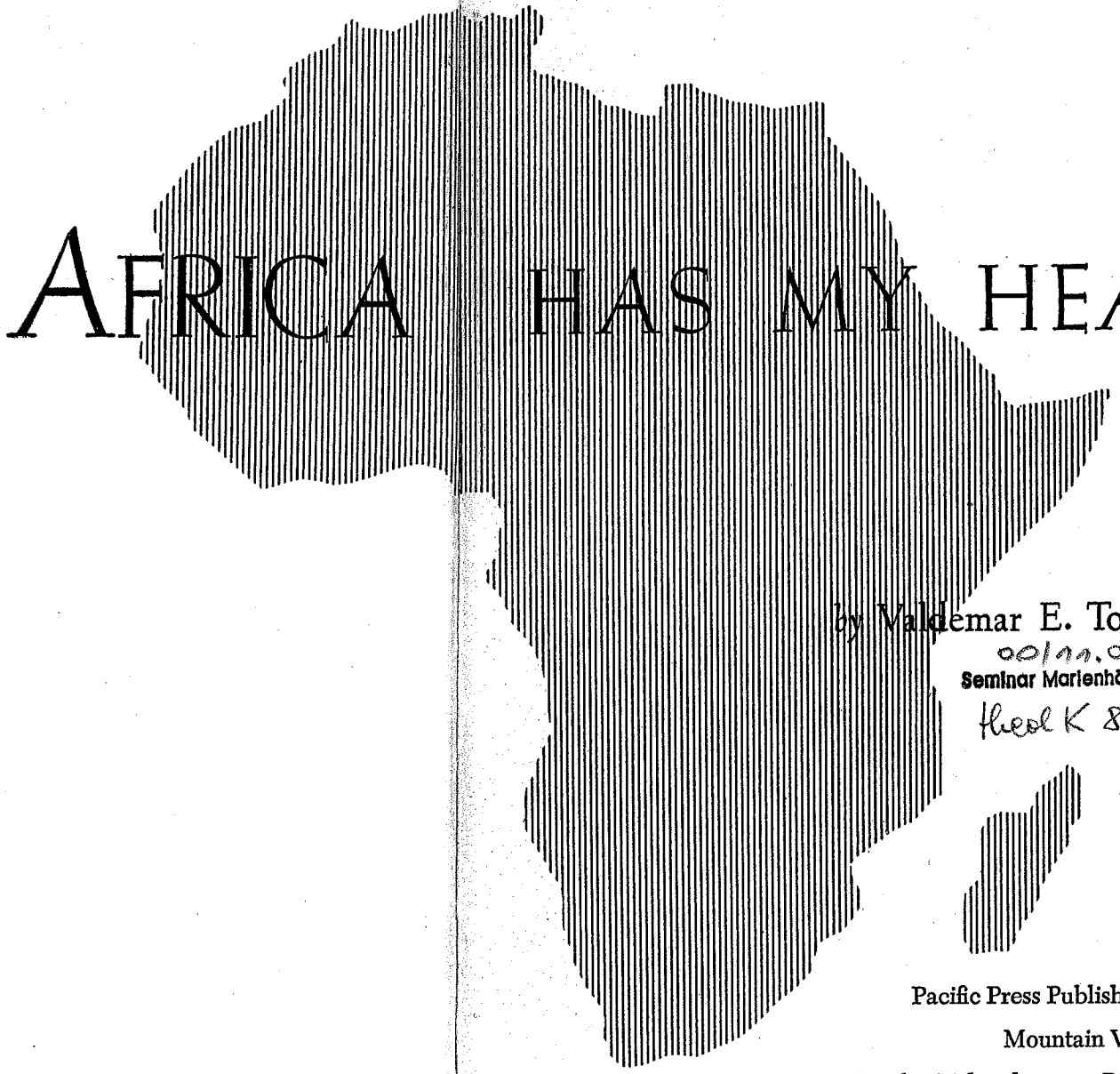
AFRICA HAS MY HEART



by Valdemar E. Toppenberg

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Africa Has My Heart



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Foreword

Since the pioneer missionaries, Robert Moffat and Dr. David Livingstone, opened the continent of Africa to the gospel of Jesus Christ, the magnetic pull of service has drawn consecrated young men and women to this challenging field. The author of this volume felt the pull of Africa, and his heart was always there.

The realism of missions is sometimes covered by a romantic frosting; but Valdemar Toppenberg knew the sweat, sacrifice, and sorrow that come with the reward. His sense of humor helped to see him through many a tense situation. Working in a half score of countries over a forty-three-year period which included World Wars I and II, the missionary knew what shortage of supplies, delay in mail service, prejudice, and propaganda meant in the isolated jungle areas.

Here is a saga of mission service to thrill the heart of every Christian who accepts the commission of his Leader: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

THE PUBLISHERS.

Gateway to Adventure

Billows of thick, black smoke were pouring forth from the smokestacks of the East Africa liner when my cab swung out on the pier at the busy Hamburg harbor. A blue peter, the blue signal flag with a white square in the center meaning that the ship was sailing today, whipped impatiently in the fresh breeze. Passengers and stewards were already standing at the railings, waving and shouting final words to the crowd of people who had come to see them off on the long voyage to Africa. Some were gay, while others were in quiet and sober moods. Here and there handkerchiefs dabbed at tear-filled eyes as loved ones said good-by.

For a few moments this scene cast a shadow of sadness over me, for I was reminded of the emotions that had welled up in the hearts of my own father and mother only a few days before. On my way to Africa from America, in this summer of 1909, I had visited my parents in Aalborg, Denmark, the land of my birth. With my brothers and sister they had stood on the platform of the quaint railway station as I waited for the express train that would take me to Hamburg. It was fortunate that the train did not stop long, for the moment of parting is always painful. Mother tried to hide her tears when she looked up at me in the open train window, and father was so moved he could scarcely speak until the signal was given for the train to leave. Then he suddenly straightened up and, taking my hand, said, "God be with you, son!"

"Yes, God be with you!" added mother, as she hurriedly gave my hand a farewell squeeze.

"Bon voyage! Write soon!" shouted my brothers and sister as the platform receded rapidly.

Now I was suddenly awakened out of my reverie as dock

porters grabbed my luggage. Our mission transportation agent, another missionary recruit, and I hurried up the gangplank after the porters. Stewards standing on the deck asked to see our tickets, and my missionary companion held out his pink one. A steward beckoned him to enter the lounge opposite the gangplank. Since my ticket was blue I followed another steward to the end of the deck and down steep stairs to the foredeck, where noisy steam winches were lowering large nets of baggage into the forward hold. Hurrying past the threatening load of trunks dangling high above our heads, we were soon at the door of the galley where food for the crew was prepared. Through a blue smoke and the strong odor of foods fried in overheated lard, we saw the perspiring cook, with a towel around his waist, coming toward the door for a breath of fresh air.

The deck steward suddenly disappeared through a doorway leading to the third-class quarters. "This way, sir," he said, placing his hands on the steel tube railing on each side of the stairs and sliding down to the bottom without touching a step. I followed the steward's example and slid down the rails close behind him.

We were now in the combined dining and sitting room furnished with a very long table with backless wooden benches. Behind the benches, on each side of the room, open doors gave me a glimpse of the cabins, each with several berths or bunks. The deck steward turned me over to the third-class steward, who led me into a room with eight berths, and my ticket indicated the number of the upper one, which was to be mine for weeks.

When I had stowed my baggage away I went up on deck to visit with the friends who had come to see me off. As I walked up to the group, I noticed something unusual was going on. When they saw me they stopped their agitated conversation. With kindness in their voices they asked me, "Why don't you come down with us to find your cabin and berth? Mr. X has already been shown his."

I had already grasped the situation, but I did not want

them to know that a mistake had been made in obtaining a third-class passage for me instead of the customary second class.

"Another steward has already shown me my cabin," I replied, "and I am quite comfortably located."

"But," they persisted, "may we not see your cabin also?"

I could not very well side-step them, so I led the way down the two flights of stairs to the third-class quarters. We reached the dining room just as a group of boisterous young men, who evidently had imbibed too freely, jauntily swung their legs across the wooden benches to seat themselves for a swig of the black, chicory-smelling brew from a huge coffee pot manipulated by the hefty steward.

One of the men in our group, evidently wanting the others to hear it, whispered loudly, "There is no sense in that!"

A lady, biting her lower lip, looked disapprovingly at the others as she said, "That's too bad!"

"In fact," concluded the man leading the group, "it's a shame!"

At that time I had little practice in speaking German, so I answered nothing.

The call "All ashore that are going ashore" echoed on the decks, and our friends and mission officials said good-by and went down the gangplank. Sailing from Hamburg, our first port of call was Rotterdam. Several friends came down to the ship to greet me, and a well-to-do family invited me to dinner in their elegant home. When I returned to the ship, they gave me a basket of fruit and other delicacies which they said were to supplement the plain fare in the third-class dining room. While we were in harbor, rats made their way into my cabin and the next morning when the ship left, I found that they had sampled some of my goodies. But the kindness and thoughtfulness of those dear friends in Rotterdam, including Captain Christiansen, who gave me a couple of greatly appreciated books, made the long voyage far more pleasant to me. The steward permitted me to put the basket in the fruit refrigerator, where I could have access to it.

In Southampton another group of missionaries (a family and an unmarried woman teacher) bound for East Africa came on board. Since they had second-class cabins, I had little opportunity to visit with them. When they did attempt to visit me on our badly pitching forepart of the ship, they usually had to beat a hasty retreat. Fortunately I had brought a number of good books with me, including an inspiring history of Christian missions. Again I read of Johannes Rebmann and Johann Ludwig Krapf, pioneer missionaries to Africa, sailing down the Red Sea and into the Indian Ocean in an open Arab dhow, exposed to the scorching heat while suffering from fever and dysentery. Their trying experiences reminded me of my blessings and of how much better I fared. As I lay in my berth reading of these intrepid Christians, I felt like a king in a luxury liner and thanked God for the privilege of following them along the same watery path.

When we reached Port Said I was pleasantly surprised to receive a letter from home. It had been sent across country while we sailed by Gibraltar. Later this letter was to prove a help to me in an hour of difficulty.

At Port Said the ship's officers and passengers returning to the colonies from home leave changed to tropical attire. Hot winds frequently blow from the deserts on each side of the Suez Canal and the Red Sea. While our ship glided at reduced speed through the desert canal, I recalled Biblical events of the region. Joseph and Mary, with the child Jesus, must have trudged wearily through these barren wastes on their way to and from Egypt. It must have been somewhere near the region of Suez that the Israelites crossed an arm of the Red Sea.

When I left Hamburg I had, through a misunderstanding, been given too small an allowance for gratuities and incidentals. I was to have received £5, but instead I was given only $5. I had recently finished my college course at Union College, Lincoln, Nebraska, having worked most of my way through by colporteuring in summer vacations and working part time during the school years. My purse was as flat as if an elephant had stepped on it.

I soon found that the ship's stewards expected gratuities in excess of what I had given them, and I was forced to draw on my own meager resources before I left the ship.

Many passengers left the ship at Port Said to make a sightseeing tour of Cairo and the pyramids. They would proceed overland to Suez, and board the ship there. For lack of funds I was forced to remain on board.

I had been instructed to disembark in Suez in order to take another ship to Massaua, Eritrea, then an Italian colony in East Africa. With other passengers disembarking at Suez, I entered the immigration office. "Your passport, please," the officer asked, when in blissful ignorance I followed passengers ahead of me. In years past I had traveled through Europe and America without a passport (May those happy days return again!), so I told him that I had none, and that no one had told me I needed one.

"Unless you can produce a passport," he curtly told me, "I can give you no landing permit. You will be obliged to return to the ship on which you came. I advise you to go to your consulate without delay, for the ship on which you came will sail on today."

The courteous Danish vice-consul listened attentively to my story and then asked, "Do you have a document showing where you were born and your citizenship?"

"No, sir," I replied. "All my papers, including birth certificate, are in my trunk, which will soon be unloaded from the ship and taken to the customs shed."

"You will not be able to get at your trunk in time. Have you nothing on your person that would give some such information?" the consul asked.

I remembered the letter I had received at Port Said from my father, addressed in care of the ship on which I was traveling. In looking through my pockets I found that letter. The consul looked at the date and at the signature reading, "Your devoted father," and that seemed to satisfy him. Seating himself at his

desk he began writing a *laissez-passer,* or temporary passport, requesting all whom it might concern to let me travel unhindered, and to render me any assistance necessary.

While the consul was writing and sealing the passport, I stood wondering what would happen when I told him that I did not have money enough to pay the usual fee for such services. But as if he had read my thoughts he reached for a rubber stamp and pressed it down on the document, stamping it in large letters, "GRATIS." With a kind smile and a warm handshake he wished me "Bon voyage," and I went back to the immigration officer with a glad heart. The officer stamped my passport, "In Transit to Massaua."

But my troubles were not at an end. Looking through my pockets the umpteenth time I realized that I did not have sufficient money for accommodations in a European hotel. I found an Egyptian hotel with a room within my means; but when I had looked at the bed linen, I told the servant that I would go elsewhere. Realizing that I could not get a clean bed for the money I had, I looked around for a place to spend the night. I bought some Egyptian bread and fruit and seated myself on a wooden bench on the railway station platform. I felt lonesome and forsaken when I saw our ship sail out into the Red Sea. The gongs were sounding for dinner—that is to say, for the first and second class. Third class were already eating the hash made from first- and second-class kitchen leftovers. However, the word sounded much more appetizing now—better than the rubbery pancakelike bread I was munching. An Egyptian policeman annoyed me in different ways, and finally made me understand that I was not permitted to remain on the bench. However, I pretended not to understand him, and I remained there, either sitting on the bench or walking back and forth, through the long night.

When the smaller Red Sea steamer for Port Sudan and Massaua arrived, I hurried aboard. A dusky steward led me to an open cabin with only a blue drape serving as a door. Four

pilgrims with their legs crossed squatted comfortably on the floor around a hookah, or hubble-bubble pipe, smoking silently without even taking notice of the Kaffir, or infidel, intruder. A British officer passing by sized up the situation and beckoned me to follow him. He led me to a clean, outside cabin with inviting berths. This act of courtesy was greatly appreciated by a weary and very sleepy passenger, and no doubt the four faithful followers of Mohammed were glad for my departure. The friendly officer showed me all over the ship, from engine and boiler rooms to the navigation bridge. After I had questioned him about navigation and astronomy, he found that I was not entirely ignorant of these subjects and explained many points to me.

At My First Mission Station

The slow ship on which we traveled took the better part of a week to reach Massaua, a seaport said to be the hottest on earth. Many subsequent visits to this spot have convinced me that it lives up to its reputation. Stores and offices in Red Sea ports are open only in the early morning and late afternoon. From ten or eleven o'clock until three or four the dazzling white streets, hot with quivering air, are deserted. One wonders how Europeans can live in heat like that; but houses in the hot coastal lowlands are usually built of heat-resisting materials, such as concrete or masonry.

The narrow-gauge railway from Massaua to Asmara is a marvel of modern engineering. The track spans deep ravines and threads its way along narrow ledges where chasms drop off several thousand feet to the valley below. At the time I arrived in Massaua, the railway had been completed to Nefasit, where passengers ate lunch in the *albergo* before continuing on the journey in a charabanc drawn by several teams of strong mules. There were relay stations on the narrow, dusty roads, where fresh teams were exchanged for the tired animals.

I found the air becoming cooler as we climbed to higher altitudes, and before long we put on all the clothes we had with us. Banks of clouds rolled down the mountainsides like a misty waterfall. When we reached the top of the plateau, the clouds disappeared, and we soon found ourselves in sunny Asmara, where I was welcomed by Pastor Anol Grundset, who had arrived with his family some months earlier. Two other workers, Missionaries E. N. Lindegren and J. Persson, were at the station to greet me. I shared temporary lodgings with our mission director, L. R. Conradi, and Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Vasenius, during the special committee meetings in which the mission work was

organized and planned. Since I was the youngest member of the group, I was appointed recording secretary.

Until the way opened up for us to enter Ethiopia, the mission board planned to start one or two mission stations in Eritrea; but the Italian authorities did not grant our request, suggesting instead that we buy a place in or near Asmara. The committee purchased two farms located near one of the main highways leading to the city from the south.

It was voted that as soon as the way opened, one or two missionaries were to cross the border into northern Ethiopia, and one or two others, of whom I was to be one, were to go south to Gallaland. During that year, while we were building the Asmara station, two expeditions were launched, one into northern Ethiopia across the border, the other into French Somaliland; but neither of those attempts gave us a foothold in Ethiopia.

Since our mission appropriations were small and strictly limited, we set to work doing everything ourselves. Our energetic superintendent, Pastor Grundset, and Dr. Vasenius worked on the scaffold with the rest of us until the mission compound, consisting of two dwellings, a school building, workshop, stables, and a good well, had been completed. Even the stones for foundations and walls were quarried by us.

While the construction was going on, the families lived in crowded quarters in the city. An old, dilapidated ox stable built of rough stones laid in mud was renovated for my living quarters. The three rooms had mud floors and a flat, leaky sheet-iron roof. The end room was occupied by several oxen used for plowing and threshing. The clanking of their chains, the knocking of their large horns, and their lowing could be heard in my adjoining room. A heap of long-accumulated manure was piled against the front wall near the door leading into my room.

A poor Eritrean shepherd and his not very cleanly wife occupied the far room. Their room seemed even less livable than the one occupied by the oxen; for in addition to a dirty mud floor strewn with their belongings, the walls and the underside of the

Seminar Marienhöhe Darmstadt

sheet-iron roof were a shiny jet black from the pungent and eye-irritating smoke of the cow dung they used for fuel. There was a window, but it was always closed by wooden shutters which kept out every ray of light. There were so many holes in the old sheet-iron roof, however, that from the inside it gave the impression of a starry sky; but in the rainy season it must have been more like a shower bath.

