

“GIVE ME THIS MOUNTAIN”

By

BESSIE HARDIN CHENAULT

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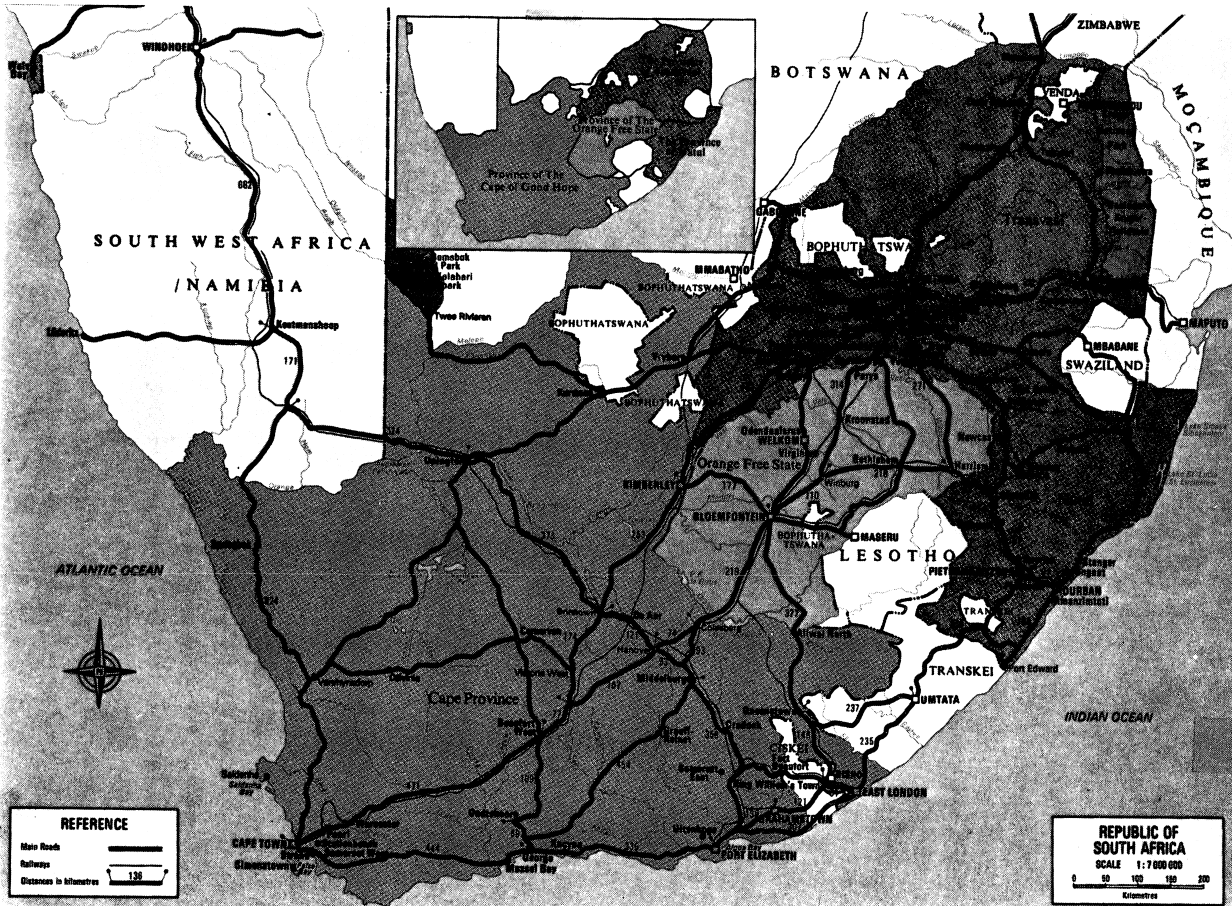
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*“Give me this mountain.”
Joshua 14:12*

*Dedicated to the memory of John Hardin
who, with boundless zeal and
energy, was always ready to
accept a challenge and to
climb just a little bit higher
for the Lord,*

*and to our sons: Kent, Don, Brian,
Neal, Dale, and Gary, who
shared in our South African
experience.*

FOREWORD

Why Go to South Africa?

The manual for a certain large denomination states that in the Apostolic age, “when there *was* but ‘one Lord, one faith, and one baptism’,” or in other words, before there were differing denominations, baptism “*was* the door into the church.” “Now,” says the manual, “it is different.” (*italics are mine.*)

The churches of Christ plead with the denominational world to reach back in history, before the reformation movement, before the council of Ravenna that “legalized” sprinkling for baptism, before the apostasy began to divide the body of believers, all the way back to the Apostolic age – there *is* even now one Lord, one faith, one baptism. The Bible reads the same today as when it was written and our plea is to return to simple “New Testament Christianity.”

It is this plea that our missionaries carry into the world, even to places that already have churches of various kinds. Jesus prayed that all believers may be one, “that the world may believe You have sent me.”

THE PRICE OF A DIVIDED CHRISTENDOM
IS AN UNBELIEVING WORLD

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

I remember that, as a student at Freed-Hardeman College and David Lipscomb College, I heard of the preachers and their various efforts in several African countries. One of those countries was South Africa.

In 1970 I made a study trip through Africa. On reaching Johannesburg, South Africa, I called brother John Hardin in nearby Benoni and he and his sons came to pick me up and took me to their place. This was my first meeting of John, Bessie, and the children.

Later I made side trips to Swaziland and to Mauritius and each time I would come back to the Hardins. I deeply appreciated them and all of the kindness and hospitality they extended to me. I was especially impressed with their work and their dedication to the cause of Christ.

During the past few years I have made three trips to South Africa in connection with the World Literature program we have there, and I have heard the Hardins' name mentioned again and again by the missionaries. In February of this year John Reese and I made a trip to Vendaland to see the church in that area and there also the local brethren spoke highly of the evangelizing brother Hardin had done in years past with the help of a big tent. Because of brother Hardin's efforts, and the work of others who followed, we were told that the church of Christ may very well be the largest religious group in the whole region. But that is not all. Because of the work already done, the opportunities there for the cause of Christ to grow are enormous.

Brother Hardin, of course, has since passed from this life and sister Bessie has married a very fine Christian man

Publisher's Statement

in Abilene, Texas, but the work of the Hardins in South Africa has not been forgotten.

I heard from different sources that sister Bessie was going to write a book about their work in South Africa, so I then wrote her to say that I would like to have the honor of printing it. This book is the end result.

As we all know, South Africa is going through some very difficult times but what that country needs more than anything else is the gospel of Christ. I am hoping that this monumental work will call special attention to this need and will encourage and inspire more workers to go there. If this can be done, I will be more than rewarded for my efforts, and the Hardins' work will live on to the glory of God.

J. C. Choate
Winona, Mississippi
July 8, 1986

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‘I’m a Pilgrim, and I’m a Stranger’

WE LAND AT CAPE TOWN

There is a legend about an old pirate by the name of Ort van Hunks, a Dutchman who had made enough by this means and that to retire and turn honest. He settled in Cape Town with a great fat wife who nagged him constantly. Having a number of strong slaves to do his work for him, he had nothing to do but to lie about, smoking his pipe and thinking of his pirating days. When his wife worried too much about his pipe ash falling onto her polished yellow-wood floors, old van Hunks would climb up to the saddle of land connecting Table Mountain with Devil’s Peak, where, on a giant semi-circular rock, he could sit and dream.

While dreaming thus one day, a strange little man appeared and revealed that he was the devil, showing van Hunks the forked tail he had concealed inside his trousers. Van Hunks said that it doesn’t take a tail to make a devil – you should just see his wife! The devil was sympathetic, and after a bit of conversation the two agreed to a game of dice. As they played, they smoked pipe after pipe of van Hunks’ tobacco until the smoke billowed out from among the trees, filled the saddle, covered Devil’s Peak, and finally spread all across the top of the great Table Mountain. The burghers in the town below watched it and said, “Table Mountain has spread its cloth for tea.” Devil’s Peak was named for van Hunks’ underworld companion, and ever since, the spectacle has reappeared each summer day whenever the great game has been resumed.

The scientific explanation of the "table cloth" is that the prevailing southeast summer wind picks up a high content of moisture over False Bay, colliding then with the mountains of the peninsula. Thus forced to rise, the moist air drops suddenly in temperature, condensing into a thick white cloud. The top of Table Mountain is exactly the right height for this cloud to roll over it and drape across the other side, disappearing again where the increasing temperature of the lower altitude causes the moisture to dissipate.

Summer is from October to April in the southern hemisphere, so when we drew into the Cape Town Harbor on the morning of August 24, 1949, Table Mountain's cloth was not spread for tea. Instead, the sky was exceptionally clear, just about as blue as it can ever be. The air was so still that there was hardly a ripple on the waters of Table Bay. We hurried out of our cabins onto the deck of the "African Pilot" when we heard the hooting and chugging of the tugboats that had come to nudge us into our berth. This was the doorway to the Union of South Africa.

The Guy Caskeys, the Waymon Millers, and the John Hardins, plus one young South African student, who made up the 12 passengers carried by that freighter, stood by the rail, each person thinking his own private thoughts. The student was home, but the eleven who made up our party were feeling like pioneers venturing into a country as new to us as it had been to the first white settlers who had landed there almost 300 years before.

The children were excited. Kent, our eldest, then 3½, was enthralled by the tugboat, his only previous experience having been one of his favorite books, "Tuffy

the Tugboat.” Now here was a real live one! John was busy taking movies. Our sponsoring congregation had given us a 16mm camera so that we could keep a film record of our experiences in the mission field.

This was not quite the southernmost part of the continent: the Cape of Good Hope, a few miles farther south, marks the coming together of the Indian and Atlantic Oceans, and Cape Agulhas to the east is the actual tip of Africa. Table Mountain, however, was the sight that sailors longed to see when they were returning to home ports in Europe after the perilous voyages from the Indies, because they knew they were on the last leg of the journey that would take them to safety and home. Bartholomew Diaz had seen this mountain when he had rounded the Cape with three small ships in 1488. He must have seen those seas in their ugliest mood for he first named it the “Cape of Storms,” renaming it the “Cape of Good Hope” upon his return voyage. The Cape! The place where the “Flying Dutchman” is said to be spending eternity trying to round its shores in his spectral ship. Vasco da Gama had sailed past here to become the first to reach the east via the Cape. Antonio de Saldanha had climbed the mountain and was the first to report having seen the two oceans at once. And here it was that Jan van Riebeeck had come, 297 years before, as first commander of the Cape, to found the commercial settlement that would become Cape Town. Legend, romance, struggle, hardship, storms, illness, death, shipwreck, ambition, adventure, hopes, dreams, — all had gone into the history of this place, and now we dared hope to step across its threshold.

Early in 1949, when we decided to go to South

Africa, we read everything we could find in the small library available to us, mainly articles in encyclopedias. Now these are great for compilations of facts and figures. We learned, for instance, that the average annual temperature is between 55 and 65 degrees F, which tells nothing about the bitterly chilly winter nights in Johannesburg or the oppressive humidity of a Durban summer. Reading about gold mines didn't tell us about the agonizing labor of those who work in the tunnels at 120 degrees F, or of the social problems created by the thousands of laborers recruited for this work from all over the country, separated from their families in the homelands. Learning that there were two official languages plus many tribal dialects could not possibly make us understand the difficulties between the various language groups. The facts that we had learned about the country could not tell us what we were going to learn for ourselves during the years to come. Worldwide, South Africa had not yet become as significant as it has since the emergence of third world nations, the intervention of Russia, the threat of communism, and the prominence given to racial policies. Today, South Africa is frequently in the world news. In 1949 it was not so.

Compared to the perilous voyages of many months' duration endured by the early settlers, our 19 days at sea from Savannah to Cape Town were nothing, but we were looking forward to setting foot on dry land. Our first 15 or 16 days had been smooth sailing, but then we began to experience the cape rollers. The surface of the water was not choppy, but enormous swells rolled us first 28 degrees one way, then 28 the other. "Uphill" on deck suddenly became "downhill," and any unsecured articles crashed

from one side to the other. Once, in the dining room, our chairs slid sideways and we found ourselves sitting in front of someone else's dinner.

If anyone were to ask me exactly what I was thinking that morning in the harbor, it would be impossible for me to answer. I was neither afraid nor homesick. I had no doubts as to my ability to adjust to new ways: 4 years of college, 2 years of teaching in a small town, and 26 months in the Women's Army Corps had prepared me to be adaptable. John's nearly 5 years in the army plus his easy-going nature stood him in good stead. We certainly did not have preconceived ideas of what to expect — we were simply on the verge of a great new adventure. There is an old hymn that begins, "I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger." It would have been my theme, no doubt, if I had been thinking of it.

The freighter had not been comfortable. Our bunks had high rims all around, making them unfit for sitting, and all the chairs were hard and straight. We suspected that the captain had usurped for his personal use the area meant to be a passenger lounge as designated on the diagram of the passenger deck. Other freighters at later dates provided us with far greater comfort.

Most passenger decks are made of planking which can be scrubbed; the *Pilot* had only a steel deck which, upon our first day at sea, was painted with a tarry surface to protect it from the salt water, but it made a poor place for children's games, and their clothes and shoes were nearly ruined. Worst of all was the racket of the power tools being used to chip old paint and rust from the bulkheads, including the outside of our cabins. It was like living in a boiler factory. A zealous first mate, on his first voyage in this

position, was eager to have his ship in A-one condition by the time it returned to home port. The best time to chip paint on a freighter is at sea, for in port, the crew are busy with other things, and so we learned that crews of freighters do not cater to passengers – they endure them.

The five children in our party had survived the restriction to a small area, but the toys and coloring books had lost their appeal. During the days, we had watched thousands of flying fish, and at night we had watched numerous displays of St. Elmo's fire, those "balls" of phosphorescence that can be seen when looking straight down into the churning water near the ship's hull. We had read books, played games, written letters, and sung songs. We'd had daily devotions. We had washed and ironed our clothes. We'd endured mediocre food and even sung "happy birthday" to Naomi Miller with a doughnut for a cake and toothpicks for candles. It had been fun in a way, but we were ready for it to be over. The great day here at last, our suitcases were packed, and we were ready for debarkation.

The freighter's great hatches had been opened and huge cranes were dipping deep into the belly of the ship, bringing out great loads of stuff to be set down on the docks. Customs and immigration officials had set up a table on the deck and were busily processing records and permits for the shipping company. We were certain that we had only to wait our turn and we would be ready to land. But when the immigration officials saw our passports, they were astounded. There were no visas stamped in them! Blank pages! Three missionary families with nothing but blank pages! The whole future suddenly seemed like one

great blank page, just waiting for some handwriting to appear. There are some days that you plan, "Today, I will do thus and so." But on other days, you can only stand there and let happen what may. Six months before, we'd made a big decision. Though led by the Lord, every step of the way thus far had been of our own volition. So certain had we been that we would move unimpeded to our goal of Johannesburg by late August, 1949, that we were unprepared for any possible hindrance. Suddenly the entire outcome of our great adventure was at the mercy of some fellows in uniforms, tut-tutting over blank pages in our passports. It was not one of those days when we could say, "Today, I will do thus and so."

We could not go ashore, so we envisioned remaining on the ship while it made calls to other ports in southern Africa, and returning to the U. S. without ever setting foot on the land to which we had traveled. Someone had given us wrong information. We had been told that a person with an American passport did not need a visa for South Africa. Tourist visas are relatively quick and easy to obtain, but permits to live in another country are usually not. One may most definitely not be within the boundaries of a country while application for a visa is being acted upon. At the time, we could see no good in our predicament, but later, looking back, we could see the hand of the Lord taking us on an unexpected side trip for a special reason.

Not knowing if or when we could land permanently, the men of our party got permission to go ashore to look up the elderly brother and sister Scott, Americans who had been living in Cape Town since 1943, having moved there from their missionary work in Rhodesia for reasons of health.

They had built a home and a small meeting house in Grassy Park and worked with a congregation of colored people. By leaving wives and families aboard as surety that they would not abscond, Guy, Waymon, and John were permitted to go ashore for the evening, and by means of commuter train, bus, and shanks' mare, they managed to reach the Scott's home. They found the elderly couple to be sweet, gentle people, not physically strong, but zealous in the Lord's work and devoted to the people with whom they worked. We were told afterward that the three men had traveled through an area with a high crime rate, with muggings and robberies not at all uncommon, but what they didn't know hadn't hurt them. God watches over his children.

We spent one more night aboard the ship, and on the next day the South African immigration officials contacted Rhodesia on our behalf, obtaining permission for us to go there on tourist visas of six months. We believed that six months would be ample time for South Africa to process our applications, and even thought it could be a matter of just a few weeks. We were given three days in which to be out of South Africa, after which we would be "persona non grata."

On August 25th, the ship's captain handed us slips of paper, 5 inches square, and headed "RELEASE ORDER." Ours stated simply, "PROHIBITED PASSENGER, Mr. J. T. Hardin, wife and two children can be landed from your vessel." The three families so "released," and much relieved, trooped down the gangplank, assisted by colored porters hoping for handsome tips from "rich" Americans. They were speaking English in their Cape Colored accent

which we found hard to understand. Nobody had told us that servants addressed "superiors" as "Master" and "Madame," or "Baas" and "Missis," so when a porter bowed and said, "Yes, Madame," I turned to see whom he was addressing. It was I. "Madame" with the accent on the second syllable.

Once ashore, we were whisked away in taxis careening down the "wrong" side of the street. We knew that the Union, part of the British Commonwealth, held to British ways, including driving on the left side of the road, but one's first experience of it is hair-raising. We had the feeling of going back into another century too, for the buildings at the docks were like pictures I'd seen in some European history book, and some of the cargo was being hauled by huge draft horses pulling great heavy wagons that rumbled over the uneven paving blocks.

Cape Town had been built between the waterfront and the mountains which come close to the sea, and, being an older city, its streets were narrow. Unique as it is in its beauty and its history, Cape Town was not much appreciated by us that day. There was a damp winter chill in the air, and we had no choice but to hurry away as quickly as possible. We were taken to the old Hotel Metropole, expecting to find a warm lobby and heated rooms to cheer us, but instead, we had lesson number one on living without heat. The receptionist had a tiny electric heater directed toward her feet, but we were not able to obtain even such a small bit of comfort for the room. We learned later that in winter one is expected to wear more clothing, layer upon layer. For now, we shivered.

I really wish I could say that during all of this time I

was thrilled with the prospect of being able soon to be about the Lord's work, but I was "Martha, Martha, anxious and troubled about many things." When we stepped into that unheated hotel room and found that the floor was covered with a sticky red substance which we thought to be paint, we began to wonder. The hotel must be very short of rooms to have put us into one that had wet paint on the floor! We discovered that it was not paint but polish, and soon our small boys were getting it all over themselves. Somehow we made it through the dismal afternoon, but in the evening we were cheered by an excellent supper. We put the boys to bed, and soon afterward, we too retired because it was simply too cold to do anything else.

In the morning, the three men went to arrange for our train trip to Rhodesia and to send a telegram to Foy Short in Bulawayo to warn of the descent of 11 wayfaring missionaries upon them. Before lunch, two colored men came to "clean" the room — the cleaning of the floor consisted of more red polish being smeared about and rubbed briefly with a brush and rag. One man made the beds and flicked a feather duster here and there and when the other went to see about the bathroom, I told him that the toilet would not flush. His answer was unintelligible, and very much later he came with a bucketful of water which he poured directly into the pan. What we didn't know was that the drought which had ravaged the area was so severe that the regular flushing mechanisms had been disconnected, the cleansing process limited to one bucketful per day.

The train ride to Bulawayo was to last two days and three nights. Each family was to occupy a separate compartment. Looking forward to such luxury, we packed our suitcases again, dressed in some of our better clothes, and rode in taxis to the railway station. John and I had traveled a great deal by train in the states, especially during the war years when every piece of rolling stock that could hold together was put into use. We had traveled in Pullmans, but we had also ridden in old day-coaches, sitting bolt upright on scratchy red or green plush seats, without air conditioning, open windows admitting smoke and cinders. Sometimes we had been lucky to have a seat at all, using suitcases in the aisles, or taking turns sitting in seats when people were going to the diner. After the war, the trains had all been the newer variety, air conditioned and as clean as home. But this was the old-fashioned kind of train, and even before we boarded, we saw that the other passengers were wearing older clothes. We soon packed our better things away and dressed more appropriately.

After the close confinement of the ship and the hotel, we did not relish the thought of some 60 hours in a train compartment with two small boys. Kent always enjoyed observing whatever was going on, and he loved trains, but Don was too small to want anything except freedom to explore.

If we had known what we were missing by not seeing any more of Cape Town than the docks, the hotel, and the railway station, we would have been sorely disappointed, but we were leaving a Cape Town that we had not had time to appreciate. We hadn't seen the beautiful valleys, the

vineyards, the old Cape Dutch architecture of the early farmhouses or the Castle of Good Hope. We hadn't visited the museums or the observatory, we hadn't heard the symphony or ridden the cable car to the top of Table Mountain. We had no knowledge of the Groote Schuur hospital which had already been there for a long time and would one day become world renowned because of heart transplants done by the Barnard brothers. We had not revelled in the lush Kirstenbosch Botanic Gardens with their 6,000 indigenous species, or read the letter to Ryk Tulbaugh from Linnaeus, famous Swedish botanist in the 18th century, in which he said, "May you be fully aware of your fortunate lot in being permitted by the Supreme Dispenser of events to inhabit, but also to enjoy the sovereign control of that paradise on earth, the Cape of Good Hope which the Beneficent Creator has endowed with His choicest wonders." No, we had been preoccupied with chilly air, red polish, and a great need to hasten away, but in later years we had opportunities to see and appreciate the wonderful things we had to miss the first time around.

Early Cape Town

In the work of the Lord, we do not do things “for credit,” but we want to give credit where credit is due. In the case of the earliest work of the church of Christ in South Africa, it is not possible to go back to its very source, but sometime in the very early 1900’s, there were members from England, and perhaps from New Zealand, who were meeting and working in Cape Town. Since there was at that time less racial segregation than that which later developed, there were blacks, coloreds and whites assembling together.

Brother T. W. (Tommy) Hartle is the oldest surviving member of the church *in Cape Town* – that is, the oldest in Christian life. Tommy was baptized in 1932. Brother John Manape, a Sotho-speaking black man, who later moved to Pretoria to begin a long and fruitful ministry among his people, is older in years and was baptized in 1924.

Tommy Hartle wrote this to me in answer to my request for information: “I was about 8 years old, (I am now 71) and can clearly remember that the church of Christ was in existence already, then meeting at 84 Short-market Street, Cape Town. It was then, I understand, about 300 strong in membership.” (This was about 1919-1920).

