinos have many kinds of fruits and vegetables growing in their fields and in their yards around the houses. Even in the coastal jungle areas, there are wild pineapples, bananas, mangos, and avocados. Certain areas are like a "Garden of Eden".

The one-crop system is hard on the Filipinos. For this reason, the American agriculturists teach them how to plant corn. Raising corn is successful as a second crop, but the ears from the corn are very small, three to four inches in length. Three grains of corn are planted in each mound, thus there are three corn stalks to a mound.

While we were in the Philippines, the people were in the process of learning how to cook corn as food; however, because they are so accustomed to eating rice, a machine had been invent-

ed that would grind the dried corn to the size of rice grains. It was called a corn-ricing machine. The dried corn is soaked in water and boiled like rice. Due to the Philippine Islands being in a tropical zone, many of the vegetables like we have in the United States do not grow very well in the Philippines.

In certain areas higher up on mountain sides where it is cooler, small Irish potatoes are grown, as well as tomatoes, which are not very big. Pichay, similar to Chinese cabbage, camotes (sweet potatoes), and two or three types of native beans are grown profusely in the higher altitude.

There is an infectious lilt to the interpretation of the Philippines' favorite folk song, "Planting Rice", about the farmer whose work never seems to be done. Notice that the Filipino English is quite different in some respects to that of American English.

Planting Rice

Planting rice is never fun,
Bent from morn til set of sun,
Cannot stand and cannot sit,
Cannot rest for a little bit.

Oh, my back it wants to break,
And my bones begin to ache,
And my legs are numb and set
From the soaking in the wet.

When the early morn is break,
You will wonder as you wake,
In what muddy neighborhood
There is work in planting food.

It is bad to be so poor,
With such sorrow, pain, and sore,
You must move your arms about,

Or you'll find you do without.

Chorus:

Planting rice is never fun,
Bent from morn til set of sun,
Cannot stand, cannot sit,
Cannot rest for a little bit.

Chapter 29

1958 Work Year Ends

As we approached the end of another year, we were reminded again that time flies, our days were consumed with busy mission activities, and it seemed incredible that 1959 was just around the corner.

Our work on the home front had been of a routine nature — devotional with the Zamboanga Bible School students each day at 6:45 A.M., classes from 7:00 A.M. to 11:50 A.M., preparation for evening classes, studying, grading papers, letterwriting, visiting, and many other responsibilities which confront missionaries on the foreign field.

Not a day went by that we did not realize more than ever the need for extra working funds in order to efficiently preach the gospel in the Philippines. We needed more money for the purpose of printing tracts, financing gospel meetings, keeping up our property, and going on missionary journeys. We were in need of a small printing press. Even though we had a good mimeograph machine, we knew that printing was far neater than mimeographing. We were desperately in need of more gospel tracts, not only for distribution in Zamboanga City, but to supply the needs of other brethren who were constantly writing and asking for tracts to be used in their barrios throughout the Islands. We had no doubt in our minds that these needs would be met, as our Stateside brethren had never let us down. This help was one of the things which always kept us going.

We were still hearing favorable comments concerning our Sunday morning radio programs. During the month of December, we decided to try a new approach. We recorded a number of one minute announcements about the church, including an invitation to attend the worship services, and background

singing of the Abilene Christian College Acapella Chorus. If the support of our radio programs continued, we planned a 15-minute program each day of the week, Monday through Friday, for the year 1959.

On October 12th, the Catholics of Zamboanga City celebrated their annual fiesta called "Fiesta Pilar" when they go to a special shrine against the wall of old Fort Pilar sometime during the day. Burning their candles and praying before the image of Mary is a ritual which has had a stronghold on Catholics down through the years, and this tradition is not easily shaken from them. The year 1958 drew a much greater crowd than previous events, as many out of town people came. Two other events brought the extra people out — a visit to the city of President Garcia and the ceremony for making the local Catholic "bishop" an "archbishop". Zamboanga Bible College students and Bert took advantage of the large crowds and handed out 15,000 tracts concerning the church of Christ. Only a few Filipinos refused these gospel tracts, and most of them would ask for a tract if they failed to receive one.

During the month of October, Charlie and Jenet were in Manila for the birth of their third child, a baby girl, exactly what they wanted. Little Jamie was a joy to her parents and big brothers, Teddy and Tommy. The Garners' time in Manila was made easier by the kind hospitality of a Christian family, the John A. Steeles, who provided them with a place to stay. Brother Steele was a captain with the 600th Air Intelligence Service Squadron. This was one of the many occasions that service personnel and other U. S. Government employees had helped missionaries on the field. It was commendable in that they were also doing the Lord's work.

Little by little, the face of Zamboanga City was being lifted. Temporary buildings built after World War II were being torn

down one by one and replaced by permanent reinforced concrete buildings. A beautiful new Public Market building was completed in an area of land that had been reclaimed from the Sulu Sea. The portion of the Public Market that burned down in February was being cleared for a new building.

We celebrated Thanksgiving Day and Judy Carol's 11th birthday on November 27th by having dinner at Hotel Bayot, located by the Sulu Sea. The meal was very tasty, and since the menu included baked chicken, dressing, and cranberry sauce, we felt a little tinge of homesickness. Watching the ships as they came in and out of the harbor added pleasure to the day.

