Putting Out the Fleece

The Story of J. C. (Jimmy) and Joyce Shewmaker, Missionaries to Africa

Charles Royce Webb

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Dedicated with love and gratitude
to my devoted wife

RUTH COPELAND WEBB

A committed Christian —
Like her sister Joyce Copeland Shewmaker

Publisher's Statement

I had heard of the J.C. Shewmakers and their work in Africa for many years. It was in 1970 that I made a fact finding trip through Africa and had the opportunity to meet and visit with the Shewmakers in what was then Bulawayo, Rhodesia. Of course, the name of the country has since been changed to Zimbabwe.

On my arrival at the Bulawayo Airport, brother Will Short, another well-known name among missionaries of Africa, met me and took me to the Shewmaker home. They were most kind to me and I enjoyed, very much, the opportunity to see their work through their eyes. I was appreciative, too, of the opportunity afforded me to speak to the congregation where they worshipped.

To read the story of the Shewmakers, and other missionaries of their time, is almost like reading fiction. Their experiences seem "larger than life". In today's setting, it is hard for us to look back to their time and understand the kind of dedication they had, the limited support they had to work with, the hardships they experienced, the difficulties of housing, food, health, school, and communication that they endured. Yet, they took all of this in stride, worked hard, accepted the responsibility, lived through it, and got the work done. Most spent the adult years of their lives there, returning to America for "furlough" only after long periods on the field. What a legacy they left! What an example they set! They did not seek wealth, honor or glory, but only the opportunity to serve and to carve out of a raw wilderness a work for God that would live far beyond their time.

We need to get acquainted with these brethren of past years and be encouraged and inspired to go out into a lost world and imitate their zeal, dedication, and sacrifices. Although they have gone on to their reward, they still speak to us and will continue to do so through their works, their family members, those brethren who are carrying on the work they began, and through the writing of these pages.

May the good they have done continue through those who follow them.

J. C. Choate
Winona, MS
May 1, 2002

Acknowledgments

A book is usually the product of the combined effort of many people and this one is no different. I wish to acknowledge the contributions of those who assisted in the production of this book. First, the four surviving children of James Cluver and Joyce Shewmaker: Stan, Claudia, Sam, and Sherman have been very helpful. All have provided interviews and helped make available letters and others materials related to their parents. I appreciate the information about the Copeland and Shewmaker families provided in interviews by Hilda Harris, a sister of Joyce. Troy, Ott, and Aubrey Shewmaker, all brothers of Jimmy, provided helpful interviews.

A special gratitude is due Alvin and Georgia Hobby, close friends and colleagues of J. C. and Joyce on the mission field. They provided invaluable insights into the character of the Shewmakers and life as a missionary in Zambia, especially in the early years of the work there. Dow Merritt, although in his nineties, graciously granted me an interview. It was an experience that I will never forget.

George Hobby, son of Alvin and Georgia, helped me to see the mission experience, both its positive and negative aspects, from the point of view of a person who was raised on the mission field. Gladys Taylor, a childhood neighbor of Jimmy Shewmaker, provided information about Jimmy as a boy.

A special appreciation is extended to the individuals who typed the bulk of this material: Ruth Webb, Faye Venable, and Becky Todd.

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Preface

J. C. (Jimmy) and Joyce Shewmaker were missionaries in Zambia (Northern Rhodesia) and Zimbabwe (Southern Rhodesia) for a total of 38 years. When they left for the mission field in 1939, Jimmy was 37 years old and Joyce was 32 years old. The Shewmakers returned to the United States to live on a permanent basis in 1977.

The story of an individual or a group of people so completely committed to a single ideal that it drastically influences the course of their lives is inspirational. The life of J. C. and Joyce Shewmaker is one such story. Both Jimmy and Joyce, even before they met each other, had dreams of becoming missionaries. When Joyce was in the ninth grade at Portland Christian School, several missionaries visited the school. She was so impressed by the commitment of these individuals that Joyce decided she wanted to spend her life in the mission field. This vision became the moving force in the lives of the Shewmakers. This absolute dedication of all one's energies and resources to a single ideal was an inspiration to me personally, and to many others who knew them in the United States and Africa. It is my hope that the readers of this book will catch a glimpse of the vision of this great couple.

The foundation upon which the Shewmakers built their vision of becoming missionaries was an unshakable faith that God would support them in this undertaking if it was His will for them to go to the mission field. This faith never failed them. On many occasions their faith sustained them in difficulties created by the vagaries of the mission field and difficulties created by men.

Their greatness lies not in the material realm, or in the fact that they were involved in any great historical events. Jimmy and Joyce were very involved in the common everyday task of rearing a family of five children. In addition they had to cope with the many special problems of living in a relatively primitive environment, but they never lost sight of the more important spiritual issues of life. This complete, lifelong commitment and absolute faith in God lifted them out of the realm of the ordinary. Herein lies their greatness.

Another purpose of this book is to help create a better understanding and greater appreciation for the commitment and sacrifice of those who are willing to travel to distant places for the cause of Christ. Individuals who accept this responsibility must sacrifice many of the things that most people take for granted — things such as seeing friends and relatives (the Shewmakers only returned to America for three brief furloughs during the 38 years they were on the mission field) and being present for special occasions. Even the deaths and funerals of parents, brothers or sisters and others that one may be close to, must be missed. This was especially true in the early days of the Shewmakers' missionary experience when transportation was much slower than it is today.

Shortly before Jimmy Shewmaker died in 1985, Jimmy and Joyce dictated a brief set of memoirs. After reading these memoirs, I decided that the life and work of the Shewmakers was worth telling in a more permanent format. In the case of Jimmy and Joyce, as with most ordinary people, there were not a large number of documents and other papers left behind. Because of these and other factors this work is constrained in the following ways.

First, the main documents left by the Shewmakers were their letters, personal and otherwise. Since this was the primary source of information, I decided to use an edited version of the letters as a main part of the book.

Secondly, letters tell only the story of one family. As a result, there has been no attempt in this book to write a history of the mission work of the Churches of Christ among the Zambian people.

Thirdly, others missionaries are mentioned only as they are closely related to the work and lives of the Shewmakers on the mission field.

Fourthly, this project was conceived after the death of Jimmy and he could not be interviewed nor did he write many letters. Much less of his perspective on the African experience is included. Joyce was a prolific letter writer. She wrote to Ethel Sevedge in 1963, "I love to write letters...." Since Joyce wrote almost all of the letters and most of the articles, this book reflects predominately her perspective on their experience in Africa.

Fifthly, there has not been an attempt to recount or to evaluate any of the differences between missionaries of a personal nature or differences over methods or techniques in mission efforts. The only exception is the disagreement among the missionaries that led to the Shewmakers leaving Namwianga and going to Zimbabwe. This decision to avoid controversy and personal weaknesses among the missionaries may give the appearance of a more "saintly" group of people than was the case. This book is simply an attempt to tell the story of Jimmy and Joyce Shewmaker.

In addition to the letters mentioned above, the author interviewed a number of the family members of both the Shewmaker and Copeland families. The biographical material, brief as it is, comes from this source and the brief memoirs of Jimmy and Joyce. Some missionaries who had been colleagues of the Shewmakers on the mission field were also interviewed.

After much thought about how to refer to the indigenous people of Zambia and Zimbabwe, the decision was made to use the term "native." This term was commonly used at the time the letters were written. I hope no one is offended by this term or other terms used in the book. It certainly was not Joyce's intention, nor is it mine, to offend anyone.

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The Commitment

By June of 1939, millions had come to New York City with little more than a hope and a prayer, anticipating life on a new continent, but the Shewmakers were different from most. As other immigrants had, they carried all their material goods on one truck and all their money in one pocket. But in New York City that June, Jimmy and Joyce Shewmaker — with sons Stan and Jackie — remained far from their destination, for they were just starting their journey to the mission field of Africa. The Shewmakers were different, for they were not starting over in a new land to make a better, more prosperous life for themselves. Instead their goal was to improve the lives of others, even at the expense of their own comfort and wealth, and for the rest of their lives, they did just that.

Jimmy — or J.C. as he was also known — and Joyce had held separate but similar interests in mission work even before they had met at Harding College. Their combined interests blossomed into strong desire after A.B. and Margaret Reese, missionary teachers in Zambia (then Northern Rhodesia) visited the Shewmakers in Guy, Arkansas in the fall of 1938. Reese urged Jimmy and Joyce to help him immediately. Under Reese's plan, Jimmy would teach the Bible as he taught school — exactly the task he had prepared himself to do.

After much prayer and thought, Jimmy and Joyce decided to go. They had to wait a while, however, because they were both school teachers (Jimmy was also the superintendent), and the school year was far from finished. In the meantime, A.B. and Margaret stayed with the Shewmakers.

Reese suggested that Jimmy trade in his '38 Ford for a Chevrolet truck like the Reese's so that if either one needed repairs they could perhaps use the parts from the other truck. Jimmy agreed and they drove to Flint, Michigan for the truck. The Guy Church of Christ paid the difference between the car and the truck, providing the first of many benevolent acts that would eventually put the Shewmakers in Africa.

To provide their possessions protection from the weather as they traveled, Jimmy built a canopy of cedar planks. The top of the canopy

opened down the middle, front to back, and swung out to both sides. Inside they packed almost all of their goods which they would not need as they traveled, and on top of that a mattress which they had bought at a nearby cotton factory.

Under the mattress were, among other things, a cotton gin and a baby bed, but no toys. The cotton gin was Reese's idea; he thought he could make some money on cotton in Africa. The ten-dollar baby bed would become a sort of family and community heirloom; before its retirement it would be slept in — and cried in — by all of the Shewmakers' children and several of their grandchildren, as well as by many other missionaries' babies. There were no toys because Joyce had given them away; they did not have room for them.

Jimmy and Joyce had prepared with great haste and excitement but little fear. They had no way of knowing what lay ahead, but were sure the Lord would provide. They had each harbored a dream for years, but they had had to wait for their faith's full development. Now with $40 in Jimmy's pocket and everything else they owned in the back of a pickup truck, they were ready.

Their first encounter on the long journey to the mission field was with a blaring car horn — about four miles out of Guy. Racing to catch them was a friend, Arch Poole; he had gone by their house to see them off but barely missed them. When he did catch them, however, he said much more than goodbye: "J.C., you are the biggest fool I've ever seen! You are taking these boys to Africa to bury them!" Even years later, Jimmy would often think of the accuracy and irony of Poole's prophecy. Yes, Arch Poole was right, Jimmy would think: they had literally buried one in the ground, and the other had been buried in mission work for years.

After leaving Guy and Arch Poole behind, the Shewmakers and Reeses drove first to Nashville. Jimmy and Joyce had decided to see as many friends as possible on their way to New York, so in Nashville they visited former college mates Sherman Lanier — a teacher at David Lipscomb College and a preacher — and his wife Ethel, as well as the congregations of the Church of Christ at Westside, Hamilton, Strathmoor, and Vinewood, at which Joyce had friends. They spent the night at one of the Lipscomb dormitories, deserted during the summer.

From Nashville they drove to Louisville and then Detroit, two of Joyce's former hometowns. They continued driving north, into Canada, because Reese wanted Jimmy and Joyce to see Niagara Falls. They crossed back into the U.S. on their way to Jersey City, New Jersey, where they planned to stay until their departure for England.

Arriving here with neither the funds for their passage or to ship the truck, the faith that they launched out with would be put to its first real test. They "put out the fleece" to see if God wanted them to go to the mission field. Jimmy and Joyce had decided that if the funds were not supplied it was not God's will for them to go. As would happen on so many later occasions, God spoke clearly by providing all their expenses and then some. Jimmy said that after all the years of planning that they did not know if they would go to the mission field until the funds were provided for them in New York.

On the way to Jersey City, the Shewmakers' truck engine began running badly. They didn't know what the problem was, but the truck had a 4000-mile warranty, so after reaching Jersey City they sent it ahead by ship to Port Elizabeth, South Africa, where the truck could be repaired at a Chevrolet factory. They were unable to pay the shipping company then, so the company agreed to ship the truck on the condition that if the Shewmakers did not pick up the truck at Port Elizabeth and pay the shipping costs, the company could sell the truck and the things on it. (As it happened, they never did pay the shipping charge, because it had already been paid when they arrived. Without telling Jimmy and Joyce, four local men each asked for a half month's wage advance and paid for the truck's shipment, as was revealed to Jimmy by one of the four men in 1974).

Meanwhile, much other benevolence came their way. Along the trip north Jimmy spoke at various congregations, who in turn paid him a few dollars to help them get to New York. At Detroit, Doctor Hipp, an optometrist and a local church leader, made Jimmy a pair of glasses free of charge — the first pair Jimmy had been able to afford. Dick Spray, another leader in the congregation at Cameron Avenue in Detroit, gave Jimmy some hand tools.

In the New York City area they received their most significant support so far. George Benson, then Harding College president, happened to

be visiting the World's Fair, and he asked Reese how their finances were; Reese replied that his were all right, but that Jimmy and Joyce needed help. Benson, who was known as an aggressive fund-raiser, quickly collected $100 for the Shewmakers. From Louisville came more help; Don Carlos Janes, another church leader who raised money for missionaries, sent money (about $1000) for their ship tickets from a fund he maintained. Furthermore, the ladies of the local congregation sent a big box of toys for the boys, a stroller for Jackie, and a basket of fruit for the voyage.

On Stan Shewmaker's birthday, the 8th of July, after a ten-day stay in New York and New Jersey, the Reeses and the Shewmakers sailed second class for South-ampton, England, on the *Georgic*, under a British flag. One of the first events on board was a birthday party for Stan, given by the crew. For exercise and entertainment, the adults pitched quoits and walked. During most of the voyage the weather was calm, but on one afternoon there was some pitching, and they all became seasick. A.B. Reese

J.C., Joyce, Stan, Jackie Shewmaker. Passport picture 1939.

and Jimmy went to the deck for fresh air, which cured them, but Margaret Reese and Joyce stayed in their respective beds. Except for that afternoon, the eight-day trip was a pleasant one, and for the Shewmakers, a new and interesting experience.

Upon their arrival in Southampton, they quickly cleared customs and exchanged their dollars for pounds, then immediately took the two-hour train ride to London. They found the British train very quaint. Each traveling party had a self-contained booth with a door, and at night the steward converted the seats to beds — a construction quite unlike the American coaches to which they were accustomed.

They arrived in London on Sunday, July 16. R.B. Scott met them and took them by subway to the House of Rest, an anchorage for traveling Protestant missionaries. A set of officers — including a president and a secretary-treasurer — supervised the House of Rest and served as hosts. The room and board rates were very reasonable.

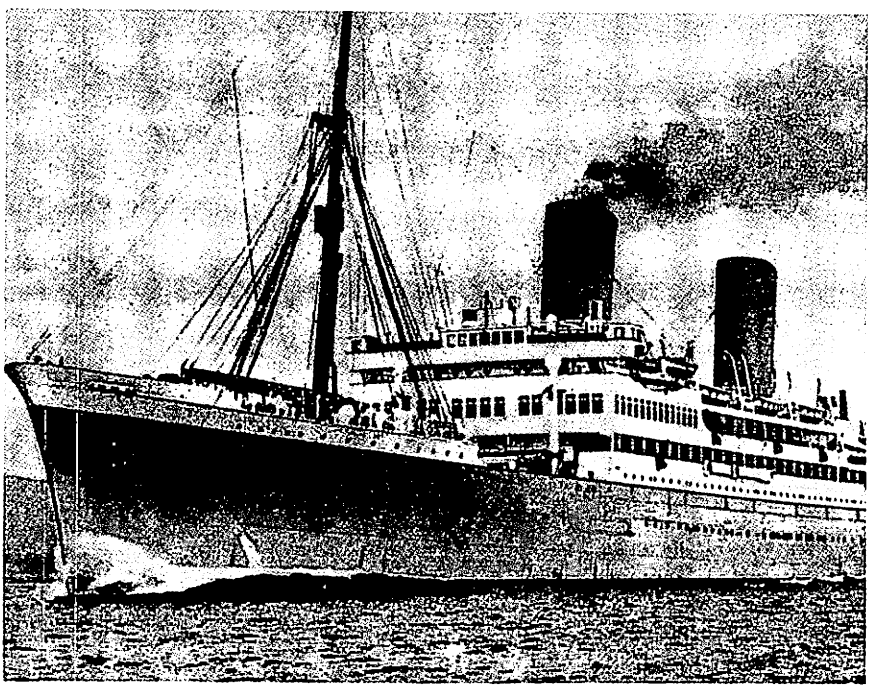
The fact that there were both the House of Rest and a Church of Christ congregation in London persuaded them to stay in London while they waited for their voyage to Africa. They did not arrive early enough for the Sunday services of the church, however, so after they settled in at the House of Rest, they observed the Lord's Supper in their rooms. That evening they walked in a nearby park and discussed plans for their work in Africa.

The Shewmakers and the Reeses considered their few days in London a vacation and thus wasted no time getting away to see the sights. On Monday morning, while Mrs. Reese cared for Jackie and Joyce bathed, Jimmy and A.B. took Stan to the zoo. That afternoon, Jimmy watched the boys as Joyce and Reeses visited the zoo.

On Tuesday, Margaret stayed with Stan and Jackie, allowing Jimmy, Joyce, and A.B. to take a tour of the British capital city. They went in the morning to London Tower, the House of Parliament, and Westminster Abbey, where Joyce, an English Literature enthusiast, spend her time looking for the tombs of the writers she admired. During the afternoon the trio went to Buckingham Palace and then to the British Museum, which they found to be the most interesting part of their tour. It was the

most wonderful museum she had ever seen, thought Joyce, and it would take months to see everything there. That evening, after a rest, they worshipped with the Kentishtown Church of Christ in London, where Reese spoke to the congregation about the mission work in Africa.

On Wednesday, while Mrs. Reese and Joyce washed, ironed, and packed, the men and Stan went to town to make the arrangements for their departure the next day. Jimmy and Joyce found the atmosphere and the routine at the House of Rest very refreshing. At meals, they were served in the English style: the hostess sat at one end of the long table with the meat platter and a stack of plates in front of her. After the hostess placed a meat portion on a plate, the maid carried the plate to one of the guests, a routine they repeated until all had been served. Then each one dipped his vegetables from the covered bowls that were on the table. After the morning and evening meals the group sang a hymn, someone



Ship taken by J.C. Shewmakers and Reeses between Southampton, UK and Cape Town, South Africa, July 1939.

read a scripture, and another led them in prayer. In the afternoons, biscuits (similar to American cookies) and hot tea were served; Jimmy and Joyce, neither of whom had ever liked hot tea, quickly developed a taste for it in this setting.

Early Thursday morning they all arose, had breakfast in their rooms, and rushed to catch the train for Southampton. When they arrived in Southampton, they took a taxi to the Union Castle docks, checked their baggage, and boarded the *Arundel Castle.* That afternoon they set sail for Africa.

At Funchal, Madeira, they made a fascinating four-hour stop. The Madeira Islands, or Funchal Islands — alternately named for either their largest city or their largest island — are a small group of islands owned by Portugal which sit about 400 miles west of French Morocco. The island (Madeira) that holds Funchal is fifteen miles long, and its appearance is that of a mountain coming out of the sea. As they neared the port, Jimmy and Joyce could see the whole city as it stretched up the mountainside. Clouds hovered nearby, over the island and deep into the gorges and canyons. The houses and other buildings appeared to be made of brick, with roofs of tile, in what they guessed was the Portuguese style.

As the *Arundel Castle* anchored, a multitude of small boats immediately left shore and glided rapidly for the ship. The first boats to reach were three-man row boats; of the three men, one paddled, one yelled (in English), "He dive for sixpence," and the other, in trunks, dove for sixpence and other coins. The diver, who also was yelling advertisements to the ship passengers, would pick up small rocks and throw them far into the water to show that he would go as far as a customer could throw. When a penny was thrown, the diver wouldn't budge, but when a customer threw a larger coin — say, a shilling — he would dive for it and have it back at this boat almost instantly.

The other boats that flocked to the ship held merchandise, for which the salesmen would ask enormous prices. They sold the most beautiful linens Joyce had ever seen — bedspreads, tablecloths, luncheon cloths, serviettes, handkerchiefs, and dresses that were cut out and embroidered so delicately that they were like lace. Also available were other items made in the Madeira Islands, such as handmade wicker chairs and bas-

kets, as well as straw hats, jewelry of all kinds, both real and artificial flowers, and fresh fruits in small baskets. At first the merchants were selling their items — mostly to the first- and second-class passengers — at full price, which was over $100 for bedspreads and tablecloths. As the time came for them to leave the ship, they began cutting half or even two-thirds off the original prices. After they left the ship, they reduced the prices still further and thus sold much more; to get the goods to the buyers they threw ropes up onto the ship and had the items pulled up.

Madeira Islanders, 1939.

When the *Arundel Castle* anchored, four larger boats came to take the passengers ashore for a small fee. Many went onto the island to shop briefly in the souvenir shops, but the Reeses and the Shewmakers stayed on board.

As the ship began to leave the island, the divers reappeared to repeat

their ritual. When the ship got a distance from the shore, two of the divers came aboard. After receiving several financial dares, they dove from one of the top-most decks and swam away with the profits.

When the ship crossed the Equator ("crossing the line" seamen call it), the ship's crew and passengers participated in the ancient ceremony of initiation for those who had never crossed the Equator. One of the older "shellbacks" — those who had previously crossed the Equator and had been initiated — was selected as King Neptune. King Neptune and his first assistant, Davy Jones, would then hold court and hand out punishment to the polliwogs — those who had not "crossed the line" — on board the ship. Since these activities were sometimes on the rough side, the women on board the ship were not required to participate. The punishments prescribed for the polliwogs were typical initiation activities such as being dumped (clothes and all) in a tank of water or running a line.

When they arrived at Capetown, South Africa, Jimmy and Joyce were told that they could not go ashore because they did not have the $20 landing fee with them. Jimmy protested, asking whether they planned to send back him and his family. After brief negotiations they were allowed to land. When Jimmy got off the ship, he obtained the necessary cash from William Brown — in exchange for a personal check — and paid the $20. It was the first day of August 1939, and Jimmy and Joyce's first day in Africa.

William L. Brown was a pioneer among American missionaries to Africa. His first work was to open the Namwianga mission in Northern Rhodesia, where he was still based. At the time of the Shewmakers' arrival, he was living in Capetown and studying medicine. His further plans included opening a mission in Nhowe, Southern Rhodesia, which he eventually did.

That evening the Reeses stayed with the Brown family and the Shewmakers with the Kenemyers. The next morning, after sharing tea with their hosts at the church building, the Shewmakers and the Reeses boarded a ship en route to Port Elizabeth, where the truck was.

After landing in Port Elizabeth they stayed in a cheap hotel for four

long days, waiting for the truck to be repaired. In their anxiousness about their truck and the impending difficult journey through the back roads, they decided not to sightsee. They stayed at the hotel and cared for Stan and Jackie.

At long last, the truck's faulty differential was repaired and the two families started inland. Stan rode with the Reeses because there was no room for him in his parents' truck, and Jackie was held in a small basket, which sat on the seat between Jimmy and Joyce.

They rode fairly smoothly on the paved roads of South Africa for about 75 miles before Jimmy and Joyce began to have the same kind of trouble with their differential. Jimmy decided to stop and wait until the next morning to solve the problem; they tried to sleep. Their concern for the truck kept them from sleeping well; they prayed when they could not sleep. The next morning Reese suggested that he carry the Shewmakers' trunk on his truck to ease the pressure on their truck. The idea worked, and both trucks continued through South Africa without any trouble.

After traveling through South Africa on the paved, well-kept gravel roads, they met with the strip roads of Southern Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe). These poorly maintained gravel roads had only one set of 18-inch asphalt strips for two-way traffic, so when two cars met, each had to move onto only one strip. Compounding the inherent problems in this highway system was the fact that the gravel had in many places been washed away. This meant that four hard jolts often resulted when the cars had to move aside to let another car pass and then move back onto both strips. The Reeses and Shewmakers traveled very slowly through Southern Rhodesia.

Late in the afternoons, the two families parked, if possible, near a river and under a large tree — usually a gum tree. They built a fire with wood they gathered nearby and cooked dinner, which they ate with the few utensils they had with them. After dinner each family opened its truck's canopy and bedded down for the night on the mattress underneath. Stan slept with his parents and baby Jackie in his basket.

In the mornings they found water nearby, and purified it by boiling it, then sterilized Jackie's milk bottles and made his milk. Jackie's milk was

made from powdered lactogen. They put the purified water in heavy canvas bags they had bought in Capetown and hung them from the door handles on the outside of the truck, to cool the water so that it could be enjoyed throughout the day.

For two nights, the families stayed in Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia — the Reeses with Emma (Mrs. John) Sherriff, and the Shewmakers with the Baileys. Years before, when Jimmy had been a student at David Lipscomb College, John Sherriff had encouraged him to make teaching in Africa his goal. Sherriff had done the same for the Baileys, but only a year before their arrival Sheriff had died, so he was never able to work with them or Jimmy on the mission field. Sherriff's legacy was the mission in Bulawayo, which was continued by his wife and by the Baileys. They would later build a rest house there for missionaries.

Upon leaving Bulawayo, the Shewmakers and Reeses went on through Southern Rhodesia and into Northern Rhodesia (Zambia). There they passed through customs after giving a list of all their possessions to officials in Livingstone and agreeing to return the next day. Then, two months after leaving Guy, Arkansas and 15 years after they had first conceived, separately, the idea of becoming missionaries, Jimmy and Joyce Shewmaker reached their destination at Sinde mission.

While driving the African roads on the pleasant days of August, Jimmy and Joyce had seen many new sights, but they had been less concerned about their new homeland than about their baby. Jackie was a weak child, and he had taken nearly all of their attention. As time for reflection came, he would cause the Shewmakers' their most serious doubts about the wisdom of their decision to become missionaries.

2
Jimmy

Little is known of Jimmy's ancestry and early years. Hardly any friends or relatives have survived him, and Jimmy himself revealed little. Whenever relating his life story, Jimmy would usually skip over his first eighteen years and begin with his adulthood. Therefore, the information that survives him is sketchy.

The fathers in Jimmy's family can be traced back all the way to about 1779, when William Shewmaker emigrated from London. His son, Peter, born on May 28, 1800, would be Jimmy's great-grandfather. Jimmy's great-grandmother was born Margaret Reed on February 18, 1805. Peter and Margaret had twelve children, one of which was named James Hamilton Shewmaker, born on January 7, 1838. He married Susan Croft, and to their marriage was born three children, the last of which would be Jimmy's father, John Josiah Shewmaker. John was born in Crittenden County, Kentucky, near Marion — the county seat — on March 11, 1870. Immediately after John's birth, his family moved to Greene County, Arkansas, of which the county seat is Paragould. When John was four years old his father died.

Jimmy's mother was born Emma Jane Webster on May 24, 1873, in Moscow, Kentucky. Her father's name was John Daniel Webster. He was born May 9, 1851 near Winfield in Marion County, Alabama. He married Elizabeth J. Moss who was born in the same county about 1849. He moved to the Hickmon County/Fulton County area of southwestern Kentucky from Alabama about 1870 together with his father, Washington W. Webster, and his stepmother, Emeline. When Emma was a teenager, her family (including her parents and grandparents) moved to Greene County as well. Both families attended the Church of Christ.

On December 10, 1893, when John was 23 and Emma was 20, they were married. From December 17, 1894, to September 24, 1916, twelve children were born to John and Emma. The sixth, born on April 29, 1902, they named James Cluver Shewmaker; he would be called Cluver.

Cluver (Jimmy) was born in Paragould, Arkansas. His father, John,

had a disagreement in 1902 with his own stepfather that led to the Shewmakers moving to eastern Texas, near Waskom, just after Cluver's birth. While there, John worked for the railroad, cutting cross-ties. In 1907, they moved back to Greene County, Arkansas, to the community of Croft, ten miles west of Paragould.

The community was named after Dr. George B. Croft, a medical doctor and minister. He was the brother of Logan Croft, Cluver's great-grandfather and Susan Croft's father. Dr. Croft left the land to be used for a Church of Christ elementary school, and so the Croft School (also known as Croft College) was begun. By the time Cluver was a child, the community had hardly grown: it basically consisted of the school building, which was used as a Church of Christ building on Sundays. The nearest grocery store was a mile-and-a-half away in Stanford.

Cluver's father owned about 160 acres of land, and farmed cotton. Because he was growing the family's food as well, he also raised corn, beans, peas, potatoes, and peanuts. He ran a sorghum mill and made molasses for the other families in the area. Of course, Emma and the children worked on the farm as well, and the need for farm hands may help explain why there were twelve children.

Cluver and his three older brothers chopped and picked cotton part of the year, and attended school when they were not working. When Cluver did manage to go to school, it was in a one-room building for about two months in the summer and three months in the winter. Although he learned enough to attend college, Cluver would later remember school as largely a process of relearning what had been forgotten during the working months.

Cluver's family attended the Church of Christ there at Croft. The Shewmakers studied the Bible daily, and Cluver was baptized at age 10 by his uncle, P.R. Shewmaker, who was one of his primary Bible teachers.

As a boy, Jimmy was rather ordinary, according to the recollections of his friends, brothers, and sisters. Like all the other boys, and some of the girls, he played ball and croquet, hunted rabbits and squirrels, and generally made mischief. He was also remembered as having a good

sense of humor and as being studious, although Jimmy himself would later say that he had not been very interested in his education while growing up.

Perhaps the most peculiar characteristic of Cluver as a boy was his frailty. He was not as strong as his brothers, and he had chills in the summer, which often prevented him from working in the fields. His weakness as a child is a bit ironic in light of his ability to live and work hard in some of the lesser-developed regions of Africa for nearly forty years as an adult.

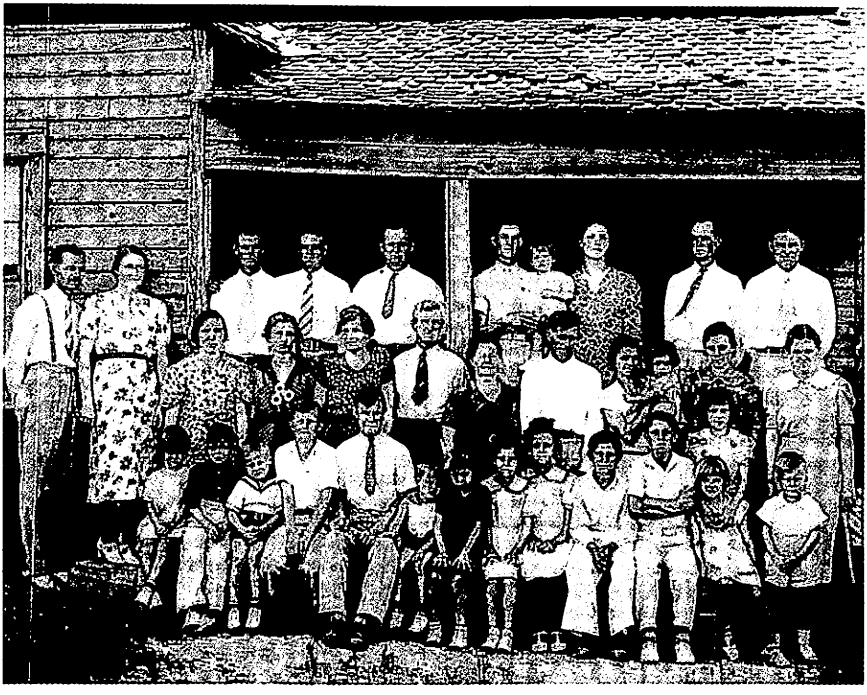
When Cluver was 18, R.N. Gardner came to teach at Croft, and he boarded in the Shewmaker home. Gardner sparked a new interest in Cluver toward learning. Gardner persuaded him to attend David Lipscomb High School, a private Church of Christ school in Nashville, and promised to help him with the financial arrangements. For his board, Cluver milked Gardner's cows before and after school each day, and he traveled with Gardner's son Nelson to school. Jimmy never discovered how his tuition was paid.

In the summer of 1923, before he began school at David Lipscomb, Jimmy sold books in rural Tennessee for the Southwestern Publishing Company. The following summer he sold books around Paragould. Jimmy was 21 years old when he entered high school at Lipscomb. He said that he had never read a single book of any kind all the way through before this time.

In 1923, when Jimmy was just beginning at Lipscomb, John Sherriff, a missionary from Africa, spoke to the student body. He told the students of how he worked as a stonemason during the day and taught English and the Bible to the natives at night. He told about one of his students, Peter Masiya, who had walked more than 200 miles to study with Sherriff and who subsequently had started the first Church of Christ congregation in Northern Rhodesia (Zambia) in 1912. Such talk stirred something in Jimmy, and he responded to Sherriff's call for more missionaries, although it would be years before he could actually go.

John Sherriff was the first person to encourage Jimmy to go to the mission field, but he was not the only one. Dow Merritt and his family

stayed at the Shewmaker's house before going to Africa in 1926 and A.B. Reese, who had been in school with Jimmy, talked to him about going to Africa before the Reese family went to Africa in 1928. William Short, while on furlough, encouraged people with training in education to go to the African mission field. He said that there was a great interest in learning in Africa and teachers were badly needed. It was Reese who, in 1938, came to Guy where Jimmy was superintendent and convinced the Shewmakers that the time was right for them to go to Africa.



The family he left. J.C., Joyce, Stan Shewmaker (extreme right, top, middle, bottom) with Jimmy's parents, brothers, sister and families.

3
Joyce

Joyce Copeland Shewmaker never knew her paternal grandparents, Joseph Lott Copeland and Francis McLeod Copeland. Joseph came into this world and went—in 1835 and 1910—with Mark Twain and Halley's Comet; Francis died in 1908, twelve days before her 66th birthday. Joyce's grandparents continued to live in the Dasher community near Valdosta, Georgia, for several years after Joyce's birth in Springfield, Tennessee, but Joyce's father Newton Watson Copeland, never took the children there to visit. Newton Watson Copeland left Dasher as a teenager — the youngest of ten children — to escape his intense and violent rivalries with his brothers. He finished high school at Nashville Bible School (now David Lipscomb High School). While in high school Newton led singing one night in a gospel meeting at Coopertown. As he led the congregation, he heard a woman's voice in the audience and said to himself, "I must marry the girl who has that voice." Before long he had arranged a date with Miss Claudia Idella Wilson, the girl with the voice, the daughter of Robert Alexander Wilson and Mary Ann Head Wilson.

In that day, with only the horse and buggy for transportation, it was the custom to take leave for several days to go courting. At the Wilson home, Newton courted Claudia in the parlor, which also served as Newton's bedroom. It had a double bed, rocking chairs, an organ, a couple of straight chairs, a woven rug, and a fireplace; children were not allowed in, except on special occasions. As the young couple courted, Mr. Wilson would visit occasionally to stoke up the fire and to put on a fresh log. Often he would find them singing hymns and popular songs to Claudia's organ accompaniment; "Sweetheart, Now We Are Growing Old" was a favorite.

When Newton and Claudia announced their engagement, her parents objected strongly. They would rather she marry one of the local boys that were interested in her. They did not want her to marry a Georgia boy, for their two other daughters had already married Nashville brothers and moved away, and the elder Wilsons feared that they would never see their

daughters again. But Newton persisted, and Claudia's parents finally relented. Their fears were not realized, because Newton and Claudia, upon their marriage in 1904, bought and settled on a farm adjoining the Wilson's land. Mary Ann Wilson was part American Indian — probably Cherokee, an elite tribe, who lived in houses rather than wigwams. Her thrift and industry were legendary, and some thought her downright stingy. Each year she stored in her cellar a winter's worth of potatoes, fruit, and so on, all of which came from her own vegetable garden. She hung meat in the smoke house, and, to make soft soap, she caught lye in an ash hopper. She mowed her lawn with the first mower Joyce had ever seen. She milked the cow and churned for butter and buttermilk. And in her spare time, she spun and wove cloth before material came onto the market; when it did, she knitted and mended clothes with a White sewing machine and quilted all winter. Meanwhile, her husband farmed. Joyce would later prove to be her grandmother's granddaughter.

Joyce was born February 11, 1907, the second of what would be eight children — four boys and four girls. Until age ten, Joyce lived in the Coopertown community, except for brief periods when her father Newton felt he needed some distance between his family and his in-laws.

When Joyce was about four years old, she trod on one of her father's pet peeves: she behaved badly in a church service. She whined for her mother's gold watch until she got it, and then knocked it repeatedly against the back of the pew. Her mother told her to stop, but she did not listen. Newton then took her outside and spanked her, but stubborn Joyce would not be conquered yet. She sulked until she got the watch back, which she once again banged repeatedly on the seat. Her father leaned over and told her, "Just wait 'til we get home." When they did, Joyce stayed near her mother as Claudia changed clothes, hoping she would be saved from the inevitable punishment, as her father cut buck berry switches in a nearby field. Her mother didn't shield her, however, and her father finally conquered Joyce's strong will by wearing out six switches on her bottom and legs.

Grandmother Mary Ann saw the stripes later that afternoon and became angry. She was hardly afraid of Newton, so she proceeded to tell him off. His equally angry response was that she should mind her own

business, and he went further. He did the one thing that could really hurt the old lady — he took Claudia from her. Shortly after the whipping incident, he moved the family to Huntington, Tennessee for about ten months.

Newton sold McNess products in the county for a while, but he was unsuccessful. The Copelands moved back to Springfield for a short time, then back to the still-empty house on the farm. It was sometime during this period that Joyce, now ten years old, was baptized by Joe McPherson, the Nashville letter carrier preacher.

Newton went on to Detroit to find work, and when he could, he sent for his family. Working at the Ford Motor Company and getting paid bi-weekly, Newton still struggled financially, primarily because he now had eight children to support (the eighth was born in Detroit). He finally moved his family into an apartment over the church hall, and thrifty Claudia saved as much as she could. It was the World War, the War To End All Wars, and times were tough for everyone, especially families of ten.

The Copelands attended the Warren Avenue congregation (underneath their apartment), but after about a year, it disbanded. They attended Old Plum Street for a time, but then Newton saw an opportunity to assist a small, struggling congregation, Cameron Avenue. The family would travel there by streetcar to attend services and clean up the building. They attended Cameron Avenue until the neighborhood was mostly black, or "colored," at which time the whites gave the church building to the local black congregation and dispersed. The Copelands moved on to Vinewood Church of Christ, one of the four Detroit churches that would much later support Joyce in her mission work.

After seven years in Detroit — his steadiest situation ever — Newton decided to become a chiropractor. He moved the family to Davenport, Iowa, home of the renowned Palmer School of Chiropractic. Claudia enrolled in the Palmer School in April 1923 and completed the course of studies in 18 months, becoming licensed, but Newton had to return to Detroit to find work. The money from selling their Detroit house had evaporated. While Newton was in Detroit, Claudia had to move the family to an even cheaper rented house, but as they moved in, the house caught fire. As she stood in the wet snow, Claudia supervised as the men

got the furniture out; the children were taken to neighbors' warm homes. After that disaster, volunteers helped the family move into the slums. In Davenport, the local Church of Christ congregation met in a large classroom of the Palmer School. There, 16-year-old Joyce met Palmer graduate Cecil Garrison, who was 23. They dated for a time and then became engaged. At Cecil's behest, Joyce quit high school and went for a year to Palmer, intending to get her degree and marry Cecil.

Upon Claudia's graduation from Palmer, Newton returned, anxious to set up practice. He moved the family to Louisville, and Joyce, too young to marry, had to follow, though she still expected to eventually be with Cecil. At Louisville, because he did not have a chiropractic license, Newton worked under Claudia for the first time. They hung out a sign reading "Copeland & Copeland, Chiropractors." They finally had a steady and viable existence.

Meanwhile, Joyce had begun attending Portland Christian School, run by the Portland Avenue Church of Christ. One of the main reasons that Newton had chosen Louisville was R.H. Boll, who taught a daily Bible class at the Portland School. By this time, however, Joyce was losing interest in school, so Newton asked Stanford Chambers, the Portland principal, to talk to Joyce. Chambers convinced Joyce and her sister Mildred to enroll despite their fears of inadequacy. Joyce had attended only one year of high school in Detroit, and Mildred had not attended at all. But in only half a year, Joyce had recovered, finishing 9th grade, while the precocious Mildred caught up with her and did the same. With her success, Joyce soon became fascinated with school, a fascination that would last the rest of her life.

Not only did Joyce want to pursue her education further, she had a specific and demanding long-range goal: missionary work in Japan. Several missionaries visited Portland and sparked Joyce's interest in mission work, including Herman Fox, Harry Fox, O.D. Bixler, and B.F. Rhodes from Japan, the Boyers and Smiths from Brazil, and the Merritts and the Scotts from Northern Rhodesia, Africa. Joyce was very impressed by these speakers, particularly the ones from Japan, and it was her hope to follow in their paths.

In the meantime, Cecil Garrison, who had set up practice in Indiana,

wrote Joyce, saying that he was ready to marry her. But she had lost interest in Cecil, her mind set on school and Japan. Cecil was ready right then to get married, but Joyce did not back down to his ultimatum. Cecil, in his frustration, asked for a refund of her Palmer School costs, but she replied that her enrollment was his idea and that she would not return the money. Joyce was hurt at the loss of Cecil, but her goals had become paramount in her mind.

Cecil was not the only loss that Joyce was to experience. Little did she know that her entire family was on the verge of disintegration. On June 1, 1925, about six months after the Copelands' move to Louisville, Claudia died. She had gotten sick the day their house burned and her health had steadily deteriorated. Her death left Newton heartbroken.

Besides the discouragement of losing his wife, Newton lost his right to practice chiropractic. He became bitter about his circumstances, having eight children and no profession by which to support them. In the next few months, he would undertake a frighteningly fast dismantling of the Copeland family.

Clyde, the oldest, had stayed in Davenport to work for the Rock Island Railroad to help support the family. Strong-willed Rush, at 15, just younger than Joyce, began smoking cigarettes. His father demanded that he stop smoking or leave, so he left. Ralph was sent to a state sanatorium because of fear that a lump under his breastbone was cancerous. Mildred missed curfew and was whipped for it; when she rebelled, she was sent to a boarding school in Nashville. Mac was sent to a mental institution, where he would stay until age 50. Finally, Newton sent Joyce's little sisters, Blanche and Hilda, to the Potter Orphan Home.

Only Joyce survived the house cleaning, but just barely. She and her father still struggled financially. A lady from the Church often made her a pot of soup with a nickel soup bone and ten cents worth of vegetables which Joyce would pick up on her way home from school. Other ladies made clothes for Joyce. Newton was out late every night selling insurance, but he hardly made any money.

Then, in the middle of her junior year of high school, Joyce left home to board with a woman in the Church; Newton paid the rent. Joyce spent

the following summer working for an invalid woman — she cleaned house and prepared the meals. She worked for another family doing odd jobs during her senior year, then moved in with the family of a friend, Una Hill.

Despite her constant state of flux in other areas, Joyce was always a good student, finishing a close second in her graduating class of ten. She won many awards, including several Bibles and a photo album, which was given so that she would not have so many Bibles. At the graduation exercises, she delivered the salutatory address.

When Joyce turned 21 years old in February of 1928, she received an inheritance from her grandmother, who had recently died. Her grandmother had twenty grandchildren, and she willed each one $350 to be given when the grandchild turned 21. This was her way of blessing these children while keeping her money away from her three sons-in-law, none of whom could manage money. Upon receiving her portion, Joyce immediately paid the Portland Church of Christ for her mother's funeral expenses at her own insistence. She then bought some badly needed clothes, in hopes of going to college, though she did not know how that could come about.

Joyce's entire graduating class took the entrance exams for Harding College. When the results were in, Joyce had finished at the top in Science and Mathematics. Meanwhile, Ben Taylor had arranged for her to attend Freed-Hardeman College as a reader for a blind girl whose parents would pay all of Joyce's expenses. Although she preferred Harding, she accepted this offer. At this time Harding College was located in Morrilton, Arkansas making it much farther away than Freed-Hardeman College in Henderson, Tennessee.

Shortly after that, Joyce received a full tuition scholarship from Harding with the promise of a job to pay her other expenses. She immediately recited in thanksgiving the entire 23rd Psalm. Oh! She was happy. Joyce accepted this offer over the one to Freed-Hardeman, and looked forward to continuing toward her dream of mission work in Japan.

That summer Joyce continued working in various homes, particularly in the elite Jewish section of Louisville called Highland. She was sup-

ported by her odd jobs and by what was left of her inheritance. Then, in the fall of 1928, she was off for Morrilton, Arkansas, and worlds unknown.

The financial and social difficulties of Joyce's adolescence — and even her life before that — scarred her for life. The shame and embarrassment she felt was always with her. She commented decades later that she never completely recovered from the constant assault on her self-esteem during her youth.

4
Jimmy and Joyce

At the beginning of the 1928 Christmas holidays, Jimmy, a high tenor, returned from a trip with the college quartet. Joyce, who had no home to go to, and her roommate Mildred, who had no money to go home on, were still at Harding along with several other students in similar situations. During that time — a week to ten days — while on a date with another guy, Joyce was introduced to Jimmy. The occasion was a gathering at which a group was sitting around the piano in the girls' reception room singing hymns.

During the previous fall, Joyce had dated two or three men casually. Robert Watt was the one whose company she enjoyed most. Soon after the first of the year, she had a date or two with Ray Stapleton, whom she had dated a little before and did not particularly like. Robert misinterpreted her relationship with Ray and sent her a note saying that he was finished with her because he did not want to be caught up in a "triangular affair." Joyce was sad, because any chance she had had with Robert seemed over. She went out a couple of times with Charles Latimer and then again with Ray, but neither one seemed to be a potential mate. Meanwhile, Jimmy had been dating Sylvia Moreland, but they had no clear mutual understanding of their relationship.

By the luck of their alphabetical arrangement in chapel, Jimmy sat right behind Joyce and right next to Mildred. One day Jimmy, apparently having forgotten, asked Mildred who Joyce was. Soon after, in mid-April, he stopped Joyce and asked her to go out with him that evening. She agreed.

That evening, as the ladies prepared for dinner, Sylvia Moreland, thinking she had a date with Jimmy, went to Joyce's room to get her hair fixed by Joyce, who became quite curious as to what would happen when Jimmy came. He had eaten dinner at home — he lived across town with his mother and younger brothers — and as she had anticipated, was waiting for her as she came out of the cafeteria. He took her arm and they went out. They walked across campus and sat down on the grass and talked until the bell rang an end to their 45-minute date. As they sat and

talked, they saw Ray and Sylvia also sitting and talking, making the best of their plight.

From that evening on, Jimmy and Joyce had a date every social "hour." Three weeks after their first date, Jimmy snuck a kiss. Joyce was miffed, for she was saving her first kiss for the man she would marry. Upon her demand he promised to not sneak any more kisses. Then he asked her to marry him. She asked for time to decide.

That summer, Jimmy went to St. Louis to work in the General Motors factory, and Joyce went back to Louisville to work again in the Jewish homes. They corresponded regularly. At the same time, however, Joyce started dating Paul Adams, whose girlfriend had died. Paul asked Joyce where her high school ring was; her enigmatic answer was that a friend was wearing it — the friend was Jimmy. When Jimmy made plans to visit Joyce, she told Paul that she would be busy that weekend seeing a friend from St. Louis. Though Paul was a threat, Jimmy had by this time definitely won her heart.

When she met Jimmy at the train station, she shocked him by kissing him. At church services that Sunday, they ran into Paul's brother, who quickly took word of the situation to Paul. Joyce continued to date Paul until it was time for her to return to school, but when she got back to Harding in the fall of 1929, it was Jimmy again.

One night, Jimmy looked at a letter that Joyce had with her and saw that it was from Paul. Jimmy promptly told Joyce to break off any remnant of her relationship with Paul, and she agreed that she would. As she thought about it, however, she became less willing to be intimidated by Jimmy's presumptuousness. We're not even engaged, she thought, so why should I break it off? She increased her correspondence with Paul. Again, one evening when she picked up her mail before dinner, Jimmy noticed a letter from Paul and he threatened to jilt Joyce. This time, she beat him to the punch, breaking up with Jimmy on the spot. She was determined not to be blackmailed into marriage.

Jimmy renewed his romance with Sylvia Moreland, and Joyce started dating Roy Whitfield. Roy's goal, like Joyce's, was to be a missionary, but his personality was too cold for Joyce, who was accustomed to

the warmer and more tender Jimmy. On one of their dates, when Roy made the customary request for another date, Joyce replied out of the blue, "Jimmy Shewmaker is my sweetheart." When he went back to the men's dorm, where Jimmy was visiting some friends, Roy told Jimmy what Joyce had said. Jimmy immediately dropped Sylvia and asked Joyce for a date. They began to date steadily again. Just as before, Jimmy put pressure on Joyce to decide about marriage, but she still was not ready.

During the Christmas holidays, Joyce told Jimmy that her decision about marriage was partly contingent on his willingness and ability to help her fulfill three goals: finishing her degree, taking her sisters from the orphan home so that she could raise them until they were adults, and paying off her debts. Jimmy promised her she would have what she wanted.

Then Jimmy told her about a dream he had had. It was really just a daydream, he confessed. In it, he and Joyce were in Africa, and they had a girl with blonde, curly hair. When he came home from a preaching trip, their little girl ran out to meet him, anxious to have him home. More than anything else, Joyce would say later, that story brought her across to Jimmy, and they became engaged.

Still, she was not convinced. Their wedding date was set for May 29, 1930, shortly after Jimmy's graduation, so Joyce had several months to ponder her decision. Her misgivings about marriage to Jimmy were based primarily on her doubts that Jimmy was the man God wanted for her, for by this time, God's will — as she understood it — was the major determinant for her.

The wedding date came, and the plans were going ahead as set, but Joyce was unable to make the final, unequivocal decision about Jimmy. As she walked down the stairs, in the white flannel dress she had sown for herself, she prayed to God that He would decide by striking her dead if Jimmy was not the one whom He wanted her to marry. She lived, and they were married.

The young Shewmakers moved to Wiseman, Arkansas, where they planned to teach. Jimmy had graduated from Harding, but Joyce had not.

She would do so — one of the three promises Jimmy had made to her — by going to summer school while Jimmy taught some classes at Harding.

The first year, Joyce would recall later in her memoirs, was "rather rocky" — the roughest year of their marriage. Though they always kept in mind their commitment to life with each other, the many adjustments and misunderstandings at the beginning of their marriage made it difficult at times. As with most newlyweds, they had not learned to communicate their feelings very well, and sex, the new component of their relationship, created another layer of complexity. Joyce could not easily adjust to Jimmy's stronger sex drive, and until she learned more about the physiology of sex, she felt as though she was being exploited. It is, as Joyce would learn later, a common problem, but for them it was only short-lived. Within a couple of years they had adjusted and had outgrown the toughest marital problems they would have.

These temporary problems were compounded by their immediate financial straits. They were accustomed to having little, but being married in the first year of the Great Depression made matters much worse. In the days before equal pay, and in a time when one was lucky to get paid at all, Jimmy and Joyce received their monthly wages of 100 and 90 dollars, respectively, only once during the first term of the school year. For the rest of the term they were very poor. Fortunately, the local grocery store owner was a Church of Christ member, and he allowed them to buy on credit, though they had no way to assure him they would be able to pay their debt. Jimmy was still paying for his wedding suit, and they had not bought a wedding ring. Finally, at the end of the term, the school board borrowed the money to pay Jimmy and Joyce one lump sum, and the situation eased.