Daily the woman went out to gather up fresh dung dropped by the oxen, and with her bare hands she piled it into a straw platter and brought it near the house, where she kneaded it and threw big lumps of it against the outside walls, pressing and rubbing the lumps into cakes about an inch thick and a foot in diameter. These made the house look, but not smell, like a gingerbread cabin. When the cakes had dried, they were picked off and taken into the house to be burned in the open fireplace —three large stones set on the earthen floor of the room.

A brick floor was laid in the middle room I occupied. The walls were plastered, and an unbleached muslin ceiling was put up close to the sheet-iron roof. It did not keep out the heat of the sun, the noise of the rain, or prevent water from dropping here and there. I was grateful, however, that the corner where my camp bed was parked did not leak. But I dared not push the bed against the walls, for several times I had found and killed scorpions crawling on them.

After removing the manure pile, as well as the rubbish and stones outside, the barn began to look more like a human habitation. I could not complain of loneliness, for on one side I had the oxen and on the other the shepherd's family, with a mixture of odors ever around me.

The only time I had for buying groceries and other supplies was in the evening after work, when I walked three miles to town. There were no autos in those days, and I could not afford a riding animal. Since Italians considered it degrading for Europeans to carry anything, merchants from whom I bought groceries would place them at the farther end of the counter and say, "Will you

call your servant?" Of course there wasn't any. Many times it was late before I returned home with my parcels, and howling hyenas could be both heard and seen.

I prepared my food simply, for I had to wash my dishes, pots, and pans. For pecuniary reasons (my salary was 25 francs—$5—a week), I also washed my own clothes in cold water carried from the well. Although it was a trial to cook on the old-fashioned kerosene stove, I was careful to boil milk which natives brought to me in Italian wine flasks. I had seen where and how they milked, and how they bottled it. They took an empty tin can picked up from a trash bin and used it to pour the milk into the bottle by holding two forefingers at the rim of the tin can so the liquid would pour in a thin stream between the fingers. The can had been "sterilized" by holding it bottom up in the smoke of a fire built of dried cow manure.

In spite of all my care to boil the milk—sometimes all over the stove—I came down with a severe attack of dysentery, which quickly weakened me so I could scarcely crawl out of bed. Dr. Vasenius had gone on a tour, and, since I was absent from work, my friends thought I had gone with the doctor. When he returned and heard that I had not been seen for some days, he called and found me weak and emaciated from dysentery. With his good care I was soon on my feet again.

The woman who brought my milk carried a baby in a goatskin sack on her back and sometimes led another child by the hand. So accustomed had those children become to flies that they seldom bothered to shoo them away, although the flies sat in tight rows along the edges of the eyelids. Nose and mouth were also usually almost black with flies. At first one was nearly sick at the sight, and I wondered how the youngsters stood it without a whimper. The mother seemed to make no effort to do anything about it, probably having found out that the persistent flies were back at their feeding grounds in a jiffy. Poor children!

Within a year after the Asmara property was purchased, the buildings were completed and the mission board made a

redistribution of missionaries. Since six missionaries, four of them with families, were not needed at this station, it was decided to transfer some of us to German East Africa, or Tanganyika. The government of that land not only permitted missionaries to work unhindered, but they also aided mission work. Unfortunately our energetic leader, Pastor Grundset, was obliged for health reasons to return home with his family after only a few years of service.

As the years slipped by, I gave up the thought of ever being sent to Ethiopia, and not even in my fondest dreams did it occur to me that in a distant day I would become the first Seventh-day Adventist missionary in Ethiopia, or that, decades later, after having established our headquarters in Addis Ababa and our training school for teachers and evangelists in southern Ethiopia, I would finish my missionary career among the Galla people in the section of Ethiopia to which the committee had originally assigned me forty-three years earlier.

The Past Is Prologue

"How did it happen that you were called to Africa as a missionary?" That is a question which cannot be answered in one sentence, for there were a number of contributing circumstances. Some may ascribe it to chance or good luck, but to me it was the work of an omniscient Providence.

The majority of people in Denmark, including my family, belonged to the state Lutheran Church. When we children went with our parents to church on Sunday we usually sat in a pew almost directly underneath the pulpit, for my father was partially deaf. We children may not have understood much of the sermon, and we seldom saw more than the hands of the man of God high above us; but we were attracted by many other objects. We never tired of looking at the sculptured figures which supported and surrounded the imposing pulpit, and we wondered what they represented and what the raised and gilt inscriptions were about. On the walls hung many large oil paintings of Bible scenes, ranging in subject matter from the Garden of Eden to the ascension of Christ and the Day of Pentecost.

During the Communion service, when the minister left the altar where he had consecrated the bread and the wine and took them solemnly to the penitent communicants kneeling at the railing surrounding the altar, the sunlight through the multicolored windowpanes made it appear as though he were walking in flames of fire and serving his flock as they reverently knelt around him with bowed heads and folded hands.

Being religiously inclined, my father and mother took an interest in both home and foreign missions. My father visited the homes of the poor and distributed community kitchen meal tickets to the needy. Mother would send us children with a basket of food and some clothing to a poor family when a baby

was born, or when someone was to be confirmed or married, or when death had brought sorrow to a home.

We subscribed to the foreign-missions magazine, and as a boy I was deeply stirred by stories of the Christian martyrs in Madagascar and Uganda. I always remembered the description of the black executioner kneeling at the edge of a steep precipice with a machete lifted high ready to cut the rope by which a native Christian hung over the abyss. I read of the courageous young men and boys in Uganda who, refusing to recant, were thrown bound into the flames. It was the first time my boyish heart was stirred with admiration for foreign missions and the courage of the converts.

Aside from history and natural science, I took little interest in any of my school subjects. When, at fourteen years of age, I was to receive instruction for confirmation, my father wanted me to be taught by Pastor Anton Petersen, a revivalist in the missions movement. The clergyman's parish was at the other end of the city, and I had to walk a long distance to receive the instruction. When I was confirmed, a family renting one of our apartments presented me with an interesting book about English university students who had been sent to Africa as missionaries. In that book there was a specimen of an African language—a language I did not meet again until many years later when I read the book again out in Africa and found that it was the very language which I had learned and was using in my mission work.

After my confirmation my parents talked with me in regard to plans for the future. Since we lived in a seaport city where steamers arrived and departed daily, I had become interested in the sea, and I expressed the desire to become a marine engineer. In European countries it is required first to learn the machinist's trade and to attend technical school during the long apprenticeship, and afterward to take advanced courses in the polytechnical school before sitting for examinations. My father promised to help me with the expenses in the latter school when I had finished my apprenticeship. I became much interested in

my trade, and after a time, when it became my turn to care for the factory engine, I had to make some repairs on a Sunday forenoon while the factory was idle. That morning, when the proprietor and the master mechanic made a tour of the shop, they watched me for some time. As they left, they said, "Valdemar, you love your engine, don't you?"

While I was learning the machinist's trade and attending technical school, my eldest brother, who had gone to America years before, came home on a visit. We younger brothers became so interested in the country across the sea that I gave up the idea of becoming an engineer, and with a younger brother I sailed for America. We went to Boulder, Colorado.

Meanwhile our eldest brother had become a Seventh-day Adventist, and although he did not press his religious views upon us, he gave us papers and books to read. He also introduced us to a family named Johnson in Boulder. The mother was a widow, and there were two sons and three daughters. We had been invited to eat supper with them one evening after the Sabbath, and when the meal was finished, the young people told their mother to go into the living room to rest. "We will do the dishes," they told her. I caught the spirit and laughingly donned one of the girls' aprons, and we had great fun. "What a wonderful family," I thought to myself as my brother and I left.

Although it seemed strange to go to church on Saturday, I accepted my eldest brother's invitation to attend the preaching service. When the minister told the congregation that they were in arrears with payment of salaries to their church school teachers, requesting the congregation to bear this in mind when the collection was received, my brother took out his checkbook and wrote a check for $25.

"No, it couldn't be right, it was probably $2.50," I said to myself. But I saw it plainly written, "Twenty-five dollars only."

"Who gives $25 in a church offering?" I thought. "Well, that's his business. Religion must really mean something to him."

In Denver I had obtained a good position in the Denver

and Rio Grande Railway shops. My younger brother, who was a student at the Boulder Sanitarium, wrote that he and several other young people, including two of the Johnson girls, were going to attend Union College in Lincoln, Nebraska. I had already felt that I needed more education, so I decided to go with them. Some of my friends in the railroad shop envied me, while others told me how foolish I was to quit a good job to go to school. But my mind was made up, and in the autumn I went to college.

The registrar of Union College introduced me to Professor P. E. Berthelsen, dean of the department in which I was to study. When it was suggested that I include a class in Bible in my course, I said that I had not come to study theology. He assured me, however, that I would find it interesting and profitable. Professor Berthelsen was a learned man and a sincere Christian, and his class in New Testament History was so interesting I took another Bible class under him the next year.

Old habits are hard to break, however, and even during the school year I would sometimes go into the city to get a smoke and a glass of beer, since neither smoking nor drinking was permitted on the campus. At least once I rubbed out the fire in my cigar before leaving the car in front of the college, putting the stub into my pocket in the hope of being able to smoke it through the open window after dark.

The courteous and helpful attitude of teachers and students impressed me greatly. It was very different from the selfish, jealous attitude at the machine shop. Although I was a greenhorn who could not speak English faultlessly, no one exhibited a better-than-thou air. On the contrary, all spoke to me on equal terms and made me feel at ease. A foreigner usually has a feeling of inferiority in a group such as college students; but in all their sports, whether out of doors or indoors, I was treated like anyone else, even by seniors!

My years at Union College, 1904-09, were the happiest and most profitable in my youth. How fortunate the young man

or woman who has the privilege of attending a college where he can associate with the finest young people!

At the close of the first year of study I went back to Colorado. When my youngest brother arrived from the old country, we sometimes spent an evening playing cards, smoking, and sharing a bottle of beer. But I also read religious magazines and books supplied me by my eldest brother. I began to understand that neutrality was impossible, and that I must take a stand for or against religion.

One Sunday evening my eldest brother invited me to a lecture in the Chautauqua auditorium in Boulder. There was a large crowd, and the lecturer was an Adventist evangelist. As I listened I began to feel that my brother had not been misled in accepting the Adventist faith. Without saying anything about it, I went home with a profound conviction of my need. I prayed earnestly for God's mercy and guidance in my life.

Some days later when I was expecting a visit from my youngest brother I took my well-smoked-in-the-old-country meerschaum pipe from the pipe rack and smashed it to bits on a stone by the side of the entrance steps. When my brother arrived and saw the pieces, he could not wait until he got inside, but called up the stairs to me, "What in the world has happened to your darling pipe? Oh, that's too bad!"

"No," I told him, "you need not feel bad about that, for I broke it myself. I have quit smoking."

He looked at me as if he was saying, "What has got into you?" But he said not a word, and I did not have the courage to make further explanation.

"Well," he said after a while, "let's play a game of cards."

"No," I nerved myself to say, "I'm quitting that, too." Then, taking courage to make a clean sweep, I added, "No more drinks for me, either." I was a little surprised at myself, and I feared that he would burst out in roaring laughter; but he took it very sensibly and said, "Well, I suppose they are only bad habits."

I returned to Union College early in the fall before the term began. The business manager gave me repair and maintenance work which helped me to pay my school expenses. In the middle of the school year there was to be a baptism, and when I heard that some of the students were preparing for that rite by attending a weekly class I asked permission to join the group. When we had completed a short course of preparation, President C. C. Lewis had an informal talk with each one and satisfied himself that we were ready for baptism.

While I was taking a course in the History of Christian Missions, my childhood interest in foreign missions was revived, and I joined the Foreign Missions Band. Later I signed a pledge to become a foreign missionary if the opportunity came.

Six months before my graduation, leaders from Europe visited the college, looking for missionary recruits for a newly opened Scandinavian-manned mission field in Africa. I suppose my teachers and the president told them that I was being graduated, and they possibly recommended me; for the mission director requested further information. When I was interviewed and asked if I would accept a call to go as a missionary to Africa, I told them I would gladly respond.

Graduation came, and I had heard nothing further about mission service. I had started out once more as a colporteur when I received a letter from W. A. Spicer, secretary of the General Conference, passing on a call from the European Division for me to go to Africa. Late in the summer of 1909, I began my missionary career which, by the grace of God, I was permitted to continue for forty-three years.

New Sights and Sounds

Sailing down the east coast of Africa, one is impressed by the immensity of the continent. From its northernmost point to the Cape of Good Hope is nearly five thousand miles, as far as from central Alaska to the Panama Canal, or from Denmark to Kobe, Japan. The continent is a thousand miles wider from east to west than the United States is from Maine to California. The United States, Australia, and India could be placed inside the area of Africa.

The entrance to Mombasa is a sight never to be forgotten, and the impression it makes seems to heighten every time one returns to that beautiful shore. Slowly the ship winds its course through the clear, pastel-green water of the channel, the backwash of the ship rolling up on the quiet beaches, rocking native fishermen's dugouts lying at the water's edge. A little beyond lie rectangular palm-thatched Swahili huts, beautifully situated among coconut palms and banana groves, with heavy-foliaged mango trees forming the background. Here and there weird and ghostly baobab trees stretch their chunky, leafless branches into the sky, fitting symbols of demon-fearing Africans who despairingly lift their arms toward heaven for deliverance from the terrors of witchcraft.

On the higher points along the shore, where the well-to-do foreigners have built their mansions, a profusion of tropical flowers of every hue carpets the landscape—red, purple, and sepia-and-yellow bougainvillaea. Beautiful fiery-red flamboyants and cooling blue jacaranda trees line drives and walks, besprinkling the ground with a profusion of beautiful petals which, from a distance, make a natural Oriental rug.

The loud rattling and grinding noise of the anchor chain being paid out announced that we had come to the end of our

sea voyage. European port officials in smart white uniforms came on board, followed by stevedores and transportation and hotel agents, with helpers and workmen bringing up the rear.

"Hujambo, bwana" (How do you do, master), said a friendly-looking dusky figure, his smile exposing two rows of pearly white teeth. He was barefoot, but dressed in a long white *kanzu,* or muslin robe, and he wore a crocheted skullcap perched jauntily on his fuzzy head. I fumbled with my very limited vocabulary for a moment before I could answer. I had learned a few words of the language on board ship before reaching Mombasa.

"Asante, si jambo sana" (Thank you, I am quite well), I finally dug out from my memory.

Taking the heavier pieces of luggage, he told me, *"Nakwenda mbele; nifwate, bwana"* (I go ahead; follow me, master).

Soon we were in the customs shed, where our transportation agent attended to most of the formalities, and before long we were seated on the wooden slat seats of a small rail pushcart, an awning overhead to protect passengers from the fierce sun. My newly acquired dusky helper and his laughing companion set the vehicle in motion, pushing hard on upgrades and jumping on behind when we rolled downhill, carefully applying the brakes when we gained too much speed. Stopping outside the hotel, our "engines" mopped their perspiring brows and called the hotel porters. Having paid the fare indicated on a poster, I gave them an additional half fare; for the amount seemed very small. Smiling happily they departed, saying, *"Asante sana, na kwa heri, bwana"* (Thank you very much, and good-by, master).

Thus my first pleasant contact with these children of Africa ended. I was definitely going to like those people, for I already felt that I had lost something when their merry laughter was gone. Never since that first incident have I changed my impression. In spite of his morbid fears of the witch doctor and evil spirits, and his primitive and miserable living conditions, the African is naturally of a happy, carefree disposition. His face,

with rows of remarkably well-preserved teeth, far oftener turns into a broad smile or lusty laugh than into a frown.

Hotel servants carried my luggage into the foyer, where I seated myself in a comfortable rattan chair under one of the large swinging punkahs hanging from the ceiling and blowing a gentle breeze upon me. A punkah is a fabric-covered frame as large as a door, and it hangs a few feet above one's head. A servant keeps several punkah's in motion with cords, pulling them in unison. They were used everywhere in tropical Asia and Africa before the advent of the electric fan.

Soon I was shown my room with its customary large bed and mosquito net. When I saw pallid, sickly-looking geckos crawling under the ceiling, I was glad that there was a net on the bed; for although the geckos are harmless lizards, valuable for eating mosquitoes and other insects, I did not care to have them as bedfellows.

Mombasa is one of the quaintest and most interesting spots on the coast of Africa, and its history goes back almost a thousand years. Persians and Arabs made contact with Mombasa centuries before it was discovered in 1498 by Vasco de Gama. After years of wars with Turks and Africans, the Portuguese built the famous Fort Jesus; but it had a checkered history, and once the whole Portuguese garrison was massacred. The natives call Mombasa "Mvita," a word meaning "war," which indicates its bloody record. Fort Jesus has been kept in a fair state of repair, on the outside at least, and it is still the most conspicuous and interesting landmark; but since it is being used as a prison, the public is not permitted to enter. The high, thick walls are built of hewn blocks of coral on the edge of a cliff that falls steeply down to the sea. Moats, parapets, loopholes, and an entrance that may once have had a drawbridge remind one of a medieval fortress or castle.

I strolled through the narrow, crooked streets of the old town. Business is carried on by Indians, Arabs, and Swahilis. While I found large and modern stores, most of the common

people do their shopping in a *duka,* a room without show windows or entrance doors. The entire front can be raised like a tilting garage door to form a roof that shelters shoppers and shopkeeper. In the middle of the opening, with legs crossed under him, sits the shopkeeper, surrounded by small shallow boxes or bins of flour, rice, sugar, legumes, dates, and a variety of spices. A peculiar, but not unpleasant, mixture of aromas permeates the entire district. Customers stand in the street while the wares are being weighed on primitive balances that hang from the ceiling. Kerosene and food oils are dipped out of the ever-present *debe,* a four-imperial-gallon can, by a small, long-handled laddle. Cotton goods are sold by the *mkono,* or cubit, the distance between the elbow and the end of the middle finger.

Arabs walk along the narrow streets, wearing white robes and turbans of every color, with bright green and orange predominating. They usually shuffle along in their sandals, flipping their long *tasbihi,* or Moslem rosary, through their fingers, disdainful of the white foreigner who is usually in a hurry. Here comes an Indian of the more wealthy class, dressed in a black silk or mohair coat something like a Prince Albert, a white shirt worn outside his tight trousers. On his head he wears a flat black velvet cap without a rim. He walks with firm steps and is evidently bent on important business.