Some of our Zamboanga Bible College students spent their Christmas vacation by going home to other islands for the purpose of helping to work the rice fields. If there were no laborers or other members of the family to do the work, there remained only one thing for the student to do — go home and do it themselves. The life of the average Filipino is built around the rice fields. Most everything of a material nature in the Philippines depends upon the rice crop. When a nation is founded upon a one-crop system, as is the Philippines, a small disaster to the crops can bring hunger and suffering to the people. Christmas at our house was anything but quiet, as the children had a six week vacation. They were always excited about the gifts which came in from the brethren at Clark Air Base. Judy, Richard, Mary Jane, and Donna Gay had no trouble keeping occupied during the holidays.

Chapter 30

Basilan Mission Trip

Charlie and Bert took advantage of part of the Christmas holidays by going on a trip to Basilan City, the island located south of Zamboanga City.

It was their plans to leave Saturday morning, December 27, 1958, on the 9:00 A.M. motor launch. They arrived at the pier around 8:30, boarded the launch, and occupied "standing room only", as there were no seats left. Soon a customs official came on the scene, observed the crowded conditions on the launch, then refused to give clearance for the ship to leave unless thirty people got off. Since Charlie and Bert were among the last to board the launch, they had no other choice than to step off.

The next launch, which was loading nearby, was scheduled to leave at 12:00 noon, so they immediately boarded the launch to secure seats. As the ship was fast loading with passengers, they decided they would have to stay and hold their seats until leaving time. Noontime came, the customs official made his inspection and announced that he would not give his release, as this launch was also overloaded. This time none of the passengers offered to get off, because there was no other ship due in port until 2:00 P.M. They finally were able to leave around 2:00 o'clock, due to the fact that another launch came to take the overload.

Upon arrival at Basilan near 4:00 P.M., Charlie and Bert immediately boarded a truck (bus) to go to the barrio of Maluso on the other side of the island. When they arrived there, two Zamboanga Bible College students, Jonah Taliver and George Patoc, met them and took them to the Taliver house where they spent the night.

The next morning at the 9:00 o'clock worship service of the church, Charlie and Bert preached alternately. Immediately after

the close of the service at 11:00 A.M., they boarded another bus to go back to the other side of the island to Isabela to meet with the church at 2:00 P.M. Upon their arrival at 1:00 P.M., they were taken to the home of one of the Christians, where they found a chicken and rice dinner waiting.

Worship services began at 2:00 P.M. as scheduled and finished at 4:30. Afterwards, Charlie and Bert went to the guest-house of the Basilan Lumber Company to check in, where they had been invited to spend the night. Before supper they had time for visiting in the homes of some of the members. Next morning, Monday, December 29, they took the 5:00 A.M. motor launch back to Zamboanga City and were home in time for breakfast.

The main reason the missionaries made such trips was to strengthen the brethren in different localities which they visited. It also gave them opportunities to reach Filipinos out of Christ, as some of them would come and hear an American preacher when they would not listen to a Filipino.

There was an abundance of fruit trees in Zamboanga City. Bert took a quick census of the trees in our yard and learned that we had 265 banana trees, 19 papaya trees with 17 of them bearing fruit, three orange trees with one of them bearing fruit, one lime tree, one lemon tree bearing fruit, four mango trees, seven avocado trees, one cheesa tree (similar to persimmon), and one gubana tree. The students attending Zamboanga Bible College used most of the fruit and supplemented their diet by growing vegetables in a small garden.

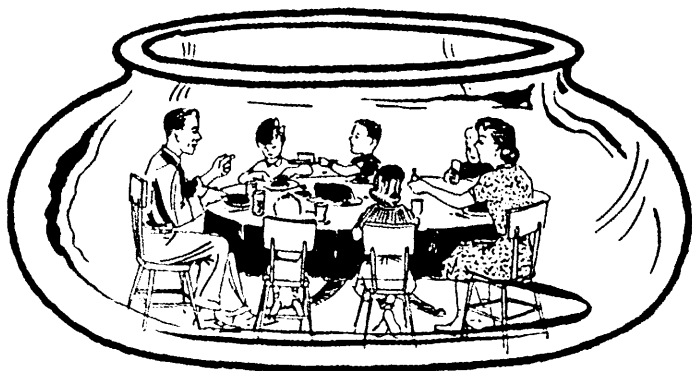
I always said there was no other climate on earth which could equal that of the Philippines, and we liked it, especially the rain season. There were times when we experienced seven consecutive days of very heavy rain. Our rainfall during those seven days was above average for Zamboanga City, as it seemed that the Sulu Sea had been turned upside down on us. "Americanos" did

not mind that kind of weather at all, since the temperature was a cool 78 degrees. Temperatures that low brought out sweaters and jackets for Filipinos.

I attended the annual flower show in Zamboanga City, which was a fascinating sight to behold. It was held at Zamboanga's beautiful Hotel Bayot, overlooking the Sulu Sea, making the event more picturesque. A great variety of pot plants and flowers were on display. The delicate colors in the orchids, the colorful zenias, gladiolus, dahlias, roses, and other varieties of flowers were lovely. Many ladies, both Filipinas and Americans, were present for the occasion. Refreshments consisting of tea, coffee, cake and cookies were served. Prizes were awarded to the ladies who had the best flower arrangements.