Meanwhile, there were other problems adjusting to professional life. One day Joyce, who was accustomed to harsh corporal punishment, spanked a boy with a board, which angered the boy's father. He came to the boarding house where Jimmy and Joyce lived, and when Jimmy came to the door, he challenged Jimmy to a fight. Jimmy was not a fighting man, so he let the challenge lie. The boy's father took Jimmy to court, where Jimmy confessed that Joyce had spanked the boy with a board and paid the minimum, one dollar. Still, in spite of many difficulties, Jimmy

and Joyce liked teaching so much that they were sure they would do it for the rest of their lives, if on the mission field rather than in the U.S.

In time, their financial status, though never good, improved to the point that they could accomplish Joyce's other two goals: they repaid the debts she had incurred while in school, and they brought Joyce's sisters — Blanche and Hilda, ages 8 and 12 — into their home.

Shortly after these accomplishments, matters got worse, and then improved somewhat. New school board members at Wiseman rehired a teacher that had been there before as well as another teacher, forcing Jimmy and Joyce out of their jobs. Immediately God blessed them, however, when a former schoolmate named George Emtage, who was resigning his teaching job in Enola, Arkansas, asked Jimmy's mother if she knew anyone who needed the job. Mrs. Shewmaker replied that, yes, in fact, Jimmy was out of work. As soon as he found out about the job, Jimmy hitchhiked to Enola.

At Wiseman, Jimmy had taught the upper three grades — 4th, 5th and 6th — at the primary school, but the open position at the Enola school was for a high school mathematics teacher. To the Enola school board, however, religious preference mattered more than expertise. Of the five voting members, three were members of the Church of Christ, and Jimmy got their votes. The sixth member of the board, the chairman, could vote only in ties, so he had no voice, and Jimmy was hired.

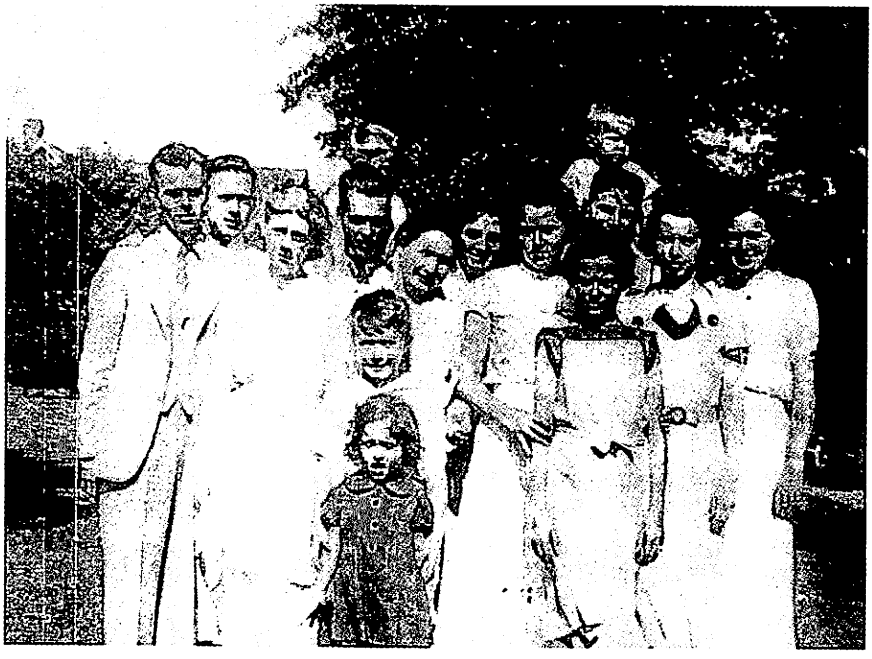
Financial matters got worse. With two new members joining the family in the thick of the Depression, Jimmy and Joyce became even poorer than usual. For the first year, Joyce did not teach and Jimmy was paid meager wages.

Jimmy, Joyce, Hilda, and Blanche moved into three rooms of a house, which was all they could afford. The local Church of Christ congregation was very poor, but they loved the Shewmakers and helped in any way they could — particularly by giving them about 500 quarts of canned fruit, which served the Shewmakers well during the Depression years. Many years later the still popular Jimmy would return to speak at the Enola Church of Christ and the Baptist Church, which dismissed early to attend his speech.

Further financial help came when Joyce was hired to teach high school English and Latin during the Shewmakers' second year in Enola. But the pay for both of them was low, and Joyce's tenure would last only one year because of a ruling that no two teachers could come from the same family.

The new rule hardly fazed Joyce, for a fifth member — Jimmy and Joyce's first child — was on the way, and she likely would have quit teaching because of her pregnancy anyway. On July 8, 1934, Stanford was born and Jimmy and Joyce became more financially strained but remained very happy still.

After three difficult years at Enola, Jimmy was asked to move across the state to Guy to serve as school superintendent, or principal. The previous principal had lost control of the students, and Jimmy had earned a reputation as a fair but tough disciplinarian at Enola. A friend who was



Family she left. J.C., Joyce and Stan Shewmaker with her sisters and brothers, about 1935. Joyce is on extreme right. Stan is on Jimmy's shoulders, back row right.

teaching at Guy recommended Jimmy for the job, and he was asked to appear for an interview. As it happened, however, it was the school board that was interviewed by Jimmy. Jimmy said to the entire board, "The first thing I want to know is do you want discipline in the school and if it happens to be your child that I have to discipline, do you still want discipline?" Then he asked each member pointblank: "How many children do you have in school?" "Do you still want discipline?" "Will you stand behind me?" Upon their replies that they would support him, he accepted the job.

The school had twelve grades and twelve teachers, but it was not one teacher for each grade. Some of the lower grades were combined, and the high school teachers specialized. Joyce, for instance, taught six sections, four English and two Latin, rotating the latter so that each student received four years of the subject.

With 550 students under his care and part-time teaching (math) responsibilities, Jimmy had to work harder than ever before. Fortunately, with the increased workload came higher wages. Jimmy made 145 dollars per month, much more than the 45 dollars per month the teachers, including Joyce, were paid. For the first time Jimmy and Joyce was able to make major purchases. J.C. went to the local Ford dealer and made a deal for a 1935 model they could not sell, trading warrants (promises to pay at a later date) at face value for the car.

When they moved to Guy they bought the only house they could find, a drafty old house. It was strip-boarded on the outside and papered with newspapers on the inside. There were three large rooms — two bedrooms and a kitchen. The two girls slept in their own room and the baby stayed in his parents' room. An oil stove in the kitchen provided the heat, and Jimmy carried water in from an outside well, just as he had done at Wiseman and Enola.

With relative prosperity came another addition to the family, Eddie. He was the son of Troy Shewmaker, one of Jimmy's older brothers. When his school closed because of the Depression, preventing him from moving past the 8th grade, Jimmy and Joyce decided to invite Eddie to stay with them. His family could not afford a boarding school, so J.C. and Joyce offered to help. Eddie did not drain their finances as the other

new members of the family had, however, because he was supported primarily by his father. He stayed with Jimmy and Joyce for all four of their years at Guy as he completed high school.

Jimmy's job at Guy as high school principal and teacher brought him something much more important than a good salary: the training for his work as a missionary. In Africa, his eventual destination, he would be highly independent and responsible for entire schools. In Guy he learned the responsibility that comes with school oversight, as well as the consistency and care necessary to deal effectively with children.

In one instance, a schoolboy challenged Jimmy to a fight. Jimmy refused and called a deputy to take the boy from the school. The boy's father begged Jimmy to allow the boy to return, and Jimmy agreed on one condition: that the boy apologize for his behavior at a school assembly. The boy did, reinforcing Jimmy's methodology. He would consistently use strict, unforgiving, but non-violent punishment as a deterrent to poor behavior.

Though he had not played organized sports in high school, Jimmy was also assigned to coach basketball at Guy. For one year he coached the high school varsity team until a more qualified man was hired. He also coached the juveniles — the counterpart of today's junior varsity — for his entire four-year tenure. Using a now-quaint weight classification system similar to that still used in boxing, the schools differentiated between the more capable boys and the less capable boys based upon their body weight. That is, boys weighing over 120 pounds played on the varsity team and boys weighing less than 120 pounds played on the juvenile team. Jimmy had coached a similar team at Enola, and it was with these boys he most enjoyed working.

In coaching, J.C. found a strict code of consistency to be the best policy, as he had shown by his behavior in a conflict with one of his teachers over a star player. In a move that predated and severely surpassed the no-pass, no-play rules currently in place, the teachers had established rigorous academic standards for athletes, requiring them to maintain a grade average no lower than B. Jimmy, as the principal and coach, believed that the standard should be lowered to C. When the decision went against him, Jimmy dutifully agreed to enforce it. Predictably, the best player on

the team, Don Bates, who was also the school board chairman's son, did not make the grades. Jimmy stuck to the decision of the teachers and did not put Don on his team. Without its best player, the Guy team floundered, and the very teachers who had insisted on the excessive academic standard for athletes now tried to coerce Jimmy into letting Don play on the team. Jimmy did not bend and Don forevermore made the grades.

Just as J.C. knew that children need consistency and readily discover inconsistency, he knew that children can be clever and mischievous, relishing the opportunity to outwit authority and boast about it. During Christmas holidays, several class pictures were stolen from the library. Jimmy found footprints on the transom, from which it appeared that several people had entered the library. The missing pictures were all of girls, so J.C. rounded up their boyfriends and put them in separate rooms. Then he picked the one he perceived to have the weakest will and told him, "You may as well tell the truth because I'll get it out of you sooner or later." When the boy told all, he had the evidence he needed to draw a confession from the others. Instead of spanking them, he made each one tell his parents what he had done. They had been foiled and humiliated.

In the summer of 1938, the Shewmakers made plans for yet another addition to their eclectic clan. Joyce quit her teaching job after her third year because of her pregnancy, and the excitement heightened as time for the birth of hers and J.C.'s second child approached. However the birth was not accompanied by the same joy that had attended Stan's birth. Fear and anger dominated the scene, as Joyce became very ill in the hours leading up to the birth. Her father Newton was there, having stopped off from a business trip, and he became extremely upset. Both he and J.C. feared her death. The doctor suggested that they sacrifice the baby's life to save hers by crushing its tiny head with forceps. Joyce, who remained conscious, would not agree, so the doctor tried to save both by pulling the child, by its head, from Joyce's womb. After a struggle, child and mother were saved, though as Joyce would observe later, the baby seemed to have the doctor's handprints on his elongated head from the tug of life. Thus Jack Neely Shewmaker was born.

The date of Jack's birth was December 27, 1938 — almost exactly ten years after J.C. and Joyce had first met. It was a decade of preparation.

They had met at a Christian college, preparing to serve as missionaries. They had married out of love for both each other and God, the latter serving as the guide to all such decisions. Each one dearly wanted to be a missionary and saw the other as the proper partner in this work. They had become teachers, and J.C. had gained experience overseeing an entire school. They had taught in the church, and J.C. had preached. To further their preparation for teaching in the mission field, they had the unusual experience of raising both teenagers — Blanche and Hilda — and infants — Jack and Stan — in only nine years of marriage.

It was also a decade of accomplishment. J.C. and Joyce realized that they had done what they had intended to do in the United States. Foremost, Joyce's three goals — the three Jimmy had promised to fulfill — had been accomplished. Not only had they taken Blanche and Hilda from the orphan home as children, but they had seen them through high school, as they had Eddie. Both she and J.C. had risen successfully in their professions and had built a good reputation as leaders in their communities. They had come through a typically unsteady first year to build a remarkably steady marriage, despite the fact that both could be strong-willed, even stubborn. While not wealthy by any standard, they had improved their financial position to the point of self-sufficiency, a position they would nevertheless soon relinquish. It was the great irony of their first decade of marriage that the best financial status of their lives — and more important, their greatest personal success — coincided almost exactly with the Great Depression. Then, as the Depression departed, so did they.

5
African Missions of the Church of Christ in Zambia (Formerly Northern Rhodesia)

Northern Rhodesia, a British Colony until 1964 when it became the independent nation of Zambia, is about the size of the State of Texas. The country lies between the equator and the Tropic of Capricorn, almost in the center of Africa, south of the equator. This makes the seasons in Zambia just the opposite of those in the United States, and also causes one long rainy season and one long dry season each year, each about six-months in length. The tropical heat is somewhat tempered by the high altitude of the country and the fact that the rainy season coincides with the summer.

The population of the colony consisted of some 2 million natives of various tribes and languages, a few hundred British Indians, found mostly in the shops in the towns, and about 15,000 Europeans, mostly English and Dutch, living mainly around the mines on the Copper Belt, in big towns, and on farms near the railway line.

The natives of Northern Rhodesia are mainly an agricultural people, raising by primitive methods such crops as corn, beans, millet, pumpkins, and cassava. Other natives work in the mines, on the railway line and in the sawmills. The white people of the country were mostly government officials, managers of farms, stores, and various public or private enterprises, and railway workers.

The following material was taken from a pamphlet, with the same title as this chapter. Ten thousand copies of the pamphlet were printed in 1946 and distributed among Churches of Christ to generate support for the mission program in Northern Rhodesia.

HISTORY OF THE MISSIONS

Church of Christ mission work was begun in Northern Rhodesia about 1920, when John Sherriff began making preaching trips north of the

Zambezi River. (The Zambezi River runs basically east and west, and is the border between the present day nations of Zambia and Zimbabwe in south central Africa.) He spent some time there, then left some native teachers to continue what he had started. Later, more white workers came to open mission stations, conduct schools, do evangelistic work, and help spread the Gospel in any way they could, especially in the southern province of Northern Rhodesia.

Many workers eventually followed Sherriff to this mission field. They include the William N. Short family, who first arrived in 1923; the Ray Lawyers, 1926; the J. D. Merritts, 1926; the George M. Scotts, 1927; the A.B. Reeses, 1929; the William L. Browns, 1929; the Alvin Hobbys, 1938; Myrtle Rowe, 1938; Orville Brittell, 1938; the J.C. Shewmakers, 1939; Miss Claassen, 1943; the E.L. Echols, 1944; Brittell Family, 1946.

Not all of these people have remained continuously on the Northern Rhodesia field. The Shorts left in 1928 to go to the United States, and returned to Southern Rhodesia to help with the work there. After the Lawyers had been on the field for about a year, Ray Lawyer was killed in an accident. The Browns left Northern Rhodesia, and after spending some time in Cape Town started Nhowe Mission, near Macheke, Southern Rhodesia. The Scotts went to Cape Town in 1943.

THE MISSION STATIONS

SINDE — Sinde is our oldest mission station in Northern Rhodesia, located about 20 miles north of Livingstone and about seven miles west of the railway line running to the north. Work was first started at this place by some of John Sherriff's native workers, but the mission station was opened by the Shorts in 1923. Since 1940 largely the Shewmakers and the Brittells have operated the station.

NAMWIANGA — Namwianga Mission is located about three-and-one-half miles south of Kalomo, a small town on the railway line, and 83 miles northeast of Livingstone. The Browns and the Scotts started the Namwianga mission in 1932.

Namwianga, due to its central location with respect to the other mis-

sions, as well as its facilities, has been made a sort of central station. It serves the whole area in providing "higher education," a girls' school, and teacher training.

KABANGA — The site for Kabanga Mission, about 50 miles southeast of Kalomo toward the Zambezi Valley, was chosen by W.N. Short and Ray Lawyer in 1926. Ray and J.D. Merritt began work there the following year. After that, J.D. Merritt was largely responsible for the work at Kabanga until 1935, when he and his family went home on furlough, and George Scott took charge of the mission. In 1937 the Merritts returned and remained at Kabanga about a year before coming to Namwianga to take charge of the work there.

After 1937 no white missionary was stationed there until 1945, when the Merritts returned. However, work in the Kabanga area continued all along, mainly by native workers supervised by Namwianga.

LIVINGSTONE — Livingstone is one of the largest towns in Northern Rhodesia, and the largest in the area where we work. Normally it has a population of about 1,000 white people and about 6,000 to 7,000 natives. We have no regular mission station there, but for several years there has been a church and a school near one of the native locations. Until about 1943 the Scotts were largely responsible for the supervision of the Livingstone work. Since that time the Shewmakers and the Brittells, at different times, have been located here, and have been responsible for the work, as well as that in the area of Sinde Mission. George Scott built a new church house before he left for Cape Town; and in 1945, J.C. Shewmaker began work on a new, up-to-date five-room school, which when completed will be a credit to the Northern Rhodesian work as a whole, as well as that in Livingstone.

THE WORK

Work on the Rhodesian field is varied. In the past the missionary has been expected to be more or less a jack-of-all-trades. However, under the present organization of the work in Northern Rhodesia, the situation has been remedied somewhat, and a worker may be given, to a certain extent, the work he is best qualified to do. Some building is necessary; and there

is generally some farming and shop work to be done, especially on the mission station. Translating and other phases of literary work and printing are very helpful to the work as a whole. Also, wherever the missionary goes, he finds illnesses, such as malaria, sore eyes, tropical ulcers, itch, cuts, burns, and snake bites. Therefore he must do some doctoring or first aid work, trying to get the severe cases to the nearest hospital, which may be 50 to 100 miles away. And in the past, a very considerable amount of time has been used in teaching one's own children, using correspondence lessons supplied by the Southern Rhodesia Government and paid for by the Northern Rhodesia government. These lessons are quite satisfactory; the chief objection being that this work takes so much of one's time. However, most of the African missionary's time is normally spent in connection with one or more of the following phases of the work.

MISSION SCHOOLS

Each mission station attempts a school program, and to the average native African a mission is a school. Of course the one big aim in operating schools is to promote the cause of Christianity. It is felt that daily contact with the native in the classroom is one of the best ways of producing strong Christians. So the Bible is taught daily and stressed above all other subjects, which are taught in accordance with the government syllabus, assuming that an intelligent Christian should normally be stronger than an ignorant one. Again, on the mission station there is the regular Lord's Day services and prayer meetings during the week, which all the pupils are required to attend. All this gives many opportunities for contact, teaching, and converting the African, as well as developing and training native preachers and teachers to work among their own people in the villages.

Sinde Mission conducts a school that takes pupils, both boys and girls, through Standard IV (about grade six). The main subjects taught are Bible, reading (both vernacular and English), writing, arithmetic, singing, hygiene, nature study or general science, geography, history, civics, and handwork. Since there are many villages near Sinde there are generally only a few boarders; most of the 150 to 200 pupils are day students.

Keeping pupils on the mission as boarders presents many problems. But in some ways it is the best arrangement because it takes the pupils away from the village environment more than otherwise and may help some to be better Christians than they would be in the villages where temptations are numerous and strong. Boarders generally go to school half of the day and work on the mission for their food the other half.

Namwianga, in addition to teaching through Standard IV, takes pupils on through Standard VI and offers teacher training, as well as a boarding school for girls. Pupils who have completed Standard IV at other stations may come to Namwianga for Standards V and VI (grades 7 and 8), after which they receive government certificates upon passing a government examination. The teacher-training course is mainly for the training of native teachers, generally ex-Standard VI pupils who may be sent out to teach in the village schools. In the girls' school, besides the regular school subjects, special classes are offered in hygiene, childcare, sewing, knitting, cooking, and basketry. The total enrollment of Namwianga is generally 150 to 200, including five or six teachers-in-training and 20 to 30 girls.

In the Kabanga area there are several village schools, including one only two miles from the mission. So the schoolwork on the mission station is generally limited to Standards III and IV. It acts as a central school for the surrounding village schools.

At Livingstone, where all the pupils are day students, classes are offered for both boys and girls through Standard IV. The enrollment is generally about 200; there will likely be a big increase when the new school building is completed.

VILLAGE SCHOOLS

The village schools are all taught by native teachers, educated and trained perhaps on the mission station, and supervised by a missionary who may be designated as manager-of-schools. These schools teach through Standard II (about grade four). The school term is normally 150 days, beginning about April and continuing until October or November. During this time the manager-of-schools tries to visit each school at least

twice, inspecting the work being done, making note of the needs of the school, and doing what he can to encourage the teacher and to offer advice for the improvement of the work. He contacts the village people, and, when possible, holds a service in the village at night. At other times, between these visits, the teacher may come or send to the mission for his monthly wages (from five to 20 dollars) and school supplies, or to report some difficulty that has arisen. Generally about ten or twelve of these schools are supervised from Namwianga, and five or six from Sinde. And the total enrollment of all the schools, including those on the mission station, reaches about 1500. Many of the natives do not attend any school and most of those who attend the village schools do not continue their education beyond the village school.

EVANGELISTIC WORK

Just as the best teacher of the native is the native himself, so it is true that the native is the best one to preach to his own people. Both Namwianga and Sinde keep full time native evangelists on the field; and some have grown in the faith sufficiently that they go about preaching on their own, a goal toward which all African missions and missionaries aim. However, the work has not advanced enough that this most important phase of it can be left to the African entirely. Therefore the missionary himself tries to spend some time traveling among the villages and preaching. For many reasons this can best be done during the winter, or dry season, from about May until August or September. It is easier to travel during this season, and there are fewer mosquitoes. The people are not very busy with their crops or other work and therefore not scattered as they are during the rains.

Also, the missionary may have more time for such work during the winter, since the mission schools are not in session then.

This phase of African mission work presents some difficulties and has some inconveniences connected with it, especially for the white man. Most of the traveling must be done either on foot or by bicycle, with native carriers following with the necessary supplies and provisions for camping. Cooking is done on an open fire, and the bed is made on the

ground using some grass to afford a little softness and to keep the blankets out of the dirt. A day's journey may be from 5 to 15 miles, and the number of villages visited depends upon their proximity to one another in the area being visited. As stated before, the manager-of-schools may do evangelistic work while out inspecting the village schools. And in spite of the inconveniences, many enjoy such work as this, since it offers one a pleasing change after the monotony of nine months in the classroom.

The following material is an edited version of an article by Joyce published in *Glimpses of Africa*. *Glimpses of Africa* was a monthly publication, printed and published by W.N. Short, primarily about the mission work in Northern Rhodesia. The first issue was published in July 1945. *Glimpses of Africa* was published for about ten years.

SINDE MISSION — OUR OLDEST STATION IN NORTHERN RHODESIA

By

Joyce Copeland Shewmaker

The oldest mission station for Churches of Christ in Northern Rhodesia, South Africa, is Sinde Mission. Late in 1922 John Sherriff, accompanied by William N. Short, made one or two trips to Sinde. They obtained permission and chose a building site for the mission, after which they returned to their work in Southern Rhodesia. On the 28th of March 1923, W.N. Short again returned to Sinde, and found that the Christians (converts of a native teacher, sent formerly by John Sherriff) had cut poles for a house for the Short family to live in, and had a lovely vegetable garden all ready for use.

Will Short set to work (with the help of native Christians) and soon built a two-room pole and mud house with thatched roof, which was used for a dining room and a bedroom. A short distance from that they built another small room, which was used for a kitchen. Everything was ready for the family. Delia Short, Will's wife, and their children, Foy and Sybil, along with Molly Sherriff and two native girls arrived at Senkobo Siding

on July 4, and were met by Will, who took them to the mission on a sled pulled by sixteen oxen. It was a distance of seven miles. The trip from train to mission station was uneventful except once when the sled almost overturned. Brother Short caught it in time to save the calamity. By ten p.m. the procession had reached the mission and by midnight all were snugly tucked in bed. But sleep did not come easily for the older ones, as there were no door shutters, nor window shutters, on the house. Being newcomers, they could imagine lions, leopards, and snakes taking advantage of the many openings the house had.

In a few days, after the Short family reached Sinde, work began in earnest. Will Short and Molly started teaching while Delia Short, with the help of the native girls, kept house, looked after the two little ones, taught sewing classes and did the doctoring of the natives. When not in the schoolroom, Will was either building or farming, which is always a necessity on a mission station. Having no means of travel, they walked during the first few years, visiting the sick and holding meetings in the nearby villages.

The Shorts were not engaged in this new field long before they began to call for new workers. In response to these calls, the Lawyers and their two young children arrived on the field on March 6, 1925. A great day was that! Now, the work was able to spread, and more village work was done. Ray Lawyer was a gifted personal worker.

In August 1926, J.D. and Alice Merritt reached the field with their children, Iris Cook and Sterling. Brother and Sister George Scott and Helen Pearl soon followed them in 1927. Then, Sinde swarmed with workers, and plans had already been made for the work to be broadened. The workers held a consultation and it was decided for the Merritts and the Lawyers to open a new station at Kabanga, while the Scotts and the Shorts remained at Sinde.

In April 1929, A.B. and Margaret Reese and Boyd reached Sinde, and during the next three years an extensive building program was carried out. A new schoolhouse and compound for the natives; a store room; school building for white children; and three other outhouses were built, all of sun-dried bricks. George Scott and A.B. Reese did this work. Sister Scott says that George did his hardest work in Africa when they

roofed the large school building for natives. Every nail hole had to be bored, with brace and bit, into the hard poles, for the timbers were too hard for a nail to be driven into them.

Later in 1932, the Scotts left Sinde to start a work at Kalomo. This left Margaret Reese to carry on the native school and do the doctoring, and A.B. Reese to do the farming and village work. Boyd was at that time a lad of 14 and was getting his schooling by correspondence. The Reeses were getting only about $65 per month, but were able to make up the difference by buying and selling cattle, selling tomatoes, pigs, and anything they could. Two more village schools were added, making a total of six. It took $45 to pay teachers' wages alone.

Many were baptized during these days. Many have fallen by the wayside, some have been lost sight of, but seven of our present teachers and two gospel preachers were students at Sinde while the Reeses were there. Thousands of people received medical aid each quarter.

By 1937 the work and responsibility of Sinde had grown so heavy that the Reeses felt they had to have a rest and needed to put Boyd in school. There seemed no prospect of new workers coming, so they moved the mission school to Majara, the closest village, and left it in the hands of a native teacher, who was visited occasionally by George Scott. One teacher was left at each of two other village schools. The Reeses supported this work while they were in America.

While in the U.S. the Reeses succeeded in getting J.C. and Joyce Shewmaker to return with them to Sinde. Boyd was left in the U.S. for further training at Abilene Christian College.

On August 20, 1939, the Reeses and the Shewmakers, with their two young sons Stanford and Jackie, reached Sinde. No white workers had been there for two years. The buildings were found in a very poor condition. As the rains were close at hand, there was little time for building, and so a little repair work was quickly done and the school was soon started. J.C. Shewmaker took charge of the school while A.B. Reese took the farming and Margaret Reese took the doctoring.

6
Sinde

The main content of the next several chapters is the letters of Jimmy and Joyce Shewmaker. Although some of the letters were written to the family, friends, and supporters of the Shewmakers, most of the letters were written to the Missionary Funds Office of Louisville, Kentucky. Don Carlos Janes operated the Missionary Funds Office and Ethel Sevedge was his assistant. He raised money for missionaries and then dispersed the funds based on his judgment of the need of missionaries. Some of the funds that were sent to the Shewmakers may have been donations specifically designated for them and other funds that he sent may have been discretionary funds.

These letters have been edited, sometimes only slightly and at other times much of a letter has been eliminated. Joyce was the author of most of the letters. When the Shewmakers first arrived on the mission field Jimmy tried to write most of the letters, but this quickly came to an end because he did not enjoy the letter writing and he was involved with building and rebuilding houses and other buildings, digging wells, making bricks, and repairing and maintaining what little equipment they had in this remote area of Africa. In addition, Jimmy taught school, farmed many acres of land, and raised cattle.

Personal references to other missionaries — unless such references are an integral part of the story — have been eliminated. The letters provide only the viewpoint of Jimmy and Joyce; therefore all references of a negative nature involving other missionaries have been eliminated. This eliminates some of the realistic give and take that always occurs when more than one person or family is involved in a situation. It is hoped that this does not detract too greatly from the main story of Jimmy and Joyce.

Joyce invariably used Brother and Sister when referring to other Christians. To make the letters more readable, most of these references to others as Brother or Sister were removed, but enough were left in to give the reader a true flavor of the letters. The use of Brother and Sister was to the Shewmakers more than just a convenient title. They use the words in a genuinely affectionate way to refer to other Christians.

Many of the repetitive details that one often puts in personal letters were omitted. Again, some was left to give the reader an understanding of day-to-day life on the mission field. Jimmy and Joyce did not spend all, or most, of their time teaching the gospel to natives or doing other glamorous activities. Much of their time was spent cooking, keeping house, cutting the grass in the yard, maintaining equipment, and other common chores associated with a busy life.

In addition to the letters, material from personal interviews with Joyce, and the writings of Jimmy and Joyce are included in these chapters. This additional material is included usually in the form of voice-overs, indicated by brackets — [ ] — at the appropriate place. The original copies of the writing of the Shewmakers were part of the material available to the author. It was not always possible to determine if and in what form some of these materials were published.

THE LETTERS OF J.C. (JIMMY) AND JOYCE SHEWMAKER

To: Ott* September 3, 1939

From: J.C., Sinde Mission, Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia

*(Otto Fujimori Shewmaker was a younger brother of Jimmy. He was named after a Japanese missionary his mother had met shortly before his birth. In the later years of their stay in Africa, Ott became the treasurer for Jimmy and Joyce and helped coordinate their trips to America.)

We are now on the mission in the thickest of work, having arrived here on August 18. We unloaded the truck that night and spent the night here and then went to Kalomo the next day for a short visit with the Scotts, Merritts, Hobbys and Rowe. We had a very nice visit and when we were ready to start home, George M. Scott gave me and A.B. Reese each an ox and Joyce and Margaret each a cow. Besides, they gave us many small things that one needs when he starts keeping house. He also sent down four cows for us and four for Reese to let us milk them. Now I know you are wondering why he sent so many cows. Well you ought to see the milk we get from all the cows. From the eight cows we get about maybe a gallon.

I am telling you now we are as busy as we can be all the day long, even starting before daylight and staying until late at night. All the houses are run down, since there has not been any white person here to look after things for the last two years. We are burning bricks to start to rebuild as soon as possible. Also, we are having grass cut and piled close to the buildings that are to be re-roofed with thatch. We are hoping that we might be able to raise funds in America to put a metal roof on our house, since the roof is grass and it is rotted off, which has caused the walls to melt down. The walls are all made of sun-dried brick, and when the water hits them it does not take long for that kind of house to fall. We will not get school started for some time yet since the building is in such a bad state of repair. I am telling you I could not imagine just what a person who had given himself to do mission work really had done. When I say that the buildings are run down I mean that people at home would not live in the place where we are living. The government here is going to expect us to deliver the goods to hold what ground they have allotted to the Church of Christ. Practically all of the buildings are going to have to be torn down and be replaced with new ones that are made of burned brick. If we are able to show them we can and will do the job of educating the natives, then we will be allowed all the territory we are able to manage. We surely must not allow the territory to be taken away from us. I will describe the place where we are living: the building itself is made of dried mud without any doors or windows, only holes. The schoolhouse is a mud building without doors or windows. It has a grass roof, but no seats not even a table desk or chair. However we will put down some planks for seats and will somehow manage the rest.

[JOYCE: Our house was a one-room thing, but it did have two side rooms and one of these we used as a kitchen. We put a tarpaulin up the middle of the room. We used one end as a bedroom and the other as a sitting room. We lived there a few months, while we were repairing the other house.]

You could never imagine the condition of these people: how poor in this world's goods and how poor in spirit. We are made to feel that we ought not to take time to attend to the repairing of the necessary buildings. So many people in the homeland are quibbling over questions of no

profit and permitting these to die and go to Hell without any knowledge of God. Our hearts were made full the first time we were able to hear these humble black people pour out their souls in their own native tongue to their God and to our God. They were using the old familiar tunes of our hymns. One never could for one minute regret anything that might have been given up when we see how these people want to know the will of the Lord. I have already had the opportunity to speak to people who have never heard of Christ. In the villages, one just from America is apt to get his modesty shocked. Some of the children come out to see you without anything at all on, the women bare to their waist, and the men might have on a shirt or they might have only a girdle about their loins.

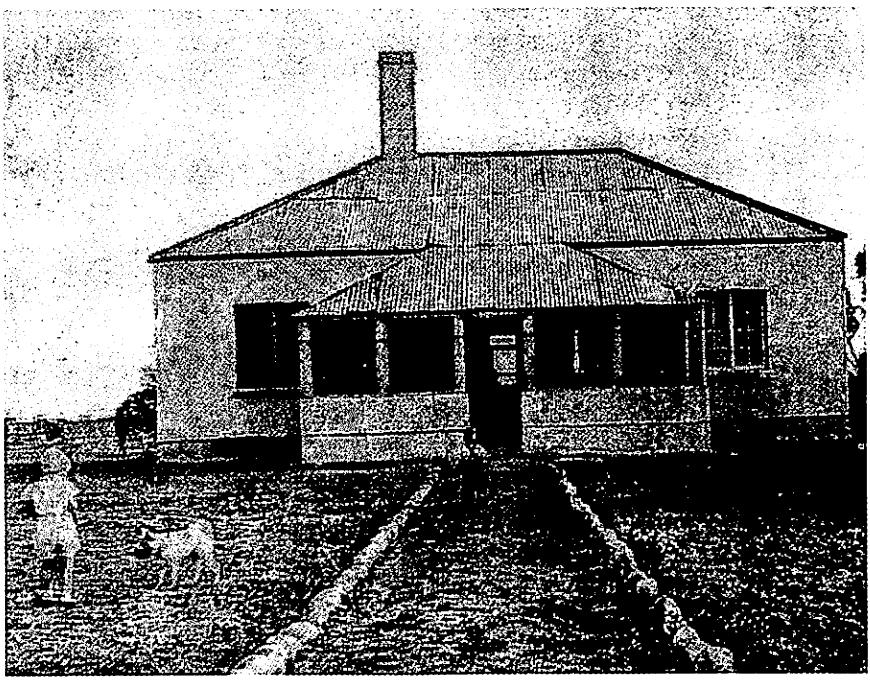
We had a lovely trip on board, not much sickness. I think Joyce and I were much sicker than the children. Jack makes a pretty good sailor. Stan was sick only once or twice and that for only a few minutes at a time. Our health here has been worse than it was on ship. The children were each sick about a week after we returned from Kalomo with a little fever and cold. Joyce has had a few days that she has been off of her feet. I seem to be as well as I could expect.

Well, as to your sending a Christmas present, I would advise that you decide how much you would pay for your present and add to that the postage and then just send the money. The postage on a parcel of 13 lbs. is $3.50. So, I think we could better use the money than anything you could send with less cost. I must sign off for this time.

(Joyce added the following Post Script)

J.C. (Jimmy) is going to Livingstone this morning, so must mail this. He said if you really want to send us a nice present, let it be an alarm clock. A small one would be less postage and serve us just as well. We priced "Little Bens" in Port Elizabeth. They were nearly five dollars. So, we didn't buy one. If we get a good one it will have to be imported anyway, so we may as well pay duty one time as another. This would make a nice present for the whole family. This may amount to more than you wish to be out though. A good butcher knife or paring knife would cost less and be greatly appreciated. Interested friends in America supplied plenty of anklets for baby and creepers for the present, so there would be no need there. Stan needs no suits until he outgrows present supply.

Please, excuse our freeness to suggest, but we would hate to have duplicates of some things that we have plenty of. J.C. could use a pocketknife with four blades — one especially long. These things are imported here, so are especially high. Choose according to your desires. But above all we need your love and prayers and letters. We cherish and look forward to your words of encouragement.



J.C. and Joyce Shewmaker's first home at Sinde Mission, 1939.

To: Don Carlos Janes October 23, 1939

From: Joyce

School opened with forty pupils last Monday. As there had been no school on the mission for two years, many did not know about the school. It is being announced by word-of-mouth though, and we expect many to enroll during the first month. J.C. teaches from the First Standard (first grade) up, but finds even some of that difficult to get

across, because of his lack of knowledge of the language. Two native teachers are handling the lower grades.

[JOYCE: We set up the schools on an American school calendar. When we got there, there were no government schools in the area. They depended on the missions to supply schools. The men could travel to the villages during the dry season. They could camp out without any fear of rain. The dry season lasted about six or seven months, starting about April. You could depend on not having any rain in May. It would really be unusual if it rained then. The rains did not start until October and sometimes not until November. We had only two seasons, the rainy season and the dry season. It's so surprising that when you get a rain the whole earth just comes alive. We could not believe it when we got to Sinde. It was so dry and dusty that we did not see how anyone could live at a place like this. When those rains came, it turned so beautiful and green. Sinde was at a higher elevation (about 3,000 feet), and that made it cooler. It was hot in the direct sun, but there was seldom a night that we did not have to pull up a sheet to be comfortable. There was a lot of humidity all the time. When we were working on the mission station I dressed in a plain cotton dress. In the cool part of the year (July and August), I sometimes wore a light coat. I didn't have any use for a real heavy coat. There was a freeze twice that I can remember. At least there was an icicle hanging off the water bag.]

The rains are beginning so it will be a busy season for us. Sister Reese does the doctoring. Seven or eight patients per day come for medical treatment. One patient is staying here receiving treatment for a terrible burn. His parents on a sled, drawn by four oxen, brought him here. (I have my hands about full with the children and writing, but hope to become more actively engaged in the work when they are older.)

J.C. and A.B. Reese are hauling poles for making a kraal this morning. (Had to stop here and go ask Sister Reese how to spell "kraal." It is not found in the English dictionary for it is a Dutch word.) The kraal is made by digging a trench and standing large poles in it, one after another close together to form a sort of fence. The mupana pole, a hard wood, is being used. The ants are not so bad to eat it.

The brick making has ceased for the present season, as we have more than we can use at present and the plowing must begin.

We are very thankful to you for the $10 placed on our deficit. The deficit seems to be decreasing at a slow rate, however; we are not complaining. For the two months we have been here we have averaged $27 per month. The Scotts have been very good to help supply us groceries, else we may have been going hungry by now. Not that we would mind doing that in order to be here to teach this people. I think Sherman La Nier will be able to increase the monthly amount as soon as he has time to teach a few people.

Sorry we were unable to collect on the car trouble in New York. We were out only $15 in Port Elizabeth, because the General Motors plant there furnished parts. Probably, we will not have material for extensive letters from now on, but will try to keep you informed about the happenings at the mission and other work.

To: Otto, Lenice and Martha Jane November 10, 1939

From: J.C. (written by Joyce)

We were very much grieved when we learned that Blanche could not enter Harding and so have written to try to make arrangements for her with Brother George Benson (president of Harding College) to see it he will give her tuition. So we wrote Clyde, my oldest brother, and asked him to keep $300 of the money Hilda owes us and will pay us in February. If Mother is willing and able to do it, Clyde is to send her $10 per month for Blanche's board and try to get her by for two years' schooling. What is left after board is paid is to be used for books and fees. If we get letters stating that it could not be arranged for Blanche to enter Harding, it will be one of greatest sorrows of our lives. She is only sixteen, an age when her character should be being molded for the Lord. We shall regret that we didn't bring her with us if she can't continue her education at Harding. At least, here, she would not have so many worldly temptations, and the experience would be some education within itself. Lenice, how would you like to help lay bricks? I have been helping J.C. do this all morning. It is very interesting work.

[JIMMY: With chores done and the bricks put into kilns and burned with wood, it was nearing time for school. Since the repairing of the

house was of great necessity, I began building the corners, and while I was away at school teaching, Joyce laid the bricks between the corners. She didn't know she needed to use a line. As a result, the lines were very wavy. We were nearing the end of the dry season, and we needed the house repaired desperately.

In the meantime George Scott came down from Namwianga to see how things were going with us. He eyed the corners to see if I had them straight and also took note of Joyce's wavy lines of bricks. The wall stayed up all right and is still standing up so far as I know, unless it has been purposely torn down.]

We are replacing the mud bricks of two sides of our house with burned bricks. They were badly washed out and were crumbling down. The other two sides, which are mud bricks, are fairly substantial yet. We have completed one of the new sides and are beginning the other side. The heavy constant rains hinder our progress a lot. Besides, J.C. teaches from noon to 5:30 and then goes back at night and has a class in Bible until very late. It is working him quite hard but he seems to be enjoying it. Consequently he finds little time to write, and not being very apt at it anyway, his part of the writing is sadly neglected, as usual.

Jack is happy and very active. He crawls up on his "hind legs." Now, he is standing alone. He likes to show out in doing this. He holds to things and walks wherever he wants to, but he has not taken his first step yet. His little cousin has one on him, for Jack has no teeth yet. He got his first haircut last week. He is wearing creepers now. The last few days I have been getting worms out of his skin. At first I thought the pimples were mosquito bites, but when they came to a head like boils, I opened them, and a worm came out of each pimple. These worms develop in the skin from eggs inserted there by an insect. They are quite prevalent in sand. So the children should not go barefooted. Stanford is having to at present, however.

Stanford takes great interest in picking up new words in the language. He gets a great kick out of springing new words, which he gets from natives without our knowledge. He goes to the compound (dormitory) often to be with the native boys. He is also quite a pal with his dog. Last Lord's day J.C. baptized the first person he ever baptized with his

own hands. It was one of his schoolboys. Otto, if you and Aubrey keep Mother and Dad from suffering for the necessities of life, you will have lifted a great burden from our hearts and never mind ever trying to help us. Someday, when we get on our feet perhaps we can help them again as we used to.

The most beautiful carnations grow here. J.C. is crazy about them, so I have some seeds planted and the plants are up. Also, I have several other vegetable plants and flower plants up. I have tomatoes and onion plants ready to set, and pansies, snap dragons, for-get-me-nots and daisies up.

[JOYCE: I was never without flowers. I had lots of flowers there, even azaleas. I ordered them from Kirchoffs in South Africa. I had beautiful roses. I did just about all the gardening at Sinde. Before going to Africa I did not do much in the garden, except with flowers. I learned from experience. It was a necessity for us and I learned how to plant carrots, peas, and other vegetables. We had tomatoes that we did not have behind wire like we did the small things, like lettuce, cabbage, and things like that, which the rabbits could eat. We tried to take some seed in when we first went to Africa, but we were told that we would not be able to take them through customs. So we pitched them overboard before we ever got there, but low and behold we could have taken them. I was sick that we had dumped them. We took some sweet potatoes when we went back later by air. We told the customs people that we had them and they confiscated the potatoes. We did not even have our name on them. We just had them wrapped in some newspaper. They said that we would hear from them in about three weeks. Well, when three weeks were gone, we tried to find the potatoes. We went to the agriculture department to the customs department, and nobody knew anything about them. We finally went to the Post Office and there they were. They had passed them.

The basic food for the natives was cornmeal. They cooked it hard and rolled it in their hands. It was then dipped into what they called their relish. That's the English word for it. It can be almost anything, gravy, beans, meat, or whatever they have. They very much like to cook greens and ground nuts (peanuts).]

The fruit trees are not bearing now, but it was nice to find fruit when we arrived. In six or eight weeks we should have some vegetables to eat.

J.C. and Brother Reese are working on the pump this morning. It has been out of order nearly ever since we arrived. It pumps water into a stand tank at the spring and is piped to the house. Two native boys can pump enough in a half day to last us a week. It is a hand pump. It is not piped into our house, but we get water at Reeses a few steps away. I think we will finally have it in our house, when the men have time to work on it.

Most of our building has ceased except our house. About 75,000 bricks were made and burned. We are now plowing and have one small field of corn planted. As we have no corn planter, it all has to be done by hand, so it is a slow process. It takes thirty-two oxen to run our big plow all day. A team of sixteen pulls it mornings, then a new team pulls it in the afternoon, while the morning oxen graze. They are not fed. Since the heavy rains have started, the grass is shooting up in a hurry. It reaches a height of six or seven feet. We re-thatched three buildings with grass.

It was very dry for six or eight weeks after our arrival. You will never know the feeling one has when a grass fire is coming one's way. It leaps and bounds like mad. All animals run before it. It goes for miles until it hits a wide road or bare spot that it cannot cross, or a river. It is against the law to start a grass fire, but the law cannot be carried out very well.

Our house is on a slight slope, which washes badly during heavy rains. J.C. has spent one day hauling gravel and dirt to fill it in. I think he will finally sod it some with Bermuda to help prevent the washing and make the yard look better. We have two rooms of our house fixed up quite livable, though one has only a chair and Victrola in it. That is our living room. The walls are whitewashed and the woodwork painted one coat. We intend to give it another coat as soon as we have enough to buy the paint. I brought one rag rug and have made one, which makes the floor more pleasant to step on since it is cement.

So far the weather has been not too unbearable, especially since the rains started. Some days were very hot before that. Sister Reese and I each have a dozen white leghorn chickens. They give us enough fresh eggs. We give them only scraps. They have plenty of grass and bugs to eat.

Since the rains have started great droves of rain birds have come. The

sky is black with them sometimes. They light on a field and eat insects. It is unlawful to kill them, because they are a blessing to the crops and gardens. They have long legs and necks like cranes. We will try to snap a picture of one sometime.

J.C. killed an eagle one day and two natives ate it.

One week J.C., A.B. Reese, and Orville Brittell spent hunting. They killed eight large antelope. The meat was cut in strips and dried to use as food for the native schoolboys. We like it only fresh and fried.

[JIMMY: Brother Reese and I took off on a hunting trip to get some antelope for drying for Africans. We got a truckload. Upon our return we cut the meat into strips, dipped it in salt water and hung it on a clothesline to dry. This made what the Africans called biltong (which we call jerky). The only kind of antelope we were able to get was hartebeest, which averaged weighing 350 lbs. We were fortunate to get into this herd of antelope and kill the leader. The herd was in utter confusion without their leader. Consequently we were able to shoot them like flies.]

Last week Jimmie Scott killed a buck near a village. When the women heard the gunshot they all ran to the chief's house, saying, "The Germans are coming." The chief had to supply 200 natives for the war from this territory, so they have heard some strange tales about the Germans. The war will likely not affect us except for mail irregularities, high prices, etc. And of course we couldn't return at present to America if we cared to.

Boyd Reese and Helen Pearl Scott have had their passports canceled. The Shorts and Garretts cannot return home now, as they had planned to do.

7
Mission School

To: Friends November 23, 1939

From: Jimmy (written by Joyce)

School started October 16 with forty-two enrolled. Yesterday, nine new pupils were enrolled bringing the total number to eighty. Many of these stay on the mission and have to be fed and housed. They work on the mission mornings to help raise food.

[JOYCE: We had some places where the boys boarded close to the river, so they could get some water. They built log houses with four rooms in them. Each room had three or four boys. There were no beds. They just put their mats on the floor, the way they did in the villages. There was a school garden, which they worked in. We assigned everyone a job. We had teachers' housing for the black teachers. They had one- or two-room, individual, grass roof houses. There were just two teachers and the African preacher. The preacher was supported by the Sinde congregation, which met in the school building.]

Immediately after noon, they begin their schoolroom work, where they study until 5:30. The schoolroom presents no problem of discipline because everyone is eager to learn. J.C. and two native teachers do the teaching. In a village about thirty miles from here we have two teachers; in another about the same distance in a different direction we have one teacher. The district commissioner has granted us the permission to place teachers in four other villages. But we have not the funds to pay the teachers. Open doors — we would like to enter for Christ. These schools are merely a means of reaching the people with the Gospel. The young people are taught God's word in daily Bible lessons, and these faithful native teachers who have been educated by missionaries in the past preach to the older ones. In this way many hear who have never heard before.

Would it not give you joy unspeakable to be instrumental in giving one poor black soul his first knowledge of God and see the beam of TRUE joy on his face for the first time?

Many have wanted to know our first impressions on the field. These famous words express it. "So much to do, so little done." This does not cast any reflection on the few who have carried the burden here, hampered by insufficient support, but upon the Church of Christ as a whole, which has failed to enter into the open doors. But, with the Reeses returning to the field with renewed energies and ourselves enthusiastic over the work, we hope to save many souls in the Sinde Mission territory. Brother Reese teaches a class here each night; J. C goes to nearby villages to preach. During vacation times both expect to go on village preaching tours.

Three or four thousand dollars spent here at Sinde for buildings would be sufficient for a new school building, new compound buildings, and two new dwellings. In America that amount would not supply any kind of a school building of any size.

To: Don Carlos Janes December 8, 1939

From: Joyce

Twice today have I come in out of the garden, soaked to the skin. This morning I planted six rows of popcorn, and two rows of colored butter beans. Just after the noon meal I went out to reset some tomato plants that had died or been cut down by worms. (Have gotten to where I can pull worms apart and crush bugs with all good grace, for there are certainly plenty of insects that molest the garden.) We have planted dark butter beans, little white butter beans, large white lima beans, crease-backed beans, carrots, lettuce, spinach, dill, celery, cucumbers, large Stone Mountain watermelons (from Arkansas), tomatoes, squash, onions, okra and popcorn. Many of these seeds were brought from America. Though we listed them, customs took no note of it.

The bricklaying on our house has about come to an end. I helped J.C. quite a lot on the side of the house, but as A.B. Reese got to where he could help some in laying the back of the house, I quit and let them have it. The garden needed attention anyway. Next, the inside of four rooms has to be plastered and whitewashed. Brother Reese thinks he can turn loose to help a little on that, though crops are quite pushing. Will be glad when it is finished. We have only two or three minor leaks in the roof

now. You could appreciate, with us, this roof, if you could witness the downpours we have. So far, I think all the rain has come in the afternoons and night. It is quite convenient, since most of the farm work is done mornings.

I will be glad when vegetables come in, for the baby is not getting the proper food. He has all the milk he needs, but he needs vegetables. He has no teeth yet and is nearly a year old, lacking 19 days. Stanford will drink the boiled milk, but he has to force every swallow of it. He was quite a milk drinker at home, when it was taken off the ice to drink.

Sherman La Nier is taking a lot of interest in raising our support. How thankful we are for his efforts! There are so many things we need to get started out housekeeping again. We have had to buy some more roofing, lumber and screen to finish the repairing of the house. We want to get some lumber to make some furniture as soon as we have money and J.C. has time.

J.C. had been working on the house at such a hard pace trying to get finished, that he "overdid" the thing and had to take off two mornings to rest. During that time he caught up on his reading.

If Sister Merritt's disease follows its usual course she cannot remain with us, but prayer can change things.

To: Lenice January 25, 1940

From: Joyce

The baby has been sick for two days, but shows some improvement at this writing. By giving him castor oil we have his bowels in shape and are giving him quinine twice daily. One night last week Brother Reese called J.C. over there to help kill a cobra on their veranda. He carried his gun and shot it while the Reeses held their flashlights on it. I carried our hoe up there and they put the final touches on with it. About two hours later we were in bed trying to go to sleep when we heard a noise in one of our back rooms. We thought it was Reese's dog, so J.C. got up to put it out. As he went onto the sleeping porch and was peering around for the dog, he suddenly heard something at his feet and looking down he detected it to be a snake. He backed up and called me, but his call was so weak

from fear that I did not detect anything the matter by his voice and so just answered "What?" He soon said, "It's a snake," and came panting back into the bedroom to light a lantern and put on his glasses, in case it was a cobra or spitting snake (they are so common here). Meanwhile, I was screaming for Brother Reese, but could get no response. J.C. had gotten the hoe from the front veranda (where we had left it when we came from Reeses) and had killed it, and called, "I've killed it." It was a tree snake more than four feet long with a good-sized body, very poisonous. It may have gotten in through a screen door that fitted loosely. Believe me, it doesn't fit loosely now. It may have come out of a tree, which hangs over the grass roof — could easily have come through the roof. J.C. ran up on the snake on the sleeping porch. When it was killed it had crawled through another room and into the dining room. When we got back into bed and reviewed the situation as to how it could have not made enough noise to attract our attention, and being a tree snake could easily have crawled into any of our beds or how we could have ignored the noise as we debated doing, thinking it didn't amount to anything, we could only humble ourselves before God and thank Him for His loving protection. Perhaps He brings us near these calamities that He might show His power. When the excitement was all over, Stanford raised up in bed and said, "Daddy, I want you to pray the best you can." We had not recognized that he was awake.