A brother John Havelock often visited the Hartle home in Observatory, Tommy’s parents being among those who attended the services of the church. The founder of the congregation was probably a brother H. W. Machan, and other names among the early members and workers were

brethren Stephens, Hollis, McCrudden, and Havelock. Since Tommy's only source of information is his memory from boyhood times, there could have been other names, and perhaps earlier ones. There was no full-time preacher among them, but all who were capable were used in the preaching and teaching. Brother Sheriff, who did a great deal in the Rhodesias, was in Cape Town in about 1930 to 1932.

After the congregation moved from Short-market Street, they met at 70 Loop Street, and finally at the present Woodstock building on Church Street, obtained in 1940. In addition, open-air meetings were held at the top of Adderly Street, near the entrance to the Botanical Gardens, and at a venue named "Exchange Place." It was at an open-air service at that latter place where brother Hartle gave his heart to the Lord after listening to a sermon by brother Stephens. Tommy wrote, ". . . Exchange Place — THAT name is still up there, and when I pass down Adderly Street and see the name, memories go back, how my parents used to take me there Sunday evenings."

Young men of the congregation held open-air services at Grand Parade, opposite Cape Town City Hall, on Sunday afternoons. As time passed, the work expanded, and a congregation was formed at Claremont, later moving to Lansdowne where a building was erected, the name of brother Christians being the outstanding one. There were services held for some time in a hired hall and in a private home in Wynberg, some of those members later going over to the church started by the George Scotts at Grassy Park in 1943.

At an age when many people are thinking of retiring,

brother and sister George Scott decided to go into mission work, either in China or a British colony in Africa. The China door closed, so they went to Africa, landing in late 1927 and making the long trek overland to Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia. There they remained for 5 years at Sinde Mission, working with Shorts, Merritts and Lawyers. They adopted three white children and two black children to raise with their daughter, Helen Pearl. (The adopted daughter, Augusta, grew up and married Orville Brittell and lived in Sinde for many years. Helen Pearl married Dow Merritt whose first wife had died of cancer. Dow and Helen Pearl worked for many years in Northern Rhodesia, particularly at Kabanga.)

Scotts worked at Namwianga, Kabanga, and Livingstone, and in 1943, due to sister Scott's health, they moved to Cape Town, giving their Namwianga Home property to the adjoining Namwianga Mission. In Cape Town, they bought property in Grassy Park, built a home, started a school and erected a church hall. By this time brother Scott was 70 years of age. Helen Pearl tells about their first having services in the garage which would hold 20 or 30 people, and the hall built by brother Scott would hold up to 75 while the garage was used for Bible study. There were plans drawn up for a bigger building, but brother Scott died before its completion in 1955.

Helen Pearl recalls with affection how her dad visited people all over Grassy Park. When he got so he could no longer trudge over the dunes, he got a car and hired a man to drive it and take him around. Then when he got so he couldn't visit, the people would come by to visit him. He would ask about everyone, and if there were someone who

had been missing the services, he would try to get some of the brethren to visit and restore the wandering ones.

Sister Scott's work in Cape Town was mostly with children. She taught them Bible and organized programs with songs, poems, and plays for the enjoyment of all in the neighborhood. She was a hospitable lady, with a steady stream of mealtime guests and visitors who stayed for days at a time. In July, 1955, during a visit to Kabanga, she was called back to Cape Town to assist with the church building plans and became quite ill. In December, she succumbed, and John and Leonard Gray traveled from Port Elizabeth to conduct the funeral.

The work of the Scotts will live on in South Africa and in the places where they and their children have gone.

It was to the Grassy Park home and church building of the Scotts that Miller, Caskey, and Hardin made their visit from the "African Pilot" in Cape Town Harbor in August, 1949. On that occasion, the threads of the early work in Cape Town began to be woven together with the threads of the work done as a result of our arrival in South Africa, and with the passing of the years and much labor by many people, the tapestry of the Lord's church is still in the lengthy process of taking shape.

Stories of the more recent development of the churches in Cape Town appear later in these chapters.

Cape Town to Bulawayo

“ALL ABOARD SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS TO BULAWAYO”

South African trains are smaller than American trains, and the tracks a much narrower gauge. The sound of the whistle is extremely shrill, like the whistles you hear in British movies. Boarding a South African train was always somewhat of a ceremony. First one searched the notice board for the compartment assignment, and when the correct one was found, luggage was handed in through the windows by porters on the platform. Most passengers would be seen off by friends and relatives who stood on the platform, talking to the departing ones who leaned out the windows, while the steam engine hissed impatiently. Soon an alarm bell would sound on the platform, late-comers would come on the run, doors would bang shut, and then that piercing whistle would announce that the time had come. Slowly the train would begin to glide away to a chorus of goodbyes and totsiens from passengers and well-wishers alike. Some passengers would continue to lean out of the windows, waving handkerchiefs, until the last person on the platform was out of sight. Then everyone would turn to their compartments, to inspect the little areas assigned to them.

We'd already had our supper in Cape Town, and night had fallen. We closed our windows against the chill night air and sat down on the two padded, leather-covered benches, facing one another in such a way that someone had to ride backward. As I sat down I noticed an artistic monogram

etched on each of the windows: a wreath, a springbok's head, and some lettering. On one of the windows the lettering was "SAS" and on the other "SAR". This was our first encounter with bilingual signs: "SAS" for "Suid-Afrikaanse Spoorweg" and "SAR" for "South African Railways."

Before long, a steward came to prepare our beds. Upper berths were lowered like padded shelves, folding down from the walls, while the lowers were the seats on which we had been sitting. On each, the steward simply opened a bedroll consisting of two sheets, two blankets, and a pillow. The two boys were to sleep, one on each end of a lower berth, John in the upper above them, and I on the other lower. We tucked the boys into bed, placing suitcases next to little Don so he wouldn't roll onto the floor. With nothing else to do, John and I turned in. The bunks were narrow and hard, and the bedding smelled of the strong blue soap that was always used for laundry in those pre-detergent days. Blue soap plus coal smoke! If I were to smell that combination today, I would be reminded of that very train.

The movement of the train was sometimes jerky, probably because we were climbing. Much of Southern Africa is a great plateau, so once leaving the coastal area, there are mountains to be climbed. At least one and perhaps two extra engines were added to help us up and over. John, on his narrow upper berth expressed the hope that some particularly violent jerk would not throw him onto the floor. John read for a while, and then I heard his familiar snoring, but I could neither get comfortable, nor concentrate on reading. As I lay there, wide-eyed, I was reviewing in my mind the chain of circumstances that had

brought us to this compartment on this train in this country on the continent of Africa. Much of life is a web woven of circumstances, coincidences, and decisions. Even the way in which John and I had met – and nearly didn't meet – was such a near miss that I wonder at it even now. If it were not for the fact that a PFC from John's office at the Fourth Bomber Command in San Francisco remembered talking to me when I was a WAC at McChord Field, working in the post library, we may never have been introduced that day in the mess hall of the Fourth Air Force. If I had never met John, I may never have heard of the church of Christ. As a Lutheran attending Gustavus Adolphus College, I had taken active part in the campus missionary society, and at one time I wrote a play about missionaries in Africa which a group of us presented for fund-raising purposes, but in the WAC I had become lax about church because it was so inconvenient to attend. To meet a soldier who was a faithful Christian was surprising to me, and we soon attended nearly every service together. That was early in 1944. In May I was immersed. In November of the same year we were married, but the war was still on, and it was only when it ended nearly a year later that we could make a home for ourselves. We'd gone to John's old home town, Ponca City, Oklahoma, living in a small apartment with baby Kent, John returning to his old job at Continental Oil.

Life in Ponca City wasn't quite the same for John any more. He had seen more of the world, and pushing a pencil for an oil company was no longer life's answer. One day Jack Fogarty, who had been doing missionary work in the northeast, spoke to the church in Ponca City, and from that date we began to think that we ought to be missionaries.

Service men during World War II had been all over the world and had seen the need for the spread of the gospel. But John was already 32, and had been hindered from getting a college education, first by the depression, and then by the war. Since the age of 17, he had always led singing and had taught many Bible classes, but he had preached only a handful of sermons, so he feared that there would be no opportunities for him. Then he received a call from the church in Waxahachie, Texas, to be their song director and associate minister. After two years, the church in Altus, Oklahoma, invited him there in the same capacity. Because Altus had supported Claude Guild in the northwest, and because Claude and John thought they might eventually help us to go that way, he accepted the invitation. We moved to Altus in June of 1948. Don was a month old, and Kent was two and a half.

It was at lunch time one day in the next February that John brought home a bulletin from the church in Cleburne, Texas. The heading on the front page was, "DOES THIS INTEREST YOU?" The Cleburne church was going to sponsor three preachers and a song leader to go to South Africa, to preach first to the white population of that country. Guy Caskey and Eldred Echols were two of the preachers to go. The third preacher and the song leader were yet to be selected. "Does this interest you?" John and I looked at each other across the table. There were no bells ringing or flags waving, but each of us read a "Yes" in the other's eyes.

John's tryout was to lead the singing for one of the ACC lectureship sessions in Sewell Auditorium. A week later, he was notified by letter that he had been chosen. It

was as short and simple as that: a bulletin, a couple of letters, a tryout. A web of circumstances and a decision — all to be woven into the years to come on the mission field.

For 18 months now there had been a gospel radio broadcast from the Lourenco Marques station in Mozambique, the recorded lessons being preached by Reuel Lemmons, then of Cleburne. Responses had come in from all over southern Africa. Correspondence indicated that there were people who wanted to know more about the simple story of the gospel and the restoration of the church as it was in the New Testament times. Foy Short in Rhodesia was taking care of this correspondence and sending printed copies of the sermons each week. Some were taking correspondence courses put out by the Lawrence Avenue church of Christ in Nashville.

Sometime during the wee hours, after tossing and turning and thinking of all these things, I finally fell asleep. It was still dark when I awakened to check on the children. Kent was blissfully asleep. Don was nowhere to be seen. I called to John and we searched for that blue-pajamaed boy, finally finding him in the farthest corner, under my bunk. Pajamas and boy were now all one color — coal-dust grey.

About daylight, a steward knocked sharply on our compartment door, and without waiting for a reply from us, he slid the door open with a clatter and deposited a tray of coffee on our fold-down table. We had not yet learned to like the strong chicory blend, but it was hot and sweet so we drank it. The noise had wakened the boys, and by the time daylight came and we could see where we were, the steward removed the bedrolls and folded the upper berth against the wall. There was a wash basin in the compartment, so John

shaved and we cleaned up a bit.

Breakfast was our first meal in the diner, and we were delighted to learn that food on South African trains was outstanding. The stewards were well trained, and the service was excellent. There was no catering service such as that used by modern airlines. There were no frozen foods, and there were many miles between places where supplies could be obtained, so we admired the expertise with which the chefs could produce multiple-course meals in such confined space on a swaying train.

Passing through the mountains at night, we had missed the scenic part of the journey. Now we were traveling through the Karroo, a semi-arid region of the Cape Province. Winter is the dry season there, so everything was brown. Population being sparse, there were no towns of any size until we got to Kimberley, but the train stopped at each little "dorp" and siding along the way. Guy estimated that by the time we got to Bulawayo, we had stopped 130 times, or on the average of once every 10 miles. Kimberley is the famous diamond city, but trains do not go through scenic areas of cities, nor do they go out of their way to show passengers the historic sights, so we saw nothing except the railway station. Our route took us through a portion of Bechuanaland, later called Botswana, and several times we saw some small game, but mostly we saw mile after mile of dry red soil and sparse bush.

The second day of our journey was Sunday, so the very first service that we held in South Africa was in one of the train compartments. During our ocean voyage, we had held daily devotional sessions which included songs of the children's choice. Once Judy Caskey, age 5, asked for the

“Gravy song.” Asked for explanation, Judy said, “You know, ‘Up from the gravy rose’.” Since the “Gravy song” was a popular choice, it may well have been on the program that day on the train. Ever since leaving Ft. Worth, we had carried our small cans of grape juice and our package of unleavened bread so that we could hold our services, whether on land or sea.

NEW FRIENDS AND A “CUPPA”

When at last the train pulled into the Bulawayo station at 8:30 Monday morning, we were met by Eldred Echols, Foy Short, Foy’s father, W. N. Short, down from Northern Rhodesia, as well as Leonard Bailey and Gladys Claasen of the Bulawayo congregation.

Our feet were at last on solid ground, and these people were going to help us by seeing to our immediate needs, which were as much psychological and emotional as they were physical. No longer were we in the hands of ship’s officers, taxi drivers, hotel people, immigration officers, and railway employees, but instead we were with loving Christians. The first thing they did for us was to have us out for tea. “Tea” is a great British custom, and we soon discovered that Rhodesians and South Africans probably drink more tea than the British in Britain. Any occasion is a good excuse for a “cuppa.” In fact, no occasion is needed at all other than waking up in the morning, breakfast, morning break, lunch, afternoon break, supper, bedtime, any old time. It is bad manners not to serve a cup of tea to callers. Tea is a symbol of hospitality. If you are badly received somewhere, you might say that you were not even offered so much as a cup of tea.

Hot tea served with milk was a new experience for our taste buds, but we accepted the steaming cups with interest. We were in Foy and Margaret Short's living room and as I sat back in my chair, I looked around. The room was simply furnished but tasteful and cheerful, with homey floral chintz curtains at the windows and red polish on the floor. It had been rubbed to a deep gloss, and only a little of it clung to the soles of my shoes (I sneaked a look).

Foy explained the construction of his house and those in the immediate neighborhood. Built to house a large number of middle class workers at a time when building materials were in short supply, the walls were of earth tamped into forms. When dry, they were fairly hard but subject to chipping if bumped with heavy articles. The walls were not smooth, but with their uneven construction, had a pleasant "cottagey" feel. Wood was scarce and expensive, and also subject to termites, so most floors were cement. Thus the need for a finish, and therefore the red polish. I noticed that the legs of the furniture had some polish smeared on them, as much as two or three inches above floor level, the result of "house boys" being careless when wielding polish rags, and this became a common sight everywhere.

Foy and Margaret had acquired the British accent and expressions. Americans express 2:30 as "two-thirty," but Margaret said "Hahf pahst" two. When they passed some candy, they called it "sweets," and when Margaret asked Foy to attend to something, he answered, "I'll do it just now." We waited for him to act upon his promise, and noticed that it was 10 or 15 minutes before he did so. "Just now," we learned, meant an indefinite time in the

near future, but to us Americans, "just now" was the immediate past. The very immediate future is "now now."

Among Christians there are no strangers. The Shorts were Americans while the Baileys were British Rhodesians and the Claasens were of Afrikaans origin, the family having come from South Africa. It was arranged that for the first few days, at least, the Millers were to stay with the Claasens and the Caskeys with the Baileys while we Hardins were to occupy the downstairs flat of the Philip Hadfields who were away on holiday. Soon the Caskeys and Millers moved to a residential hotel, and we were provided with several rooms on the second floor of the great stone house belonging to Doug Hadfield.

TEMPORARY HOME IN A STRANGE LAND

Soon after our arrival in Bulawayo, the boys and I had come down with severe colds and I could speak only in a whisper. Winter had not quite released its grip, and there was no heater. The cement floors with the inevitable red polish, well rubbed to a shine each day by the house boy, were cold on the feet.

For several weeks, we were unable to obtain cars and had to depend on others for transportation. There was a fair bus service, but we were staying half a mile beyond the last bus stop, so bringing home groceries presented a challenge. Verna Hadfield helped us with our first shopping trip which began with a walk of half a mile, pushing the two boys in a borrowed pram which was left at the home of a friend of Verna's while we made the bus trip to town.

We opened an account at a department store called "Haddon and Sly," (I believe it is still there), and since

supermarkets were yet unknown, we shopped like grandma used to do, ordering each item from the assistant who put together our order. Each item was entered by hand and the column of figures added without the benefit of either an adding machine or a calculator. Eventually the transaction was completed. All of the stores closed at lunch time so we went to a restaurant for something to eat. By this time, Don was wanting nothing at all except a nap, and he began to cry. We were doing our best to pacify him with tasty tidbits and love when a waitress came and said in an unfriendly fashion, "If you can't make the child be quiet, will you please take him outside!" I was mortified, and in fact I nearly joined Don in his wailing. We had walked all that way, ridden a bus, shopped under trying new circumstances. I was far from home, in a new country, had no way to get my child home in a hurry, and now this humiliation! Luckily, Don decided that some of the food on my plate was worth his attention.

Our food purchases were determined largely by the effect of the prolonged drought. Fresh meat was scarce and of poor quality; the only cattle being butchered were either cows that no longer gave milk or oxen that could no longer pull a load. Cattle were in such poor condition that the cows could not calve. Fresh vegetables were non-existent, and the best we could do was to buy dehydrated ones that came sealed in cans: cauliflower, pumpkin, carrots and green beans. Potatoes were scarce but macaroni was available, and with wheat being imported, bread was plentiful. The diet became starch-heavy, and so did we.

Spring soon brought mild days and the boys could enjoy being outdoors, but there was no relief from the

drought and the red soil was a fine powder. The gardener did his best to keep some things alive by carrying all used water from the house, pouring it carefully where it would do the most good despite the rimey deposits left on the surface of the soil by the soap scum and grease. Bath water which had already been shared by all the family was scooped from the tub and carried out. The goose necks had been removed from the wash basins and buckets placed underneath to catch every drop of water that had been used for hand washing and shaving. The well was nearly dry and the large rain water tank was kept locked to protect the rapidly dwindling supply. In the city, meters were monitored, residents being limited to a certain number of gallons per day per person, with heavy fines being imposed upon those who exceeded the limit.

Our boys enjoyed being with the gardener as he worked, especially since he didn't mind taking off from his tasks to give them rides in the wheelbarrow. Two dogs, one a Dachshund named "Boerewors" (the Afrikaans word for "sausage"), gave the children pleasure, and none of them seemed to mind the red dust which soon permeated hair and clothing.

Eventually we three families were able to obtain cars which had to be imported from Britain. There was little choice available, especially since we had to have cars which South Africa would permit us to bring across the border, should the day ever come that we would have our visas. We all bought 1949 Vauxhalls, a British General Motors product, small and supposedly economical to operate, and a far cry from the American cars we had been used to driving.

The congregation with which we met had a small

building in Colenbrander Avenue in Bulawayo. Jessie Lee, Naomi and I dressed for services in the typical American way – in our “Sunday best,” with hats matching our outfits. One wears one’s best for the worship of God – that had always been our American way of thinking. We noticed that other ladies were dressed rather drably, their dresses and hats indicating several seasons’ wear, and we learned shortly that they considered it inappropriate to dress in one’s best when going to worship, for that would make a lady think of her clothes instead of her God, and also, if any poor were present, they would be made to feel inferior. Best clothing was reserved for theater and social occasions, and hats were worn to worship because that was what ladies were supposed to do, not because they were the fashionable finish to one’s outfit. These are worthwhile considerations, but we probably didn’t think so at the time. It takes a while to understand different customs.

Visas, visas, visas! Would we ever get them! How long must we wait! Certain that our sojourn in Rhodesia was to be brief and would end shortly upon receipt of the coveted rubber stamps in our passports, we simply did not know what to settle down to or attempt to accomplish. If we had known that we were going to wait eight months, we would doubtless have set out a program of work, helping at one mission point or another. Eldred Echols returned to the work he had been doing, spending the time at Nhowe Mission, but the other three men found themselves at loose ends. Guy and Waymon had always preached twice every Sunday and performed all the numerous duties of ministers of large congregations. John had taught Bible classes,

directed singing, worked with the youth, printed bulletins, and done a lot of visitation work. So everyone found time on their hands and little direction for their energies. Even at the Colenbrander congregation, there were few opportunities for preaching, for they used the mutual ministry system with every man having a turn in the pulpit, whether a good, bad, or indifferent speaker. It was an ideal time to make a trip to Northern Rhodesia and visit Namwianga and Sinda Missions. (Northern Rhodesia has since been renamed "Zambia," and Southern Rhodesia is now "Zimbabwe," but I am calling them what they were called during the times of our experiences there.)

MAKERS OF HISTORY

History was not my specialty, so my knowledge of the Rhodesias and of South Africa was pitifully small. Even to me though, the story of David Livingstone was familiar. At Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia, we were to be near the famous Victoria Falls which he "discovered" in 1855. Discovered, as far as the knowledge of the western world was concerned, but known by its own people throughout the generations of its unwritten history. The picturesque town of Livingstone is named after that famous explorer of "Dr. Livingstone-I-presume" fame, and the mighty Victoria Falls are named after Queen Victoria who ruled the British Empire as it rose to its greatest heights. The falls are on the great Zambezi River, fourth largest river on the continent, 1600 miles in length and draining half a million square miles of land, dividing Northern from Southern Rhodesia, or Zambia from Zimbabwe.

The name "Rhodesia" calls to mind the story of the

man for whom the colonies were named, Cecil John Rhodes. Born in England in 1853, his education had been limited to grammar school. Threatened by tuberculosis, he went to South Africa where the sunny climate restored his health, and in Kimberley he made a fortune in the diamond mines within the space of two years. Barely 20 years of age, he went on to do studies at Oxford University, making several voyages between Cape Town and England. At the same time, he was responsible for combining most of the diamond mining into the DeBeers Consolidated Mines, controller of most of the diamonds produced in the world. Driven by consuming ambition, he was elected to the Assembly of the Cape of Good Hope, where he exercised a powerful influence in the advancement of Great Britain, enforcing the annexation of Bechuanaland and bringing about the surrender of the lands of the Matabele tribe to that burgeoning empire.

Made premier of the Cape Colony in 1890, Rhodes planned the great Cape-to-Cairo railroad and was busy planning for the day when the British Empire would control all of southern Africa. These policies accelerated confrontation with the Afrikaans people, the Boers whose South African roots preceded any British settlements in that part of the world by more than 150 years. Rhodes was in Kimberley when the Boer War broke out and finally succumbed to tuberculosis before peace returned. The name of Cecil Rhodes lives on in fame or in infamy, depending upon who is writing the history books. Haters of British imperialism blame him, lovers of Britain laud him, but whichever way you look at it, Rhodes made large footprints on the sands of time. His name lives on in the

Rhodes scholarships derived from the fund which he set up at Oxford University.

At the time when Namwianga, Sinde, Nhowe, and Kabanga missions were built up, the Rhodesias were part of the British Commonwealth as was the Union of South Africa. Southern Rhodesia had a representative assembly and was further advanced economically than Northern Rhodesia, having a larger proportion of white settlers and several cities of fair size. Northern Rhodesia, far greater in area, had fewer settlers and was governed by an appointed executive council.