Within six months time, the high cost of living hit us hard. By way of example, we had been paying \$1.15 for a 24-oz. bottle of grape juice for communion, then the price advanced to \$1.70 per bottle. Gasoline went from 48 cents to 60 cents per gallon. Everything else, especially American-made products, went up proportionately. After the first of January, 1959, prices took the biggest jump ever, as import tax on all U. S. goods climbed 100%.

I was asked by the editor of CHRISTIAN WOMAN to write an article for the December 1958 issue describing missionary life in the Philippines. I consented and submitted the following:



THE "AMERICANOS"

*by Margie Perry**

Ten thousand miles away from home on Philippine soil, and family life still goes on in a normal way. When my family and I left the States, we did not make the ocean journey alone. The Lord was with us and has continued to be with us and bless us as a family.

Since living on foreign soil, we have eaten three meals a day, worn adequate clothing, lived in a house which has sheltered us from the rains, our children have continued their education, and we have breathed the same pure, fresh air as when we were living in the United States.

As a family on a foreign field, we have known

many blessings. However, we have not been without problems, adversities, disappointments, etc., but where on this side of heaven can one expect a life free of such? I am reminded of the words of Paul in 2 Corinthians 4:17, *“For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”*

Upon arriving in Zamboanga City, Philippines, in May 1956, we enrolled our two older daughters in the Zamboanga Normal School, thinking that their needs would be adequately filled. However, as time went on, we realized that the children were falling behind, due to the fact that Philippine schools use a different standard to that of schools in the United States.

One problem was that the first and second grades were not taught in English but in Chavacano, the local dialect. However, our eight year old daughter was in the third grade and was being taught in English. Nevertheless, I took on the responsibility of teaching our six year old daughter to read in English. In due time, we enrolled our son in the Normal School, and he, too, faced the problem of being taught only in the Chavacano dialect. Aside from the fact that English was not taught to first and second graders, we observed that more emphasis was placed on gardening and grass cutting than on book knowledge.

Later, we discovered an American school in Zamboanga. Upon investigating, we found that this school, though small, was just what we needed for our children. One of the teachers of the American school gave our children a test and found them behind in their work. Our two daughters were accepted, but we were

told that our son was too far behind. This presented another problem. I had to keep him at home and teach him the first grade myself.

When we first arrived in the Philippines, it took us a little time to get adjusted to the local foods, but we have learned to like many of the great variety of fruits and vegetables of the islands. In Zamboanga we do not have the variety of fresh meats which we enjoyed in the U. S., and we have to rely on expensive canned meats, which are imported from the States. Occasionally, we buy frozen meats that are shipped from Manila.

We have even eaten turtle meat. When properly prepared, it tastes like chicken-fried steak. Since there are no dairies in the Islands, we use whole powdered milk. I also had to accustom myself to cooking on a kerosene stove.

Our 220-volt system of electricity makes it necessary for us to use transformers to convert it to 110 volts.

We also had a problem concerning our medical needs. In some instances, there are not adequate facilities in the hospitals to meet family needs. When our two year old daughter was born with cerebral palsy, the doctors of Zamboanga were unable to determine the cause of her trouble, and it was necessary for her to be taken by plane to Manila, about 500 miles away, to have her case diagnosed. There are no cerebral palsy clinics in Zamboanga. Consequently, we have had to give the baby exercises and training at home.

Our day begins early. We get up at 5:30, eat breakfast at 6:15, and have devotional for the students of Zamboanga Bible College at 6:45. Our three older chil-

dren catch a jeep at 7:15 to go to school, and our four year old daughter leaves for kindergarten at 8:30. Classes are held all morning for the students at Zamboanga Bible College. Night classes are held each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

After supper, I help the children with their lessons, have a devotional with them, and put them to bed early. We try to get to bed by 10:00 o'clock, but since there is so much work to be done, such as making out test papers, preparing material for our radio broadcasts, taking care of all our paper work, etc., we are fortunate if we make it by 11:00 or 12:00 o'clock.

Living here is sometimes like living in a goldfish bowl. We always have the neighborhood children looking in our doors and windows to see what the "Americanos" are eating at mealtime.

Yes, we have enjoyed our life in a foreign country, and we would urge more families to come to the Philippines.

Chapter 21

Adapting to Filipino Customs

While on a trip to Ipil, Zamboanga del Sur, Bert and Charlie stayed in the home of some brethren from the church at Titay. Charlie suggested, "Let's all have some coffee. I brought a jar of instant coffee, and I will ask the lady of the house to prepare it for us."

A little later, after having been given the jar of instant coffee, the Filipina returned from the kitchen with a look of despair on her face. She finally mustered enough courage to tell Charlie, "Sir, we cannot have any coffee; it did not work for me. I dumped the whole jar of coffee into the water, and it is too strong." Charlie said, "Don't worry about it. The problem can be solved by adding more water." The situation became worse when the Filipina informed Charlie that she had poured out the entire container of coffee. Charlie changed her disappointment into delight when he told her he had another jar of instant coffee and would instruct her how to do it right.

This unusual incident was based on two facts. The Filipina did not understand how to make instant coffee, and Charlie did not realize she was unfamiliar with that type of coffee.

In the Philippines, those of the Ilocano tribe are accustomed to eating dog. Somebody gave us a puppy, and very quickly he grew big and fat. One day, a neighbor knocked on our door and said, "Brother Perry, your dog is now fat enough to eat." Bert did not know exactly what the neighbor had in mind, but perhaps he was thinking about a fiesta for the neighborhood to enjoy roasted dog. Our dog became such a bother that we finally gave him away. We wondered if the dog became a family pet or a family dinner!