[JIMMY. We were to encounter cobras soon afterwards. They seemed to be more numerous than any other snakes. Cobras hiss as they try to spray poison into your eyes. A good antidote is to wash the eyes with milk immediately; otherwise you could be blinded. The cobra also bites. There are about sixty kinds of snakes in Africa, most of which are poisonous. We didn't trust any of them. Sometimes they would follow a mouse or a frog into the house, or they might just be in pursuit of anything they might find to eat. Sometimes we found them under the refrigerator or in the most unlikely places. Helen Pearl Merritt found one crawling around the baby basket where she had the baby sleeping on a trunk in their bedroom. This baby was Roy Merritt. Georgia Hobby had one spit in her eyes from an inside hole in a mud-brick wall when they were camping in an old house at Kabanga Mission. One never went into an outside latrine without a flashlight, or torch as we called it there. In

later years we kept a Simmons snakebite kit. When we bought it, I read all the directions thoroughly. None of our family ever needed it, but one night Dickson, our faithful cook, left our house to go down a grassy path on the way to his house. In no time at all he was back at the door, with a tourniquet around his upper leg to try to cut off the main flow of blood to the heart. His ankle was already swollen where the fangs went in. As a first-aid treatment, I made some strong black coffee to stimulate the heart and Joyce rubbed some potassium permanganate crystals into the fang wound, which she had slashed with a small sharp knife provided in the kit. Then she began reading the instructions for we had forgotten how much of the antidote to inject. Praise the Lord! Her eyes immediately fell on a paragraph that said, "You cannot inject too much." With trembling hands she filled the syringe and let him have it all just above the wound. Meanwhile, she had released the tourniquet. In about five days, he was back on the job, as good as new. It was a challenging and exciting life.]

To: Ott February 4, 1940

From: Jimmy

About the materials for us a house; no one has taken over that so far as I know. I think it would take 17 squares. Now you asked about the wisdom of getting the materials there. If we could get the roof here it would cost about $250, but it is not at all certain we could get it here for any price. To get anything like that it will have to be sent directly to us from the outside of Africa. If you are able to get the funds raised for the materials it would be good to have the materials bought there at seaport, say New Orleans or New York and shipped directly to me at Livingstone. For metal roofing, the length should be 12 feet. You might get Marvin Hastings in Jersey City, New Jersey to buy for you if you would like.

We are well at this writing. We found that Jack had only a case of German measles, and he is now well.

PS. Imports for the Union of South Africa are being hindered by war. So, imported materials are either impossible to get or are very dear in price, as Livingstone and Bulawayo ship from there.

[JIMMY. How to learn the language was an overwhelming problem. There was little written in the language, no books to help. Our best-qualified teacher, who spoke immaculate English, said he didn't know how to teach me. What was I to do? I began by sitting under a tree with an African and asking him the meaning of words, which I wrote down in a small notebook. One word was "basikoswe," which means "rats." We had a schoolboy named Nasiku. One day before all the schoolboys I called him Basikoswe by mistake. What a laugh from the other boys! From then on he was "Rats." I learned my first Tonga sentence from an old man named Mafuta. He was at our door one morning, saying in Tonga, "My leg, it is paining me." He repeated it in his broken English. Every African was eager to learn English because it meant he could get a a better job, thus raising his standard of living.]

To: Otto and Family March 17, 1940

From: Joyce

You ask about our needs. There are a few things that cannot be bought here at any price, so we are listing these on a separate list. When you purchase these things find out the postage costs and send the bill to Sherman. We brought several dozen fruit jars but lids for these jars cannot be purchased here.

Too, we need a slop jar. I would prefer white enamel. We can only purchase little chambers without lids here. It isn't sufficient for the family in one night. This is quite a necessity as it is dangerous to step out after dark without a good light, for fear of snakes. Then, too, we need some cod-liver oil or halibut oil in globules. We have two types of cod liver oil here that we have a fracas getting down the baby everyday. Orville Brittell's mother sent him some oil in globules. It is concentrated and helps the baby a lot. He takes it in a spoonful of cereal and never knows it. You may think it strange that we need it, but you see we cannot be in direct rays of the sun very much because it is too severe at this latitude, so Jack is kept in the shade mostly. Jack needs something he doesn't get. He has still only one tooth. He eats cereals and vegetables quite well now. J.C. and Orville Brittell are working on the songbook today, setting type.

To: Don Carlos Janes April 17, 1940

From: Joyce

We are very happy that Sherman La Nier took hold of our work. He goes about it in such a prayerful, thankful, and energetic way. He says he thinks he's getting to be a fanatic on mission work, for he mentions it everywhere he goes and to everyone he sees. He is beginning to get enough funds over here so that we are getting on our feet. We are able now to bear our half of the current mission expenses, and have been able to pay the Reeses back, where as they were out more in the beginning.

There have been blue days at Sinde lately. The native authority school, which went in about three miles from here recently, has taken more than half of our students. From a governmental viewpoint that school is a good thing, but from our viewpoint we are losing some opportunities to teach Christ. If we could have the opportunity of taking over the religious training in the native authority school we would have all we want. We would be glad to be rid of the financial burden of the school. I believe that the plans for this school were too fully developed before Reeses' return and our coming for us to ward it off. We do not intend to take any steps of importance without the advice of others on the field. There'll be no need to advertise this condition until we have something definite to advertise. We visited Namwianga a couple of weeks ago and it seems that the brethren there are going to be able to hold their own nicely. Do pray that the Lord may help us make decisions for the best. Do you suppose that the Lord feels that other Africans should have the Gospel and he wants us to move to more needy fields? Those near here have had 20 years in which to learn of Christ.

To: Brethren May 15, 1940

From: J.C.

An airmail letter has just been received from Brother Sherman La Nier, requesting us to immediately send you details concerning the needs and prospects of the work here. First, as everyone concedes, our ultimate aim is to take Christ and the Christ life to everyone it is possible for us to

reach. How to attain this aim? Everyone who comes to the field must decide for himself. To me, it seems that the schoolroom would do the most lasting good. The telling results of the Bible schools in America would justify this method.

1. Daily fervent teaching of the Bible is bound to bring results for Christ; else we are no further responsible for their blood.

2. We deal with young people who are more receptive than older people.

3. Along with the word of God they are taught reading, which enables them to read the Bible for themselves. Also they are taught better methods of gardening, simple carpentry, simple science, and writing.

The district in which Sinde is located has 15,000 square miles (only my guess) and has a population of 20,000 natives (not including the white population). Sinde includes a thousand acres in the native reserve, near four large villages and in the most thickly populated part of the district outside of Livingstone, which has 7000 or 8000 natives. Our brethren have their hands full in the district next to this, so there is more than we can do here both bodily and financially.

At present other groups have altogether only about four or five schools in villages. We have two village schools and two others approved. Next week I am taking the teachers to these schools to oversee the brick making for these two new schools. With the donated labor of the village we ought to have the buildings made and the schools started in two or three months.

At Sinde, we maintain a central school with an enrollment of about 80 or 85, with about 25 of this number boarding on the mission; these have to be provided with food and housing. Here we employ two native teachers. I teach and supervise and Brother Reese teaches simple carpentry. We draw pupils from three nearby villages. These do not stay on the mission. In our village schools we have an enrollment of 152, making a total of about 232 students under our supervision. We are being urged by both the government and the native chief of this district to place more village schools, but with our present finance we are unable to do so. All native teachers are paid from $5 to $12 per month besides their food

and housing. They are paid according to their preparation. We employ Christian natives who not only teach Christ in school but also in their lives. They are the strength of the Church in the village where they are placed. As more support is sent more schools will be placed.

In addition, we have our personal living expenses that include food, clothing (not otherwise supplied), gas for personal trips, medicine, doctor bills, and our children's education (paying for correspondence courses etc.), and household articles (some of which we are yet in need of). In America you know that a dollar is worth a dollar, but here the rate of exchange affects us. The work may suffer or prosper as the rate fluctuates.

Current expense needs per month in brief:

$100.00	Maintenance of village schools
25.00	Gasoline and incidentals
75.00	Personal
200.00	Total

As to building needs: During the last twelve or fourteen years there have been no funds sent for buildings at Sinde. Brother Scott put up most of the buildings here from funds sent for personal expenses. Consequently, he put up sun-dried brick buildings that have served the purpose for years but must now be replaced. All of the other buildings, except the Reeses' house, are made of grass, with a thatched roof or a roof made of oil drums beat out flat.

The Reeses are living in the only burned-brick building on the place, which was constructed at least 15 years ago by Brother Short. It is the only building that can be repaired.

Building needs are:

$1500.00	Two dwellings ($750.00 each)
1000.00	School building
500.00	Compound (dormitory)
1000.00	Equipment
4000.00	Total

You may be amazed at the similarity of the amount needed for equipment to the amount for buildings. Virtually all the equipment will have to be bought. Bricks for the buildings will be made with cheap labor. Equipment will include library books, carpenter tools, gardening tools, lumber for seats and desks, blackboards, and other incidentals. Village schools are built of sun-dried bricks, and the roofs are thatched.

The government approved these temporary buildings in villages because village sites are moved so often that it does not pay to put up better ones.

Before the war, estimates were sent to America as to the cost of buildings. Since materials have taken a sudden rise in cost here because of the war, we have set our estimates a third higher for buildings. $500 has been sent recently for building here and at Livingstone. We are pondering as to where it should be used. L.C. Utley, of the Hamilton Avenue Church of Christ in Detroit, wrote that he planned to raise funds for a house for us. At the time we gave him the estimate of the cost, the rise in prices had not come, so he may not raise sufficient amount. We have not heard how he is progressing.

All building must be done during the dry season because of heavy rains hindering brick making and brick laying during the wet season, so we need the funds now. We will use what we have on hand and hope that more will be coming. May God bless all of us and stir our hearts to this great work of bringing Christ to the forgotten men of his Dark Continent.

8
Rancher

To: Don Carlos Janes May 27, 1940

From: Joyce

We will start the brickwork for the newly approved village schools. As soon as the grass is ready we will begin getting thatching grass for the schoolhouse.

Car trouble again. J.C. started on his village trip and had to return after going a short distance. This is the same trouble we had repaired at New York and at Port Elizabeth. J.C. loaded his provisions and bedding into the Reese's truck and went the following day on his trip while he waits for parts to come.

At odd times J.C. has been building us a bed. Brother Reese gave us the lumber that has been sawed for several years. It is beautifully grained mukwa. With the bolts, screws, beeswax, glue, and legs, which are being turned at the sawmill, we will get by for less than $10. We were unable to get a bed of any kind for less than $35. This one would probable sell in America for $100 since it is of solid mukwa. J.C. is doing a lovely job. Some of the boys have helped to sand it. Next he wants to make a table. This will enable us to return the table and bed we have borrowed.

To: Otto and Lenice June 11, 1940

From: Joyce

J.C. is now having a slight attack of malaria. It doesn't seem slight to him I'm sure, but his fever hasn't gone so high.

[JIMMY: I would say that the Anopheles mosquito is the most dangerous animal in that section of Africa. We used mosquito nets for protection. They were tucked in all around the mattresses of our beds. A couple of times our baby climbed over the bed rail when we had left it down, not thinking he was old enough to get over it. He screamed out. Checking him with a torch (flashlight), which we kept by our bed, we saw he was caught in the net and hanging down the side. The net kept him

from banging his head on the floor, but it also had made it possible to be bitten by mosquitoes, as his head pressed against the net. We tried to keep all the children away from the nets. The whole family used Quinine as a preventive, the children taking it in liquid form while we took tablets.]

Since Italy has entered the war, it seems that if the U.S. is going to enter; its high time. It may be now or never. I suppose we'll receive notice from the U.S. Consul here if things get so serious, it seems best to get out. Things are happening in a hurry. All foreigners seem to be under suspicion here, so we dare not speak all of our feelings or even write them in this letter. All foreigners have had to register. There's no end to the propaganda being used here to keep up Britain's spirits, and I don't blame them. I'm afraid that if the U.S. waits until after the election to enter the war it will be too late.

From a governmental viewpoint, it seems that the U.S. will have to enter, though I hope conscientious Christians will be exempt. All Englishmen here have volunteered, officials and all. In the weekly newsletter received from the government they warned, "Do not repeat rumors." I suppose this is a warning against "The Fifth Column," you've probably read about in the papers.

If Africa should be cut off from England, it would be hard for us to get needed supplies at any price. Prices are plenty high now. I think funds can always be sent safely if sent through Sherman, for he sends through the New York bank that gives us credit with the Livingstone bank. They do not send the money but rather duplicate credit slips on different ships. If one got lost there is another, or if all get lost Sherman has his receipt and can hold the bank there responsible.

To: Friend June 20, 1940

From: J.C.

Today it is raining, which is very unusual for this time of year. This is the first rain for nearly two months. June is supposed to be our coldest month but we have had some very hot days this month.

Since our last report I spent five days on a village trip. I camped in

a village called Katapazi about 20 miles from here. From this village I walked to surrounding villages preaching two and three times a day. I preached in one village where no white man had ever preached. They listened intently and begged me to come back and tell them more of this "strange doctrine". There were once several Christians in those parts, but they had scattered or grown indifferent. The trip resulted in thirty souls saved, nineteen by restoration and eleven by baptism. We left a teacher at Katapazi to start a village school. He has thirty-two pupils. He is teaching under the shade of a tree until a building can be erected. A preacher was also sent by the Sinde church to evangelize the village and surrounding villages. Last Lord's Day one of our mission boys was baptized, and three the preceding Lord's day. Usually in our services we offer no urgent invitation and sing no invitation song. We try to let the Word lead them to obey without outside stimulation such as the white man has to have. The natives like to please us, and if they thought being baptized would win our friendship, great flocks of them would be baptized just to gain our favor. So in our eagerness to see them saved, we try to not be over-anxious, but lead them into true obedience to Christ.

Orville Brittell is making a Scotch cart on the frame of two old car wheels. This he intends to hitch to two oxen and carry his bedding and food for his village preaching trips. A.B. Reese returned about a week ago from a village of about 40 where he got the foundation laid for a new building. Sinde has maintained a school there for years.

To: Friend July 30, 1940

From: J.C.

You will be happy to know that during June and July we have had two native preachers preaching in the villages, paid by the Sinde Church of Christ. One of them has baptized fifteen and the other sixteen, while numerous others have re-consecrated themselves and been strengthened. On the mission during the month of July, eleven of our students have been baptized, making a total of fifteen during the four-month term.

We had one of the happiest days of our lives on the last day of school. After all the contests, programs, and so on, were over, the day

was beautifully climaxed, as the sun sank from sight, by the baptizing of six of our school girls, the first school girls to be baptized since our arrival.

Brother and Sister Reese have moved to Kalomo to help the brethren at Namwianga Mission, leaving Orville Brittell and us to manage the work at Sinde. The Scotts have moved here temporarily while they look for a location in Livingstone, where they plan to work with the Church. While he is here, Brother Scott has volunteered to take charge of the work. His volunteering will release Orville Brittell and me for the overseeing of the building of the church/schoolhouses in six villages. Orville has just returned from one village, where one building was completed except for the thatching.

Whereas we have had only two village schools going this year, we hope to have six going by December 31, which is the deadline set by the government.

To: Don Carlos Janes September 2, 1940

From: Joyce

After having our truck out of commission for four months, it is going again. The new parts cost $50. The freight both ways — to and from Port Elizabeth — came to about $25. Also, we are having to get a new battery, brake fluid, lights fixed, and truck greased throughout, which will bring the total recent expenditures to approximately $100. We hope and believe the old trouble is over, and we hope there are no new ones soon. Though we are being out more than twice what we've been out before, we've had enough jolts by now that we can take them easier than ever before. As Georgia Hobby says, "We'll have to pinch every penny that comes our way."

Orville is nearly finished with the construction of the second village school. Three buildings are being put up of poles and mud entirely by the villagers. Orville is putting up Kimberly brick structures, after the villagers made the bricks. Few natives know how to lay bricks, so Orville is laying the bricks and overseeing the work in general. Meanwhile, he preaches.

We will send you a picture of Orville's new trailer. It is built of pine, on two old car wheels. It really must be very comfortable after lying on the bare ground letting rats, flies, and mosquitoes have full sway. When up, ready for living, the trailer must be over six feet high, since Orville stands up in it comfortably (not sure of these dimensions). When down, ready for moving, it's half that height. The top half is screened in. These screens are on frames that fold over by hinges. Then the top, which is of galvanized iron, lets down to the halfway mark. As the oxen pull, Orville sits in the door and directs while a lead boy guides the oxen along. The door is in the center front. Inside, and at the back, crossways of the trailer is his bed. The springs are made by stretching strips of rubber, cut from an old inner tube, across an iron frame. He has a table built in, under, which are shelves for supplies. It reaches up halfway and serves as a rest when the screens are folded in. When he has more time Orville wants to build in a typewriting table. He carries a folding chair. One native said this of Orville, after working along side him on the first school building, "Mr. Orville is the workingest white man I've ever seen. He works from sunrise till sunset, with only five or ten minutes for food, and then sits by a fire at night (using the fire for light) and reads his Bible, reads his Bible, reads his Bible, and preaches to us."

One of the smaller buildings has been rethatched with old grass taken off the school building. We had to save the new grass for the immense roof on the school building. It will take all we can get. J.C. and George Scott have just finished taking down all the old poles that held up the schoolhouse roof. We have ordered pine rafters so that we can put up a longer lasting Barotse thatched roof. Barotse thatching is done with combed grass. We make a comb by driving nails along in a pole. The nails are about two inches apart. The pole is put across two upright poles, about four feet high. The grass is pulled through this comb. All the blades are combed off leaving only the stalk of the grass. This makes a much better roof when put on by a Barotse thatcher, and it really looks pretty. J.C. helped do the thatching on the small building and plans to help on the school building. One of our teachers is a Barotse thatcher who will thatch and oversee the work.

We have had to send most of our cattle to be herded on a vlei about

six miles from here where the grass burned off early and came up green. This is to save their lives. There wasn't sufficient grass here, and won't be until the rains. Reese's cattle are still here. It didn't seem good to move them until there's more grass for grazing between here and Kalomo.

[JOYCE: When J.C. and Brother Reese got to Livingstone the bank had taken over some cattle from a farm. The bank wanted to sell them, so J.C. and A.B. went out and looked at them. J.C. said I don't have the money to buy them with and Reese said I'd lend you the money, if you'll just buy them. So they both went and bought them. They cast lots on who'd get first choice and divided the cattle. This was the beginning of our herd. Some were cattle and some were oxen. We used the oxen to plow with, and we had the others for milk. We both had about 17 head. When Hilda and Blanche went to Harding (we sent them and furnished the money), the understanding was when they got their inheritance from my grandmother's estate they would pay us back for what we had been out. They did that and J.C. took it and put it into cattle. Every now and then an African would come along and we'd buy a cow. J.C. would make him an offer. I'll say this: the Lord was with us on those cattle, for from the day we started into the cattle business they have never gone down in price. J.C. took care of his cattle. He dipped them regularly; he immunized them; and he knew the names of every one of them. The names were very peculiar, but he knew them, and if there was one missing he knew which one it was. When we went to Africa, Jimmy said Brother Sherriff was a rock mason who supported himself, and he said if Brother Sherriff can do it I can surely find something I can do. We intended to support ourselves. Of course, when people found out we were over there they helped us. But J.C. wasn't well known in the brotherhood at all; he had not been a big preacher or anything like that. He had just been a schoolteacher, an unknown person, so he was going to support himself. He was going to Africa some way. The cattle were the things that he saw that he could do and put more time into the work than any other way. He would be up early in the morning about daylight to go out and see that the milking was done properly before time to go to school. At night he was there to see about the milking and to see if all the cattle were there. We used all the milk. He would sell old cattle and oxen. He didn't get very

much money for the cattle. It was called third grade and they cut it up for African consumption.

[J.C. introduced the Brown Swiss Cattle to this part of Africa. He got about five cows and a bull from a farmer at Mazabuka. They were registered stock. The year that we bought them, Brown Swiss held a world record for producing milk. He developed a pretty nice herd of Brown Swiss, near to 300 at its largest. When they opened the present secondary school (in the 1960s) he picked out 30 — he never liked me to tell this, because he didn't like to brag about what he's done — head of cattle with 27 calves to donate to the secondary school. He picked out the best of his herd to give to the school.]

To: Don Carlos Janes September 24, 1940

From: Joyce

We could do on an ordinary icebox, but as a matter of fact I imagine we'll do without one for many years to come. So doing without this luxury doesn't worry us half as much as it does some of our friends. We counted this in the cost of coming, and abandoned the idea of ever having an icebox. Buying ice for an ordinary icebox is just about as far out of the question as a kerosene burning ice box, for ice has to be shipped from Bulawayo, then brought to the mission only once per week.

It has been a little more pleasant here yesterday and today, but for a month previous to this the weather has been almost unbearable.

9
Tragedy Strikes

To: Don Carlos Janes October 30, 1940

From: Joyce

Brother Janes, the Lord has led us into deep waters lately. After a brief illness of two days, our small son, Jack, died in the hospital at Livingstone on October 19. Within two hours after he took sick we had him at the hospital. At first the doctor thought Jack had a severe case of malaria, but after he failed to rally to the injection of Atebrin given immediately upon our arrival at the hospital, the doctor changed his mind. He died with hemorrhage at the base of the brain. We buried him beside Ray Lawyer (a missionary who had been killed in an accident several years earlier) and his son, at Sinde. George Scott preached the funeral. The Reeses, the Hobbys and Myrtle Rowe were here for the funeral. J.C. loved Jackie as fervently as any father could, but somehow he has had the faith to cast the burden all upon the Lord. Stanford seems very lonely, but he is fast becoming adjusted. I don't have the faith to wholly and completely cast the burden off. I only awaken to a new day of heaviness and cannot find sleep at night until I'm exhausted from going over a hundred sweet memories of the little fellow in my mind. I'm so lost, not having dozens of things to do for him. I'm sure God in his infinite wisdom has had a purpose in it all. Our hearts are mellower, and we can always have more sympathetic and tender feelings toward others' heartaches. It will surely make us more unselfish. If we take the right attitude about it all our characters will be greater by this experience. The desire to go to heaven is stronger, for there's a strong tie between heaven and us. Will you please pray and ask others to pray that this great burden be lifted from my soul that I may go joyfully and energetically to my work.

To: Friends November 1, 1940

From: J.C.

After four months of the hardest work we have done since our arrival, we have the new roof on the school building, a new house for native

teachers, and five new village school buildings. Brother Scott helped with the buildings here, while Brother Brittell helped to construct three of the village schools and has practically lost his health doing it. We had only one casualty, when I fell from the roof of the school building and sprained my back and wrist. I was disabled about three weeks, but I am now back to normal, except for a little limping.

To: Don Carlos Janes November 7, 1940

From: Joyce

For two weeks after Jack's death I prayed and prayed, but nothing really helped until I read a tract Sister Scott handed me called "Praise Changes Things." The tract held out the dominant idea of praising God during adversities. I have felt better ever since I tried the "antidote." This week we are at Kalomo; J.C. thought that a little change of scenery would do me good. Orville and the Scotts also insisted that we come.

J.C. is getting anxious to get back, as he knows that Orville really isn't able to keep up all that needs to be done. Orville seems some better, but we are afraid we'll get back and find that his health is worse from overwork.

The work is going nicely here. Sister Rowe is certainly doing some efficient work with the girls. She is very enthusiastic over her work.

We got the U.S. election returns over the Reeses' radio last night. England, I believe is pleased with the outcome. (Roosevelt was reelected for a third term as president.)

To: Don Carlos Janes November 20, 1940

From: Joyce

J.C. teaches the upper standard in a Bible class, and the boarding boys at night. Sister Scott takes J.C.'s daily Bible class when he has to be away to supervise the out-schools, and Orville takes the night classes.

J.C. is away now for a four or five-day visit to two of our out schools.

He wants to give a thorough inspection of what is being accomplished in Bible teaching.

Cattle are the easiest way to make money in this country, for they grow into money with little or no expense, just grazing on the tall grass. Sometimes they get quite skinny trying to tide over the dry season. We will have a small herd in five or six years, so we can contribute some personal funds to the work.

Orville has decided to take over the farm work so that J.C. can devote more time to teaching. Orville has charge of the chapel each day, too; besides, he goes each Lord's Day and holds a service at the native authority school.

Yesterday, a group of native women passed here. We learned that they were going back on the mission to a spot, which has long been hallowed by them, to pray for rain. Curious, as we usually are, to see some new custom we haven't previously observed, Augusta Scott, Stanford, and I followed them. We found them in a nude or semi-nude condition, dancing as they clapped their hands and sang little ditties to "Mwami," saying, "Make our rivers to flow and our garden to grow." Women danced with babies on their backs without any trouble. The baby took it as a matter of course. The place they chose they say is a lucky one, near the grave of an old ancestor. It is designated by a pile of rocks

To: Friend January 29, 1941

From: J.C.

The past two months have been busy ones at Sinde. The first term of our second year has just ended, and we think that we have made some definite progress. During the term many were baptized and all received Bible training. Prizes were given for Bible memory work.

Orville Brittell has worked untiringly trying to get the crops in after the rains started about December 20. The cornfields look very clean and promise a good harvest. Corn is our chief food for the boys in school. Incidentally, Orville's health seems somewhat better.

Alice Merritt passed from her earthly sufferings last Lord's day, just

forty-five minutes after she reached home from the Lusaka hospital. Do pray for those motherless children and Brother Merritt who is left without a companion to share his burdens and joys. The Scotts and we left hurriedly from Sinde, to attend the funeral, but as messages are very slow to get to their destination we were too late for the funeral. I am glad we could offer some comfort in the lonely hours afterwards, however.

As we were notified to no longer hold services in the native authority school building, we have obtained permission from the chief to hold our services in the native courthouse.

To: Friend May 7, 1941

From: J.C.

Last Wednesday night we went to Livingstone to help the Scotts welcome back to the African field Helen Pearl Scott and Boyd Reese. It seemed good to see faces fresh from America and to know that more workers have arrived on this needy field. Boyd plans to work at Namwianga, where his parents are, while we hope Helen Pearl will consent to work with us here at Sinde. They were about two months in coming, since they came by Australia. They said they caught no sight of German submarines, but their ship picked up some passengers who had spent some woeful times aboard a German raider, which sunk their ship.

To: Don Carlos Janes May 8, 1941

From: Joyce

Christian friends have enabled us to purchase a simple little granite headstone for Jackie's grave. Then J.C. made a concrete slab, completely covering the grave, to prevent ant bears from digging in and to keep it from growing up. Emma Sherriff helped us get the stone at a reduced price. The Guy church sent us a new Aladdin lamp, which we were very happy to receive. It gives an excellent light. The Sellersburg church has adopted our coming baby for clothing and says they are sending a complete layette soon. They are already clothing Stanford.

To: Otto, Lenice, and Family May 23, 1941

From: J.C., Joyce, and Stan

J.C. brought your interesting letters from Livingstone yesterday as he came through from a village trip. He was gone a couple of nights trying to see about locating another village school. The new school will be completely indigenous. That means that the natives will finance it in every way. They will pay the teacher, feed him, and build the schoolhouse and the teacher's house. Our part will be to supervise the school, as required by the government, and to hire the teacher as required. That is, we sign the chitupa, which is a paper each native has to have signed when working for a white man. This will be the first school of this type we have established.

When we have enough Christians in a village who want their children educated for Christian work, we intend to turn the financial end over to them and use the funds in establishing schools in new places. By our meager experience and the experiences of other missionaries, we believe it is like carrying a child in your arms all the time to continue to carry the load, that by reason of time, the natives should be carrying for themselves. We feel that such a course is a step upward for the African. Like children, if everything is always handed out in a silver platter, they will always expect it. After a Christian has been taught, whether black or white, he is then obligated to teach others. But don't think it doesn't take time and patience to teach them, for we have to remember that they have a Godless upbringing. When we teach them about Christ and that they should love God, they are not receptive when we tell them, at first that they should obey God, for who is Jehovah that they should listen to Him? They have to know Jehovah before they can love Him. So you might know that it is a long process, when, coupled with that, you find 98 percent illiteracy. The problems are many, and it takes much wisdom and experience to know how to deal with them. They do understand many of the customs of the Old Testament better than we because, in many instances, they are similar to their customs. The custom of more than one wife, and the custom of the man paying a dowry to the girl's parents — when he takes her to wife — are similar. There are many others.

[JOYCE: Tonga was the largest tribe, but they had sub-tribes, and

each had a little variation sometimes in their customs and their language. There was no animosity among the Tonga, though some of them felt they were a little better than others. The plateau Tongas were much more advanced than others, who were more isolated and would go without tops a lot of times. I was talking to Nancy about it when she was back here; I always had the impression that that would excite men and she said, "I can assure you that it doesn't." Most of them are very large-breasted, because they have always nursed their babies. J.C. showed some of those on the screen, over here and it was very shocking to some people. He said, "Surely you can stand it for a little; I see it all the time."

[They are very friendly and happy people. You would think people on such a low standard-of-living would not be happy. The only time they were not happy apparently was when the Communists would come in and would incite them to be unhappy because of their standard-of-living.

[I never feared the Africans. I stayed there by myself at Sinde and didn't even lock the doors while J.C. would be away. I didn't fear any physical violence. Sometimes they got into fights with each other when they were drunk. They drank quite a bit in the villages. We didn't have drinking on the mission, but they would come through the mission drunk, singing as they went. You could tell they were drunk. They had been over to this village to drink and were going back to another village because that village was having a big something to do that night or maybe they had relatives there.

[They intermarried a lot, and they usually married within their own tribe. It was unusual for them to marry out of their tribe. They had as many children as they could. A lot of them died off. You might find that three out of a big family would die. When the white man went there, he began to help them medically, and more babies lived. But if the mother died they usually buried the child with the mother, because they knew it wouldn't live. A mother did not want to take another child and nurse it; she could have done it and saved the child, but she didn't want to, for she was afraid it would jeopardize her own child. On the other hand, they were good to look after their old people. There was no need for an old-folks home. The village and individual families all looked after the old people. I had a painting in the house in Searcy — I don't know whether

you noticed it or not. It was a village scene with an old woman sitting back under the shed, and apparently her daughter-in-law was carrying the wood and getting ready to build a fire. They take care of them.

[One of our teachers who is very well educated said, there is no word for 'virgin' in their language. In fact, they didn't think there was such a thing as a virgin. Their closest thing was a young girl. There was a lot of promiscuity from an early age. A girl was usually engaged (and a man wanted her) by the time she was at the age of puberty. The parents and the grandmother who had a lot of say in it may have made the arrangement before that. He may have been taking her as a second or third wife. But she had very little to say about it.

[A lot of the African people look at the economic value of a man. If he's got a good job, they are glad they can get a good dowry. They sell their girls. Some children would be born out of wedlock. If a man "ruined" a girl, the parents demanded marriage. If he would not marry the girl, he had to pay restitution. And if he left his wife for any reason and she went back home to her parents, he had to restore the dowry. That helped to keep the family together. There was not very much divorce. There was no legal divorce. She just went home. There was no legal marriage. He just took her. The parents had arranged it. He had to pay a dowry. They demanded as much as they could get out of him. Sometimes he had to produce such things as cattle, or so much money and so on, but their cattle are their money. If the man didn't come up with it, he couldn't have the girl. That would cause them to go to the cities or towns to work at whatever wages they could to get enough money for their dowry. There were two things that would send men off to towns to work. One was to pay their tax (it was a very low tax: ten shillings was all they had to pay per year). The other was to get a dowry, if they didn't have what was demanded of them. I have fully described a wedding in "Sold to a Heathen."]

SOLD TO A HEATHEN

By

Joyce Copeland Shewmaker

The sun was sinking behind the horizon. Augusta (one of our coworkers at Sinde Mission) and I were walking briskly toward an African village, located a mile from the mission. The mother of Moobwe, who was to be married, had invited us. She thought we would be interested because Moobwe was one of our students on the mission. She was a most promising young girl, apt in her studies, farther in school than any of the other girls, fair to look upon, humble and modest, interested in the study of the Bible, and Christian withal. Augusta had worked faithfully with her and for her, trying to weed out some of the superstitions and inculcating Christian ideals into her young and plastic mind.

Moobwe's marriage had been settled upon by her parents, who sought out a man with a good job and one able to pay a good dowry for their daughter. When the arrangement was made, the parents were paid one pound and the remainder of the seven pounds, ten shillings, was to be paid when he received the girl. Though Moobwe was not supposed to know, somehow the information leaked out and she knew something of the man who had been chosen for her. But, young as she was, she likely thought this tragedy to be far in the future. Alas! it was not, for the man who sought her hand had worked and saved, and now he demanded the prize, though according to the tribal custom he was not allowed to have marriage relationships until she reached the age of puberty. The actual day of the marriage was unknown to the girl.

Moobwe had been well taught, and we hoped that by going to the village we might help to give her courage to refuse this man, for he was not a Christian, and he drank very much. The girl had within her the possibilities of making a devoted Christian home for a Christian man.

Darkness comes very suddenly in this part of Africa, and by the time we reached the village it was dusk. As we entered, we saw our little Moobwe with the other children, chasing fireflies. Someone had seen us coming and had brought some homemade chairs. Augusta and I sat down among a group of women near the first hut, which was the home of

Moobwe's married sister. Moobwe left her play long enough to come and greet us, and so did some of the other children. The women had all finished pounding their corn, and most of them had cooked their corn meal mush. When Moobwe left us to join her companions in play again, we quietly asked, "Does Moobwe not yet know she is to be married tonight?" "No," her grandmother answered, "She will not know until someone seizes her and anoints her." This duty was assigned to one of the woman relatives.

The women seemed a bit anxious to finish the evening meal. They ate hurriedly and were soon ready for the important matters of the evening. The men and children were left to finish eating, for the marriage ceremonies are left in the hands of the women. The kinswomen, who had been assigned the job of contacting the bridegroom, came and sat down quietly by the group of women. They were all speaking in subdued tones. Suspecting that something was "in the air," we asked, "Has the man arrived?" One woman replied in the affirmative. The female relative who was to do the anointing arose from the group and proceeded quietly to her hut. She soon emerged with the bottle of ointment concealed among her clothes, and called, "Moobwe! Moobwe! Koza kuno (come here)!" The obedient child came running, little knowing the sorrows that awaited her. She was grabbed and held and others came to the assistance of the anointer. By this time Moobwe knew what it was all about, and her resistance began. She seemed to have strength from above, and soon squirmed from the grip all. She ran and dodged about, but others caught her, and she was carried bodily into her mother's hut.

It is customary for the girl to resist a little and to feign displeasure, but Moobwe was carrying it too far. She really meant to refuse the man. In an emphatic voice she insisted, "I cannot marry this man. He drinks and smokes. He is not a Christian. He will require me to make beer, which I cannot do. I want a Christian husband." If she submitted to the anointing and ate the cornmeal they had sprinkled on the floor of the hut, this was a sign that she accepted the husband. But this Moobwe refused to do.

The women kept yelling, "We will beat you! You must be still while we anoint you." Her mother finally called for a stick to be brought. She

beat Moobwe unmercifully, but the girl still refused as they approached her with the ointment bottle. Not once did the child make any sign of submission. She choked back her tears as best she could. Finally the mother said, "I'll take a shambuck," and she asked someone to hand her one from the rafter in the roof of the hut. Without compassion, the old woman slashed her with this leather whip, but Moobwe stubbornly failed to submit. She was sweating and panting, her clothes torn. Seeing that they had lost the game, all sat down. They had wrestled with her well on to an hour-and-a-half. A cup of water was brought to Moobwe — she drank it eagerly. Some of the women left the hut to hold a conference. The physical torture had failed — now the mental torture began. The women returned to the room, and the girl sat silently as the mother began to speak, "Moobwe, do you not realize that it is my duty to see that you submit to your father's will in this matter? If you refuse, I shall be beaten to death by your father, and you will be left to rear this baby (for her youngest was on her back)." Still the girl gave no gesture of submission. Then, her mother hurled, "If you refuse this husband, we will find you no husband (a tragedy for an African girl), and you cannot remain in the village. You will have to roam the forest without food and clothes. When did you become head over this house so that you say what you will do? Will you marry this man?" Moobwe sat, stubborn and unyielding. Tears rolled gently down her cheeks and fell upon her naked body, bared to the waist in the scuffle.

Soon the woman who was keeping in touch with the husband-to-be, who was in the forest, came into the hut with some money. She threw a shilling upon the mud floor before Moobwe. "You see, here is part of the money!" The girl sat mute. A florin (a coin worth two shillings) was then thrown onto the floor with the other coin. No response. Everyone sat silently awaiting the answer but you may know that Augusta and I were praying to God to give her strength to resist. More coins were thrown before the girl. Yet, she would not reconsider.

Leaving the hut, the woman apparently contacted the bridegroom again, because more money was brought. The coins piled in a heap before her, but the girl still declined.

Finally, Moobwe's mother began to upbraid her, "If you refuse this

man and you ever are fortunate enough to get a husband, we will not act as midwives in childbirth. You will have to remain in the forest, have your child alone, and starve for want of food. We are all finished with you." The kinswomen all put in their assents to the mother's words. This torture went on for nearly an hour, and then, the Devil made his final thrust. It was the last straw. They threatened to bewitch the girl. The flesh yielded, for from the cradle up, the African is steeped in this type of superstition.

Though we did not detect the gesture of assent, the anointer began to pour oil into her hand to smear it upon the bride. So we knew the child had weakened under the strain. They rubbed her with oil from face to waist and then lifted her frazzled skirt and proceeded to do the same to her legs.

Meanwhile, the contact woman let the husband know that the girl had submitted, and he was shown to the hut in the center of the village, to where he brought her blankets and his blankets and spread them side-by-side on mats. He also brought other belongings, including new clothes for the bride. He sent a large, bright-colored square of cloth for the girl to wear as a sort of veil over her head during the bridal procession. When the girl was prepared, she was led to the bridal house. Some of the women preceded the bride, while others followed; all in line. One woman took charge and ushered the bride into the house, where the husband sat on his own bed. She put the girl into her bed and spread the blankets well over her face before retiring to the yard. The husband arose, took the rest of the dowry money from his pocket, and poked it out the door. Returning to the door, the same woman knelt down and accepted the money, which she later gave to the mother, whose duty it was to distribute small portions of it to those assisting in the marriage and to give the remainder of it to the bride's father.

By this time the moon was shining brightly. The bridal hut was lighted by a candle. It was not plastered with mud as the rest of the huts were because the doings of the young couple were left open to the public. It is understood that they are to have no familiar relations until the bride reaches the age of puberty. Augusta and I turned from the hut and started our late walk back to the mission with sore hearts. It was eleven

o'clock. So bewildered were we by what we had seen and heard, that we were left quite speechless. What was to become of our little Moobwe? How was God going to answer our prayers?

(Continuation of letter from page 79.)

You asked about my health. It has been quite good since I spent five days in the hospital recently, getting rid of an attack of malaria

Otto, your spirit seems high on the war. Ours stays high, being in a British possession. We naturally get British viewpoints and propaganda but we couldn't help but be of British sentiment. We do not know which is best at present: for America to go into the war or stay out and furnish materials, but we do feel that it isn't England's war alone and that England must win at any cost.

For months it seemed that I could never become reconciled to giving up little Jack. This worry, along with pregnancy and malaria, probably accounted for my terrible decline in health. I felt that I had to get away. J.C.'s faith seemed to bear him up, but mine was too weak. Christian friends have enabled us to buy a simple little granite tombstone for the grave, our last tribute.

We have been very anxious about Mother's welfare and tried to send her some money lately, but it is now unlawful to send money out of the country. So it looks like we will be unable to help any at present.

It is such a worry to me that Stanford positively refuses to drink — even gags over — the boiled milk. I much prefer fresh cool milk, but I can't drink it for my health's sake. We have had $80 sent toward our kerosene refrigerator, but that only begins to be enough, and with prices rising it doesn't look probable that we will have one soon. I do hope the baby can be breast-fed.

Just now we have a little two months old native baby staying at the mission. Its mother died. The natives know nothing of feeding a baby artificially. So we are giving food and shelter to the 14-year-old sister so she can stay here and care for it

Some of the schoolboys brought us some nice wild honey tonight.

We never get to hear a broadcast. Most of the programs people are

interested in here are relayed from London. The Reeses, at Kalomo, have a radio. The batteries are charged by a wind-charger.

May God bless and keep you.

10
Claudia

To: Friend June 6, 1941

From: J.C.

As our second year of schoolwork in Africa draws to a close (two more weeks), we feel that amid all the "ups and downs" some progress has been made for the Lord.

You will be glad to know that Orville Brittell and Miss Augusta Scott, adopted daughter of Brother and Sister George Scott, plan to be married August 25. Miss Scott is a very sincere, quiet young worker, and well acquainted with the language and customs of the people; she shares with Orville all the eagerness to take Christ to these people. We wish for them many happy years in which to save these souls from the pit of darkness in which they live. Send them your benediction, love, and encouragement. May the Lord keep our hearts aroused to this great work of saving souls. If these are not lost, then there is no need to mention Christ to anyone.

To: Friends July 9, 1941

From: J.C.

Our school closing was one of the most inspirational [times] we have had. We had the first graduating class since our arrival. Among the things that gave us joy was the Bible memory work recited before the whole school by some of the students. The boy who won the prize said — in English — 57 choice verses of the Bible, giving chapter and verse. We have reasons to believe that this boy is storing these gems in his heart. For his efforts he received a beautiful Bible, which he likely never would have bought for himself. In a recent meeting of the older Christians in this part of the district, the natives decided to send out a native preacher to devote his full time to preaching where the gospel has not been preached and strengthening those who are Christians. This is a step forward for the natives, and we want you to pray for them in this new undertaking.

Brother Brittell has returned from his two months' village preaching trip. He reports fine interest and much inspiration. During the trip he parked his trailer near two different villages and evangelized neighboring villages. Some of his days were used in translation work. He will oversee the work here at the mission while we are in Livingstone for the next few weeks.

A very severe frost recently killed all our small fruit trees and damaged the grown ones — the worst frost in years the natives say. Grass getting is going forward rapidly. One house has been rethatched, and another is being started.

May the Lord bless you and the good work you are trying to do for Him.

To: Don Carlos Janes July 24, 1941

From: Joyce

Our little daughter Claudia Jane was born July 16 in the Livingstone hospital. She weighed eight pounds four ounces, and she is fat and healthy. I feel very well and am looking forward to being dismissed in a few days. J.C. and Stanford are relaxing in a couple of rented rooms owned by the missionary of the Paris mission.

J.C. had planned to do a lot of study while in here, but since the baby was born the day after we came in, his time here will be very short. Consequently, he is just relaxing for the two weeks we will be in, reading what he wants to, getting up and going to bed when he likes. Of course, he spends the two-hour visiting period with me at the hospital each day. He is also supervising Stanford's correspondence work, which is no small item of responsibility. This is the first "slow-up" J.C. has had in the two years we have been here, so I wouldn't think of interfering with his few days of rest by suggesting that he write some letters.

To: Otto and Lenice December 24, 1941

From: Joyce

Thanks for your letter and the snapshot of the children. They are darling. One never fully appreciates them until one day God calls them away

and the patter of the little feet is gone forever. I hope you never have to experience it, but lest you should, enjoy them all you can while they are with you, and above all do not miss any opportunities to build characters for eternity. Don't forget that their eternal destiny lies largely in your hands. The Lord must have seen that we were not big enough for the job. The children certainly resemble the Shewmakers. Perhaps I might be able to see resemblance to Lenice's folks if I knew them better.

Mother writes that she is quite "hard up." Wish we could help some way, but we are quite far away to do much about it. Of course, she prefers to stay at Searcy, and I'm sure it would be best for her to stay there as long as she is able to wait on herself. We hesitate to make suggestions because we are doing nothing.

I'm sending a picture of J.C. and the baby, Claudia Jane. (We intend to call her Claudia.) Until just lately Claudia has been quite a worry. At four months she was one-and-one-half pounds underweight, which is quite a lot at that age. The clinic nurse at Livingstone started having me supplement the breast-feeding after a test weight proved that she was not getting enough milk. Though I have not had her weighed lately, I can see that she is gaining more properly. She is getting some New Zealand Emulsion in her bottle that supply an abundance of vitamins A and D. She eats her cooked cereal from a spoon like a pig. She takes the first bite with caution, however, lest it be quinine, which is also given with a spoon. She also gets orange juice. I intend to start giving her egg yolks soon. Then, in about a month, I want to start her on strained vegetables.

I have my garden out. Because of Orville's ill health, J.C. has had to get the mealies (corn) planted. It is nearly all in. I have a little asparagus, which shoots up enough tender sprouts for the baby. Also, I have a little spinach and green beans. We can get an orange each day off the trees, but we hope they will do better.

To: Don Carlos Janes January 24, 1942

From: Joyce

There's no letter of yours here to answer, but I'll write anyway, since we are so happy that the deficit is paid off. We got a letter to this effect.

Some months ago we wrote Sherman La Nier to pay off the deficit, at all costs, before 1942. By God's goodness the funds came and he finished it off in one month. If we had had the faith to say, "pay it before we get any funds," who knows but that the Lord would have furnished the funds long ago. But alas we didn't trust him. We were not cut short this month either.

You will find enclosed our 1941 financial report. As you see our needs have all been supplied and we have been able to place a substantial amount into the work. Always we are made to believe "Seek ye first — and all these things shall be added unto you, "and "Yet I have not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." May God make us more and more grateful for His tender care. Sherman has suggested that we lay aside ten percent of all funds sent through him for a travel fund. This we are glad to do, and have written him to this effect.

I have written a tract called "Look and Live," and J.C. is translating it. I prayed for the inspiration to write this tract. The next morning I got up early and wrote it right off. I used the example of how Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness that the dying people might live, and how Christ, when looked upon will give eternal life. We have plans underway to issue a paper in the language. It may not be read by many, because only one or two in a village can read, but those who can read will get the benefit and may tell it or read it to others. The natives, too, value literature. They will not likely cast it aside because they have so little literature in their own language.

Little Miss Claudia is taking much of my time these days. Stanford's schoolwork must start soon, after about a six-week holiday.

When I was reaching for some wood in the wood box today, I discovered a snake — a cobra. I called J.C. and he killed it. J.C. said it was in there when he was getting wood last night. He said that the vague thought that it might be a snake crossed his mind but was not strong enough to cause him to investigate. He took it that the tail he saw was a mouse's tail. The Lord protects us in wonderful ways from snakes.

Stan has a parrot, tamed from the wild, which isn't happy except on someone's shoulder.

To: Don Carlos Janes March 25, 1942

From: Joyce

We'll send you a copy of our tract in English and Citonga.

Look and Live

(A tract by Joyce Shewmaker)

In the Old Testament, very poisonous snakes were biting many people and many died from the snakebites. God told Moses to make a snake of brass and to put it on a high pole where all the people could see it. And God said, "Whosoever looks upon the snake shall live." Many did not believe the words of God, so they would not trouble themselves to look upon the snake. They did not have faith in God, so they died. Those people who looked upon the snake lived.

In John 3:14-15, Jesus said, *"And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth may in him have eternal life."* If we look upon Christ we will know Him. We will love Christ when we know how he laid down his life and was hanged upon the cross to save us from eternal punishment. Christ was enjoying heaven with all its happiness and riches, living with His Father, but when He saw men dying because of sin on the earth, He could not be happy. So He said, "I will go to the earth and live and die for sinful men, and whosoever believes upon me may have eternal life." If you had a friend who had died to save your physical life, and he left a will asking you to do certain things would you not gladly do those things? Yes, you would work very hard to do what he asked you to do because you would love him for what he had done for you. Christ has said, "Believe me, change your sinful life, confess me to men, and be baptized, and you shall belong to me."

Christ says, *"If ye love me ye will keep my commandments."* We know that we love Christ if we keep his commandments. After we become children of God we seek to do His will. We should try to find out what God wants us to do so we can do it.

Again Christ says, *"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw*

all men unto myself." What does this mean? Just as Moses, a servant of God lifted up the serpent on a pole that men might look and live, so it was necessary that Christ be lifted upon the cross that men might look and live eternally. Christ was lifted upon the cross nearly 2000 years ago. Many people do not know this, so it is the duty and should be the desire of every Christian to lift up Christ that others might look on Him and live. How can we lift up Christ? We can tell people about Him, tell them all we know about Christ and His wonderful love. We can try to live as Christ wants us to. He wants us to cease from sin and live a life of unselfishness. If we help those who need our help, pray for our enemies, and do good unto all men, others will know that we love Christ. We must sacrifice our own lives that we might bring others to Christ. Look at Christ and Live!

A portion of the tract above in Citonga follows:

LANGA U PONE

Mu Bibele lye ctindi bantu banji ba li kuluma o nzka zya booka. Banji ba li kufwa a kulumwa, nsoka. Leza wa kaambile. Mushe kucita nzoka ya butale a ku i bika a cisamu cilamfu, bantu boonse nko ba li ku koozia ku i bona. Leza wa ka ti, "Weense u langa ku nzoka u la pona." Bantu banji tee ba li kuzumina majwi a Leza, kako tee ba li kulipenzya kulanga kunzoka. Tee bali kee lushomo mu li Leza, kako banji ba ka fwa bantu ba ka langa ku nzoka ba ka pona.

(There may be errors in the above paragraph in Citonga. The Shewmakers were still learning the language at this time.)

To: Don Carlos Janes June 23, 1942

From: Joyce

Your letter of March 30 is here. No, Stanford's wild parrot cannot talk, because a wild cat got him. But he never could for that matter. The incident nearly killed Stanford. Nothing was left except a few scattered feathers.

To: Lenice and Otto June 23, 1942

From: J.C., Joyce, and Family

I hope Mother got to visit you as she had planned. I suppose if she's in the house with the Garretts she thinks its heaven. She's so crazy about all the missionaries.

It would seem odd to us to see the men's suits without cuffs and lapels. J.C. is having him a light, washable suit made. Though he needs a suit only on Sundays and when he goes to town, he does need a lighter one than the two he brought. The two he brought are comfortable to wear only two or three months out of the year. He can wear these quite comfortably now, for our cooler weather is on. In a month or so our hottest weather will be on.

My garden is yielding well now. Since we are being rationed on gas and can't get tires, we have had to cut out a lot of trips to town, so it is almost imperative that we supply ourselves with a few vegetables if possible.

I'm glad the cooler weather is on, for Claudia Jane is teething. She is so fretful. For a day or two she hasn't been eating well. I give her greens everyday, for her bowels as well as the iron. She enjoys them.

Tomorrow morning at 5:04 J.C. has to meet the train at Senkobo Siding, eight miles from here, to meet some visitors. They are Mr. and Mrs. Hlavac, former missionaries to Czechoslovakia, who came to North Rhodesia with the Polish refugees from Palestine. They are looking for a place to engage in the Lord's work, they say, and will be self-supporting, as they get a small allowance from the government. They are visiting several missions to see the work that is being carried on. They will be here several days. I'm just wondering what they will be like. I do enjoy meeting new people, especially people who have been missionaries in other lands. They can relate so many interesting events. We meet so many people of different countries over here.

11
Village Trips

To: Don Carlos Janes July 13, 1942

From: J.C.

We are glad to say that so far as we are able to find out, all funds and letters have reached us regardless of the hazards of war. For this we are thankful to God.