Walking single file, Indian women pass by in colored and sheer but comely saris, long pieces of silk tastefully draped around the waist to form a skirt, the other end arranged to cover the upper part of the body and the head. With their anklets, bracelets, earrings, and nose rings, they make a colorful picture as they slither along on shoes that are something between high-heeled pumps and sandals, clattering merrily as they pass.

Many of the poorer Arabs and Africans dress in short-sleeved cotton T shirts and loincloths of unbleached muslin, while others wear khaki shorts. Several barefoot or sandaled Swahili women pass us dressed in large-patterned printed calico. They

seem more happy than are their Indian sisters. Their hair is done up in artistic rows of thin braids that shine from the hair oil. Most of them have circular, multicolored ear ornaments in the moderately expanded lobes. Some wear bracelets or anklets and perhaps a small piece of jewelry in one side of the nose.

In the distance is heard a chorus of men's voices chanting a monotonous tune in a minor key. They pull and push a rumbling, creaking carriage with small, wobbly wheels. It is heavily loaded with bales of cotton goods. The man in front who holds the wagon tongue walks backward, while the others push and sing. A half a block farther on a similar vehicle is being pulled by a surly-looking camel, whose great size appears ridiculously out of proportion to the toy-sized cart, the shafts of which stand up at a steep angle to the saddlelike yoke on the camel's hump.

Simile! (Watch out! or, Get out of the way!) cries an old man driving a small donkey loaded with sisal poles which bob up and down and almost block traffic on the narrow street. We press as close to the houses as possible in order not to be impaled by the dangerous-looking load. A Moslem woman, dressed in black, squats down to milk the goat which her little girl is holding. A customer is waiting at the doorway for the milk which she feels fairly certain will not be mixed with water.

In the large stores one finds many interesting articles, such as intricately carved and inlaid tea tables, engraved brass trays, figures of African people and animals, book ends and lampstands, all carved in ebony and ivory. There are lion, leopard, monkey, and other animal skins, mounted or unmounted; antlers of animals, an elephant's foot as large as a man's body, and a table which is made of the skin of a single ear of an elephant, its legs being small elephant tusks.

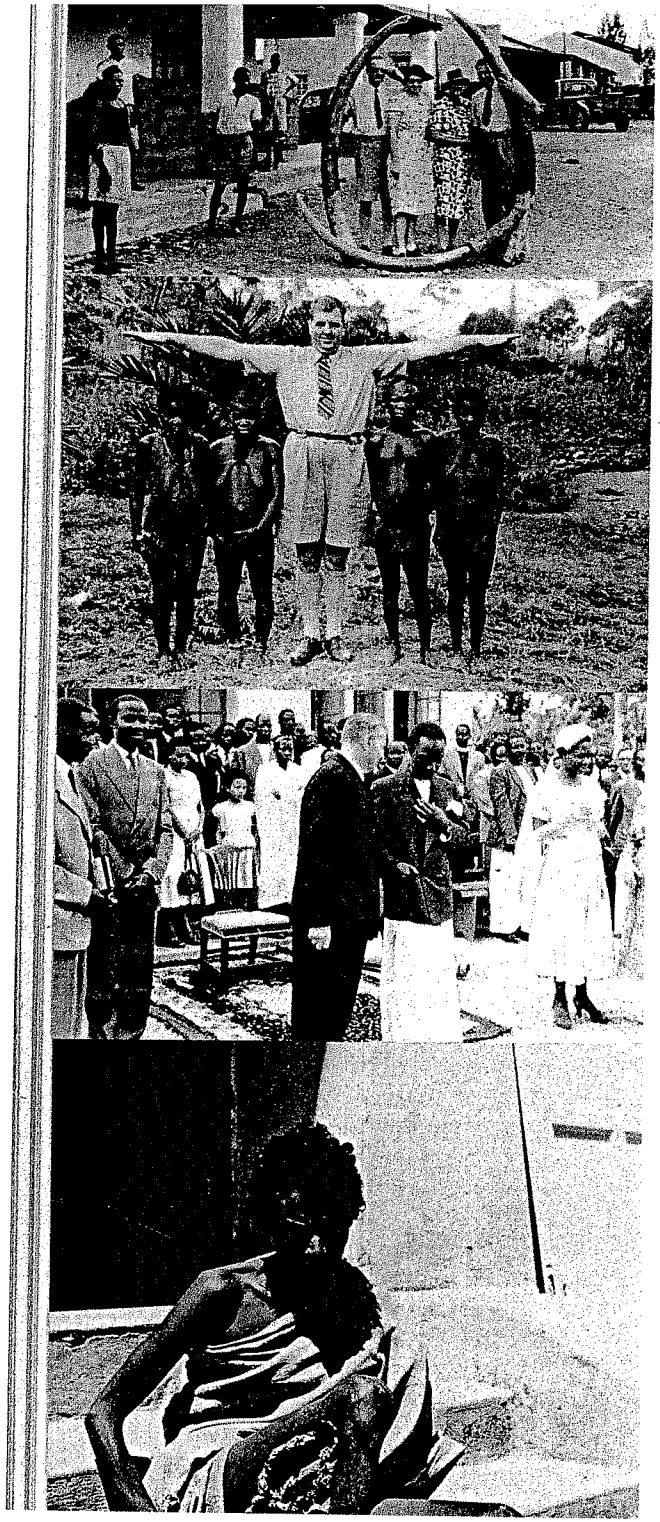
After a strenuous day of sight-seeing, a bath, a change of clothes, and a little rest in the cool lobby, dinner is served under the punkahs in the pleasant open salon, lighted by lamps with gaily colored shades. Lithe, barefoot African waiters dressed in snowy white *kanzus,* or robes with a colored sash around the

waist, move noiselessly about, watching attentively for the least sign or glance from guests. One receives the impression that they are conscious of their importance and ability.

It is still warm at bedtime, but nature makes her demands, and the first thing I hear in the morning is the high-pitched, solemn and plaintive cry of the Mohammedan muezzin from the top of one of the minarets of the mosques: "There is no god but God; Mohammed is the prophet of God. Come to prayer, come to prayer; prayer is better than sleep, prayer is better than sleep!" Although I had many times seen coolies stop their work, throw down a gunny sack or prayer mat, and go through the elaborate motions and prostrations on the ship's deck or on the noisy pier or busy street, paying no attention to passers-by or onlookers, it was always an object lesson to me. The early morning call to prayer impresses one profoundly. How many Christians arise early in the morning to engage in prayer, to say nothing about five times a day as required of Moslems?



An East African decked out in colorful feathers and horns, ready



(Top) Framed by elephant tusks are G. Gudmundsen, Mary Sachs-Reinhard, and Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Muderspach. (Upper center) Pygmies in Ituri Forest with F. H. Muderspach. (Lower center) The king and queen of Ruanda attend the Adventist church in Kampala. (Bottom) Patient with a sore caused by a burn awaits treatment at the hospital in Addis Ababa.

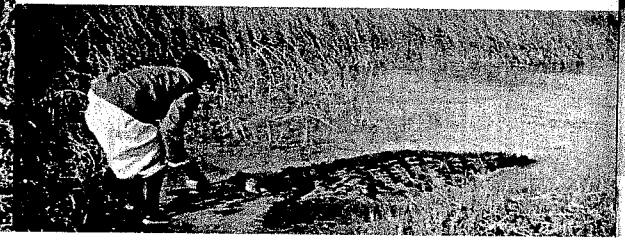


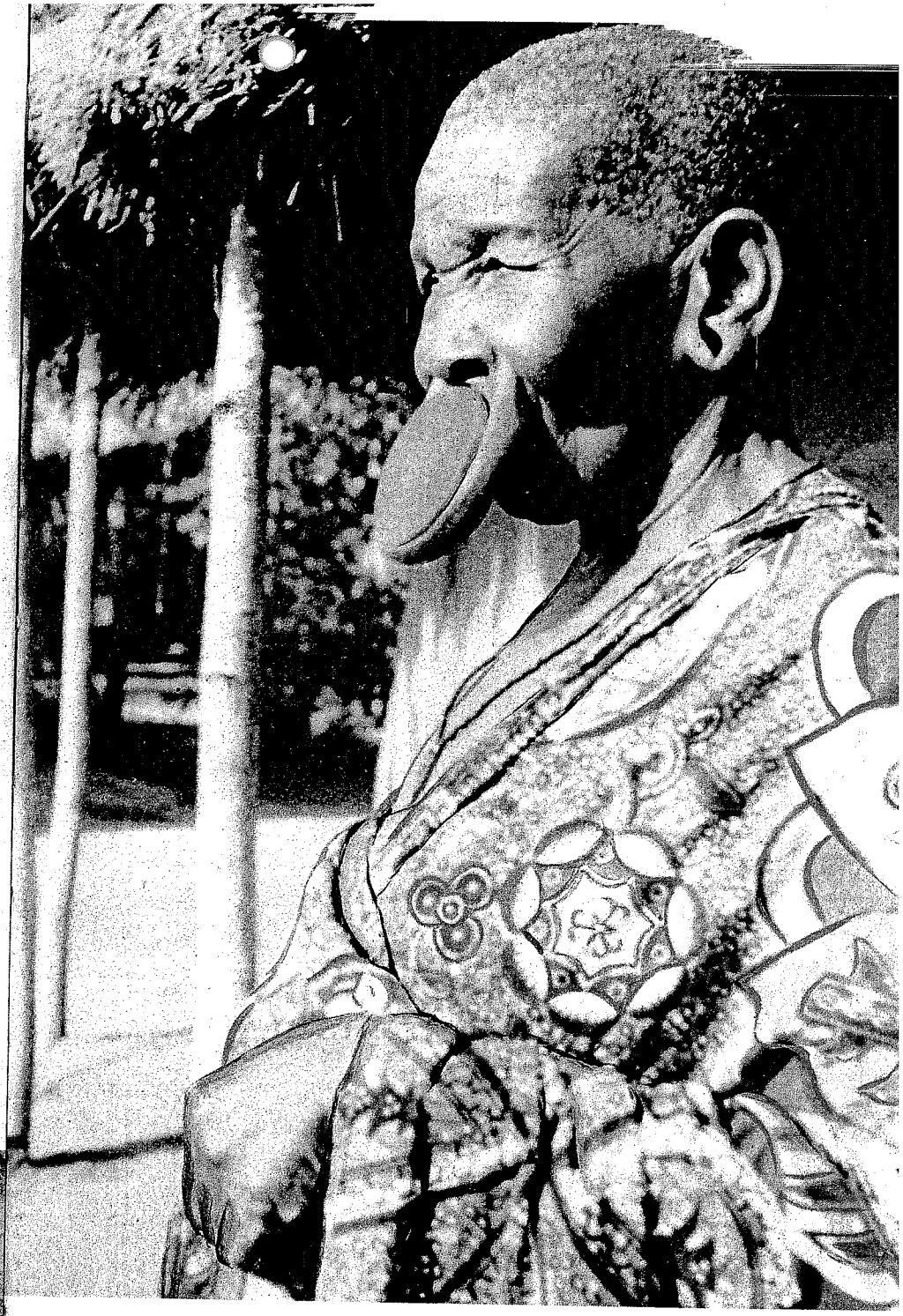
The author and his wife study a map of the continent of Africa, pointing out countries where they labored and recalling experiences along the way.





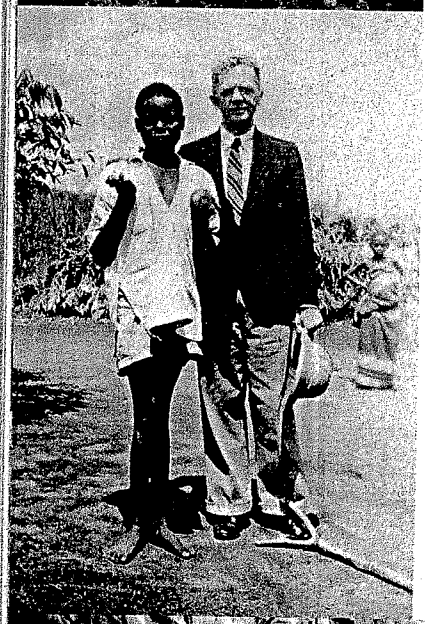
(Upper left) Saucer-lipped women of Ruanda-Urundi shown talking with the author. (Center) The author sits beside the Uganda source of the Nile. (Lower left) The lion is a much-feared king of the jungles. (Below) Feeding a crocodile that is a son of the animal to whom the people once sacrificed their children.





A grandmother is proud of her saucer lip, made by inserting larger and







(Upper left) Mrs. E. W. Pedersen and Mrs. Toppenberg with pygmies in the Ituri Forest, in the Belgian Congo. (Center) The author with the young man who was severely burned by falling in the fire in a fit of epilepsy. (Lower) Members of the royal family of Buganda awaiting the arrival of the king at the airport.



Chief Paulo Mboya and his wife, Marita, loyal members of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. He is one of the most noted chiefs in Kenya, East Africa.



Attractive exhibits at the Seventh-day Adventist booth at the Addis Ababa Exhibition, an occasion that drew visitors from all of Ethiopia.

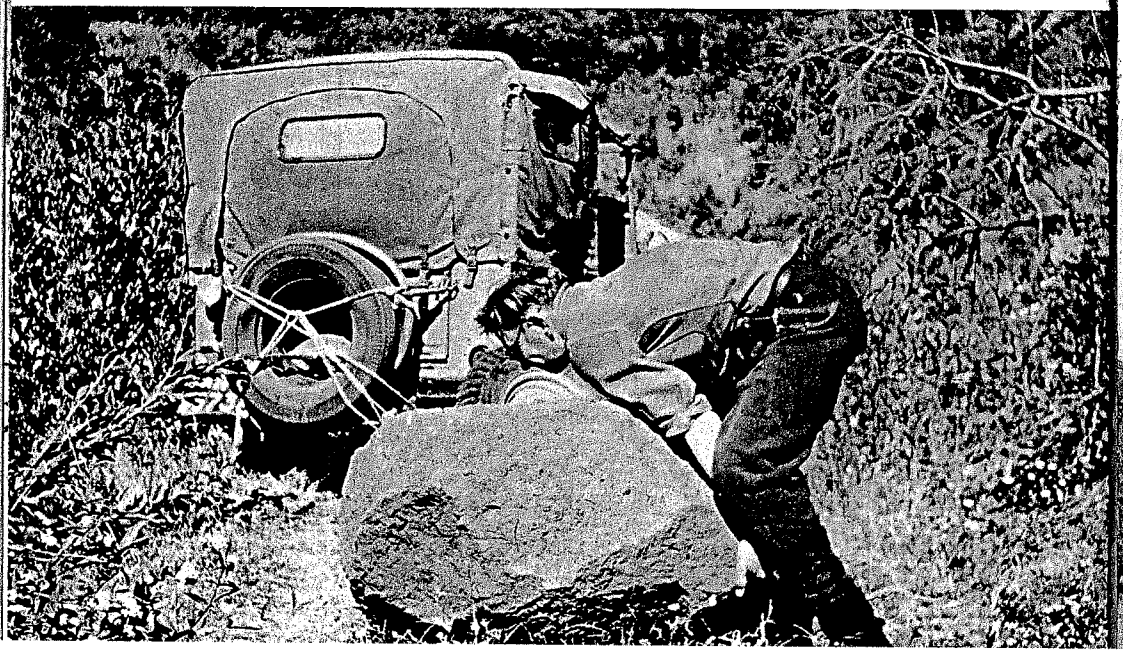
Ethiopians in primitive war regalia in the foreground and a modern filling station in the background show vividly the blend of the ancient and modern.

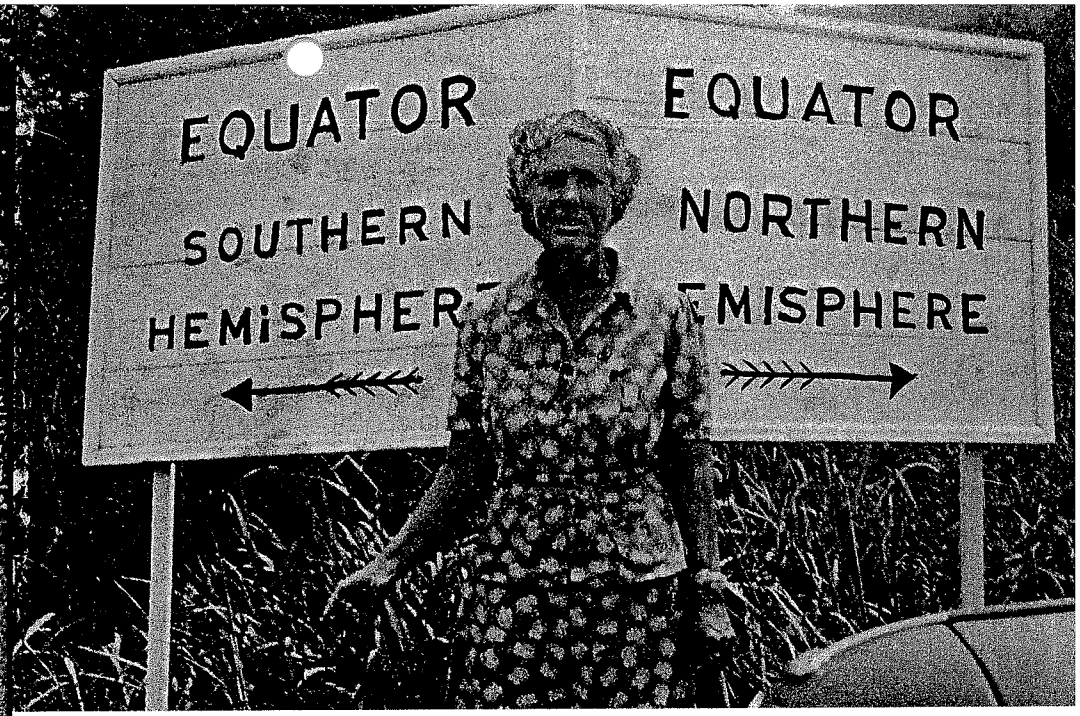




Mrs. Erik Palm surveys the stranded car as it is half submerged in a mud-hole. In spite of her fears, the car was pulled safely across the stream.