On another occasion, there was a mangy, miserable looking

dog that kept hanging around our door, smelling the food that was being cooked in the kitchen. Bert casually remarked to our students that if they could figure out some way to get rid of the dog, he would appreciate it. One day while sitting in the living room studying, we heard a loud whacking noise on the back porch. Bert quickly went to the back door, and there stood one of our students with a great big, long bolo in his hand. He meekly looked up at Bert and exclaimed, "Sir, I missed." Obviously, he had in mind to chop the dog's head off.

Just before we left the Philippines, we rode the train from Manila to Baguio. We saw a number of crates of dogs being loaded in the baggage car. To make certain he would get the story straight, Bert asked one of the baggage handlers why the dogs were crated up for shipment, and this is the answer he received, "Oh, Sir, they are going to the meat market in Baguio."

Bert was advised that when traveling in the Philippines and visiting the brethren where the missionaries usually were well fed, it would be a wise idea, when greeting the host or hostess of the house, to use the greeting "I like Chicken". He always remembered what was said in the Scripture, "Whatsoever is set before you, eat, asking no questions..." And he accepted this advice from a former missionary, Brother Leland O'Neal. Bert said he did not know that he ever ate any dog; however, he did eat guinea pig stew and monkey stew. One of the Filipino brethren said the only thing he did not like about eating monkey was seeing those little hands floating around in the stew.

The Filipinos never ceased to marvel at Judy's blonde hair in contrast to their coal black hair. One day while our family was visiting a Moro village, one of the tribesmen looked at Judy and said, "Hello, Whitey!" On another occasion when we were in downtown Zamboanga, some Moro girls started feeling of Judy's hair and remarked, "Very soft hair; very nice hair!" They want-

ed to touch her hair to see if it were real.

The Filipinos observe another custom which is unknown to American customs. Immediately upon finishing a burial in the cemetery, they wave their hands over a fire in a symbolic act of driving evil spirits away.

Chapter 22

Preparing to Go "Home"!

The first thoughts that came to our minds at the beginning of the new year 1959 concerned our preparation for returning to the United States. Our three-year stay in the Philippines was fast coming to a close. We had already secured reservations on the *M/S Doña Alicia* of the Philippine National Lines for the return voyage. This ship was scheduled to stop at Hong Kong for one day and at Japan for about three days, then was to proceed to San Francisco.

Though the ship was scheduled to leave April 20, 1959, we had already begun to pack some things in order to avoid the last minute rush. We were also in the process of selling some of our household items that we would not be able to take home with us. In case the ship were to leave according to schedule, our children would of necessity be taken out of school about one month early. However, their teachers had already started giving them extra work to prevent them from getting behind.

We wanted it to be understood that the Philippine work would not stop just because we were leaving the field. The Garner family would still be in Zamboanga City and could use additional support for the mission work. Also, there were at least two other preachers planning to come to Zamboanga City who would need support. I believe that the words of our Lord, as recorded in Matthew 9:37,38, truly applies to the Philippines: *"Then saith He unto His disciples, the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest."* But, of course, the Lord cannot send forth laborers unless the laborers are willing to go.

We could easily use twenty or more qualified American mis-

sionaries in the Islands. Surely there were brethren who had the courage to send preachers before the door of opportunity closed. The Philippines is not a hard field of labor. Though the people are predominantly Catholic, they are not prejudiced. There were a number of large cities where the Lord's work had never begun.

Many preachers might hesitate to move to the Philippines for fear of great inconveniences of living in a tropical country, but my family and I could truthfully say that living in the Islands had been pleasant. We did, in fact, regret having to leave so soon. When we arrived on the field, it did not take us long to become adjusted to the new foods, customs, or the people. I was amazed that none of us suffered much culture shock. Our returning to the United States at this particular time was for a two-fold purpose: To enter Linda Sue in Les Passes Rehabilitation Center at Memphis, Tennessee, and for Bert to further his education at Harding Graduate School of Bible & Religion in Memphis.

We were well aware of the fact that we would be leaving the Philippines with mixed emotions, a situation that can never be avoided after missionaries have worked on the field with those to whom they have become attached. There were some American things we had missed and longed for while we were in the Islands, but, on the other hand, we realized there would be some Filipino things we would miss and long for after our departure. But memories do ease those longings and mixed feelings.

Our definite advantage was the fact that it was not necessary for us to learn a new language in order to labor on the mission field. English was understood and spoken all over the Islands. The progress of our mission work in Zamboanga City was measured by the advancement of our Zamboanga Bible College students. It was such a source of encouragement to see them rise from babes in Christ to mature, strong Christians, increasing their Bible knowledge from year to year. These students' willingness

to learn and work was an ever-present inspiration to missionaries.

Our children were preparing themselves for the disappointment of having to leave their Filipino classmates and friends, who had endeared themselves during our stay in the Islands. It had been a most enriching experience for them to be associated with children of another land and culture, and it proved to be of educational value.

Judy Carol, Mary Jane, Richard Morris, and Donna Gay would always remember the unique happenings which they had encountered. One day Judy was chewing gum and gave her little Filipina friend a stick of gum. After they had finished chewing, Judy disposed of her gum by throwing it away, whereas the other girl swallowed hers intentionally. Surprised at Judy's method of getting rid of chewing gum, the Filipina exclaimed, "Ah, you waste!" According to Philippine philosophy, anything as hard to get as chewing gum should never be thrown away. You just swallow it or store it in a safe place!