My recent village trip was very enjoyable in many ways. I was able to get good audiences and good interest was indicated by the way the people responded and by their asking of questions such as this: "How can a woman bear fruit for Christ?" When we consider that a native woman cannot read, write, sew, nor cook many varieties of foods, we can see that her scope for doing for others is limited. They finally decided that in cases where a woman is sick, Christian women can do her work, such as getting wood, carrying water, cooking for her family, washing her clothes, and digging in her garden. This is only one of the many practical questions discussed from the Bible viewpoint. In one village where I held classes, the headman has been a Christian for many years and the people say he bears fruit for Christ. He has had three sons in school at Sinde. My efforts were devoted to trying to strengthen those who are already Christians. There has not been enough fruit bearing among the natives.

[JIMMY: Some of the more enjoyable times I had were the preaching trips into the villages during the school vacations. Brother Alvin Hobby and I made these excursions, while the women stayed home with the children. We spent two weeks in the Sinde area, where we had village schools. One morning when we were leaving Georgia Hobby began to cry and feel sorry for herself. She said, "All I get to do is stay home and wipe dirty noses." Except she said "snotty noses." She wanted to go, too. Georgia would always come to stay with Joyce while Alvin Hobby and I visited schools in the Sinde area. At other times, I would then leave Joyce at Namwianga Mission, while some of the men visited the Kabanga schools, and one or two schools closer to Namwianga. This gave us a

change from the routine of teaching school and we looked forward to it. Brother Hobby was a very organized person. He packed the needed equipment for showing religious slides in the school buildings. He knew how many dark green curtains it would take to cover the windows, how many nails it would take to put up the shades. Even a short-handled hammer, which had been cut off so it would fit, was placed into the kerosene tin, (or paraffin tin as we called it there). It held four gallons and was square so that it fit into a wooden packing box. Into this tin he also placed a slide projector he had invented. It had a mirror that reflected sunlight onto a white cloth used for a screen.

[The pictures had to be shown in the daytime for obvious reasons. At night we had speaking and questions by the campfire. We saw how to get around by torchlight, which was also packed in the case. (No paraffin tin or packing case was ever thrown away, as all was useful in some way. A tin could be used to heat hot water on the stove for baths, and the packing cases made a washstand for holding a washbowl, soap, and a jug (pitcher). The cases had partitions separating the tins. When turned horizontally, these cases could be used for shelves for towels and washcloths.)

[We had a man living in a village near Sinde Mission named Jwaki. He had twin sons named Elephant and Yekonia. They walked from the village each day and attended the school at Sinde until the boys finished our last grade. They belonged to a different tribe and decided to return to where they had originally lived. He and the boys were good craftsmen. They had asked us to go out to their village to teach them. Alvin Hobby and I decided to go. We took the logging train out into the hardwood forests as far as we could go — 120 miles. It had a caboose where we could put our bicycles and put down our beds, or pallets, on the floor. The train traveled slowly on this narrow gauge track, swaying along, stopping as it went at sidings along the way where Africans boarded the train. We usually slept quite well until it stopped. Our African carriers were always with us, bedding down on one of the flat cars. They carried our equipment tin, our clothes and beds, and their beds. They ate with the villagers, who treated us always with hospitality. We had an enamel pot for making tea. On our bicycles we each hung a canvas water bag with boiled

water in case we got thirsty from pumping our bikes in the sand. As we traveled along toward our destination an old man came running across the bush and intercepted us, begging us to put a school in his village. This we were never able to do.

[After visiting Jwaki's village, we began the long trip back to the logging train and on to Sinde via Livingstone. While we were cycling through that deep sand, with me leading the way on the native path, I noted Alvin wasn't in sight. After waiting a while for him to catch up, I started back to see what had delayed him. When I got there he said, "I've broken my tube in two." What a disaster! He was pushing his bike along wondering what to do. We had a bicycle kit with patching material, but that wouldn't do. Suddenly, I had an idea and said, "Why not slip the cardboard cover off a flashlight cell and see if we can put it in the tube and seal it down with tape?" We did. It worked, and we were able to reach the train. In Livingstone, we bought a new tube and went on to Sinde on our bikes.]

After I returned home we were favored by a week's visit from some missionaries who made their escape from Czechoslovakia a year after Hitler took over their country. The story of their escape is stranger than fiction. These missionaries are strong Protestants who see the Bible a great deal as we do. They are firm believers in the purity of life and stress the spiritual side of life rather than first principles.

May God's richest blessings abide with His children everywhere in these times of dire spiritual need.

To: Don Carlos Janes September 24, 1942

From: Joyce

Brother Janes, you have no idea how trying mission life is sometimes. Here, at Sinde, we not only have the schoolboys with the usual work that goes along with it, but we are so near the villages that we have numerous passersby who stop for this, that, and the other thing. Some of them want to sell us something, some beg, some want medicine, some want this favor and that, some want work, some want their plows fixed, some a scotch-cart wheel fixed, and what not. Then, the teachers come

for food, the herd boys come for food, and the schools boys come for food. There's this complaint and that one to be settled — usually about food or work. Of course, with all this there's the opportunity to tell people, individually about Christ, and that's what we are here for. But it's wearing on body and brain. J.C. says it's more tiring on me than on most others, because I stay here closer than anyone and I know so little of the language that I have no outlet through the natives. He and Stanford converse pretty well with them.

Because of the extremely hot nights we have moved our beds to the back yard and expect to stay until we are rained in. Hope it won't be long. The house is like an oven night and day. We find ourselves looking forward to the nights for rest and refreshment, for the nights are really stimulating outside. Sometimes two quilts are necessary. Just hope a snake doesn't get tangled up in the covers.

J.C. and Orville are having the storeroom thatched. I hope it will be finished before the rain.

To: Friend January 25, 1943

From: J.C. (written by Joyce)

By the financial report you can see that the Lord is never slack concerning His promises. In this great work He never permits us to lack for food, raiment, or other necessities. We can truthfully say that since we came to Africa we have had fewer financial worries than we had at home when we were making more money at secular work.

Thankful, too, are we that a rest of six weeks from the mission was recently afforded us by liberal donations of friends at home, and by Orville Brittell's willingness to double up on his already busy hours.

Alvin and Georgia Hobby accompanied us on our whole trip. We visited the Browns at Macheke. They were having their last week of school. I was kept busy speaking twice or three times daily. Their first year of school closed with about 120 on roll, of whom about 30 were girls. Brother and Sister William L. Brown have done an enormous amount of work since they started there two years ago. They have two buildings to house the school (and need more), a dispensary, a hospital building,

numerous compound houses (dormitories) for both boys and girls, teachers' houses, and a house, garage, and four rondovals [round pole-and-mud huts with thatched roofs] for themselves. Besides, thousands of valuable trees — fruit, timber, and decorative — have been set out, and two wells dug.

After two weeks at Macheke, we went to Bulawayo where the Hobbys and we took Sister Mansill's house while she was away on a much-needed rest at the coast. We could not have had more Christian hospitality extended than we had at Bulawayo.

Three days were spent with Emma Sherriff, her daughter Theodora, and Theodora's husband. They have a school at their place, Forest Vale, though it was not in session. We enjoyed meeting some of the faithful native workers there.

All profited both spiritually and physically by the change. There was plenty of work awaiting us when we returned.

Claudia's health seems much improved after six weeks out of this hot malaria district. Also, while at Bulawayo, I had a doctor see her, and he prescribed a tonic for her which seems to have caused an increase in her appetite. Until recently I have not permitted her to feed herself because I felt that I must see that every bite possible got down, but now she says "eat" all the time. She has just cut her 12th tooth and walks everywhere. Much to her daddy's delight she has little yellow curls. I curl her hair around a pencil every morning. She surely is fond of her daddy.

To: Don Carlos Janes June 25, 1943

From: Joyce

There is a lot to do as we shall probably be away a month or more when our fourth baby is born — expected in early August. We plan to go to Livingstone Monday and take rooms with the Paris missionary. He has three with ample beds for us. They cost $20 per month, which is quite reasonable.

When I go to the hospital, J.C. will have to take over complete care of Claudia and Stanford and supervise Stanford's schoolwork. With all

that and a daily trip to the hospital and cooking to do, he doesn't plan to have much time for study or letter writing, so I'm trying to have our correspondence up-to-date if possible.

Our dry weather winter garden looks like a Garden of Eden, plenty of mustard, turnip and spinach greens, onions, and lettuce. I'm beginning to use carrots and turnips though they are small. Peas are blooming and cabbage heading. A new bed of mustard and more lettuce has been planted.

To: Don Carlos Janes August 11, 1943

From: Joyce

I am rather doubtful as to whether J.C. has written you about our new son, born July 26, I must write you. His name is Samuel David, named for two great men of the Bible. He is a very husky baby, as you might guess from his weight at birth, which was ten pounds four-and-one-half ounces. The sister says he is the "record breaker" for the hospital since she came four years ago. We are really proud of him.

Since I am still convalescing in the hospital, I am trying to help J.C. out a bit by writing all the donors for the month and by doing the personal correspondence for the month. He has had lots on his shoulders trying to teach Stanford, cook and care for Claudia, and oversee washing for the baby and me, as well as numerous other chores and coming to the hospital each day. Now he has gone to the mission. I was to have gone out last Saturday but had a slight relapse and so was advised to stay longer. J.C. had stayed waiting for me to the last minute he could, as he had to open school on Monday. He should have been there two weeks ago to prepare for school opening for there was a lot to be done.

My sphere here in hospital is very limited (just baby and me in this wing of the hospital at present), so my scope of news is small.

To: Don Carlos Janes January 5, 1944

From: Joyce

Since I wrote, we have moved to George Scott's place near Livingstone. When the Scotts were leaving, we all discussed it among

ourselves and decided it would be best for us to come here. So we are here for a year, at the end of which we may change back to Sinde. As we get more and more adjusted, we like it better here, though I have never fancied Livingstone for a place to live. Of course, we are in every way connected with the Sinde work as usual, financially and otherwise, except J.C. will teach here and Orville will have the work there. All of the out-schools except one can better be supervised from Livingstone, and J.C. wants to give them better supervision. Our new school term began here yesterday. J.C. conducts chapel and teaches Bible and singing. He thinks he will like the change from Sinde, as he will not have to oversee the boarding boys and their work. The students here live in the city compound.

We have been very busy for a month, getting moved, straightening up, setting trees, putting out a garden, and getting some huts built. We put out sixteen orange trees, and we want to get out some mangoes and trees for shade as well.

Our chickens are doing well. We get about fifteen eggs per day. There is a good market for all we don't need. We get about two gallons of milk a day. We supply one of our neighbors two quarts.

The white people here are very hard to reach with the gospel. In the first place, they are very reserved, and second, they do not care to give up their worldliness. They are content to dance, drink, smoke, and attend the movies. Though we are quite well occupied with the native work, we hope to do some good by handing out tracts to white people, in the hospital, etc. Many white people here speak Africaans. Will Short had Brother Bolls' tract "Why Not Be Just a Christian?" translated into Africaans and printed. We may have some opportunity to pass out some of these.

Since we last wrote Claudia has been in the hospital again. She took sick one night with vomiting. At about 9 a.m. I took her temperature and found it to be 103. Immediately, I began to make arrangements to get her to the hospital (J.C. had gone to the Mission after another load of our things). I sent Stanford for a taxi on his bicycle. When I got her to the hospital at 11:30 a.m. her temperature was 104. The doctor was immediately summoned and he ordered an Atebrin injection, which is for malar-

ia. Soon after he left her bedside, while the nurse was preparing the injection, Claudia started having a convulsion. I called the nurse. She came running and got one of the handle ends of her scissors into Claudia's mouth to prevent her from biting her tongue until a proper instrument could be brought. You can't imagine how I felt after having seen Jackie go in this self-same way. Thank God! We are now where we can get to a doctor in a hurry. If we had been at the mission with Claudia, I think she would never have lived unless the Lord had chosen to change things. I'm glad I have seen what the nurses do in case of a convulsion. I need to know lest it happen again in the future. Our hospital bill for Claudia was only two shillings per day.

Stanford will soon be starting to the government school. I dread the influence it may have, but we are here to try to curb the evil influence. We have had him under our constant supervision for ten years, and we feel that he is as well grounded in the faith as most any child his age. He knows many Bible incidents far more exactly than I do. He also has a good attitude towards righteousness. I do hope some of the lonely life he has had on the mission will be made up to him. With the two little ones such a care, I felt that I couldn't teach Stanford this year.

To: Friends February 3, 1944

From: J.C.

Enclosed you will find a copy of our financial report for 1943 giving the average monthly income and average monthly expenditures based on $4 to an English pound. You have had a great part in our work, not only in a financial way, but also in prayers. We thank God for it all.

Looking toward the future, we have just returned from a conference with the brethren at Kalomo. A board of trustees was elected to hold and dispose of mission property in accordance with the laws of this government. Also, a Board of Education was selected to try to not only make our school program more effective in a secular way but to try to make our Bible teaching more effective as well. Of course, the church work itself is left to individual congregations. This Board of Education will have to do with all the work in Northern Rhodesia and, we hope, will make for closer cooperation between all workers, both native and white.

Continue to pray for God's church in Africa, as well as all over the world, that in these dark days there may be a real awakening to the responsibilities and opportunities that lie before us.

To: Brother Covey March 19, 1944

From: Joyce

The sad news of Don Carlos Janes' passing reached us recently, cabled to us by Myrtle Rowe. How heavy it has made our hearts! God bless us all! What a loss to the Church! What a loss to the missionaries! What a loss to the heathen! We missionaries have lost our best earthly friend. Never a month passed without his letter of admonition, love, and encouragement — never a month without a financial contribution. If Brother Janes's letter failed to arrive, we knew he had not forgotten but that it had failed to make connection. Brother Janes was one who understood our heartaches, our disappointments, and our hardships. We could write him about our failures, our disappointments, and our sins, and even as our Heavenly Father, Brother Janes was sure to understand, always ready to reprimand in love, to encourage with his own words, or some favorite passage of scripture. His most oft-quoted passage was I Corinthians 15:58. I do not recall receiving a letter without it.

To: Sister Sevedge May 3, 1944

From: Joyce

As has been expressed in a former letter to Brother Covey, we received the news of Don Carlos Janes' death with down cast hearts.

We realize that you have a hard place to fill, and we want to do our little part to make your work lighter. So we pledge ourselves to acknowledge to each donor receipt of the funds sent. We have never failed to make acknowledgment to each donor, but sometimes we haven't been too prompt.

Stanford and Claudia were each in the hospital recently — Stan with malaria and Claudia with measles. They were confined in a room togeth-

er. We did not intend to take them to the hospital, but the doctor preferred to have them nearby, as he was so busy. He is the only doctor for Livingstone and vicinity, and there are many people sick. Stanford is very yellow from taking Atebrin, but Claudia is doing nicely. She hasn't seemed to have any ill effects from the measles. It cost only forty cents per day for each of the children, so I didn't mind them having the responsibility. We saved nearly that much on the grocery bill.

Samuel David is a chubby, healthy little thing. "Plenty to eat" is his motto. He is very happy-go-lucky and seldom cries. When Claudia sees Samuel getting into something he shouldn't, she fusses like an old hen with her chicks, but that doesn't bother him. He's just quite liable to respond by plopping himself right down in the middle of her playthings.

To: Ethel Sevedge June 4, 1944

From: Joyce

J.C. and Alvin Hobby have been out on their village tour about three weeks now. It surely does get lonely, but I have had visitors part of the time, which helped, and I have been very busy sewing. Mrs. Privett and William Brown were here for a couple of days from South Rhodesia. We went to the Victoria Falls one afternoon. The Falls are about six miles from here. We can see the mist from the Falls at our place. The Brittells came in last Thursday. Augusta is staying with me. She is now awaiting the arrival of their baby. Orville is to come in and stay with her while J.C. and I and the children go to Sinde to keep things running, as soon as J.C. gets here June 13. He wrote that he and Alvin are feeling well and getting to all the villages on scheduled time. They will have visited eighteen village schools when they return. Namwianga and we together have that many.

To: Ethel Sevedge August 8, 1944

From: Joyce

There's little news here except that J.C. came in off his last village trip feeling "all in." He has had a bilious attack and spent most of last week taking medicine and trying to get over it. He feels quite fit again

now and is spending what time he isn't teaching catching up on reports and doing odd jobs that have had to go undone while he was away. Some of the odd jobs were fixing the baby's playpen; patching Stan's bicycle tire; fixing a flat on the truck and changing the wheels; patching the hot water bottle; starting the boys to making themselves a new pole and mud hut. Next week he wants to get back on to our rondoval and then build a new teacher's house for the head teacher.

A Day in Africa

By

Joyce Copeland Shewmaker

When I awake at 6 a.m., J.C. has already been up a half-hour attending to morning chores. I get up and feed the baby and am ready for Bible reading and prayer at 6:30. Stanford comes to our room for that, while the two little ones are left in bed (unless Claudia bobs out of bed, before we wake her as she often does). At 7 we have breakfast then J.C. is off to school. Stanford attends to his chicks and his personal chores while Claudia and I do our morning chores.

By eight o'clock Stanford is down to his schoolwork. After making a few explanations about his lesson, I straighten my bedroom and go to the garden for vegetables, with Claudia following behind.

Upon returning from the garden, I inquire to see if Stanford needs any assistance. Then by the time I pare some carrots and wash the cabbage and onions, it is nine o'clock. At this time J.C. returns from school and takes Stanford for one hour on his arithmetic. This gives me an hour in which to bathe both the little ones and feed the baby.

From 10 to 10:30 Stanford has a recess while I get my dinner on to be cooked. At 10:30, J.C. has another hour at handwork with the schoolboys and Stanford is ready for history. After I get him started on that, I sit close by with some patching, getting up now and then to see about the food that is cooking and to see what Claudia is into. Stanford puts aside his history and takes up reading at 11. At 11:30 he is on nature study, while I finish up dinner and put the food on the table, which has previously been set.

Dinner is served at twelve. By 12:30 it is over, and J.C. has half an hour to study for his talk before he goes to chapel at one. I get Claudia into bed for her nap and urge Stanford to take his, which he does very reluctantly. Then, I knead my bread, put it into the pans, and prepare fresh bottles for the baby. Samuel is fed at 1:30.

At two I am in bed for a rest. I read an article in Reader's Digest and then pick up one of the religious magazines I have lying by me. At length I fall asleep. By 3:30 I am up again to dress Claudia and to get Stanford down to another hour's schoolwork. My bread has risen and I put it in to bake before I prepare orange juice for the two little ones. Then Claudia's dons her bonnet and goes out with Stanford to play. After I take the bread out of the oven and get it on the rack to cool, I settle down to more patching until time to feed the baby again at 5:30.

When Samuel is again in bed I get out for a little fresh air in the cool of the evening, going to see if the garden has been properly dug and watered by the boy that works in the garden, and visiting the chickens, which are chiefly under Stanford's care. At dusk, Stanford sees the cat looking strangely at something, and, when he discovers that it is a snake, calls excitedly, "Daddy, here's a snake!" J.C. comes running, and kills it by hitting it on the head with a rock. It is a huge cobra! (We do not kill a snake every day; however, some days we kill two.)

At 7 p.m. we are down to a supper of leftovers, which have been warmed up by my kitchen helper, and chocolate milk. The bell rings and J.C. is off to night Bible class with the schoolboys. While he is gone, I get Claudia into bed and have a little time to write letters. By 8:30 J.C. has returned and we have Bible study and prayer with Stanford. We enjoy talking over our day's work and what we have to do on the morrow. I have my bath and am ready to feed the baby by 9:30 or 9:45, while J.C. and Stanford have their baths.

We are usually in bed by 10 or 10:30. This is one of my days, and it is quite a typical one, except when interrupted by occasional visitors, the baby swallowing a pin, a native at the door for medicine, or a snake in the wood box or an ox in the ditch.

12
Problems of Missionary Parents

To: Ethel Sevedge November 22, 1944

From: Joyce

After more than two months without any mail from the U.S., it was good to get letters from loved ones again. This is the longest period we have been without mail from the U.S. I just suspect that most available ships were requisitioned to move more men and materials to the front, preparatory to our final phase of the war in Europe. We had a period of six weeks without mail once before and soon afterward learned of the great expedition that landed in northern Africa.

Orville came rushing in for J.C. last Saturday morning. The wind has blown the roof off our house at Sinde and left much of our furniture and most of our books exposed to the rain. Since the roof is off, we want to tear down some of the brickwork, put in some extra windows, and make a room for Claudia on the end of the back veranda. The roofing landed in the back yard, cutting down some of our very nice pawpaw trees and injuring some others. They have decided to put the roof back on, in a bungalow style. As soon as cement is available we want to re-do all the floors. Just recently lions killed several cattle at different villages near Sinde. One day J.C. and Eldred Echols joined in the hunt for a lion that had been slightly injured by a native the night before. They tracked the lion for miles; then J.C. got deathly sick from something he had eaten, and he and Eldred had to turn back. Later they learned that the natives killed the lion about an hour after they left them. They brought their prey to the mission. It was a huge, male lion. The natives say two female lions are still in the vicinity.

To: Ethel Sevedge January 31, 1945

From: Joyce

Doubtless you wonder why I have been on the quiet list for so long.

I haven't been out of bed a whole day since Christmas. I really do feel of no account and very listless. We are expecting a baby in July, but that does not account for my ill health, I believe, as that should be quite a normal process.

Anyway, I must delve into my correspondence and get it up to date. Please pardon this awful writing. I have been so weak and trembly lately.

While at Kalomo before Christmas, Samuel got his foot badly burned with caustic soda. It has not entirely healed yet. He has been in hospital three times with it, spending about a week each time. We feel happy that he didn't lose his foot.

J.C. is at Sinde still working on our house. As it might be years yet before materials can be bought, we decided to thoroughly repair the house with the $500 or more sent about three years ago. More than the amount sent would have been spent before the house is complete. The style of roof was changed. In several places the brick wall was taken down to the foundation. Orville dug in and re-soldered every joint of ant coursing; we hope it will be safe from ants for a while. A new room on one end of the veranda was built for Claudia. Some middle walls were moved in order to affect a more convenient arrangement of rooms. All new cement floors are being put in, and a larger front veranda is being made and screened. We were fortunate enough to obtain two rolls of screening which should do the whole house. The outside is being stuccoed. Most of the windows were replaced because they had been ant-eaten. I am really going to be proud of the place. I only wish the Brittells could have new living quarters. Their house is in very poor condition.

A small house with two rooms has been re-conditioned for Eldred Echols. He prefers to be on his own rather than board. A student will do his cooking, clean his house, and do his laundry work. He got moved in last week and seems thrilled over the new arrangement. If Eldred should be needed to work somewhere else, the house will be a very useful guesthouse.

To: Ethel Sevedge May 6, 1945

From: Joyce

It was hard to leave J.C. alone, [Joyce and the children went to Bulawayo to visit the Shorts] as he needs a change, too, but the group decided to put Orville as the full-time preacher in the villages, so there's no one at Sinde to hold the fort except J.C. The cooler season is coming on now, and J.C. usually snaps out of it when it is cooler, so I have hopes he won't fare too badly for a while.

To: Ethel Sevedge August 2, 1945

From: Joyce

At last our little son, Sherman Nelson, has arrived. He weighed 8 lbs. 14 oz. He is named for Sherman La Nier, who was one of the finest of Christian characters. The Nelson part of his name is for John Nelson Armstrong.

You know he has been one of the greatest spiritual benefactors in our lives.

[EDITOR: When J.N. Armstrong died, J.C. wrote: "I appreciate very much his ability to teach the Bible with firm conviction and at the same time not force his convictions and conclusion upon his students. He did not try to make his conscience the conscience of his students." As will be seen in a later chapter, when J.C. comes under attack, J.N. Armstrong was a strong role model. (Armstrong was the president of Harding College when Jimmy and Joyce attended Harding. He had provided them support and encouragement.)]

He and Sherman have both been "bright lights" along the shore as we travel life's rough sea. We thought to honor our son with their names. Sherman was born July 23. All of our children were born in July, except Jackie, who passed away.

I have just finished writing an article entitled "Some Problems of Rearing Children on an African Mission Station." I wrote it especially for the "Christian Woman," but think it would probably reach an entirely different group of readers if published in "Mission Messenger."

You have doubtless heard of the new paper we have started in the interest of the work. It is "Glimpses of Africa." In it I have started a column called "Sketches of the African." It is to contain short, unconnected paragraphs on customs, peculiarities, superstitions, and odd incidents that would be of interest to our readers. The column can be used as a filler for the paper, as it can be stopped at the end of any paragraph and not lose sense. It can be continued in the following issue, or be left out entirely in favor of more urgent material.

Problems of the Missionary Parent in Africa

By

Joyce Copeland Shewmaker

Having just finished reading Sister Thompson's column in the June 1945 issue of the "Christian Woman" I felt inspired to write upon the above subject.

Our problems are of two main divisions: physical and spiritual. I shall discuss first the physical problems, then the spiritual problems, and tell how we attempt to solve them. One of the most serious diseases we have to combat is that of malarial fever. Sinde Mission, where we live, is thought by most of the missionaries to be the unhealthiest of all our mission stations in this respect. The mission buildings are on a knoll, situated close to the confluence of two small streams that flow freely during the rains but stop running and stand in stagnant pools in the dry season. Also, the most fertile part of our mission land consists of fields that surround the building site. Consequently, corn and field peas, our main crops, cover the damp ground and furnish a fine breeding place for mosquitoes. Unfortunately, these mosquitoes are mostly of the malarial type. In order to combat this menace we have to do several things. First, we try to see that our screens are in good condition; then we go to the expense of buying good nets for all the beds and keeping them patched or darned. Each day we try to make sure that the nets are down before dusk, as the period between daylight and dark seems to be the time when most of the mosquitoes enter the house. At bedtime each child must be safely tucked in under his net by an adult, for it will not do to leave this to young children.

We must see to it that their little arms and feet are not touching the net, which hangs from a hoop swinging from the ceiling, spreads out over the bed, and is tucked under the mattress. Often at night we feel compelled to get up and see if the little ones are touching the net.

In order to help ward off malaria we usually take regular small doses of quinine every night. Such small doses do not kill the malaria germ, but they merely postpone an attack or make it much lighter. Malaria is not only serious within itself; it also kills the red blood corpuscles, rendering the child very anemic. In order to overcome this condition, we must see that the children have plenty of fruits and vegetables containing iron and vitamin C. Oranges, guavas, and pawpaws are rich in vitamin C. Also, when the child becomes pale and loses his appetite, we seek a good iron tonic. The hot mid-day sun on bare head, wearing clothes drenched by summer rains, or the change from one altitude to another is said to bring out fever when the germ is present. Recent discoveries about Atebrin prove it to be more successful than quinine in combating malaria. Because mosquitoes harbor under tables and other furniture, we often make mosquito boots for the children, which they wear at night before going to bed. These boots are made of thick cloth and stand out from the legs.

The hot mid-day sun is another thing we must avoid for our children. From 10 a.m. until 4 p.m., I try to keep the children in the house or in the shade. Also, for Claudia, our little four-year-old girl, I make bonnets with several layers of cloth in the crown and a frill on the back to protect the neck. The boys wear felt hats, which are not easily penetrated by the sun. From their youth up the children are impressed with the necessity of putting on their hats. Claudia and Stanford — who is eleven — quite well know better than to go out without their hats, even in the early morning and late afternoon sun. Samuel, age 2, still has to be watched very closely, though he often asks for his hat when he wants to go out and keeps it on quite well at play. The dangers from the sun are sunstroke and bringing out malaria. When we first arrived on the field, I did not realize the seriousness about letting the sun beam on little heads. Consequently, we lost our second son with cerebral malaria.

Another thing, which we have to watch continually, is that our chil-

dren do not go into places where snakes are likely to harbor. We try to keep all tall grass and shrubs cut down around the house, not only because of mosquitoes, but also because of snakes. The children are at all times discouraged from going into tall weeds and grass. We never allow them to go out at night without a torch (flashlight), not even onto the porch or the steps. Snakes are found in the most unexpected places. I never like to scare children, but we do try to keep them vigilant about snakes. It cannot be impressed too much.

Another habit necessary to health here is that every member of the family have a daily rest and sleep just after mid-day. Those of us who have practiced this habit, regardless of its taking valuable time, have profited so far as health is concerned. The tropical climate is most fatiguing.

Close bodily contact with the Africans is another thing we have to be careful about. They are potential germ carriers. They know nearly nothing about disease prevention, sanitation, and segregating of contagious diseases. Since so much doctoring is done on the mission, we have to be extremely careful that our little ones do not come into contact with them.

All drinking water and milk must be boiled in order to prevent typhoid fever, dysentery, or other diseases carried in milk and water. Namwianga Mission Station is eighty-eight miles from the closest hospital and Sinde is twenty miles. It is next to impossible to provide the services of a doctor out that far, and because the doctors are so busy, they like all patients to be in the hospital.

These are our chief physical problems, aside from the precautions other mothers have to take the world over. Since we value the soul above the body, the spiritual problems confronting our African mission children are far more serious than the physical problems. But first, I must say that we are able to avoid some of the difficulties that parents in the U.S. — and those living in any densely populated areas — are bound to have. We are able to be more companionable with our children, because we are with them morning, noon, and evening, and we have them alongside us many times during the day. We are able to mold virtually their every thought if we treat the matter seriously, as we should, for we teach them in school and out, at least until they reach the higher grades, when they have to go away to boarding school. But even here is a small problem.

When a child becomes a certain age (I do not know when it is), he should begin to choose right from wrong for himself, especially if he is a Christian, and not have his doting parents always make every decision. We have felt our lack of wisdom on this point with our eleven-year old son Stanford, who is a Christian. I must say that on the whole he is a very conscientious child. He speaks the African language, and when he has been talking with some of the Africans about Christ or the Bible or urging them to attend services, he often comes in and says: "Mother, I like to talk to the Africans about the Lord, because it makes my heart so happy." On one occasion, Stanford had heard Brother Scott remark during a sermon that he was never happier than when talking to a lost person about his soul's salvation. Stanford marked this, and soon afterwards we found him reading the newly translated Old Testament Stories, by Alvin Hobby. He was reading them to Foy Short, almost demanding that he listen, for, says Stanford, "I am just like Brother Scott; I want to be always preaching the Gospel." These are bright spots when we see such attitudes portrayed in our children. Why is it that so many of the missionary children do not want to become missionaries, after they learn the language and the customs so well? Here is one reason I see: the missionary child has no glamorous misconception of what the field is, as his parents had in their minds on the other side of the ocean. He knows what the field is; he is not fooled. He knows that the Africans are steeped in sin and that they are not seeking to be disturbed from their old way of life. We parents come with the hopeful idea that the Africans are begging for the Gospel, but how can they call upon Him of whom they have not heard? Another thing is that a child may get the impression from his elders that mission work among the Africans is a hopeless and dying cause. We workers have some insurmountable problems that are freely discussed in meetings or at the family meal. We may lose patience with the African and make such expressions before the children that would discourage them in the work. Though we may seek the "inner chamber," where we find new strength and a solution for our problems, and get up and try again, the child is liable to overlook this and still remember the scene and discouragement of yesterday. Thus, day-by-day, without the parents' realization, he is growing away from mission work. We would not have it so, but we are only weak human beings.

I believe the problem that has likely given us the most concern is that of teaching the children to work. We common American people grow up knowing how to work, be it drudgery or what not. In this country, the majority of the European and American grown-ups, not to mention the children, know not what it is to turn their hands to drudgery. The cooking, the washing, the ironing, the floor polishing, the window washing, the shoe shining, and the baby nursing are all turned over to the African. The lady of the house has her leisure time to knit, or to gossip over the morning and afternoon tea tables. This concept of life is very apt to get into our children before we realize it, and it takes constant vigilance, will power, and determination on our part to not let our children drift into laziness. On the mission, we have boarding boys and girls who are required to work a certain number of hours per day. Sometimes we do not have enough work to go around and we have to hunt jobs for them. It is so much easier to give an African the job that one's child needs to do for his own character's sake. He needs to know he is not too good to do drudgery — hard jobs — and he needs to accept responsibility. I believe it is easier to work a girl into her responsibilities than it is a boy. We have Africans to help around the house. They do a large part of the work I should rightly do, but their help releases me for more important duties, such as keeping up the majority of our correspondence, teaching Stanford, and looking after the smaller children's physical wants and spiritual needs. Even this practice on our part may tend to make a child avoid drudgery. I do believe it is easier to see to it that a girl has specific duties, which she must do than a boy. I hope to teach Claudia, who is now four, to do every turn there is to be done about housework. Indeed, even now, she is happiest when she is doing some little errand for mother or sitting on her daddy's lap, sewing a button on his sleeve cuff.

A boy's work is usually outside chores, and that presents a problem. The intense heat of the mid-day sun must usually be avoided, and so chores that call them out during that period are usually avoided, though they might not mind playing in the sun. With all the other duties taking the parent's time, it is often impossible for them to get around to see if outside work has been done properly. Thus, his work goes unsupervised, and he is liable to get lax and lapse into laziness. We have failed some with Stanford on this point, but we are determined to do better.

There is another reason why we do not like our children to have too close social contact with the Africans. They are steeped in superstitions and un-Godly customs, and they have very loose morals. The missionary child can converse fluently with the African in the African tongue, and there may be lasting impressions made upon a child that are not for the betterment of his morals. The Africans speak freely about any parts of their bodies or any of the bodily processes, and I see no harm in this as long as it does not drift into unclean talk. But it often does. I'm quite in harmony with the modern idea of answering little children's questions as they grow up, for I believe they get a cleaner view when they get it from clean-minded parents, and then, too, there is not the shock of total enlightenment later in life. All these things are sacred and pure if in our minds they are clean. Many European people in this country curse the African to the ground, and then turn their children over to African nurses to be cared for physically and instructed morally. None of us missionaries do this, however.

Lack of association with other children his age has given us some concern for Stanford. Our last three children are four years of age or under, so this problem will not be so great for them. Stanford knows nothing about how to lose in good sport or how to win humbly. He has no competition, so he does not aspire to come first in games or studies. If we are not able to inspire interest in a study on its own merits, he goes on uninspired. One thing that makes me very happy is that he is a good reader and likes books. Two of his favorite books — aside from his true enjoyment of Bible reading — are Hurlbut's Stories of the Bible and Little Christian's Pilgrimage, which is a child's version of Pilgrim's Progress. We recently received four or five books with Bible games, quizzes, and true-or-false test on the Bible. He is extremely interested in these books and wants to work in them with us every night. We have been happily surprised how he can answer the questions. When friends in the U.S. write and ask what we need, I usually include the name of some book for Stanford. This takes away from his loneliness to a great extent and helps to compile a library for the rest of the children. He is also interested in maps, as well as the great host of new airplane models that the war has brought to the world. His schoolwork furnishes lots of nature study, which he is very much interested in. Stanford likes to hunt

pretty rocks on the streams and often insists that I line furniture and window sills with them, which I endure for a time but then clean-up day comes and I try to tactfully obtain his consent to get rid of them. Out they go until another bunch of pretty stones are found. The problems of entertaining the younger children have not arisen yet, for they mainly entertain themselves.

We prefer Stanford's lack of association rather than the wrong kind, but he may become a peculiar child in many ways, and it may be hard for him to take his place in society.

A last point that gives some cause for concern is this. A missionary child does not see his daddy doing a definite work for which he receives just remuneration. The Lord sends our funds — by touching a heart here and one there — and relieves us of financial worries. It comes without direct work for it. Thus, an attitude of "the world owes me a living" is liable to develop in the child's mind instead of a feeling of responsibility to make his own way and to do his part to help others. This needs to be combated some way, but we are at a loss to know how. We can give Stanford money and he is almost immune to realizing its value. He is not wild to spend it; if he were to lose it, he wouldn't mind; he would just as soon give it all into the Lord's work. It's distressing sometimes. We have thought of giving him money for certain duties he performs, but then he needs to feel the responsibility of helping the family without pay. We have thought some of giving him a small allowance and letting him purpose in his heart what percent he will give to the Lord and decide what he will do with the rest. But this has its handicaps. He has a cow that his daddy got for him several years ago. She has had two nice calves. In this way, he can make money, but it is with so little effort on his part that it seems hopeless. We have to admit that this problem has not yet been solved in a satisfactory way.

You can see our problems are many, both spiritual and physical, though we have many advantages in rearing a family on an African mission station.

13
Leaving Sinde

To. Ethel Sevedge November 7, 1945

From: Joyce

Along with your letter came one from Carl Bixler, soliciting help for the new building fund of Portland Christian School. At once I was struck with the desire to help, but I waited for an expression out of J.C. He was moved, too, so we have decided to give you some more work if you will accept it. Each month, after you deduct ten percent for the travel fund and send it to Douglass Harris, we would like you to take out $25 and send it to J.W. Hill, Jr., for the P.C.S. building fund. This is to be done for ten months, which will make $250. If we do not have enough some months to cover this amount, you may take it out the following month to cover the deficit. I hope I have made this clear, but I doubt it, as I am bothered over the children spilling some of my seed beans in the kitchen. We do not intend to cut down on our gifts to the work here, just cut somewhere on personal expenses.

Construction of Village School Buildings

By

James Cluver Shewmaker

Among other duties assigned to me by my fellow missionaries to be done this past year has been the oversight of the construction of two sun-dried brick village school buildings.

In the first place, a village or a number of villages grouped close together must be interested enough in education to build, without outside assistance, a pole and mud building to accommodate the school. When the building caves in, is eaten by termites, or what not, and if the village has shown enough school interest, the government recommends and gives grants to aid in the building of a sun-dried brick building.

In order to see that the new building is properly constructed an expe-

rienced worker has to go to the village and stay on the job until it is completed. That is where my work begins.

The people of the village, Christian or not, were told to make bricks, using a mold constructed at the mission. This work had to be during the dry season so that the rain does not melt the bricks. Knowing the villager's disposition to put off until tomorrow what should be done today, I kept inquiring from "passers-by" how the brick making was going in the village. If the work was going too slow, word was sent that the rains were coming soon and that they must work very hard, else all their work would be in vain. After many such warnings, finally one day I received word that the number of bricks we asked to be made were finished, and I made hurried arrangements to leave whatever work I was doing at the mission. Sometimes we go to the village by bicycle, but this year I went by truck, as I was having a bit of sciatica and did not feel like cycling.

When the day came I rounded up my workers, including bricklayers and general laborers, loaded on provisions and bedding and headed across the veldt to the village. We left about 9 A.M. and got there about noon. The workers quickly set up camp in a grass hut. I cooked and ate and the workers cooked and ate. By one-thirty we were ready to start work. The bricklayers and I laid out the foundation. (We do not risk even a good bricklayer to know when a building is square.) By dark the foundation, which is a row of bricks laid crosswise under the wall, was down and the corners started up. The bricks are about 13 x 8 x 6 inches. The wall is only one brick thick. This size brick runs the walls up very quickly. My workers and the village help kept brick and mud on hand for the bricklayers.

The workers from the village consisted of everybody except the very oldest and the children that were still being carried on the mother's backs. Each group of the village people, men, boys, women, girls had its work. The job of the men was to get poles for the rafters and the sheeting, do the thatching and keep the rest of the people at work. The women got grass for the thatching and helped the larger girls carry water for the mud making. It is the custom of women to go in groups and it was rather pic-

turesque to see thirty or forty of them coming in single file from the water hole about a quarter of a mile away, bearing on their heads gourds ranging in size from a quart to possibly three gallons. They empty them into the fifty-gallon drum which we had taken or the one the villagers had brought. (There are usually one or more drums in each village used for making beer.)

They usually returned singing, if it were early in the day, or murmuring if we worked longer than they liked. The larger boys brought dirt from a distant ant heap, which we used for mortar, helped to make it into mud, and generally kept materials at hand for the bricklayers. The work of every child who could carry one brick on his head was to bring bricks from the place where they had been made to the building site.

The foundations having been laid, I was kept busy seeing that the corners were plumb, the lines kept straight, and the doors and windows properly placed. The windows and doors were made just by leaving a hole the desired size and over the top was placed a plank or a pole taken from the forest and hewed down to the proper thickness.

At the end of two and one-half days, the brickwork was completed on the building, which was 32 feet long and 16 feet wide and 8 feet high. When we had the teacher's house well started, I left it to put my attention to getting the rafters and sheeting poles on the school building, returning only occasionally to see how the teacher's building was progressing. By the time the builders had their house up to roof level, I had the rafters and sheeting poles on the schoolhouse and a little of the thatching done.

Then we contrived to make seats in the schoolhouse. It was a plan we had heard of but not tried. The benches were made by building the bricks in rows up to a comfortable height to sit on. Also a teacher's desk was made of brick. These were well plastered smoothly with mud. A blackboard of cement, worked down to a very smooth finish, was made on the front wall.

By the morning of the ninth day the rafters were on the teacher's house and the thatching on the school building was nearly completed. We prepared to head for the mission. I told the teacher to see that all the

thatching, plastering, and floor mudding was completed and to write me when all was finished, which he did. In accordance with a previous agreement I sent ten pounds to the teacher to be handed over to the headsmen in paying for labor done by the villagers. They are proud of their new building.

To: Ethel Sevedge January 8, 1946

From: Joyce

For three or four months we have been saving all we can so that we could give 100 pounds (about $400) to the "white school." Orville and J.C. bought some pigs, which they fattened and got a good price for. Also, J.C. intends to sell off some of our older milk-cows and oxen who are too old to plough in order to raise the amount we are aiming at. It seems that every time we set our hearts to do something extra for the Lord, He comes along with His helping hand, and here comes an extra large check from the Missionary Funds Office. Also, an old student of ours who attended and graduated at Harding sent us six pounds for Christmas; since Christmas had passed, we take it as a gift from God to help get Stanford clothed to be sent to Kalomo to school. It will cost us about $200 per year to send Stanford to school. This will be chiefly his board. But, back to my main point, other missionaries are doing similar to us, and we will be able to raise some extra money for the "white school" effort, about 450 pounds altogether.

I notice droplets of water finding their way through the nail-holes in the old roofing we put back on the house are sprinkling my paper.

Do ask Christians to pray for this new effort we are launching. We are not expecting a big enrollment, but we hope it will be a blessing for those who come under the influence of the school and to save our own children for the work. We expect the school to build its own reputation. Then, parents who desire the quality of work we offer will be glad to send their children. There may be several from near Kalomo in a year or two.

To: Ethel Sevedge January 30, 1946

From: Joyce

For the last two days it has been too wet in the fields for plowing, so J.C. has been trying to get down some of the weeds and grass near the house. The boys have been pulling grass in the orchard and near our winter garden spot and throwing it into pits to rot to make compost (to use for fertilizer). We need to get the most possible out of each bed, because when irrigating we must use as small a plot as possible, else we could not have enough water for irrigating.

Stanford left on the 21st to attend school at Kalomo. Our school has a small beginning, but as the present missionary families grow up and are added to, the need for such a school is going to become very acute. It will either mean for missionaries to take time out to teach their own children or to send them to government schools. No missionary has been satisfied with the influence of the government schools, though some of the children seem to have faired better than others, possibly due to the influence of the home environment. It was sad for us to part with Stanford. We had such a happy home together, but we feel he is in good hands. I feel lost not having him to teach, but I wonder where I got the time, for I keep so busy anyway. Stanford has said that he had not been homesick yet. I suspect that everyone is going out of his way to keep his mind busy, too busy to get homesick, but he may get homesick yet. We write him at every opportunity.

I suppose I have already written that the Brittells have moved to town. Orville has taken over the completion of the building there, which has been held up for so long on account of a lack of materials. It is so lonely here without Stanford and the Brittells.

We have killed three puff adders about the place recently. It is a short, fat snake and very lazy in movement, but it has enough poison to kill several people if it strikes. J.C. has gone to his night Bible class with the boys. Usually by the time I have the children bathed, Samuel tucked in bed and a story read to Claudia, J.C. is back. We have our baths and read. Sometimes, if it is late, I prop the baby's bottle up and let him eat while we read. Then we are off to bed unless something else turns up. I must close and bathe the children now.

To: Ethel Sevedge April 24, 1946

From: Joyce

The natives are like just so many children. They come to us with every little pin scratch to be doctored. Such small wounds would be overlooked if on our children or us. They often like a clean white bandage that they can show to their friends, and they crave the attention of the missionaries. Also, they do not know how to care for anything mechanical and when it's broken, it's for the missionary to fix or pay for, if it happens to belong to the missionary. If a schoolboy or an older worker wants to go home to visit, he thinks up some long tale about his father being dead — or his mother, or brother — and we get terribly sympathetic only to find out months later that it was all a lie. Villagers will come and steal our chickens night after night, when we are only here for the purpose of doing them good. Schoolboys, who have had Bible taught to them for years, will steal corn right out of the fields while we sleep. If a plow is left in the field so as to be convenient for resuming the plowing the next day, parts of the plow may be found missing the next day. Or the chief may send over and say, "My sister is dying, trying to have a baby, will you please come and take her to hospital in your motor car?" You miss classes and rush over to the village to get her, only to find that she is pregnant but that her baby is not due yet. All this rushing about on rationed gasoline to help the needy, yet they have only told this tale because it is very convenient to go in a motor car and very inconvenient to walk four miles to catch the train. You may not be able to appreciate this latter thing, but when natives, pregnant or what not, walk easily twenty miles in a day, one wonders: why raise their standard-of-living until they are able to raise their own standards by dint of good hard work.

To: Ethel Sevedge May 13, 1946

From: Joyce

It seems from what we can read that Churches of Christ at home are rallying to mission work more than ever before.

J.C. killed a duiker early this morning as he was going to the kraal.

So, we will have fresh buck meat for a few days. So will the teachers and boys.

To: Ethel Sevedge July 24, 1946

From: Joyce

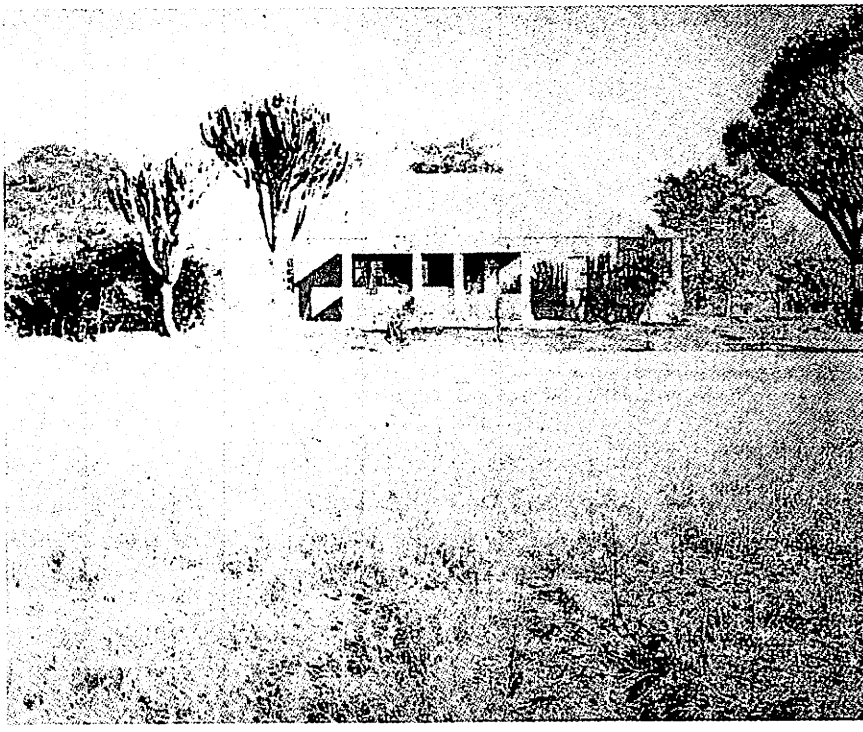
We are being moved to Kalomo. Though J.C. was given general oversight of the white school, he was also given teacher training in the native school as well as supervisor over the agricultural work. No teacher on the field was set aside to give either part- or full-time to the white school, so I feel that it has received quite a blow.

The Brittells are to be at Sinde. The farm work and the boarding boys are to be done away with, and they are to get their orphan home project going on a small scale. The boarding boys will be sent to Namwianga at Kalomo.

14
Namwianga

Namwianga Mission is located about three-and-one-half miles south of Kalomo, a small town on the railway line, and 83 miles northeast of Livingstone. The Browns and the Scotts started the Namwianga mission in 1932.

Namwianga, due to its central location with respect to the other missions, as well as its facilities, has been made a sort of central station. It serves the whole area in providing "higher education," a girls' school, teacher training, and a recently opened school for white missionary children and other white people living in this region of Africa.



J.C. and Joyce's home on Namwianga Mission. Photo taken about 1950.

To: Ethel Sevedge October 2, 1946

From: Joyce

Your letter of August 19 arrived, but it had to be put away a few days, as we were very busy moving and unpacking.

Our white school opened its third term with double its enrollment. The enrollment was two. Now, it is four.

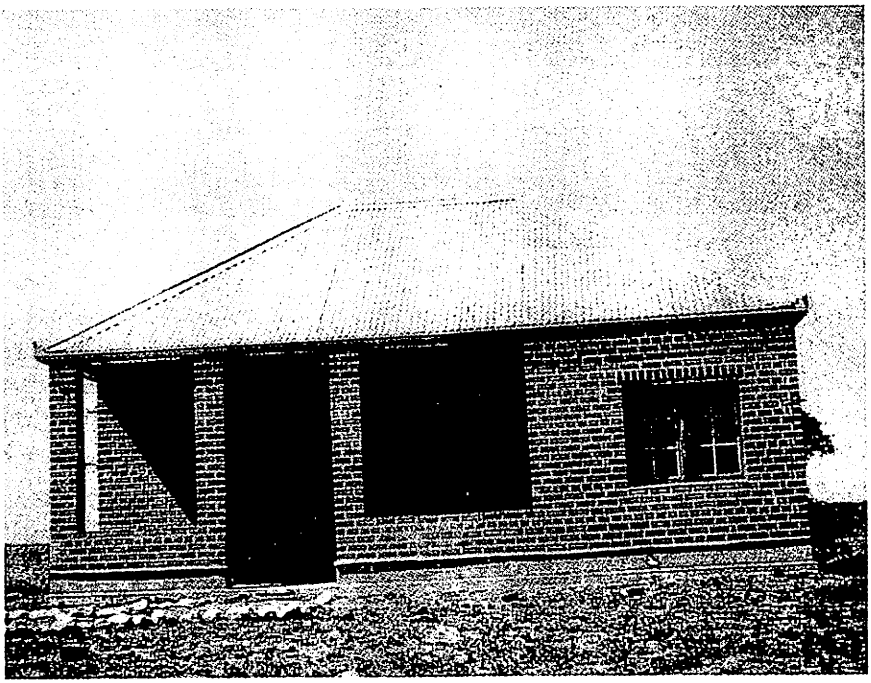
Our idea is to not advertise for students but to let it grow slowly but surely on its own merits. Sister Short teaches the school. When people begin to realize that we are giving quality work and upholding high Christian ideals and morals, some will appreciate it and take advantage of it. If we do not beg for students, but rather let them request entry our problems will be fewer. I am keeping two girl boarders. One little boy cycles out from Kalomo (three- and-one-half miles away). Stan is the other child. Claudia will enter in January. We find many advantages here over Sinde, but there are a few disadvantages. I left a flourishing garden, but of course the Brittells will benefit from that. There's no garden here. Irrigation is not possible because of a water shortage. When I went to place an order with a vegetable man at Lusaka, he said he could take no more orders, so it's eat from tins, which surely is expensive. I'm so glad I canned 24 quarts of sauerkraut from our Sinde garden. We can't bring our cows until it rains and fills the streams with water between here and Sinde, as it is a five-day journey, so we have to use tinned milk for the family and powdered milk for the baby, which is again expensive.