Much could be said about the colonization of primitive areas. The American people had their experience which culminated in the Revolutionary War, white colonists against white Britain. The Rhodesia story was not the same. No doubt the white British rule brought the black people advantages they would never have known otherwise: a certain amount of education, job opportunities and training, improved housing, improved medical care, and of course, missionaries. There is no knowing how long they may otherwise have remained in their primitive state with no written language, no formal education, no medical knowledge other than the herbs, spells, and incantations of the witch doctors, and no Christianity. Lifted partly out of their primitive state, they were yet denied the opportunities to rise to equal status with the colonists. Such a situation can continue for a limited time, creating an upper class who control the politics and economy, and a "servant" class of lesser status. The history of the world proves that this kind of situation cannot continue indefinitely.

These were the Rhodesias to which we came in 1949,

and in the years that followed, we saw the struggles which ultimately brought forth the two independent nations of Zambia and Zimbabwe. Yet independence is a hollow word when there is a lack of political and economic stability, and the fate of these nations, amid the upsurge of communism on much of the African continent still hangs in the balance.

In a letter dated September 26, 1949, written from Namwianga Mission, John wrote this: "Another trip, another country, new adventures. We left Bulawayo last Tuesday at 3 p. m. and arrived in Kalomo Wednesday around 2:30 p. m. . . . another slow trip; they just don't make their engines big enough to make any time over rough country, and the fact that they stop at every little place along the way slows them down too. We passed over the Zambezi River by Victoria Falls but were disappointed with the falls. Being an exceptionally dry season, hardly any water was flowing and all we saw were deep chasms. At Livingstone, sister Brittell and her youngest daughter were at the station as were Guy Caskey and Eldred Echols who had preceded us by a week.

"We new arrivals had to see the immigration officials to enter Northern Rhodesia, although the officials in Bulawayo had told us our American passports were all that would be necessary. We were at it so long, we asked if the train would leave without us. 'No,' they said, 'it won't leave until we tell them to'. Well, we had hardly gotten out of their office 'til the train started up. I started running for it when sister Brittell yelled at me. She had Kent and Mary Lee Miller. I grabbed Kent and shoved him through a window to Bessie, who had put Don down fast. Then I

ran and stepped onto the coach. Waymon Miller also grabbed his girl and did the same thing. Guy David Caskey had to be pulled on by Waymon, and then we found that sister Caskey and Judy Lee were still off. I had visions of the train leaving them, when it slowed down and stopped.”

Kalomo (a word which means “cattle”) was, and still is, after all these years, a very small town. Besides the station, we saw about 2 or 3 houses, a couple of stores, a tiny hotel (mostly a bar), and a post office, so we felt as if we had just about come to the end of everywhere. Namwianga itself is a few miles out of Kalomo and consists of several hundred acres, mostly grassland. At that time, the W. N. Shorts, the A. B. Reeses, the Alvin Hobbys, the J. C. Reeds, and sister Myrtle Rowe were living there. Buildings on the mission, in addition to homes of the missionaries, were the school, the church building, and housing for the black children who attended as boarding students.

Our fears that three families descending upon these busy people would be too much of an imposition were soon put to rest. Namwianga being as remote as it was, there were few visitors, and certainly none stopping there on the way to somewhere else, so we were welcomed with open arms. These missionaries had made the best of things by dint of extremely hard work. They had made their own sun-dried brick and built their own homes. Their password had to have been “improvise or do without.” With no modern conveniences, they lived much as I’d always pictured my own grandparents having done many years before. Missionaries in the 40’s had no work funds such as today’s missionaries expect to have assured for them before they even depart from the states, so building of facilities and all other forms of material

progress consisted of much "making do," waiting for time to save up a bit of cash here and there for the most needed improvements.

The Hardin family stayed in the home of the Reeses. With wide eaves to protect the mud-brick walls, the construction was sturdy and practical. We soon noticed that the rooms had no ceilings, and we could look up into the rafters and the under-side of the corrugated asbestos roofing. Other houses were unceiled as well, either because there was no money for making ceilings, or because of the improved circulation of air. Privacy was somewhat lessened, but we merely spoke more softly. We simply could not imagine how long and hard our pioneer missionaries had labored to construct their homes, and with what shortages and high costs they had struggled.

World War II had ended only four short years before. From 1939, there had been almost no imports available to the Rhodesians, and even after four years of peace, almost everything was in short supply. Therefore, any car at all was practically a luxury, an old-fashioned pump so much better than drawing water hand-over-hand from a well, and hand-made furniture of any sort at all an improvement over sitting on the ground. When we arrived for our 1949 visit, we were not aware of the amount of hard work that had gone into the facilities in which we found our missionaries living and laboring.

The Shorts had gone to Rhodesia 27 years before we first met them there. The very first American missionaries to arrive in the "bush" out of Livingstone, they had moved their luggage from the railway siding via sledge, dragged by oxen over trails through the tall grass and thornbush. Their

first home was a mud hut, the windows and door covered with burlap. As we sat in their comparatively modern house at Namwianga in 1949, we listened by the hour to stories of their earlier experiences. Their photograph albums, filled with black and white snapshots, taken with an old-fashioned Brownie camera, were as interesting as any movie or colored slide report of a mission field that we might have seen anywhere.

When they obtained their first car, a Model T Ford, missionary work seemed ready to progress at a faster pace, but, explained brother Short, "We spent half our time sitting by the side of the road repairing tires and inner tubes." Each trip was certain to be plagued with one or more flat tires. "Roads" were mere trails, and in the rainy season, one was certain to sink into mud up to the axles.

The Shorts were caught in Rhodesia when the great depression of the early 30's struck. All but \$25 per month of their support was dropped, and there was no way that they could get the money to travel back to their home in Oklahoma. They had some cattle, they planted gardens, and brother Short built Scotch carts, two-wheeled vehicles drawn by donkeys or oxen, and sold them wherever he could. Now by the time 1949 had arrived, they felt that they were well fixed.

Namwianga's principal activity was the school at which all the regular secular subjects were taught in addition to Bible. The church building was a hub of activity as well, with daily chapel services and the usual Sunday worship and Bible study. Many of the students were converted as they became old enough to understand the gospel, and eventually there were many who went into surrounding areas as

teachers, taking the gospel with them. The missionaries visited these schools and churches in the out-lying areas as frequently as possible.

The missionaries at Namwianga and the other missions were devoted to the Lord and to their labors. Thousands of miles from their supporting congregations, without any personal contact with their elders other than letters, they were self-starters, seeing for themselves the needs and going about whatever it took to fulfill them. It went far beyond working to earn a paycheck, it was serving the Lord with wholeness of heart.

Mid-mornings and mid-afternoons were tea times — that old English custom adopted by Americans in an English colony. It was the month of October, sometimes called “suicide month” because the heat is unbearable before the beginning of the rainy season of the summer, but those steaming cups of sweet tea with milk were ever popular. We were used to drinking icy cold drinks in hot weather, but there were no refrigerators in Namwianga, and we were assured that hot tea really had a cooling effect. The hot drink made one perspire, and the evaporation of the perspiration made one feel cool. At least that was their theory. With my metabolism or whatever, hot tea only made me hotter, but I did learn to like the taste of it.

One day as we were having tea with the Reeses, a fly fell into brother Reese’s cup. He took his spoon and dipped out a spoonful of the tea along with the offending insect, then continued to drink his tea. Noticing that we had observed the little incident, he asked us if we could tell the difference between an Englishman, a Rhodesian, and a Scotchman. Of course we didn’t know, so he

explained, "If a fly falls into an Englishman's tea, he asks for another cup. If one falls into a Rhodesian's tea, he dips it out as I did. If one falls into a Scotchman's cup, he reaches in for the fly, wrings it out, and then drinks his tea." Although I remained in the Englishman's category as regarding flies, I had to learn to be less squeamish about insect life, for we were to live for many years in houses without screens.

The Hobby family, with their 5 young children, were sweetly devoted people. Each child had been assigned responsibilities which were carried out beautifully, right down to the smallest toddler. Brother Hobby was a serious-minded sort of fellow, quiet and unassuming. He always excused himself at exactly 9 o'clock from whatever was going on so that he could go to bed on schedule, and be rested and ready to arise on the dot of his appointed hour in the morning. Unusual as his habit seemed to those of us who were less regimented, we had to admire this diligent man who has accomplished a great deal of work for the Lord, especially in translating the scriptures into the local dialects. The Hobbys and sister Myrtle Rowe, a widow, had first arrived in Namwianga in 1938. Sister Rowe's book, *Silhouettes of Life*, tells of her experiences in the mission field. The only other books about any of our mission work in the Rhodesias are, *The Dew Breakers*, by Dow Merritt, and, *Mother of Eighty*, a compilation of sister Augusta Brittell's letters written from Sinda Mission to friends and relatives in the states. There is so much more that could be told, but perhaps our pioneer missionaries were so busy doing the work that they never took the time to write about it.

One of the perils of a long, rainless winter is fire. Sometimes the black people set the grasslands alight,

believing that it is good for the land. It is true that the first green shoots that appear in Spring are on burnt-over areas, but this is a doubtful benefit. On a Sunday afternoon, just as we were finishing our dinner with the J. C. Reed family, word came that there was a big grass fire threatening to get out of hand on mission property. With no fire department within a hundred miles or so, fire fighting was naturally a do-it-yourself job, so the missionaries rounded up some of the bigger school boys and all went to the scene of the blaze.

In a letter written to his parents, John wrote: "They broke off branches from the trees and beat the fire with them . . . The black boys didn't know how to work together, and needed someone to keep them working. In fact, they don't care if the grass does burn, so we had a hard time with our spot. We would almost get it out and then the wind would come up and we'd lose all our advantage. Finally, however, we all concentrated at the up-wind end and gradually beat it out until we ran it into a creek bed where it couldn't burn. I had my movie camera along and got the first pictures of grass fire any on this mission had taken."

John was teased about taking pictures in order to get out of doing some of the fire-fighting, but all agreed that the pictures were worth while. The last part of the film was of all the boys who had helped, and one of them spoke up and said, "We be famous in America now." He figured that their picture would be shown over there, as indeed it was.

We had thought that Namwianga was the end of everywhere, but we learned that the Dow Merritt family

lived in Kabanga, another 50 miles away, really *the end*, for even the road ended there. By comparison, Kalomo with its half dozen buildings was the big city. We did not visit Kabanga at this time, but the Merritts came to Namwianga to visit us. Helen Pearl Merritt is the daughter of sister Ottis Scott whom our menfolk had met in Cape Town. Her father was Roy Scott who died before his daughter was born. Ottis later married Roy's brother George who became Helen Pearl's "wonderful papa", as she calls him. From the first time I met her, I have always thought that Helen Pearl is one of the sweetest Christians, with a perpetual smile playing around the edges of her mouth as if she is thinking beautiful thoughts.

REFLECTIONS FROM THE PRESENT

There is one main reason why these early missionaries accomplished what they did and still managed to live happily and successfully under trying, primitive conditions. It is because they saw the need of being where they were, and when they went to work, it was with the idea of making it their home for a long time. It was looked upon as a lifetime proposition, not a two or three-year stint. Surely there is good to be done in two or three years, but it is really only at the end of that amount of time that missionaries have become acclimatized, have come to know the customs and the thinking of the people, and can begin to do more effective work.

There is a certain aura of adventure and even glamor surrounding missionaries, especially when they make their visits "back home". Once, when I was a small child in the Lutheran church in which I was raised, a missionary family

were visiting, and the lady spoke to the Sunday school children, telling us fascinating stories of interesting people in far away places. Missionaries, I thought, must be nearly perfect people, floating on a sort of sanctified cloud, doing wonderful things for grateful people who were always happy to hear about Jesus and lived happily ever after. Perhaps all returning missionaries tend to relate the success stories and the outstanding incidents rather than the daily routines and the frequent disappointments.

The truth about missionary work is that it *is* just that – Work! It is a vocation, not a vacation. It occupies one's thoughts and activities every waking moment of the days and nights. It can be thrilling and it can be discouraging. It can be trying and it can be rewarding, but it is never easy. Paul knew that when he admonished the Ephesians in chapter 4:1 to “walk worthy of the vocation.”

In October, 1949, we were beginning to realize how hard missionaries sometimes work. There had been no missionary courses that we could have studied – those were written later. Earlier missionaries simply got fired up and went! We bungled things at times, and we either got discouraged and went home or stayed with it and made a go of it. This was one of the branches of SHK, or the School of Hard Knocks with a major in the school of experience. On the mission field, you deal with humans, just as in the church anywhere; humans with their faults and foibles. The unconverted are human. The newly converted are human. And, believe it or not, missionaries are human and have their problems too. It's a wonderful life, but it isn't heaven on earth.

Many years after the fact, as I sit in Abilene, Texas,

recalling 1949, I think of the great number of missionary courses available in our universities today, and in addition, there are mission forums, mission study groups, and “apprentice” programs such as AIM and MARK in which young aspiring missionaries can gain experience in the field for up to two years. Who knows then, but what God was using our lack of visas as a means of bringing us to mission points where we could observe first-hand what our predecessors were doing. After all, He knew how “green” we were. Perhaps He was helping us to gain a cushion against all the mistakes He knew we were prone to making. We didn’t see it that way then, but I believe that’s how it worked out.

SINDE

Time passes at the same rate in the southern hemisphere as in the north, so birthdays roll around, and while we were visiting at Sinde Mission, mine caught up with me. I shared my birth date with my father-in-law, and on this occasion, John wrote to his folks, “For Bessie’s birthday, we made a trip in Orville Brittell’s old truck to Senkobo to put Eldred Echols on the train for Kalomo for him to pick up some of his belongings to take to Bulawayo (we return there tomorrow), and then we went on about 7 miles farther to a village to see what village life can be like. It was a rough trip over roads (?) that are actually footpaths. The school teacher in the village is a Christian, and he showed us around. We saw the women pounding their meal. Our white women tried it too.” (We white women decided that pounding meal with a heavy pole used muscles we had never developed.)

Back at the house where we were staying, I was called out to the front porch to see that I had visitors. Gladys and

Elaine Brittell brought along several of the little children from the orphanage. They all recited the books of the Bible in English, sang a couple of children's hymns, and then sang "Happy Birthday" to me. That was my 30th birthday, and I will always remember those little black children and their songs. I have forgotten most of my other birthdays.

John's letter to his folks continues: "The whole batch of us 'Yanks' went to Livingstone on Sunday. We worshipped at the native church there and I talked. We had to use two interpreters because both Citonga and Ciloza are spoken." This, of course, proved to be the first of hundreds of sermons preached by John and interpreted into many different native languages.

That Sunday afternoon, we visited Victoria Falls. Coming up on the train, we had seen from the bridge a mere trickle of water, but other parts of this mile-wide falls were running fuller. The season was exceptionally dry and the flow was minimal, but as John wrote, "We saw enough to realize what a place of grandeur it is. We men climbed down one end of the gorge to the bottom. It was real work coming out! Then we drove around to the other end and saw where most of the water was falling . . . in the rainy season when the river is running full, the spray can be seen clear to Sinda which is 25 miles distant." (This is true, and during a later visit, we saw it in that condition.) "Baboons abound there and one or two climbed on the car and stayed there with the women and children inside." (If you have seen the fangs of a large baboon, you understand why we hurried to the car and closed the windows.)

Kent and Don were feeling unsettled. One day, Kent

laid down his spoon during the middle of a meal, put his elbows on the table, rested his chin in his hands, sighed deeply and said, "We just move and move and move." He seemed to have been enjoying all of the events of our travels, but we could tell by this reaction that he was needing to settle down to a place he could call his own. Don, too little to express himself with words, became, to quote Waymon Miller, "The screamingest kid I have ever seen." Don had been a sweet little fellow, but all of the restrictions, the crowded places, the new people, and the new foods, were just too much. Frustrated, he would stamp his little feet, throw back his head, and scream. For a while, only his parents could love him, but in time, when we were settled more permanently, he once again became our little sunshine.

Kent, now nearing age 4, was a great observer. From babyhood, he was content for hours to watch activities, whether traffic on the street outside our window, animals in the game park, men working on the road – he gazed intently, a wise look on his face as he allowed his active mind to soak up knowledge. While at Sinde, he had his first major biology lesson. We had all been watching the dipping of the cattle against ticks and other insects. One of the cows was very ill, so Orville decided to end her misery with a bullet. When he performed an autopsy on the cow, there was a calf inside her. It was dead, of course, but the experience made a lasting impression on Kent and was the basis for many later questions which helped us to explain to him those facts of life that little boys and girls need to know.

ORPHANS

The work at Sinde consisted mainly of three efforts:

the school, run much the same as the one at Namwianga, the evangelistic efforts in the surrounding areas, headed mainly by Orville Brittell, and the orphanage run by Orville's mother and sisters, Elaine and Gladys. The orphanage was unique, the only one of its kind in the African mission work.

Usually, the black folks in Africa have no need for orphan homes because children whose parents have died are looked after by relatives. Most of the babies brought to Sinde were tiny ones whose mothers had died in childbirth or soon after. Not knowing anything about bottle feeding, and not having the equipment for it if they had known, the people knew that babies whose mothers had died would soon die also. It was not uncommon to bury a newborn along with its deceased mother because there was no chance of its survival. The Brittell women began a campaign to save these babies, and soon the word got around to the villages far and near. Many babies arrived in too weak a condition to be helped, but others were nursed tenderly 24 hours a day by these devoted women.

The lives of sister Brittell and her daughters shine as beacons, down through the years. Plagued by constant shortage of personnel and funds, severely overworked by the care of many sickly infants, and opposed in their methods by the colonial Northern Rhodesian government, they persisted throughout many years to continue in the work which they saw before them. It was in 1946 that the Brittell family started the orphanage, and from that time until her death in 1964, sister Augusta Brittell never once returned to visit her native America. A poem that she wrote and included in a letter to loved ones in America

expresses her feelings – from page 211 of the book, *Mother of Eighty*.

Lord Let Me Stay!

*Lord, let me stay! I love it.
This land where I toil and pray –
Though I love the sight of my native land,
And the loved ones far away –
Thank God for that dear home country
With a Bible in every hand.
But let me lead from this land of sin
Some soul to that better land.*

*No longer young – I know it –
And withered, and worn, and gray,
I bear in my body the marks that tell
Of many a toil-filled day.
But it isn't long till my life shall end
Nor long till my latest sun;
Oh, let me work in the Master's field
Till His task for me is done.*

*Here are my little children,
And this is my place to fill,
To spend the rest of my life and strength
In teaching them His will.
Lord, let me stay! 'Tis nothing
To suffer and to spend!
For You have always kept Your Word –
"Lo, always unto the end."*

Before sister Brittell's death, a new government ruling had already given orphans' relatives the right to claim them and take them to their villages. Elaine kept the orphanage going for a year after her mother's death, and she hoped there would be new missionaries arriving to help her. When no helpers came, the government closed the orphanage, but not before a social worker had helped Elaine to find homes for all of the children. Elaine's father and brothers Orville and Lester returned to the states. Gladys had married and moved away, so this left Elaine alone in Northern Rhodesia, continuing to live in the town of Livingstone, teaching endless Bible classes, assisting in printing work, and always giving freely of her personal means to help the needy. It was one of the recipients of her charity who, obviously demented, murdered sister Elaine in 1982, because "he was not satisfied with the amount of help received." For the funeral, several thousand people packed the Livingstone church building and yard, overflowing into the nearby street. The District Governor said that nearly half of Livingstone was present.

THE SICK – DOCTORING WITHOUT A DEGREE

Disease plagued the African people and in this semi-tropical climate, gastro-enteritis was the greatest child-killer. If a baby survived the first few weeks of life, he was still threatened constantly by that intestinal "bug", and the mortality rate among infants under a year was extremely high. These pitiable people needed to be convinced that flies spread disease, that eating utensils need thorough cleaning, and that when a baby, or anyone else for that matter, became ill, immediate attention by a doctor was

necessary. They would usually wait until it was too late. Today, gastro-enteritis responds quickly to anti-biotics, but when people are poor and ignorant, and when doctors and clinics are many miles away and transportation practically non-existent, they have a problem of major proportions. The slight acquaintance uneducated people have with a hospital is that people die there. Therefore, if you go to a hospital, you will die. So they waited until someone was far gone before going for help.

Because of the incredible lack of doctors and hospitals, our Rhodesian missionaries had many requests for medical help. Unqualified as they were to give professional medical care, they became adept at first aid, and they were able to administer countless doses of aspirins, cough mixtures, digestive aids, antiseptics, ointments, eye drops, etc. Eye infections were common, and Orville Brittell always carried his bottle of brown argyrol eye drops. When people saw Orville and his little brown bottle, they would line up to receive a drop of argyrol in each eye. It was inadvisable to give a bottle of medicine to these uneducated people because they would take the whole batch at once, believing that if a little was good, a lot would work a miracle, so sick people often came and stayed in the vicinity of the mission so that they could return daily for more medicine.

Brother Dow Merritt had served as a medic in the navy from 1913 to 1919, and may have missed his calling by not becoming a doctor, for he proved to have more than average skill in caring for the sick. He was a man of compassion too, and many black people preferred to be treated by brother Merritt rather than by a doctor. If you have not already read his book, *The Dew Breakers*, you will find it well worth your

time to do so.

The witch doctors have a great hold on the people, even today. Fear, superstition, ignorance, and tribal pressure keep them believing in the weird powers of this person. Undoubtedly the witch doctor can perform some psychological "cures", but he can also scare a superstitious person to death. They do have considerable knowledge of herbs and have some effective remedies.

The short weeks that we spent visiting in these more remote mission points introduced us to many things about which we would learn more through the years. Living as we did in cities in South Africa, we did not have to administer to the black people directly, but we frequently encouraged our brethren and servants to seek medical help, and on a number of occasions we actually took them to the clinics or doctors.

Many white people have said to me, "Those black people aren't made like we are. They're tougher and don't get the same sicknesses that we do." In reality, many of them had perished in the journey from birth to adulthood and it was the tougher ones that had survived. Of those who had made it, many were suffering from ailments and conditions which could have been prevented or cured with modern medical help. It is true that many times the black women had their babies one day and were back at hard work the next, but it is not true that they could do so without suffering the consequences. In their female makeup, black women are no different from white women.

AFRICA IN THE BLOOD

While we were visiting with our brethren in

Namwianga and Sinde, we heard them say that "Africa gets in your blood." Later I agreed with them because it certainly did "get into" ours. There is a certain quality or element about life in Africa that becomes gripping, but in late 1949, excited as I was about what we were seeing and doing, I wasn't at all sure that I was ready to claim Africa as my permanent abode. We were learning about another saying that in Africa, everything sticks, stings, or stinks. We had encountered the plentiful thorn bush with its sharp weapons up to 3 and 4 inches long, the "wag 'n bietjie" with its numerous smaller thorns that grab your clothing so you have to "wag 'n bietjie" or "wait a bit" to get free, and several varieties of grass burrs to cling to socks, shoe laces, and sometimes penetrate thinner shoe soles. Gladys Brittell was reputed to have killed, during her years at Sinde, some 65 snakes in the neighborhood of the wood pile and the outdoor privy. This the brave girl had accomplished with a .22 rifle that had no sight.