One of our Zamboanga Bible College students, Lolita DeSosa, warned us never to let three-year-old Donna Gay play in our yard unattended, because the Moro tribe had been known to kidnap American children. The culprits' purpose was to sell the children for monetary gain. So we heeded the warning and guarded our children.

Before we were warned to keep our children safe from the grasp of the Moro tribe, something happened that gave us quite a scare. One day we thought that little Donna Gay was missing from the house, so we engaged in a search throughout the neighborhood. Since our finding the child was all in vain, we returned home, and to our delight, we discovered Donna Gay sound asleep on the floor. She had positioned herself in a location where she could not be seen — a small space between the window and bed. We were never so relieved and thankful to see a little girl, in all

her innocence, unharmed by her childish action.

I must not fail to mention another aspect on our memory list which impressed our children. From time to time, little Filipino faces peering through our front door did not annoy us at all, even though it was like “living in a goldfish bowl”. We would not permit ourselves to object to the curiosity of Filipino children in observing how the Americans lived. Sometimes, I would invite them in for hot chocolate and cookies, which seemed to be the highlight of their day.

Judy Carol would never forget the incidents when Filipinos felt of her blonde hair and exclaimed, “First Class Abaca”, which are fibers taken from a plant similar to a banana plant and processed into manila rope. Judy said she had never before had her hair compared to rope!

Judy also recalled those happy-go-lucky school days when she and her classmates got together during recess and played marbles under the school house that rose high off the ground. It was a private place where they could go and play their games undisturbed while enjoying the cooler atmospheres — undisturbed except for ants.

Behind our house was a berry tree. It has been so long ago that we do not remember what kind of berries they were. Our children were out playing with the neighbor kids almost every day, and one day they jokingly dared our children to eat some of the berries. They said, “Oh, they are good to eat; they won’t hurt you.” So, what did our kids do? They took the dare, and each of them — Judy Carol, Mary Jane, and Richard — ate a berry. Nothing seemed to happen, until the next day when they had diarrhea. We immediately went to the parents of the neighbor kids and asked them if the berries were harmful; we explained that we needed to know, since our children had eaten one berry each. The neighbors assured us that the berries would not hurt anybody —

unless a lot of them were eaten. We found out that the berries served as a laxative. Needless to say, that was the way it worked with our children. They learned their lesson from this episode, and they never touched another berry from that tree!

We were going to miss Charlie and Jenet Garner, our co-workers who had been such a great help and encouragement along the way. They were an inspirational couple who would forever remain in our hearts and prayers. We regretted having to leave the Garner family alone on the field, as we knew from experience that the mission work was far too great for one family. It was our heartfelt prayer that more workers would be coming to Zamboanga City to help out.

The closing of the school year, as it was in the United States, was a time of mixed emotions, students of Zamboanga Bible College desiring to go home to various islands to visit friends and loved ones, but also having the desire to remain with newly made friends. For the Perry family, it meant saying good-bye, perhaps until the end of time, as we had no definite plans for returning to the Philippines.

By way of a diversionary measure, and for Christian fellowship before everyone went home, we had a picnic for the Garner and Perry families and our students at beautiful Pasonanca Park. The picnic was the same as an American picnic with plenty of food (sandwiches) and a good softball game. There was a difference, however, in the type of food which was planned for a Filipino picnic, as it consisted mostly of sandwiches and sardines. The sandwiches had a distinct name — "Eggo" — made only with bread and sandwich spread. The Filipinos had a fancy name for such sandwiches, because every time we would ask, "What shall we have to eat?", they always replied, "Eggo on American bread." But we preferred something besides "Eggo" on our sandwiches.

After the picnic was over, the students were busily engaged in repairing and repainting the church building. Boards that had been destroyed by termites were being replaced, new plastic-covered screens were being installed to protect the inside of the building during the coming rainy season, and the outside of the building was being thoroughly brushed with steel brushes and repainted white.

During our three year stay in Zamboanga City, in addition to the repair work being done by the students, we had put two white coats of paint on the missionary house, built three new porches (front, side, back) on to the house, added a copula to the church building, painted the benches, built a new boys' dormitory, 16 feet x 30 feet, and filled in one bomb crater garbage hole in our back yard.

Bert had always looked forward to traveling with Charlie Garner on mission trips; but there was one trip which he would of necessity have to miss, due to the fact that he had to use the time for finishing our preparation for returning to the States.

Charlie left on Saturday, March 28, 1959, for the annual Bible lectureship of the churches of Christ in the Philippines, sponsored by the Balangao, Siay, church of Christ in Zamboanga del Sur. Dates for the occasion happened to be April 2nd through the 5th, but Charlie had to leave early in order to catch a boat going in that direction and would have to return late because of the boat schedule.

General theme of the lectureship was "Back to the Bible". Lectures began at 7:00 A.M. each morning and ended at 9:15 P.M. with two hours off at noon and two hours off at supper time. There were twelve or more speakers each day.



Judy Carol, Mary Jane, Richard in our front yard.