J.C. ran an abnormal temperature the three days we were moving and finally gave up and went to bed with the flu. He got scared of pneumonia, as one of his lungs was hurting, so Will Short took him to hospital at Livingstone. One lung was slightly affected but soon cleared up, and he left — against the Doctor's protest — in three days. I saw to it that he rested a lot, though, for a few days so that he wouldn't have a relapse.

To: Ethel Sevedge November 21, 1946

From: Joyce

J.C. has gone to Sinde and Livingstone with Brother Short. J. C's



"White" school buiding, 1946 – "one room" school house.

main need of going down was to get our cattle started up here. It surely has been expensive these many weeks without milk, but we knew it was impossible to bring cattle on a five-day journey with no streams of water and almost no grazing. It has cost us something like $25 per month for milk and butter alone. We use Klim mostly, which is a powered milk put out by Borden and Co. in the United States. It is very nice milk, but imported milk is so expensive, and even then we haven't had all we have needed for it has been rationed at times.

J.C. is also going into Livingstone to attend to banking business (he acts as treasurer for the mission group) and to do a little shopping for mission tools and for us.

To: Ethel Sevedge February 19, 1947

From: Joyce

After a month of drought we got a light shower last night. It fresh-

ened things up, but is nothing like what we needed. This has been the driest rainy season I've ever seen. We have actually had only about four good heavy rains. The corn is in tassel. It doesn't seem to dry up like the mealies do at Sinde when there is a similar lack of rain, but, nevertheless, it is suffering.

With so little rain, water is going to be a greater problem here this year than ever. It was serious enough last year. J.C. is having a sort of hole, or well, dug down in the vlei. Also, he is having boys to get poles to fence a garden nearby. Others are digging up the grass in the garden plot. We will make beds, well composted and fertilized, for our winter garden. I've always had more success with winter gardening than with summer gardening: the insects are far fewer. Crops are up to date until there's more rain, so we have boys to do this extra work at this juncture.

"White" school, 1946 – Delia Short, teacher. Stan on left, Claudia center front. Other students are Van Vureen girls and unknown boy.

To: Ethel Sevedge May 1, 1947

From: Joyce

Though tired from harvesting corn all day, J.C. is staying up tonight to work on government school reports to send in for grants, and so I shall sit up and write letters. I don't like to go to bed and leave him. Nor do I like to stay up alone. So, we usually retire at the same time.

All the children except the baby have gone their rounds with malaria recently. I've had a stretchy feeling, occipital headaches and backache (which suggest malaria) for the last few days, but I doubled up on quinine and have now started a course of Atebrin. Today, I've felt lots better. I usually don't go to bed unless I register an abnormal temperature, but I've "hit the hay" earlier than usual.

To: Ethel Sevedge June 25, 1947

From: Joyce

I have been experiencing such a period of anxiety. Somehow, it is not possible for me to cast all my cares upon the Lord at all times. After three or four days of illness, we called a doctor from Choma, about 40 miles away, to see Claudia. The first we knew of her sickness was when she was scratching "bites" on her back. I looked her bed over to see if it had any insect on it, but found none. Later in the day we found her with more "bites." The next morning she was quite broken out all over her body and was doing a lot of scratching. She scratched all day. That night her bath seemed to soothe her, but the rash had spread to her extremities and face by the next day. She crawled on a cot by me where I was sewing and remained nearly all day. She was terribly drowsy. The next day she lay in two large chairs placed together by the fire. Her feet and hands were swollen and she could hardly move them. I had to have help often to change her position. All of this resembled the "nettle rash" like I had a few years ago. So I gave her sulfur as the doctor had given me. But I could not remember having run an abnormal temperature. As her temperature went up to 104, we decided to call the doctor from Choma. He came in the afternoon. She could not be moved without screaming, but the rash had largely faded. He tested urine and pulse and asked several

questions and made some observations. He said he would not diagnose the case for sure but that his mind ran on tick typhus or typhoid. The doctor from Choma called the doctor at Livingstone and made train reservations. He gave her medicine to make her sleep, which J.C. said she did all the way to Livingstone. The doctor there made an examination and said it was probably pneumatic fever, but that he wouldn't be sure until the tests were completed. The next day he said he had found nothing except malaria. He is doctoring for that, and she is now sitting up at hospital and eating. She seems to have a normal temperature, J.C. informed me by letter. On Saturday night after J.C. left with her, I decided to turn it all over to the Lord and let Him worry the rest of the night, and so I managed a peaceful sleep. What anxious hours one can have with these little ones eighty-five miles from a hospital.

It does people good to get away from the Mission, change their scenery, and meet other people. Sister Lawyer says it is as essential as most anything to make for peace and love among us. We appreciate each other more when we return. We rub each other day in and day out. I always say, "If we can work with each other on a mission station and then think as much of (or more of) each other as we did to start with, we have stood the test, for its one of the greatest tests." When I read a recent article from Georgia Hobby in "World Vision" I couldn't restrain the tears when she said, "It seems we miss the association with the other beloved missionaries." We have our differences and so on, but I guess it's like a family — we do not realize how we love each other until we are separated. People who have traveled over the same road have lots in common. Over here we have discouragements that we dare not utter to anyone back home. They would say, "I'd get out and not waste my time on the heathens if they don't want the gospel." Yet, we've been told to "go and lo! I am with you always." These people have not had the chance to hear the way of salvation. We must keep on and on. We love the work. It has an impelling power, and we can only turn a deaf ear to friends who would discourage, saying, "You are wasting your talents on unworthy heathens." They have never seen the vision.

Our water situation is very critical at Namwianga. My garden waterhole has already dried up. Now, the dug well has gone dry. Water for

household use has to be carried one-fourth a mile. Soon that water will be dried up and our only chance will be the Kalomo River, three miles away, which has already ceased to flow. We have made application to the government for one borehole well to be paid for with missionary funds. We have taken it upon ourselves to apply for a second borehole to be placed up at our place to supply the European school, the Hobby house, and us. It is going up a few hundred yards away. We trust the Lord for money to pay for it. Do pray for us. Cattle will suffer terribly from drought. J.C. has spent a few days burning fireguards on one side of the mission (to prevent grass fires from sweeping in on us) and getting the grass the cattle need and the thatching grass we need for roofs.

To: Ethel Sevedge July 19, 1947

From: Joyce

Funds through our treasurer have been quite low recently, but Douglass Harris has recently made a special effort on our behalf, which brought some results and J.C. has been able to sell off some old or undesirable cattle to help us make ends meet and pay our regular pledge into the general fund. Thanks to God for all His wondrous care.

Who Should Go To Africa

By

Joyce Copeland Shewmaker

Recently a brother wrote, asking, "Would a Christian farmer from Arkansas or Oklahoma, with only an eighth grade education, but who loves the Lord and lost souls, be of value in the Lord's work in Africa? Would you consider him a missionary? Would it be worthwhile for a Christian with a Ph.D. degree to go to Africa, or do you consider that it would be a waste?"

In the first place, a Christian should be filled with the spirit, and with zeal to save lost souls, and have a willingness to suffer discouragements and to keep going when the going is hard. If he is "brightening the corner" where he is, he would surely be able to do so in Africa. If you are

lazy and indifferent about lost souls around you, it is not likely that tropical Africa would make you industrious, or interested in lost souls.

Each mission station needs a good farmer. These stations have boarding students who work a few hours each day to help raise their food. An Eighth grade graduate with a good knowledge of farming and ability to direct boys in farm duties would certainly be an asset. There is a lot to be taught boys in working with them, as well as teaching them in the classroom. This is the part of the work, which wears on a missionary probably more quickly than anywhere else, but if one can ever teach African boys to deliver an honest days labor to his employer, and teach him justice and industry, he will have raised the African to a new level.

Every mission station needs a good mechanic, and "jack-of-all trades." No native in the Rhodesias is skilled, at least I have not seen one, and if he were, we could not afford to hire him. During many of the years gone by there has been only one family to the station and the missionary had to stop whatever he was doing to fix a car, an ax, a plow, an ox-cart, or make a wagon, in order to keep things going. The natives have no idea about how to care for a tool, and sometimes do not care, since the tool belongs to the mission. Then, a construction man is needed on each mission, a man who has some knowledge of how to build. Most buildings in the Rhodesias, in order to be permanent, have walls made of bricks, cement floors, hardwood or metal windows, iron or asbestos roofing. White ants do not destroy these materials. Most missionaries have learned how to build after reaching the field, unless they already knew how, for it was either build or go without a house.

Our mission boys' schools need teachers of handwork, including simple carpentry, blacksmithing, bricklaying and more modern methods of agriculture. Farming on a mission station can be looked at in two different lights — one to make the mission self-supporting — the other to try to introduce to the African better methods of farming, using tools he is likely to be able to afford. The former might involve a tractor, the latter might teach the use of compost and manure, terracing, thorough preparation of ground, rows to permit the use of cultivators, proper thinning of crops. Animal husbandry is also a branch of agriculture needing attention.

The girls' schools need women not encumbered by families who can teach sewing, knitting, pottery, basketry, hygiene, child care, home-keeping, gardening and simple cookery, using tools and materials within the means of an African.

A fully qualified nurse, who could not only care for the physical welfare of the students, but who could teach health classes and suggest health measures, would be a real asset to the work. Large mission stations near reserves need a doctor, who can help villagers as well as students. The orphan home work needs the services of a nurse and doctor. Doctors to form leprosy colonies and give eternal hope to lives, otherwise hopeless, are needed.

Each missionary on the field has come to Africa expecting to do class-room teaching on a mission or preach in the villages, but most of them have had to fill places they had not planned to fill and meet untold problems they had not expected to find. And so, a missionary needs to be adaptable. They may have had to build their own houses, schoolhouses and church houses, or make their own furniture from a tree they have felled and sawed into lumber. They have had to doctor the native and in one case a missionary husband has more than once regulated the hem in his wife's new dress.

In Livingstone we have a work, which differs from the station work, in that there are no boarders. A white family there would add to the teaching force, which would make it possible to add two more years of work. The changing population among natives in town makes it necessary for a lot of visiting to be done in order to keep up church attendance. Native teachers and others properly directed are a great help in this. Classes for women and children could be had. Hospital visiting and tract distribution is needful.

The printing is a phase of our work, which has had some attention, and needs yet more. The extent of this work to date has been the issuing of a monthly paper, "Rays of Light" for English speaking Europeans, and a monthly paper, "Glimpses of Africa", published for the purpose of creating interest in the African work. Numerous tracts in English, Africaans and the native language have been printed, three editions of the Tonga songbook, and school materials, letterheads and envelopes. Much more

printing matter is needed. It is the dream of some of us that regular issue of papers in Africaans, and native dialects can be had one day. There is need of more modern printing equipment and more office help.

Radio work is a phase, which should be launched out upon. Very few religious programs are to be heard in Africa, and none by us. Someone with the necessary knowledge and experience could do a great work.

There is a great need for schools among the European population. Our first and only effort on this score is a small school at Namwianga, where missionary children and others who care to can attend. Because of the sparse population most rural children either take correspondence work, or seek a boarding school. We need small elementary schools on our stations, to accommodate missionary children, and in some of the more thickly settled areas we need higher schools, even a junior or senior college. Why not make some of our missionaries on the field? That is what the Adventists do. They are getting their doctrine scattered in every conceivable way while we sleep. Your Ph.D. degree, MA or BA degree could be used in a college. Most missionary children are sent to the U.S. for their higher education, and often make ties, which prevent them from returning to the field. If they could be educated under Christian influence here, this might be avoided. It is believed by some of us that a progressive work among the "white" population here would help to stabilize our work among the natives.

The white people here usually have a religion and are quite self-satisfied in it. In working with them the missionary should not be dogmatic, but should maintain a sympathetic love for those in error, condemning error, but not their methods of doing things. The Europeans here are more reserved than we Americans, especially the English. We should conform to their customs, which are not wrong in themselves. It is not ours to Americanize but to Christianize. Too much boasting of American superiority prejudices people. Health conditions in tropical Africa, where malaria is rampant, are steadily improving with the recent introduction of the new insecticide, DDT, which kills the malaria carrying mosquito; and the use of the new drug, paludrine, which when taken faithfully, according to directions, immunizes one against the disease. Of course reasonable precautions against malaria and the intense heat of the sun must always be taken.

No one should come to Africa with unchangeable ideas as to where he should work and what work he should do, teaching, evangelism, farm hand, printing, doctoring. He should be flexible enough in mind to be willing to fit into the place here he is best suited or needed.

A non-critical attitude toward experienced workers should characterize new workers, who may feel little has been done, or that methods we have used are not the best. We have pioneered; we have been few in number. Funds have been limited. We see far more to do than we are able to do. A new worker coming to the field will meet disappointments. Things will not be as you have pictured them, because your experiences will not let you gain a true picture.

Workers wishing to enter Northern Rhodesia or Southern Rhodesia must be endorsed or approved by workers on the field, for they have to request your entry permit, so if you do not know an African worker, you would do well to take up correspondence with someone on the field or interview a missionary on furlough. They can give you a lot of first-hand information on needs and conditions here.

Churches sending out new workers should see that they are supplied with a new car or a truck, according to their needs, because parts are difficult or impossible to obtain. Sometimes one has to wait months for repairs. Trucks are needed on mission stations to haul supplies. Missionaries in towns or where the mission owns a truck need family cars. Distances between towns and places are great and in cases of large families, cars afford cheaper and often more convenient, transportation.

Christians with $15,000 capital can enter Northern Rhodesia as a settler and become self-supporting on a farm. Ranching is profitable. He may preach as he finds time and opportunity. Efficient typists, storekeepers, managers, bookkeepers etc., can find positions in Rhodesia where skilled labor is scarce, but when entering for this purpose, a job must be secured before entering.

We need more consecrated workers. There is no worker who cannot be placed, no matter what his education may be, if he has a passionate love for souls who know not God. They must all use every possible means to reach the people with the blessed Gospel, for where one fails, another may avail. May God help.

15
Plans for a Trip Home

To: Ethel Sevedge October 6, 1947

From: J.C.

You will be surprised to get a word from me. Thank you so much for the extra large amount of funds assigned to us for August. We have been having to "twist" to make ends meet the last few months, but the Lord never forsakes.

Our mission school opened three weeks ago with 187 enrolled. An estimated 125 applicants were turned from our doors because we lack the funds and housing facilities to accommodate more. More Bible classes and an industrial course were added to our curriculum here this year. Also six or seven of our village teachers have been provided with the vernacular teachers' course. This will better prepare them for teaching and will enable us to get government aid for them as teachers.

Teaching, preaching, building, brick making, grass getting, thatching, corn shelling and many other odd jobs are in full swing. Each boy and girl works four hours per day. Missionaries and native teachers work eight to fourteen hours per day. A few jobs need finishing before the rains set in. We have had a few threats of rain, but it isn't likely they will set in for good any time soon.

To: Ethel Sevedge December 9, 1947

From: Joyce

My health is a little better. A tonic the doctor prescribed is helping, but it is a slow process. Sherman has had malaria. Now Claudia has it.

To: Ethel Sevedge January 18, 1948

From: Joyce

It is so sad to see the trouble entering the world's mission fields, but

I guess that's bound to be as long as American churches support the work. Many have thought it pitiable that we don't have a sponsor behind us, but I'd rather be answerable to the God of Heaven than to men who would not permit freedom in studying and teaching the Bible. I'd rather live by faith, take what God sends — be it great or small — and if need be work with our hands to help support ourselves and the work. All of the old missionaries have had to raise a few cattle on the side to keep going, and so do we. Occasionally, when we get in a pinch, off goes an old cow or two or maybe several and we are able to keep going, even when man fails. God never fails. He provides a way. J.C. is able to give his full time as a missionary, and at the same time arise early to look after his livestock. Being a country boy and one used to hard work and thriftiness, he enjoys such. It is real recreation for him. J.C. doesn't let money slip through his fingers without knowing where it goes. But I must say he is very liberal in God's work. We made a bargain with each other a few years ago, that, when one of us felt an urge to give into the Lord's work or do something extra, that is above what we have purposed to do, the other one would not "throw cold water" upon that urge, but that we would feel free to fulfill that urge to do a kindness or to give an extra gift. That bargain has made us both very happy.

To: Sister Sevedge February 18, 1948

From: Joyce

I am really enjoying teaching again, but I have to admit that my mind is divided with a large family making demands upon my time.

Have canned twenty-nine quarts of green beans to date and want to can more this week.

Georgia typed my donor letters this month, because I'm teaching.

To: Ethel Sevedge April 14, 1948

From: Joyce

We have decided to begin preparations for going to the U. S. as soon

as possible. Though there are several reasons why we would like to go to the U.S. at this time, we wish to abide within the Lord's will toward us. It is not our desire that high-pressure methods be used to raise funds. If the Lord's people do not respond when they hear the need, we shall happily relinquish our will to His and settle into the work again for a few more years, believing it not to be his will that we return to the U.S. now. Douglass Harris wrote us some months back and said that he would intensify efforts to raise our travel fund when we were definitely ready to come. We are writing him that we are ready.

We sailed for Africa on July 8, 1939, giving us 9 years on the field. By faith we gave up a comfortable job, as superintendent of the Guy, Arkansas consolidated schools, visited a few relatives and friends, and proceeded to New York with our travel fund still not raised. We "put out the fleece" by telling the Lord we would sail for Africa if He furnished the means. When they came for our truck to put it on board the freighter at New York, the shipping company took it on, saying, "You may pay the freight at the other end, or the car will stand good for its freight." After shipping the truck, we had ten more days to wait before our ship sailed. During that ten days we prayed as never before. Money came from here and there until we had our boat tickets, freight paid on the car and money in hand for the incidentals and customs. We left, as many of our fellow missionaries have done, without a sponsoring church, even without the definite promise of a treasurer to forward funds. So far as we knew there would be no funds to be forwarded. For the meager faith we had, we have been rewarded a hundred-fold. I say "meager" faith because it does seem meager now, after the many experiences we have had in Africa, relying upon Him to care for us. The Lord has never let us down. He has raised up treasurers who have given freely and faithfully of their time and energy in our service. He has raised up donors. When one donor goes, another takes his place. On the field our cattle have multiplied to our advantage, so that at times when money was needed, we have been able to sell and to have money to keep out of debt and to help in the work. We have never been in need in Africa. These are not the boastings of one who feels self-righteous, but the expressions of appreciation of children who have been blessed of a loving heavenly Father.

We do not wish to return to the U.S. for health reasons. A trip to Capetown might do as well. Our two main objectives are to help keep the opportunities of this field before the brotherhood in order to interest more brethren in supporting the work and more workers in coming to the field. And, like other human beings, we have a desire to visit relatives and friends that we might have spiritual refreshment, which will renew us for the work in years to come.

To: Ethel Sevedge April 22, 1948

From: Joyce

After our sudden decision to begin definite arrangements for going home, I began to think about the time of year it would be and what the clothing needs of the family would be. I have taken a check over our wardrobe and find it in quite a depleted condition for attempting such a journey in winter weather. So I have sent Sister Short a list of winter clothing, which we want her to purchase. Most of the clothing I'm asking her to send is for the children. J.C. thinks he can manage on the two old suits and overcoat he came to Africa with. The Hobbys brought some new shirts for him. I will try to do some sewing for Claudia and myself but I'm asking Sister Short to get corduroy overalls for the little boys for traveling. I have sent her sizes and measurements. The children need warm wraps, too, so I've sent for them. There may be well over $100 worth of clothing. We asked them to send our bill to you for collection as the Hobbys did. I hope this will prove satisfactory with you people there. Please deduct from funds sent for us each month until all is paid for. I pray the Lord will hinder the progress of our plans if we are not in harmony with His Will.

16
Zambezi Valley

To: Portland Church of Christ July 21, 1948

From: J.C.

On June 2 a group of us went on a two and a half week's trip to the Zambezi Valley, about 125 miles from here. This is one of the sections of the country where very few white men have been because of its inaccessibility. Virtually no preaching has been done there. There are no roads. Huge boulders, steep mountains and fallen timbers (torn down by elephants) make the going rough on foot, let alone by car or bicycle. Most of the time the car had to be pushed and the bicycles had to be carried. A road had to be cleared as we went along. On this trip we were able to get some color movies, which we hope to be able to show you when we return to the United States.

[JIMMY: During the dry season of 1948 just about all the men on the mission — Alvin Hobby, J.C. Reed, Orville Brittell, Eldred Echols, Foy Short, my thirteen-year-old son Stan, and I took a trip into the Zambezi Valley to "spy out the land" with the hope that we could someday extend our work in that area. However, that was not to be until many years later, when one of my other sons, Sam, started working in that area.

[When we reached the Zambezi Valley, we began giving the smallpox vaccinations the government had supplied because of an outbreak in that area. After about a week, Alvin Hobby and I broke away from the group, as Alvin needed to return to Namwianga sooner in order to balance the mission books in readiness for our upcoming business meeting, in which all the adult missionaries took part. He also had other jobs to get done before school started again. Alvin is a very methodical person. He usually had a list of items he wanted to get done during the school vacation. He checked them off his list as they were accomplished. I had a lot of work and preparation to do as we hoped to go the States in October, our first trip to the U.S. after nine years on the mission field.

[Our trip into the valley was slow and tedious, as we were traveling in sandy country in an old Model T Ford truck, fueled by a charcoal gas producer. (Orville Brittell made this.) We all had to do a lot of pushing

as we went up hills. Some of us rode our motor bicycles and followed the truck. One funny incident happened as we traveled on a side trip. J.C. Reed saw a small tree with cherry-like red fruit on it. He asked, "Are these good to eat?" I said, "Yes, the Africans eat them." Brother Reed was very thirsty, so he grabbed some, hoping to quench his thirst. After we had traveled awhile, he yelled out, "Now, blaze!" The Africans like hot things.

[When we left the group in the Gwembi valley, Alvin and I spent the first night lost. The Africans had told us, "Follow this path to the river (which was the sandy bed of a dried-up stream) and follow the path on the other side." When we looked for the path, there were several paths leading out of the riverbed made by elephants going down to the river to drink in the wet season. We followed what we believed to be the most likely one. As we climbed the hill we had to go around or over many trees broken down by the elephants. Finally, Alvin said, "Brother Shewmaker, I think we are lost." I said, "We can't be, for we are going in the right direction." Soon, I said, "You are right, we are lost." Under the shade of a tree we stopped to rest. While there, we prayed the Lord to show us the way. Just then a rooster crowed right in the middle of the day. We knew we were near the village we had been directed to. We made our way to the village. They gave us some cooked chicken to eat and some long thatching grass to lie on, which had been tied in bundles during the latter part of the wet season. It was wet. However, the man who ran a store in that village took some new blankets from his shelves for us to put over the wet grass. This was African hospitality at its best.

[As we traveled I had a flat on my motorbicycle. Alvin was very quick and adept at mending a tire, so I let him work on it. He tried to get saliva from his mouth to test the blown-up tire, but could not find any. He looked at me as if to ask, "Do you have any saliva?" I found some and applied it where the hole was. Our mouths were too dry to talk. We were approaching a dry sandy riverbed. Our guide had left us the third night out. By then we were on a road that only a jeep or land rover could travel on. We could not ride up the hills and had to walk and hold back on these heavy motor bicycles. It was a slow business. At the dry, sandy riverbed, we could see signs that our guide, John Scott, had gone down

the riverbed in search of water. He had dug down in several places and finally found water. Alvin was so thirsty that he drank so vigorously it made him sick at his stomach, while I first washed my face and head before taking a drink. Then I could drink all I wanted. John had slept at a Methodist mission the night before. He warned them that two American missionaries were coming behind and that he thought we would not get there until the following day. Meanwhile we climbed the mountain road on our bikes and on the top of the mountain built a fire of deadwood we were able to pick. We were without blankets and those winter nights could get very cold after the sun went down. We had no food, and we were dead tired. In the light of the fire and the starry night, I could see a few tufts of thatching grass here and there. I cut them with my pocketknife and took them to Alvin, intending to go back and get more for myself. He refused to take it, saying, "You cut it, you use it." He was so dead tired he soon fell asleep on the bare ground, as I went to sleep on my grass. We only awoke to stoke up the fire when we got too cold to sleep. Before noon the next day we reached the Methodist mission. They gave us a good meal, which they had prepared. Alvin enjoyed the cold milk so much that he drank too much which caused his stomach to shrink. He could eat no more. (I always felt that hot tea quenched my thirst more than cold drinks, in that hot climate.) I was able to eat plenty. We complained of being tired. The missionaries put us to bed. As we lay down we asked to be aroused early enough to catch the train at Choma, thirty miles farther. Our guide had cycled on to Namwianga forty miles away, but we had had enough traveling for the time being. The missionaries tried to wake us up, but we slept on. Soon they came to our door and made sure we woke up. They gave us more food and we were off for Choma. In Choma we went to a hotel tearoom and Alvin asked them to give us food, while I got our bikes ready at the place to board the train. Alvin came back where I was and said they refused to serve him, as the food was not yet ready. I said, "You stay with the luggage while I go." I explained to them our situation and they made us some sandwiches, which we ate as we traveled on the train. Upon reaching Kalomo, we traveled the three-and-a-half miles to Namwianga by bike arriving about nine o'clock. Home at last, I ate some more, and didn't seem to get filled for three or four days.

[The people in the Gwembi Valley had some strange customs and were dressed differently. Many of them wore shells in their short hair, and often dyed their hair with red ocher and rubbed their faces with it too. They wore canes through their nostrils, raising the outer part and passing through a hole they had made in the partition dividing the nostrils. They looked weird to our way of thinking, but beautiful to them. They wore bangles, made of wire wrapped around their legs from the knees to the ankles, and a sort of earring, made up of five or six small springs of fine wire in each ear. Most of them, men and women, were bare to the waist — quite a shock to us men, but perhaps no worse than the bathing suits worn on the beaches today.]

17
The Trip Home

To: Sister Sevedge July 13, 1948

From: Joyce

There are many phases of our trip home that I do not look forward to at all. The main one is tearing up our home, J.C. away on trips and doings at night that tear into our Bible lessons with the children. Also, living out of suitcases. Brother Short has just written, "Suitcases? You'll get tired of it, too. At least I hope you do." I suppose he thinks we'll be satisfied to stay on the field after we've had one trip home.

We figure we have about enough to get to England. We have around $1600 at last count. As things are working out so satisfactorily in every way for our return, we feel that surely we are progressing within the Lord's will. We have sold a few cattle and hope to sell our car. This money we had hoped to apply on a new car when we return, but we may have to apply it on our travel fund.

To: Portland Church of Christ July 21, 1948

From: J.C.

During the month of June about 125 souls were baptized through the efforts of brethren in North Rhodesia.

We expect to leave Kalomo on the 13th of August on our way to the coast, visiting missionaries at Sinde and in Southern Rhodesia on our way. We are to sail from Capetown on September 3. Our ship is to arrive in England on September 17. From there we have no booking, but we anticipate no trouble getting right out.

It is our intention to settle at Searcy, Arkansas, and place the children in Harding Academy.

To: Ethel Sevedge August 2, 1948

From: Joyce

The clothes for the children arrived. The things of which we were

most needful were among them, namely a warm jumper and trousers for Stanford and snowsuits for each of the three little ones. These will insure protection against any winter blasts on the sea and in England as well as do them for school and play this winter at home.

I am dividing most of my furniture out. I am giving three chairs to the Reeds, and lending them a table and two single beds. A few things I am lending Georgia, as her big new house will be quite barren. Within a year maybe she can gradually acquire a few more pieces. The things I am most particular about I am leaving with Myrtle Rowe: these include my dining table and six chairs and our bed. J.C. made the table and the bed out of lovely mukwa, and I prize them because they are so nice and because he made them. The living room suite I am letting Hobbys use is native made and can stand pretty rough use.

[JIMMY: We left Kalomo by train to begin our long journey to the United States. We arrived in Bulawayo, only to find our booking from England to the U.S. had not been confirmed. But we had "put out our fleece," telling the Lord if we were able to get bookings we would take it that we were to go to the U.S. We continued our journey confidant we were within the Lord's will. At Bulawayo we had to change to a South African train to Capetown where we boarded a Union-Castle mail ship. All mail went by steamship in those days, for there was no air service. Passengers were well cared for. Some fresh fruits were shipped in the hold of the ship bound for England. The ship dropped anchor outside Funchal in the Madeira Islands. Here many of the islanders catered to tourists by coming out to the anchored ship in small boats, bringing their wares with them. Most of them brought hand embroidered linen table-cloths, place mats, doilies, and blouses. Some brought bananas and other tropical fruits. Some brought their wares on deck; others sent their wares up by rope for inspection. Divers came on deck and dived off for money that people pitched into the water, catching it before it reached the seabed. A lot of people on board enjoyed this activity.

[In London R. B. Scott met us at the train on which we had traveled from South Hampton where our ship docked. He took us to the House of Rest by subway train, where we had booked to stay while we were in London. We got settled in. The next day R. B. came and got me and we

went to check on our booking to the U.S. They said we would not be able to get a booking until April because of the people returning from the Olympics, which had been held in Britain. What could we do? We checked at all the ship companies, with no result. We didn't have the money to stay until April, and the children were already late for school at Harding. I went to the American Embassy to try to get help. We asked the brethren at the church in Kentish Town, (where R. B. Scott was an elder) to pray for us to be able to get a booking. The next morning a call came from a shipping company offering us a first-class booking if we would take a one-person cabin for all the family except Stan, who would stay in a cabin with other men. Yes, we would. Evidently the American Embassy had gotten busy. We had paid our way to London by selling off cattle and had written our treasurer to save ten percent of our income in the U.S. against the day when we would need it to travel back to the U.S. When we wrote him to send it in American Express travelers' checks to their counterpart in London, our treasurer was away in a three-week meeting. He was a preacher. He was not at home to get our letter. R. B. Scott, seeing my predicament, offered to lend me the money from the church treasury. We had to land in Halifax, Nova Scotia. The shipping company moved an extra bed into our cabin and gave us blankets for the three youngest children to make beds on the floor. They extracted from us a promise that we would not complain. Our family could be all together on deck or in the large ballroom. Two days before we left London, we met Brother W. R. Pear, a Pentecostal preacher, whose acquaintance we had made on the ship from Capetown to South Hampton. He was playing deck quoits on the ship. I heard him say, "Put her there." I went up to him and asked, "What part of Arkansas did you come from?" He said, "I used to preach at Norphlett, Arkansas." I said, "I have a friend who lives there, F. D. McNutt." He said, "Oh yes! My daughter attended school where he is superintendent. We developed quite a friendship. I now preach in Canada." He had been to Africa to visit their mission points in southern Africa, and had gone by train right through Kalomo. When I met up with Brother Pear in London, he said, "After you leave the ship, you'll be going right through my town on the train. Why not stop with me and meet my wife?" We did. More hospitable and gracious people you could never meet. They took us in,

washed and ironed our large accumulation of dirty clothes, fed us well, took me to town to get a new suit (all wool), and gave us a gallon of maple syrup and a bushel of Canadian apples as a gift.

[Our train took us through Michigan to Chicago, where we changed trains for St. Louis. Before reaching St. Louis, I felt a twitching in my face and I couldn't close one eye. Tired from the trip and from herding four small children, it was an ordeal for us waiting for the bus. I found I did not have enough money left to get to Searcy by bus. I was certain I had more travelers' checks, but I had searched through all my pockets and could not find them. I looked up Church of Christ preachers in the telephone book and called one. I told the preacher I did not have enough money to pay my way to Searcy. He loaned me $10 and took us to the bus station in the evening. This brother probably thought I was a hobo or a welfare case. I promised I would return the money as soon as I got to Searcy, but he indicated he didn't believe he would ever see his money again. Physically exhausted, I felt like a reject. We waited all night, sitting in the bus station until seven the next morning, when our bus left for Searcy.

[At Searcy we were met by Ruth Brown, who took us to my mother's place. She was keeping a bunch of Harding boys at "Inner Sanctum," which was later torn down to build the College Church. She had only a bedroom and kitchen, with no place for us to stay. However, the College had given me the job of looking after a group of High School boys at "Termite Terminal," a job that the Merritts had had the previous year. However, I was sick and unable to do anything for several weeks. Billy Mattox gave Bob Hare complete charge of the boys. George Benson came over and asked for my donor list. He wrote everyone on the list and asked him or her to continue our support. The ladies had gotten up a grocery shower, and we were ready to start housekeeping. Sister Dykes, John Lee's mother, took me to the hospital, as I had a facial paralysis. She said, jokingly, "Jimmy, your mouth always was a little crooked, wasn't it?" After diagnosing the problem, Doctor Rogers, Sr. gave me an injection of vitamin B. Immediately I could taste it, and soon I felt a twitching in my face. From there on, I improved and in a few days went home well. From that time on, I have taken vitamin B complex with no recurrence of paralysis.

[The children started to school. The first Saturday Stan sat on our front lawn and counted cars. He had a piece of paper writing down and classifying each car that passed on Race Street. The highest percentage was Chevrolet, and next was Ford. From there the percentages of other cars fell sharply. At that point Stan's interest in cars was quite considerable. In London he had run into a telephone pole while counting cars.

[Stan was fourteen years old and in the 9th grade. He needed to stay in school. He was bright, but the radical change, we feared, would be difficult. We asked Burt and Louise Shewmaker to move into our home temporarily while we traveled in nearly twenty states visiting individuals and churches who had helped support us our first nine years in Africa. Some of these arranged speaking engagements with other congregations for us to enlighten them on the work being done in Rhodesia. We took Claudia out of school. Sam and Sherman were under school age. Then we traveled all summer. Stan had qualified for his driver's license. He helped me drive and became quite a good driver.]

To: Irene October 25, 1948

From: Joyce

J.C. is much better. We went to Guy last Sunday. That is the place where we taught school and from which we left to go to Africa. They have provided us support regularly, ever since we went to Africa. We have some dear friends there, and we love the church at Guy. They came over to pick us up, as we do not yet have a car.

To: Ethel Sevedge February 2, 1949

From: Joyce

Recently, we spent about eight days in J.C.'s home county. He spoke and showed slides at four different places. He was due to speak at one other place but was prevented due to high water. We rushed on home lest high water should pin us in. We had to return by train instead of bus for several of the highways were under water and the buses were not running. We had a three- or four-inch snow the other night, which really

delighted the children. They put on their boots and snow suits and were out nearly all day. Stanford, Sam, and Bernard Brown tried to make a snowman, but the snow wouldn't stick.

To: Ethel Sevedge March 3, 1949

From: Joyce

At long last, the Lord has supplied us with a way to travel and so we are starting the day after tomorrow, on our extensive tour among the Churches of Christ that have supported us and places where we have been invited. After visiting my sister (Hilda) in Oklahoma and my father in Alabama, we hope to reach Louisville on March 28.

To: Ethel Sevedge April 25, 1949

From: Joyce

We need a car and truck to take back to Africa. Whether we get the car or not will be conditional. We find the truck very unsatisfactory as far as family use is concerned. Usually we have had to leave the family at home or get someone to keep them when it was necessary for us to both be away, for the back of a truck has many drawbacks for riding in Africa. Our roads are either dusty or muddy. The sun is either beaming down unbearably hot or it is raining. However, if the Lord does not see fit to give us the funds, we will gladly relinquish it all, if He will just give us the health to go back to Africa to do his work.

To: Brother E. L. Jorgenson June 11, 1949

From: Joyce

Since we will have far more freight than our tickets will allow, we think it best to go ahead and buy the refrigerator and send it on to Africa. Most of the missionaries have to wait weeks (and months sometimes) to get their freight anyway. As we presume it best to carry on this business through Missionary Funds Office, we are enclosing a check for $317.35

to pay for refrigerator No. W-803A and the service kit, Part No. 9051-3. This can be ordered and started on its way via Capetown as soon as is convenient for you. If you see fit to place the business in the hands of a forwarding agency, it is all right. We would like to have it insured for loss and breakage.

When you learn of more costs connected with the purchase and shipping of the refrigerator, you may either notify us or have Sister Sevedge deduct it from funds designated for us. Please have the refrigerator sent to J.C. Shewmaker, c/o W. N. Short; Namwianga Mission; Kalomo, Northern Rhodesia; South Africa. If you will kindly let us have copies of your further correspondence on this matter, we will notify Will Short in time for him to be on the watch for the refrigerator before we arrive there. He will then be prepared to clear it through the customs and receive it.

We carry on with this necessary business in the belief that the Lord still has use for us in Africa and that He will supply the necessary funds to get us to the field. We expect to place our order soon for the truck and the car so that there will be no hold-up on our preparations to go. This will be done by faith, too, as we do not yet have funds on hand to pay for them.

A recent blood test showed that J.C. still had malaria, presumably from Africa. After a very strenuous course of a new drug, which nearly knocked him out, he is improving by continuing to take vitamins and iron. This is probably what had him down in Louisville.

(Hagerman, New Mexico)

To: Ethel Sevedge August 12, 1949

From: Joyce

We would appreciate it if you would start arrangements soon for our passage to Africa. We prefer the first possible date after October 15, but we would do our best to make the ship if you got passage a few days earlier than that. Of course, we want the cheapest fare obtainable, and we would like to be able to take our freight along with us, all except our

refrigerator, which we hope to send ahead of us. The reason we have for sending the refrigerator separately is that it is sold F.O.B., New York, and we want it to be there when we arrive. We think that we might be able to handle all the equipment, except the refrigerator, in the truck.

Surely the Lord has need of us in Africa and will supply the travel funds and needed equipment. It would be a cross to bear for me if He kept us from going back to Africa. I'm really getting anxious to get on our way.

Doubtless you are interested in knowing the state of our health. J.C. is in better health than he has been in since several months before he left Africa. He is driving and speaking nearly every night, but he does not have the feeling that he is "done for" as he had for months after we returned to the United States.

To: Ethel Sevedge September 17, 1949

From: Joyce

Because J.C. has been asked to go to Tom Bean, Texas to show pictures in the interest of raising money for a tractor in Africa, it will be impossible for us to get there for Lord's day meetings on October 2 as we wrote you. We shall be in Texas the week before we go to Louisville. We shall return to Searcy on Saturday and go on to Louisville on Monday, trying to be off to an early start and be there in time for a meeting on Monday night.

To: Sister Sevedge November 5, 1949

From: Richard Ramsey

The Shewmakers were overjoyed at your efforts in their behalf and the splendid results.

We got to see them only for a few minutes one afternoon, but we thought them wonderful people. They stayed with Clifton Ganus of the

Carrolton Avenue Church of Christ and showed their pictures there at their Wednesday night prayer meeting. They boarded the ship Friday morning, November 4, and sailed sometime around noon. I do not know the name of the ship, but it was one of the Lykes Brothers ships.

Many thanks for your work in behalf of the Lord's servants. May He bless you richly.

(Aboard *SS Genevieve Lykes* in Mid-Atlantic)

To: Ethel Sevedge November 18, 1949

From: Joyce

I have just re-read your little farewell message to us with tears in my eyes. It has been so wonderful knowing you, after years of corresponding with you. The same goes for Douglass Harris.

Now our trip to America seems almost a dream. It has been good for us, not only physically, but also spiritually. It has broadened our vision. It has filled us with more zeal and love for those who have not heard. Our travels carried us to eighteen states.

We have among our freight some very nice and useful clothing for both the orphan home and missionaries. Also, some is included for natives. Frankly, though, we have been given some clothing that was entirely unsuitable and impractical for natives, and some that was moth-eaten, dirty and worn out. Some of the clothing represented loving work and sacrifice. Some of it was a matter of cleaning out the closet and handing over trash for us to pay the freight on to help "the poor natives" of Africa. It took a lot of valuable time to sort and discard a lot of this clothing so that we might take and pay freight on clothing that would be useful. When it comes to handing out clothing indiscriminately to able-bodied natives, who are not living in a war-torn country, I am opposed to the policy. It makes "rice" Christians. I think the native churches should be taught to seek out lepers, cripples, elderly people, and unfortunates. Of course if we were in a war-torn country where food and clothing is short on every hand, it would present a different picture. Any native who is able and willing to work can have sufficient clothes and food. It is diffi-

cult not to spoil people who have so much less than we do, but if the African Church of Christ is to grow, it must accept responsibility for its poor as well as in preaching the Gospel. This is just a heart-to-heart talk. We can't sound it abroad. Missionaries cannot always speak their thoughts aloud, because many people would use our problems as an excuse for not supporting the work.

We are a willful group, and it takes a lot of overlooking and forbearance to get along. We feel closer to most of the missionaries than to our own brothers and sisters in the flesh. Most new missionaries make grave mistakes when they first reach the field. We did! They feel very critical toward their fellow missionaries and some of their policies about the natives at first. Later, it dawns upon them that the natives should be more appreciative of the sacrifices they (the missionaries) have made. Frankly, I nearly had a nervous breakdown at this stage of my experiences in Africa. But the Lord Himself taught me a great lesson, which has so enriched my life. He, the Lord Jesus, toiled on and on and finally gave up His life, misunderstood, not only by His enemies, but also often by those that knew and loved Him most. The Lord had to bring great visions into the lives of His most outstanding apostles in order to teach them His great lessons. He has to do the same by us. I wouldn't take the world for the lessons He has taught me, even though I spurned the teaching at the time.

Sailing has been most pleasant so far. It has been so relaxing— just what we need, for I'm sure the next six months of getting settled into the work is going to be most trying. Most missionaries testify to this.

The Shewmakers had spent just a little over one year in the United States.

18
Bought for Freedom

To: Ethel Sevedge December 15, 1949

From: Joyce

When we arrived at Namwianga we found a "welcome" dinner planned at the Hobby's, with all the missionaries taking part. How wonderful it is to be home and to see all our co-workers again! Everyone seems to be working hard, and all are in better general health than I've ever seen them.

J.C. is trying to get some of our milk cows together today so that we won't have to buy milk. We left the better ones at Sinde to help supply milk for the orphans. The Brittells got half the increase. Before leaving for America we sold off about two-thirds of our herd in order to help raise the travel fund.

To: Brother Jorgenson February 1, 1950

From: J.C.

We are indeed grateful for your gift of $5 for our travel fund. Your assistance in helping us to resume the preaching of the Gospel to the lost souls of the Dark Continent gives us courage to take up the yoke we laid down over a year ago.

Our journey on the sea from New Orleans to Capetown was peaceful and featureless. The rest and relaxation afforded us after months of driving and lecturing in the States was a very welcome period that helped prepare us for taking up our load upon reaching the field.

The journey of 1,700 or 1,800 miles through southern Africa from Capetown to our home at Namwianga Mission was very interesting and pleasant. The African Automobile Association mapped out our way. They recommended the roads, the number of miles we should attempt to travel each day, which hotels to stay in, and where and when to obtain petrol (gasoline). We found it all very helpful.

Since arriving, I have taken over the supervision of the schoolboys on the farm and the supervision of our schools near Livingstone. When school opened, I began one daily Bible lesson in the native school and an arithmetic class. Tomorrow school starts for our children. I teach Stanford Bible, geometry, and history. Joyce teaches the rest of Stanford's subjects as well as the other two children.

In order for us to get settled again, numerous odd jobs had to be done. I have installed two new 2,000-gallon water tanks to catch rainwater to carry us over the dry season. We have soldered holes in the old tank and built a new foundation for it.

Our new refrigerator, the last piece of freight, has just arrived finishing off our migration back to our land of labor. This is a luxurious gift from Christians that we had long since expected to forego for Christ's sake.

The farming goes on in a slow way with the oxen and slow-going implements. At last report approximately $1000 had been raised toward a tractor. We have a farm large enough that new fields could be opened up if we get the tractor.

We are grateful indeed to the Lord who has been abundant in loving-kindness, and to Christian friends, who have been used of Him to help supply our every need.

To: Ethel Sevedge February 7, 1950

From: Joyce

We could have used more rain in January, but February has started out with plenty of rain again. We had a nice croquet set given us, so we are preparing a croquet court. I want to also level off a tennis court and encourage the children to play games at home, instead of running with the worldliness at Kalomo. The mission children can play here. We are also putting up two swings in wild fig trees, near the courts; the little ones will enjoy these.

To: Ethel Sevedge April 12, 1950

From: Joyce

Since I've had time to settle down long enough to think, I've realized that I'm going to run out of books for Samuel and Claudia right away, so I have tried to get my head together to anticipate their needs for the next year. Then, each year I can order their needs. These books are to be ordered from Scott, Foresman as the previous list was. Please take the cost out of funds sent for us.

I have lots to write about, but I can't delay this letter until I have time to write it all, so will write in part.

Sister Short and I (and perhaps others of the women will join us) want to start a visiting campaign soon in the community, inviting all the European children to a "Children's Day" here at the mission. This is to increase interest in a school here for the European children. With seventeen children on the mission we should have a substantial nucleus for a school. The district officer has manifested a good bit of interest in the matter. Brother Short wrote to R. B. Scott in England about securing an English teacher for the academic work. It seems very necessary to have the English accent and mannerisms taught in the school. Perhaps others on the mission will assist in the school.

To: Douglass Harris May 12, 1950

From: J.C.

Your letter of April 4, with the enclosed donor list has reached us. We are very grateful and have thanked the Lord many times over for the very valuable assistance, which you are rendering and have rendered over the years. Also, we are grateful to the faithful donors, who have continued to give to our support. We have been able to continue our gift of $50 per month to the work here, which we plan to do as long as possible. Of course, we continue to do a good part of the mission and farm hauling which is no small item with gas costing 60 cents per gallon. We keep no tab on it because the truck is sometimes used for the personal needs of the missionaries.

We noted with thanksgiving in our hearts that you are making some progress at Anniston [Douglass Harris was the minister of a Church of Christ in Anniston, Alabama]. What a blessing if all preachers were giving themselves to peacemaking, feeding the flock of God and saving souls! How the flocks in the churches must hunger and thirst after the food needful to make them strong, but because of this failure many are being scattered and lost!

Doug, you have probably seen or had called to your attention by now, the "write up" placed in the May 2 issue of the *Firm Foundation* (and May 4 issue of *Gospel Advocate*), concerning the correspondence I had, which you are already aware of. Of course, any fair-minded reader who thinks for himself could reach a fair conclusion on merely reading the whole of the *Firm Foundation* contents on the matter, but a generation of people fed on anti-everything have their eyes too blinded to see the truth for themselves.

[EDITOR: For several years, especially in the decade of the thirties, the Churches of Christ in the United States had been embroiled in a controversy over the interpretation of the Scripture on the millennium. The legalists were making one's belief on the millennium a matter of fellowship and salvation. By doing so, this group of legalists on both sides of the issue, did much damage to the Churches of Christ. Jimmy and Joyce felt that it was not a critical matter and that the controversy should not be introduced into the mission field, so they refused to side with either group. Most of the members of the Church of Christ in the pew agreed with more moderate preachers that the single reference to a millennium in the Bible was so obscure that no one should take a dogmatic position on this issue. This was true except when the members were agitated by some preacher on one side or the other of the issue. While the Shewmakers were in the United States in 1949, they became a target of those opposed to the premillennial position. Some in the right wing of the Church of Christ in the United States were trying to force the Shewmakers to take a stand on the issue. When the Shewmakers refused, some of the opponents of the premillennial group tried to influence the Churches of Christ agreeing with their position to stop supporting the Shewmakers. The following material appeared in the May 4, 1950 issue

of the *Gospel Advocate* in the News and Notes section, page 293. The same material appeared in the May 2, 1950 issue of the *Firm Foundation*, page 14.]

Concerning J.C. Shewmaker and Springfield Church of Christ

R. C. Walker

The following correspondence is made public, not with a view to hurting anyone nor any work, but with a view of clarifying a situation which has had some critical results (critical of Springfield congregation), and possibly assisting in clarifying other situations which may be related.

The correspondence began as a result of inquiry by Brother Shewmaker in general coming to the congregation for lectures and pictures depicting the African work.

Mr. J.C. Shewmaker May 6, 1949
Harding College,
Searcy, Ark.

Dear Brother Shewmaker:

I have been authorized by the business meeting to write this letter. The brethren here desire to know just what position you take toward premillennialism and premillennialists.

As you know this church has been making a small monthly contribution to your support, and, therefore, believe it is right to know where you stand in this matter. Some question has been raised by someone, I do not remember just who raised it; therefore this inquiry.

I trust I shall soon have an answer from you.

Sincerely,

(Signed) R. C. Walker

To the above communication I received no direct answer; however, in writing to the church in care of Guy Craig, the following was given:

Harding College
Searcy, Ark.

May 25, 1949

Springfield Church of Christ,
Care of Mr. Guy Craig
Jacksonville, Fla.

Dear Brethren:

This is to acknowledge and thank you for your gift of $5 forwarded to us in April. We have just returned from a month's tour presenting the African work.

We are in receipt of Brother Walker's letter asking our position in regard to one of the issues, which is disturbing the peace of our brotherhood. As we are now planning a tour, which will take us into Florida, we would be glad to present to your congregation the African work in lectures and pictures on the night of June 22, if this would be suitable and desirable. After this meeting we could discuss the question in detail if it is deemed wise.

Please let me hear immediately if you would like me to come.

Your brother in Christ,

(Signed) J.C. Shewmaker

On receipt of the above letter, the elders of the Springfield congregation instructed me to write the following letter, save the last paragraph: however, it, too, contains the sentiments of the elders and their approval.

Springfield Church of Christ
118 East Twenty-first Street
June 5, 1949

Mr. J.C. Shewmaker
Searcy, Ark.

Dear Brother Shewmaker:

Your letter to Brother Craig has been duly considered by the elders of the Springfield Church, and they have authorized me to write you the following information.

Your position is not clarified upon the question asked; and since it is not there will be no invitation to visit the Springfield Church of Christ. Further, the support which has been given to you for a number of years is withdrawn.

I regret that you did not see fit to answer the query. It would have been so simple to state your position. We have a premillennial group in this city, and do not care to have further aid and comfort given to them that many years ago went out as a faction and hindered the progress of the kingdom of God in this section. I certainly would like to think that you are not what your letter has portrayed; and if you are, I pray that your eyes may be opened to the truth before too late. This paragraph is simply a statement made by the undersigned and speaks for his own mind in the matter.

Sincerely,

(Signed) R. C. Walker

To this letter there was no answer. Brethren, the church of our Lord must support the truth in no uncertain terms. There must be at all times the "certainty" of the sound of the trumpet. May God help us all brand premillennialism and premillennialists (generally speaking) for what they are — a Christ-dethroning doctrine, with a group of factionists headed into sectdom supporting it. Jesus said: "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth."

[Continuing J.C.'s letter above to Douglass Harris] Anyway, this is the point I want to get at — doubtless the publicity has not ended here. If you continue as our treasurer you may be pulled into the matter, too. You might feel that it would hurt your influence as a preacher. If you would like to ease out of the responsibility as treasurer at this time, before matters get worse, please feel free to do so. I realize the pressure from the "popes" and "sub-popes" of the Church of Christ is great, and I realize your wife and little ones must have food, though I sincerely believe it is a secondary matter with you. I believe you put the Lord first. We would not feel that you had "let us down," but would ever be grateful for the work and effort you have put forth on our behalf in the past.

We have no definite plan in mind if you choose to give up this phase

of your work, except to trust God and use these hands to "make tents" if it becomes necessary to "keep the wolf from the door."

I sensed, and you knew first-hand, from the very beginning I was a judged and condemned man. How have the garments of the Springfield Church of Christ been soiled, as indicated in *Firm Foundation*?