With the advent of the rainy season, we were told, snakes would come out of their winter hiding to add to the perils of the ever-present scorpions, centipedes and spiders, to say nothing of the little fly that laid strings of living larvae on your washing as it hung on the line to dry. We'd been warned that every garment, including underwear and socks, had to be ironed in order to kill the larvae of that wicked fly, but once in a while a larva or two or ten would survive. The tiny maggots would burrow into the skin and grow there, forming a place like a large pimple or small boil. No illness would result, but if an entire waist band of one's underwear had been missed by the iron, there could be a lot of discomfort until the larvae reached the wiggly-tailed stage

and could be popped out. One afternoon at Namwianga, Kent awakened early from an afternoon nap. He complained that something hurt when he was sitting down. That something responded to slight pressure from my fingers, popped out, and lay wriggling on the floor. I was greatly relieved when I learned that those flies did not live as far south as Johannesburg where we hoped to be going.

Everyone in Rhodesia wore head coverings when out in the sun, and they advised us to do the same because the sub-tropical sun at considerable altitude could be damaging. Many of the men wore pith helmets, the women wore wide-brimmed straw hats, sometimes lined with fabric, and children wore floppy khaki hats with green lining to reduce the sun's glare. We all bought similar coverings and began to look like proper Rhodesians.

Our men acquired some of the khaki bush jackets and short khaki trousers that were the "uniform" of nearly all Rhodesian white men, even business and professional men in their non-airconditioned offices were wearing them. These trousers ended not far above the knee, and khaki socks came up to the knee, so not much more than the knee itself was exposed, allowing some ventilation that long trousers did not permit. In 1949, American men considered anything less than long trousers to be immodest. Rhodesian heat would have changed their minds. As for me, I decided that most men have knees that are best camouflaged under long trousers.

The women at the missions wore cotton dresses most of the time, being the most comfortable and practical garments possible. Polyesters, nylons and permanent-press materials had not then been developed, and even if they had

been, they would have lent themselves poorly to the rough handling of the house boys who did the washing, and they would have to have been ironed anyway because of the fly larvae problem.

What I have written about Rhodesia is in no way a report on the work there but is a record of some of my first impressions and a few of the little incidents that I remember. One of the more distressing personal incidents occurred in Livingstone as we were waiting for the train that would take us back to Bulawayo. The journey was to be overnight, about 280 slow miles. We'd had some supper in Livingstone's only restaurant, and Don had had some green-colored mineral (soda pop). Halfway through the meal, the child became ill, the green drink returning all over his clothes. By the time we reached the railway station, he had diarrhea. There was no waiting room, the train was very late, and the only water tap was a hundred yards away from the platform. There was no way to buy medicine at that time of the night, so when the train finally arrived, we boarded it and tried to settle down, but Don became very feverish and restless. In Bulawayo the next morning, we took him straight to the doctor, and in a day or two, an antibiotic had cured the disease. It is this very sort of illness which, left untreated, claimed the lives of so many black babies.

Soon after our return to Bulawayo, John had a birthday. On the 22nd of October, he wrote a prayer which expressed regrets for lost opportunities in the first half of his allotted three-score-and-ten and prayed for "a fruitful experience in spreading the saving gospel of Jesus Christ to the people in Southern Africa." He was 36 that day, and just then standing on the threshold of the best years of his life.

Echols had come over to Bulawayo to be with us for a few days. He'd had a bout of fever, and since he'd had malaria several times, he was dosing himself with the medicine he had taken before. He arrived at the hotel where the Caskeys and Millers were staying, about to faint. After resting a while, he made it to the birthday supper but went to bed immediately afterward. The following day, Sunday, he remained in bed while the rest of us went to church. When we returned after the evening service, he told us that during our absence, he had thought he was going to die. Rhodesian doctors made house calls, and the one who came to see Eldred ordered him to be taken to the hospital immediately.

After some days of observation and testing, when it was determined that Eldred's ailment was not malaria but typhoid, he was transferred to the isolation hospital. We were told that a new antibiotic had just been discovered to be effective against the dread disease, but that the supply in Rhodesia was short. In fact, there was one other typhoid patient in the hospital and only enough of the medicine for him. Guy Caskey cabled the church at Cleburne and soon received word that a quantity of the medicine was on its way by air.

Eldred's condition worsened in the meanwhile, his fever shooting skyward. Plagued by hallucinations, he imagined that the man in the other bed in the room was Satan. The shipment of antibiotic arrived at the airport on a Sunday, and Caskey went immediately to fetch it. There was nobody in attendance at customs on Sunday, and Guy was told that he absolutely could not get the package without going through the legal procedure. At the risk of being

put into jail, Guy took the package anyway and rushed to the hospital, an act which we were fairly certain resulted in the saving of the life of this dear friend and devoted missionary. Guy didn't have to go to jail, but he did have to do some fast explaining to the authorities.

THE CHURCH IN FOCUS

The Colenbrander Avenue church with whom we assembled for a few months after our Northern Rhodesian visits was different from churches of Christ as we knew them. We felt that they were weak in several areas, one of the main ones being that they would receive into fellowship those people who espoused some false teachings, making it necessary to believe only that one must be immersed for baptism. Other points which we believed to be essential doctrines were loosely regarded. Essentially then, though they called themselves the church of Christ, the group would not have been so identified by brethren in America. They had agreed to remove the organ from their meeting hall so that Foy Short would consent to move there and work with them, but nearly all of them desired to have it back again. Foy had hopes of teaching the congregation on the subject of vocal music only, but in this he made little headway. He was a good preacher and excellent Bible teacher, but with the practice of "mutual ministry," he had few opportunities in the pulpit. One of his accomplishments was the Sunday school of almost 100 that met in his home on Sunday mornings, and he spent many hours each week taking care of the correspondence from the Mozambique broadcast.

We three families—Caskeys, Millers and Hardins—tried to work in with Foy's activities as much as we could, but we

had the nagging feeling that things were not as they should be in order for the church to prosper. Sometimes we felt as if we were wasting our time, but, thinking that the receipt of our visas must be imminent, we wondered what to do.

In time, there were differences that became apparent as we engaged in conversation with various Colenbrander members, and it was almost impossible to persuade them to study with us. In a letter to our supporting congregation's elders, dated February 3, 1950, John wrote, "Because our position of 'speaking where the Bible speaks and remaining silent where the Bible is silent' has been publicly assailed and ridiculed here, Waymon (he was preaching that Sunday) chose that as his subject. He was received with cold indifference, if outward appearances and actions can determine . . . Later that afternoon my family and I drove by the hotel to see the other two families. Sister Caskey invited us to eat with them there, which we did, and since it was rather late — and with all the accumulation of feelings toward this group on our minds — we held our own devotions in one of the hotel rooms, rather than meeting with the group at the church building. We have never placed membership with this church nor have any of us felt we owed them any obligation other than to try to teach them, when asked to preach, since we haven't considered ourselves in complete fellowship with them . . . Before we finished our devotional, Foy came by to see what had happened. We told him there was nothing new in the situation, but we just felt like having our own devotions . . . Monday afternoon, Foy and his wife came out to see us and we spent two or three hours going over the thing. I told him

it was a matter of principle with me – that these people were digressive and would not be fellowshipped by churches in the states . . . Well, Foy saw that if it was a matter of principle with us, then the same should apply to him also.”

In a discussion with Echols, Caskey, Miller, Boyd Reese, and John the next day, there was general agreement that Foy had worked with that church long enough and that they were satisfied to remain as they were, therefore it was time to leave them. Foy was slow to agree, but we could understand his feeling because he had truly worked and put his heart into it. It always hurts to find that an effort has been unsuccessful, and too, he had good friends whom he hated to hurt. Margaret, having shared in all his experience, shed many a tear over it. Proverbs 23:23 says, “Buy the truth and sell it not.” Sometimes the price is high.

A month later, having decided to separate himself from the congregation at Colenbrander Avenue, Foy read to them a lengthy letter in which he explained thoroughly and kindly the reasons for his decision. Several decided to go along with Foy, and on the following Sunday, we held a service in his home. This was the beginning of what was to become a growing, active congregation in Queens Park East from which several other congregations eventually sprang in other parts of the city. For a long time the Queens Park brethren met in homes, and in 1957 they erected a building. In mid-1959, it was reported in the *Christian Advocate* that this was the largest white congregation in Africa, with 110 members. Henry Ewing, son-in-law of brother W. N. Short and brother-in-law of Foy, was preaching, assisted by C. H. Bankston. In the surrounding areas there were some 42 congregations of black people with Queens Park East fully supporting one of

the black preachers. Foy had meanwhile moved to Gwelo, and later he identified with those whom we came to call “anti”.

HARDINS “AT HOME”

By the time that the church actually began to meet in Foy Short’s home in 1950, the Caskeys and Millers had gone to Nhowe Mission for an indefinite period of time. They thought perhaps they could do some good by helping over there, and they were happy to leave the monotony of hotel food and cramped living conditions. We Hardins were more comfortably fixed in our little flat where I could do our cooking and the children could play outside. Cooking for a family of four on a very old, very slow double hotplate had long since become too tedious, and we had bought a little plug-in electric stove called a “Baby Belling”. It was small, but had a little oven and was fast. We shared a bit of refrigeration space with the Hadfields downstairs.

The portion of our upstairs space that had been set aside as our kitchen was actually a screened porch built directly over the main porch downstairs. The floor, which had been the roof of the main porch, sloped, so if someone at the “top” end of the table spilled a liquid, it was likely to run into someone else’s lap. This was precisely what happened when we had the Caskeys and Millers out for a dinner before their departure for Nhowe. John’s coffee went directly to Guy’s lap with some uncomfortable but short-lived results.

Kent had his fourth birthday during our stay there, December 19, 1949. My little oven wasn’t up to baking a birthday cake, so we ordered one from a bakery in town.

It was a fruit cake with a thick layer of very hard icing and a frill of gold foil all around the edge. At about the time Kent turned 4, he was offering thanks for one of our meals, and as youngsters sometimes do, he was thanking God for each item he saw on the table, but when he branched off and started thanking for all the nasty bugs and worms, John told him it was time to say "Amen".

Being far from home, mail was extremely important to us. We must have expected our friends and relatives to swamp us with letters, but several weeks elapsed before we received a single one. About the time we were feeling just a bit persecuted, we received several Christmas packages and quite a tidy stack of mail. At first there were foods we longed for, and we had friends send us some of them, but once the extended drought was over and fresh foods were available, we soon adapted our taste buds to what could be obtained locally. Some of the local products we tasted for the first time were pawpaws (papayas) and mangoes. I thought pawpaws needed to be mixed with other fruits in a salad, but mangoes were the best things I had ever tasted.

Our Vauxhalls were giving us problems. First we found that we were not getting anything close to the good mileage we had been promised. Even after adjustments, the best we could get was not 28 but 18 miles to the gallon (Imperial) or 14 to 15 to the American gallon. It was a disappointing performance for a bitsy 4-cylinder car. The second problem was the paint. Made in England for English weather conditions, the paint did not stand up to the long hours of fierce African sunshine, and it oxidized so badly that it threatened to come off right down to the bare metal. After considerable dickering, the Vauxhall people agreed to

respray the cars, but there was no more to be done about petrol consumption.

We had brought a radio with a short-wave band, so there were times when we could tune in to the Voice of America and the Armed Forces broadcasts. John, always a sports fan, sat up until 2 a. m. New Years night, 1950, to listen to the Super Bowl and Rose Bowl games. Many years later, when John had learned to enjoy the cricket, rugby, and soccer games of South Africa, he still remained interested in the American games, though he no longer tried to tune in to them on short wave. There was one time in the 70's when the Jerry Hoggs were on furlough in the states that Ann was typing a letter to us. She gave the half-time score of a football game, but failed to report the final score at the end of her letter. One frustrated missionary had to wait several weeks before finding out the final score of that game.

VISAS AGAIN

Our six-month visas were 5/6ths gone, and we were wondering whether we would ever be permitted to move into South Africa. On February 3, 1950, John wrote to our elders, "Two calls to the American Consulate in Johannesburg have finally resulted in this information: 'All Americans are having difficulty obtaining visas for the Union. The Consul has no idea, otherwise, why ours is delayed. They get no answer from the Union officials when they enquire about it.' They are to notify us by the 13th of February whether or not they think we should try to find some place else to go for a while . . . It is impossible . . . to go to Northern Rhodesia. If we cannot get into

the Union before our time expires, or if we cannot make arrangements to remain in Southern Rhodesia beyond our six months' limit, we must think of going to the Belgian Congo or some other suitable place”

A letter dated February 14 records the following: “At last we have word that the Union of South Africa immigration officials have acknowledged that we exist. Previously, all means of communication . . . had been ignored. But we have been informed that further information was needed to complete our records, and an air-mail letter has been sent to the states to obtain it. When that information is received our cases will go before the board and we will then be informed as to their decision.”

A few days later, we received a letter from the elders at Riverside stating that Reuel Lemmons had left the previous day (Feb. 10) for Washington D. C. to do what he could toward getting the visas. What Reuel learned was that back in September, Union officials had written a letter asking for some information which they needed before processing our applications. The letter had been addressed to a Mrs. Sipkowsky (or some such name) who was living in Johannesburg at the time. She had been responsible for our first correspondence in the matter, but had since returned to the states. When the Union officials had received no answer to their letter to her, our papers had been pigeon-holed. Likely, if Reuel Lemmons had not gone to Washington and succeeded in having certain cablegrams sent to the Union, we would still be waiting for something to happen.

Looking back over more than 30 years at this chain of circumstances, it is possible to share the sentiments of the apostle Paul in Philippians 1:12 — “I want you to know,

brothers, that what has happened to me has really served to advance the gospel.” Without trying to take credit where credit is not due, it can perhaps be said that our presence in Bulawayo was the “catalyst” which made it possible for Foy and a few faithful followers to begin the new Queens Park East church of Christ.

TO NHOWE MISSION

April was approaching and autumn was in the air. We'd been able to renew our visas for a month at a time. Rhodesia made a step in the progress of civilization — Coca Cola came to Bulawayo! The bottling plant had a large plate glass window and the innovation of all the visible bottling machinery drew clusters of curious onlookers. Most Rhodesians drank their “minerals” at room temperature, simply because refrigeration was almost non-existent. We had not yet learned to enjoy warm soda pop, so when we found a refrigerated Coke machine one day in Salisbury, we knew that times were changing.

Caskeys and Millers had been at Nhowe for some time, but we had not yet seen that mission, so we closed out our housekeeping in the Hadfield's flat, stored our goods, piled our luggage on a roof rack on the Vauxhall, and headed east. Part of the time the road consisted of two tarmac strips, just fine as long as there was no oncoming traffic, and as long as the driver concentrated on staying on the strips. When meeting a car, one had to move over to the left and use one strip and the shoulder, while the other car had the other strip and the other shoulder. In places the surface between and beside the strips had washed or blown away and there was a drop-off of a couple of

inches, so it was hard on the tires and chassis — and on the human chassis too. We thought it was a poor effort of a highway, but someone pointed out to us that the small white population of Rhodesia which made up the main body of taxpayers had dug deep into their pockets to have even the strips. Prior to strip roads, travel in the rainy season was sometimes impossible, and a trial at best.

We found a good hotel for a stop-over in Fort Victoria. There we were paged to receive a phone call from Bulawayo, but before the message could come through, we were cut off, and although we waited all evening, there was not another call. We thought perhaps it was news of our visas, and we were right, but did not know for sure until we arrived at Nhowe two days later. It was not a two-day trip from Fort Victoria to Nhowe, but we were making this a sight-seeing trip lest we have no other opportunity to pass that way. Not far from Fort Victoria are the famous Zimbabwe Ruins about which archaeologists from all over the world have pondered and studied. There are a number of theories as to who built Zimbabwe and what the great high-walled structure actually was, but no one has been able to come to any definite conclusion. The fortifications on top of the hills and the remnants of gold smelters indicate a civilized people, but the only artifact that has been found is a carved bird which has been called the "Zimbabwe Bird." This is the origin of the name now given to the country we knew as Southern Rhodesia.

After spending part of a day seeing the Zimbabwe ruins, we headed toward Umtali where we planned to spend the night. We had time to spare, and when we saw a sign pointing off the road, indicating some other ruins, we

decided to have a look. The little side road became a mere path and soon vanished altogether. When we could see no more signs and no indication of other people having traveled that way, we decided to turn around and get on to Umtali. John swung the car around on what appeared to be a level grassy place, but we came to a sudden halt when the right front wheel went into a hole. It must have been an ant-bear hole, and there we were with the right side of the car resting on its frame on the edge of the hole, the front wheel touching nothing at all. Tall grass growing out of the bottom of the hole had camouflaged it. We were perhaps a quarter of a mile off the highway, on a road that wasn't a road, where absolutely nobody would be coming by with a car to help us. While John was thinking of ways to get us out, I surveyed the supply of food and water that we had in the car, thinking that we might be there all night.

The drive shaft was free, so John figured that if we could fill rocks and sand into the hole and build a runway for the wheel, we might be able to get out by ourselves. In other parts of Rhodesia, we had seen millions of rocks, but there was hardly a one to be found where we were. John and Kent scouted for rocks while Don and I used cooking pots to scoop sand into the hole. Just about the time the last rock for 50 yards around was fitted under the wheel, we decided to give it a try. First, we unloaded our luggage to lighten the car. I got behind the steering wheel, put the engine in reverse, and with John pushing, we backed out of that hole on the first try. We'd had enough ruins for one day, so we loaded our luggage once more and headed for Umtali.

Umtali is without doubt one of the most beautiful

little towns anywhere in the world. Nestled snugly in the mountains of eastern Rhodesia, not far from the Mozambique border, it has a lovely climate, never as hot as the lower altitudes of the country, yet never freezing in the winter. Flowering trees and shrubs line its streets and fill the gardens of its residents. We had a good night of sleep at the Hotel Cecil and on the next morning drove to Nhowe. We were greeted in the driveway by exuberant Caskeys and Millers with the news that our visas had been granted on the 19th of April.

ACTION IN "HIGH PLACES"

Only when we received our copy of the Christian Chronicle dated April 26, 1950, did we realize to what extent our case had been in the hands of those in high places. The Chronicle reported, "With the aid of Senator Tom Connally of Texas, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Undersecretary of State, Jack McFall, he (Reuel Lemmons) was able to get action by the British government."

Before John had a chance to get acquainted at Nhowe, he left for Johannesburg with Guy, Waymon, and Eldred to find housing so that we could make our move. While they were gone, the little boys and I had opportunity to get acquainted with the mission personnel: the Boyd Reeses, the George Hooks, and the Tom Wards. We occupied a guest house just behind the Reese home, a roundavel patterned after the round native huts but built of brick and having a cement floor.

Nhowe was the most beautiful of the missions we had

visited. It is in a hilly area, and looking eastward toward Mozambique, one can see range upon range of mountains in the hazy distance. Autumn grass had heads of a dusty rose color, and as the seeds ripened, the rose was touched with white fuzz, so the entire valley looked like a vast flower garden. Trees and shrubs had been planted around the mission, and in the autumn the enormous poinsettia plants were covered with hundreds of blossoms. Kent and Don played happily in the sand. Don was nearly two and talking quite a bit. Looking up at the evening sky, Kent told Don that there was a man in the moon. Don argued, "No! Mule in the moon!" A heated discussion developed, but the only concession Don would make was to say it was a cow in the moon. I've heard adults argue over matters no less silly.

Nhowe's main activities centered around the school, much as at Namwianga and Sinde, so in addition to the missionary houses, there were school rooms, housing for students, a church building, storage sheds, etc. Operating such a mission is no small task, for in addition to having all of the usual responsibilities of school administration and teaching, room and board had to be provided for the students, most of whom came from far and remained for a term at a time. Water was always a problem, and at the time of our visit, it was all being hauled up by hand from wells and carried to each of the houses, and to the dormitories and kitchen. A pumping system was only added many years later. The missionaries who lived there could fill volumes with tales of their experiences. We saw just enough to make us appreciate those who willingly came and lived there and performed the mighty tasks of a

successful work. I almost felt embarrassed to think that we were going to be living in a big city with all modern conveniences.

NEARLY THERE

The men encountered some bad roads on the trip to Johannesburg. By 1950, South Africa had some tarmac highways, but there were still long stretches of gravel. Eldred had to buy a new muffler in Johannesburg, and on the return trip to Nhowe, it was damaged. In addition to muffler problems, a hole as large in diameter as a pencil was punched in the gas tank. The journey took them through towns which later became familiar to us as we traveled through them frequently: Louis Trichardt, Pietersburg, Potgietersrust, Warmbaths, Nylstroom to name a few. They rode on the beautiful tree-lined road from Pretoria to Johannesburg with the smell of eucalyptus permeating the autumn air. In Johannesburg, they checked into the old Carlton Hotel, perhaps the best in its time. Rooms on the third floor did not yet have private bathrooms but provided old-fashioned wash stands with basins and pitchers. Meals were tops. There was even a waitress who was used to serving Americans, and she brought glasses of ice water and served coffee during the meal rather than afterward.

Waymon Miller says that he has two outstanding recollections of this trip to Johannesburg. The first, he recalled, had to do with John's widespread reputation for snoring. It seems that the three other men drew straws to see who would have to share a room with John, and the lot fell upon Waymon. The second memory Waymon expressed in a letter he wrote to me in early January, 1982, in which he

said: "We were there over a weekend, and conducted worship in our hotel room. It was one of the most emotional experiences ever in a worship. We could look out of our hotel rooms, and there Johannesburg was spread before us. It was a city of almost a million population then, and in it we four men were confronted with the staggering task of establishing a New Testament congregation. How do we begin? We know no one in Johannesburg, so how do we make any personal contacts? Will the people be receptive? How will they respond to us 'foreigners' in their city? What methods will be effective in planting the church there? Who will hear us? Will anyone really care what we have to say?"

Finding furnished houses to rent was not too great a problem, but rents on furnished places were high. John arranged for a house in Parktown which was available for only four months during which we could search for a more permanent place. The rent was more than we could afford, and the house was furnished mostly with expensive and rare stinkwood pieces, not the most suitable for a family with small boys.