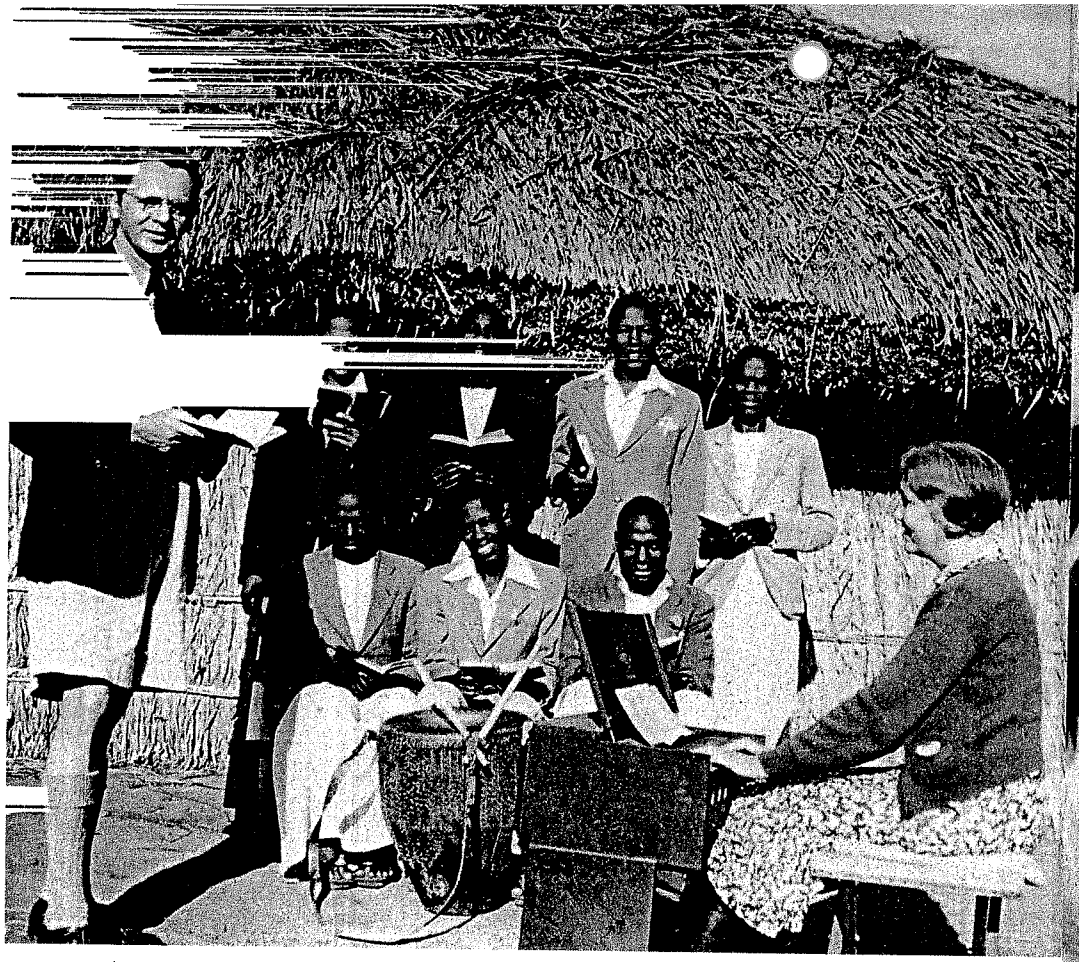
The jeep made its way through the wilderness, but Erik Palm strains to lift a boulder that blocks the way of the heavy truck to follow.



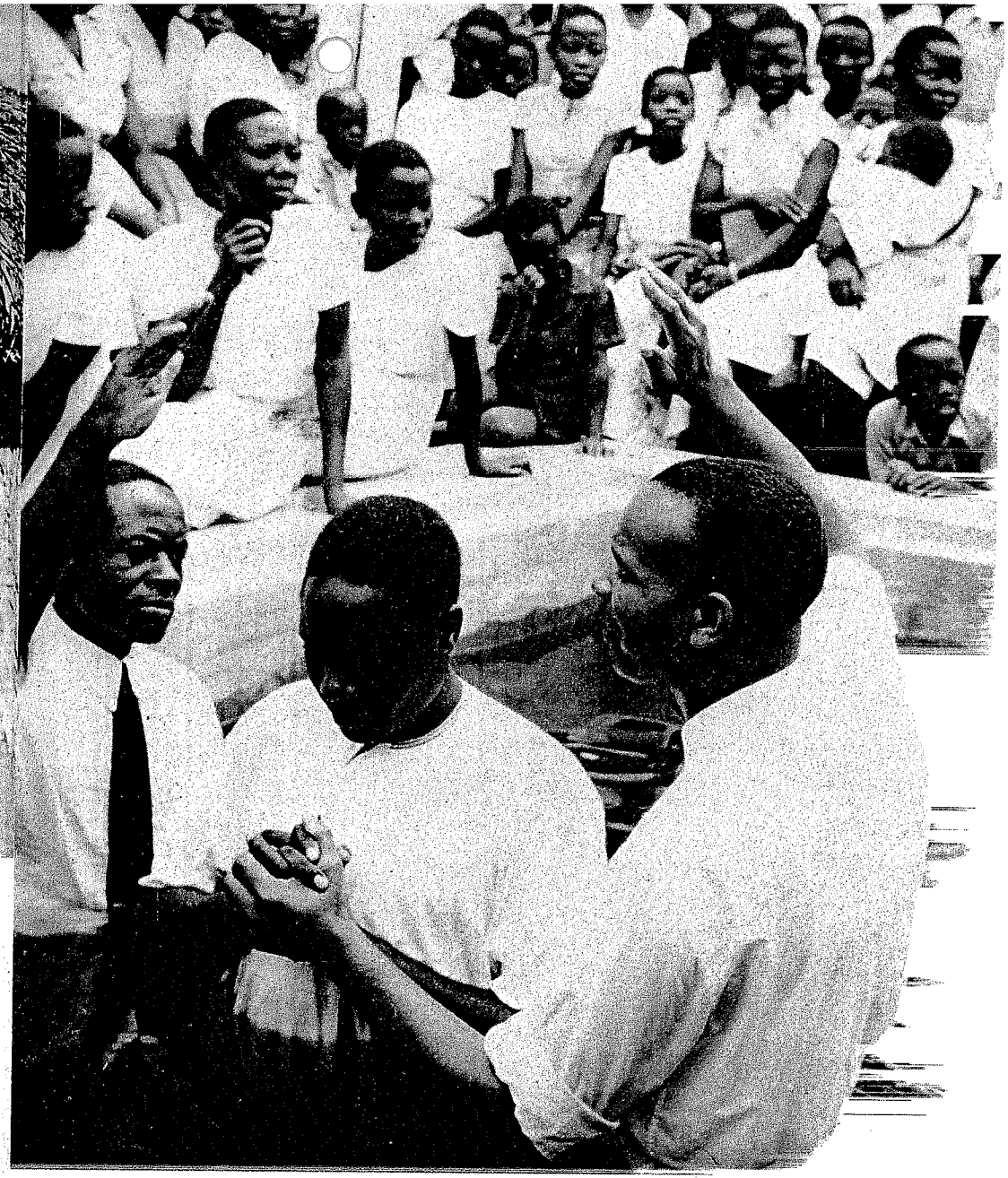


Mrs. Toppenberg has the privilege of standing with a foot in each hemisphere. The humorists point out one of the grim traffic laws of the veld.





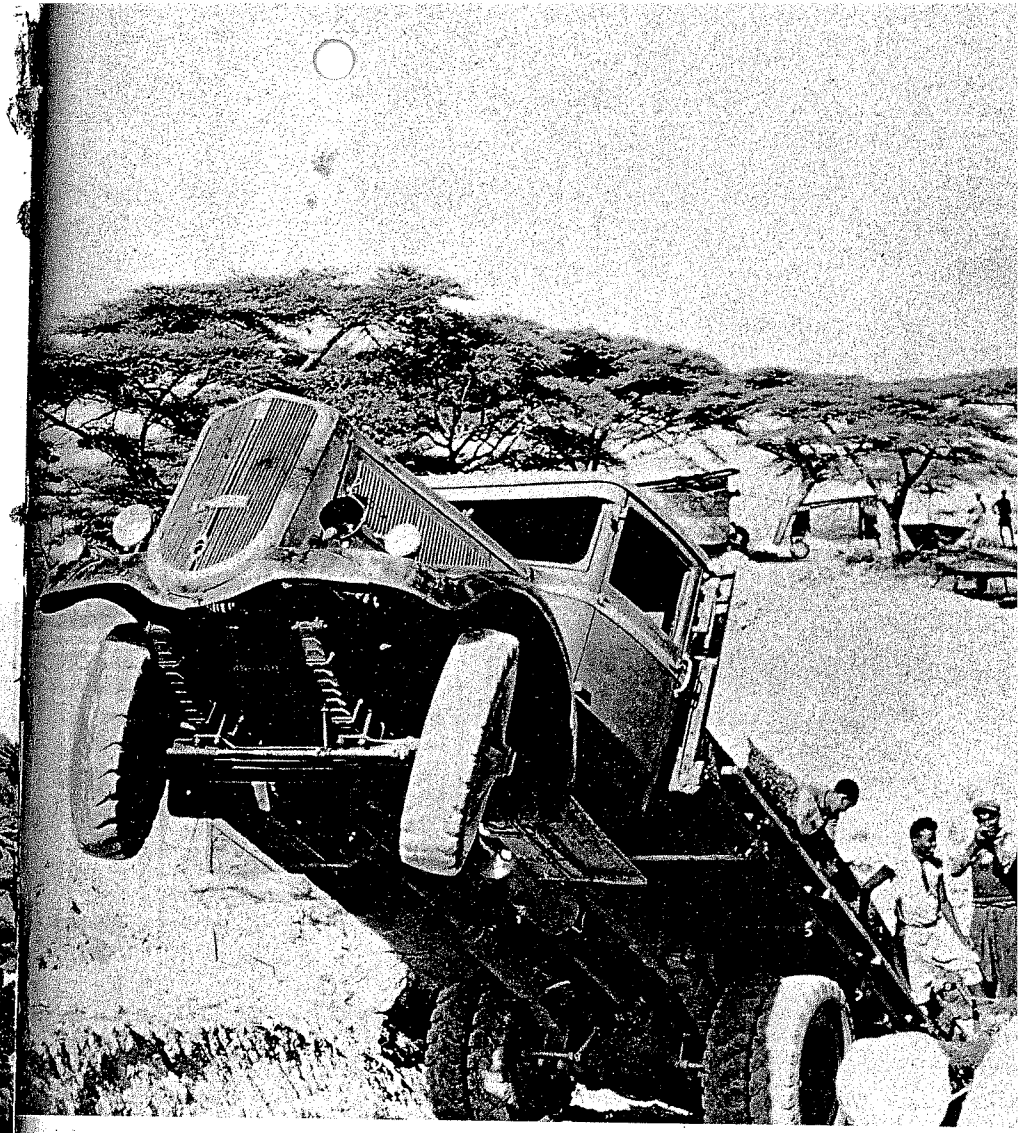
The author and his wife with a group of student workers trained and ready to go out on an evangelistic tour through the African villages.



Prince Juko, brother of the king of Buganda, is baptized into the church by a minister. The king and queen were interested in the man's conversion.

Lucy Delhove, E. W. Pedersen, Mary Toppenberg, the author, and Mrs. E. W. Pedersen (seated) at the strangely formed lava beds in Ruanda-Urundi.





As the truck pulled up the steep grade from the river the load slipped to the rear. Suddenly the truck, with motor running, stood up on its rear wheels.



The author greets Emperor Haile Selassie on his arrival in Southern California. Many friends of Ethiopia welcomed the Emperor during his American visit.

En Route to the Mission

Today a person may travel in some parts of Africa in comfortable trains with dining-car service second to none. He may pass equatorial mountains covered with snow and ice, travel through seemingly unlimited natural zoological gardens, across thriving highland farm country, and bamboo and primeval tropical forests. It is well to remember, however, that traveling has not always been so pleasant or easy.

The story of the difficulties and dangers of building the railroad is an exciting one. Man-eating lions almost brought construction to a standstill. I was fortunate in having traveling companions who knew the country and who pointed out places of interest. Snow-covered Kilimanjaro was seen quite clearly, and at the equator we also had the good fortune to glimpse the snow-capped peak of Mount Kenya.

The ancient Greeks and Romans seem to have known that there were snow-covered mountains and large lakes in Africa which were the source of the Nile. But their secrets were destined to lie hidden for nearly two thousand years before they were again discovered by white men.

It often happens that no credit is given to those who most deserve it, and so it was with two of Africa's pioneer missionaries. In 1848, Dr. Johannes Rebmann, a missionary of the London Church Missionary Society, on his safari to inland Africa discovered majestic Mount Kilimanjaro, 19,317 feet in height. The next year, Missionary Johann Ludwig Krapf, of the same missionary society, discovered Mount Kenya, a 17,040-foot peak. When reports of these discoveries reached Europe, they were vigorously disputed and discredited by cocksure geographers, who treated the reports with scorn and incredulity, for was it not impossible for ice and snow to be found on the equator?

A generation passed, and in 1883 a "reliable" naturalist confirmed the existence of such mountains. The missionaries had not been mistaken; they had made important discoveries. Although peaks, glaciers, and valleys have been named after later explorers, only a minor crag has been named after one of the original missionary discoverers. The name Kenya is from an African word, as is Kilimanjaro, which means "white mountain." (*Kilima,* mountain, and *njaro,* white.) It was my privilege in later years to see both of these mountains from the air—a truly thrilling scene.

The day after I left Mombasa my train traveled through the famous game country. Large antelopes, graceful gazelles, and zebras by the thousand were seen from the car windows. Giraffes, heads even with, or above, flat-topped mimosa trees, stopped browsing and looked at the train before they trotted away. Ostriches ran hastily in the same direction, while a striped hyena, interrupted in his meal on the savory carcass of an animal, jumped up from a gully and sauntered away as if he was ashamed to show that he had been frightened. Hundreds of ugly vultures congregated around the carcass of an animal, many of them fighting beak, claw, and wing for a place at the feast, while others watched for their turn from nearby treetops. Once the locomotive whistle blew several times in quick succession and the train came to a sudden stop. Hundreds of animals were crossing the track in front of the engine. When we started up again, the landscape was alive with hartebeest, wildebeest or gnu, zebra, and other animals. We were now on the East African highland, and during the night we could hardly keep warm on the train, even under a wool blanket.

After a longer stop at Nairobi, which, although it is the capital of the colony, was then only a ramshackle town, we continued westward through the famous Rift Valley into the Victoria Nyanza basin. We passed Lake Nakuru, framed with pink by the presence of thousands of flamingos. "Nyanza" means "lake," hence it is not correct to say Lake Victoria Nyanza. Here the

climate was decidedly warmer; for, although Lake Victoria lies in an altitude of nearly 4,000 feet, it is in a great depression. The climate around its shores is warm and malarious.

There was no hotel at the railway terminus in Kisumu; but the Kenya and Uganda Railway operated dak bungalows, where travelers could stay while waiting for a connecting train or steamer. The Kisumu dak bungalow lay close to the lake shore, directly below the railway station and conveniently near the pier from which the large lake steamers sailed. Because of destructive termites the building stood on cast-iron pillars that projected some feet aboveground on one side. Each bedroom had two single beds with mosquito nets; the adjoining bathroom boasted a shallow tin pan about three feet in diameter to serve as a bathtub. Early in the morning before guests got out of bed, a servant removed the mosquito net and placed a tray with a pot of hot tea, a jug of hot water, milk, sugar, and some thin slices of buttered bread and orange marmalade on a stand near the bed. He took the shoes to be polished and the topee, or sun helmet, to be cleaned.

In those days natives of that region went about naked. Crowds of men, women, and children without a stitch of clothing came to the town market place to buy and sell. Married women wore a bunch of black fibers in the shape of a bobbed horsetail. It was not worn in front, however; but it was attached to a string around the waist and hung down over the buttocks, bobbing up and down when they walked.

I shall not forget the time when I was on my honeymoon and my bride and I had stopped at the Gendia mission station. The first natives to welcome us were four strapping warriors who met us on the veranda. They wore nothing but some ostrich feathers in their hair. They seemed quite proud of themselves, and probably wondered why we did not fall into an ecstasy of admiration. Later, when Kisumu had grown to be a sizable town, a city ordinance required Africans to wear at least an apron or a loincloth when they came inside city limits. This seemed

queer to them, however; for unless people had something to conceal, meaning a disease, why should they wear clothes in this warm climate?

After one had been at a remote mission station, out of contact with Europeans for many months, it was a pleasure to associate with people of one's own race and language. At the dinner table and in the evening after dinner, dak bungalow guests would visit until bedtime. A Danish shipbuilder talked to me one evening about mosquitoes and malaria. I remarked that it was a common story that if there was only one mosquito in the room, it seemed to find a small hole and get inside the netting to bite the sleeper.

"Yes," said Mr. Aarup with a smile, "but I'll tell you what to do about that. Before I go to bed I cut a tiny hole in the net, make my bed on the floor, and in the morning all the mosquitoes are caught inside!"

On another occasion when the Provincial and District Commissioners paid Mr. Aarup a visit at his house, which was built on piles at the water's edge, where he built and rigged sailing vessels, the officers asked, "Mr. Aarup, why don't you build your house up on the hill where all the other Europeans live?"

"Well, sirs," said Mr. Aarup, "I know of only one man who built a ship on a hill; but he knew the Flood was coming!"

I was surprised when I first saw the large and comfortable steamships on a lake in the heart of Africa. They had been shipped in pieces and assembled at the water's edge. The lake steamers are conveniently arranged for passengers. All cabins open directly onto the promenade deck. They have running water, electric fans, and berths with mosquito nets. In addition to the dining salon and lounge, the spacious stern deck, protected by sun awnings, is furnished with comfortable rattan furniture, and passengers spend most of the day and all evening there.