When one goes to explain his position on premillennialism, one needs the word defined, so that he knows where he stands. If I had gone to Springfield Church I intended to ask for this, if the question had come up. Just to say premillennialism, may mean one of several things. It looks to me like a position could best be clarified by telling what one is, rather than what he is not. I claim only to be a simple Christian, keeping my mind and heart open to all truth revealed in the Bible, and reserving the freedom to teach anything I find revealed there. To say what I am not would include an endless list and take endless time to compile it.

Recently, I received a list of ten questions most of which began, "Do you believe and teach etc." These questions came from a little rural congregation where my wife and I taught school for three years. I taught and admonished this congregation for three years. Why do they not know what I teach? They do. In the course of their letter they mentioned the fact that they have a new preacher. There's the answer. When we reached the U.S.A. from Africa, this little congregation sent to us at Searcy lovely canned fruit and other necessities of life, as tokens of their love and regard. Upon our first visit there they gave us $100. We visited them again a few weeks before we sailed and they gave us $175 on our travel fund. If they questioned my soundness, why did they give so much? If they were doubtful, why didn't they ask the questions then? Someone has brought pressure to bear. They know what I teach. Someone says, "But the Church has a right to know what is taught by the man they support". True; but isn't it enough to say, "I believe and teach the Bible alone." Must we also sign a creed? Doug, I will have to be counted out, if it takes this. I can't "sell my birthright for a mess of pottage." I was bought for freedom. How applicable to the dictatorship in the Church of Christ is Jesus saying, *"Yea, they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with their finger. But all their works they do to be seen of men; for they*

make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garment, and love the chief place at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogue, and the salutations in the market places, and to be called of men, Rabbi."

Doug, it is the simple childlike heart that Jesus can teach, the heart desirous of doing His will. It isn't every kind of heart that God can teach. Jesus said, *"I thank thee Oh Father, Lord of heaven and earth that thou didst reveal them unto babes: yea Father for so it was well-pleasing in thy sight."* No, I cannot give up my freedom in Christ for filthy lucre's sake. There are a few Christians who feel as I do, who boldly stand up for this freedom. And there are many who feel that way in silence, but who hold their peace, because of the pressure brought to bear. Yea, there are still a few, even some on this field, which have not bowed the knee to Baal.

Our well-meaning friend from Dallas suggests that the unfavorable publicity is going to result in irreparable injury to me as a preacher of the true gospel of Christ. To the church which Christ praised most highly He said, *"These things saith he that is holy, he that is true, he that hath the key of David, he that openeth and none shall shut, and that shutteth and none openeth: I know thy works (behold I have set before thee a door opened, which none can shut), that thou hast a little power, and didst keep my word, and didst not deny my name."* From this scripture I take courage. The doors God opens, none can close. All my support from the homeland may be cut off (that's in God's hands) and there may be many church pulpits in the U.S.A closed to me, but if these hands must take some time to "make tents" that the gospel might be preached, they are not too good to do it. The Lord would not lead me to Africa to starve, for David said, *"I have been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."* My first duty is to look to my own heart, to see that it is clean and pure before Him and then trust Him for the necessities of life.

Though we ask that you pray that the "advice of Ahithophel" be turned to foolishness, I suspect that we need your prayers far more, that we assume not a self-righteous, self-pitying attitude, and that our hearts be not filled with bitterness and hate. Oh! That we might pray and mean, "Feed me the Bread that is needful for me." Oh! That we might *"despise*

not thou the chastening of the Almighty," "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." Our Lord *"learned obedience through the things which he suffered."* How much more do the Shewmakers need scourging in order to bring them into subjection to a loving heavenly Father!

If this letter brings us to the parting of the ways and you think best to drop our work as treasurer, we shall still be always thankful for the service you have so rendered, and for having known you and Margaret. We appreciate your sincerity and earnestness and your love and prayers. We shall see what the Lord has further in store for us. After prayerfully considering this letter will you not let us have a reply at your earliest convenience?

(This statement and the one that follows a little later in this chapter are among the most eloquent statements found in all of Church of Christ literature on the freedom that Christians enjoy in Christ Jesus. May there always be men of courage, like James Cluver Shewmaker, that will stand against those who would destroy this freedom.)

To: Ethel Sevedge May 24, 1950

From: Joyce

Your letter of May 10, arrived day before yesterday, a few minutes before the Hobbys, Rowe, and the Pierces left for a six-day village trip. We rushed to get your letter read and down to Hobbys, but as we looked up from reading it, we could see the dust the Hobbys car had made pulling out for the trip, so now they will not get to read your letter until they return.

Thank you for ordering the books. I shall be glad to see them coming along soon, as I need some of them now.

The Garretts have visited us for a week since we wrote you. How we enjoyed their visit! J.C. and Will Short had asked Brother Garrett to come up to discuss the possibility of putting to use some money the three of them hold in trust as trustees of a fund, left by Sister Houchens of Searcy

several years ago. It would make a start in getting a European School started here.

Garretts' visit was an inspiration to us and came at a time when we needed it, for a day or two after they left, a clipping from the *Firm Foundation* arrived, making implications of our unsoundness. "Fan mail" arrives on each overseas mail now over the matter. Friends who have the work at heart are urging us to do something about it. At first it was a bit burdensome, but we have about prayed the burden off, leaving it all in the hands of the Lord. I asked J.C. to type an extra copy of his letter to Douglass Harris, so I could enclose a copy to you. Douglass thinks we ought to make a statement. Also, George Benson requests a statement to be made. He wrote: "Just a plain factual statement to be immediately published would be entirely adequate. If this is not done your personal support may be seriously decreased and a demand for all other workers in the mission to make statements could be made." J.C. was in no humor for making any reply or explanation for publication until he received George Benson's letter. Now, he has prepared a statement which he realizes does not touch on the subject of premillennialism, but which might be help to some weak and troubling soul who believes that Premillennialism dethrones the Christ because of so many alleged accusations against the doctrine.

J.C. Shewmaker prepared the following statement at the request of friends, out of concern for the African missions.

Lest anyone should stumble over the implications made in the May 2 copy of *Firm Foundation* and the May 4 copy of *The Gospel Advocate*, under the caption, "Concerning J.C. Shewmaker and Springfield Church of Christ," I wish to make the following statement: I am not a follower of any man, or group of men, paper or college. I have never subscribed myself to any creed, except the New Testament, and so am not an "ist" or "ite" of any kind. I take no statement from anyone, which cannot be verified by the Bible. I fain would take my stand with Christ and Him alone.

From my study of the Bible I believe the Church was established on the First Pentecost after Christ's resurrection and that no soul will stand

justified before God who has not washed his robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

I believe that the church and the kingdom of God on the earth are one and the same institution, and the eternal kingdom will not only consist of the saved of the church, but will also consist of all of the saved of all ages.

I believe that all authority in heaven and on earth has been given to Christ and that he has been exalted and is now sitting on the right hand of the Father.

Your fervent interest in the Northern Rhodesian work is very much appreciated by us all. I hope and pray that the matters, which have come up, will in no wise be a hindrance to the work here.

I have just read a statement R.H. Boll made; my, how sweet and good it is! How he longs for peace and love and unity! But how futile! How little good it does to make statements! They who love the preeminence will forever "harp". They who never search the scriptures to see if these things be so will be forever blinded by their leaders.

We are prepared to "make tents" rather than give up our freedom in Christ. Brother Garretts' attitude is very beautiful. He is deep in the scriptures, full of love, not dogmatic and serene through all the accusations and difficulties. The donor list showing $51, non-optional money given, is like an angel standing by in white apparel saying, *"Lo! I am with you always even unto the end of the world."* We would far rather Doug Harris would give our work up and write all our donors to that effect, rather than continue to try to make us "sound" to our donors and others. What a great blessing to be free! Your prayer should be not so much for our physical well being, but that we may never be bitter and that we may go about our work with gladness and singleness of heart.

You will note that J.C.'s letter to Douglass Harris is very frank. It had to be, because all this correspondence, which appeared in *Firm Foundation*, had been previously sent to Doug. This was an attempt to cut the "bread line" flowing to Africa. When it failed, the publicity stunt was the next step.

It's wonderful to know a little of the burdens He bore that He might set men free. It's wonderful to know a little about how He was misunderstood. We can never know the depths of it all. Pray that we may be pure in heart and not resentful.

To: Ethel Sevedge September 13, 1950

From: Joyce

The pressure we have had in recent months and weeks, from all directions by false accusations, insinuations, threats, etc., has served a wonderful purpose in our lives. It has served to make us do a lot of introspection. Somehow I feel that J.C.'s audible prayers are a little more mellow. I believe we appreciate the Lord Jesus more with the chastening. Perhaps it has made us more loving, more long-suffering, more considerate of others. It is humbling to know that a loving Heavenly Father loved us so dearly as to allow the chastening we need to be given in doses that we can take. Oh! Lord, help us take it all meekly, and gratefully.

To: Ethel Sevedge November 23, 1950

From: Joyce

With J.C. sick a few days and Stanford in the hospital two days with yellow jaundice, I've had so much to see to just to keep things going. Also we got a little rain, so I felt I must do some gardening. My tomato plants were so large I had to dig postholes to set them in. Also, our potatoes were sprouting and needed to be in the ground. We now have out a good-sized patch of potatoes, twelve rows of tomato plants, Kentucky wonder beans, butter beans, and okra. As soon as we get another rain, I want to get out sweet peppers and eggplants, which Georgia is going to give me. I think I'll put out a couple of rows of spinach, too. In my winter-irrigated garden I still have spinach and cabbage, and I will soon have Kentucky wonder beans to eat. I have rearranged some of my flowerbeds and put in new rich dirt. I have lots of red and orange gladioli bulbs, which came from the wild. They really get large and pretty when manured and cultivated.

The late rains have been a boon to our building. J.C. and Will Short have really repaired a lot of buildings and made new roofs on many. As you perhaps know, Eureka farm was bought for a "white" school. We have formed a board of directors for the "white" school, who will lease for 99 years a section of the land, which has the Hobby's, the Short's and our houses on it and which has a good building site for a larger school building and dormitory. This board will be a self-perpetuating board. If the board should ever cease to function for the purpose of a "white" school, the lease is canceled and goes back to Board of Trustees, which now holds it.

When we were building our storeroom, we had to use the little "white" school building for a storeroom. Now, we must clean it out, re-color wash the walls, repaint the blackboard, wash the windows, and polish the floor. It is a good little building, but it has only one room. If the school grows, we may use it for a single teacher's quarters and build a larger school building. Oh! Do pray that our health may hold up and that much more fruit may be borne for Christ. Pray for us that we may ever keep the goal of saving souls before us.

To: Ethel Sevedge December 26, 1950

From: Joyce

We have acknowledged every gift we've ever received. J.C. and I composed a letter to donors of the travel fund, and Stanford typed off 108 of these letters on the boat, typing a certain number each day until they were all written. I checked and re-checked the list to see that none were omitted. Then, after arriving at Namwianga, we completed acknowledgments of the list you sent us at Capetown. We have always been as happy to receive a $1 gift as a $100 gift. I always feel that the $1 gift might be the widow's mite.

Whether I teach this next year largely depends upon the number and the sex of the boarders we have. We are not expecting a large number of outsiders the first year. If people are pleased with our work, we may get more next year. In either case, it seems that J.C. and I will neither one have the time that should be devoted to Stanford's schooling. (We have

him through the tenth grade.) So, for several weeks we have been praying over the matter of sending him away to school. It will be about $22 per month for room and board. Two days after our final decision to send him, we received a check for $100 from a Searcy friend. We wept with gratitude, as this amount will just about pay Stan's expenses for the first term. We are reluctant to make any reduction in our gifts to the mission work, but we had not seen our way clear yet.

You asked about our circumstances. We are running close enough that it isn't comfortable for the flesh but is good for the spirit. We have been able to meet all obligations so far. Pray for us.

I've been doing a lot of garden and yard work. The constant rains are making everything grow, so we can't keep the grass and weeds down. I've been putting out a lot of trees too, while the rains are so good.

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EUREKA

This is to announce the opening of Eureka School, on Eureka Farm in January 1951. All parents who wish to enter their children in the school in January should fill in the enclosed application form immediately. Several day-scholars can be accepted and a limited number of boarders can be accommodated in private homes for the year 1951. All Standards will be taught from Sub A through Standard IV for the year 1951. Applications for scholars who will become seven years of age during 1951 will be considered. Younger ones will not be accepted.

A Boarding Fee of 50 pounds per annum, plus a school fee of 5 pounds per annum will be charged for boarders. (The school fee includes the minimum book needs and minimum school supplies. Extra needs, such as ink, erasers, pens, extra exercise books, crayons, etc., will be furnished from the scholars' spending money). The fees for boarders will be payable in advance as follows:

17-10-0 pounds, beginning of First Term.
12-10-0 pounds, beginning of Second Term.
12-10-0 pounds, beginning of Third Term.
12-10-0 pounds, beginning of Fourth Term.

A Boarder may be allowed to go home on weekends by permission of the Principal but there will be no reduction on the boarding fee.

Boarders will be required to furnish their own mosquito nets, which must be new or in good repair. Children who require waterproof sheets should furnish them. No uniforms will be required for the year 1951, but a sufficient amount of washable clothing in good repair should be furnished so that the children can have clean clothing for school every day. Also, a suitable outfit for Sunday should be furnished. All clothing and belongings should bear the child's name, clearly marked with marking ink.

Day Scholars are charged the school fee of 5 pounds as described above, payable in advance at the beginning of the first Term. Day scholars must furnish their own mid-morning milk, or pay 6d. per day if furnished by the school.

Scholars arriving by train will be met at Kalomo, if the school is notified.

Parents who require Government assistance on the boarding fee should apply direct to the Director of European Education, Lusaka, who has approved the school. Applications are also being accepted for the school year beginning January 1952.

Send applications to:
J.C. Shewmaker, Principal
Eureka School
Kalomo.

To: Ethel Sevedge January 31, 1951

From: Joyce

At last our "white" school opened. We worked as hard as we could until opening day, which was Monday, the 22nd. That afternoon we all laid down our work, tidied ourselves, and were ready to receive visitors for tea. Tea was served to twenty children on our large table on the side veranda. The parents of students enrolling were in our living room. The other ladies on the mission brought cakes and sandwiches to help out. After tea the parents and children walked with us about the grounds and looked at the schoolrooms. The day went off very nicely.

[JOYCE: We moved to Namwianga in 1946 to open a European school, but we didn't open it when we first went there. We wanted to and we made application to start it, but the Minister of Education was very much against it and he said, "I'll do all I can to fight it. As long as you have just eight children I can't do anything about it, but if you have more than that it comes under my department." He said "I'm not for these small schools." We had to wait it out. We didn't know how long we'd have to wait or whether he'd have a change of heart or what would happen. He finally retired and the next Minister of Education (European Education) was very much for it. He even gave us some school desks and he furnished some of the books that we would have had to purchase. He also gave us salaries for the qualified teachers that were teaching in the school. J.C. and Georgia Hobby were two of the qualified teachers.

Eureka was the name of the farm owned by the Merritts at the time. He sold it to the Eureka school board, which was separate from the Namwianga mission board, though the two areas joined. Eureka School had a board of its own. It had nothing to do with the other schools (the black schools). There was a primary school and later on a high school. J.C., Alvin Hobby and several other missionaries were on both school boards. We lived at Eureka School in the big house that the Scott's had built there. It was big for two reasons. They had some orphans and they kept some boarders for a little school that was opened there earlier. It had closed, but it was a forerunner of the Eureka School. The earlier school was a small one room burned brick building and Eureka started out in that little building. We added one and then another small mud brick building with a thatched roof as the school grew. But the school eventually outgrew all the buildings. Then we made a very nice permanent building. It had four rooms, one was big enough to accommodate chapel services and church services on Sunday. Sister Short kept the boys that went to the school as boarders and we kept the girls. Later when the school got bigger, we added extra wings on to our house. At one time we were keeping 20 girls I believe, maybe 22, because we had what we called the sick room and we had to use that. If we had sick girls we had to move the girls in there out and move the sick girls in to isolate them or give them quiet when they needed it. We had two bathrooms and I believe one toilet for all those girls. The only thing we reserved for ourselves particularly in that house was our bedroom and the office room. The rest of it was used for the children. We had a big living room where we had our evening devotionals. We also entertained parents who came to see their children in the living room and so on. Providing a place for the mission children to go to school was the purpose of starting Eureka school. We never dreamed that it would amount to what it did. We had as high as 56 children in school who came from all around. They came from farms. They came from people who lived at sidings on the railway, from the mission, and from Livingstone. The school gained quite a good reputation. Eureka stayed open for 17 years. When Zambia became an independent nation, the government asked us to integrate it. We did, but it wasn't sufficiently integrated to suit the new government. So, we could see the handwriting on the wall and closed the school.

[The parents had a big affair over it. The speaker who spoke when we closed the school said, "We've come here this morning to honor Mr. and Mrs. Eureka. We can't think of Eureka without thinking of Mr. and Mrs. Shewmaker." Then they had a luncheon for us. They gave J.C. a very beautiful desk lamp and they gave me a beautiful vase. We really appreciated that. They had some very nice words to say to us.]

Stanford left for Milton School in Bulawayo on Monday. As the train pulled out, Stan turned and walked from the platform at the back of the train, so we could not see his face. I can imagine the pain in his heart as he left home. I had one in my heart to match it. It's no pleasant thing to see the "birds flying from nest," but we can't keep them always.

J.C. conducts chapel at the Eureka school, puts the schoolboys to work under a native, and then goes to the native school for four classes. In the afternoons he supervises the farm work.

To: Ethel Sevedge February 23, 1951

From: Joyce

How can the Lord be so gracious? He is able to see the obligations staring us in the face at present. He is supplying the need regardless of pressure, false accusations, and our own littleness and failures. "Love never faileth." How we should be humbled! "For He careth for you." Man may fail, but God never does.

The Brittells are the only missionaries who have come over since we have been here who have felt a continual gratitude toward the older missionaries for having made the road easier for them. Most new missionaries feel that the older ones owe them everything. I'm afraid we were guilty of this when we were new on the field. Experience has taught us that we should be grateful for what has fallen to us. I think of the house we live in, the fruit trees that are on this place, the little "white" school building — all the work of the Scotts who are now too old and worked out to enjoy it.

The native schoolboys have just finished enriching and preparing the beds for our winter garden. It is a small plot near the well, where water

can be had for irrigation. I have set out plants in part of the beds and planted some of them. Since the rainfall has been light this year, the well will likely not supply sufficient water. If we are able to get the hand pump we have ordered, the well down in the field might supply sufficient water to supplement. We cannot count too heavily on that. There is a lot of expense to piping water and putting in a water system. Baths are a problem here with the "white" children. In fact, baths are a luxury we have to manage for in the dry season. Sometimes we have to haul water for them, but not last year, as it was an exceptionally favorable year so far as rainfall was concerned. Too, we had two large 2,000-gallon tanks, which helped out considerably.

To: Ethel Sevedge April 14, 1951

From: Joyce

Sherman is in bed with a low temperature, possibly malaria. J.C. has gone to the other end of the farm in the truck to see about one of our cows which the herd boy came and reported has a broken horn and is bleeding badly from the mouth. He took our boarders and the other two of our children along for their pleasure and so I could have a little quiet time for writing.

The Maytag Washer parts from the Philco Corporation have arrived, and the books, which I needed so badly.

A little Italian girl, Franca, entered our school at the beginning of our second term last Monday. She was quite bright and happy at first, but when there were hours on end that she couldn't communicate, she grew very sad, and finally went through her Gethsemane on Wednesday and Thursday. She was so homesick that she wept constantly and cried, "Mama," which must also be the Italian for "Mother." How my heart did go out to her, but I knew that even though we could rush her in to her mother at Kalomo, she has to get accustomed to speaking English and to the ways of people here. She has been here only a few months from Italy. Her parents are Catholics. The night Franca arrived she picked up her pajamas and said, "pajamas," in English, so we knew she knew that word. Yesterday the shadows had begun to break, so she decided to have

some fun and make the rest of the children laugh. She went about the room calling every object "pajamas." Now, she says, "Yes, please" and "No, thank you" at the table and "Excuse me, please" when she leaves the table. She understands when we say, "Go," "Come," "Sit," "Arise" and "Run."

I can't remember whether I told you that the tractor has been bought. The tractor itself has been bought and paid for, but no plows or other needed equipment has been paid for, though a disc plow has been bought. J.C. plans on writing about this soon in his general letter.

J.C. hates letter writing, and when he has a hundred other jobs staring him in the face he naturally takes the others.

Some of the odd jobs that call upon J.C.'s time are these: Friday and Saturday afternoon, he had to tear up old boxes and make forms for pouring the cement block for the second latrine for the European school. The afternoon before that he had to solder Pierce's 2,000-gallon water tank, for it was threatening rain and they were without any water stored for the dry season.

Sure enough it did rain about a one-and-one-half inches of rain. This afternoon J.C. has to haul lumber to build a form for the floor of the new latrine and sand for the cement. Tomorrow afternoon he will have to supervise pouring of the floor. These are jobs that he looks after since the crops are laid by. Harvest time will be late this year, since the rains were late.

To: Ethel Sevedge April 30, 1951

From: Joyce

We have bought and are erecting a windmill, and we are piping the water to the house. It has been very expensive. J.C. sold seven oxen yesterday to help foot the bill, in addition to what is coming from donors. Our mission well fund has been spent, I believe, and since this well will serve mostly us personally, we felt reluctant to suggest it coming out of the general fund. When our tank water is finished, I do not see how we can cope with the baths and washing that I have to do by hauling. Three

extra boarders, with more coming at mid-term and others accepted for next year, make us realize that something must be done.

Recently, a company who does it by power pump sprayed all the dwellings, dormitories, native houses, etc., with DDT. Usually, we do not see a fly, mosquito, cockroach or any other insect for months thereafter. I've stopped putting nets up. We are healthier when all native quarters are sprayed, for mosquitoes that bite natives may bring us malaria, though they seem to resist malaria better than we do. Since a well was bored near the boys' dormitories two or three years ago, we have had much less bilharzia (a serious disease caused by a parasitic worm.)

Stanford is helping me to get off a batch of general letters. I'll get one of J.C.'s enclosed in here, so you can take excerpts from it if you fancy. His negligence in writing is not willful. He just has too much to do. I do all the letter writing that does not absolutely have to be done by him.

To: Ethel Sevedge (form letter) May 1, 1951

From: J.C.

Since crops were laid by, our schoolboys have made several thousand sun-dried bricks. These bricks are for making three teacher's cottages, an additional room for the European school, a church, and a dwelling for the Shorts, besides several little out buildings. As soon as the Kimberly bricks (bricks that are not fired) are made, the crops will have to be harvested, and then the bricks for burning started. From the burned bricks we plan to build a new school building with four rooms, book-room, and offices for the native school. Most of the material is on the ground for a new school building in Kalomo, but the town council has granted no site.

A few weeks ago another $100 gift was received on the "tractor fund" for Namwianga. Missionaries on the station contributed enough to bring the sum total to $1952.95, which paid for the tractor and a planter. We also bought the disc with six months to pay, hoping that by that time the "tractor fund" would have received enough to meet that bill. Also, we hope to be able to get the cultivator and the mower, which brings the total

amount yet needed to $883. We are hoping the rest of the equipment will be on hand by October, when plowing should begin for the new season. We expect to see the farm work at Namwianga completely revolutionized with this new equipment. There has never yet been enough food grown to furnish food for more than half of the 250 students on the mission.

Stanford returned to us from Bulawayo today for a four-week vacation from school. He has three three-month terms per annum.

The winter season is now approaching. The nights are invigorating. The winter season, though short, seems to quicken our steps and help us get more done.

To: Ethel Sevedge May 31, 1951

From: Joyce

If I fail to keep my correspondence up-to-date, I will get swamped, and won't be able to catch up until Stanford comes home again. We always answer all letters with a personal letter, but donors and about 150 others receive a general letter run off on the multigraph with personal greetings and the month and amount inserted in the acknowledgment.

J.C. usually takes just enough time to tell us what he wants in letters, which are submitted for his approval before typing. When a letter really requires his personal attention he has to do it at night usually.

We were notified three weeks ago that the Director of European Education would visit us accompanied by his wife on last Monday. I wrote and asked them to have lunch with us. They accepted the invitation, so I had three jobs in one: to have my schoolroom at its best, my boarders' rooms at their best, and our house at its best, besides serving lunch. My cook [Dickson Simonde] is quite reliable; else I could never have undertaken it. When the Director arrived, it was recess. I served them tea in our living room. Our visitors were not "stiff", as many Englishmen appear to be, so I was able to relax in their presence. His wife brought me a lovely bouquet of carnations, Baberton daisies, and ferns, which had been given her at Livingstone, where they had just come from on their school tour. She said flowers were so scarce this time of

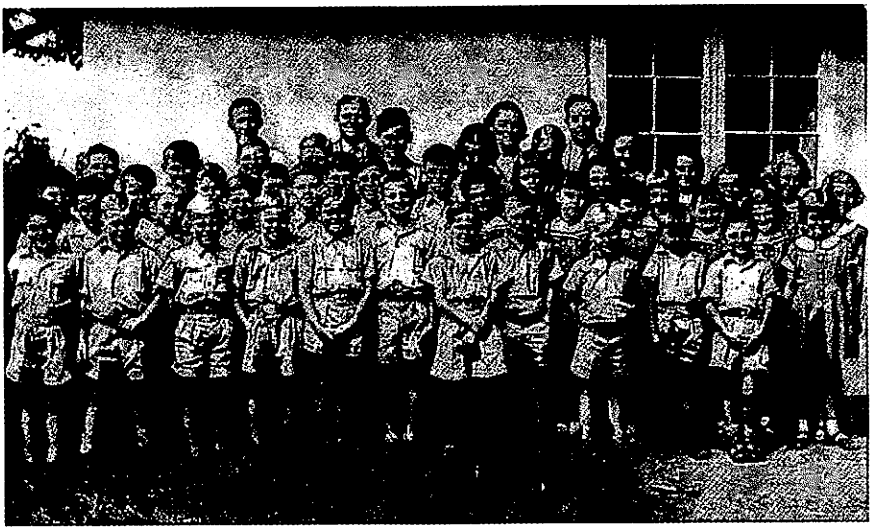
year that she disliked throwing them away. After chatting over the teacups a few minutes, Mr. Williams asked if he might "talk shop." He meant get down to business. It isn't good taste here to bring up business over tea, but he said he had to learn as much as he could about the school, as he had to meet the secretary of the farmer's union in Kalomo at 12 o'clock. After a little business talk, when tea was about over, I pardoned myself for the interruption and asked Mr. Williams if he would like to see the children's rooms before I went to my teaching. He wanted to. After pacing off steps in the two rooms, he said we could lawfully accommodate ten children in the two rooms. (The government requires so much floor space for each child. Thank God for this big house the Scotts built. We have had a number of oral applications and several written ones. We do not consider an application unless it is written.)

Now, I must get back to the subject. After Mr. Williams and his wife had seen the rooms, I excused myself to go to my teaching, telling Mrs. Williams to make herself at home until lunchtime. She went with him to visit the schoolrooms and then settled to her knitting. (Nearly everyone here knits. They knit socks, sweaters, everything they need along that line). When Mr. Williams came to my room, I introduced him and his wife to the children. Mr. Williams took right hold and asked each child his name. This seemed to break the tension. Then, he asked one of my beginners to read. Fortunately, he called upon my most fluent reader first, then called upon another, the next best. After that he called upon the most faltering one. So he got a fairly good cross-section of what has been done in the beginners' reading. Next, he asked one little boy to draw a picture of a man on the board. He did and was complimented. Then Mr. Williams looked at the handwork and writing specimens, which had been put up on the bulletin board for his examination.

Mr. Williams said that if he were away from here and away from Lusaka (where the highest government school is located), he would choose to send his child to Eureka School. He has done a lot of social work and church work, and he is interested also in our work. At twelve, Mr. Williams went to meet the secretary of the farmer's union at Kalomo. He reported on his conference to J.C. when he returned here for lunch at one o'clock (That's the usual lunch hour in this country). We tried to set

the table as nearly English as possible to prevent an embarrassing situation. However, I was short on salad materials, so I decided to serve pear salad, as I had a little lettuce in the garden, which I could garnish the dish with. This pear salad was served on side dishes, which is not customary here. The English serve from a big bowl or dish, which is either passed around by someone waiting on the table or is set on the table for people to help themselves. When the Director left he said he was behind Eureka School, even if a government school be established at Kalomo in the future. He is going to pay for the milk, which is served the children at recess. We felt it was a profitable visit for us.

Just how we are going to cope with the students wanting to enter we don't know. There is no fund except what is made up from donations given by individual missionaries. The boarding fee paid by the student has to go to us and to the Shorts, who are keeping the boarders. We have decided to build an additional schoolroom, as we have been permitted to add Standard V next year. Now we need beds, mattresses, sheets and bedspreads for single beds, and towels. We have promised both Stanford's and Claudia's beds to boarders for next term and have accepted one boarder that we do not yet have a bed for. I do feel that these things will come some way if this is the Lord's work. When I view the response of these little children to Bible teaching daily, I cannot help believing it is the Lord's work. If we can keep them until they are thirteen or fourteen we have had the best parts of their lives under our direction. Our little girls kneel of their own accord at their bedside every night, even after our regular family circle of reading, teaching and prayer, which shows how their consciences have already been touched.



Eureka School, 1956. Teachers, (back row left to right), Jesse Brown, J.C. Shewmaker, Georgia and Alvin Hobby.

20
Simply Christians

To: Ethel Sevedge July 11, 1951

From: Joyce

The natives are like so many children tugging at you all the time. Their ignorance wears one out — literally. You have just got to show them how to do every single thing and put up with their breakage of tools, dishes, etc. They do help in that they remove some of the everyday drudgery, such as washing dishes, washing clothes, and ironing. One seldom gets a helper so well trained that he doesn't boil black socks with a white shirt and ruin it, or scorch your best clothes, or something awful. When a helper gets really well trained, he usually demands so much pay that we usually have to let him go to some tobacco farmer who is able to pay him and we train another one.

On the first of July, J.C. and Alvin Hobby left for their village trip. David Hobby and their cook, who gets wood and water, makes fires, helps put up a grass enclosure and nets, get grass for beds — just whatever has to be done, went along also. In addition, they had an interpreter. This extra help enables the men to visit with the people, prepare their messages, and put up the picture machine. It provides a boy to be sent to town or to a mission in case of car trouble. Out in the bush there are many needs for a boy. These and practically every boy we use are boys working their ways through school.

J.C. and Alvin went in the pickup to the villages. They didn't go to villages that they thought couldn't be made in the truck. Alvin wrote back that they narrowly escaped a serious accident when they were five miles from Livingstone on the great North Road. They were going fifty miles per hour when they had a blowout. The truck swerved, and J.C. lost control. It hit sand and was nearly turned in the opposite direction when it stopped, still on all four wheels. It causes one to be so thankful for God's protection. It should also teach us to be more careful.

Before leaving, J.C. serviced the car and checked the tires, so Myrtle Rowe and I and our children could go on a trip. We went north and vis-

ited mission stations. First, we visited an independent missionary who lives off free-will offerings at Choma. It was interesting to hear her tell of her call to Africa about twenty years ago. She is a baptized believer. We had lunch on Monday with her, and then went on to Siachetema Mission, twenty miles out of Choma. There we visited another independent missionary who did not come out under a society and who also is a baptized believer. These two women are old friends of the missionaries and have visited here. They are Americans, far exceeding some of us in trust, zeal, faith, prayer and sacrifice. From there we went to Macha Mission, a native girls' school. This is a Brethren in Christ mission. The Macha missionaries took us cross-country to Mapanza Mission, a Church of England mission. We had tea at the Padre's house, and then returned to Macha Mission. The Macha missionaries are the essence of refinement, devotion to Christ, humility, simplicity in dress and homes, but with an air of joy in the work. To me this is as Christ would have it be. After two nights at Siachetema Mission and two at Macha we went to Sikalonga Mission, the boys' school of the Brethren in Christ. We spent one night there, and after lunch on Saturday we got back to Namwianga about five p.m. The whole trip was restful, revealing, and enjoyable. I feel far more prepared for the routine duties, which begin again next Monday, than I would if I had stayed home and sewed, as I needed to do. This trip fulfilled a desire that I have had for many years to visit some of the other missions and see how other people are attempting to take Christ to the African. We traveled 240 miles.

[JOYCE: We had one family that lived on the adjoining farm who sent their children. And they were of the Brethren in Christ faith, one of the religious groups that sent children to Eureka School. Pilgrim Holiness also sent their children.

[Missionaries were always welcome at other mission stations, Protestant or Catholic. We had toured among their mission stations and we thoroughly enjoyed the association with them. They were fine people. They accepted our hospitality and we accepted theirs. We had one Methodist man and his wife who came and spent a week with us at Sinde Mission. He was doing some translation work. We did not try to evangelize where other religious groups worked. We didn't want to fight oth-

ers who believed in Christ. There were plenty of places that needed the gospel. The Catholic Missions would gladly take missionaries in. They were very hospitable people. We would have done the same for them if they had come our way. There was a special feeling among the missionaries, that we were all involved in the same work — taking Christ to the lost. Then there was another man from a Paris, France mission society that had a work in Livingstone. He kept a house for traveling missionaries and anybody could rent rooms there, as we did on two occasions when Claudia and Sam were born.]

It might be of interest to you to know that American missions (of all denominations) bring more American dollars into North Rhodesia than any other source except the copper mines.

It is our plan to seal one end of the house we are in, including a screened-in veranda, and place all the girls near the bathroom, which is on that end. We will take the other end, which includes a bedroom for us, a large bedroom for all the children, and J.C.'s office and study. It goes against the grain with me not to have a separate bedroom for Claudia. She must have one in a couple of years, but perhaps she can manage for now. Anyway, we will make any sacrifice to get the school underway.

To: Ethel Sevedge July 20, 1951

From: Joyce

We have cold water coming into the house now — one faucet in the kitchen and one in the bathroom. (As funds permit we hope to get a sink in the kitchen and a basin in the bathroom.) It has cost a lot of money and hard work. Brother Bailey's work and technical advice has been worth so much. He has had years of experience at the poultry farm and perhaps elsewhere, too. Just the cold water in the house saves so much hard work carrying water in for thirteen baths. I wish all the missionaries on the mission had it.

The last meeting at Kabanga was very pleasant. The Pierce's took their tent and cooked outside. We had a room in one end of a two-room schoolhouse, and the Hobbys had the other room. We cooked on a campfire outside; the Hobbys cooked on a little one-burner oil stove. J.C.

made our beds of long grass, as he is accustomed to doing in the villages. We spread our woolen blankets on these. All of us slept cozily, even though Claudia and Sherman were about half-sick with malaria and colds. Kabanga has the best site of all the missions, I think. However, I like the site we live on very much.

After the good-sized work I've bitten off, I just don't see how I can teach next year, but I may have to. Myrtle Rowe plans to go to the United States on leave. She intended to go this year, but we prevailed upon her to stay here and help us start the school. She really needs the rest. Without Myrtle I feel that we could not possibly have met such good favor with the government. She is such a hard worker and efficient teacher. She lets nothing come before her work.

I do not like to encourage teachers from the United States to come and teach in the school until they have been in the country long enough to not be antagonistic toward the British methods, customs, and pronunciations of the English.

To: Ethel Sevedge September 9, 1951

From: Joyce

The day I had planned to answer your last letter, Samuel fell from Claudia's bicycle and broke his leg in two places. He broke the larger bone about three or four inches above the ankle, a clean break, and at the ankle he had a green-stick fracture. As soon as we could get everything arranged for leaving, we took him to Livingstone to the hospital. Myrtle Rowe came to our rescue, as she always does in an emergency, and offered to stay with our children and the boarders. He broke his leg about 12 p.m. and we had him at the hospital about 5 p.m. We put splints on him to make the trip easier, and gave him a bit of morphine. When we arrived at the hospital, the doctor saw him, put some new splints on him, and gave him something to ease him. They took an X-ray the next day about 9:30 to see if his leg was broken. They set it about one o'clock so you see we don't get in a hurry about things in Africa.

The day Stanford was supposed to return from Bulawayo for a three-week holiday, we received a wire from Foy Short, saying Stan had chick-

en pox and could not come home by train by the doctor's orders. But he said he could travel by car if we could go down for him, or if we couldn't go, he had all arrangements made for him to stay. Of course, we were deeply disappointed, as, like all fond parents, we like to have him home as much as possible. We thought it best, for several reasons, for him to remain there. It would have been unreasonable for us to bring chicken pox to the school here. Too, gasoline was in short supply, as well as expensive. Also, we have so many responsibilities here. Yesterday we had a wire from Stan saying he is arriving tomorrow. So, he will have only six days home out of the three weeks.

It gets monotonous to us, — some folks trying to prove we are "sound" (about premillennialism) and others trying to prove we aren't. They won't let us be simple Christians trying in our humble way to be faithful and true and zealous for Him. Maybe we've tasted a little of what Christ went through. If so, let us rejoice, that we are counted worthy.

To: Douglass Harris October 7, 1951

From: J C.

As I have stated before, I want to repeat that Christ gives some freedoms in Him, which I intend to retain regardless of support, friends, or anything else. One of these freedoms is to study, believe, and teach God's word as I find it. Another freedom is to fellowship all whom I believe to be Christians. When one has committed his life to Christ, there is a lot of leniency to be exercised toward him in his thinking, growth, and life. If not, how can any of us hope to enter in? If a man is in good standing in his congregation what right does another congregation have to set him at nought? Or what right does one of the Lord's churches have to set at nought another congregation? Are there only certain people in the church capable of interpreting the scripture? Do we have to teach what the church teaches or Christ?

Like the Pharisees of the time of Christ, these brethren, having failed to find fault with my teaching, have attacked my Christian character. I appreciate your desire to see me exonerated before the brotherhood, but I do not believe in getting down in the filth with these brethren. If you feel

the path is getting too thorny you could lay down the work as my treasurer, as freely as you took it up. I would not wish you to suffer on my account. If you lay it down the Lord will raise up somebody else, or He will provide some other means.

Lest you are not acquainted with the details of our coming to Africa, I might say that when we left the shores of the USA in 1939, we left with the promise of $10 support (which was never sent) and without even a treasurer to forward funds. It was a step of faith, which has been rewarded a hundred-fold. We were going into a foreign country to carry the Gospel. I was prepared to work at any honorable labor to be able to carry the "words of eternal life" to a people who had not heard. I had no plans as to what means I would use, but when I reached the field I saw the struggles and the work of the pioneers, and I determined to "put my shoulder to the wheel" and help carry the burdens. If you have Sherman's figures at hand, you know that we must have had a struggle those first few years. George Scott gave us our first two cows and one ox as a gift. Also, he loaned us a milk herd, and a herd of oxen to carry on the plowing at Sinde. Feeling the obligation to carry as much of the load as I could, I began to visualize how I could help in my own support and the support of the work. I borrowed the money from the bank to buy eighteen head of cattle consisting of cows, oxen, and young calves, the bank taking the cattle as security. The mature cattle I used, and I let the rest grow for future use. About the second year we were in Africa George Scott sold me five cows with their calves for $27 each. He told me I could pay for them as I could. These cows were for milk. Of course, their calves have long since grown into oxen, useful to the mission, and into milk cows. Two or three years after this time I received payment of a debt of $685.87 from the United States that was owed me. I invested this money in cattle so that I could have oxen for plowing and milk for my family. Also, I hoped to have some to sell off when I had extra financial responsibilities or at times when support was insufficient. I usually sell off cows that are getting too old or oxen that are too old to be profitable for work or too mean to be safe. Ever since I have had any cattle, the oxen have been used to carry on the farming here and at Sinde. All proceeds from the farming have been used for food or have been credited to the general mission fund. My oxen are still being used by the mission and will continue to be

as long as I keep them and the mission needs them. At present, the cows produce enough milk that we are able to supply ourselves and the boarding school girls with milk and butter, as well as the milk that is served to the European children each morning at recess. Since I have never had enough oxen to do the needed plowing, I am indeed grateful for the new tractor and plow.

I have never admired the missionary who sat around and complained about support and made no effort to do anything to meet his obligations. I know the sacrifices many of my donors make, and I do not feel like grumbling about support.

You need to pray for us that we may not become bitter. New uprisings of this mess render Joyce utterly unfit for the work and service. I am not of a disposition to let it worry me.

To: Doug Harris October 8, 1951

From: Joyce

The Lord has a record of all our deeds and sayings, and unless they are forgiven, He will someday, play them back to us. Then, we shall know He is just in His judgments. But I did not know that He had appointed any man to this position. The Lord knows our misdeeds are many and our sayings are often unbecoming. May God help us to attain that degree of faith, which God reckons for righteousness. God is abundant in loving-kindness and mercy. Some of our brethren are unmerciful and unkind. "I'd prefer to fall into the hands of the living God," said David. The more one is filled with love and the spirit of God, the less exacting he is of others, and the more influence he has for good in trying to direct the lives of others.

To: Ethel Sevedge January 7, 1952

From: Joyce

I want to make myself three everyday dresses and two dressier frocks. When at Sinde, one dress (to wear to town) was sufficient until it was worn out, but since we are becoming more and more involved in the

European work, I feel we have to watch our appearance a little more. J.C. has always worn khaki shirts and trousers while teaching in the native school, but he will have to wear suits this year, as he will teach full-time in the European school. The native work has many advantages (more people can be taught for the amount expended), but we must grasp every opportunity and not put all our eggs in one basket — teaching, preaching, printing, doctoring, orphan work, personal work.

We had three European funerals in this small community in two days — the two days after Christmas. The missionaries here were called to conduct the funerals and furnish the singing. As a result, one family has started attending the services. One of the other families has applications in for two of their children to enter school this month.

J.C. is repairing broken school desks today. Stanford and a native boy are color-washing the inside of the new European schoolroom. The boards of all the rooms have to be painted. I set out flowers and cabbage plants all morning in the drenching rain. When I finished I came in and took a bath, put on dry clothes, ate dinner, and went to bed to get warmed up.

You asked about our vitamin diet. There are five main vitamin foods, which you should be able to obtain from a health-food store in Louisville. They are blackstrap molasses, wheat germ, yogurt, and powdered skim milk. Other important foods are lean parts of beef, chicken, vegetables quickly cooked, fruit juices — especially orange juice, pineapple juice and lemon juice — dark brown sugar (instead of white), and whole wheat bread (instead of white).

All from Namwianga, Ken and Iris Elder from Kabanga and Foy's and Beth's families were at our place for Christmas dinner, with ice cream, leftover supper, and croquet playing in the afternoon. It was a very enjoyable day of Christian association. All on the mission helped in preparing the eats.

To: Ethel Sevedge April 21, 1952

From: Joyce

We had a short twelve-day vacation from the European school, dur-

ing which I have had time to get caught up on our correspondence. Claudia has set type on donor letters, making each one a personal letter. What a help this has been and how grateful we are for the multigraph, given to us by Don Carlos Janes, which has helped us with our correspondence all these years. We went to Livingstone to shop Saturday a week ago. I had to get blazers, socks, etc., for the children for the coming cool season. J.C. had to do some business. I got a veil and a flower to fix up one of my old hats; haven't had a new one since we came over here. I don't have a lot of need for hats except for an everyday one for the sun.

At last our telephones are in — four on the mission. It will be a lot of help with these children (contacting parents, doctor) and on the mission, saving trips to talk to each other. We can call each other all we like without going through the exchange.

My garden for the cool season is mostly up and being irrigated daily, as well as cultivated. It should prove very helpful.

Recently our washer went on the bum and I was glad we had the necessary parts on hand to fix it. As soon as J.C. has time to inform me, I want to replace these parts so we will be ready for the next emergency.

We expect to send Stanford home to Harding next year, in the fall if we can manage it financially. Just how we will manage we cannot see our way clear, for Claudia will finish Eureka School and have to go away to boarding school in 1954.

To: Ethel Sevedge June 24, 1952

From: Joyce

Myrtle Rowe sent me a coat and J.C. a suit. She chose them from clothes sent to Searcy for the tornado victims. She said that after the needs there seemed amply supplied, they began to wonder what to do with the clothes coming in. They began to think of the missionaries. My coat fit just right, except I had to alter the length of the sleeve. J.C.'s suit had to be taken up some in the waist of the trousers and length of the sleeves. Myrtle so thoughtfully had them cleaned before sending them

over, and then I pressed out the wrinkles, which were many from being packed so long. She also sent me a dress, which I may not have time to alter, as I need to catch up on correspondence. I needed a new coat when we were home, but felt we should save all we could on travel fund.

In the afternoons J.C. is trying to get dry grass and corn stalks processed in a solution of yeast, water, and molasses to make cow feed for holding up our milk supply. This was our last resort, since alfalfa hay is not obtainable this dry season. He and Will Short have burned a fire-guard on two sides of the mission in order to save the grass for cattle and thatching.

This is test week for the European school; we close Friday for three weeks. J.C. usually uses this time to get in a village preaching trip, but this year we hope to get off to Southern Rhodesia to see Stanford and the missionaries at Bulawayo; visit Zimbabwe ruins; go on to visit missionaries in and near Salisbury; enter Northern Rhodesia again by the northern route; visit work and workers at Lusaka; and return home. We expect to visit the Nel's at Lusaka, and the Murphys. Also, we plan to take in the annual agricultural exhibit of Northern Rhodesia. This change from the routine of mission work should make us more fit to take up the load again. I find the responsibility very heavy with these small children.

We plan to take a little four-year-old boy [John Locke] as a boarder beginning next month. His mother died recently, and his father wants him to have a home and a mother's care. He wants him to enter the school as soon as he is old enough.

On the sixth of May my father, Watson Copeland, passed away. He left my stepmother Jennie, and two half-sisters, Ruth and Frances, ages about 13 and 8. These are always sad times when one is so far from home. (J.C. lost his father ten years ago.) Jennie could not notify any of the family because the telegraph strike was on. Daddy was 72. He was found dead in the kitchen with an unlighted match in his hand. Jennie was away at work. She supposed he had started to warm his lunch. He had not been passed going, but rather was being carefully and regularly checked for diabetes. I'm happy he did not have a long, drawn-out sickness. Daddy always kept his face toward God, and had preached on the Lord's Day, two days before he died. It was all as he would have had it,

I'm sure. He had a small Social Security insurance, which his wife will get. She is industrious enough and thrifty enough and trusting enough that I'm sure she will manage somehow to live and to educate the girls.

Our Rhode Island chickens are doing well now. We have all the eggs we need, and I am now saving up some to take to Bulawayo and Salisbury to the missionaries. They are so high when one doesn't have chickens. The feed is high, too. We have raised some of our feed and buy some. We plan to get another hundred unsexed day old chicks again this year. I have a little coop built for them, about four feet in diameter. We will put a lamp in a four-gallon can in the center to keep them warm at night. Enough bricks have been left out to give them air.

To: Ethel Sevedge September 8, 1952

From: Joyce

As long as there are questions about "soundness" the work at Namwianga can not be too stable.

Some of us are not prepared to be told whom we can and whom we cannot fellowship, and that is the reason why we purchased the little place nearby. We will have to struggle to pay for it, but it would be a roof over our heads until something turns up. Meanwhile, it is used for grazing a few cattle to help if things get worse. It will throw us in a great strain for a few years. Our main concern at present is Stanford's travel fund and schooling. We used to sell an ox or so along to keep out of debt, and others kept growing up to replace them, but with the whole herd sold off (except a few needed by the mission), and those growing up committed for paying off the place, it isn't going to be easy from here on. However, this deal was made after much prayer and "putting out the fleece," so surely we shouldn't question it but take whatever comes.

My heart sinks within me when I think of sending Stanford home for school. There are too many miles between. Stanford's younger brothers and sister idolize him, and to think of them being separated four long years is more than I can bear. Just why I'm crying on your shoulder I don't know, but the picture is more vivid with Stanford home.

J.C. is the Eureka School treasurer as well as the principal, so he has the books to keep as well as the principal's correspondence with parents and government. With this letter and one I should write to a former pupil, I will be caught up.

21
Civil Unrest

To: Ethel Sevedge October 5, 1952

From: Joyce

Here our ten-day holiday has ended and today the school children are arriving back, ready to start school again tomorrow. John (Locke), our little motherless boy, is spending the ten days with his father. We expect him back today. J.C. spent the whole ten days putting new steel windows into our house. Two windows were replaced when we re-did the living room last year. It is such a job. First, the old ant-eaten wooden frames are pulled out. If the wall is not cracked above, the chances are good for no reverses in putting in the new windows. The steel windows were a third or more larger than the slide windows that were replaced, but in some instances the wall had to be built in as some of the old windows were a bit longer. Bricks had to be built in and painting and plastering done. After that, with the help of some schoolboys, I got the walls white-washed again, the dirt cleaned out, and the floors scrubbed and polished. Five rooms were affected. Three have been finished, and we have moved back into them, but the large bedroom where our children sleep and the kitchen have a lot more work to be done, even with the windows finished. The little triangular cupboard in the corner has been torn out and we plan to put in a large pantry, as I need a large place where I can lock up supplies.

We have the best garden this hot part of the dry season that we have ever had. Our Kentucky wonder beans are nearly big enough to eat and we have cabbage, spinach, onions, carrots, and parsley. The tomatoes are getting big on the vines and the potato vines look large and healthy. The granadila (passion fruit) vines are weighing down the fence so that I'm going to have to get some new posts in.

My wild tree orchid is blooming in the crotch of a big tree in the front yard. I have a different species of the orchid in a pot. It is a red one, which Sister Garrett gave me. I have planted a lot of flower and vegetable seeds in pots so that I can get the plants out as soon as it rains.

J.C. wants me to ask you to have Great Songs Press send us three dozen of the latest edition of the Great Songs of the Church (round notes) for the Eureka school and the European services. The postage as well as the price of the books is to be deducted from funds coming in for us. You will be able to have them sent book post, which is cheaper. They can be sent four or five books in a parcel, according to their weight. This could be determined by calling the post office. After the books are paid off we would like you to please place our order for a portable Royal typewriter. We can ill afford one at this time, but we do not want to let the opportunity slip to get one sent over by Myrtle Rowe. As you remember, we wanted to get one while we were home, but decided we'd better wait in favor of our travel fund. Then, again, we wanted Orville to bring one, but decided to wait. So far as we know, Myrtle will be the last one to return to North Rhodesia soon. There's no talk of anyone going home soon and returning. We want to let Stan take our old one home, where it will be handy for repairs. We had it worked on while we were home, but it still needs some more. Stan might be able to pick up some typing to do, as certain term papers and themes have to be handed in typed. Some students will be unable to type but will be able to hire it done. We would like a silent typewriter and the ordinary size type so it will go with the multigraph. You quoted us a price once on the stationary typewriter, but I have forgotten what it was. Anyway, I believe you were allowed twenty-five percent discount. We will settle with Myrtle for freight and customs.

Lest someone else fails to explain, I'll answer as many questions as I can think of which you asked in your letter. The new two-room schoolhouse is in the native location at Kalomo. It is for natives. The new church building is at Namwianga. It was built by the congregation here — no overseas donations that I know of. This congregation here would be the equivalent of a college congregation at home. The native teachers and missionaries are the main contributors as students are usually hard-pressed while going to school. Work done by missionaries helped to save on the cost of construction.

The administration building at Namwianga is now under construction. Will Short is building it with student labor and paid bricklayers.