When the men went to see the immigration officials about the visas, they found that there had been a mix-up because of the name of the church. The Mormons, also known as the Church of Christ of Latter Day Saints, had a regular arrangement whereby 75 of their young "elders" were allowed to be in the country for periods of two years each. The names of the churches being similar, we were thought to be with the Mormons. It was necessary to visit the American Consulate in Johannesburg and the Embassy in Pretoria. In the consular office, when four Americans from Rhodesia walked in, they were greeted with the words,

“We’ve been expecting you.” Later at the Embassy, when they began to introduce themselves, the receptionist said, “Oh, you’re Caskey, Echols, Miller and Hardin.” The officials must have felt like the judge in the parable of the importunate widow in Luke 18. If they were happy to see these four missionaries, it was likely because now their case was about to be settled and they could be out of the way.

When the men returned to Nhowe, we lost no time in getting back to Bulawayo to take care of the things we had stored there, most of which had to be shipped by rail. We were there on a Sunday and met for worship with the Foy Shorts in their home, and soon after lunch, we headed for the South African border, making it through customs just a few minutes before closing time. Caskeys were traveling with us, and Guy spent several moments being frustrated because Jessie Lee had packed their passports “somewhere” in a suitcase. Otherwise, the crossing of the border went like clockwork – not like the landing at Cape Town eight months before.

People of South Africa

“(God) hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell upon all the face of the earth” (Acts 17:26). In the world of the late 20th century, race has become the source of many political problems. It has become difficult to separate race from politics, and racial prejudice as well as laws and customs spill over into the realm of Christianity and the church of our Lord. Only God is “color-blind”, looking always upon the inner man. We wish it were not necessary even to mention race, but since it is a big issue in South Africa, it is vital to the understanding of missionary work in that country to know something of its various peoples.

The United States is often called “the melting pot of nations”, for into it went many people from every country in Europe and some from almost every nation on earth. Immigrants retained their distinctive languages and life styles for a generation or two, but the young people soon inter-married, and today, many can tell you only vaguely of their roots. My grandparents had immigrated from Sweden and Norway so I can identify the sources of my ancestry. John’s people had been in America for much longer, and he knew only that his father was English, Irish, and maybe Scottish, and that his mother was probably mostly of German descent with some other nationalities mixed in.

South Africa also is sometimes called another “melting pot”, but not the same as the American one. Perhaps

it is more like a bottle of salad dressing made up of oil and vinegar with some spices and herbs mixed into it; the ingredients are shaken together and blended, yet separate. More than half the white population are of Dutch descent – the Afrikaner, staid, stolid, staunch, stoic, stern – the stuff of which the Voortrekker was made. Not quite so numerous are the people of British origin, prim and proper but also desirous of dominating. The English and the Dutch – both are from tiny nations that had risen to become world powers, mighty upon the seas, colonizing, settling, trading. The English and the Afrikaners: like the oil and vinegar in the salad dressing, you can shake the bottle, but they do not blend for long. Like the herbs and spices of the dressing, add the smaller numbers of whites from other nations. Shake all together and there is a blend, yet each is distinguishable.

The white people of South Africa have always lived *next to* the non-white races rather than *among* them. The black people represent many tribes and nations which keep their various identifying customs and languages as tenaciously as do the English and Afrikaans white folk.

Before the era of the melting pots of nations, most Europeans were in Europe, Africans in Africa, Indians in India, etc. Only after the navigations of Columbus and his kind was there the great movement of populations that opened up the American and African continents to trade and settlement. At the same time that the Mayflower and other little ships were taking bold adventurers to North America's shorelines, other sailors were plying the treacherous waters around the continent of Africa to trade with India and the East Indies. They had found nothing to attract them to the southern part of Africa, for it was uncivilized, its

shoreline fraught with perilous rocks, dangerous currents, and frequent storms. Before the construction of harbor facilities at Cape Town, landings were extremely dangerous, and many ships were wrecked and lives lost.

It was only when the Dutch East India shipping company decided to land some farmers and gardeners at the cape that white men set foot upon southern Africa with any serious intent to remain. Because people on the long voyage around the continent suffered, and many died, from scurvy and other effects of bad food and water, it was an excellent scheme to provide a half-way station for replenishing the ships' galleys with fresh fruits, vegetables, wines, meats, and grains. Thus, in 1652, the first Dutch settlers began to work the belt of rich land which is capable, even today, of producing high quality vegetables, fruits and other crops. The Dutch East India Company intended to keep the effort strictly a business venture, not to develop a colony, but after a time, some of the farmers ventured far across the countryside to establish private farms, while a number of others found it to their liking to settle in the permanent situation which became Cape Town. Many sent for wives from home, and so they put down roots in their new land.

By the year 1835, the Dutch population had grown, and to many, Cape Town was becoming too crowded, too urbanized. Besides, the English had arrived, the foreigners, "Uitlanders", who were changing their way of life. The Afrikaner wished only to be left to his own ways. "If this is not possible where one lives, move away." This became their philosophy, and so began the famous "Great Trek" when 7000 Dutchmen left the Cape and traveled in

great covered wagons, spreading out, seeking new homes in the more lush valleys of Natal, or moving across the vastness of the land beyond the Vaal River, the Transvaal. To the American history student, this is of particular interest because a similar "trek" occurred at the same time in the development of the USA. In America there were the pioneers, in South Africa the Voortrekkers: in both instances they were a special people, brave and adventurous, seeking a new life for their families. They took their particular religions with them, establishing their churches and building their towns.

The first people encountered by the men of the Dutch East India Company in the mid-17th century were Hottentots and bushmen. The Hottentots were so named because their speech sounded to Dutch ears as if they were saying "Hotten totten" and other indistinguishable words. The tiny bushmen were a nomadic people, and some of them still exist in Southwest Africa, now known as Namibia, eking out an existence from the barren deserts where nobody else could possibly survive. The Hottentots as a separate entity have disappeared. The settlers sometimes traded with the Hottentots for cattle and eventually built up their own herds. Neither the Hottentots nor the bushmen were considered by the Dutch to be reliable workers. Their ways of life were too diverse, and it was not past those primitive peoples' ways to steal, and so there was always trouble.

At the same time that numerous Huguenots, French protestants who were being sorely persecuted at home, were emigrating to America, others of them chose to go to southern Africa. Much as they wished to keep their French identity and their own religious group, they were not

permitted by the Dutch to do so, and in time they were absorbed into the Dutch community. Today the Afrikaans population bears many names of French origin: DuPreez, Theron, Olivier, Labuschagne, and many others, now using Afrikaans pronunciation. The Huguenots contributed their courage and staunchness of religious faith to the newly forming country while their knowledge of vineyards and wines contributed to the economy.

As mentioned elsewhere, it was only in 1820 that the British people began to settle in South Africa. In Port Elizabeth, 500 miles east of Cape Town, there stands the Campanile, a monument to the British settlers. Today, the strongest influence of English is still on the Indian Ocean side of the southern continent: East London and Durban, as well as Grahamstown and Port Elizabeth, are strongly English, though having many Afrikaans-speaking white people as well.

In South Africa there grew up a race of people distinctive only to that country, known as the "colored" people. It is a mixed race and has several origins. Basically they are a mixture of black and white — the result of marriage and of cohabitation between races. First of all, the earliest settlers from Europe were all male, so while some sent home for wives, others took wives, or women of convenience, from the dark-skinned people. Not long after the settlement of the cape area, people from Malaysia were brought in as farm laborers. The Malay people have a distinctive appearance, so today, the "Cape Malay" type of colored person is easily identified. After many generations of marrying and inter-marrying, the colored "race" has now increased to more than 2 million. They vary in appearance

from nearly black to blue-eyed blonde, but most are readily distinguishable as being of mixed origin.

The colored people are classified by the government as a separate race. Being neither black nor white, they are not accepted by either of those races. They consider themselves to be somewhat better than the blacks, but neither do the whites consider them to be their equals, and so they find themselves in a state of limbo. Underprivileged, they grow resentful. Not possessing a land of their own, they get pushed around. Crowded into poor living quarters, underpaid, and lacking in opportunities and facilities for good activities, many turn to the bottle, so drink has become a major problem: drink, and its attendant evils of broken homes, poverty, and bad morals.

Color of skin can cause heartbreak. Through a chance mixture of genes, there are colored people who appear to be white, and through the years, many have "passed" as white, hoping to achieve a better life for self and family. Then, by other chance mixture of genes, a throw-back is born, perhaps with kinky hair or distinctive features of another race. A shadow passes over that entire family, the child who *appears* to be colored is reclassified as colored, and the family is divided unless all elect to be reclassified as colored in order to remain together. This requires much sacrifice, for it means changing jobs, schools, housing, friends, church affiliations, and much more.

By far the most numerous are the black race. As the whites were moving northward and eastward from the Cape, some of these black people were in the process of moving southward and westward, resulting in many clashes and much bloodshed, lasting well into the 19th century. By

sheer superiority of weapons, the whites eventually subdued the blacks.

The Zulu people, once known and feared because of their skill in war, are still the most numerous tribe. Then there are the Sothos, divided into Southern Sotho and Northern Sotho, as well as the Xhosas, Ndebele, Venda, Tswana, Shangaan, and a number of smaller tribal groups. In the past, there were frequent fights between tribes, and even today, some of them do not get on well together. Sometimes news of the differences between black tribes reaches the media in America and is misinterpreted as trouble between blacks and whites. Just a few years ago, major rioting broke out at the living quarters of mine workers in Welkom. It was between members of two tribes who couldn't get along with each other, and a good number were killed or injured. When the mine officials sent members of one of the tribes back to their homeland, quiet was restored.

The black people in the cities tend to separate themselves into sections according to tribal origin. They retain their different languages and their particular customs, and sometimes even have their own schools. Those of differing languages who are thrown together at their places of work quickly pick up each other's languages and have developed a working man's lingo called "fanegalo", or "kitchen kaffir" which is sometimes learned by white employers so that all can communicate. Few whites learn the tribal languages, though in recent years, these have been added to the curricula of some of the high schools. Most urban blacks acquire a working knowledge of English or Afrikaans or both in order to understand their white employers.

INTERPRETERS FOR VARIOUS LANGUAGES

The fact that many of the black people could speak English probably made us lazy about learning their tribal languages. We excused our "laziness" by reminding ourselves that there were 6 or 7 languages to be learned, so we couldn't have done it. That is only partly true. It was almost always necessary to have everything interpreted. If the interpreter's English was only fair, he would have to ask to have the words repeated or restated. Sometimes we had doubts as to whether the true message came across, but this did not happen very often. Sometimes the difficulty lay with the person speaking English, especially if he had only recently arrived in the country from Texas or Arkansas where there is a pronounced southern drawl. The blacks of South Africa had learned their English from people with a British accent, more clipped and precise, so that they had to retune their ears before understanding a Texas "y'all". There was the American speaker who made reference to "Mark Twain, the American humorist." In interpretation, it came across, "Mark Twain, the American university."

Some of the tribal languages have no vocabulary for some words. Large numbers cannot be easily expressed, for instance. Anything technological has to be explained, and words taken directly from English and spelled the tribal way, to fit their phonetics. The black sense of humor is so different from that of white people, and particularly Americans, that humorous illustrations fall flat and the speaker finds himself having to make lengthy explanations. Only after being with people of another culture for a long time does one learn what they think is funny, and eventually it is possible to use a bit of humor. I discovered in teaching

the black ladies at Daveyton that they thought it hilarious if a person's particular foibles were known, so I could get away with referring to them gently and getting a bit of a laugh from my audience. At least, I *think* I got away with it. We remained good friends.

Some of the city congregations of black Christians are made up of people of just one tribe, but many of them have mixed tribal groups where two or three or even more tribes are represented. The love of Christ sometimes shines like the proverbial candle in the night when these mixed congregations meet. Prayers are led and songs sung in each of the languages, and the sermon translated by one or two interpreters, or perhaps more. One need not be in a hurry to finish that kind of service in an hour, for it takes 30 minutes to preach a 15-minute sermon with one interpreter, 45 minutes if there are two.

The attitude of the black population toward themselves is changing. Having taken up the popular slogan that originated in America — “Black is beautiful” — they now wish to be referred to plainly as “black”. They were never called “negroes” as were the blacks in America. The name “kaffir” was never used in a kindly way, but always derogatory. The word means “heathen” so it could have sometimes been correct usage, but it was always used in the same way that white Americans called a black man a “nigger”.

For many years, the black people were referred to as “natives”. Although technically a correct term, it was not one of their own choosing but used officially and otherwise to distinguish between them and white people. The government had, for instance, a “Bureau of Native Affairs.”

In America, the word "native" refers to a person in relation to his place of origin, having nothing to do with color. One says of a person born in Oklahoma, for instance, "He is a native of Oklahoma." In South Africa, this expression is never used to describe a white person even though he may have been born in that country. Gradually, the black people began to resent the term "native" because it denoted inferiority. The term "African" came into more popular usage, but even that was not satisfactory because a black man was called an "African" while a white man was called a "South African."

Hoping once and for all to make everybody happy with racial names, it was finally decided that the term "bantu" would be used. It is a tribal word meaning "people" and was what they called themselves, so the "Bureau of Native Affairs" became the "Bureau of Bantu Affairs." But then, the white people began to use the word incorrectly, speaking of the "bantu people", in effect saying "people people". Also, in its usage, "bantu" still denoted inferiority in the same way that "native" did.

The government, having particular branches dealing with the business of the black people, must give them some name, so the term "bantu" is still the official choice. Meanwhile, the blacks plainly and simply call themselves black. What could be more sensible! Any nation needs to have pride in its identity. Believing that black is beautiful is fundamental to a black person's self-esteem. White is beautiful. Yellow is beautiful. Red is beautiful. Colored is beautiful. Discord only arises if one claims greater beauty or worth than another.

In South Africa there are also some half-million

people of Asiatic descent, mainly Indian. Their forebears were brought to work in the mines, but the mine jobs soon went to the blacks and the Indians became tradespeople, living in the cities, with the greatest concentration of them now in the Natal province. They retain their own religions and language and mix little with other races except in business.

In addition to the Dutch and English, people from all European countries have immigrated into South Africa. There are numerous Greeks, Portuguese, Italians, Germans, Irish, and Scottish. There is also a considerable Jewish population, some of them refugees from the persecutions of World War II.

There are those who would solve South Africa's race problems by having all of the white population return to the lands of their origin. This is impossible. There is a point that needs to be understood about the Afrikaans people. South Africa is their land — they have no other home. They can never go back to Holland any more than the Spanish of Mexico can go back to Spain. Those who are immigrating from Holland today are not part of the Afrikaans community but are referred to as "Hollands", and their language is different from the Afrikaans in many ways.

Much the same can be said about many of the English people in South Africa. Some are descended from the 1820 settlers, others from settlers of later years. Their citizenship is South African, and South Africa is their land. Later arrivals from the U. K. who have retained British citizenship are a minority,

There are two official languages in South Africa:

English and Afrikaans. All government notices and forms are in both languages, and employees are required to be bilingual. As long as the nation was part of the British Commonwealth, English was more prominent than it is today. In 1948, when the Nationalist party came into power, Afrikaans moved into wider usage, and since independence in 1961, it has been even more so. As Afrikaans people moved away from farming and took many more jobs in offices and public services, railways, post offices, banks, the police force, and the military, English began to be pushed more into the background. Sometimes so-called bilingual people are really proficient in only one language. Many more Afrikaans-speaking people have entered the teaching profession than have the English-speaking, with the result that English-medium schools often have to hire teachers whose English is their secondary language.

The use of two languages on all official papers and on all signs in public places and on the highways, is accepted by the populace as quite normal. Obviously it adds to the printing and sign-making costs and can become cumbersome, but one simply becomes used to it and seeks out the lines of printing that can be understood. A waggish South African movie producer once brought to the screen a film that openly poked fun at the petty differences between the two national groups and at the bilingual notices and signs as well as the different newspapers. It dealt with a prejudiced Englishman and an equally prejudiced Afrikaner and even had two titles: "Hans en die Rooi-nek" and "Sidney and the Boer". Only a South African audience could fully appreciate the humor, or for that matter, understand the conversation which was in both languages. One little

scene created a laugh when the camera panned some signs: "Uitgang" and "Exit", "Hou links" and "Keep left"; and finally, "In" – and "In".

Most of the colored people speak Afrikaans and many also have a fair knowledge of English. The tribal languages are very much alive even though people who work for a living must learn some of each other's lingo, and most black workers learn English or Afrikaans, or both. At no time in the foreseeable future will all the people of South Africa speak one language. Everyone loves his own home language. Learned from babyhood, it is used in one's close family relationships, and is the language of prayer. It is a common bond which holds together family, school, church, and nationality.

The greatest factor in favor of retaining English is that it is a universal language while Afrikaans is spoken by only a few million people. There are hundreds of thousands of volumes of literature and scientific works written in English compared to a much smaller number in Afrikaans. For many reasons, therefore, it seems much simpler to learn English than to try to translate all the books into Afrikaans.

There is almost no literature at all in the tribal languages, and just a few magazines and newspapers. The South African tribes all have the Bible in their own languages, but unless they can read English, they have access to very little religious literature. Our own efforts to provide them with tracts began only in the 50's and 60's and there is room to do a great deal more of this type of work.

There are a number of parallels between American and South African history. Early explorers discovered the

two lands and began to settle them in the 17th century. Pioneers and Voortrekkers moved overland to open up more remote areas in the 19th century. There were inhabitants objecting to the “intruders”, and there were wars. After much bloodshed, the inhabitants in both lands were subdued and placed by the victors, in part, at least, into areas reserved for them. It is not my purpose to say who was right and who was wrong – if there were any who were right – we merely have the facts of history.

The parallels end there. In America, the Indians were the subdued people. They had never been prolific, so their growth in numbers was very slow while at the same time the white people moved across the country in ever-increasing numbers, settled on homesteads, and raised large families. Eventually the Indians made up a tiny percentage of the total population. Even the freeing of the black slaves placed a small percentage of black people into the general population.

In South Africa, the black people outnumber the whites by many times over. Both the U. S. A. and South Africa have racial problems. Both have done some things well and both have made mistakes, but the two countries cannot now be compared. We cannot solve these problems here. What has been written in this chapter is for the purpose of helping readers from all nations to understand what is going on behind the scenes as our missionaries try to carry on with the task of spreading the gospel among South Africans of many national backgrounds and languages.

South Africa practices a policy of separation of races – apartheid. Once again, it is not our purpose here to

judge right or wrong, but to point it out as fact. As you read about congregations of whites, blacks, colored, or Indians, you will understand that it has been a necessary and natural way for the church to develop. Whether it will remain so is yet to be seen, but surely it should be the hope and the goal of every Christian to foster love and concern between all races of people. Mixed services are not illegal, but national groups gravitate to their own kind and their own languages. Prejudice has widened the gaps and slowed the progress, but we believe it best to work within the boundaries that had long been set by the customs, laws, and practices of many years. Little is to be gained by forcing relationships for which people are not ready.

A well-known South African author, Nadine Gordimer, wrote about growing up with the apartheid laws of the country: "As a child, you don't ask why. I came from the average sort of white family, and you accepted the fact you could go places that a black child couldn't, the same way you accepted the fact that the sun comes up every morning." She goes on to say that when she became adolescent, she began to realize that it isn't the same – that apartheid is not God-ordained. Other South Africans may be less astute than Ms Gordimer, or more prejudiced than she. All that can be said here is that Christians should lead the way toward the eventual equality of all mankind, for that is what our Lord would have.

To the Work, to the Work

JOHANNESBURG

The average American thinks of "Africa" and "jungle" as synonymous. Even in the 1980's, there are many who are surprised to learn that there are almost no wild animals in South Africa except in the game reserves. An article in a report sent to the states from our workers in South Africa, dated January, 1955 is unsigned, but sounds so much like the writing of Eldred Echols that I believe I can safely ascribe it to him. The article is entitled "The Dark Continent", and is quoted in part:

"As Chaka, the greatest of the Zulu chiefs, lay dying from the stab wounds received at the hands of his own half-brother and his friends, he is reported to have said: 'Dogs, whom I fed at my kraal! You think you have won an empire; but I see the white man coming over the waves like the swallows, and this land shall shine as the stars of the heavens.' According to the story, this drama was enacted on a ridge overlooking the site of what was to become the city of Johannesburg. But even that great Zulu sage could not have envisaged the scintillant splendor of the Golden City as its corona of light glows against the Transvaal night sky. When the late traveler has crossed the Vaal River from the Orange Free State and the great steel cities of Vereeniging and Vanderbijl Park have faded

behind, he becomes increasingly aware of a lightening of the northern skies as though in promise of an early dawn. And then as he reaches the crest of a ridge he bursts suddenly upon an unforgettable sight, for surely one of the most breathtaking spectacles on earth is the Reef, seen at night from the hills north of the Vaal, as it stretches a full 70 miles from Springs to Krugersdorp like a gigantic diamond necklace with Johannesburg for its pendant.”

JOHANNESBURG AT LAST - CITY OF GOLD

Over the border at last but from the opposite direction from that just described. We spent our first night in a hotel in Messina, and on the following day, May 15, 1950, we set out on the last leg of our long, round-about journey to Johannesburg. Summer was having its last fling of the season, and the day was warm. Once again we were heading for a place about which we had only read in a book and could not begin to realize what sort of city to expect.

In a book we might have read that the richest gold mines in the world are in South Africa. The city of Johannesburg is literally built on the gold mines, and the economy of the nation rests heavily upon that gleaming metal. The very word “gold” has always struck deep into the lives and hearts of men and caused them to leave all they possess in order to dig in the earth to find it. God, the great score keeper, is the only one who knows how many have given their lives in pursuit of the elusive glitter, and how many others have been ruined by the greed that has undermined their souls just as surely as the tunnels and shafts of the

mines run deep and wide under the city of Johannesburg.

Pishon, one of Eden's streams, is described in Genesis 2 as winding through the land of Havilah, "where there is gold." A chain of gold was on Joseph's neck when he came to his position of power in Egypt; the children of Israel gave their golden trinkets to be made into the ill-famed golden calf; Solomon's temple was overlaid with gold; Achan and his family perished because of his greed in Ai; Tyre furnished Solomon with gold; the Queen of Sheba brought gifts of gold to Solomon — there has never been a time since the creation of man when gold did not kindle the imaginations and ambitions of people, or when it didn't represent wealth, power, and grandeur. Now we were heading toward South Africa's city of gold, to walk on streets that bear a tiny residue of gold-bearing earth, and live surrounded by great structures representing the untold wealth of the ground beneath us.

Job said that when his trials were over, he would come forth like gold, and Peter wrote about the faith that is more precious than gold. You might say that we were hoping to help the people of Johannesburg, city of gold, to find a wealth of spiritual gold for their personal lives.