Lake Victoria, the second largest fresh-water lake in the world, is not always in pleasant mood. At certain seasons of the year strong winds, thunderstorms, and an infrequent cyclone

will be encountered. Passengers who are poor sailors have so times made the trip by train from Uganda back to Kenya rat than risk a storm on the lake. Sometimes the ship rolls so m that the giant waves hit the lifeboats. But ordinarily a delight restful week is spent as one tours the lake. The shores, the islar and the rivers running into the lake abound with hippopotamu and crocodiles which, while dangerous enough to people rowboats or dugouts, are of interest to ship passengers.

We disembarked at Shirati, the first port of call in Gerr East Africa, hoping to get passage on an Indian or Arab dhow Nyabangi, on Mara Bay. However, the German official in cha of the district was afraid to have several of us sail in the f and decrepit dhow that was available. He was kind enough send the European-built rowboat with us, to trail behind dhow in case of an emergency. In the evening, when the wi came up, we went on board the dhow. Women sat on bales cotton goods under the low deck, which, like a low-pitched ro sloped to the sides of the ship. There was no cabin and berths, and we men remained on the deck, bracing our f against a narrow plank to prevent our sliding into the lake wh the ship rolled. The next morning when we were some distar from shore we had an excellent opportunity to see hippopo muses coming down to the lake after a night's feeding. Th wallowed for some time in the shallow water and mud near t shore, and then they swam farther out, floating with only th eyes and nostrils above water and making loud grunts and blo ing spouts of water like steam into the air. Crocodiles slid between us and the shore with only the snout, eyes, and p of the back visible. They seemed to be watching for anim that came down to drink, or perhaps for women who filled th waterpots in the streams.

Late in the evening, in the regions around Lake Victor the wind begins to blow from the land out over the lake; a about noon, when the heated air rises, the wind reverses its and blows from the lake in over land. Between these peric

there are a few hours of calm during which the dhows lie still, either at the pier taking on or discharging cargo, or far out in the lake, silently waiting for the lake breeze. During this lull the dusky sailors prepare their simple meal of temptingly fluffy rice and less-appetizing dried or smoked fish cooked on a primitive charcoal stove. They use only the fingers of the washed right hand to convey the food to the mouth, and after having eaten, they look around for a shady spot in which to take a siesta.

After we had lain simmering for some hours in the heat, one of the passengers said to the captain, "It is frightfully hot here. How long is this going to last?"

Without showing the least concern, he discreetly answered, "Allah knows!" Mohammedans are not supposed to make disparaging remarks about the weather, for that would be casting reflection upon Allah, seeing that the elements are in His hand. Finally the color of the lake changed to a darker hue, ripples on the water came nearer, and soon the sail began to swing and flap. All hands were called to their stations, and the sail filled with air. The wavelets lapping against the hull and the moaning of the boom against the mast were unmistakable evidence that we were on our way again. We passed the promontory at the entrance to Mara Bay, and with a fresh breeze right behind us we reached the landing place in the afternoon.

"I have called our missionaries together for a committee meeting at our mission station inland," said Pastor B. Ohme in welcoming me, "to make proper distribution of workers and to plan the work. But before they come we can make a safari through some of the districts and see the country and the people."

Orders had been sent on ahead for the local chief to bring porters for our safari, but it was late in the day before we had the men. When the men had been given their loads, we set out on the narrow footpath through woods of flat-topped mimosa trees, antelopes fleeing in graceful jumps right and left as we passed. The path was not only narrow, but on slopes it had been cut into deep ruts by heavy rains. An African path is

nearly always crooked; for if a tree or even a branch fal it, the African walks around the obstruction, and that the path will remain ever after.

It was midnight when we came to a clearing nea stream where there were some dead trees suitable for f In the moonlight we pitched camp, and soon large fires lustily in the stillness of the night, broken only by the c the men roasting yams and cassava, and the occasional u howl of a hyena or the mournful cry of a night bird. were kept burning all night.

After prayers with the men, and a hasty breal were on our way again. At the cry, *"Siaful Siafu-u-u!"* hastily scattered in an attempt to avoid the brown, driver ants, which travel in great armies and bite fierce than once when I have hastily tried to pull those ants my legs where they had bitten into the skin, their bodi separate from their heads and the mandibles would fast in my flesh.

We reached the next camping place before sund the way we had shot a hartebeest for our men, and s were broiling the meat on sticks stuck into the ground fires. Although some of the carriers had complained t loads were too heavy when we started out, they hac pieces of meat weighing from five to fifteen pounds, wl seemingly carried easily on top of the load. After di men were called together in front of our tent, wh squatted in a semicircle around the fire. Pastor Ohm suitable scripture from the New Testament and spoke to them about our heavenly Father, who loves us and over us. To his questions they answered in unison b "Eeh" or "Aah" (Yes or No), and it was evident that t pleased with what they had heard. As a newcomer I Pastor Ohme for his ability to make himself understoc longed for the time when I could speak freely to the their own language. We knelt in prayer, the heathen

bowing their heads to the ground. Now and then during the night, when the roar of lions was uncomfortably near, someone would stir up the fires and throw on more branches and chunks of wood, causing them to flare up.

The third day, after having waded through two or three rivers, we reached the mission station. At the committee meeting I was appointed to assist a veteran missionary at another station. He did not speak English, and someone had told him that I did not speak much German, which also was very true.

"What help can that young man be to me, since he does not speak German?" he objected to Pastor Ohme.

"But the young man does speak English, and that gives you an enviable opportunity to learn to speak that language, an opportunity which I wish were mine," said the pastor with some emphasis.

Overhearing the conversation, and understanding German better than I could speak it, I said to myself, "I'll see to it that he is not bothered with English." I determined to make the best possible use of the smattering of German I had learned as a boy in school, and I never did speak an English word to him. His wife was interested in English; but I kept my resolution!

Sowing in Tears

The Busegwe Mission, to which I had been assigned, was newly opened. There was a small dwelling, a crude dormitory for boarding students, and a workshop nearly completed. The buildings were of sun-dried mud brick or adobe. In those days it was difficult to find African workmen who knew anything about building. Therefore it was the duty of the missionary to teach the people to make bricks and boards. The missionaries who opened a new station were given a large pit saw, pickaxes, shovels, hoes, machetes, and a few other tools. Were there not anthills enough for bricks, trees for lumber, and grass for thatch? What more was needed?

It was customary to start a school as soon as possible. Since the work was new and we had no African teachers, we had to conduct classes. I taught in the forenoon and worked out of doors with the students in the afternoon. It may be asked, "How were you able to teach before having learned the language?" From the spoken words of pupils and workmen we wrote or printed simple words and phrases on the blackboard and taught the children the alphabet and easy words. This is one of the easiest and best ways to learn a language. Self-study and continual contact with the Africans, without dependence upon an interpreter, along with occasional help from an older missionary, will lead to positive results. My experience has taught me that an interpreter usually is more of a hindrance than a help when one is learning a language. Some of our young missionaries who had attended language school at home before going out to their field of labor were able to carry on a simple conversation with Africans immediately. A young man on board ship helped me to understand and use some of the greetings and phrases when I reached Mombasa.

Decades have passed since it was necessary for our missionaries to spend much time building houses or teaching elementary grades. African workmen can now prepare building materials and do most of the building, and Africans teach elementary classes and, in some places, secondary schools. Many of them have learned English or the European language used in the colony, and all too often the new missionary today depends upon an interpreter. He has so many duties that there is little or no time at a busy mission station for regular or prolonged language study. Instead of retarding the work of the missionary by spending a year or more studying the language after he arrives in his field of labor, methodical concentrated study at school in the homeland would prepare him for useful mission work much sooner. Then, too, he would be less likely, because of slow progress or lack of fluency in speaking, to become discouraged and return home.

Our work in German East Africa was in its infancy, and mission buildings were cheaply constructed of sun-dried bricks. There were no screens to keep out mosquitoes and other insects. Large wasps, which we called Zeppelins, were drawn to our lamps, and sometimes they zoomed into our food. Even lizards were difficult to keep out, but they were an asset in that they caught flies and mosquitoes. More than once snakes found their way into the kitchen wood box, and one made his home under the shoe shelf in the closet. Since our water was drawn from a sluggish stream or a shallow well, we were forced to boil all that we used for cooking and drinking. We had no bathroom or other sanitary installations, so we took "bird baths" in a washtub, heating the water on the kitchen stove.

Missionary Raesler and his wife, who had arrived a year or so earlier, had already had attacks of malarial fever. One morning early, when I was getting over an attack of malaria, Mrs. Raesler, who was far from well herself, came to the door of my room and said, "I am afraid that we shall have to send to the head station for the help of a nurse. My husband is sick

again, and in our condition we are not able to give him proper care."

A messenger was dispatched, but it was of course several days before help arrived. It was a great relief to have a trained nurse to help us; but she had not been there very long before she was in bed with a high fever. A little later, while I was recovering from another attack of the fever, Mr. Raesler took down with the dread blackwater fever. Since that malady is not well known outside of Africa, I must explain that blackwater fever is a complication of long-standing or improperly treated malaria, causing the blood corpuscles to die off in such great numbers that the kidneys are in danger of becoming clogged. The urine turns almost black and turbid because it contains so many dead blood cells and toxins. Unless the kidneys can be kept functioning by administering large quantities of fluid, the patient dies from autointoxication.

Fearing that we might all get seriously ill and unable to take care of the critically sick one, we sent for more help. No one had arrived when, in the darkness of night, Mrs. Raesler called me to say that she and the nurse feared that her husband was dying. I was still weak and perspiring from my illness, but I forced myself to dress. When I arrived in the sickroom, it was evident that the patient was breathing his last. Knowing the consequences of a delayed burial in that tropical climate, we withdrew to the living room for a few moments and agreed it was best to prepare for the worst. Although I was weak and shaky, I went to the workshop at dawn to make a coffin. A few packing cases were available with boards only thirty inches long —not a very convenient length for making a six-foot coffin. I had to sit down more than once before the coffin was finished. As I completed the task, the nurse came to tell me that it was all over.

When I walked toward the house I saw a safari, or caravan, coming toward the mission. I recognized Missionary O. Wallath, who had traveled in the night to come to our help. He quickly grasped the situation and urged us to take a little rest while

he made further preparations for the burial. After having helped to lay the body in the coffin, I tried to rest while Mr. Wallath supervised the natives as they dug the grave. They were superstitious, however, and feared to dig a white man's grave. However, with the help of workmen and mission pupils, it was finally ready, and the coffin was carried to the grave. Mr. Wallath led the procession, and we dragged ourselves along behind. Although the service was short, some of us were so weak we had to seat ourselves on the pile of earth by the grave. After having put some flowers on the coffin as a last token of affection, we returned to the house depressed and weary.

During the pioneer mission days malaria and blackwater fever struck down about a third of our missionaries. These faithful men and women lived in the most primitive houses without adequate sanitary facilities. In 1917, when the British and the Belgians conquered German East Africa, there were eleven missionaries' graves—mute witness of the faithfulness and sacrifice of those who had died at their posts of duty from the ravages of disease.

My next appointment was to build a mission and begin work at Nyabangi, a village on Mara Bay. There was a small rustic pier or landing place for dhows bringing cotton goods and other articles sold to the Africans. I built a warehouse close to the pier in which to store and repack goods to be carried to inland stations on the heads of native carriers. Some distance beyond and above the village, on a sheltered hill, I erected a European-type dwelling and a school building. The site offered a beautiful view of the village below, with Mara Bay and its islands, and the open lake beyond. Another missionary, Mr. E. Dominick, was stationed here with me. His health had been greatly impaired before he came, and he was not able to do much physical work.

Since both of us were unmarried, we taught one of our former pupils to do our cooking. There was not great variety in the diet, for vegetables were not obtainable. We had papayas,

guavas, and mangoes in season. From dried fruit and tapioca we made a soup, and yams with game meat shot nearby usually made the main course of our dinner. One day when the boy had scorched the soup so badly we could smell it before he brought it in, I saw a storm gathering on Dominick's face. When the boy apprehensively placed the smelly concoction on the table, Dominick's facial expression revealed a moment's inner struggle which faded into a smile of pity. Bowing his head and folding his hands he calmly said grace without even looking at the boy. The boy remained a moment longer than usual, probably expecting something to happen. But when nothing was said, he quietly slipped out. I saw him as he passed the window, and he seemed to dance for joy at having escaped so easily.

While I was working at Nyabangi, a friendly German officer, Captain Schmidt, came to the government camp on the outskirts of the village. He was to ascertain how far up the Mara River it was possible to navigate by motor launch and native dugout. He was also to locate a more suitable site for district headquarters with a natural harbor. Mr. Schmidt knew that I was fairly well acquainted in the region, and he invited me to accompany him. Since he was well equipped for such an expedition, I gladly accepted his offer, especially since it was one of my duties to find suitable locations for village schools.

One day we decided to visit the largest island in Mara Bay to find out whether people were living there, even though it was infested with tsetse flies that carry the deadly sleeping sickness. Askaris (soldiers) and oarsmen loaded the equipment into the dugout, and soon we were on our way. In a group of Africans there is often a minstrel. Extemporaneously he sings a short verse, and then the rest of the group chant the refrain. The song they sang that day ran something like this when translated into English:

The white men go on safari,
Ahoy, ahoy.

Their guns are very strong,
Ahoy, ahoy.

They take their aim from afar,
Ahoy, ahoy.

The gun goes off with a bang,
Ahoy, ahoy.

The hippo is dead as a stone,
Ahoy, ahoy.

We'll eat to the full tonight,
Ahoy, ahoy.

We'll return taking meat with us home,
Ahoy, ahoy.

When they come to the last syllables, "Ya, ya," in the refrain, they lengthen them and at the same time greatly increase the pressure on the paddles, throwing water up behind with a flourish. When the leader tires or runs out of new lines, the men hum together. This is a signal for them to relax, and the men dip their paddles into the water without much effort. As soon as the leader has composed another song, they go at it with renewed vigor. There is something soothing and cheering about these chants by the men of Africa.

Before we reached the island, Mr. Schmidt loaded the rifles to be ready for any eventuality. Crocodiles and hippos were plentiful, the latter sometimes threatening our dugouts. Since I did not have a gun suitable for big animals, Mr. Schmidt gave me a military rifle similar to his. Instructing his askaris and the oarsmen to paddle noiselessly, we steered for what seemed to be a sandy clearing back of the trees and undergrowth. It was evidently a crocodile breeding place.

"When we get near enough we will make noises," whispered Mr. Schmidt, "and as soon as the 'crocs' appear on their run down to the water, Toppenberg will fire the first shot at one of the biggest ones. I'll shoot next."

The oarsmen had been given the signal to stop paddling, and when the dugout was near enough, Mr. Schmidt and the askaris coughed, and knocked on the sides of the dugout. Suddenly the sandy spot behind the trees became alive as the monsters began a wild rush toward the water. There were evidently not many runways of escape, for several of the savage creatures came toward our boat. The huge crocodile I shot at seemed stunned for a moment before he rose up on his legs higher than I thought possible for a crocodile and then plunged into the water close to our dugout. Meanwhile Mr. Schmidt had fired, and a huge crocodile stopped dead in his tracks, while others streaked by into the water to the right and left of us.

Among water lilies in the water on our right the askaris saw movements and shouted, *"Mamba iko happa, bwana"* (There is a crocodile here, master)! When the crocodile's head suddenly appeared on the surface, one of the men using a punting pole quickly struck it before we had time to get our guns aimed; but the pole glanced off, and the crocodile snapped his huge jaws, cutting the pole in two. We fired several shots into the water where the crocodile had submerged; but we did not see him again.

A crocodile can break a man's leg or thigh with a side stroke of its long, powerful tail as it passes by. Sometimes the crocodiles catch their prey coming down to drink, or attack persons drawing water or taking a bath. A Swahili boat builder at Nyabangi went down to the water's edge near our warehouse to wash his hands, when a crocodile, which he did not expect to be near the place where he was working, snapped at him to drag him into the water. Fortunately the man did not lose his balance, and he was able to pull back after leaving two of his fingers in the brute's jaws.

Quite regularly we saw crocodiles floating in the bay in

the early morning and late afternoon, about the time the women went down to draw water for cooking. The creatures, with only their eyes and nostrils above water, look for a catch. A government official who had shot a crocodile thought he would have it cut open to see what it had eaten, and inside its stomach he found copper and iron anklets, such as are worn by the African women. I never had the least compunction about killing crocodiles, for they were a menace to man and beast.

Sailing through the bay to the Mara River, we saw a number of hippopotamuses peering out of the water, and before we knew it we were surrounded by many of them. As we passed, they submerged and then came up again, spurting misty jets of water into the air, opening their cavernous mouths at seemingly impossible angles, and showing their formidable tusks. Coming nearer, they glared at us with their reddish, evil eyes and shook their little ears. The next day a runner arrived with an urgent message asking for Mr. Schmidt to return to his post. We had gone as far as it was possible to travel by motor launch, so it was a good time to head for home.

Safari Into New Territory

The buildings were nearly completed at Nyabangi when I accompanied Pastor Ohme on a trip to Utimbaru to choose a site for the mission station. We saw several kinds of antelopes, zebras in large droves, gentle-looking giraffes, and ostriches. Families of baboons always had two or more large old males sitting erect on guard, and when they sensed danger they stood on their hind legs and showed their lionlike teeth. When the herd was in danger, they were always the last to retreat.

We were looking for a campsite for the night when we remembered that a little distance back our tent carrier had stepped aside and had not returned. After waiting a little while, we took a couple of porters with us and went back to find the man. Soon we saw wild animals stampeding, and realized that lions were in the vicinity. Suddenly we heard someone shout, and we ran in the direction of the voice that seemed to be calling, *"Simba"* (Lions)! Quickly we cocked our guns and looked around. *"Angalia simba"* (Watch out for lions)! We now heard the words clearly, but we could see no lions. Walking carefully in the direction of the voice, we soon saw our man high up in a tree. Seeing us armed, the man came down and led us to the place where he had dropped the tent load when he saw the menacing lions. He had had a piece of meat tied to his load, and the lions evidently thought there was more inside the pack, for they had clawed and torn the tent. Hearing nothing more, we concluded that the lions had gone off to chase a herd of antelope.