The money for it was raised by George Benson two Thanksgivings ago at Harding. The government will refund perhaps a third of it when it is completed. The brickwork is nearly finished, and most of the materials are on the ground.

J.C. says, "I'm willing for my name to be used anywhere it will be useful in encouraging the Lord's people." Ethel, I'm still Joyce, the one who has been so blessed by the Portland Church of Christ and the school, and I'm glad to be classed with the Louisville brethren. Surely God will someday bring to naught all those who would hinder and destroy the peace among brethren over the fellowship question. (This answers your question as to whether we want our names in *Word and Work*).

I've started learning to type. I'm now on lesson 26. I have missed practice only two days since I started about three weeks ago.

To: Ethel Sevedge November 25, 1952

From: Joyce

One of our families wrote Myrtle Rowe that they were leaving Namwianga because they did not agree with the older missionaries' methods of doing mission work mainly through the schools. [In the next fifteen years, differences of opinion about the most effective and socially acceptable method to do mission work in this section of Africa would become a major controversy at Namwianga.] Paul went to educated people, so we are without a Bible example of how to get the Gospel to illiterate people. Nowhere in the villages or in the towns can one get together more people to hear one preach than we have in our schools, where we teach God's word systematically every day. How can people study to show themselves approved unto God unless they can read? Much as we have all longed for a faster and less expensive method, and a method that would not require so much of our time and energy in secular labor, our thoughts always revert to the school, where we can teach daily God's word to the young.

On your prayer list and that of others should be that the Lord would send us a teacher for Eureka school. It is a unique place to fill. First of

all, we do want one who is devoted to the Lord and understands the true meaning of Christian education. She should be adaptable, and not prejudiced against conditions and customs in this country. Of course, too, she needs the attributes of any good teacher.

To: Ethel Sevedge December 10, 1952

From: Joyce

Your letter, telling of Brother Covey's death, indeed brought sad news. A prince in Israel has fallen indeed. Brother Covey has been my living example of a scriptural elder, having all those fine qualities required in an elder that make him capable of looking after God's heritage. When we sing the song "O the light along the shore," I'm always made to think of Brother Covey, along with others who have been my lights along the shore. Heaven is all the dearer. In fact, heaven becomes dearer as the days pass. This world looks less promising all the time.

We are leaving tomorrow to spend one night with the folks at Sinde, and moving on to Livingstone on Friday to shop, attend to business, and spend Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights in the huts at Victoria Falls. The huts are located on the Zambezi River and within easy reach of the Falls. It is a peaceful repose when one gets tucked into bed and is put to sleep by the sound of those great waters bounding over the precipice below. We shall attend services with the native brethren in Livingstone on the Lord's Day. Stanford returned from Bulawayo, where he has been at school, and spent the three days with us. The mealies (corn) are all in, and we have had a gentle rain on them. We have almost a complete stand. I have very little planted in the garden so far. Hope to get in more, as soon as we get back from Livingstone.

The songbooks arrived in good condition. Many thanks.

To: Ethel Sevedge January 30, 1953

From: J.C.

In December we had a drought, the driest December I have seen in

Africa. January has been the rainiest month since we have been in Africa. Our crops will suffer because we are unable to finish planting and the crops we have planted cannot be cultivated.

It is a great joy to be in a work where nearly 300 children (on Namwianga Mission alone) are being fed daily the words of eternal life. Pray that we may be able to fill them with a love for the lost around them.

To: Ethel Sevedge March 4, 1953

From: Joyce

There has been quite a lot of unrest among the native population in recent months, which has given us some concern. Officials have taken an inventory of our guns, ammunition, motor vehicles, number of Europeans in our care, etc., and have warned us to be prepared for any eventuality. The crisis of any native uprising would be expected to be next month, when the three colonies of Northern Rhodesia, Southern Rhodesia, and Nyasaland are staging a referendum to vote on federation. Opposition leaders have caused the ignorant masses of the natives to believe that federation isn't for their benefit. Please pray that our missionaries will be safe. And please do not give this publicity at present.

To: Ethel Sevedge June 22, 1953

From: Joyce

Myrtle Rowe is determined that J.C. and I get away from the mission and its responsibilities for a few days, so she insists that she stay with the children. She has also given us a very liberal donation on our expenses, and a gift toward Stanford's travel fund. So we plan to go to Bulawayo for about eight days to the Rhodes Centennial. The Allen Hadfields have invited us to stay at their place. All hotels and boarding houses have been reserved for months in advance. The railway gives one-third off the price of tickets, so we plan to go by train. If the whole family went, it would likely be cheaper by car. Stanford can visit the Centennial a few days later as he goes through Bulawayo on his way to Capetown to catch his boat. It isn't likely the two youngest children would remember much

about it a few years hence. However, I should like for Claudia to go, as she is quite observant.

There are just a few more days of school. Every child's clothing must be clean, checked and packed. Those who leave by train have to be taken to the station and put on the train. I always feel a lot of anxiety sending these small children 40 to 225 miles away, especially when there are quite a number of them in the group, because they may be up to mischief.

J.C. and I will be up late this week, averaging grades, and getting out report cards and several government reports. Reports to parents go out four times per year. Concessionary forms for parents who send children by train have to be made out and sent to parents at the end of each term. Reports to parents are sent direct to them by mail. They are not sent by the pupils.

Stanford and A. B. Reese plan to start burning fireguards tomorrow. Stan mowed two strips of grass on one side of the mission today. They plan to burn between these two mowed strips, so as to keep grass fires from leaping on to the mission. If they start on the mission (and they often do), that is a different matter — there is a fight. If it is not kept under control and extinguished, hundreds of acres of valuable grazing grass is lost and maybe much good thatching grass. Sometimes grass-thatched buildings are burned or endangered.

To: Brethren June 22, 1953

From: J.C.

Our native school is out, and the final government examinations finished, with only two failures in Standard VI. Those who passed are ready to enter teacher's training here or pass to their chosen jobs or villages. It is our prayer that each one will hold up Christ wherever he goes, and that other souls may be saved through their influence. Many applications are coming daily asking for entry at Namwianga. Many will have to be turned down. We only hope and pray that those accepted will be fertile and good ground, and that seed sown daily in their hearts will bring forth fruit — some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred fold.

The European (Eureka) school will be out for a three-week holiday on the 26th of this month. This will be my only break until Christmas, as I teach in both schools. Though it is a pleasure to be teaching God's word daily to children, I miss not being able to get to the villages for preaching, as I have formerly done.

We had quite a lot of celebrations in these parts for the Queen's coronation. Our greatest desire is for peace, that we may go forward with the gospel. The great threats from African leaders who opposed the federation of the three African provinces seem to be breaking down, as the Africans can see no visible changes yet from federation.

To: Ethel Sevedge July 28, 1953

From: J.C.

A week ago our little boarders arrived back for the third term of the European School — lots of work and responsibility, untold joy and opportunity. This is the third year since the school re-opened. Our enrollment was sixteen the first year, thirty-three the second year, and forty-four this year. Seventy children, in all, have passed through our doors during the three years. Every child has a daily Bible lesson. The little boarders who live here receive God's word morning, noon, and night. Most of them live in an environment very foreign to that of their homes.

Already the trains are bringing native boys and girls who arrive carrying clothes, blankets, and other belongings in bundles on their heads. About 300 of them will enroll tomorrow. From heathen villages they have come. In most instances they have come in answer to an urge for an education. They get more: the unsearchable riches of Christ.

When the shipping company kept advancing the sailing date of the *African Rainbow*, we finally canceled Stanford's booking and made reservation on the *Carnarvon Castle*, sailing on August 7 from Capetown to England. From Southampton he hopes to sail to New York on one of the "Queens."

To: Ethel Sevedge August 28, 1953

From: Joyce

I just got this far, as the missionaries were arriving at our place for a meeting to get our new missionaries placed into the work. The Bells arrived — a week ago last Friday. Last Thursday night we gave them a grocery shower, trying to supply everything for the pantry, but I'm sure we must have forgotten a few things. Brother and Sister Bell have come by faith, like the rest in Northern Rhodesia, depending upon the Lord. That one thing makes them fit in Northern Rhodesia. They saved and paid their own way. They are both 30, old enough to have experienced some of life, but young enough to have many years before them. The adjustment to ways and customs and people here is vast, except for missionary children who grow up here, and it would seem that some experience with life is a good thing. The Bells both grew up on the farm, which is also good background for a mission station, as we are essentially rural, having around us gardens, cattle, and many inconveniences connected with a new, developing country. Also, they are able to draw comparisons between the people (natives) here and the Indians on the reservation on which they taught in north Canada.

With our water piped to the garden, I have been able to furnish vegetables to all the missionaries on the mission so far and hope to be able to continue through the dry season, except for the Reeses, who have water, too.

A grandmother came here last night with her dead daughter's newborn baby, asking us to help her get to Sinde to the orphanage. As all of us are tied up in class work, we did not take them by car as they wanted us to, but wrapped the baby, which was naked and shivering, and took them to the station, where they were to sleep in their blankets and catch the train to Senkoba (the siding closest to Sinde) at five this morning. Since mothers do not have milk anyway for two or three days, we thought it best to give the baby nothing rather than run the risk of something unclean entering its mouth. It shouldn't suffer too badly in twenty-four hours. The baby seemed quite content after getting warm, wrapped in several thicknesses of an old bedspread I had and cuddling next to the warm body of its partially clad grandmother. The baby looked healthy.

Its father is a clerk to a native chief. The chief had it sent here since its father was away from the village on public duty.

I love writing letters when I have the time to write them and am not having to from a sense of duty.

J.C. and Joyce Shewmaker (back row) with students that boarded with them during the school year, 1956.

22
Home Again

The reader will notice a space of six years unaccounted for from the end of the last chapter. This is because the letters from the Shewmakers were not as numerous during this period or the ones that were written have not been preserved or located. Possibly the smaller number of letters is a combination of both of these factors. The remaining chapters cover longer periods with less detail about the work of Jimmy and Joyce Shewmaker.

To: Ethel Sevedge January 24, 1959

From: J.C.

Thank you for your good letter of January 17, which arrived recently. Regularly we pray for you who are encouraging us in the work of carrying the Gospel to awakening Africa. If only there were enough missionaries to present Christ to the Africans as they wake from their centuries in darkness.

A week ago our boarders returned. So we are again involved with the regular routine of teaching school. There are a few new ones who have taken the place of the children who completed their work here or for various reasons were transferred from the school. It seems the small children who are away from home surroundings have settled in better than usual this year.

Although we are busy and have our house full of boarders, there is a tinge of loneliness, as we have sent our own youngest son away to a boy's boarding school at Lusaka. Samuel and Sherman are in the same dormitory at Lusaka.

The African school has resumed its second term. Although there is much need for evangelization in the villages, we feel that the daily teaching of God's word to the young people is a most important phase of the work. Not only are we able to teach them, but also we are able to govern completely their environment.

To: Sister Smith January 10, 1961

From: J.C.

Thank you for your gift of $5 for November. We are overwhelmed with gratitude for your generosity. It is our prayer that we shall not be forced to leave Rhodesia because of political reasons, but should the Lord see fit to let this come about, it would be some degree of satisfaction to know that we had the money for our tickets. Unless forced to do so, we do not plan to leave our posts of duty until early 1963. This will mean that our present tour will have lasted for 15 years, since our last trip to the U.S. was in 1948. At that time Sherman will have finished high school here and will be ready for college.

Samuel will be making use of his part of the travel fund when he flies from Livingstone on the 25th of this month for Johannesburg. There he will board a Pan American jet airliner for the U.S. to attend Harding College, beginning with the spring term.

We have had wonderful rains, with the exception of a three-week drought in November-December. The crops are doing very well. How necessary for the peace and security of this country that the people be well fed!

Our new term began at the African school last week; the new year begins at Eureka school week after next. We have been able to accomplish several jobs during the short vacation.

Again, thank you for your help, encouragement, and prayers.

To: Ethel Sevedge February 7, 1961

From: Joyce

It was hard to see Samuel go, but we were so busy with the opening days of Eureka school when he left that we had very little time to feel sorry for ourselves. He flew to Johannesburg, where he caught a Pan American DC-8 jet for New York. From there he flew to Little Rock, where Claudia met him. A cable has already been received here telling of his safe arrival in Searcy, but we have had no letter yet giving details of his journey.

To: Ethel Sevedge April 7, 1961

From: Joyce

We have had wonderful rains much later this year. In fact, today seems like an Arkansas April, so unusual here. It has really been a good rainy season.

J.C. will start another series of treatments for amebic dysentery today. The doctor has told him that he will never be rid of it. He just has to learn to recognize the symptoms early enough that he can take the treatment before he gets down to where he can't keep going. It is in his lungs and liver, where the medicine doesn't touch it. It can be cured in certain stages in the intestines.

To: Ethel Sevedge July 8, 1961

From J.C.

After months of uncertainty, expectation and racial tension, the British government has issued a new constitution for Northern Rhodesia. The extremists of both the Africans and the Europeans have refused to accept it, and they say they will resist it with every means at their disposal, except violence. Although it seems that no one is entirely satisfied, the party that is now in power stated that they will try to make it work. It seems that the new constitution will serve to put moderates of both races into power, which should be a good thing. Africa's problems cannot be compared to the racial problems in the U.S. In Africa, great masses of the black people have never seen a white man, let alone lived among civilized people. Relatively few have reached the high school level and B.A. degrees among the Africans are scarce indeed. Certainly the extremists are an uneducated group. The common African in the village, which is by far the greater group, is quite content to go about his life in peace. The British government has been extremely kind and just to the African, even to the extent of spoiling them like children.

To: Ethel Sevedge August 1, 1961

From: Joyce

Claudia plans to enter the College of Nursing at the University of

Tennessee at Memphis, next month. It will take her three years to get her Bachelor of Science degree in nursing. She just lacked about half a year getting her BS at Harding. Samuel likes Harding very much and seems very happy there.

The weather is warming up here, and our lovely cool weather seems to be ending. Our vegetables have been lovely, but usually when the warmer weather comes, lice, aphids, and worms begin to make their appearance. We grow lovely, crisp lettuce in the cool season. Seldom do we get frost in our garden. It is sheltered and high. The frost seems to do more damage in the lower places, where no breeze blows.

The political situation seems to have settled here some, since the constitutional talks for Northern Rhodesia have ended and the new constitution has been published, and the people of Southern Rhodesia have voted for the amendments to the Constitution in Southern Rhodesia. An election in Nyasaland will take place in mid-August. After that come the federal constitution talks. We hope there will be a period of peace for some years to come.

To: Ethel Sevedge and "Miss" Myrtle September 1, 1961

From: J.C.

Eureka school is out for a recess of three weeks, and the children have returned to their homes. The African school, with 350 enrolled, carries on with very crowded conditions, because the thatched roofs of three of our dormitories have recently burned off. The heat so cracked the walls and cement floors that the whole three buildings need replacing. At present we are not in a financial position to replace them.

Some have probably wondered about the recent flare-up of arson and sabotage going on in Northern Rhodesia. So far, Kaunda's United National Independence Party members have burned a goodly number of churches and mission schools in the northern provinces. They have placed roadblocks on some of the main roads while hundreds of armed Africans wait to ambush lonely cars of Europeans passing that way. The African schools, churches and villages were burned because people refused to follow Kaunda and his party.

Our son, Sherman, has had to take his turn at patrol duty at night at the boarding school that he attends at Lusaka, 220 miles north of here. Our area here at Kalomo is reasonably quiet, and there have been no cases of arson so far as we know, but it keeps one on the alert. We still do not lock our back door. It may be possible for us to do more good in times of trial than when people are less disturbed.

To: Ethel Sevedge December 15, 1961

From: J.C.

At present we are in the process of tearing down and remodeling one end of our house, making it more convenient for the twelve little boys we house there. This end has consisted of two small rooms and a veranda.

It will now be one large ward for twelve beds and a bathroom. An outside entry will allow the boys to enter the building without going through other rooms. Windows will replace the present screened openings.

We are pleased to be able to say that Miss Bailey of Canada has decided to join the staff at Eureka School as a teacher for the primary department. This is in answer to several months of special requests to the Lord for this vacancy to be filled. It would be wonderful if some other young woman would join her and make a fourth teacher for the school. This would make our work still more efficient. We have to turn away pupils because we do not have accommodations for them as boarders. Keeping boarders presents far more work, but adds very definite opportunities. To have a young child's full environment under our control for nine months out of the year for a period of years is bound to bring results for the Lord sooner or later.

To: Ethel Sevedge January 29, 1962

From: J.C.

Christmas passed quite uneventfully for us. After the morning's work, the missionaries on the mission had Christmas dinner together,

with games in the afternoon for the young people and any of the "oldsters" who cared to enter. The giving of gifts between the workers is practically banned, but most of us remember our African workers with extra food and gifts. These are people who seldom give anything in return.

Our six-week Christmas vacation has been a very busy one for me, as we are trying to get the work finished in time to receive our schoolboys on Monday. If we just have the room ready for the beds on Monday, it will be all we can expect. Work on the bathroom, the toilet room, the hallway, and the storeroom and all plumbing, will have to continue after school begins.

The mission youngsters, Stan, and Orville Brittell have all been good to assist with brick laying, painting, glazing and ceiling work, which has been appreciated. As a whole the African helpers have cooperated to rush the job. The remodeling will permit us to add a few more to our small numbers at the "white" school.

[EDITOR: Stan and his wife Jo Ann had come to Zambia from the United States to serve as missionaries. They worked about five years in Zambia before they returned to the U.S. for Stan to enter graduate school.]

To: Ethel Sevedge March 7, 1962

From: Joyce

We have had a shocker which has set all our blood pressures soaring. The Chrissaps announced last Thursday night that they would be leaving at the end of this term, April 13, because of his health. He said the doctor in England told him not to return to a high altitude, but he wanted to try it and prove it to himself, and now he finds that the doctor is right.

Stan and J.C. are doing the teaching at Eureka, with me helping out for a couple of hours in the morning. It is more than can be expected of Stan and Jo Ann to take the hostel, as Stan also takes the sports and keeps the mission books, which is quite a job. J.C. still spends an hour or two

after school each day working on the plumbing for the little boys' hostel. Just when its bathing time the water all has to go off so he can work on the pipes. It is very inconvenient, but for the sake of more convenience later, we endure. He is putting in a water fountain, two washbasins, a toilet, and a bathtub, and connecting it all to the water system, and to the septic tank and the French drain. It takes a lot of pipe cutting and threading. Orville, Eddie, George Brittell, Sherman, and Stan all gave a hand during the Christmas holidays at the hostel remodeling job, and Orville comes faithfully each Saturday morning, which is very much appreciated. Kenneth Hobby has also given a hand nearly every day at painting or putting in window glass.

To: Ethel Sevedge May 27, 1962

From: Joyce

We try to place before the children at Eureka the best of literature. We ban comics because of their bad influence and poor literary value. Although I am not averse to any good story for entertainment, I feel that the Bible is so full of wonderful stories that we need to give a fair sprinkling of those to every child, so that he can see God's dealings with the children of men, how righteousness always avails, and how it always pays to be in God's ways and in His favor.

At present, we have twenty-seven in our home, children ages six to thirteen. They come from homes all up and down the rail line, from Livingstone at the southern end of Northern Rhodesia to Bancroft near the Congo border. They represent all types of religions, from Church of Christ to the Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox. Few parents ever claim no religion. They are children of farmers in the main, but there are some whose parents are railway workers, mine workers, office workers, or missionaries. The children are usually not sent here for the religious training, but because of the high quality of academic work we seek to maintain and the morals and good manners we seek to instill. After all, good manners are acts of unselfishness. Good discipline is enforced, and has the backing of parents in this country. They expect respect to be shown to parents, teachers, and older people, and I have never yet had a child defy me. It just isn't done. It is a pleasure to work with them.

To: Ethel Sevedge August 10, 1962

From: Joyce

The first term of the year I was teaching half time and keeping twenty-seven boarders. This term we've had whooping cough among the boarders all the term. At mid-term three boarders brought a very vicious type of measles. The doctor, provincial medical officer, told us to send away all children with measles. This took away about a third of the school. J.C. thought it a bit of nonsense, but when every case of measles went to a 105-degree fever, some of them with bronchial pneumonia, we were glad the parents had the responsibility.

Sherman is home from boarding school and is helping me get some of our work caught up in the office. This has been a busy week, with getting off grade reports and accounts to parents and reports to the government. We are grateful for a few days respite.

Orville and Augusta have gone to help in the Youth Camp at Lusaka. Several of the children from here will be attending.

The Bells and Miss Betty Bailey reached here last Sunday. It was wonderful to have more help arrive. Brother Bell is taking over as principal at Eureka and J.C.'s classroom so as to relieve J.C. for some outside jobs that need doing and to give us time to sort and pack away our things, preparatory for leaving for the U.S. in December. We are booked to fly on December 12 from Livingstone to Johannesburg, where we will take Pan American for New York. After four days with our nephew, Eddie Shewmaker, who is like a son to us, we will fly on to Memphis, where we will be met by Claudia and Samuel. Claudia is in nurse's training there, and Sam can easily come over from Harding. Claudia will be finished with her exams that day.

To: "Miss" Myrtle December 10, 1962

From: J.C.

Having completed twenty-three years on the African mission field, with the exception of fifteen months in the U.S. in 1948-49, we again have the opportunity to visit the homeland.

Sherman, our youngest son, age 17, has now completed his Cambridge examinations at the Gilbert Rennie Boarding School at Lusaka. The completion of these exams marks the end of high school for him. He will accompany us to the U.S. to go to college. Naturally, we are looking forward to seeing Claudia and Samuel. It has been two years since we saw Samuel and four-and-a-half years since we saw Claudia.

To: Ethel Sevedge July 17, 1963

From: Joyce

We are now on our way from Searcy to J.C.'s family reunion at Paragould, Arkansas. We were at Searcy only twenty-four hours, after being away on our Florida trip for about four weeks. While on this trip we were able to visit six different congregations. On this trip I've seen many of my relatives, both on my father's side and on my mother's side. I had about four days with my stepmother, Jennie Copeland, and two half-sisters, Ruth and Frances, ages 24 and 19. It was real nice to know the girls better, as I've only seen them for three days previous to this, when we were here fourteen years ago. The older of the girls, Ruth, is to be married in October to Charles Webb, a lieutenant in the U. S. Navy.

Samuel is working on a wheat farm in Oklahoma to get money for going to school. Sherman is traveling with us, doing practically all the driving to rest J.C. I am beginning to get homesick for Africa, although we do not long for the time we say farewell to our children.

Claudia's wedding was lovely, all financed and done by the Harding faculty wives. How sweet and wonderful of them. They gave rehearsal dinner, reception, and flowers. Claudia used a borrowed dress. They gave her a set of pictures, too. Many wonderful people worked together to give her the most beautiful wedding any girl's heart could desire. It is a great consolation to us to be able to leave Claudia in the hands of a wonderful Christian husband, Jerry Templer. For the present, she has started her last year on the Bachelor of Science in Nursing and he has started his internship at the John Gaston Hospital in Memphis, having finished his MD in June at the University of Tennessee. Jerry had three years at Abilene Christian College previous to his acceptance at the Medical School.

To: Ott and Lenice October 20, 1963

From: Joyce

You will be glad to know that the dam we have been seeking funds for has already been constructed. Stan wired for a down payment, saying that the government already had their heavy equipment on Namwianga Mission. They had borrowed the money to get started, as the government was ready to do the job. On the way out, they leveled our track field free of charge. J.C. was so happy when he learned that we would be a year ahead of our fondest hopes on this project. While the rain fills the dam we can start on the piping work and have it ready for next dry season when we reach our water crisis. Thanks to you and all who have so generously given.

To: Sister Myrtle October 20, 1963

From: Joyce

We need a letter from the Missionary Funds Office stating that we are bona fide missionaries of the Church of Christ, so that we can get the regular discount to missionaries on our tickets on Lykes Lines. This should be sent at once so that our tickets can be issued. Please send us a copy. We regret to make this request with your days so busy. We are to sail on the *Ruth Lykes* from New Orleans on November 6. This is our latest news. We now have our new truck and have been busy for the last several days, packing and listing every article we are taking back to Africa with us. We visited Claudia for five days last week.

23
Return

Joyce kept a diary of the return trip, by ship, to Africa after leaving Sherman at Harding College.

November 5, 1963.

We reached New Orleans, from where we are to sail on November 9th. There was no difficulty finding Fellowship Haven, where we would spend our time in New Orleans. It is an old dwelling, which has been purchased by a Mr. and Mrs. Templeman (he was a lumberman) and given to the cause of furnishing cheap lodging to outgoing and incoming missionaries. A kitchen and laundry facilities were furnished. Our bedroom adjoined a comfortable living room. Most of the days we were there, we ate one meal per day in the A & G Cafeterias, knickknacked the rest of the time.

Upon our arrival in New Orleans we opened the back end of our packed truck only to discover that instead of it being weather proof, all our possessions about 18 inches from the rear of the truck were water soaked. So, we spent most of the next few days drying out the things. The few clotheslines at Fellowship Haven were loaded and the fence along the street was loaded. It looked like a rummage sale. As people passing by stared at us, J.C. and I got highly amused and began laughing at the great predicament we were in. We phoned Lykes Lines to let them know we were in New Orleans.

November 6.

We went to Lykes and collected our mail and a parcel. That afternoon we continued drying our water-soaked things, and I ironed material and clothes until way into the night to get them dry. We had earlier in the afternoon shopped for groceries and bought some stripping and weather proofed the truck.

November 7.

We got up early and repacked the truck; thankful that we had had two days of sunny weather.

November 8.

Lykes called and said we would not get out on the 9th. We then went and got seat covers made and then went to see Mr. Oscar Braslaw of Missionary Expediters, who helped us get papers completed for forwarding the truck.

November 9.

We were told the *Ruth Lykes* might get in Sunday night. We got off donor letters to monthly as well as "Travel Fund" donors.

November 10.

Attended morning service at Carrolton Ave. and evening service at 7th and Camp.

November 11.

Finished donor letters and addressed letters to the children to be posted on the ship.

November 12.

Shopped for nylon rope and car jack. Repacked the truck for the final time.

November 13.

Delivered the truck to the Lykes Dock. Ate lunch at Fellowship Haven, took a nap. We called a taxi and went by 7th and Camp and picked up Brother and Sister Chambers, who accompanied us to the ship. They went with us on deck and into our cabin.

J.C. watched them load our truck with a huge crane. Everyone was very busy with the loading and making everything secure. About dark the loading crews finished, and the securing crews continued their work below deck until the wee hours.

November 14.

The ship began to ease down the Mississippi about 4 a.m. under the guidance of a river pilot. About 8:30 he was changed for a different pilot. A small motorboat came along side our ship, a swinging ladder was thrown out, and the mail case (with our letters inside) was thrown out at the end of a dangling rope. The relief pilot climbed the ladder and the first pilot went down the ladder, released the mail kit and the motorboat pulled away from our ship. The crew hauled up the ladder and the rope, our stopped engines started again, and we continued our eight-hour trip down the Mississippi to the Gulf. We passed settlements, grazing cattle, oil tanks and rigs for taking oil out of the Gulf of Mexico. We looked up and saw wild ducks, planes and helicopters. Ships, large and small, passed us at intervals. Some were US ships, some were foreign, some freight ships, some fruit ships and some oil tankers. At last we came to the Gulf and there, as our ship neared the distinct line of demarcation where the Mississippi empties its dirty load of silt against the current of the blue waters of the Gulf, our river pilot left the ship, leaving it in the worthy hands of the ship's crew. We were on the deep, headed nearly due south.

November 15.

J.C. spent most of the day exploring the ship decks, scratching and rubbing some of the lovely herd of Brahma Cattle on the rear of the crew deck. Some of our cargo is Caterpillar road building equipment, lumber, oil and smaller orders of assorted goods. It was too cool to be pleasant on deck, so, except for a glimpse once in a while on deck, I read and took to some embroidery work I had brought along to help pass the time. J.C. saw a flying fish.

November 16.

During the night we veered in a more easterly direction and changed our watches forward a half hour. Tonight we are to pass near the shores of Cuba. A little sparrow is on the ship and flies out over the deep and then back for food. It may leave us at Trinidad.

Each night and morning we have our regular Bible Reading and Prayer period. One never feels so utterly dependent upon his Maker as he does out upon the deep. It is a wonderful feeling. Today has been lovely. The steward carried out the deck chairs. J.C. completed a book and started another. I worked nearly all day on embroidery, and am catching up on my diary. We saw porpoises swimming parallel to the ship just before supper. They were small ones, which kept jumping above the waves. Despite the beautiful day, great swells keep our ship heaving tonight.

Our cabin has two bunks, two comfortable arm chairs, a dresser with four drawers, three closets with shelves above, a table lamp, an electric fan and a wash basin. We have a shower and toilet adjoining. Vents supply air conditioning and heat when needed. We have two portholes in the cabin, and a rug on the floor. There are mosquito fittings for the portholes for our stop in Trinidad.

The food is plentiful and of good quality, but sometimes the vegetables are over-cooked and improperly seasoned.

The ship's store opened today. I bought Stan three Tee shirts and J.C. bought himself a pair of work gloves.

Today we had an emergency practice. The ship blasted its horn five times. Everyone donned his life jacket and went to his assigned deck and stood near their lifeboat. There were two groups of us. Passengers on the port side of the ship went to that side while the passengers on the starboard side went to that side. The roll of the ship was called by the checkmate to see if everyone was present. The checkmate has some member of the crew to start up the engine on the lifeboat to see that it was working all right. Then, those of us on the starboard side joined the group on the other side of the ship and saw flares sent up. They were shot very high with a flare pistol, then one end of the flare separated from the rest

of the flare, with a gun-shot noise, a small parachute opened up, and a bright flare floated gently down to the water. Three flares were sent up. I asked one of the crewmembers "What if a plane or ship saw these flares? Would they not think we are in trouble?" He said, "The ships in this vicinity have already been notified that we are practicing."

I lost my supper tonight to seasickness, the only meal I had dared eat all day. J.C. fared a little better. At least, he was able to keep down all he ate, though he felt somewhat woozy all day.

November 17.

We passed within sight of Cuba during the night. J.C. got up and went along normally today, by keeping on the go and in the fresh air. I clung to my bed, ate no breakfast except a few dry crackers and took a Dramamine. Had a small bowl of soup and some crackers for lunch.

This morning J.C. came to our porthole and yelled in that we are viewing land. I asked him to inquire of someone about the land and they told us, "It is Jamaica." We have been watching it ever since. Can see trees and bare rocks on the hillsides. It is nearly two o'clock. We seem to be still in view of the end of Jamaica. It is much smoother sailing this afternoon.

November 18.

We sighted one ship today. J.C. read most of the day. I embroidered, but the wind was so strong I could scarcely keep my material in place.

November 19.

A Dutch ship, which had already crossed our path at an angle, was seen on our port side and soon was over the horizon, as both she and we were making good speed. This was before noon. In mid afternoon, we looked up on the horizon to see two small fast boats headed straight for us. They appeared to be about a fourth the size of ours. They would have collided with us had they not changed course. They had gun turrets.

They approached us on our right, inspected us thoroughly, and passed on. They were close enough we could read their numbers. Someone suggested that they seemed like obsolete minesweepers, perhaps bought from the U.S. by Venezuela and used as coast guard. We ran into a school of porpoises.

For several days some of the crew have been chipping off rust and old paint and are re-painting several sections of the ship. Today J.C. and I and the only other passengers (a 28 year old man and his little girl) went to the bow of the ship to have a change and a different view of the water. The captain telephoned the deck hand we were talking to at the bow and asked us to return to the passenger's deck. I suppose he felt it was risky business. We felt quite safe, however. There are no deck games and hardly space to turn around on the passengers' deck. We are feeling the need of exercise. The captain does not keep things as clean and neat as the *Genevieve Lykes* was kept. However, we cannot complain too much, as we do have most of the needed amenities.

November 20.

J.C. woke early and could scarcely wait to get on deck. We were passing some islands (uninhabited ones) just about thirty miles off Venezuela. Flying fish have been plentiful. We are getting birds, flying about from the islands. Today will end our voyage across the Caribbean Sea, as Trinidad is located at its outer edge just off South America. We will go between the mainland and the island, and anchor off shore. We will be allowed to go to the island on a small boat. Part of the ship's load will be taken off in barges. The captain said the loading is very slow, so the ship will normally be there about a day and a half.

Must start writing letters to Sam and Sherman, Jerry and Claudia, and Stan and Jo Ann.

Later — I copied my diary up to date and sent it off the boat by one of the custom officials, to be posted to Ott and Lenice. We asked them to make copies and send it on to our children. We went ashore for the day. We hired a taxi to take us to some points of interest about the island. We especially wanted to go to Pitch Lake, about six miles from Point Fortin,

as this lake is one of the chief sources of asphalt. It is not such a spectacular thing to look at, but is really marvelous, since everywhere they cut away the asphalt, new asphalt bubbles up to replace it. This has been going on a hundred years, and the supply never runs out, even though the lake has been reduced from 195 acres to about 95 acres. Our ship stopped here to load pitch and thousands of barrels are being loaded on our ship to be taken to South Africa for road construction. We had lunch at a Chinese restaurant in San Fernando. We had Chinese rice with lobster and fried shrimp. About an hour after our order was placed, we were served. In the afternoon we shopped for scenic cards and film. Mr. McClendon bought a toy for Tracye. We drove along a very treacherous road, or it seemed so to us, as we drove British style, on the right side of the road. The steering wheel was also on the right side of the car. There were no road signs; people walking or on bicycles had to scamper for their lives as the cars "honked" their ways through the traffic. Goats and pigs grazed at will on the streets and roads. The houses are built on stilts. They hang out clothes, store wood, sit and do hand work, and all under their houses. Sets of flags fly outside the home of people who are of the Hindu religion. They are to represent the prayers said there, so the Hindu, West Indies driver told me.

We returned to the ship about four thirty on a motor launch, like we went to shore in, had a shower and prepared for supper. There were still one and a half barges of pitch drums to be loaded. After supper I wrote cards with scenes of Trinidad, to the children in the U. S. and in Africa, as well as a few friends. They were handed over for mailing to a clearance official who was going ashore. Then, we watched the loading until bedtime. They hoisted on eight drums at a time from the barges with the ship's hoists.

November 22.

The ship lifted anchor and the engines began to hum about 6 a.m. We were leaving Trinidad. It seemed that we made a few more knots and glided along with a little more determination, returning through the Devil's Mouth, where we entered. After land was out of sight we took a southeasterly direction and were in the Atlantic by suppertime. The after-

noon was choppy, and by night the ship was swaying back and forth a lot, consequently, I avoided mixtures of food. The night was hot and sultry. I embroidered on Jo Ann's dress most of the day.

About 3:30 p.m. we had an emergency drill and an officer asked if we had heard the news. We said we had not. He said, "President Kennedy has been assassinated." That was the main subject of conversation the rest of the day.

November 23.

It is still hot and the wind arose again as it did yesterday. An oil tanker has been sighted. The day has been very usual.

The ship's radioman, Mr. Hall, invited us to hear the news in the radio-room. Memorial music was being played for President Kennedy and a short resume of proceedings was being given as his body was being taken into the East Room of the "White House". Mrs. Kennedy was said to have never left the body since he was shot.

November 24.

After very peaceful sailing all night, the wind rose with the day. We had our communion service right after breakfast. Stiff winds kept me from reading on deck, so I spent much of the day in our cabin reading. J.C. can scarcely stand the cabin. He braved the breeze, which was warm. We are beginning to feel the need of exercise very much. J.C. and Jim McClendon went downstairs to see if they could get the boatswain to make some rope quoits, which he seemed glad to do.

We plan to start playing quoits today. We will get as much distance between our pegs as the deck will allow. We will decide on a number and the first person to reach that number will be the winner.

When we crossed the Atlantic in late 1949, we had four children to look after, the three younger ones 4, 6, and 8 years, required a lot of attention, so we got the needed exercise, washing, ironing, and keeping them away from dangerous places.

November 25.

An exceeding stiff wind arose just before dawn, blowing the ship considerably off course. It began to rain, and, although there is a covered deck above our porthole the rain blew in, getting my bed wet. J.C. was already showering and shaving. He had to rush around and get the portholes shut. The rain soon subsided and we were able to let the fresh air in again. At this clime the electric fan is kept on circulating the air day and night.

Just here, it might be well to mention some of the crew, whom we have met. George F. Price, Captain, a man I should say in his early fifties, dark eyes and hair, smokes a pipe nearly continually. He is small, very reserved and pushes his weight around a bit. He and the Chief engineer, Mr. Jackson, from Alabama, eat at the same table. Mr. Jackson is very anti-Kennedy.

Paul McHenry Washburn, the chief-mate seems very efficient, but humble. Charles R. Satterfield, the second mate made it a point to introduce himself, and show an interest in mission work. He is a Lutheran and attended a Lutheran college two years. He has a young lady friend working in Tanga, Tanganyika, as a missionary, whom he went to school with. He expects to see her when the ship gets to Dar es Salaam. This blonde young man has a very clean-cut appearance, mentally alert, and clean minded. Charles Lynn Derks the 3rd mate is dark-haired and dark-eyed. Harry William Hall, the ship's radioman, seems a very reasonable person, efficient, humble, and sociable. He has been glad to give us the news each day, when there was anything of interest. He lives in Austin and has a wife and two children. He told us that the crew was not the proverbial rough type of people, but all have their homes and children, and all are American citizens, who have taken to the sea, not particularly for adventure, but because pay is better, and they are able to save more because there is no place to spend it on the sea. The food is more than adequate. We eat in the officers' dining room. We all eat the same food.

The crew sighted a whale. J.C. got a look as it swayed out of the water real close to the ship. He came for me but could not find me anywhere.

It was predicted at the breakfast table that we might get into Capetown, Saturday night, the 7th of December if we make our present number of knots (per hour).

The room steward makes our beds each morning. Being connected to the wall they aren't easy to make, with the ship swaying, so I let him have it. He mops the floor, shower room and toilet, wipes the walls with a damp cloth and cleans the basin. There is very little dust — absolutely none, except lint from bedding and towels. With the moist-laden air, I am surprised that clothes and damp towels do not mildew or smell musty and sour, but they always smell fresh, even though the sun never hits them.

It is wonderful to have time to meditate, pray and read God's word away from all hustle and bustle and pressures, which divide our minds. Each day breakfast is at 7:30 to 8:30. Dinner is 11:30 to 12:30. Supper is 5:30 to 6:30. Waiters dressed in white coats serve at the tables.

We get fresh fruit when we want it, and can take it to our rooms. We are allowed to help ourselves at morning coffee break and afternoon tea and any time at night. I am not ever really hungry at meals. However, the sea air is said to increase the appetite so we do not do too badly at the table.

J.C. is reading his sixth book, and has read one copy of *US News and World Report.* I have read two books and the above magazine. I am now reading a "Readers Digest Condensed Book".

November 26.

The day was lovely, though we had rain in the afternoon. J.C. allowed his reading to be interrupted long enough to play a few games of deck quoits with Jim. Also, I threw a few rings with them.

November 27.

During the night we crossed the equator after having sailed in a decided easterly direction most of the time since we hit the Atlantic. With the Northeast Trade Winds left behind we are now in the doldrums. The sea is as smooth as glass with only a path punctured by the ship's bow,

which sends out a few waves, which soon return to their places, adding their bit to the smoothness. One is reminded of the words, "The winds and the waves shall obey thy will. Peace, be still. Peace, be still." As the ship glides through this peaceful scene, one is caught up with a strong desire to have it thus always; and, yet we know it cannot be. Not many days can be like this, for as we pass through our liquid lanes, knots fly past, and soon we will face the South East Trades.

Upon arousing from my after-lunch siesta today, a deep feeling of nostalgia swept over my soul, at the thought of leaving our children behind. It seemed impossible to shake it loose until I got up and went on deck, where I sat as usual with my embroidery. During that time a number of small birds could be seen circling about over the water and I wondered if perchance we were near an island, but never checked with anyone to confirm it.

November 28.

Being Thanksgiving Day, a special menu was prepared. It was quite an extravagant one, as Thanksgiving dinners usually are. Since this day is not observed in Africa, it was rather an Old Time experience for us. From the menu, we chose roast turkey, dressing, giblet gravy, olives and celery, cranberry sauce, mince pie and ice cream. J.C. chose pumpkin pie instead of mincemeat. After such a huge lunch we both ate lightly again for supper.

November 29.

The day was peaceful, and I spent most of the day reading. Nothing unusual happened. In the afternoon, we went upon the topmost deck, where Jim wanted us to take some movies of him and his little daughter, Tracye.

November 30.

Another peaceful day passed, with plenty of reading, broken only by a game or two of deck quoits.

December 1.

We had our usual Sunday service with breaking of bread, and J.C. continued typing some on my diary. The sea is rougher than we have seen it for several days. With the big swells the boat rocks back and forth. Too much of this causes one to get a groggy headache and before he knows it, he may be "feeding the fish."

December 2.

Today, we did very little but read on deck. J.C. typed a little. After supper we threw deck quoits on the upper deck, after which we got into conversation with Mr. Hall, the radioman. The conversation was not long drifting upon God and the Bible. We learned that he had faith as a child, in God and the Bible, but that he is now an agnostic, that he does not believe Christ is what he claimed to be. He said that when he picked up hymns on the radio played in memory of Kennedy's death, it gave him such a wonderful feeling to hear the hymns of his childhood days. We must have listened and talked with him for two or three hours, hoping that we might launch out on some idea or form some common ground where we might link on to something he did believe, so as to help restore the faith he wishes he had. He seems to be a ship without a rudder out on the open sea. He seems such a nice person, has such high ideals of personal relationships with his fellow men.

December 3.

Usually the nights have brought calmer seas, but last night and today the ship has kept at a high pitch. J.C. washed after breakfast and I packed a few things in suitcases. The sun has shined all day, which enabled us to have several pleasant hours on deck. I avoided going down to breakfast with J.C. this morning. He brought me a nice glass of Metracal. We read most all day and saw a picture at night called "Flame over India." When the sun went down the radioman alerted us to see the green flash where the sun had just disappeared. I had never noted it before. He said the astronauts noted it as they circled the earth.

December 4.

Today has been very pleasant in every way. After our siesta, I did the ironing. We read nearly all day. After supper I washed out some dresses by hand. Mr. Jackson, the Chief Engineer, took us for a tour of the ship. The complexity of the whole operation amazed us. We wound around the huge diesel engines on platforms and up stairs. We went to the extreme rear end and saw right where the shaft goes through the ship to the propeller. We saw where the frozen foods are kept in 1200 cubic feet of space. Some of the space is kept at 34 degrees.

December 5.

Most of the day was spent reading. It was a matter of passing time now. However, the year spent in the U.S. passed with little time for reading and study and we welcomed these days of quiet, when we were not called upon to entertain or be entertained.

December 6.

The Cape rollers are heaving their best now, and the sea never lets us rest. Usually at a time like this I can do better flat on my back. However, one gets tired of this. During the whole trip I have lost only one of my meals. So I feel very fortunate. J.C. usually manages by staying in the fresh air, or by missing a meal if it is rough.

December 7.

Today, we read a lot, but after our siesta, set in to pack in earnest. It seemed unusual to have no family to look after. J.C. packed his case and I packed mine. It did not take long.

December 8.

During the night we were awakened by the shouts of the Captain who

was calling orders to the crew. Several times we got up to look out the porthole at the lights along the shore. We were being brought safely into port. I suspect that the fact that the *Amiee Lykes* had been stuck in a sand bar just off the shores of Durban a month before caused the Captain to feel his responsibility afresh, to bring our ship safely to port. The *Amiee Lykes* had several million dollars worth of damage done to her. (Recently, we read in the paper that the *Amiee Lykes* had been repaired in Durban and was on its way back to its homeport at New Orleans.) We arose early full of excitement, at seeing land once more. We finished packing and had our communion service, as we did not know whether we would get through customs and to the missionary home in time for the morning service. As it happened, however, we were not held up long by customs, and we were soon installed in the Andrew Murray Missionary Home. After lunch we hired a taxi and picked up Mr. McClendon and his little girl at his hotel, and saw some points of interest in Capetown. When we returned to the missionary home, we called Conrad Steyn to inquire the time of the evening service. He generously offered to come and take us to the service. We enjoyed a little visit and tea with him and his family before and after the service, after which they took us back to the home.

December 9.

J.C. was raring to go and pushed off soon after breakfast. As I had nothing to do and did not care to follow J.C. around, I offered to keep Mr. McClendon's little girl, while he attended to business in Capetown preparing himself to leave the following day by train for Pretoria. About 3:30 p.m. J.C. returned with the truck cleared through customs. He said, "I have everything ready for us to leave for our journey," but said trembling "I've lost all our travelers cheques and I don't have enough money on me for our trip up country." He said he had looked all over the docks where he had been. We notified the police that we had lost $450 worth of travelers' cheques. They sent a policeman out to get notes on the details. Meanwhile, J.C. called Conrad Steyn and asked him if he could meet us at the bank Tuesday morning and help us cash a cheque. We retired weary, and somewhat wondering what the next day would bring.

December 10.

We arose early and packed everything into the truck and went to breakfast. After breakfast a policeman noticed our truck had one number plate. We had to explain that in Oklahoma where we got the truck, they only have one plate. He seemed satisfied with the explanation and helped us park. Conrad Steyn soon came and he and J.C. went to the bank while I sat in the car. Not two minutes passed before they were back, with smiles all over their faces, so I knew things had been arranged, but it was better news than I expected. Yesterday when J.C. had cashed a couple of travelers' cheques, he had dropped the whole roll of cheques right on the floor at the window. The bank police had picked them up and turned them in at the window soon after J.C. left. Of course, we could have retrieved the money on the cheques, but it would have taken a lot of time, red tape and inconvenience. Bidding Brother Steyn "Good-bye", we were soon on our way through the traffic, seeking out the super highway which he said would start us on our way north. This was the first turnpike we had seen in Africa, which leads one right through Capetown. Although we were securely strapped in, with seat belts, and had suitcases, clothing bags and parcels packed in the cab all around us, so that we couldn't budge, we were happy to be on our way north toward home. The highways in South Africa are quite good, usually asphalt, but so many of the cautionary signs, which one would see on a U.S. highway, are missing. Leaving Capetown at 10:00 a.m., we were soon leaving behind grape vineyards and peach orchards of the lowlands and were climbing Drakenberg Mountains, seeking a pass. Sometimes we dipped into a low flat valley where we enjoyed seeing row upon row of fresh leafed grape vines with new fruit hanging on stakes. We knew that beginning in early February some of this fruit would eventually find its way to Rhodesia. By mid-afternoon we were in the karoo. This was our first trip through the desert at this time of the year. With a tinge of green caused by its meager rainfall, it really looked fresh. We had planned to stay for the night at Beaufort West, but when we reached there the sun was still an hour or so high; so we pressed on to Richmond where Conrad Steyn had told us there was a nice motel with a tearoom attached. This motel was full because we had reached there at nearly dusk, but the kind proprietress directed us to a comfortable motel, with plenty of hot water for baths and

a clean tearoom where we could get a grill for supper. Since we did not stop for the noon meal anywhere, we welcomed supper. The beds are comfortable so we expected a restful night.

December 11.

Last night the proprietress promised us an early breakfast and kept her promise, so we were off early. Although we were well wedged into the cab, we enjoyed the Karoo desert as we drove past herd after herd of grazing sheep, with an occasional ostrich to break the monotony. About noon we turned off the main road to a little village about a mile away and sought a place to refuel and get a bite to eat. The only petrol (gas) tank to be found was closed for the one and one-half hour noon break. So we inquired about a place to eat. They pointed out a hotel where lunch would be ready at one o'clock. Finally we were allowed into their large dining room. The establishment had seen better days, as had the whole village, but all was still and dead now. The table linens were clean and well starched. The wall were decorated with every sort of buck head of the many antelope which had roamed these parts in earlier days, and the first owner of this hotel, no doubt a real pioneer, must have been a great hunter. With a lunch that satisfied, we again had a long wait for the petrol pump to open at two p.m. About mid-afternoon we reached Bloemfontein, where we had really intended to spend the night with Brother and Sister Phillip Steyn. After tea and a chat with Sister Steyn, we realized that her physical condition was not such that she was able to cope with visitors. She had to rest a lot, and we knew that, no matter how much we might help with the work, there is always a strain to have visitors. Phillip Steyn was not at home. Although we hated to miss seeing him we decided to push on, and were able to get in two or three hours of driving. Not long out of Bloemfontein we could see a mass of dark rain clouds ahead. J.C. stopped to inspect the back end of the truck, for it seemed to be rattling more than usual. He discovered that one of the latches had slipped out allowing some of the boxes to be exposed to rain. We had already had plenty of trouble with the weather and did not welcome having rain again. Too, we were not sure that the new mattress we had tied on top of the cab had been wrapped in plastic as we had asked

the manufactures to. We did not want to open their heavy paper coverings to find out. The latch could not be closed (or so we thought) without breaking the seal, which had been placed on the truck by customs in Capetown, so we could take our goods through to Livingstone without being examined en route. It was easy to see that it was only a matter of time until we would hit the rain, for the clouds were dark indeed. As we traveled, we prayed that our things would not get wet. So we could get to Kroonstad and get the truck under shelter, we did not slacken our speed for a moment. Soon we were on wet pavement, but the clouds had rained out. We could see rain just ahead, but still we drove on. From there, on the highway was wet and the ditches were nearly overflowing. Yet there was no rain on us. Darkness had overtaken us, but the lights of Kroonstad were in sight. We drove into a filling station next to a hotel, filled up with petrol and inquired where we might park the car under shelter. We were still worried about the unlocked cab. So J.C. got us a room at the hotel, unpacked the cases and things we needed, and went to the police station. He asked the police to be a witness while he broke the seal, unlocked the door and fastened the latch. But the police said he had no right to let the seal be broken. J.C. said, "I think I can get that lock off without breaking the seal, and if I can get the lock off I can latch it and replace the lock, but I want you as a witness that I have not disturbed any of the contents of the truck." The policeman agreed, and they managed to get it done without breaking the seal. What a relief! Breaking the seal would have exposed our things to the rain. But the mattress and springs were still on top and we were not sure that a soaking rain would not ruin them. Another tiring day has passed and we are safely tucked in bed.

December 12.

We left as soon as we could get breakfast, but looked around town for a large tarpaulin, which we could wrap entirely around the things on top. We finally found one, and the store where we bought it loaned J.C. an African man to help him untie the mattress, wrap them again and tie them securely on the truck. It took about an hour, but we felt happy that we did not have to be concerned about rain. We had lunch at a dirty little restaurant, the only place we could find in the little town. We passed through

the goldfields, but did not want to stop there, as we were afraid of having the truck broken into in such a place, so we tried to make it to Potgieterust, which we did. We saw signs directing us to a hotel one block off the road, and found it to be a fairly good place, clean with comfortable beds and hot bath water. Each room has a private telephone. I tried to call the Shorts at Bulawayo last night but could not get them. Tonight I placed a call again but failed. Will try again tomorrow morning, as we feel reasonably sure we will get there a day earlier than we wired them we would arrive.

December 13.

Before breakfast I placed a call to the Shorts, but was unable to get them. We left Potgieterust as soon as we could get breakfast, hoping to get to Beitbridge by noon, which we easily did. The length of time and red tape with the Federation customs was most frustrating. Some of the officials were quite curt and threw their weight around. We finally had to pay an agent to bond us from Beitbridge to Livingstone. It cost us about six dollars but we preferred that to unpacking the truck, which they could have asked us to do. After about two and one-half hours we were on our way again. No lunch that day, for we were too anxious to get on to Bulawayo. The highway was excellent, so we reached the outskirts of Bulawayo around five. Having never visited the Shorts since they moved from Namwianga to Bulawayo, we had to make several (at least four or five) inquiries before we found their place, for streets are not well labeled. Too, we had to locate the suburb before we could look for the street. Of course, the Shorts were not expecting us until the following evening.