Chapter 33

Homeward Bound

The last few weeks and days of our lives in Zamboanga City were memorable ones for us, as our brethren and friends tried to make them our happiest. We were taken to dinner twice at Hotel Bayot, the nicest hotel in town, located by the Sulu Sea; one of the families of the congregation prepared lechon (whole roasted pig) with all the trimmings; and our last Sunday the congregation had dinner together on the lawn with lechon and all our other favorite Filipino foods. Many neighbors came by the house each day, expressing their good wishes for us and leaving souvenirs of the Philippines, "something to remember us by", as they so aptly worded it.

My most treasured memoir is a lovely Philippine table cloth, hand crocheted by Sister Rosario Aguilar, a shining example of a Christian woman at work in the church. I have enjoyed the table cloth immensely for the past 38 years. Another gift of sentimental value is a writing pen which was presented to me by one of the female students of Zamboanga Bible College. Phoebe was a sweet spiritual-minded Filipina of sterling character. All of the Filipino Christians endeared themselves to us and are still in our hearts.

On Tuesday, April 14, 1959, at 5:45 A.M., a group from the church was at the Zamboanga City Airport to see us off on a Philippine Air Lines DC-3 plane. I shall never forget that day of parting, which was every bit as painful as we had anticipated. I could hear the sadness in our Filipino friends' voices as they bade their last farewells, and as our plane took off in the early morning skies, it was very touching to see all the hands waving to us. As we left these dear people with whom we had worked, we did not have the assurance that we would ever see them again this

side of heaven. It was a teary-eyed occasion, a memory that would remain with us the rest of our lives.

We flew first to Cebu City, and Donna Gay was the only one who experienced a little air sickness. We changed from the CD-3 plane to a Viscount turbo-jet plane, and the flight was very smooth at 15,000 feet. We were met at the Manila Airport by some missionary friends, Victor Broadus and family, with whom we stayed 2-1/2 weeks while we were waiting for our ship, *M/S Doña Alicia*, to sail. We also enjoyed spending time with missionaries Dennis Allen, Harold Preston, and their families.

We decided to take a trip to Baguio, Philippines, and left by train on April 28, at 6:30 A.M. The first class car was air-conditioned and much like the inside of a Philippine Air Lines plane, except larger. There was a diner with reasonable prices. The train ride lasted four hours, taking us to Demortis at the foot of the mountains and by the sea. New autos were waiting to take the first-class passengers on to Baguio. The trip up the mountains took about one hour, and we arrived in Baguio a short time before 12:00 noon. After lunch, Bert and the children went on a row-boat adventure. Our missionary friends, Ralph and Eunice Brashears, had arranged for us to stay in the Shanghai Hotel, owned by Chinese, and missionaries were given a cheaper rate.

After having cleaned up and rested for a few minutes, we went out to Camp John Hay, a rest and recreational camp for U. S. military personnel. We enjoyed a special lunch consisting of good American food. The camp was in a picturesque setting with a relaxing atmosphere, and we felt revived for having been there.

In the afternoon we went to a park in the center of Baguio and walked around, enjoying the cool weather. We later visited a museum which displayed artifacts from a tribe of northern Luzon called Igorots. Next day, after having walked all over town and seeing the sights, we attended the chapel program of

Philippine Bible College. Supper time found us at Camp John Hay Officer's Mess; all our other meals we ate at the Shanghai Hotel and were served Chinese food.

We left Baguio at 4:30 next morning after the automobile came to the Shanghai Hotel and picked us up. We reached Demortis at 5:40 A.M. and had to wait until 6:15 for the train back to Manila.

Supposing that we would be served in the diner, we purposely did not eat breakfast before boarding the train. What a disappointment! No food this time. We got hungry before we arrived in Manila; however, we made up for it at lunch time. Manila was very hot that time of the year, and we were already missing the cool sea breezes of Zamboanga City.

That Wednesday evening, Bert preached for the church of Christ, Castillas & PI Y Margall, Sampaloc, Manila.

Before we left Zamboanga, all of our trunks and luggage had been inspected, approved, and sealed by the Zamboanga Customs Inspector. The papers of approval and official sealing were given to us to take to Manila for the official approval of loading everything on our ship to the States. Our trunks and luggage were shipped from Zamboanga to Manila under official customs seal, assuring us that nothing would be broken into and stolen.

In Manila, Bert went to the customs headquarters in the dock area to get the final approval for loading our things on the ship, *M/S Doña Alicia*. We went to the warehouse where our trunks and luggage were awaiting us and notified the customs agent that we were ready to load them. All our things had been loaded on the truck, and apparently it was time for them to be taken to the dock, so Bert said, "Let's now head for the ship." The agent very haltingly remarked, "Sir, there is one more fee you have to pay." Bert answered, "Well, I was told that I had paid all the fees at the Customs Headquarters Building, but go ahead and make out an

official receipt for the amount, and I will pay it.” The agent very hesitatingly said, “Sir, you do not get an official receipt for this fee.” We knew for a fact that in the Philippines it was necessary for foreigners to receive an official receipt for paying official fees. Bert surmised immediately that this customs agent was asking for “money under the table”, which was illegal.

Bert pulled out our papers from the Customs Headquarters and asked the agent, “Whose signature is this on the official release for our trunks and luggage?” He answered, “Sir, that is the head of the Philippine customs.” Bert informed the agent that he would take the paper back and inquire why we had to pay another fee at the dock. This brought the Filipino to the realization that he had lost his pursuit for monetary gain, so he said, “Sir, no problem. We will load your trunks and luggage right now!” That was the end of our unexpected problem.