The next day we forded a river and hiked across a plain on which were as many animals as we had seen the previous day. Although we saw no lions we saw the remains of their kills and we could hear them roaring in the distance. Emerging from the

bush, we surprised a herd of more than a hundred wart hogs that fled in every direction, seemingly not knowing where to go. Some of our porters, knowing the ways of wart hogs, dropped their loads and ran to nearby trees; but the ugly, silly beasts collected their wits and galloped off. When we joked with the porters about that experience, they told us wart hogs were most dangerous because of their erratic movements. They will attack a person, crunching a leg with their large, powerful tusks.

After climbing to the Utimbaru tablelands, we did not see many more animals. When we reached the mission site we saw a large sycamore tree which would naturally become the center of the mission compound. We halted for the night and planned to pitch our tent under the tree; but the local citizens told us that that was a bad place to camp. Leopards often climbed the tree and waited to pounce on their prey. Since I was to remain at the mission site for months, I pitched my tent in a safer place near the edge of the escarpment. I had two of my students with me, and with their help and the assistance of helpers in the neighborhood we quickly put up a hut, using palm trunks for a tall conical structure thatched with palm leaves and grass. I set out two traps for lions and leopards as soon as I arrived, but I never succeeded in trapping one.

Soon I had a group of men gathering stones for building foundations, and another group was taught to make sun-dried mud bricks. Still others cleared the grounds of tall grass—an excellent place for snakes to hide—and filled many ant-bear holes. These strange-looking animals, shy and harmless, live chiefly on white ants or termites, which they catch by digging holes into anthills. They lick up the ants with their long, slimy tongues.

The materials for the industrial building were ready when the missionary couple arrived to take charge of the station. When the construction work was nearly completed, I pushed on to another site to start work all over again.

Upon invitation of the chief and with the approval of the

German district officer, a mission station was to be built at Sizaki. I accompanied Dr. Vasenius and Mr. Wallath in search of a suitable site. We set out across the plains with a large safari, for we had many implements and tools in addition to the usual luggage and camp equipment.

We camped the first evening by a small river which was in flood. In African fashion, the news of our arrival had preceded us, and a delegation from the witch doctor came to talk to us. The spokesman said, "Our great witch doctor has sent us to warn you not to attempt to cross the river into his district, or you may die."

They did not seem to be satisfied when we told them we had been invited by their chief, and that we had the permission of *Bwana Mkubwa,* the district officer.

They repeated that their powerful witch doctor warned us not to cross the river, for a powerful *dawa,* or medicine, had been put into it. Speaking loudly so that our porters and the students should hear it, they ended their threat by saying, "You will not get across alive."

We wondered what effect this would have on our men, for they all feared witch doctors. The spirits in rivers, in big trees, and in large rocks are not to be ignored, and a sorcerer is able to put spells upon the people and even cause them to die.

As was our custom, we called our men together for evening devotions, reading some of the precious promises from the word of God, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Isaiah 43:2. "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day." Psalm 91:5. "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." Verses 10, 11.

Early the next morning the students of our school wanted to speak with us. *"Bwana,"* they said, "the porters are afraid

to pass over the river with you. They want to be discharged and return home."

It was quite evident that our students were also afraid. Although they were pupils in our school, they had not yet taken a stand for Christ. But we reminded them of what they had been taught at the mission and what we had read the evening before. In preparation for morning worship we prayed that we might read and say something that could allay their fears and give them faith in God. As they had the previous evening, the witch doctor's messengers squatted behind our men while we conducted morning worship. We emphasized the love and care of our heavenly Father over His children, and we closed by reading: "Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

When we told the students that we would lead the way through the river and on to the place where we were to settle, they reluctantly agreed to follow. We told them that this was an opportunity for them to show the heathen that our God is stronger than their witch doctor and all their evil spirits. We called the porters, and they took their position behind their loads; but it was clear that that was as far as they had decided to go, and no one touched a load with a finger.

Acting as if there was nothing unusual, we picked up the gun, a lantern, and a few small things we did not want to get wet in the river. Then, turning to the students, we said, "Come on, boys, let's go." Boldly we stepped out into the river, which at the fording place was now about to our knees. Without looking back, we crossed to the other side. By this time the students had picked up their packs and were at the water's edge when we turned around and smiled at them. They waded across without difficulty, even laughing as they stepped on the bank beside us. Without saying anything to his fellow porters, that we could hear, one husky fellow hoisted his burden upon his head, and with firm steps strode into the river, using his stick to steady

himself on the slippery stones in the bed of the stream. He hadn't reached the other side before others took their loads and came across.

During our evening worship we thanked the Lord for His protecting care. We repeated some of the Bible passages we had read before we crossed the river, and in true African fashion, one of the porters shouted, *"Kweli, bwana, Muungu ametulinda vema"* (True, master, God has protected us well). Other voices supported him with "Eh, eh's," expressions of affirmation. When we paid the men off we gave them in addition to their regular pay a goodly piece of meat from game we had shot for them. We found this was the best way to keep our porters content on safari. We also gave each man a large handful of coarse salt crystals so much used and appreciated by Africans.

The morning after our porters returned on the homeward trail, another delegation came from the witch doctor.

"We have been sent to warn you not to settle down in our country," they said, pointing with pouted lips to the mountains. "Up there in a secret cave we have an immense elephant's tusk which has been handed down to us by our forefathers. As long as that is in our possession, it will be impossible for any white man to settle down in our country."

When we did not seem much impressed by that story, they continued, "Some years ago a white man came here and pitched his tent just as you have done; but soon he got sick and died." We still remained silent, probably looking rather incredulous. They continued, "We are afraid that if you should die, the government will punish us, so our great witch doctor warns you not to remain. Return to the place from which you came."

Our students had heard rumors whispered around the campfire in the evening: "These Europeans have come to take our young men for soldiers. There is famine in their country, and they are going to take our cattle and children to salt them down for shipment to Europe."

This was evidently the witch doctor's propaganda, aimed at turning the people against us.

"We are not government officials," we replied, "and we have not come to take your land, your cattle, or your children. We have come to teach your children to obey their parents and elders, not to lie or steal, not to use bad language, and not to fight among themselves. Some of you have undoubtedly heard about our schools in other places, and you know that our students conduct themselves well and have a good reputation." Then pointing to our neat and clean boys, we said, "Here are some of them."

The men remained seated some distance away from the front of our tent, as if awaiting our decision. Since they had not asked what we were going to do, and since we had explained our reasons for coming, we thought it best to say nothing more at present. Toward evening they left in silence.

We spent a couple of days measuring off building sites, and then my fellow missionaries returned to their stations. I built a temporary hut, and cleared the brush and weeds off for some distance around. Now it was time for me to pay a courtesy visit to the chief.

Around his village there was the usual palisade built of poles and branches of thorn trees to keep out wild animals. Two of his men came out to meet me, and they guided me through the narrow passage between two rows of thorns. I was led toward the largest hut, from which an old man clad in a red blanket emerged. One of his servants offered me a skillfully carved stool, smooth and shiny from many years' use. With some effort the old chief settled himself in a European steamer chair which had been set up for him. His dozen wives had evidently waited for this moment to show themselves. They came out behind him, clad in their best—skins around their hips, yards of brass and copper wire ornaments around their arms and ankles, and strings of beads in their hair. As if they had rehearsed the whole procedure, they arranged themselves in a semicircle behind

the chief, the favorite wives standing close behind him. Two of his "soldiers" took their stand on either side.

After the usual salutations and questions in regard to his health and the welfare of his household and cattle, I told him that I had come in response to his request to open a school for his people. When he did not seem to show any interest, I began to wonder if he had been influenced by the witch doctor. However, I found out later that it was his son who had requested us to come. The old chief finally said, "I have not received approval from *Bwana Mkubwa,* the district officer, to let you occupy the land or to build here."

"*Bwana Mkubwa* has already acceded to your request for us to build a school here," I replied, "and you will soon receive a letter from him, stating that everything is in order. We thank you for offering us a choice of sites, and we shall be glad to have you instruct your subchiefs and their elders to come to demarcate the boundaries."

The subchief came the next day, bringing some of his elders with him. He was interested in our plans, and he and the elders walked with me to inspect the site. No native village or newly cultivated fields were to be found there, with the exception of a patch of peanuts which had been planted there without anyone's permission. I was told to clear it away, but when I replied that I would leave it until the one who had planted and cultivated it could harvest his crop, they were pleasantly surprised and thanked me.

I was now free to begin work on the new mission station. I took a group of men into the forest, who, with the assistance of my students, sawed planks and boards and hewed beams with axes and adzes. We remained in the forest some weeks before that task was completed. The natives living in the vicinity did not wish to sell us food for money, but my men told me that if we could give them meat they would bring us everything we needed. Having seen antelopes on the sunny plain just outside the forest, I slung my rifle over my shoulder and went in the

direction of the game. I had not planned to go far, or I would have taken a couple of men with me. The game was on the move, however, and I was led farther and farther away until I completely lost my bearings. It was almost noon, and as the sun in equatorial regions is directly overhead at that time, it was difficult for me to orient myself. I found no familiar landmark, and there seemed to be forest on every side.

I was getting so thirsty I thought of risking a drink of the water from a gully below, when suddenly I saw two huge rhinoceroses on the farther side. They were so near they looked to me like steam locomotives! I stopped dead in my tracks, hoping not to have been heard or scented. Naturally my first thought was of my gun; but when they quietly walked away, I was greatly relieved, for I knew that my gun was of little use against those tough pachyderms.

I forgot about my thirst, for I was getting tired from walking in the tall grass over uneven ground. Thanking God for my escape, I prayed that I might find my way back to camp. Then I noticed that the wind had begun to blow, and I thought this might help orient me, for I knew that it blew from the west in the afternoon. But before I had found my bearings I heard a noise. Was it the sound of a falling tree? Turning quickly in that direction, I heard the welcome sound of axes chopping a tree trunk. "Thank God, I am near our camp!" was my natural response. I learned my lesson, for the next day I took two men with me in my search for game.

It was a difficult job to bring the large beams home to the mission site through tall grass and brush. I assigned sixteen men to carry the largest beams, which were to support the ceilings. The green lumber was piled up in the shade with air spaces between in order to dry slowly, but it was still green when we had to use it. I write "we," for I was not to occupy the house alone.

Strange Honeymoon

While attending Union College, preparing myself for the ministry, I fell in love with Minnie Hansen, a fellow student, and we became engaged. It was originally planned for me to return to America to be married at the time of my furlough; but one of the other missionaries had a furlough long overdue; and since he had a family, it was natural that he should leave first. For this and other reasons it was thought best to have my fiancée come out to Africa to meet me.

The plain house of two rooms and a separate kitchen was completed with the exception of the ceilings and the top coating of clay on the floors, when I received a letter saying that Minnie would reach Kisumu early in November. We were to be married by Pastor A. A. Carscallen, with whose family she was traveling, as they returned to Africa from furlough.

I sailed the mission dhow from Nyabangi to Kisumu, where I stayed in the dak bungalow, awaiting Minnie's arrival. The morning the train was to arrive from Mombasa, I dressed in my white suit and white shoes; but in the excitement I had forgotten to bring my white sun helmet. I felt that I could not wear a khaki one with a white suit and shoes. However, since it was Sunday and the store was closed, there was only one thing to do—I must whiten the khaki topee with blanco. Fortunately it covered well, completely hiding the khaki, but it got so wet that I had to ask a hotel servant to hold it over the kitchen range to dry. Just as he brought it to me, the gong at the railway station sounded, which meant that the train would arrive in less than half an hour.

It was a breath-taking reunion for Minnie and me when the train pulled in and she stepped down from the coach. After lunch in the dak bungalow, we boarded the dhow and crossed

Kavirondo Gulf to the Gendia Mission, where we remained several days until government formalities were completed. Meanwhile Mrs. Carscallen and the other missionary wives made arrangements for the wedding, the first to be performed in the mission chapel. We always cherished fond memories of the Gendia Mission and its chapel, the Carscallens, and all the other missionaries we had worked with in British East Africa.

Our strange honeymoon began the day after our wedding. We went down to the boat landing and soon set sail on the dhow toward the open sea. We tried to make ourselves as comfortable as possible on top of boxes and sacks of flour and sugar, for we would be on board until the next afternoon, when we reached Nyabangi. Then our safari inland began, with Minnie riding in a *machela* carried by four men. Stopping at a campsite each night, we finally reached our "home" at the Sizaki Mission on the fifth day.

In making the clay floors in the house, the workmen had poured too much water on them, and consequently they had not dried properly. I had to dispense with the tradition of carrying the bride across the threshold, lest we both become bogged in the mud. I laid down a network of boards and moored the bedstead on stout wooden blocks to prevent it from sinking in up to the springs. This was quite an experience for my bride, who had just left civilization; but she did not complain. Other than the bed, a plain table, a couple of chairs, a folding organ, and a cast-iron cookstove, the furniture we had was what I had made from the useful and almost indispensable wooden kerosene cases. I turned these boxes into useful cupboards, bookcases, and other necessary pieces of furniture.

The day after Minnie unpacked her things, she set the table with a white linen tablecloth and shiny silverware such as I had not seen for many months. The appetizing food had not been on the table many minutes, however, when, horrors! a large, ugly copper-and-blue-colored lizard fell with a plop on one end of the table, not far from where we were sitting. Quickly

it scurried off to the floor, the houseboy chasing it out the doorway. Evidently it had crawled under the roof, and the straw to which it was clinging gave way. I assured my wife that it was a very unusual experience, and that before long we would have ceilings in our rooms and would not be obliged to share our quarters with lizards. She had stood the initiation test well, but she was happy that our mosquito net on the bed kept out the flying and creeping creatures.

Being a graduate nurse, Minnie soon found plenty to do in treating the sick who came for help. I had brought blackboards, slates, and other school supplies with me, so we were ready to start school. I went to visit the chief again, this time requesting him to instruct his people to send their children to school. He had a young man translate into his native dialect what I said in Kiswahili, and in this way I learned that he was not very well acquainted with the official language of the colony.

"The chief wants to know when you wish the children to come," said the young man.

"Tell the big chief I should like to have them there in the morning when the sun is so high," pointing to the eight o'clock position.

"But many of them must stay home to watch the goats," the chief objected.

"Yes, I know that some must watch the goats, but we don't expect all of them to come at the same time."

"I cannot send the children tomorrow, but I will call my subchiefs together and tell them to bring their children to you," the old chief promised.

"Will you tell the big chief," I said to the interpreter, "that I thank him for his willingness to help us."

The old chief was visibly pleased that I addressed him politely as "big chief."

The next morning when the workmen began to arrive, the big drums were "speaking," and I was told that the chief was calling his subchiefs to a council.

Early the day following, several columns of people walked along the crooked paths in our direction, and when they came nearer, we saw that they were boys and girls led by village chiefs.

"Tumefika, bwana" (We have arrived, master), the men said, clicking their heels together as they had seen German soldiers do. There was no click, however, for they were barefoot.

"Thank you," I replied. "Please remain here until I have written down the names of the children."

I had a folding table and chair in place so that I could write down their names as I enrolled the students. It was soon evident that the children were afraid of this procedure. At this moment, my wife came out of the house, bringing the class record book. Every eye was turned in her direction, and excited whispers went down the lines of children, "A white woman!" Her arrival seemed to produce a magic change; for the children, who had never before seen a white woman, now began to whisper about her color, which they called red, about her eyes which were termed sky-colored, and especially about her blond hair, which they said was white.

"We welcome you, children," I told them. "We shall have lots of fun. How would you girls like to play with the white lady?" I asked in Kiswahili, and my words were translated by the chief. The children smiled in reply. "She will teach you games," I continued. Turning to the boys I asked, "How many of you have bows and arrows?" The chief and his elders answered in unison, "They all have them!"

"Very well," I said, "tomorrow morning bring your bows and arrows, boys, and we shall have fun. But first, I will write down your names."

The parents believed that we would have some magic power over them if we were told their proper names, so the children had been instructed to give other names. When I asked the first child, "What is your name, little boy?" he looked around as if he wanted someone to answer for him.

"His name is Ngombe" (Cow), said the village chief.

"Can you now tell the white man your name?" said the chief, as proud as any parent over his son's answers.

"Ngombe," the boy said timidly, trying to hide his face with his bent arm.

I had known another boy by that name, so I did not suspect anything was amiss; but when one by one the children gave such names as Hammer, Saw, Trowel, Stone, Board, Nail, Cartridge and War, I was certain the names were fictitious. It didn't make much difference, however, for someday we would learn to know them by their real names. So I began to joke with them about their funny names. "Here we have hammers, saws, trowels, stones, boards, and nails. We shall have no difficulty building a school." The village chiefs laughed and repeated to the children what I had said. They caught the joke and began to giggle.

When I had written all the names I spoke to the children, "Go over to those 'liver sausage trees' (as the Germans called them), and each of you may bring one of the 'sausages' to sit on. The workmen will climb the trees and cut them down for you." They ran shouting and laughing, and soon they returned with their "chairs." The "sausages" are round or oval, fibrous, inedible fruit from one to two feet long, as thick as a man's leg. They hang down from the branches on stems one or two feet long, making the tree look as if it were decorated for Christmas.

"We shall go over to the shade of the spreading sycamore tree," I told them. The children ran ahead. Under the tree we arranged the seats in semicircular rows, placing the blackboard on the tree trunk in the center, with the organ near it. Although the children did not know what it was to read or write, I went to the blackboard and wrote a few short lines of a German children's song, *"Got is die Liebe."* Here is a free translation of it in Kiswahili. It may be noted that every syllable, and of course every word, ends in a vowel, which is one reason why the language is so melodious.

Mu-ngu ni pe-ndo,	God is love,
A-ni-ko-mbo-a;	He saves me;
Mu-ngu ni pe-ndo,	God is love,
A-ni-pe-nda.	He loves me.
Kwa hi-o na-se-ma:	Therefore I say:
Mu-ngu ni pe-ndo,	God is love,
Mu-ngu ni pe-ndo,	God is love,
A-ni-pe-nda.	He loves me.