It is surprising to read, after the passing of more than 30 years, what John wrote about his first visit to Johannesburg. He said he found it to be "quite American." Perhaps it was the size and the hustle and bustle of traffic in crowded streets that made it seem that way then. When we learned to know Johannesburg, we found it to have a "personality" very much its own, not American at all. Every city has its own distinctive characteristics, and we should have been sadly disappointed if we had found that Johannesburg was "quite American."

Early on that mid-May morning, we had only the immediate task of transporting ourselves from South Africa's northern boundary to Johannesburg. It was Don's second birthday, and I had stuck a couple of birthday candles into my handbag in hopes that we might be able to use them. When we came to the little town of Potgietersrust, we found a bakery and bought a pretty little cake with icing flowers which we carried into a coffee shop and had a little party. We set the candles into the cake and lit them while John took movies. Don "cut" his cake by poking the knife into one of the icing flowers and taking a good lick.

The day had been warm, but as we traveled south toward Pretoria, we met a cold front which was moving north, as they do in the southern hemisphere. The strong wind slowed our little car with its heavy load until we could barely make 35 miles per hour. The increased altitude affected the carburetor too, so it was dark before we reached our destination. The Millers who had preceded us by several days were already in their home, and we had supper with them on our first night in Johannesburg. The Caskeys were able to move into their place the next day, and Eldred was sharing space with them, but our house was not to be available for ten days, so we stayed at the Hotel Victoria.

On a visit to the house where we were to live in Rhodes Avenue, Parktown, we talked with Mrs. Bienz about arrangements. We were to keep the servant girl, the yard boy, and also take care of the big old dog while the Bienz's were on a 4-month vacation in Switzerland. The lady assured us that the house was full of "good vibrations"

and asked if we felt them. John and I looked at each other. That was a new one to us!

During our first few days in Johannesburg, we had some details to attend to such as car registration, license and third-party insurance. These were different procedures to us: the number plates indicated registration while two little discs stuck on the windscreen proved that the cars were licensed and covered by third-party insurance. We didn't understand that the discs had to be in sight on the windscreen, so one night soon after we had obtained them, we came out of a restaurant and discovered traffic tickets under our wipers. Proving that we had the discs in our possession did not excuse us from paying fines.

We needed to have some letterheads printed to use in follow-up correspondence with radio contacts, but we were all residing at temporary addresses. The Johannesburg post office was over-crowded and it was some time before we could get a box number to use on the letterheads. When we eventually were assigned a box, number 9250, we could not have imagined that it would be the same one to be used for over 30 years.

The word "alien" took on a new meaning to us. During my school years, I'd seen pictures of poor immigrants to America, traveling in steerage, landing, near destitute, at New York City, and living in slum areas and working in low-paid factory jobs. Alien! "A foreign-born resident who has not been naturalized and is still a subject or citizen of a foreign country." (Webster's Dictionary). When we went to the immigration office to apply for permanent residence, I realized that I *was* one.

John wrote in a letter to our elders, dated May 23,

1950, “. . . the only acquaintances that any of us had at the time of our arrival in Johannesburg were a young couple named Blake. When Eldred visited South Africa a couple of years ago, he went into a photography shop for supplies and made friends with the proprietor, Leslie Blake . . . Soon after we arrived here, Eldred paid them a visit and made arrangements for all of us to have a hamburger supper . . . At that time we made arrangements for them to attend our first services in Johannesburg . . . Since their marriage, the Blakes, by their own admission, had been in church only for their wedding and for the christening of their children”, or, as we later heard it expressed, some people go to church only three times; when they are hatched, matched, and dispatched.

Our first regular Sunday service was held in the large living room of the house being rented by Caskeys and Echols, and the Blakes were indeed present, making a total of 16 people in attendance. This was a small beginning in a big city, a city of a million strangers. We'd held a service on the train to Bulawayo, and the four men had held a service in their hotel room at the Carlton, but this was the real beginning. Therefore, small though it was, it was truly a momentous occasion.

AN ERA ENDS – A NEW ONE BEGINS

At the time of our move into South Africa, Jan Smuts was about to celebrate his 80th birthday. Although his political party had been defeated, he was a much loved and honored man, and throngs of people turned out for the celebration that included a parade which we were able to observe from the windows and balcony of the Blakes' flat.

Some 50,000 people were gathered in the street near the city hall to honor one of South Africa's greatest leaders. At the turn of the century, Smuts had fought with the Boers against the British, but later he became a leader in the British Commonwealth and served in several official capacities after Great Britain gave the Transvaal self-rule in 1906. When the four provinces were brought together to become the Union of South Africa in 1910, Smuts deserved much of the credit. He served in the War Cabinet in London during the first World War and helped in the founding of the League of Nations, later becoming Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa until 1924, and again from 1939 to 1948 when the Nationalist Party, mainly Afrikaans, came into power and has remained until now.

The new party in power did not wish to broadcast a program from the scene of the Smuts celebration (all communication systems in South Africa are government owned and controlled), but newsreel photographers were on the scene, and John captured a few feet of film on our 16mm movie camera.

It was thought that the strenuous events of the birthday celebration tired Mr. Smuts severely, and with the onset of winter, he soon developed pneumonia and died. There was a long and picturesque funeral procession which we watched. John made movies of the soldiers' slow march, the veterans of several wars, the Scottish bagpipers, and the hearse itself. This was for many the sad ending of an era. The long period of Nationalist party power in its strong swing to Afrikaans domination had just begun.

GROWING PAINS – “CULTURE SHOCK”

As we began to have a few more visitors to our services, we naturally wanted to make good impressions on them in every way. Meeting in a home tends to give an informal atmosphere. Visitors may think it strange to attend services in someone's living room. To make the setting more formal, we set out chairs in rows and tried to be quiet and dignified. Our Kent was manageable at four, and he would sit quietly through the service, looking at a picture book or drawing on a piece of paper. Two-year-old Don was a typical wiggly toddler. Thirty seconds was record time for sitting still, and once he wiggled himself right off the chair and onto the floor. Falling off a chair is not unusual for a boy of two. Falling off a chair during church services is not unheard of for a boy of two. But falling off a chair onto a sleeping dog during a church service is unusual. The dog had a right to be where he was — it was his house, and he usually was permitted to doze in the living room, but after that, he was banished from services.

In our rented house in Parktown, we were learning how white people in Johannesburg lived. First of all, we had to deal with all the burglar-proofing, the heavy wire mesh covering all the windows, the double and triple locks on all the doors. We'd already heard many tales of burglaries, robberies, and even murder. The most common of these crimes affecting the ordinary citizen was burglary with the items most likely to be stolen being clothing and blankets which would quickly be sold in the second-hand market to the poor black population. This was pre-drug times, pre-TV and expensive camera and stereo times, so the motivation for burglary was not the same as in America in the 70's and 80's. Yet the trauma of

having one's home burglarized, one's privacy invaded, and even one's life threatened, would have been the same.

The Great Dane, Skipper, which we were obliged to keep for the landlady, slept on a mat just inside the front door. In her old age, Skipper had become incontinent, but the maid was accustomed to rectifying the animal's accidents, and we managed to put up with it since it was only to be temporary. Very likely, Skipper could have proved her worth if anyone had tried to break into the house. I was more frightened by the crime stories we had heard than I cared to admit, and at times I would lie awake listening to every sound. Soon I overcame this fear, and just as well, for in nearly 30 years in South Africa, we never once had anyone break into our home.

People in our particular part of Johannesburg were not friendly, at least not in the way to which we were accustomed to neighbors' friendliness in the states. In four months in Parktown, we never met one single neighbor, and in fact hardly saw any at all except as they came and went in their driveways. High hedges and walls surrounded all the homes, and we decided that one could get sick and die and never be found if it depended upon neighbors. Later, in other areas, we did have some good neighbors, but the Parktown experience was just a bit difficult.

We never spoke face to face with our Parktown neighbors, but once during those 4 months, I heard the voice of one of them on the telephone. At 2 a. m. one night, the phone next to my bed rang. When I picked it up, an angry voice said, "Your dog is barking!" I apologized, hung up, and let Skipper in to sleep on her mat. A few weeks later, the phone again rang during the wee hours of night. As I

reached for the receiver, I heard Skipper barking, so I raised the instrument gently, put it down again, and let the dog in. My ear was not up to hearing the voice of the irate neighbor a second time, and after that Skipper always spent the night inside.

The month was June, the year 1950, and we were learning about winter in Johannesburg. Nearly all heating – what there was of it – and most of the water heaters in the city were fueled with coal, and in the locations where the black people lived, everyone cooked on coal stoves. In addition, the night watchmen who were employed to guard the stores and office buildings burned coal in braziers which they made by punching holes in the sides of five-gallon paraffin (kerosene) cans. Altogether, the result was a heavy pall which hung low over the entire area, spreading out for many miles across the countryside. Our nostrils collected a black deposit, water from a shampoo would be grey, and laundry was a problem in two ways: getting clothes clean, and keeping them that way as they hung on the wash line to dry.

More recently there has been a tremendous clean-up program for the atmosphere of Johannesburg. Smokeless zones are strictly enforced in many areas, trash burning is prohibited, with coal-burning equipment replaced by electricity, gas or oil. The poorer black people have the problem of money for replacement of their old equipment, and the city authorities have given them more time in which to accomplish this costly switchover. When this is done, the skies around Johannesburg may be blue again in winter.

In winter we had to use prodigious amounts of creams, lotions, lanolin, lip ice, vaseline – whatever would

combat the chapped hands, cracked lips, dry skin, and blacked-out nostrils. In addition to the smoke problem, winter is the dry season when there is not a cloud in the sky nor a drop of rain for 4 or 5 months. Also there was the fine yellowish dust that blew off the mine dumps in sufficient quantity to be called dust storms, another problem which in subsequent years has been nearly overcome. With vast effort and expenditures of huge sums of money, many of the old sandy dumps have had grass planted on them, and other dumps are being hauled away, truckload by truckload, to be used as fill and in road building. Life in Johannesburg is cleaner in the 80's than it was in the 50's, but our first year there was 1950.

JO'BURG - THE BEGINNING

Johannesburg! "Jo'burg" for short. "Joeys" in slang. What about Johannesburg? How did it become what it was?

In his book, *The Johannesburg Story*, F. Addington Symons describes the area: "It lies in the midst of a wilderness of dusty, desolate veld – an oasis of glittering lights and noise, a gaudy circus, its ring the yellowish grey mine dumps, its orchestra the ceaseless rhythm of the battery stamps. Johannesburg, the Golden City.

"From an aeroplane, it looks like a spangle of jewels on a dull, grey-brown cushion, its countless electric signs mocking the endless emptiness of the slumbering veld, or a self-contained, self-satisfied organism, a hive of bees clustered round its Queen of Gold, buried deep in the earth below – bees that work unceasingly, bees that resent intruders and have a sharp and bitter sting if they are disturbed.

"Here in this City of Infinite Chance, the primitive

mingles with the tinnily sophisticated; here, the dark mystery that is Africa is driven into shadowy corners by the brazen splendour of gold, reflected in its myriad lights. Here are the private palaces of the rich and the squalid shanties of the hopelessly poor, the streets thronged with pickings from all the races of the world – white man and black, Jew and Gentile, Latin and Mongolian – all attracted by the lure of the treasure that lies beneath their feet, guarded by the moguls who help to control the destinies of nations.

“The Johannesburg story is grotesque, incredible – a melodrama acted by characters too unreal for real life, too fantastic for fiction.”

Long before the discovery of the gold which made Johannesburg what it was to be, the Dutch (Afrikaans) farmers, Boers, (“boer” means simply “farmer”) had come to settle, desiring only to find homes where they could make a living and raise their families in the staunch old Calvinistic faith of the Dutch Reformed Church. Governed by what Symons calls a “ramshackle government,” a Volksraad or People’s Council at Potchefstroom, Paul Kruger, who later became the president of the Transvaal, was even then taking a leading part. He was opposed to the idea of prospecting for gold – he declared that he who finds gold finds trouble.

Many of the “Voortrekkers” who moved northward from the Cape found much land that was arid, semi-desert, requiring huge tracts to support a family. In such an area, in 1867, some young children found a handful of shiny pebbles near the Vaal River. Their parents showed the pebbles to a friend who in turn passed one of them on to a

traveling trader. From this small beginning came the rush to the Kimberley diamond fields, and it was from these diggings that many adventurers moved on to Johannesburg when just 19 years later, gold was discovered.

There had been a rush for gold at Barberton, but this soon played out because the deposits of the metal were too irregular for profitable mining, and men began to look toward the Witwatersrand where there had been rumors of gold finds. Witwatersrand – the Ridge of White Waters – named for the clear sparkling streams that sprang from the rocky earth. Gold had been little more than a rumor. A man named Struben had found what he believed to be a rich strike, but he kept it a secret and began by himself to erect machinery and to dig. Wandering fortune-hunters, sundowners, passed by, sometimes just looking for a meal and a bed. A man name George Walker arrived at the farm Langlaagte, owned by a widow, Mrs. Oosthuizen. The good lady hired him along with a Mr. Honeyball and a mason named Harrison to assist in the building of a house. Walker had no intention of remaining more than just long enough to earn money to return to Barberton to try again to find gold, but on a Sunday afternoon in February 1886, he went for a walk, and kicked a stone which he picked up. The stone winked at him slyly as he turned it in his hand – the wink which beckoned hordes of fortune-seekers who soon overran that patch of scrubby farmland. It was the conception of the mighty city of Johannesburg.

Much of the story of Johannesburg is like the stories of other places where gold has been found, but with one difference. The gold find was far greater than any ever found in the entire world. It isn't necessary to read the history

books to imagine the rush of adventurers: the greedy, the criminals, the businesses, satellites and parasites, that accompany the actual gold-seekers: traders, restaurateurs, liquor dealers, brothels, the lot! Then there were the laborers, numerous but unacclaimed, together with their families who soon arrived just to make a living. From this beginning, first named simply "Ferreira's Camp" rose the metropolis which became the largest city in all of southern Africa, second only to Cairo on the entire continent.

In this great city then, we were making our own small beginnings. We'd had a few of our earlier Sunday services, we were seeking a hall in which to meet, and we were taking Afrikaans lessons. Approximately half the white population of the country were Afrikaans (Dutch descent), their language having changed enough from the original Dutch that people arriving from Holland in the mid-20th century had difficulty understanding it.

AFRIKAANS

If we had realized more fully the importance of the Afrikaans language to its users, we would have made a far greater effort than we did to learn it. We made the mistake of going in a group to take lessons from a lady who would rather converse with us in English about our American background, and for this we paid her handsomely and learned little Afrikaans. Some of our group would have been able to progress more rapidly than others, and it would have been better had we been divided into two groups, or perhaps even taken individual lessons. We were unable to see that we were making much progress, and when we found that most white people in the cities could speak

enough English to get along, we stopped the lessons.

If fewer people had spoken English to us, we would have been motivated to learn Afrikaans, but as soon as anyone found out that we were Americans, they spoke to us in English. A certain pattern of courtesy had emerged from the existence of two official languages. In a business transaction, a shop assistant addresses the customer in both languages, "Can I help you? Kan ek jou help?" Whatever language the customer uses in reply is the language the assistant will speak during the transaction. In a personal encounter, the one who can switch most comfortably will do so. Sometimes a mixture of the two languages is used, as suits those who are conversing.

Although a person may not have mastered a language, it is good to be able to pass the time of day and exchange a few niceties in the other person's tongue. If we just said the equivalent of "good morning" or "how are you" in Afrikaans, people would beam and say, "Oh good! You're learning our language."

In addition to the two official white languages of the country, South Africa also has numerous tribal dialects which differ sufficiently from each other to make it difficult to learn them unless a person is a talented linguist. All I can say now is that we should have made greater efforts to learn at least some of the languages. John often quipped that he had a hard enough time speaking English properly, let alone try other tongues. This was partly true — he was not a linguist, and in the efforts he made to speak a bit of Afrikaans, he struggled so hard pronouncing his "r's" and "g's" that our children would burst into gales of laughter. Others were more polite and gave him credit for trying. He probably

did the best thing for himself by going ahead in his own way, speaking in English when speaking with white people and using interpreters, when necessary, for the tribal languages. Kent, at four years of age, was afraid that God wouldn't understand us if we prayed in Afrikaans.

REALITY STRIKES

We had arrived in Johannesburg with high hopes of finding a large number of contacts as a result of the radio broadcasts. As soon as we had some nice letterheads printed with a post office box as a return address, we sent out 44 letters to people whose names had been given to us. I wish it were possible to report that 44 people came as a result of 44 letters. I wish it were possible to report that we had a tremendous response to the correspondence courses which we revised to suit South African consumption. Sometimes there may be more visible results than this from radio and correspondence courses, but we soon learned that the best way for the church to grow is for its members to make personal contacts, make friends, and speak to those with whom they do business. After a couple of months, we began to do our own reaching out rather than waiting for radio results, and thus we felt we were on the way to greater successes.

The radio broadcasts were continuing each Saturday night, and copies of the sermons, printed by brother Short in Rhodesia, were shipped to us for mailing to those requesting them. We continued mailing sermon copies to over 300 people each week. Waymon Miller was selected to answer correspondence, Guy was in charge of revising the correspondence course, Eldred was to correct the lesson

sheets as they were sent in, and John was to run the duplicating machine and make 250 copies of each of the lessons. We all joined in the effort by collating, folding, stuffing envelopes, and licking stamps.

What then of the radio effort? If only one soul found the Lord as a result, it would not have been in vain. One of the seeds sown by those gospel sermons could have turned out to be the "mighty oak that from the tiny acorn grew." True, the glowing reports we had heard about overwhelming responses were exaggerated, whether intentionally or the result of wishful thinking or misunderstanding. Some who responded by requesting copies of one particular sermon were probably interested only temporarily but were added to our mailing list of the 300 plus. Some people respond to all broadcasts and a few even turn out to be "crackpots". All told, looking back at the situation, although there were no spectacular results by way of great numbers of people, there were enough to have made it worth while. Even if there had been no visible results whatsoever, the radio broadcast was the means whereby we first decided to go with the gospel to South Africa.

REACHING FAR AND NEAR (Apollo and Zimba) The Correspondence Course

In February, 1951, Guy Caskey and Waymon Miller traveled from Johannesburg to Grahamstown, a trip of some 700 miles, in answer to a plea by a black man name Ahaziah Apollo. Ahaziah and a friend, Timothy Zimba, had heard the radio broadcast and had been taking the correspondence course, comparing the teachings thus received with what they had learned in their association with various denominations.

Ahaziah was studying at the famous Rhodes University to become a doctor. An exceptionally brilliant man, he had mastered a dozen or more languages, including English, Afrikaans, Latin and a great number of tribal languages.

Guy and Waymon found Ahaziah to be receptive to the gospel, and Timothy was not far behind. Soon they and their wives were baptized. At that time, George Hook, who was working at Nhowe Mission, was making plans to go to Malawi (then called Nyasaland), and since that was Ahaziah's homeland, he was excited about the gospel going to his people. Guy and Waymon told them about the work that one man, brother C. A. O. Essien, had accomplished in Nigeria, and Ahaziah saw the possibility of doing the same for Malawi. In 1952, an American church supported Ahaziah to return to Malawi and Timothy moved to Port Elizabeth where he worked with the Hockeys in the black congregation – that is where we found him when we moved to Port Elizabeth in later 1952. In late 1953, with the move by the government to send foreign blacks back to their homelands, Timothy had to leave, as did Gibson Nyirenda whom we had known in Johannesburg.

Brother Doyle Gilliam, who worked for many years in Malawi, worked with Ahaziah in the Rumphi area of northern Malawi in 1957 and 1958, and found him to be a very capable preacher, able to speak 17 languages. Ahaziah did not remain long, for his city-bred wife, Grace, was unhappy, so they moved to Lusaka, Zambia. On a visit to the Lusaka area in 1963, we found Ahaziah and Grace assisting brother Henry Pierce at a preacher training school just outside of Lusaka.

At the time of this writing, it is not known what

happened to Ahaziah or to Timothy, but brother Gilliam reports this exciting sequel to the story: "The first convert Ahaziah made in Malawi was Godwin Makwakwa, a blind man. They studied all night, two nights in a row, and then brother Makwakwa was baptized. He is truly one of the great men of God in our time and has baptized hundreds of people in both Zambia and Malawi. He has been working in Lilongwe, Malawi, since 1961, and there are dozens of congregations in that area, and he has been a 'trouble-shooter' in so many cases, helping brethren to get along and work together. He has also been an inspiration to many of the younger preachers with his prayerful life and zeal and boldness in preaching the word. So the work of the Caskeys and Millers in teaching these two men still continues in a very fruitful way in Malawi and in Zambia even today."

The one man out of the 44 contacted in Johannesburg was a Mr. Kensett who brought his young daughter Roma with him. The Blake family became regulars and often brought visitors, so the names of Dick and Babsie White began to appear on our records. There was also Carl Harms from South Hills as well as the Arthur Lovett family and Mrs. Merrick and her children who lived nearby.

Waymon was the first to contact the Lovett family, who, with their ten children, lived on the small income earned by Arthur as a gardener for the city of Johannesburg. Arthur began to suffer black-outs and was laid off from work, so we began to assist them financially. We held weekly classes in the Lovett home then, with as many as 20 to 24 in attendance. Some of these people were attending our Sunday services also, and we were optimistic about their obeying the gospel soon. Victor Lloyd, a nephew who

was being raised by the Lovetts, showed particular promise.

According to a report sent to the Christian Chronicle, dated September 15, 1950, exactly 4 months after we entered South Africa, our first convert was baptized. This was Mr. Kensett. To quote from the report: "We have no building of our own, and therefore we have no convenient baptistry. Brother Waymon Miller had investigated possible places for baptism, and although Johannesburg is a metropolis of nearly a million people, he had to select the Klip River, some 10 miles in the country. We thought everything was arranged, but when we arrived at the river this morning, the owner of the property would not allow us to use the waters. We asked him if he wouldn't allow it for a baptismal service. The answer was still 'No'. So we drove on, hoping to find another place. After a few miles we saw a nice tank of water at a small dam. The owner of the place was not at home so we asked permission of the native worker. Again we were refused. We were 25 miles in the country when we finally decided to return. We stopped at an amusement park with a fine swimming pool. (It was not swimming season). Luckily the native in charge here allowed us the use of the pool Today we traveled between 50 and 75 miles to find a suitable place for baptizing Mr. Kensett. Our work will be handicapped until we have a building of our own with the facilities that we need."