Before our ship, *M/S Doña Alicia*, shoved off from Manila Bay on May 3, 1959, a tugboat pulled out a water barge and loaded fresh water on the ship. Our first stop after leaving Manila was Aparri, a port city in northern Luzon, on Babuyan Channel. Bert, Judy Carol, Mary Jane, Richard, and Donna Gay boarded a motor launch and went ashore for some sightseeing in Aparri.

Big ocean-going freight ships such as the *Doña Alicia* could not go into port, so of necessity we had to anchor out in the sea; a tugboat loaded 700 tons of manganese ore on the *Doña Alicia*. After a three-day stay in Aparri, our ship sailed past Formosa, which was a former name for Taiwan, but we were not close enough to go ashore.

It was night time when our ship approached Hong Kong, the brilliantly lighted “City on a Hill”. Its lights could be seen for miles around. When I viewed this magnificent scene, the first thought that came to me was the scripture in Matthew 5:14, “Ye

are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

Since our ship docked overnight in Hong Kong, we took advantage of our free time and walked along the streets, going in and out of the fascinating shops. I remember the weather turning cooler, and since we were caught without sweaters, we had to buy new ones for the entire family.

Next day being Sunday, we attended worship services of the Lord's church several stories up in a tall building where Brother Victor Broadus was preaching in the Chinese language.

The most impressive, heartbreaking incident was looking from a high-rise window to the streets below and seeing little children living and sleeping in boxes. As we observed the pitiful lifestyle of those "little street people", our hearts were touched, and all we could do was pray that the children could in some way have a better way of life.

Before leaving Hong Kong, we went to the home of Elizabeth Bernard, missionary, for a brief visit. On the other side of Hong Kong was Kowloon, the chief port city located on the Kowloon Peninsula, northeast of Hong Kong Island. A lack of time prevented us from visiting this point of interest.

After we reported back to the *Doña Alicia*, we had a short time before take-off, so Judy, Mary Jane, Richard, and Donna Gay decided they would like to explore the ship. They had the captain's permission, and he even took them to the captain's bridge and taught them the techniques of piloting a ship. The children, especially Richard, considered this one of the highlights of the day, a very unique experience.

After the *Doña Alicia* left Hong Kong, we continued our voyage until we came to Kobe, Japan, the largest trading port in Japan. Robert Nichols, missionary, met our ship and took us to

his home, where we were served a Japanese meal. This was something unusual, a first time experience for us, as we had never eaten Japanese style from such a low table, nor sat on the floor. I tried my best to get used to those peculiar looking “forks” which bore the name of chopsticks; however, I never did master the art of eating with them. I lost all of my rice, because instead of landing in my mouth, it fell through the chopsticks onto my plate. My family did a better job of maneuvering these utensils than I did. I was told that chopsticks were invented for the purpose of conveying food to the mouth, but there was only one trouble — my food never did make it to my mouth!

In the course of our shopping tour in Kobe, Bert suddenly remembered that he left his camera in a sweater shop, so he went back in search of the camera, hoping it would still be there. As he entered the shop, a Japanese lady met him with the camera in her hands and proudly demonstrated the traditional “courtesy bow”, Oriental style. This lady was the owner of the shop and recalled that Bert had been there a short time before. He appreciated her honesty in saving his camera.

Our second stop was Nagoya, Japan, a city on south central Honshu Island, Japan, on Ise Bay. We got off the ship, walked around, did some sightseeing, and the *Doña Alicia* spent the night there.

When we came to our third stop, Shimizu, Japan, we left the ship and walked along the streets of the small town. Each Japanese town held a distinct character all its own, and seeing them for the first time added interest to our travels. We took color slides at all our stops.

Yokohama, our fourth stop, turned out to be one of the larger places, a port city on central Honshu Island, Japan, on Tokyo Bay. We found it to be very colorful, interesting, and quaint. L. T. Gurganus, missionary, met the *M/S Doña Alicia*, after having

ridden a train from Tokyo. Our family joined Brother Gurganus on the train ride back to Tokyo, where we had a very enjoyable visit with him and his wife, Joan, and their baby daughter, Quena Kay. We appreciated their gracious hospitality, and they made us feel at home the short time we were with them.

While in Tokyo we could see Mt. Fuji at a distance. This mountain happens to be the highest peak in Japan, and to recapture its beauty, we bought some oil paintings on silk cloth from vendors who came aboard ship with their wares.

While sightseeing in downtown Tokyo, I went inside an exclusive pearl shop and spotted a string of Mikimoto pearls. With my temptation running high, I told the Japanese clerk that I wanted to buy this lovely item. He placed the pearls in a nice velvet box, and I asked him to lay them aside while I ran next door to a camera shop, hoping to convince Bert that I had to have some money to buy the much needed pearls. I emphasize the fact that the cost was very reasonable for Mikimoto pearls. I sold Bert on the idea that I should buy them, considering my plight that I had never in my life owned any real cultured pearls. My psychology worked, and he did relinquish the money, Japanese yen.