The syllables in words like Mungu, pendo, and komboa may seem to you to end in the consonant "n" or "m" from the preceding syllable, but that is not the case; "m" and "n" constitute nasal hums which begin the following syllable.

Try to read the Kiswahili aloud, and you will get an idea of how the language sounds. If you enunciate each syllable clearly, an African hearing you speak would probably understand you quite well.

After having read each line several times, I had the children repeat it with me. When they had learned a stanza, my wife and I sang and played it several times before asking them to try to sing with us. In a short time they learned the entire song fairly well.

"School is finished for today, children. Boys, bring your bows and arrows tomorrow."

The next morning most of the children had arrived before the first drum was beaten, the half-hour signal before school began. When the second drum sounded at eight o'clock, they were all in their places, their faces radiant with expectation. Again we practiced our song, for we knew that unless it was learned well, it would soon degenerate into an unrecognizable jumble. A Bible story about the Baby of Bethlehem held their interest, and then they were taught a few letters and syllables from words in their language, such as ma-ma, ta-ta, mi-mi, si-si, to-to, bi-bi. They caught on remarkably fast. School was again dismissed by singing the song.

Since the children showed great interest in the "box"

from which the music came, Minnie told them to come nearer to look at it. While she played the organ, they made all kinds of exclamations. Some of them got down on hands and knees, almost crawling in under the organ to see what my wife was doing with her feet. They were so engrossed in the marvelous sounds they forgot we were white people, the ones who, according to the rumors, were going to salt them down for the starving people in Europe!

Next, I had set large pumpkins or gourds on empty boxes for the boys to shoot at with their bows and arrows. At the same time, my wife taught the girls to play games. Those who had done well were given a small box of safety matches as a prize. It was a treasure to take home, for few parents could afford such luxuries. The rest of the children received a large teaspoonful of coarse crystal salt, an article much appreciated in inland Africa. Carefully the children wrapped the salt in a leaf,—their kind of wrapping paper,—keeping out only one crystal to sample between two fingers. Many Africans can afford but little salt, and the children crave it.

We saw the change which the Bible stories, Christian hymns, and prayers were making in the lives of those children. One day, when I was on my way to an out school, I heard someone singing, *"Mungu ni pendo."* Since I was certain that there was no Christian in the district, and that it was not the voice of one of our school children, I decided to find out who it could be. Evidently I scared a man with a spear in hand, who was watching a large herd of cattle. I greeted him politely, according to custom, and told him where I came from and where I was going. "I heard you singing *'Mungu ni pendo.'* Where did you learn that song?" I asked.

He seemed puzzled for an answer. "I don't know," he finally said. "Everybody sings it, even our children."

Of course I knew where it had come from, and it made me happy. "Out of the mouth of babes" was the Bible expression that kept running through my mind.

War Comes to Africa

"Minnie," I said one Friday evening after vesper services with our boys and workmen, when she seemed unusually quiet and pensive, "I'm afraid that this sort of life is hard on you. You will become homesick for friends and loved ones, and the comforts of civilization."

"No, not at all," she replied with conviction. "On the contrary, when you translated the testimony of that young man who spoke to the heathen workmen, praising God for Jesus Christ, who had set him free from the fear of witch doctors and evil spirits, I was moved to tears. When I saw the joy on his face and heard the earnestness with which he spoke I felt that it was a foretaste of the joys of heaven. This more than makes up for every sacrifice that I have made."

We were silent a moment, and then she continued, "I've been thinking of the so-called 'timesaving and laborsaving devices' at home that kept us busy taking care of them. Everything spins and hums. Carpets, rugs, and drapes must be vacuumed; floors and furniture dusted and polished; steel and copper pots and pans scrubbed until they shine, only to be tarnished the next time they are put over the fire. Curtains, table linens, shirts, and blouses must be starched and ironed. My nurse's uniforms had to be ironed until they were like hoop skirts and rustled like taffeta.

"But I love the sight and odor of clean bed linen neatly folded fresh from the outdoor clothesline, and I relish the plain wholesome food we have. It gives me such a feeling of satisfaction to see the sweet-smelling loaves of bread made from flour ground by hand in our gristmill. After all, it isn't the number of things that makes us happy, but the contentment we have with what we possess.

"Since coming here to live this simple life so close to nature, I have felt that God is nearer and more real."

"I'm glad you're happy," I said with a smile. "Perhaps I was comparing you with myself during my first year in Eritrea. My spirits were low, and I was not enjoying my work. When I arrived here I came in direct contact with heathenism and saw the dire need. When I was given the responsibility of teaching these people about God and the life hereafter I regained my first love and enthusiasm. Then I found real joy and satisfaction in my work for God."

"I did not know that you were not happy in your work in Eritrea," said my wife. "You never mentioned it in your letters."

"No, I did not write about it, for it would have done you no good," I replied.

"I felt sorry for you when you wrote about starting new mission stations," said Minnie. "I remember a letter you wrote from Utimbaru. You enclosed a snapshot of yourself seated at the folding camp table under the tent-fly veranda, your mother's picture beside you. I also saw the formidable lion trap in the distance. You must have been very lonesome then."

"If my day had not been busy with many duties, it would have been hard on me," I admitted.

Near the equator, darkness sets in soon after sundown, and we had sat in silence sweeter than words. Finally I broke the stillness by asking, "What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, nothing in particular—just being happy," she replied; "and what are you thinking of?"

"I was telling you," I said, "that much work prevented me from feeling lonesome. When I sat at my camp table eating my meals in front of the tent, gay and friendly black-and-white wagtails would fly down in search of crumbs. These birds became so tame they would walk behind my camp chair near the tent opening as if inspecting the interior. When I put my shaving mirror on the ground they would look long at the birds behind it, sometimes flying at the image they saw.

"At times I would take my high-powered binoculars and study the craters and 'seas' on the moon, or again I'd look at the stars and try to recall the names of the prominent ones. I never tired of listening to the nocturnal choir of bullfrogs in the swamp. They make a pleasing symphony, like the chime of myriads of silver or crystal bells—a soothing lullaby to bring sleep."

"I shall look forward to our first safari," Minnie said, for that word had already become an exciting term in her vocabulary.

We did not make a safari immediately, but soon we received word that the new missionary would be arriving, and we were to take charge of the Busegwe Mission. But sickness changed the plan, for I took down with blackwater fever. My wife, knowing the seriousness of the disease, sent a runner to our mission physician, Dr. F. W. Vasenius. Without having specialized in tropical diseases, she instinctively used the very best method of drugless treatment. She administered large quantities of fluids day and night, and applied hot compresses to the kidneys and liver. When I could no longer keep anything in my stomach, she gave me slow, absorbing enemas to prevent my kidneys from clogging up. When the doctor arrived on the third day, he saw that my condition was serious. Only a short time before, he had lost his wife and child from this disease. He advised continuation of the treatments and gave instruction for medication. Having done all he could he went out into the bush to pray. He stood by us until the crisis was past.

The morning after I became sick with blackwater fever, our workmen solemnly told my wife that the night before they had heard an owl on our roof. This was a bad omen, and they would need to go to the medicine man to avoid the evil. My wife tried to convince them that the owl had nothing to do with my sickness. But if I had died, their deep superstitions would have been confirmed. In all probability owls had been alighting on our roof almost every night; but when the men heard that I was sick, they tried to link the misfortune with the owl they

had seen the night before. We make allowance for those superstitions in heathenisms; but when intelligent, cultured people believe in such things as lucky horseshoes, rabbit feet, unlucky days, black cats, and the number thirteen, we realize all superstitions are not in dark Africa.

When I recovered from the fever, we were to go home on furlough. But we found our hands full and our minds occupied with the many problems. Besides regular classes in school there were baptismal classes, the supervision of school gardens, construction work, inspection tours to out schools and surrounding villages, language study, the preparation of lessons in the vernacular, and the translation of hymns. These and a hundred and one other things kept us very busy and happy. In addition to keeping house, my wife assisted in the school, acted as matron, taught the girls and women to sew, and cared for the sick.

Months slipped by, and the missionaries who were to take our place did not return. Then World War I struck, and we were shut off from the rest of the world. We were surrounded on three sides by colonies of nations at war with Germany, and on the fourth side there was the Indian Ocean patrolled by British warships. Mail from abroad ceased, shipments of goods stopped, and we lost all contact with our mission board, both financially and administratively. Radio was still in its infancy, and the dot-and-dash messages from Germany had to be relayed to our section of Africa through the German Cameroons. Often words were missing or had been deleted by the German censors, especially after the tide of battle turned against Germany. It was not long before our stock of paper gave out, and then we received the little news sheet on tissue paper of every color, even dark red—which was most difficult to read. When currency became scarce, coins were struck from melted-down cannon-shell cases, and paper money was issued on common paper.

Many articles needed by the German military forces in the colony were requisitioned, especially goods which had been imported from abroad. We could buy no clothes, shoes, sugar,

flour, or kerosene for our lamps. We had no soap, flour, or grain of any kind; and, of course, there was no possibility of obtaining canned goods. More than six months before the arrival of our first baby we had ordered clothes and other articles from America; but the shipment, consigned to what became enemy territory before it reached its destination, was impounded in British East Africa, where it remained for years. Since no baby clothes were obtainable, my wife cut up her nurse's uniforms and lingerie for infant wear, and I gave her my khaki clothes to make into garments for herself. I had learned to tan gazelle skins, and I wore a pair of trousers made of these, although they were too warm for the tropics. However, they were better than a fig leaf or a barrel!

Soon our small supply of kerosene gave out, and we had to find a substitute. Fortunately we had two cows that gave plenty of milk. We made our own butter, part of which we heated in a frying pan to evaporate the water. Then we poured the fat into a glass bowl. The lid of a cocoa can with cork floats and holes for cotton wads in the shape of wicks made a fairly good light, especially if it had four or five wicks. Such lamp oil made the house smell like a quick-lunch restaurant even long after the light was extinguished.

From wood ashes, collected in the villages, and lime we made satisfactory soap.

One day a German officer complained that the hand-knitted socks with which he was supplied always worked down into his shoes or boots. When he showed us a pair of socks, Minnie had a hard time to keep from laughing. She saw at once that they had no heel; they were knitted straight like a firehose! Fortunately she had learned to knit when she was a child and was able to help the ladies who were knitting for the soldiers to make a properly formed heel.

The articles of food we missed most were wheat bread, Irish potatoes, and fresh vegetables. One day we read in a bulletin that a small quantity of wheat which had been stored too long would be available for civilians. We succeeded in getting

twenty-five pounds and set the school children to pick it over kernel by kernel to get out the weevils. After sorting, washing, drying, and grinding it, we baked precious loaves of coarse whole-wheat bread—the first we had enjoyed since the beginning of the war, and the last until we left. Using eggs or soda and buttermilk instead of yeast, with cassava or manioc flour we made fairly good buns or biscuits.

With the exception of occasional attacks of malaria, we kept quite well on our diet of heavy millet bread, milk, eggs, manioc, yams, garbanzos, beans, peanuts, fresh and dried bananas, and other fruit, supplemented now and then with venison or guinea fowl. We also learned to eat a weed which the Africans use as spinach—an article of diet which I have never recalled with fondness!

As the war drew on year after year, we longed for letters from home, but none came. Once a German warship succeeded in getting through the blockade. It brought a little mail, but nothing from America. There was one newspaper from Denmark for us, and inside my sister had written a few words which evidently had escaped the censors. I was in bed with malaria at the time, but when I recovered I asked for the paper. My wife urged me not to read, but when I began to scan the paper, one of the first things I saw was an announcement in prominent type of my father's death more than a year before. It was the first and last news we received from abroad until we left on our furlough.

The Clouds of War

Less than a year after World War I exploded on the world, skirmishes to the north of us led to disturbing reports. One day we received an official message which shocked us. An African askari, or soldier, from the German District Office suddenly appeared on the school grounds. When I stepped out to meet him, he smartly clicked his heels in German military fashion and handed me the following disturbing message:

"In view of the occupation of Shirati and the threat to Musoma, I am compelled to move the district office staff and appurtenances to Busegwe. I will arrive tomorrow with the chain-gang prisoners, servants, loads, etc. Please tell the chief to have provisions ready for about 150 heads."

(Signed) _____

"District Officer."

Since my wife and I were the only civilian non-Africans in the area, and our mission was the only place with even modest accommodations for Europeans, I could understand that this order was tantamount to a requisition of our property. Were years of difficulty and personal sacrifice to end in nothing?

Meanwhile British outposts had pushed farther south, within a day's march of Busegwe, and this caused the large German safari to retreat farther inland, camping for one night only at Busegwe.

The German district officer moved his headquarters and archives to the Ikizu Mission, where there was more room. He also made a temporary office at the Nyabangi Mission, a place less exposed to surprise attack.

The British forces were, however, making a determined push into our lake region, and a detachment of askaris led by a British officer was sent to clear Shirati of Germans. When the

British detachment reached Shirati, the officers found the fort vacated and partly demolished, and from natives they learned that the German soldiers had fled.

One night a British patrol came to our mission station at Utimbaru, but it did not cause our German missionary or his family any inconvenience. One of the men in the patrol, whom I knew personally, was a good friend of our mission, and he told our German missionary to greet his American and British friends in Kenya.

Because of threatened attack from the north and increasing reverses on the home front, the Germans in the colony became nervous and apprehensive, and the war spirit ran high.

Our missions in the Lake Victoria area were so near the British Kenya Colony on the north that it placed us in a vulnerable position, a kind of no man's land. Not only did the British send patrols into the German colony, but the Germans likewise sent detachments of soldiers into the British territory. Then the fierce and warlike Masai living near the border took advantage of the troubles between the white men to make raids into the German colony, where they stole cattle and killed the Africans. At times our Africans grew panicky as they saw flaming villages which the Masai had raided and plundered. A horde of Masai raiders daringly crossed the border and passed southeast of our station into Usukuma. We had a mission there in charge of Mr. Munzig. The tribesmen drove their cattle onto mission property before they fled into the bush, hoping that the Masai would not dare to loot the mission. The danger was increased, however, for when the Masai surrounded the place, all the tribespeople fled, leaving our missionary alone. The Masai may have thought that the cattle were his or that he would protect them. Probably he was not able to explain matters to them before they threw spears at him and fatally wounded him. Then, killing him with their swords, they left him dead on the ground near his house. He was found by the men of the tribe when they returned.

I had lived with Munzig shortly after he arrived in Africa, and I learned to know and admire him as an earnest, devoted Christian of strong character and a lovable disposition. His consistent Christian life was an object lesson to all who knew him, a powerful sermon understood by the Africans whom he served. "He died for us," they said. "Greater love hath no man than this!"

The German colony was threatened again and again during the war, but the noncombatancy of our missionaries was respected, and they were assigned duties at relay posts along the primitive telephone line which was strung from Mwanza by the way of several of our mission stations. Unfortunately the word *Kriegsfreiwilliger,* or volunteer, was written by their names in their military pass books, possibly as a courtesy and to give them a better standing with soldiers who might not understand their position as noncombatants. Before the war ended, this classification proved unfortunate, and it brought serious consequences.

Although the pay our missionaries in government service received was small, they were faithful supporters of the mission, paying tithes and liberal offerings, often turning in all that they did not strictly need for a meager existence. Without this liberality, I do not know how we could have continued our mission work; for no funds reached us from the home base.

One day, after it had been reported that the British forces were crossing the boundary in greater number than usual, a runner brought the following order from the German military commandant:

"You are immediately to move your residence from Busegwe to Sizaki, and to report your departure to me with this messenger."

(Signed) _____

"Military Commandant."

We hardly knew how to act on this command, for my wife was expecting our baby. If I should fail to obey, we would, of course, be taken from the mission work and interned; but if I obeyed, we would also have to leave the mission. We sought

the Lord for guidance, and then I wrote that I would obey the orders, but that since my wife had been ill and was now awaiting the arrival of a baby, she could not start on a safari. She was willing, however, to let me go and she would remain behind alone.

The commandant was already on his way to our mission station, probably to establish temporary headquarters, when he received my short letter. Our plight evidently caused him to reconsider his orders, for when he arrived, he greeted me courteously and said that under the circumstances he would withdraw his orders and let us remain. He warned that he could not be responsible for our safety if his troops were forced to retreat. I assured him that we understood this, and that only we could be held responsible for the consequences.

There was no hospital nearer than Mwanza, a seven-day safari, so my wife bravely decided to remain at our station. We would attempt to call Dr. Vasenius when the baby was expected. But since she was a nurse she knew the difficulty in timing such an event, and so she left nothing to chance. With the aid of her books on obstetrics, she put me through an emergency course in that subject. We sterilized everything that was needed and rehearsed the procedures. It was fortunate that she did this; for the "stork" arrived earlier than anticipated, and I was obliged to act as a midwife. I am certain my wife was more courageous than I. She kept telling me not to worry and to keep a cool head, even when she was in agony. I tried to follow her instructions, which she supplemented with an occasional, "Don't be afraid, you are doing well. It will soon be over."

Toward morning I finally had my Minnie lying in a clean bed, smiling wanly at a clumsy man who was trying to rub our baby girl with olive oil, yet fearing each minute that the slippery little one would glide out of his hands to the floor. Although our doctor did not arrive until the next day, we were glad to have his personal aftercare. The European population of the mission had increased 50 per cent, and many of the Africans came to

see the new baby whom they named Omwetu, "Our own child" —the only name by which she was known as long as we were there.

Since my wife spent much of her time teaching in the school or treating the sick in our outdoor dispensary, she could not leave the baby in the house. Therefore she urged me to make a baby carriage or gocart so that she could wheel the baby around. It was not difficult to make the body of the baby carriage, but I also had to make every part of the wheels from the hubs and spokes to rims and tires. I also made a pair of slippers for my wife from home-tanned zebra hide. They looked nice enough, for I had chosen pieces with the prettiest narrow stripes; but I had not learned to make the leather pliable, and they hurt her feet. Shoes with wooden soles were quite comfortable, especially in the rainy season when the ground was wet and muddy. They were noisy, but we had no neighbors to disturb. In fact, we rather enjoyed letting them make all the music they could on the cement floors.