Just two weeks later, Leslie and Doreen Blake were baptized. In the interval since the baptism of Mr. Kensett, we had searched out a place that we might depend upon to be available whenever needed. Mr. Harms had been instrumental in finding us such a place on another part of the Klip River, at a dairy farm owned by a distant relative

of his. There was still the inconvenience of a long trip, but at least we were assured that we could use the spot.

During the first half of November, we rejoiced over the baptisms of 12 more. The first of these was Guy David Caskey, son of Guy and Jessie Lee. A few nights later, Carl Harms was baptized. It was nearly midnight, and there was no moon. Preacher and candidate felt their way carefully into the river, then had to find a place that was deep enough for immersion. Nobody had thought to have a flashlight, so it was an unusual experience for everyone concerned. A few nights later, several of the Lovett family and Victor Lloyd were immersed, but by then, we knew enough to come prepared with flashlights. The following Sunday morning, Mrs. Merrick, daughter Sybil, son Noel, and one other were taken to the river for baptism, and that same night Kenny Merrick and a friend made the good confession so we returned to the river a second time in one day. John wrote in his report, "By that time, the wind was up, and cold, and the water was chilly. I can testify, because I baptized those two, as well as the four on Friday night I can tell you we are happy . . . and we hope you share our joy."

A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE

In our efforts to analyze our successes and failures in the Lord's work, we are hindered by being able to see only the here and now. Only God who sees the future can "fore-know." We see only the broad, surface picture — He sees in depth through the years. Then, when those years have passed, we too can see what was held there all the time, locked up in the mind of God. It seems necessary, therefore, for us to take a few moments here and there in relating our

South African experiences, to project far into the future so that the more finished pictures become clear.

The Merrick family, just baptized then in 1951, remained somewhat faithful to the Lord for some years, but after a while, various troubles beset them, and eventually we lost all track of them, sadly adding them to the numbers for whom we gave up hope. Twenty-six years later, Sybil, by then Mrs. Gerry Eustace, discovered that the John Hardins were living in Benoni, not far from where she had been living for several years. Sybil had decided that her life had not been going right and that she needed to return to the Lord. Driving to the church building in Benoni one Sunday evening, she waited in the parking lot until we drove in, then walked across to greet us, together with her husband and daughter. From that day onward, Sybil returned to faithful service to God, and the husband and daughter have been baptized.

The Lovett family, some of whom were baptized at the same time as the Merricks, lived in the next street in South Hills. It was, in fact, the Lovetts who first invited the Merricks to attend Bible studies in their home. Of the large family of Lovetts, plus some other relatives outside the immediate Arthur Lovett family, most eventually fell away from the faith. It was a process of many years, during which they had done much in the service of God, Arthur even being supported for some time to work with colored churches. The why and wherefores of their falling away are not a part of this story. But it was Molly Lovett, who married G. G. Gillespie and moved to the Durban area, who figures greatly in what one could rightly call a drama. In 1983, more than 30 years after the baptisms in

the river, Wade Gillespie, third son of Molly and G. G., is a student at Southern Africa Bible School. Wade's two older brothers are married to fine Christian girls and the entire family serve the Lord faithfully in every way. We can only say, "Praise the Lord."

TRAVELS AND TRAVELERS

There is much to be said in favor of living in a place through which travelers must pass, because that is one way of having a lot of interesting company and making friends. Already the Orville Brittell family had passed through Johannesburg on their way from Rhodesia to Cape Town where they could board a ship sailing for America. Now we had the pleasure of getting to know Dr. Marge Sewell and Ann Burns who had arrived with the purpose of moving to one of the missions in the Rhodesias to do medical work. They had landed in Cape Town, having brought with them a panel van which they were not permitted to drive because they did not have South African drivers' licenses. Tommy Hartle, a member of the Woodstock congregation in Cape Town, drove their van for them as far as Johannesburg. Tommy came to stay overnight at our house and we began to appreciate this Christian personality. He had always been a poor man, and had never before been so far away from his home. Despite his poverty and lack of higher education, he has been responsible for many conversions. In our home, he saw the duplicating machine and addressograph set-up for the "Back-to-the-Bible" correspondence course and was greatly impressed. He had been listening to the program but had never expected to meet the people connected with it or with the correspondence course it offered. When he returned to Cape

Town, Tommy told the young people at Woodstock about it and sent for 30 copies to be used by them. He also took with him a quantity of printed sermons to be distributed as tracts.

Marge and Ann's visit with the Caskeys turned out to be for several weeks. Boyd Reese, who was to take the ladies to Rhodesia, was on a trip to Nigeria with Echols to spy out the land for future mission work there. This was more than a quick jaunt, for a trip from Johannesburg to Lagos was like traveling coast to coast in the USA, but with no direct flights. The history of the church in Nigeria has become one of the better known missionary stories of our time, how one man, C. A. O. Essien took a Bible correspondence course, was converted through it, and immediately began to preach to his people, baptizing them in great numbers. As early as 1950 it was reported that there were 8,000 people believing much as we do, and that many of them had been taking the correspondence course from Nashville.

When Boyd and Eldred returned from their trip, they came bearing the good news that the reports about Nigeria were mainly true, that the field was ripe unto harvest. The bad news was and always will be about Nigeria that the climate is most difficult for white people. It was about two years later that Eldred went again to Nigeria and stayed several months by himself, during which time he lost so much weight that when he went to visit his people in Fort Worth, they scarcely recognized him.

ELDRED ECHOLS, PIONEER

As mentioned earlier, Eldred Echols had already been

in Africa for 5 years when we first went there. If you will recall that we went in 1949 and then do some quick mental arithmetic, you will realize that Eldred went to Africa during World War II. It is hard to imagine what great difficulty existed for a civilian who wished to travel from one continent to another during the war, but with incredible courage, faith and determination, he did the impossible. The first ship he sailed on took him to South America from where he hoped to find passage to South Africa, but this involved a wait of many weeks, an experience which would have cooled the ardor of most would-be missionaries. Eventually Echols did make it to Africa and as a young single man, he spent his time teaching the black people, sometimes going into areas where the inhabitants had never seen a white person before. The pioneer spirit continued in Echols' heart, and it was he who made a trip to South Africa in 1948 to see what the possibilities were for missionaries to enter there. In 1956, he went to Tanganyika, working at first with the Guy Caskeys and Roy and Sadie Echols, and later with the Al Hornes. Their preacher training school was on a mountain named "Ailsa," just above the place where Andrew Connally, David Caskey, and others worked and where a hospital was built. In 1964 it was Eldred and Al who came down to South Africa and over to Swaziland with plans for preacher training schools. Although the Echols family lived an average urban life while Eldred taught in the Southern Africa Bible School in Benoni, he was even then instrumental in the beginning of the work in Botswana. Since moving back to America in 1978, Eldred continues to make frequent trips to his beloved Africa, assisting other missionaries to become established. Africa

did get into Eldred's blood. He always said, "I am a Christian by conviction, not by convenience," and verily, he lives it that way.

BACK TO JOHANNESBURG IN LATE 1950 —

Winter was finally about to bow out, and warm weather was welcomed by our children who could now run in and out as they wanted. Fruit trees blossomed, and flowering bulbs sent up their shoots and buds, but unfortunately, so did the weeds. We had let the gardener go because we felt we couldn't afford to keep him, but now we were sorry. John didn't have time to get the weeds out of the enormous lawn, and I couldn't because I was pregnant, so when the landlady returned, she made us pay for the gardener who came to do the job and we came off the worse financially. Winter had also left behind it the remains of an epidemic of flu and colds, so about the time that a slight complication of my pregnancy was overcome, I went down again, this time with bronchitis. Before I had fully recovered, we had to move, so John had to do most of the work.

We moved to an average community, the suburb of Norwood, with a smaller house and ordinary furniture. We were average people so we were prepared to feel at home. Building lots were much smaller than in Parktown, and the fences and hedges were low enough that we could see our neighbors! Children are great at contacting neighbors, and soon they had found a number of playmates so we began to have a yardful of children's voices. We did not regret saying goodbye to old Skipper. We were inheriting another dog from the owner of the Norwood house. This was

“Pluto”, a cross between a Rhodesian Ridgeback and another animal of questionable ancestry. The ridgebacks are large brown dogs which have, along the spine, a ridge of hair which grows in the opposite direction from the other hair. Pluto had inherited his black coat from his other parent, but he had the distinctive ridge. He was a friendly dog, good with the children, and large enough to make strangers wary of coming into the yard. His owners had spoiled him with daily purchases of ice creams from the ice cream man, but since we could not so indulge our own children, we had to break Pluto of the habit.

By moving to a cheaper house, we hoped to come closer to living within our income. We did not hire a servant at first, although the floors and verandas were polished with the soft, non-durable polish that had to be replenished frequently. The state of Minnesota paid a bonus to all of its World War II veterans, and I used mine (ex-WAC) to purchase a floor polisher and a small washing machine. As my pregnancy progressed, I had to give in and hire a girl to help in the house, and by so doing, I had time and energy to sew and to be a better wife and mother.

Kent was now close to 5 years old and Don was 2 and one-half. Kent was a non-stop talker, and later we found out that this is a characteristic of children that age. We kept reminding the boys about their grandparents and other relatives in the states. Kent was beginning to pray for each of them by name, and as he did so, Don would repeat snatches of the words in his babyish way. When Kent came to his Uncle Glenn and Aunt Reba, he felt it inappropriate to pray for their dog “Toy.” So he would say, “Bless Uncle Glenn and Aunt Reba, but not Toy.” Once Don failed to

catch the words “but not,” and repeated the name “Toy.” Kent stopped the prayer and whispered to Don, “Don’t say ‘Toy’.” When the “amen” was said, I was glad to find something to do in the kitchen where I could enjoy a bit of a giggle.

ON DOCTORS AND HOSPITALS

A question often asked us by American friends was, “Do you have good doctors and hospitals over in South Africa?” The answer is absolutely “yes”. As a matter of fact, some of the best specialists in the world are to be found in Cape Town, Johannesburg, Pretoria, and other cities. Most South African doctors are trained at the universities in that country, and in addition, many of them have done advanced studies abroad: in England, the U. S., France, Germany, Switzerland, and other countries.

Perhaps the greatest single benefit to us was that doctors made house calls — some of them still do. With little boys who had lots of bronchitis plus the usual maladies and injuries that little boys experience, there was sometimes quite a path beaten to our door by the family doctor.

In Bulawayo, Don and I had both had some asthma treated by a doctor, but since coming to South Africa in May we had not yet needed medical help — that is, until August, when I had first suspected that the Hardin children were going to be increased in number from 2 to 3. How do you find a doctor in a strange city of a million people? I solved that by turning in the phone directory to “Medical practitioners,” running my finger down the column until I came by chance to a lady gynecologist named Dr. Margaret

Orford. When I called for an appointment, I was told that I needed to be referred by a general practitioner, but when I explained that we did not have a family doctor and had only been in the country a short while, the receptionist agreed that I could come in. Dr. Orford was a lovely person, kind and friendly as well as efficient. She took care of me through this pregnancy and the next one as well, and also cared for Naomi Miller when she had their little Martha. Dr. Orford never would take a penny for her services to us. "You missionaries do your good in your way, and this is my bit toward the good of society."

It was March 9, 1951, and I entered the hospital at just about sundown. It looked as though the big event would occur in the wee hours of the night, so John went back home to be with Kent and Don. Before leaving the hospital, he had given all the particulars of name, address, and phone number. Brian made his appearance just before midnight, and when one of the nurses saw that all was well, she went to phone John. In a minute she returned, convulsed with laughter. Between gasps, she asked me, "What is your phone number?" When I told her, she said that my husband had transposed two of the digits, and when she had called that number and a man answered the phone, she had said, "Your wife just gave birth to a baby boy." The man had answered, "Oh no she hasn't. She's right here in bed with me now." Eventually the nurse, having the correct number, got the message to the right husband.

All through our years in South Africa, we felt that we had good medical care. We were blessed with good health in most ways, and could be treated as out-patients for almost everything. Our fifth son, Dale, was born in Port Elizabeth,

and Gary in Benoni. In Pretoria, Brian once stayed overnight in a hospital so that he could have a pellet removed from his arm where it had lodged deeply between the radius and ulna. His main complaint was that the bed was too short for him to sleep well. His age placed him in the children's ward, but his height needed an adult bed. I once had major surgery, and John had a rather large hernia repaired. Gary was hospitalized once for a deep gash in his leg from stepping through a rotten board in a stadium, once when he had a broken elbow in a motorcycle accident, and once for an examination under anesthesia to determine the presence of bilharzia. On every occasion, we were well satisfied with our treatment.

A FIRST BIG TENT

If finding a hall to rent for regular Sunday services was difficult, it was well nigh impossible to find a suitable place for a gospel meeting of one or two weeks' duration. We made plans, then, to buy a large tent which could be moved to various locations. Not only did we have trouble in leasing ground and getting permission from the city to hold tent meetings, but there were many snags in obtaining a tent made to our specifications.

To quote a portion of a letter John wrote to his family — "Never in all my life have I run into such a mess as we have run into, getting that tent up and preparing for the meeting. In my last letter I told you some of the difficult things we encountered in leasing the land and buying the tent. When the company that made the tent got it ready, they sent a crew to show us how to put it up . . . we could have done as well without any practice. They

bent the steel rods that went from the top of the large supporting poles. The ridge pole laid on crooked, and most any good puff of wind could lift the tent off the poles and set it down on the audience. They said they would straighten the rods, but they came out days later, looked around and said they couldn't do it then . . . we had gone to that particular company because they could supply us with the green canvas we wanted . . . when the tent was set up, there was one strip of white canvas right in the middle. When we complained about it they said, 'Don't worry about that. In a few days you won't know the difference.' Sure enough, in a few days we had a tent so faded out and in so many colors one would think it was a carnival.

"On top of that, we thought we were getting a rectangular tent, 40 x 60. But when it was set up, it turned out to be an oval affair, which cuts down the seating capacity by about a fourth . . . It turns out that they didn't know what 'rectangular' meant, and we didn't know what 'marquee' meant — but that is what we got — a marquee.

"Next we come to the electric lights. We had to get a licensed electrician to put the lights in the tent, and then a city inspector would come out and pass on it. The electrician came out in our absence and strung cable around, fastening it to the tent with plain wire. We knew the inspector would not pass that, so Echols and I scouted around and found insulators, took the electrician's work down, fixed it and put it back up. He had left three wire ends open, which we fixed by putting sockets on for outside lights . . . that was Friday before the meeting was to start on Sunday. We waited for the inspector . . . he didn't come Friday . . . or Saturday. So we called Leslie Blake's brother

who works for the electricity department . . . he promised to get the juice turned on temporarily for Sunday night and get the inspector out on Monday. Sunday afternoon he called and said he couldn't do it. That left us in the position of having advertised the meeting to start that night, but having no lights in the tent. We decided to scout around and try to find lamps (Coleman pressure type) . . . I put about 60 miles on my car . . . finally borrowed one lamp and bought one. We had to circumvent the law to buy that lamp because stores are supposed to be closed on Sunday. In the meantime, Echols brought his power lamp . . . We were supposed to start the meeting at 7:30, but then we were still trying to fill and light the lamps. The last one was being put up while we sang our first songs . . . a heavy downpour of rain a couple of hours earlier had almost ruined our services before we got started."

There had also been a hassle in getting the 200 chairs made and delivered in time – they only came late on the Saturday afternoon. Throughout the time that the tent remained in place, we feared for its safety. Children from all around the neighborhood played around it, hung on the ropes, and even climbed onto the top and slid down. They would not obey the watchman we had hired to look after it.

John reported, "Our meeting isn't setting the world on fire." We had run into an unseasonal cool spell. It was nearly Christmas and should have been pleasant summer weather. Attendance was disappointing, and we realized by this time that most of the people in the area were Afrikaans-speaking and could not benefit much from

Waymon's sermons preached in American English. Even so, there were four people baptized, including an elderly couple that the Millers had met at a bus stop.

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF 1951

Sometimes when we look at a period of time day by day as it is passing, we fail to get the best perspective, like not being able to see the forest because of the trees. A brief outline of 1951 shows that things were beginning to happen in South Africa.

In January, 1951, the Don Gardner family moved into Pretoria, and in February they were joined by the Martelle Petty family. That was the beginning of the church in Pretoria, and less than ten years later, the Hardin family would be working there.

In February, someone was contacted in the town of Benoni, a radio contact, probably never actually converted — the name has been lost. Less than 7 years later, we moved to Benoni where John was their first preacher. Today Benoni has one of the largest congregations plus the Southern Africa Bible School.

In February, the Caskeys and Millers went to Port Elizabeth and Grahamstown and baptized two black couples: The Ahaziah Apollos and the Timothy Zimbas. The black work was beginning.

By April, a training class was in full swing, with men learning how to conduct the services, how to knock on doors and invite people to services, and how to speak to them about the gospel.

In April there were 34 people meeting in the Lovett home on week nights for Bible study.

In May, Guy and John made a trip of nearly two weeks, contacting people in Queenstown and Oudtshoorn as well as in Port Elizabeth. At Port Elizabeth they met the Hockeys who had been converted years before in the Kellems campaigns in the Johannesburg area (their story is included elsewhere). A year and a half later, we moved to Port Elizabeth with Echols and started the church there. Today there are 3 congregations in that city.

By late May, plans were being made for Abie Malherbe to attend ACC and for Victor Lloyd to go to Harding. The tent was put up for sale since no other funds were available for ship tickets for these young men, and the tent meetings had been disappointing anyway.

In June, John spent long hours cutting stencils and running off copies of study courses that Echols could take to Nigeria on his 4-month teaching trip.

In June we began to hear good things about Conrad Steyn in Pretoria and by September he was off to the USA to attend David Lipscomb College. Conrad has preached for many years in Cape Town.

In November there was a lady baptized as a result of her studies in the ladies Bible class. She and her daughter are still faithful members. That same month, Eddie Cowie was baptized. Eddie is a faithful member after all these years.

In November, John started putting out a weekly bulletin to help strengthen the members of the Turffontein congregation. This was the beginning of a long series of bulletins and newsletters for which John became well known, and through which much teaching was done.

If you will but read between the lines, you can

picture the activity that went on to accomplish these things, and when you see some of the names of people and places in other portions of this book, they will be familiar to you.

START OF BLACK AND COLORED WORK

In a letter to the Christian Chronicle, dated January 7, 1951, John expressed his thoughts on taking the gospel to the black and the colored people. (White people in South Africa are called "Europeans" and all others "non-Europeans"). He wrote, "Now we have opportunity of reaching the non-European section. We have quite a few colored and native people in Johannesburg taking the correspondence course in the Bible and we feel that there are good prospects in that direction for the church to spread."

A colored man, Mr. F. Morgan, had been studying the Bible by himself, then heard one of our radio broadcasts. Subsequently he took the correspondence course and received copies of the sermons, learning more all the time, and finally writing to Guy Caskey saying that he wanted to be baptized. He was preaching in a group called the "Griqua" church, telling his people they needed to be baptized while he himself had not been immersed. Unfortunately, it wasn't long before Mr. Morgan faded out of the picture and we saw him no more, but he was the means of contacting some others.

By mid-April of 1951, classes were being held for non-Europeans on Monday nights, in a social center in downtown Johannesburg. Six months later, a class was being held during the lunch hour on Wednesdays, attended by colored employees of an insurance office. Included with these was Jackson Sogoni, a black man, and when he no longer met

with the colored men, he was taught by Guy Caskey. Jackson sometimes visited the European services as well.

In January 1952, John reported that there had been several baptisms as a result of the noonday class: Walter Paul and his wife, Victor Stanger, and Nic Manuel. Victor and Nic were soon instrumental in organizing a Tuesday night Bible class in Noordgesig colored township. One of the men in that class, Daniel Degree, considered himself to be a member of the church of Christ, having broken away from the Jehovah's Witnesses when he saw their errors, but he needed further teaching to help him straighten out a few essential points of doctrine. Thirty years after these conversions were reported, it can be said that all except one are faithfully serving the Lord. Walter Paul has preached the word almost every Sunday during all those years, having built a small meeting place at the rear of his own property. Nic Manuel was instrumental in building up a fair-sized congregation which has survived some "up's and down's" of the sort that occur because the church is made up of humans. Daniel Degree has gone faithfully onward in a quiet unassuming way, assisting congregations in several places.

By mid-1952, just two years after our entrance into South Africa, there had been 8 or 10 baptisms among the colored people, and services were being held regularly in Grasmere and Noordgesig, with not only our American preachers helping, but also Lovett, Merrick, Blake, Cowie, and one or two other men of the white congregation in Johannesburg.

WE GET A BUILDING

Every congregation that has had to meet in rented halls has had some memorable experiences, many of them unpleasant. John had frequently spoken about the first meeting place of the church in Ponca City, Oklahoma — a room upstairs, above a store. Each week it had to be swept and dusted by the members before it could be used. The Turnhalle in Johannesburg was cleaned by school janitors, and it was quite pleasant. It was, however, located far from the homes of our early visitors and members, most of whom had no transportation of their own. We missionaries spoiled some of these folks by providing rides for them when they would have been able to ride on city busses and trams. Our families would arrive at the hall very early and wait some 45 minutes while the people were fetched from their homes. After services, we waited again while the passengers were returned to their homes, and then we could go home. On Sundays, when this procedure was repeated in the evenings, that added up to a lot of waiting, with our tired, hungry little ones becoming restless and out of sorts.

When the church obtained the use of the Odd Fellows Hall in the southern part of the city, not far from the location of our building lots, we had less driving to fetch people, and when we realized that those who wanted to come badly enough would make their own way, we stopped the “taxi service”. (It had been hard on our wallets too, and none of us had work funds to fall back on.)

The Old Fellows Hall had natural air conditioning in the form of great gaps under the doors and around the windows. There were no means of heating the hall in winter, so we bought several paraffin (kerosene) heaters, but even with those turned up as high as they would go, we could see

our "breath" rising as vapor from each singing mouth. Everyone brought blankets and lap robes. No African jungle there. Even mid-summer nights are cool at Johannesburg's altitude of 6,000 feet.

So in winter we had to carry those heaters back and forth for every service, in addition to the other materials that had to be brought for each meeting: blackboards, bulletin racks, song books, communion supplies, flannel boards and other Sunday school teaching aids.

There is a feeling of impermanence about a rented hall which is a handicap to establishing a new work; people are wondering if we are in the country to stay or if we are a fly-by-night outfit. This is in relationship to the thinking of the white population with whom we were working at the time — the non-white groups had always had to labor under the difficulties of financial and other hardships which had forced them to use rented facilities, especially classrooms in public schools.