December 14.

Beth and Henry Ewing and family came to the Shorts for dinner, bringing "pot-luck". We had a pleasant afternoon playing croquet and visiting. We snacked at suppertime and after supper Stan called us by telephone from Namwianga as we had asked him to. He said that the necessary moving had been done, so that we could go right to bed at home

the first night. The Chrissops had shifted to the Boys' Dormitory; Stan had shifted from the Boys' Dormitory to his remodeled house. We are to go back into the Girls' Dormitory, which is home.

December 15.

After breakfast we packed our suitcases and clothes back into the cab, and followed the Shorts' car to the Queens Park Church of Christ. After services we went to the Ewing's for dinner, and after a short visit were on our way to Livingstone. In the late afternoon we stopped at a hotel on the Gwai River. After baths and a good dinner we turned in early, so we could get up early to continue our journey to Livingstone. We got to Livingstone by mid-morning and J.C. started the red tape of getting us through customs. It did not take long, considering all we had to clear. We had lunch in the tea room with Orville Brittell and George Belcher, but had to wait until business resumed at two to take care of a couple of items of business before going on to Kalomo. We got here late for tea, and found Stan and Jo Ann and family expecting us for supper. It was good to be united with them again, and to see our latest granddaughter, Penny Ann, who is really a doll if there ever was one. Jo Ann says she has been such a good baby, hardly any trouble at all. What a blessing, for Jo Ann has had her hands so full with a family and a dormitory full of boys to look after. After tea, J.C. and Stan unloaded our suitcases. The bulk of our things will be unloaded tomorrow.

24
A New Way of Life – Zambia and Leaving Namwianga

To: Ethel Sevedge January 20, 1964

From: J.C.

We arrived safely at Namwianga Mission on the 16th of December, after a safe twenty-six-day voyage across the Atlantic and a seven-day trip into the interior.

There were many repair jobs awaiting us. There was gardening to do, grass to mow, and letters to be sent to the parents of our school children. Fortunately, we reached here just as school was breaking up for the six-week Christmas holiday. We have had a little time to get our feet on the ground before the new term opens. Because of the many political changes taking place here, we have to readjust our thinking. No doubt we are at the beginning of a new way of life.

To: Ott and Lenice April 3, 1964

From: Joyce

We were so glad to get your letter. Thank you, too, for your gift for last month. You seem a bit concerned about our support. We were "down" last month, but the month before was very good due to the fact that two donors sent their regular quarterly donations. Several factors have entered into a need for more funds than before: (1) Since Northern Rhodesia has withdrawn from the Central African Federation; we pay customs on many items manufactured in Southern Rhodesia. This has sent the cost of living soaring. (2) We have to help the boys some, as they are only allowed two hours per day of work. (3) Our boarding pupils do not pay enough board to cover expenses for the following reasons: (a) No one anticipated the rise in the cost of living, so the school fees are insufficient to cover the cost of food. (b) Necessary African help at the dormitory calls for more expenditure because of constantly rising salaries.

(c) Our present African work staff could do the work for twenty-seven children, instead of the seventeen we now have.

So many people leaving the country have caused this decrease in enrollment. The point I'm getting to is that we have to subsidize the boarding students a good deal each month. However, we have been able to keep out of debt, which J.C. is very scrupulous about. I'm sure you are like us. You'll be glad to see an end to the education of the children. It has been a real siege for us, as we started having to board them away from home in high school. Along with some of the other missionaries, we are trying to help Orville Brittell's second son get to the U.S. He plans to go to Lubbock Christian. If you are ever there, do make yourself acquainted with Edward Brittell. He attended school many years here at Eureka. Our youngest granddaughter [Penny] will be one tomorrow. She is walking from furniture to furniture. She is the best and most cheerful baby I've ever seen. She has the cutest little "put-on" laugh, which she uses to try to get other people to laugh. My garden looks very pretty. I just finished setting out two or three hundred celery plants. I put them out in boxes when they are quite small. They grow a little and put out lots of roots. I lift them from the boxes, with a good damp clod holding the roots in place, and they never know they've been moved. My roses have been a mass of color ever since we got back. J.C. has gone now to take the schoolboys to the swimming pool in Kalomo. They go once a week, and the girls go once. We have exclusive use of it for one and one-half hours each week. I haven't seen J.C. look better for years. I think his trip away from the field a year did him a lot of good. I have arthritis very badly in my right shoulder, which affects the use of my arm. I seem to shy away from sewing and mending because of it.

[EDITOR: Jimmy was thirty-seven years old and Joyce was thirty-two years old when they went to the mission field. Jimmy is now sixty-two years old and Joyce is fifty-seven years old.]

To: Ethel Sevedge May 9, 1964

From: J.C.

Too much time has elapsed since you heard from us. Our first term

of school has ended, and we are busy with odd jobs, which were awaiting us the day the term ended. Stan escorted our northbound students to Lusaka on the train, spent the night with missionaries there, and returned the following day. Stan and Jo Ann and their children are now on a few days trip among other mission stations and in towns where we have work.

Cooler days are beginning here. June and July are usually our coldest months, when we seek another blanket or two, and pull out the old sweater. However, we never close our bedroom window the whole winter through.

To: Sister Smith August 12, 1964

From: J.C.

In more recent weeks we have felt less political tension, and we have hopes that the work may progress in peace. There appears to be more wholehearted fellowship between the races. This is an answer to many ardent prayers.

A few weeks ago the British and the Foreign Bible Society released the first Tonga Bibles. (Tonga is the largest tribe in this area.) For the first time, the native people can search God's word in their own language and learn what God requires for salvation. Even so, thousands will not be reached because they cannot read even in their own language. Our work in the schools goes on much as usual. Teaching God's word to young souls is one of the most satisfying works I know — teaching them to *"remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth before the evil days come, when thou sayest 'I have no pleasure in them'."* There are over three hundred in school here at Namwianga.

May the Lord richly bless you as you work for Him.

To: Sister Smith October 10, 1964

From: J.C.

We are in the middle of what we call our suicidal month. However, it doesn't appear to me to be as hot as usual, and the paper says it is stay-

ing four or five degrees cooler than the average for this time of the year. As usual, we seek the shade in midday and are fortunate that our schedule calls for us to be inside at that time.

Great preparations have been made for our independence celebrations; Northern Rhodesia becomes The Republic of Zambia, on the 24th of this month. Thus, you will note, that though we have not changed our abiding place, our address has changed. Please keep in mind to address us as Zambia instead of Northern Rhodesia.

Most of my time is occupied in the classroom, but I do manage to gradually get a few odd jobs done when school is not in session. It is difficult to keep these all done, and we have plenty of them piled up when the vacation time arrives.

We need your daily prayers, as tension seems to be rising as the day for independence approaches. We pray that all elements may settle into peaceful coexistence once the celebrations are over.

To: Sister Wilson November 6, 1964

From: Joyce

Last Wednesday we went down to Sinde to the funeral of Augusta Brittell, (J.A.'s wife, not Orville's) who had been rushed to hospital on Monday with intense pain. They gave her an injection, presumably morphine, soon after which she collapsed and died. She had been in hospital for several weeks before but had been sent home. Since two families and a single worker have left Namwianga and the Baileys will be leaving on furlough in about three months, Stan has had to resign his teaching post at Eureka in order to learn Brother Bailey's work as manager of our schools. J.C. and Helen Pearl Merritt have each had to take one of Stan's classes to close the gap.

Our independence celebrations have reached an end, without any political violence and we are thankful for that.

Refreshing rains have brought an end to our dry season. However, it doesn't seem that October was as hot this year as it usually is.

To: "Miss" Myrtle November 7, 1964

From: Joyce

Tomorrow the missionaries will meet to try to figure out ways and means of filling up some more gaps that will be occurring soon, and to try to solve some other problems.

To: Sister Smith December 1, 1964

From: J.C.

Refreshing rains, which mark the beginning of the rainy season have started. We have not had a drop of rain since the last of February. Farmers all about us are madly planting mealies (corn) and setting out tobacco.

On the 18th of this month our schools close a very profitable year, with about eighty baptisms. We know of no better way of evangelizing in this land than to teach the young in daily Bible classes. Here at Eureka, our children have Bible reading and prayer before they go to school. At chapel they have a moral Bible lesson, and at night they have a Bible lesson before they go to bed at 7:30. One of our Eureka boys was baptized this past week. We had noted his very serious turn lately, as well as his very earnest prayers that his parents might be brought to a knowledge of God.

During the recent few weeks we missionaries have had several meetings and made some tentative plans about opening a secondary school, which could grow into a junior college. Our need to keep in close contact with the students, so that they may study the Bible longer, plus the government's call upon missionaries to help establish 120 new secondary schools, has caused us to want to take advantage of this new opportunity. We own ample land. Your prayers that this new project may unfold to the glory of God and the saving of souls are coveted. Several young people in the U.S. are interested in the project.

To: Sister Smith February 6, 1965

From: J.C.

The Christmas season is over for people around the world. It affects us very little here. It is customary for all the missionaries on the station to get together for a pot-luck dinner, but there is no exchange of gifts. On Christmas Day we have quite a few strange Africans appearing for "Grismas Box" (Christmas), but we usually limit our giving to the ten workers who help us and their families, which often reaches to fifty in number. Each of the forty or fifty persons gets a package of candy, each worker gets a gift — either a shirt or pair of trousers — and each family gets extra meat, bread, and sugar. The bright smiles on faces are ample reward for all our trouble.

Both schools here at the mission have begun another year and we are in the swing and routine of school, with Bible classes for the young being our main aim. It takes a lot of work to establish and maintain schools, but the ever-increasing numbers who come to learn make it very worthwhile for the Lord. The congregation here at Namwianga has taken on another African preacher to support. He finished our schools and went to Nhowe Mission for special Bible study.

Zambia has experienced a very good rainy season, and it now appears that a bumper crop will be made. Farmers are very busy reaping tobacco, which has done well indeed.

We are most interested in establishing a high school in this area, as we will soon be having around 500 leaving our elementary schools each year. We need longer contact through the adolescent years. Will you please pray that we may have the staff, funds, and buildings for this Christian school, where children will be taught God's work daily?

To: Shewmakers March 24, 1965

From: Joyce and Jimmy

We have integrated Eureka School (formerly our "white" school) by taking in two African students. The wage level is too low for most Africans to attend Eureka School. It is a boarding school, but we have

recently opened our doors to day pupils. We have set up two bursaries that will pay seventy-five dollars per year for two worthy pupils of the lowest income group to attend school at Eureka. These pupils live on the mission. If any of you would like to set up a bursary (scholarship) of seventy-five dollars per year to help a worthy African student of the lower income group go to Eureka School, we would appreciate it. We may get some real Christian workers from this group. The parents themselves will have to buy the uniforms, which are required for school, and that is a very big item in comparison to their ability to pay. We have a secondary school in the dream stage and are poised, ready to go to work on it as soon as some funds are raised. We must have both workers and funds. It is a large project, which may later turn into a junior college. Last week we turned over our twenty-one village schools to the government. It is their policy to bring all the village schools under their control, so we thought since they are requiring so many new buildings to go up this year, we would get out from under this financial load. They said they did not object to our continuing to carry on services as we have been in the buildings. This will release Stan (after July) to help toward the buildings that we plan to repair for use by the secondary school until funds for better buildings come in. The schools will be officially turned over July 1, at the end of our financial year. Perhaps all the forgoing is not of much interest to you, but it is vital to us. J.C. seldom worries until he can't sleep, but he had a very sleepless night after he turned over our village schools. I think the magnanimity of the decision was too much for him. Must close. Love to each of you.

To: Sister Smith March 26, 1965

From: Joyce

Our son Stanford and the Merritts are the only missionaries here with us at Namwianga at this time. We have doctoring to do here, but it would take the full-time effort of two people to do it. Anything that is beyond us can go three miles to the African orderly at the dispensary in Kalomo. If it is beyond him, he can send the case by ambulance to Choma hospital.

To: Ott and Lenice June 26, 1965

From: J.C. and Joyce

Bricks are being made feverishly in preparation for the new secondary school. One boys' dormitory for thirty boys will be built this year. We plan to build more dormitories next year, and a dining room/kitchen unit. For 1966 we are repairing and furnishing the old dining room. J.C. has been asked to head the school, but I'm sure he will be glad to put it off on someone else as soon as someone can work into it. George Benson has sent over nearly all the funds we requested for this year, but we find with rising prices for construction material and rising labor costs, we can't get very far with it. Since our "white" school — that is, Eureka School — has integrated it has been hanging in the balances, so we have decided to use the money J.C. raised overseas for the secondary school instead of for the water system at Eureka, which is now adequate with the numbers we have. We are not accepting government aid for the secondary school, because they tie our hands too badly. They force us to make certain improvements and take teachers who are non-Christian and immoral. We've had enough of that. They are pressing all missions to turn over their village schools to the government, and indeed it had gotten to the place where we had little say in them and couldn't depend upon our teachers to be spiritual leaders in the community. So, we decided to do what we would be compelled to do in a year or two. There are few Africans qualified to teach in high school, so we can be of service there and try to use it for Christ. It is a big undertaking, because we have to furnish boarding facilities and accommodation for the numbers we take. It will mean much sacrifice on the part of many. We are hoping many will answer the call to come and join us in the work, including our own sons.

Sam and Nancy Cope put off their marriage, and she will teach in California next year. He plans to try to get another year of schoolwork behind him.

J.C. and Stan are trying to install the new diesel engine this morning as there are over three hundred students depending upon it for water. What a rush!

We are due to have our quarterly meeting today, when the missionaries from Kabanga and Sinde come to talk over the problems of the work.

To: Sister Smith July 5, 1965

From: Joyce

J.C. and Stan have gone down to the school site to lay off the foundation of our first new building for the new secondary school. It is a dormitory for thirty boys. They are remodeling the old dining room, and the kitchen, trying to get ready for opening the school in January. The remodeling is only a temporary measure until we can build adequate buildings. At present, we are having a ten-day break, and our boarders have gone to their homes. This gives J.C. more time to help at the secondary school site. Tomorrow, we plan to go to Choma to visit the secondary school run by the Brethren in Christ and pilgrim Holiness missions to get ideas on how to set this one up. Perhaps we can learn by other people's experiences, thus avoiding some of the pitfalls. From there, we plan to go on to Lusaka to place orders for materials.

To: Sister Smith November 16, 1965

From: Joyce

The lovely rains have come, and everything seems to have taken a greenish cast over night. One feels the urge to garden, garden, garden. Fortunately, my vegetable gardening was very well up-to-date and the refreshing rains have livened things up so. I can hardly keep my hands out of the soil long enough to do my other jobs.

The men are using every spare moment on the buildings. The rains are hindering them some on the outside work, as there is much brickwork and the roofs are not on yet, so inside plastering can't be done. Stan has to take some time off the job, as they are trying to get ready to fly on the 15th of December to the U.S. It is quite customary for us to take a year on a U.S. furlough, but Stan says he wants to take only six months because of the urgency of the work here.

To: "Miss" Myrtle November 30, 1965

From: Joyce

Our new secondary school opened for enrollment on the 18th. It was

our plan to open with ten girls and thirty boys in the first year. This we did, plus one extra boy, making forty-one students in all. An estimated 100 were turned away. This was hard to do. Over three thousand students in the southern province do not have a secondary school to attend.

To: Sister Smith May 11, 1966

From: Joyce

Our son Samuel is to marry on the 15th of July. He is to marry Nancy Cope, whose father teaches at Harding. I went to school with her mother. She is a fine, spiritually-minded girl with the heart of a missionary. She hopes to get a job teaching near Searcy, while Sam finishes his last year at Harding. After that they plan to head for the African mission field.

To: "Miss" Myrtle July 16, 1966

From: Joyce

Yes, our family is scattered. The four children have been together twice in the U.S. since Stan went home, but all of us have not been together since Stanford left home to go to school in the U.S. over 13 years ago. I can't bring myself to feel that we sacrificed anything when I think of what Christ gave up to save the world, but giving up one's children at such young ages is the closest to it of anything I know. I suppose it was made easier by first sending each one to boarding school over here, and then sending them to the U.S. one by one. It was a very great shock when we landed back in Africa in 1963 and realized that the children had all left the nest forever.

To: Ott and Lenice January 1, 1967

From: J.C. and Joyce

Sam and Sherman will both be graduating in June, and what a relief, after keeping each of the children in boarding school for eight years. Sherman was called up for his military physical at Little Rock recently

and will probably have to go into training soon after graduation. I do wish this Vietnam war would get over soon, but there seems little hope of such a thing.

J.C. suffered a near heart attack in October, and went immediately under the doctor's care. The last check-up showed his cholesterol level had been lowered substantially below normal, so the doctor has relaxed his diet slightly. After weeks on fish and chicken breast, the doctor allows more eggs and a little lean beef, but no pork. Also, he is to have less tension and work. In other words, he is to do one man's work, not three.

J.C. is here at the same table with me working on his high school timetable for next year. Our new school term begins on the 19th of this month, with our second year being added. J.C. has been principal of both Eureka and the high school this year, but he is relinquishing the former.

To: Ott and Lenice July 15, 1967

From: J.C.

Thank you for your gifts of $10 for May and June. Your fidelity in seeing that we have the physical needs of life is a constant source of inspiration to us. Each Lord's day, one of the missionaries here goes out into the village to encourage the work of our African evangelist. The Namwianga congregation supports him.

Brother Pencil Mukupa, who has just returned from England, where he studied on a Government bursary, said he was privileged to visit many congregations there. Pencil Mukupa is a former principal of our grade school here at Namwianga. He is being transferred to the Eastern Province of Zambia to become a lecturer in the teacher's college there. We hope he will do well with the church work there. Nothing gives us greater joy than to be involved in a program that gives out the word of God daily to the young people we are fortunate enough to have under our constant direction. The Kabanga brethren are in a tent meeting at Mukuni village, the first village to receive the Gospel in Zambia from our brethren.

PS: Sam and Nancy have just finished the mission's seminar at

Harding. They are planning to come to Africa as missionaries. They expect a baby in December.

Sherman is in Montreal with Roy Merritt, taking an accelerated French course. They attend church where S.T. Timmerman works. He was a missionary for years in France. Claudia and Jerry are expecting a baby in mid-September. They hope to visit us in about a year from now.

On December 12, 1967, about six months after the above letter, Jimmy and Joyce Shewmaker left Namwianga and Zambia for a new life in Bulawayo, Zimbabwe. They never returned to Zambia.

25
Bulawayo

The story of J.C. and Joyce's leaving Namwianga is largely a story of the clash of two generations. All of the missionaries associated with Namwianga prior to1965 had been in Africa many years. Nearly all had arrived prior to 1950 and represented an older generation. Most of these older missionaries had grown up in the American southern culture of the 1920s and 1930s and their years of service in Africa had been during the "colonial era." Zambia was a colony of Great Britain until 1964. Their attitudes and outlook toward Africa and its people largely reflected the culture of the American south in the 1930s and the missionaries of this period more closely identified with the views of the British colonizers.

Meanwhile, Zambia had been granted political independence from Britain in 1964. The political climate in the country and the policies of the new government was bringing change that was undesirable in the eyes of the older missionaries.

1965 brought the beginning of a wave of younger missionaries to Namwianga. Their formative years were the 1950s and early 1960s, so the civil rights movement in America and the 'anti-establishment' spirit of that era had influenced them. These new missionaries also had received some training in missions that emphasized a more sympathetic view of other cultures and the ideal of identifying with felt needs and aspirations of the people to whom they were taking the gospel. They embraced a new kind of relationship between the missionary and the national, one that might be termed fraternal in contrast to the formerly paternalistic quality of relationship. All of these of differences made up a recipe for inter-generational conflicts among the missionaries at Namwianga.

Sam and Nancy Shewmaker arrived as missionaries at Namwianga on September 7, 1967, just as the conflict was coming to a climax. Within two weeks of their arrival a major meeting took place at Namwianga involving most of the missionaries and a number of the African leaders in the church in southern Zambia. Sam and Nancy were not informed of the meeting, nor were they invited to it. The consensus

of the meeting was that the new approaches to mission work would largely replace the "schools" approach. J.C. was deeply hurt by what was said and done in the meeting and took it as a repudiation and rejection of his views and attitudes and indeed all that he had done and stood for. He was particularly offended by a couple of younger missionaries that, in his view, were disrespectful of the older seasoned missionaries and thought they 'knew it all.' Others realized that change had to come but were more kind and considerate of the feelings of the older missionaries.

After the meeting some of the African brethren approached J.C. as one who had been their teacher and for whom they had a lot of respect. They too knew that change had to come, but it was their desire to repair and maintain a good relationship. J.C. appreciated their attitude but knew that he would not be able to adjust and live with the new attitudes and some of the new personalities that were on the scene.

Immediately Jimmy and Joyce decided it was time for them to leave Namwianga. They made a quick trip to Bulawayo, Rhodesia to explore the possibility of moving there. They purchased a house, where they would be 'back fence' neighbors to their old colleagues, Will and Delia Short, and returned to begin the process of closing down their household at Namwianga and turning over their responsibilities at the mission.

In early October 1967, all of the missionaries in southern Zambia met to make decisions about the future of the missionary force and the new school at Namwianga. These included J.C. and Joyce Shewmaker, Dow and Helen Pearl Merritt, Leonard and Mabel Bailey, Ken and Iris Elder, John and Mary Kledzik, Jim and Linda Pinegar, Keith and Lois Beeson, Sam and Nancy Shewmaker, Dennis Mitchell and George Triplett. One of the items of business was to take a poll of who planned to stay and work at Namwianga and who planned to leave. All of the older generation of missionaries, with the exception of the Ken and Iris Elder, said they would be leaving Zambia in the near future. All of the younger generation, with the exception of Sam and Nancy Shewmaker, decided they would stay and work with the school.

Sam and Nancy were caught between the two polarized camps. Sam was a product of the older system and therefore felt some loyalty and respect for the old guard. On the other hand, he felt more identity with

the views and values of the younger generation. In the end Sam and Nancy decided they would stay on for a while and help in the transition. John Kledzik was appointed to be the new principal of the school.

J.C. had been serving as the principal of two schools as well as running the farm and overseeing a lot of the construction at Namwianga over the years. Joyce had been a teacher and served as a dorm mother, supervising meals, the vegetable garden and doing most of the correspondence. J.C. was 65 years old and it was a good time for him to begin easing out of some of his responsibilities anyway. He owned his own farm adjacent to the Namwianga property and a herd of 180 head of milk cattle that he had built up over the years with good Brown Swiss stock. J.C. gave the farm and sold the cattle to the school at Namwianga. The little Eureka School that had been started about 1950 and had taught so many children of missionaries, farmers and business people was closed and the furniture sold.

The Shewmakers left Zambia about December 12, 1967 after 28 years of service there. They were deeply embittered for several months by the conflict that resulted in their departure from Namwianga. They resolved not to talk or write about it. They spent much time in prayer working through a process of forgiveness toward those they felt had done them wrong. The attitude that led Jimmy and Joyce to resist the temptation to explain their side of the story and to set the record straight was at the heart of who they were. The cause of Christ came above all else, even when they felt they had been wronged. The reader will remember that it was only after others had convinced Jimmy that it was helpful to the mission effort that he made a public statement about the Premillennial controversy. This willingness to suffer for Christ was an indication of the level of Christian maturity that Jimmy and Joyce had obtained.

The Bulawayo experience was one that started bitterly for the Shewmakers but became one of the most satisfying of their mission works. Their semi-retirement, coming at age 65 for Jimmy and age 60 for Joyce, afforded them the opportunity to escape from the pressures associated with their work in other places. Still, they continued to work and seek new experiences, attaining personal growth even in their final years of service.

It would be about eight months, Joyce would say later, before she and Jimmy could overcome the bitterness they felt. Bulawayo did, however, provide a happy, comfortable life that eased their adjustment and soothed their feelings.

Their new house and a two-acre lot were located on the edge of town. Joyce's love of gardening soon became evident, as well as cathartic, as she set out and tended the grape and Boysenberry vines as well as the many fruit trees, variously yielding figs, oranges, Eureka lemons, avocados, mangos, apples, peaches, plums, tangerines, and papayas. Besides the small orchard, Jimmy and Joyce maintained a vegetable garden, a flower garden, flowering trees, date palm trees, and bougainvilleas. Jimmy, who also gardened, found that putting himself into his new mission work was the best way to forget his bruised feelings. He was assigned to the "young married" class at the Hillside congregation, a duty that he learned to love and that prepared him and Joyce for their future work upon their "retirement" in the U.S. They adopted the young married couples there, starting a monthly fellowship program in which each couple would host the class for dinner, devotional, and games. Many of Jimmy and Joyce's fondest memories of Africa grew out of working with that class.

Jimmy, though ostensibly semi-retired, continued to preach and teach extensively. As an elder and leader of the Hillside congregation, which had no full-time preacher, Jimmy took his turn in the pulpit when called upon, and he preached at the black congregation when asked. When Hillside, one of four white congregations in Bulawayo, decided that the Belleview community should have its own congregation, Jimmy was one of the two elders to move from Hillside to the new congregation, in essence helping to found the Belleview church. The members of the Hillside church who lived at Belleview began attending the new congregation, and they elected Jimmy and a former elder of Hillside, both of whom had resigned to allow the new church to start fresh, to be the first elders at Belleview.

The local public schools also provided Jimmy an opportunity to exercise one of his greatest joys, teaching the Bible. In the Bulawayo school system, one could "demand entry" into the classroom to teach the Bible.

Each religion had the right to have a teacher teach his doctrine at a certain hour of the day. Though he faced some resentment and resistance, Jimmy persistently sought opportunities to teach any children he could get into his classes, though of course he could not teach at every school, having time only for several high schools and one primary school.

As Jimmy's reputation spread, so did his influence, for he soon had many members of other denominations in his classes. Many students who came from families in the Christian Church attended Jimmy's classes, as did the students from the Church of England, which did not have its own teachers in the Bulawayo schools. Jimmy's popularity as a teacher grew so that he had to recruit associates, including women, to teach many of the students from the Church of England. Joyce would later consider this situation one of their most fruitful in terms of expanding the cause of Christ.

More than ever before in their lives, however, their time in Bulawayo afforded them the type of relaxation and recreation one generally associates with retirement. Their mutual love of gardening was requited with much fruit and beauty; they had fun and received satisfaction by working with the young married couples; Joyce joined a garden club and attended a flower arranging class with one of her young pupils; and Jimmy was able to renew his earlier interest in athletics, carefully tending a croquet court and cultivating a good, "dirty" game of croquet. Jimmy said he spent many hours laying out and perfectly leveling a large dirt croquet court. He kept it in prime condition for years.

In all, Bulawayo provided an idyllic home for the Shewmakers. It allowed them to continue to serve the Lord without the stress of leadership and conflict, and it gave them a smooth transition when they decided to return to the U.S. in 1977. The Bulawayo decade was perhaps the most satisfying of the four the Shewmakers spent in Africa.

The Bulawayo period was a time that was especially meaningful to Joyce. For the first time in her adult life she had the freedom to come into her own as an individual. Given this freedom she blossomed into a mature woman with a mission to help young married women, as can be seen in the taped interview below. The ministry Joyce began in Bulawayo was continued after her return to the United States.

[JOYCE: After 28 years in Northern Rhodesia, which is now Zambia, J.C. decided we should move to Bulawayo in Rhodesia. We moved into an area, which was predominantly white. In this city we found two small struggling congregations with only one full-time worker, W.N. Short. J.C. soon found himself involved with the teaching program at the Hillside congregation and teaching at other congregations in the area. He had as many Bible classes as he could teach in the government schools. By law one can demand right of entry into any school to teach scripture, if there are any children of your religious group that attend the school.

[But where did I fit in? By this time our children had been raised. My work of teaching children and young people had been left behind in Zambia. All I could do was believe in the Lord, relax, and wait. Soon something from God appeared on the horizon. It had the exhilarating life of the Spirit in it. My husband was teaching the young married class at the Hillside Church of Christ. He taught them that they should seek Christian fellowship. Then, I chanced to hear one of the young women, who had just become a Christian say, "We don't have any friends of our age except in the world. What can we do?" This pierced me like a dagger! I thought, "Why don't they have friends in the church?" When I related this to J.C., we decided to have all the young married couples to our home for dinner, followed by a devotional period and table games. At this evening of fellowship, we decided that we would start meeting the first Monday night of each month. In order to get each couple truly involved, we took alphabetical turns letting each couple host the evening in their home, the young woman organizing the potluck dinner, and her husband organizing the devotional. From this activity, a great closeness and warmness began to develop among us. These young people began to invite other couples that were not members of the Church of Christ. We had become a part of the lives of this promising young group.

[This satisfying experience was followed by another God-sent option. It began to dawn on me that I was about the oldest woman in the congregation, and it had been laid upon me of the Lord that I was to teach the younger women. The passage from Titus 2:3-5 hit me forcibly. I asked the young women if they would like for me to teach a special class to help

them more faithfully carry out their responsibilities as Christian wives and mothers. Together we learned a lot. Proverbs was our chief textbook on bringing up children. In fact, on the mission field we had possessed no other book except the Bible in bringing up our own family.

[About that time our son, Sam and his family, returned from their first furlough in the U.S. and visited with us in Bulawayo en route to their work in Zambia. In talking with Nancy, our daughter-in-law, about the work with the young women, she said, "Oh! Mother, I have a book you ought to have, but I do want to take it to Zambia to let some of the missionary wives read it." I read it before she left, and a more practical quality was launched in our teaching. I then began the search for other books. We purchased quite a few books with titles that seemed to meet our need and spent the next few months sifting through these materials.

[None of these women had been brought up in Christian homes. They had been converted from the world, and they had worldly points of view and Victorian ideas about sex. We all grew together. It was just wonderful watching these young women grow, watching their home relationships change, seeing their husbands happier, and their children disciplined in love.

[Then, something very exciting happened about a year before we left Bulawayo. Three young women, who weren't members of the Church of Christ, started attending the classes by special invitation. We were studying the sexual relationship in marriage. One of these women asked us to have it at her house. She thought some of her friends would attend. Then the Spirit moved me to think, why not advertise the classes in the daily paper?

[Our advertisement went something like this: Do you want your marriage to be better? The date, time of the class, name of the teacher, telephone number, and address was given. The class was advertised under the heading of, "For Women Only". Fifteen ladies came, of all ages from various religious groups.]

To: Shewmakers December 2, 1969

From: J.C. and Joyce

We still haven't seen Stan and family. [Stan and Jo Ann, with their family, were returning to Zambia for a second five-year mission tour.] I believe they arrived in Zambia in September. They are a little over 300 miles from us, and the national borders are no longer so easily crossed. It involves a lot of red tape. Also, Stan and his party — four families in all — are working feverishly to get their heads under cover before the heavy rains set in. Stan and Jo Ann got here before the rest, and so their house will be ready first. The others were waiting for visas. Stan has had a bit of architectural training, plus some building experience in Africa, which sets him in good stead. Terrible mistakes can be made in building, which one has to pay dearly for if he doesn't use proper materials and build substantially. The inexperienced ones usually make such mistakes. They are building with cement blocks and steel windows and doors. A letter from Jo Ann said they expect to move in this week. As soon as school ends this week Sam hopes to go down from Namwianga and help them on the buildings. Jo Ann will go to Namwianga and stay with Nancy. They too will make preparations to come down here for Christmas. We will be so happy to see Jo Ann and the children and get acquainted again. We haven't seen them for exactly four years. We saw Stan just over a year ago, when he was out here on research, at the same time that Claudia was here. Stan really had to work hard to get his masters degree and support his family at the same time. To get a Masters of Missions, he has to cover every phase of religion, not just one aspect as some degrees call for.

Our car is giving us trouble again. J.C. had to cancel his Bible class this morning because of it, and we were to go to the army barracks, married quarters for a cottage meeting with a young woman. This is when it hurts, being hindered in our work. Our new borehole well is a great blessing and furnishes about 1,500 gallons per hour.

To: Lenice and Ott April 8, 1972

From: Joyce and J.C.

We are really disappointed that you aren't coming to see us. We thought you'd really make it. We have written Stan and Jo Ann about it. Stan and family are supposed to be here tomorrow night for a ten-day visit, Stan's first visit in about 17 months.

Friday we go to town to do our weekly shopping and to do anything else that needs to be done. Later in the morning, I spoke to our young married women's group at a morning tea — on making a successful Christian marriage. In the afternoon I put the buttons on my dress and made the buttonholes. This morning was really busy, too. I worked up and cooked a pan of gooseberries, washed and chopped up a pan of red sweet peppers and cooked them. Then, they are pimentos. Stored them for use in the refrigerator. Made two loaves of whole wheat bread, and made two fresh apple pies. Then, I helped J.C. finish paring a large basket of guavas. We stewed these and I poured off some of the juice to go in punch. We will store the guavas in the refrigerator to use for dessert. We have lots of visitors and this fruit really helps. The gooseberries make nice cobblers. Tonight we go to a dinner and devotional at the home of one of our young married couples. This devotional is for the young married group. J.C. and I sort of sponsor this group. J.C. teaches their Bible class twice weekly. Our old fruit trees are bearing copiously and the young ones have nearly every one had a bit of fruit this year. We enjoy our yard and garden.

26
Epilogue

After 38 years in Africa, Jimmy and Joyce returned to the United States in 1977 to live out the remainder of their lives among friends and relatives. Because of advancing age and declining health — Jimmy was 75 and Joyce was 70 — the Shewmakers decided to return to America to be closer to family. Three of four children and most of their grandchildren were living in the United States at this time; Sam and his family were still in Africa serving as missionaries. Jimmy and Joyce had only seen their children on rare occasions after the children were sent to the United States for college. They all married and had families in America.

The Shewmakers settled in Searcy, Arkansas, the state they had left to travel to Africa. Even though they had returned to their homeland, Jimmy and Joyce very much missed their adopted land of Africa for the rest of their lives. The majority of their adult lives had been spent in Africa. Most of the things that give people their identities, such as the births of most of their children and their life work had occurred there. When they left Africa the Shewmakers were leaving what they felt to be their "real home." Except for other American missionaries who served with the Shewmakers in Africa and had also returned to the United States, many of their closest friends were in Africa. The decision to leave Africa was a difficult one for Jimmy and Joyce. They found it difficult to leave the work to which they had dedicated their lives and because there was a shortage of missionaries, they felt a strong need to remain in Africa. When discussing with the Shewmakers whether they could have done more for the Lord if they had stayed in Africa, I offered the following opinion. Because of the large number of people who stayed in their home after their return to the U.S. and their involvement in the lives of so many people, the Shewmakers served as role models and as an inspiration to numerous people. The combined efforts of all these people could produce greater results for the cause of Christ than anything that they individually could have accomplished in Africa. There is a great need for Christian examples of faith and commitment, especially among young people. Examples of this kind may inspire others to commitment their lives to mission work or to a deeper faith.

After returning to America, though retired from full time work, Jimmy and Joyce were very active members of the College Church of Christ in Searcy, Arkansas. Joyce continued the work among young women that she had started in Bulawayo and Jimmy spoke to many different groups about the work in Africa. In addition to their other activities, including gardening, which they both loved with a passion, the Shewmakers entertained numerous guests in their home. There were not many days in which people from varying parts of the United States did not visit. Jimmy and Joyce were gracious hosts offering meals that were a mixture of British, African, and American cuisines.

It was during this time that my family (Charles and Ruth Webb, and our children, Royce, Timothy, and Maria) became intimately acquainted with Jimmy and Joyce. We had known of the Shewmakers for many years and received letters from them while they were in Africa — Ruth Copeland Webb, my wife, is a half-sister to Joyce. Ruth had only seen Joyce once, during the 1963 furlough of the Shewmakers to the U.S., after she had become an adult. Ruth and Joyce had the same father but had been born 32 years apart. After Joyce's mother died, Newton remarried. This wife died after about two years and then Newton married Jennie Wasner of Tallahassee, Florida. Newton was 60 years old when Ruth was born. Newton and Jennie had two additional children. The first died at birth. The second child, Frances, was born five years after Ruth.

We visited often with the Shewmakers when they lived in Searcy, usually staying several days at a time. It is based on these visits and extensive conversations with Jimmy and Joyce that we gained the perspective on their lives that follows.

Jimmy and Joyce Shewmaker are examples of very ordinary people who became extraordinary because of the depth of their commitment to God and a willingness to be used in His service. As the title of this book indicates, their one consuming passion was to do what the Lord wanted them to do in all situations. "Putting out the fleece," as they termed it, was their way of seeking the Lord's will for their lives in various situations. For example, when Jimmy and Joyce first left for Africa, they arrived in New York without the money for passenger tickets or freight expenses for their truck. They were absolutely convinced that if it were

the will of God for them to go to Africa as missionaries that the money would be provided, and it was. This is just one of numerous times in their lives when God revealed his will for their lives in response to their faith. If after praying about a proposed undertaking, the necessary funds or opportunities were not provided for them, the Shewmakers felt it was not the will of the Lord for them to undertake the contemplated activity. Although difficult things happened, such as the death of their young child, Jackie, they never wavered in their belief that it was God's will and that all things happened for a purpose.

The deep commitment and spirituality of Jimmy and Joyce manifested itself in many ways. They both had a deep love for the souls of others. Jimmy, especially, was touched by the large number of people who live without a faith in God to give them a genuine hope of heaven. On more than one occasion, I saw tears come to Jimmy's eyes when talking about the many people in the world who had never heard the gospel of Christ. This concern for the lost was a part of the motivation that led them to the mission field in the first place. And for many missionaries who go to the field for a life-long commitment, there is also a spirit of adventure or pioneering that carries them to the mission field.

Without this pioneering spirit, most people who are interested in becoming missionaries would never make the commitment of leaving their homeland and family. Concern for the souls of others became the passion of the Shewmakers' lives and shows their spiritual and physical maturity.

Jimmy and Joyce set aside at least two times each day for devotional activities. When visiting in their home, one could always expect that as soon as the breakfast dishes were cleared away, it was time for the morning devotional. All other activities ceased and the family and guests gathered for the devotional led by Jimmy. Prayers and scripture readings were always included, and on occasions songs and other activities. In the early evening after dinner, the same thing happened regardless of what else might be planned for the evening. Joyce once said that she never wanted anyone to leave her house without a blessing. This was certainly true of our visits to the Shewmaker home. We always left feeling blessed and closer to God after visiting them.

The Shewmakers' entire lives revolved around their commitment to God; hobbies and recreational activities were secondary in nature. For example, Joyce was an avid gardener. She raised both indoor and outdoor plants, but her greatest love was African violets. She had a large collection of these beautiful plants. Whenever Joyce went to see someone in the hospital or a person who was home bound, she would always carry along one of her many treasured plants as a gift.

All of the above is not to paint an overly idealistic picture of Jimmy and Joyce or to imply that they were without faults. Joyce could be aloof and hard to get to know. Jimmy often made firm decisions too quickly and was slow to admit that the decision may have not been the best one in the situation. They both were on the stubborn side and possessed other faults common to the human condition. But in spite of their weaknesses, when one was with the Shewmakers he or she felt that they were in the presence of deeply spiritual individuals. Their attitude toward the mistakes that they made is in itself instructive. For example, in Africa on one occasion, on the basis of a report of some of the natives, Jimmy accused an individual of some immoral activity. He later learned that the report was false. He was deeply sorrowful and repentant about the situation. Both of the Shewmakers went to the offended couple to make right the situation. Even so, many years later Jimmy and Joyce were still sorrowful about what had happened and any damage that might have been caused to the person's reputation and to the mission work in Zambia.

Jimmy and Joyce were deeply committed to Christ and the freedom that one has in Christ. For this reason, they did not subscribe to any of the periodicals published among Churches of Christ. They wanted to avoid being involved in or concerned about the various doctrinal and theological issues that have divided the brotherhood from time to time. When they were unavoidably drawn into these issues they fought tenaciously to maintain their freedom.

On the memorial marker for J.C. and Joyce Shewmaker, in the Croft Cemetery, is engraved the words, "Faith is the victory." A better statement could not be found to summarize the lives of these two people. Their lives were ones of faith from beginning to end.

Jimmy was very concerned about the divisive and sectarian spirit he

found among many in the Church of Christ when he returned to the United States in 1977. He attended and participated in unity meetings to try to help heal the fractured Restoration Movement. He had seen and experienced the damage that these attitudes could wreak upon people who were interested only in taking the gospel to the world.

The divisive and sectarian spirit that troubled Jimmy had not gotten worse while he was in Africa, if anything it had gotten a little better. It was he that had changed. His memory of this sectarian spirit that had existed in many churches when he left America in 1939 had gradually faded. He said, "He had found Christ in Africa." The privation, the identity with the lost and poor of this world, and the suffering he had experienced at the hands of many of his own brethren had given Jimmy a much deeper understanding of Christianity. A clearer understanding of the grace of God, a deeper faith, and a vision of the freedom that Christians have in Christ, was one of the real legacies of Africa in the life of Jimmy and Joyce Shewmaker. They had truly found Christ!

Jimmy and Joyce were faithful to the very end in their stewardship of the funds that had been provided. They both donated their bodies to science and did not have a funeral to save the expenses connected with this and related activities.

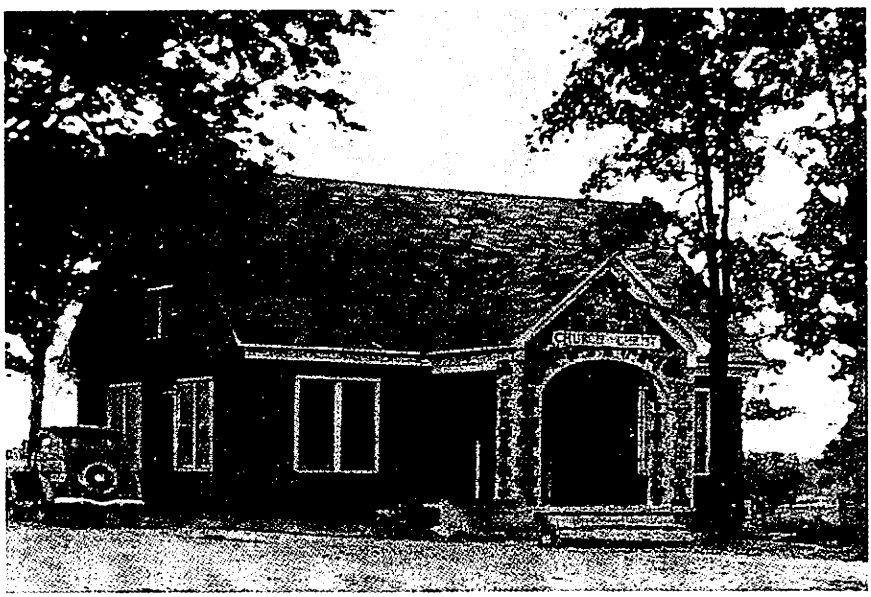
Jimmy died on November 6, 1985, at 83 years of age, after about a six-month struggle with a recurrent cancer of the jaw. He refused to undergo chemotherapy or radiation treatment after he was convinced that the disease was terminal. He preferred to avoid the debilitating effects of these treatments so that he could spend his remaining time with family and friends at home with as much clarity of mind as was possible. The family and friends of James Cluver Shewmaker conducted a memorial service on November 18, 1985 at the College Church of Christ in Searcy, Arkansas. Burney Baucom, a close friend of Jimmy's from Searcy, gave the main address.

After the death of Jimmy, Joyce moved to Columbia, Missouri to live with her daughter, Claudia and her family. Over the next sixteen months, Joyce's health continued to decline. She was not in good health at the time that Jimmy died, and the loss of her husband seemed to accelerate her decline. It was during this time that the taped interviews with Joyce were conducted.

Joyce died on February 14, 1987, three days after her eightieth birthday. The family and friends of Joyce Copeland Shewmaker conducted a memorial service on March 7, 1987. Charles Webb gave the main address.

Although there are no graves or grave markers in remembrance of Jimmy and Joyce Shewmaker, (a headstone was raised in their memory in Croft Cemetery — a Croft community and Shewmaker family burial plot — near Paragould, Arkansas) they will be long remembered by a large multitude of friends and family. The lives of Jimmy and Joyce touched and influenced the lives of so many people that it would be impossible to begin to recount their legacy. Their memorial is a living memorial in hearts and lives of people in three countries (the United States, Zambia, and Zimbabwe) on two continents.

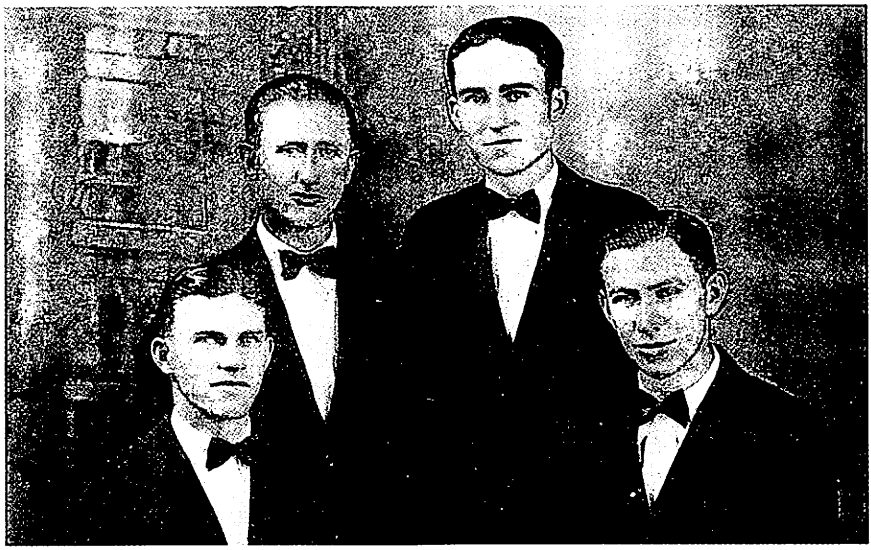
John Josiah and Emma Jane (Webster) Shewmaker



The church they left. Guy, AR Church of Christ building, 1939.

1. John Taylor, 2. David Gardner, 3. Ross Shewmaker, 4. Enoch Shewmaker, 5. Troy Higgins, 6. Ted Dearing, 7. J. Cluver Shewmaker, 8. Ott Shewmaker, 9. Tera Taylor, 10. Emma Shewmaker, 11. Ida Dearing, 12. Tolbart Gardner, 13. Lola Dearing, 14. Gladys (Gardner) Taylor, 15. Bill Taylor, 16. Troy Shewmaker, 17. Glover Shewmaker, 18. Charley Dearing, 19. Ellis Taylor, 20. A.D. Gardner, 21, Earl Taylor, 22. Arpha Taylor Wilson, 23. Cecil Gardner Taylor, 24. --- Howard, 25. Cora Shewmaker Jetton, 26. Selma Taylor, 27. Carrol Taylor, 28. Marion Shewmaker

Croft School, 1915.

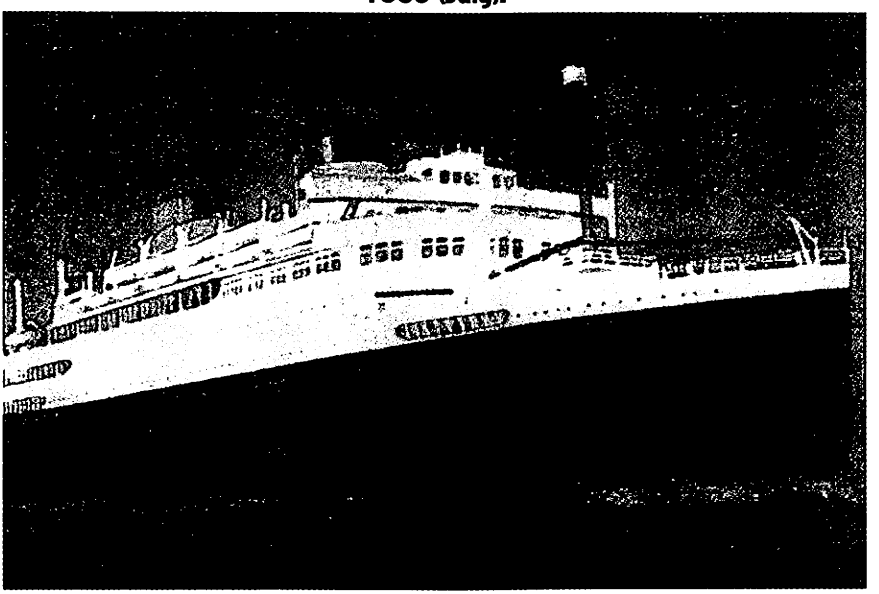


Starting at bottom left, J.C. Shewmaker, V.C. Varette, Bill Jones, Smith, 1927.

Joyce Copeland,
P.C.H.S. '25-'28.

"For Joyce there is no geometry problem too hard, in fact Joyce tackles all of her studies in such a way that it is sport. She expresses her purpose of going to the mission field and is therefore spending her school time in earnest study. Truly in her are the spirit and graces of a true missionary and we have good grounds for expecting to hear of great things in her life work. Joyce does not talk as much as some but she has ever been a sincere booster of the school and indeed a credit to her class"

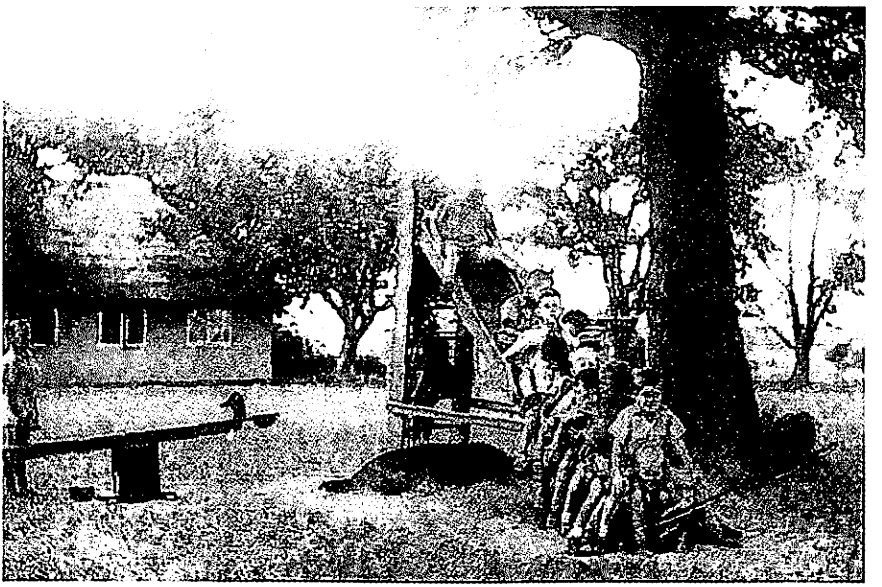
Traveling companions and fellow missionaries, A.B. and Margaret Reese, 1939 (July).



Ship taken by Shewmakers and Reeses between New York City and Southampton, UK, 1939. First leg of journey to Africa in 1939.

The home they left, Guy, AR, 1939.

Eureka School students at play, 1956.



Eureka School students at play, 1956.

New Eureka School building, completed 1957.

Memorial marker for J.C. and Joyce Shewmaker in Croft Cemetary, near Paragould, AR.

The Shewmaker Family.