But the Mikimoto pearl story had a surprise ending, one that I had not anticipated. Just as the clerk was about to make a sale, he gave me the news that was to keep me from buying the pearls. He asked for my Tax Exemption slip, which I did not possess; nothing could be purchased without this paper. I was going to be so proud to take the pearls to the ship and wear them as a memoir of Tokyo. I walked out of the store empty-handed; nevertheless, I could not allow this incident to become a lasting disappointment. After all, it was of a material nature, and I derived a lesson from it. In this earthly life, there are some things we can do without!

While shopping in Tokyo, we bought Mary Jane a Japanese

umbrella with Oriental decorations, and this gift would be for her birthday, May 26, in anticipation of a celebration on the ship.

The most amazing, spectacular sight that our children beheld in Tokyo was the jinriksha, better known as rickshaw, which is a small Oriental carriage drawn by one or two men. The only carriages the children had ever seen were drawn by horses, and now this was a real change of lifestyle. Incredible, they thought!

After the *Doña Alicia* pulled out from Japan, we continued with smooth sailing — smooth except for one incident when the ocean waves got a little rough and came gushing through the porthole of my cabin. Nothing to be disturbed about, but a first time experience and a good splashing that left me cool and refreshed. A Pacific Ocean spray was a welcome shower for the day!

Judy Carol, Mary Jane, Richard, and Donna Gay loved playing ping pong on the ship; in fact, it became their favorite past time. It was interesting to meet and talk with the passengers on this voyage, one being an Englishman who previously had been a judge in Hong Kong and was on his way back to England, his homeland.

We were always looking forward to the dinner gong, one of the highlights of the voyage. The ship cooks knew how to please the appetites of the passengers. I will give an example of just one menu: Roast chicken, mashed potatoes, brown gravy, buttered sweet peas, eggplant omelet, buttered asparagus, stuffed tomato salad, mixed relish tray, tomato soup crouton, cup custard, and iced tea. How is that for dinner at sea? For breakfast we always had eggs, pancakes, bacon, ham, grapefruit, toast, cereal, coffee, and cocoa. We were sailing in comfort, and none of our family became seasick.

On May 26, 1959, the cooks on the *Doña Alicia* were busy baking and decorating a cake for Mary Jane's birthday. The table

was beautifully set, and I have never seen a little girl so aglow with excitement as she blew out her nine candles. It was indeed a gala occasion for her to celebrate a birthday while crossing the Pacific Ocean, something she had never before experienced. This little birthday girl donned her long, colorful, Filipina fiesta dress and was all set to have her picture taken while holding the umbrella we purchased for her in Tokyo. She was all dressed up Oriental style. To add to Mary Jane's pleasure, a lady passenger gave her a pretty scarf which she had bought in France. Now this was quite a novelty to Mary Jane, and this birthday at sea was a never to be forgotten event.

Not long before the *Doña Alicia* reached the shores of San Francisco, a "Happy Landing" party was under way, in celebration of a safe, successful 21-day voyage. The cooks baked a special cake and decorated it with the words HAPPY LANDING, which was one of the highlights of the festive occasion. The captain and the entire ship crew joined in the fun. Excitement soared as we caught a glimpse of the lights of San Francisco.

As the *M/S Doña Alicia* approached the Golden Gate Bridge, Judy, Mary Jane, Richard, and Donna Gay shrieked when the ship got closer and closer. They were just sure the top of the ship was going to hit the bridge! It did look that way — but only an illusion.

When the *M/S Doña Alicia* docked in the San Francisco Harbor on May 27, 1959, we could not believe we had reached our beloved homeland at last. The United States of America never looked so good!

We welcomed the sight of some brethren from the church who had come to meet our ship, and we appreciated the hospitality of a preacher from the San Francisco area who took us home with him for supper after we had gotten settled in an apartment for the night. Those hamburgers were a real treat and satisfied

our appetites completely.

Sightseeing in San Francisco was fantastic, Knob Hill being one of the favorite points of interest. An overall view of this great city proved to be well worth our time.

One of the most impressive memories was when a member of the church brought us a bottle of vitamin "D" whole milk, a delicacy we had not tasted in three years. We all remarked that it represented the taste thrill of ice cream! I can still hear those little voices saying, "Mama, this milk tastes like ice cream!"

At Berkeley, California, as we were boarding a double-decker train, little 4-1/2 year old Donna Gay started crying, and when we asked her what was wrong, in her trembling voice, she said, "I wanted to stay in the States!" She thought that California made up the entire United States, and if we went anywhere else, we would be away from the States. As our astrodome train glided through Nevada, Utah, and Colorado, Donna Gay said, "This is a big States!" We had explained to her that the United States comprised many states.

After a brief visit with Bert's parents in Denver, Colorado, we traveled on to Seminole, Oklahoma, to be with my mother and uncle.

At a later date, we visited with our sponsoring congregation, the Ash Street church of Christ in Wilson, Oklahoma.

While we were in Duncan, Oklahoma, visiting with one of our supporters, the West Main church of Christ, Leland O'Neal took us out to eat at a cafeteria. Seven year old Richard spied the turkey and dressing and cranberry sauce. This little fellow filled his plate up so full that we knew "his eyes were bigger than his stomach." Leland said, "Leave the boy alone; let him have all he wants." We had a big conversation going, and talking over old times was a genuine pleasure. Leland related some of his mis-

sionary experiences in the Philippines, and we had plenty to tell him. Our time together constituted a lifetime of memories, because **memories are forever!**



Donna Gay, Richard, Judy Carol, Mary Jane on the ship, M/S/ Doña Alicia.