One of the biggest decisions ever to be made in the history of the church in South Africa was where to build Johannesburg's church building. The private home where we first met was in a more affluent section of the city, and the Turnhalle was near the downtown area. In neither of those communities were we making any contacts for the church. Almost all of our visitors were from the southern areas of the city, the working man's part of town. South Hills, a sub-economic housing area, was where we were meeting many of our contacts. Nearby Turffontein and other immediate areas were made up of laboring people living in small houses or apartments, and our reasoning was that these were the people most likely to be reached soonest

with the gospel.

With these points in mind, the church contracted early in 1951 to buy a plot of ground 100 x 100 feet, on the corner of Bertha and High Streets in Turffontein. Part of our agreement with our sponsors in Cleburne, Texas, was that each of our families would be set up in housing, furniture, and cars, more or less equal in value to what we had left in the U. S., with no financial loss to us personally. In addition to this, they were to see to the funding of a church building in Johannesburg so that we would be in a position to go right ahead without financial worries on any of these counts. As time went by, we realized that all of these promises could not be kept, so we reasoned that if we were to receive only a portion of the benefits, that portion must be a building for the church.

Even after the lot was purchased, it was impossible to proceed with construction for some time, but by the end of the year, we had the architect's drawings of the proposed building, a beautiful Spanish-style structure which would seat 300 and provide 7 classrooms. It was yet another 9 months before bids were opened, and only in July 1953 that the formal opening of the building was held. Although the progress of the building was slow, it was all accomplished in just slightly over 3 years after entering the country.

The Turffontein members raised enough money for the pews, an expensive item in themselves. All other funds were donated by the churches in America. This may or may not be a good thing. It may have been better to wait a while and allow the local people the privilege of being challenged to do more for themselves. Having a good

building does not guarantee the filling thereof with zealous members.

JOHANNESBURG UPDATE

When Joe and Mary Lou McKissick, with tiny Sherry, arrived to work with the church in Turffontein, the Millers had already returned to the states and the Caskeys were prepared to leave soon after. (The McKissicks' own story is included with the section on the church in Welkom.)

McKissicks stayed with Dick and Babsie White for a time, and eventually the church used some "left-over" money from their building program for the deposit on a house built at 8 Noel St. in Chrisville. McKissicks made the monthly payments as rent. In 1956, the church traded that property for a much older house on the circle near the Turffontein building. Other than its convenient location, the house left much to be desired, but some of the members did some repairs and some painting. Joe and Mary Lou had a good chance to prove that where there is love, there is a good home, and they did a good bit of entertaining in that old house. It was there that we met Helen, a lady who had long been a pen pal of Alex Classen. She flew to South Africa to meet her pen pal, and returned again to marry him. (She always called him Alexander).

Among the members at the time of the McKissick's stay were the Leslie Blakes, the Arthur Lovetts, the Dick Whites, the Terrence Whites, Norman Teubes, and Eddie Cowie. There was Lorraine Cubbin (later Davis) and her mother, Dolly Creer, Beryl Blue (later van Rensburg), the Robbie Kemps, Sam Soothill, and Dawie (Isador) Davis. Boetie van Rensburg and Pat and Billie (White) Watson

were teen-agers. By late 1957, attendance was running consistently in the 70's and 80's.

When the McKissicks left Turffontein in late 1957, they were followed by the Gene Tope family. Probably the most outstanding thing done by Gene was the Saturday afternoon men's training classes where both white and colored men learned Bible and also were given some training in conducting services and making talks. Tragedy struck the Tope family when one of their little girls died of meningitis that followed a routine case of measles.

Gene Tope and John Hardin began to work together in some outreach efforts, especially among the black people in Vendaland. As was the case with Ray Votaw, John knew that Gene had "anti leanings", but in the late 50's, the issues that later caused division had not yet come into focus. It was also during the time of the Topes' stay in Johannesburg that the Benoni congregation had great numbers of baptisms. (John was preaching in Benoni, 1957-1959). On many occasions, we had to call Gene to open up the Turffontein building so that we could use the baptistry.

After the Topes left in October 1960, the congregation managed part of the time on its own and partly with visiting preachers until the Lowell Worthingtons arrived in November of 1961. At that time, Turffontein's faithful membership was down to 15 or 20. Betty and Lowell had three tiny girls for whom to make a new home in a strange country. They discovered that Gene Tope had influenced about two thirds of the Turffontein members with anti teachings and that he had also been to the black congregations in Soweto. After a time, Lowell was able to

persuade most of all of these people that the anti doctrines were not worthy of being followed, but some went with Tope.

Worthingtons first lived in a large rented house and later built for themselves a new home in the suburb of Mondeor. During the last six months of their first term of work in Johannesburg, Claude Flynn worked with Lowell as a sort of apprentice and carried on with the work while Worthingtons were on furlough. When Lowell returned for a second tour of duty, he started the congregation in Mondeor and in 1966 they built a small meeting place in a lovely location. This was not in competition with Turffontein – Johannesburg is large enough to have many congregations.

For a while in about 1962 and 1963, Ivan Bezuidenhout, originally of Cape Town and more recently from Welkom, was assisting in Johannesburg. Ivan was an intelligent young man and highly capable of carrying on discussions with atheists and rationalists. Ivan suffered a speech impediment, or perhaps more correctly, a nervous impediment. In private conversation, he stuttered so badly that it took a long time for him to speak a single sentence. Yet, from the pulpit, he spoke in an almost flawless manner, and he could sing without a trace of a stutter. Ivan eventually moved to Rhodesia and left the church.

The Worthington's work in Mondeor was making excellent progress, and the prospects for the future looked very bright. Several young men, including Robert Schlemper, Evelyn Mundell, and Manuel D'Oliviera were converted and showed great promise. Enthusiasm ran high.

Claude Flynn preached for Turffontein during two

periods of time, then emigrated to the states. Izak Theron and Ben Schempers did some preaching at times, and the members carried a good bit of their own load of work. There was a long period of struggle and set-back. However, there was a core of staunch, faithful members who remained through all the up's and down's, and today there are some of the earliest converts who still worship there.

The Frank Malherbes began working with Turffontein from the early part of 1977. For the first year and a half, Frank, a SABS graduate, was fully supported by Turffontein, but it became necessary for him to return to secular employment. Frank and Iris had been converted years before by Phil Theron in Welkom and had always been hard workers for the Lord. Iris's sparkling personality and her great skill as an artist and puppeteer make her a wonderful addition to the Bible school staff.

Meanwhile, at Mondeor, the Worthingtons had departed earlier than planned because a serious road accident had wiped out their vehicle and they were in need of being back with their folks. Dick White had been working with Lowell, and took over the preaching during 1968 and '69. Then the John Dunkins, an older couple from America, were there from 1970 to 1975, during which time John also edited the "Christian Advocate". Following the Dunkins were Evelyn Mundell and Robin Dennill, SABS graduates who shared the work, supporting themselves with secular jobs. In March of 1978, the little group sold their building and the members moved back to Turffontein.

Evelyn Mundell had become convinced that only fermented wine could be used for the communion, not grape juice. This he believed so strongly that he refused to partake

of the Lord's supper if unfermented grape juice was used. When no successful compromise could be reached, he and a number of followers started a congregation in Alberton.

According to the latest report, the work at Turffontein is making good progress. Within three months, they had 8 baptisms, and during a gospel meeting with Al Horne, 4 were baptized. Some of the Alberton people have returned to Turffontein, and a spirit of peace now dwells among them. When the day comes that a full-time man can once again be fully supported to work at Turffontein, there is promise that it is ready to move ahead in good shape.

There is only one white congregation in the vast city of Johannesburg. Is there no one willing and ready to start a church in some other part of the city?

The Printed Page

The expressions, "The power of the printed page," and "The pen is mightier than the sword" are more than glib phrases. Even in the era of television and junk mail, the written word remains powerful, for it can be sent to many places which cannot be reached personally. With this in mind, Waymon Miller began in November 1950 to edit a monthly paper called "The Christian Advocate," and continued as its editor until he left South Africa in 1954.

In a statement of policy in its first issue, Waymon wrote that it was to be a South African product, "designed primarily for South African consumption . . . essentially designed to serve the needs of South African people who are interested in the eternal salvation of their souls." He went on to explain that the only institution about which the paper would be concerned was the "divine institution of the Son of God." Under the masthead were the words, "Advocating a complete return to primitive New Testament Christianity."

Except to the small groups of members of the church of Christ that had resulted from efforts of the British and New Zealanders, and from the work of the Scotts in Cape Town, the idea of a "restoration" movement rather than "reformation" was a new concept in South Africa. Therefore, many of the articles in the early editions were designed to instruct readers in this way. Some of the early articles were entitled, "Reformation or Restoration," "The Restoration of New Testament Authority," "Restoring

New Testament Worship," "Identifying the Lord's Church," "Unity of the Church," and "Why We Exist as a Church." Included among these were articles on faith, repentance, baptism, inspiration of the Bible and many other basic tenets.

There were, in the earlier years of its publication, a "Question Box" and an informative section of "News and Notes." The purpose of the first is obvious. The news and notes were to inform readers concerning the church in South Africa and in other parts of the world. Those notes are now the source of much information that is helpful in the writing of this book.

From its inception, there has been no charge for the Advocate. In earlier years, much of its financing came from the Northside Church of Christ in Ft. Worth, Texas. In later years, money has come from a number of sources, and most recently the paper has been supported by generous contributions from churches within southern Africa. Editor van der Spuy said that from the time he took over in 1974, "we have never had a financial crisis the brethren did not immediately respond to."

The earliest issues of the paper advertised the weekly broadcasts of the "Back to the Bible" program on Saturday nights at 10 o'clock, the free correspondence courses that were then offered, and the meeting place of the church in Johannesburg. The first anniversary edition informs us that during the first 12 months of its existence, 16,600 copies of the Advocate had been sent out to 20 countries, the largest concentration being South Africa. By January 1953, the circulation of the paper had increased by 10 times.

Other editors of the Advocate have been Guy Caskey, Martelle Petty, Joe McKissick, John Hardin, Tex Williams, John Maples, Conrad Steyn, J. E. Dunkin (managing editor with “field editors” in various areas to assist), and Brian van der Spuy.

There were two periods of time that the Advocate went out of publication. Editing of such a paper is a time-consuming job, and sometimes frustrating and thankless. The editor of the Advocate has never been paid for that particular work but has done it in addition to regular full-time preaching. For those reasons it is difficult to find men who are willing and able to continue at this work.

Editorial policies have remained much the same through the years: some material for the non-Christian, some for the new Christian, some for the mature Christian, and some news of a positive nature concerning the church world-wide. There are special sections for the youth, for ladies, and for the advertising of such events as nation-wide retreats, lectureships, etc. An all-out effort is made to keep the paper locally oriented, and “problems” of the brotherhood are not discussed. Since 1974, brother van der Spuy has always done all of the article “solicitation”, proof-reading, composition, correction, paste-up, etc. The ladies of the Welkom congregation form a team to get the Advocate into the mail — 3500 copies a month to 15 nations.

In June, 1982, Brian van der Spuy had this to say: “Our mail is tremendous. We have had letters from local government authorities commending the paper and asking for copies for their reading rooms; from Zimbabwean denominational colleges asking for copies to help in their teaching program; from Japan asking permission to translate

certain materials; from Zambia requesting a supply for school libraries; from a medical doctor in the Philippines asking copies for his reading room; from a retired Navy Colonel in the U. S. asking a copy for his collection; from scores of people in Africa who tell us a moving story of how the Advocate led them to the church and eventual obedience to the gospel; from readers in South Africa who picked up copies in doctors' waiting rooms and wanted the paper mailed to them . . . The paper is mailed to all local government libraries, many university libraries, government archives (it is government registered) and many overseas universities and libraries, including Christian colleges."

When asked regarding the value of sending the paper overseas, brother van der Spuy has explained to the brethren that it is partly THEIR effort of mission work, and he tells them of people obeying the gospel in many other places because of it. One letter from the unlikely-sounding island of Cyprus had stated just that. (A long time since the apostle Paul had been there!)

When requests are received for tracts, Bibles, and books, the church in Welkom has been carrying the cost of supplying and mailing them. Some Welkom ladies have had a regular route on which they have delivered the Christian Advocate, and even the printers who do the actual work of printing have learned much. In light of the vast amount of material that is published by all sorts of groups, both secular and religious, who are in gross error concerning the word of God, it is imperative that faithful Christians place the truth before the public.

The Christian Advocate is not the only gospel paper

printed in South Africa. Nearly every white congregation has a weekly bulletin in which there is some teaching and edification in addition to news and announcements. John Hardin first began to put out such bulletins in the early 50's in Johannesburg and continued with this favorite project wherever he worked. At times, he taught a short course in bulletin work at SABS.

In 1969, Ian Fair obtained an offset press in Pietermaritzburg and began to print tracts, lessons, and booklets for the Zulu and Xhosa churches and for the work of the Natal School of Preaching. From 1970 to 1973, the press was operated by Ian's father, Harold Fair. After that, the press was given to Jerry Hogg and John Hardin and set up in Benoni. Jerry became its chief operator, working on it many long hours in a cold, drafty garage. A new press eventually was obtained when the first one began to suffer frequent breakdowns. Then when the Hoggs moved to another house in Pretoria Road, there was a separate building at the back that provided a warmer, brighter, and more spacious workshop. When the Hoggs returned to America, the press was taken over by Peter Mostert who continues as he is able to print materials, mainly in the tribal languages.

From 1967 through 1978, John and I printed many thousands of pages on our hand-operated Gestetner duplicating machine. After a bit of experience with that machine, a person could turn the handle with the right hand until it became tired, then switch to the left hand for a while, using the free hand to keep the inking mechanism operating. One could never look away for more than a moment from the finished work as it came through, making

sure that the pages stacked properly and that the ink was right. We cleaned the stencils for tracts and song books and stored them carefully so that they could be used again for reprints.

Information is not available as to the amount of printed material put out by our brethren in all parts of southern Africa. For many years, from about 1943, W. N. Short operated his printing press in the Rhodesias, and distributed a 20-page monthly "Rays of Light," and later, James Judd and others who assisted him printed large amounts of reading matter for those countries. In Cape Town, Conrad Steyn has had a press, and there may be others.

The English-speaking world has long been flooded with reading matter of all sorts, and we cannot appreciate its ready availability compared to the scarcity of material in tribal languages of Africa. A Venda-speaking person, for instance, has little printed material other than a few school books, a small local newspaper, and whatever booklets or tracts are published by religious groups. Such people are literally starved for reading material and will eagerly accept whatever comes their way. It is obvious then, that there is a wide-open field for us to do unlimited teaching by way of the printed page. If this book were to be used as a means of recruitment of workers for Africa, we would hasten to stress the amount of good that can be done by Christians who will keep a steady stream of printed material going out to an eager mass of readers.

John believed so strongly in the use of tracts that when he died, I requested that no flowers be sent for his funeral but that friends instead should send memorials

of money to a fund for printing materials for the black people. A little over a thousand dollars was handed over to Peter Mostert who has used it for that purpose.

Religions in South Africa

Someone has said, "The price of a divided Christendom is an unbelieving world." When a person goes into a mission field such as we found in South Africa, this quotation comes alive. The old coinage of South Africa bore the logo, "Eendrag maak mag," or "Unity gives strength." If this is true in a political context, how sad it is then that the many peoples of the earth who love the Lord in their hearts are divided in so many different directions, not so much on what the Bible says but on traditions, interpretations, and preferences. Yes, preferences. One man whom John tried to teach listened for a while, then placing the tips of the fingers on his right hand against those of his left and studying them for a moment, he said, "But I *prefer* to believe . . ." As John tried to tell the gentleman, we cannot choose our beliefs but must accept and believe that which we find to *be* truth.

Soon after we entered South Africa, we were made aware of the large number of religious divisions, but only after we had met representatives of some of them could we fully realize what a collage they made. Every major denomination that exists in the United States is present in South Africa, and a large percentage of the lesser ones as well. Most of the denominations that have divided the religious world of the white people have affected the blacks also, and even the Mormons have recently decided that the blacks have souls and have started going to them.

In addition to all of these, we learned from the South African authorities that there were more than 2000 sects which the black people had started among themselves, some of them consisting of just one congregation, but others drawing followers in many places. Add to this the ancestor worship and the witch doctor's practices and stir in a generous portion of assorted superstitions, and you have a real stew. Islam is also present among the Asiatics and extending to some degree to the blacks. Among the Asiatic population there are some Hindus.

Among the white population of South Africa, the largest denomination is the Dutch Reformed church, its doctrine being Calvinistic, much like the Presbyterian faith. They believe in total depravity (born with the guilt of sin) and the necessity of infant baptism, predestination, impossibility of falling from grace, a limited or fixed number to be saved, and the impossibility of doing anything about it if one is not among those predestined for salvation. They make extensive use of the Old Testament, including the reading of the Ten Commandments every Sunday. They preach very strongly against "Die Secte", or "The Sects", among which they include the church of Christ.

The Dutch Reformed church had been brought to the country by the early Dutch settlers, and to this day remains largely Afrikaans. The Voortrekkers were hardy people of a staunch faith in God, and all through their history, they have kept intact the powerful ties of nationality, language, church and politics. Just as the Dutch Reformed church is nearly all Afrikaans, so the majority of Afrikaans people are members of the Nationalist Party.

Other major denominations are the Methodist,

Anglican, and Catholic, with smaller numbers of Lutherans, Assembly of God, Baptists, Seventh Day Adventists, and most of the usual groups that are also found in America. The Jehovah's Witnesses and Mormons are zealously engaged in knocking on doors, teaching their doctrines everywhere. The last three named denominations having originated in America, the people of South Africa felt as though they had been invaded by foreigners bringing different doctrines to add to the confusion of the religious world. Therefore, when we came with the plea to put aside all divisive doctrines and return to the unity of the New Testament, we were looked at askance and classed in the minds of many as "just another American sect."

Our early contacts with the people in South Hills in Johannesburg revealed that there were, in addition to the denominations already known to us, a number of others of which we had never heard. The Lovetts had been members of the Apostolic Faith Mission, a pentecostal group. Then we began to meet various ones who called themselves "Apostles", but this group was divided into "Old Apostles", "New Apostles", and "*The Apostles*." These splinter groups did not accept each other, but each claimed to have "apostles" who receive direct revelations from God. They believe that Jesus still exists in the flesh, substantiating their belief with the old English of the Bible when it says "Jesus Christ *is* come" – present tense – and then they work their reasoning around to the idea that Jesus lives in them – He "is come" into them, and so Jesus is living in the flesh today. When we spoke to them about Jesus having once been in the flesh

but now is in the spirit, having returned to the Father, they called us the anti-Christ and quoted I John 4:2, 3 - “. . . every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ *is come* in the flesh is not of God: and this is that spirit of anti-Christ . . .” Their authority for apostles today they take from Jesus’ words, “Lo I am with you always.”

There were some of the “Apostles” who taught that only apostles could understand scripture, so the ordinary person should not go to the Bible and try to learn from it. The Bible is, they say, a dead letter, and cannot save. Only the spoken words of an “apostle” can do that. They objected when our preachers turned to the scriptures. One man threatened that if John opened his Bible one more time to try to make a point, he would go home. John always went to the Bible for every point of his faith, so when he turned to another scripture, the man went home, just as he threatened. The apostles also believed that if a man spoke “from a pulpit,” that “Holy piece of furniture,” that man’s word became authority.

There were many people turning to the idea of miraculous divine healing, and there were several healing campaigns conducted by various denominations in the Johannesburg area. Waymon Miller had long been interested in the subject, and even before going to South Africa, he had begun to do research and assemble material for a book. In April of 1951, a healing campaign was conducted by a South African man who was given a great deal of publicity. John and Waymon visited one of the services, and when they read a writeup about it in the newspaper the following day, they noted that names and addresses of the “healed” were printed, and the “healing” reported as fact.

They had observed, for instance, that a nearly blind girl who was declared healed at the meeting had felt her way to the edge of the stairs as she left the platform, and that she had replaced the thick glasses which she had been wearing. They called at her home some days later and found that she could see no better than before. They called on several others who had reportedly been healed and found that there had been no healing at all.

In talking with people who believe in modern divine healing, we are accused by them of denying the power of God when we say that this miraculous manifestation is not meant for today. Waymon pursued the writing of his book, and while still living in Johannesburg he completed the work which he called "Modern Divine Healing". The experiences just described are discussed in his book on pages 249-256. Unfortunately the book is now out of print.

In our earlier days in the Johannesburg area, we had a number of public discussions with people of various beliefs: the Apostles, Mormons, Adventists, and various ones who believed in divine healing. Discussions of this nature sometimes become confrontations, for there are some who do not know how to conduct a discussion on a high plane. Some of the people we talked with became angry. Sometimes they would not stay on the subject but begin to make accusations. Often it seemed that little was accomplished, and yet these were opportunities to present truth to people who may not have heard it in any other way. But it was like opening up a new homestead and starting farming — before a crop can be planted, the field must be cleared of rocks and stumps, and the soil

must be tilled. Among the rocks and stumps of worldliness, indifference, disbelief and sin is another named "false doctrine", and it has to be removed before the seed of the truth of the Bible can take root.

With the more "orthodox" denominations, it was difficult to teach anything that differed from tradition. Ignoring the warning of the Bible about teaching for doctrine the commandments of men, one minister said, "In order to obtain unity, I would gladly give up the doctrine of baptism," and a few moments later, he said, "In my church we have many traditions which are dear to our hearts which we would not like to give up."

In the 20's, a man named Jesse Kellams spent some time in the Johannesburg area, holding a number of gospel campaigns, and according to some reports we heard, he baptized as many as 1700 people. Except for the use of instrumental music, Kellams' teaching was much like ours. Mr. Kellams did not remain in the country and left no one who was qualified to continue to teach the new converts, and they had all but disappeared as an identifiable group. In Pretoria, Don Gardner and Martelle Petty found the Steyn family who had been taught by Kellams, and the Steyn sons, Conrad and Philip were baptized in the early 50's and became gospel preachers. In Port Elizabeth we met the Hockeys and the Vickers who credited Kellams with their conversions, and there were a few others.

In Johannesburg, we found two old gentlemen, J. A. Ross and Phil Horwood, who had been working with a group of black people, all of whom had their religious roots in the Kellams campaigns. A black man named George Kosa who had been converted in Rhodesia many years previously

was also working with them. It was reported to us that 200 to 250 black members of the church were meeting in the mining areas, many of them having come to South Africa on contracts to work for a year or 18 months. When Mr. Horwood died, Waymon Miller preached the funeral and some of the rest of us sang. Mr. Ross had hopes that we could keep contact with the groups of black people, but after some effort in this direction, no results could be reported. About this contact with black people, John wrote to our elders, “. . . this will be a big opportunity for the church – even though it is not in agreement with that original plan to ‘work among the white people of the Union.’ *To me, that original plan is outdated and unscriptural.*”