When the British made landings on the shores of Lake Victoria, they seriously threatened the German positions. Soon the civil administrators left their posts, taking all personnel and soldiers with them. In this crisis it was most important for us to remain at our station, for with the exception of Dr. Vasenius in Ikizu, we were the only missionary family left to look after a dozen mission stations.

When the district officer and his wife arrived with their large caravan, I asked if civilians had to comply with the evacuation order, or whether we were permitted to remain behind if we so desired.

"I am to extend to all civilians every protection possible," he replied.

"Is it then a matter of protection rather than obligatory evacuation?" I further ventured to ask.

"Yes, I believe that is correct. I am not to force anyone. It is a safety measure," he said. "It is not at all impossible," he

added, lowering his voice when my wife passed by, "that some of the Africans will become lawless after the authorities leave." Then, shifting his eyes in the direction of my wife and baby, he concluded, "You have your family to consider."

"I am quite aware of that," I replied. "And my wife and I have talked about it, especially since the Masai raids; but we feel certain that our Africans will do us no harm. We think we should stand by as long as possible, or until we receive word from our mission superintendent. I am, of course, aware that troubles could come from other quarters." I said this so my wife could understand what we had been talking about.

In the silence which followed I realized each one of us was thinking about the recent raid of the dreaded Masai warriors. However, nothing more was said on the subject, for there was plenty of time to think about it.

The next morning the officer and his kind wife took leave of us without referring to the previous day's conversation. They left rice and other provisions to help us provide food for sick and wounded soldiers who would straggle into the mission station.

The second night after the departure of the German official, we were awakened by Africans outside, who were coughing louder and louder—their way of announcing themselves when they cannot be seen. I saw the forms of two Africans, one of them with a Dietz lantern so smoky that it scarcely gave any light. The other man held the commonly used split stick, or bamboo, with a letter inserted in the slit.

"Who are you, and where do you come from?" I asked them.

"We come from *bwana mganga* [the doctor] in Ikizu," they answered, handing me the letter.

Taking it into the house, where my wife already had lighted a butter lamp, I was able to read it at once. The doctor wrote in part as follows:

"The district officer and his wife have told me that you

plan to remain behind at Busegwe. I am hurrying this message off to let you know that I have decided to go with them. They are here at the mission burning stacks of files and other items they do not want to leave behind for the British, and to help reduce the number of porters needed on the hasty retreat south. They plan to release many of their prisoners and expect to be ready to leave in a day or two. But we await you here."

The doctor also wrote that he had to send two messengers because the natives were now afraid to go singly. They would help us carry our safari outfit.

After having read the letter, I handed it to my wife to read while I went to talk with the men. They told me that they had taken a long detour around villages where they heard loud shouting during the night. They said they were not to go back alone, but were to take us with them. I gave them some food and a place to sleep. Early in the morning reports came that the Masai had returned and were burning down huts not far from us, killing people and taking their cattle.

In view of the warnings we had received we felt that it was unwise not to take the doctor's counsel. For some time we had kept our emergency safari outfit in readiness for a quick departure. Early in the morning, after having given instructions to our young men, we said good-by to our mission family as if we were going away for a few days only. We left all our belongings behind in a house which could not be properly locked with a key, entrusting everything to our Christian converts.

We arrived in Ikizu and visited with the doctor and the German official as they prepared to leave. I was not happy about the situation, and when I talked with Minnie, we almost came to the conclusion that we should return to our station the next day.

"But if evil should befall us," I told her, "would it not be said that we had not acted wisely?"

"Are you saying that out of consideration for me?" she asked. "I am willing to stand by you and go back right now."

Finally we told Dr. Vasenius that unless further dangers appeared, we felt that we should return to our station. Therefore the next morning before the German officers and the doctor were ready to start out on their retreat south, we turned back in the opposite direction.

Our mission family and neighbors were happy to see us return, but we found more serious conditions. The Nyabangi Mission had been looted, and then in rapid succession we heard that Majita and Iramba Missions had been raided and at least partly destroyed, and our teachers and converts driven away or killed. Many released or escaped prisoners, drafted porters, and African soldiers had deserted, and this made the country more unsafe. Natives were driving herds of cattle hither and yon to hide them in the forest or bush. Our own people evidently considered the mission land the safest place to stay, but they also remembered the killing of Brother Munzig.

One evening soon after our return our chief and his men visited us and delivered a letter which they supposed was for me. As usual it was a sheet of paper without envelope, and the address on the outside was illegible from sun, rain, and dirt. Since the letter was written in German, they could not read it; but they had made out my name. It had been handed to one of the chief's runners by a porter who was afraid to bring it to its destination.

But before I had had time to unfold and read the letter, which I did not suppose to be of any importance, I saw the muzzle of a military rifle projecting beyond the lapel of the long military coat the chief was wearing. He knew that he was not permitted to carry arms, and it was evident that he had seen the surprised look on my face. Unbuttoning the coat to expose the rifle, he said that he and his subchiefs did not know what to do with military rifles and ammunition which they had found in the grass thrown away by deserting askaris. After inspecting the gun, which I found to be empty, I advised him to keep it in a safe place until the Germans returned. I did not dare to

say until the British arrived; for if, due to the uncertainties of war, a German patrol under cover of darkness should return and find out that I had predicted they would not return, I would undoubtedly be in trouble. The chief understood my caution; but he was not satisfied with my reply, for he wanted to know what to do with the rifles if the Germans did not return. I advised him to report that he had the guns, as soon as we were in contact with any military group, whoever they were. The chief wanted to know what I thought the outcome of the conflict would be, for he asked me what I thought it best to do with the German money which he had on hand.

"It is hard to say," I replied; "but it is probably best not to keep large amounts of money on hand. I would invest them in goods."

"Thank you, a word to the wise is sufficient," he said.

I unfolded the paper and saw at once the familiar signature of our mission superintendent, Pastor Ohme. I read:

"You probably know that the last of our missionaries who were left at their stations have now been called into service or taken to safety. My family and I are leaving today. I wonder whether you have left and how you and your dear family are.

"It is generally feared that some of the African tribes may cause trouble since the administrators are leaving and the military forces retreating. I advise you to leave with your family, if you have not already done so. Put your most trustworthy Christians in charge of the mission property.

"In these troublous times it is difficult to give advice, but perhaps it would be best for you to go south, either in the direction of Mwanza or to one of our stations in Usukuma, where you probably soon will be able to contact the British. It may be well for you to hoist a Danish flag or a white flag wherever you camp.

"God be with you all,
"Your brother in Christ,
(Signed) "B. OHME."

If that letter had reached us on schedule, it would have been received before the Germans left, and in such a situation we undoubtedly would have retreated with them.

The whole situation was incomprehensible to the Africans, but not a single teacher seemed worried when I had to tell them that they would not receive regular salaries until we could get money from abroad. They knew that we lived on African products, and our threadbare and patched clothes probably helped them understand that we were in the same plight. My outfit looked much like the one Robinson Crusoe must have worn!

I decided to go to the British if I could reach them. Soon the chief informed me that the British had made a landing near Nasa, in Speke Gulf, and that he and other chiefs wanted to go to them by making a quick march across country. Since it probably would be difficult to get porters for our safari after the chief had gone, I told him that I also planned to meet the British. In full co-operation the chief sent porters for our safari, and we left early one morning. Chief Kitare warned his people not to trespass upon mission land or to touch anything belonging to the mission.

In an inconspicuous place a specified number of meters from two corners of the house I dug a hole where I hid the mission account books and a few valuables. They were put in a five-gallon can with a tight lid to prevent termites and moisture from ruining them. I tramped the earth around it so that rain water would not indicate anything special in the area. In my diary I made a sketch of the location so that it could be found by others if we should not be able to return.

It was impossible for us to make long, fast marches, so I told the chief I would go in the direction of Ikizu, hoping to find that station still intact. As on the former safari to Ikizu, our headman led the way and the porters followed. The last two men carried the baby in the galvanized washtub slung on a bamboo pole. My wife rode the mule right behind them, and a young man and I brought up the rear.

The Changing Pattern of Events

When we reached the Ikizu Mission we found that teachers and Christian converts were returning. They had fled as the marauders approached. I do not know what had been left behind, but we found the house empty. It was quite clear that the place had been ransacked, for the floor was littered with pieces of trunks which had been forced open, piles of books, family photographs, and papers. If there had been clothing or bedding in them, not a stitch remained. Later natives were seen with typewriter keys for earrings!

It seemed strange to be in a place which not many days before was astir with activity. I talked with the members of the mission family and encouraged them to reopen the school and to hold religious services as soon as possible. Then we started on our safari, telling them that we hoped soon to return.

When we arrived at Sizaki we found no one in sight, not even on the mission grounds. The house for which I had laid the foundation many months before was only half-finished, and the thatched house which I had built and lived in had been ransacked. The place was so filthy we decided to pitch our tent and let the porters occupy the house.

We were beginning to wonder where to get milk for the baby and food for the men. "Perhaps I can get some from the Africans," I said to my wife. But then I realized they were so afraid they hid themselves when strangers approached. We were unrolling the tent when one of my men said, *"Bwana, watu wanakuja"* (Master, people are coming). It did not take long to see that they were on a peaceful errand. In front walked a tall, well-dressed man, and behind him came a man leading a goat. Three other men carried baskets of meal and yams, and there were some eggs lying on top of the meal in one basket.

"Are you quite well, master teacher?" he asked with a smile, as if he was speaking to an old friend. "I have brought food for you and your porters," he explained, while his men put down their baskets in front of us. "It is difficult to get anything from people these days. They are all afraid while marauders roam the country stealing their cattle and killing anyone who protests."

"But who are you? How did you know that we were here?" I asked in astonishment, for we had announced our coming to no one.

"I am the son of the old chief of this country whom you knew so well when you came here to start a school for our children. I know you, but you may not recognize me, for I have changed. We always know when strangers approach our district. The enemies came, but I don't think there was much for them to take. Our people are not warriors; their only weapons are spears, which they carry to protect their flocks from wild beasts. We could do nothing against the fierce, well-armed Masai and other hordes which swept through the country after the Germans left."

I thanked him for his kindness and offered to pay for the goat and the provisions, but he would not accept anything.

"When the cows have been milked, I will have some milk sent over for your child," he said, as he started to look around the grounds.

Knowing that such gifts as he had brought often are requisitioned from poor Africans, I quietly asked the other men as to who owned the goat, and I paid them for it before the young chief returned. They went away, saying, *"Kwa heri, bwana wetu"* (Good-by, our master).

It was Friday evening, and we had been on a nervous tension, had made long safaris, and had lost much sleep. Committing ourselves into God's care, we slept soundly until dawn.

When the young chief visited us on Sabbath afternoon, he told us we were fortunate to have stayed at Sizaki, for rob-

bers had raided the sisal plantation at Guta, on Speke Gulf, killed the overseer, and returned east along the trail we would have taken. He also told us that the British had made a permanent camp on Ukerewe Island.

Since I was poorly armed I worried about crossing the Ruana Plain and the Mbalageti River with wife and child, but now we were able to take the less dangerous way of escape toward Ukerewe Island. Instead of remaining until Sunday morning, we decided to push on after sundown to the edge of the escarpment. Then we would be able to get an early start across the hot plains the next morning. Unfortunately we did not think it necessary to get another guide, for our men knew the way we had planned to take. However, after we started, we looked for some time for the path going west, but could not find it. We were on a vast plain surrounded by numberless wild animals of every description, and I was fearful of meeting buffaloes. I knew there were zebras and antelopes and probably lions, but we could only pray for divine protection from these creatures.

Finally we found the path which took us to Guta in a few hours. We passed near the sisal plantation where the overseer had been killed, but we did not go in. The men of the plantation confirmed the report of the killing, and they also showed us the best way to Ukerewe.

After two days of travel we came to Lake Victoria, and from a ridge we saw Ukerewe Island. Though we were greatly relieved to reach the end of our hazardous journey, Minnie became so ill she could no longer ride the donkey. She got off and lay on the ground, while I pitched the tent. I was suddenly startled by a voice asking: "Are you Mr. Toppenberg?"

Turning around, I saw a British military officer standing there as if he had come up out of the earth.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Your wife is very ill. I'll have her carried to the ferry and up to our camp on the island."

But Minnie did not want to be carried, so the officer obligingly helped me to support her until we got her into the large dugout and up to the camp. We were given a cozy new bamboo hut with a small veranda. The officer told his men to put our things inside and excused himself. He came back shortly with porters, bringing an already lighted Coleman lantern that gave light such as we had not seen for many a day. The porters set down boxes containing bottles of sparkling clear water and ginger ale, canned milk, fruit, canned vegetables, corned beef, cheese, kippered herrings, sardines, tea, cocoa, sugar, oatmeal, butter, jams, pickles, and other items we had not seen since the war began. After drinking some ginger ale, my wife began to feel better. Then we began to take some of the food out of the boxes. "Look!" she exclaimed, "here's a big loaf of freshly baked wheat bread! I'm getting hungry!"

After baby had been put to bed, I set a table in front of my wife's chair and seated myself opposite her. As we bowed our heads, I tried to offer thanks, but I was so overcome with emotion, I could not speak. This was the greatest day in our lives! We had so much to be thankful for.

Minnie's sudden indisposition was the result of a lung infection and malaria, aggravated by the sudden release from prolonged strain and fear. When we came within sight of the "city of refuge," she almost collapsed; but the appetizing, nourishing food, undoubtedly from the officers' mess, soon restored her health. The British were as kind to us as if we had been fellow citizens rescued from the camp of the enemy.

An officer said that all refugees and civilians were to be taken to Mwanza, but in the meantime they continued to give us military rations. I expected that the British military authorities would probe into our cases and perhaps ask for information in regard to the Germans and their movements in our district, but to my surprise they never asked me a single question. I soon found out that their intelligence officers had far more information about the Germans than we did.

When the time came for us to sail to Mwanza, we thanked the officers for their great kindness and hospitality. They assured us it had been a pleasure for them to entertain us, and they wished us a pleasant holiday in Kenya. At Mwanza we reported our arrival and received ration permits. When I told the officer my name, he took down a large book and turned to a page where there was a lengthy paragraph in handwriting. I was seated at the end of his desk and tried to read the writing out of the corner of my eye, but all I could make out was my name repeated several times. When he finished reading, he closed the book, pushed back his chair, and asked me where my family was.

"My wife is waiting in the outer office," I told him.

"My word!" he exclaimed in surprise, "why didn't you —won't you bring her in?"

After I had introduced my wife, he greeted her warmly and said laughingly, "I was scolding Mr. Toppenberg for leaving you and your little daughter in the outer office, Mrs. Toppenberg. Do have a chair."

Courteously he asked us in regard to our health, our trip, and our plans. We told him that we would like to visit our missionaries in Kenya, where we hoped we could contact our mission board in Washington. He promised to have a cabin reserved for us on the next steamer to Kisumu, Kenya, which would sail in about ten days.

"I will have one of the German bungalows cleaned up for you. Meanwhile I will give you a tent for the night," said the hospitable official.

We sailed from Mwanza to Kisumu in one of the best cabins on the large steamer. There was no charge, as we were the guests of the British military authorities, and we received full rations and lodgment entirely free. We were happy to find that our ship was taking the western route by Uganda, at the northern end of Lake Victoria. This was the country that had fascinated me when as a child I had read the Lutheran foreign

missions journal about the Christian martyrs of Africa. The difference between the vegetation of Uganda and that of the eastern and southern shores of Lake Victoria is striking. Tall and heavily foliaged mahogany and other hardwood trees were a great contrast to the thorny, flat-topped mimosa trees of the East African plains. Instead of the round African hut without windows and with only a long, narrow opening for a door, many of the houses in Uganda were rectangular, some of them with sheet-iron roofs. All of them seemed to have windows with shutters and doors large enough for a person to enter without stooping. The people, both men and women, were well dressed and well mannered, with keen countenances.

After the trying experiences through which we had passed during the war years, the restful voyage around the lake gave us genuine relaxation. While we were sailing through Kavirondo Gulf, near the equator, I stood long at the railing, straining my eyes to see the Gendia Mission, the headquarters for our work in the Kenya Colony and the station where Minnie and I had been married.

"Do you see anything of interest?" asked one of the officers.

"I am trying to see the buildings of our Gendia Mission."

"You mean the German mission. They are not there any more," he said in a disparaging tone.

"I don't know anything about a German mission," I replied. "I have many friends over there who are British and American."

"No, those fellows are all Germans," he said in a contemptous manner. I did not understand what he meant, but it was evident that he was bitter about something.

When we disembarked in Kisumu, the customs officer asked me whether I had brought German currency with me. I replied that I had brought enough to see my family through to Kisumu, and until I could contact our missionaries in Kenya. I was then told to leave my money there and report to the police. As soon as the police officer learned that I was from the "German

Advent Mission," as he called it, he was angry and threatened to put me in jail because I had brought German currency into the colony. I explained to him that we had come from a district which had not yet been administered by the British, and that we had heard nothing about its being unlawful to bring German currency. Futhermore I had honestly declared the small amount which I had brought with me for travel expenses for my family. I was greatly surprised at his continued surliness, for never before had a Britisher been so rude to me. Leaving me standing without offering me a chair, he began to cool down a little. He was probably ashamed of himself for treating an innocent person as a criminal, for he finally said, "I'll let you go down to your family for the present."

Although I was greatly perturbed, not only by his threat, but also because of his ungentlemanly behavior, I did not dare to tell my wife what had happened. Fortunately I came in contact with a higher official who was courteous, and I told him about my trouble. He said in a tone that indicated authority that he would see what could be done about it. I heard nothing more of the threat.

We rented a room in the railway dak bungalow, a place of many pleasant memories, and I sent a messenger to our mission in Kenya announcing our arrival. While waiting for their reply, I wrote to our mission board in Washington. Because of censorship, I carefully worded the story of what had happened and described the present conditions in the German colony from which we had come.

From a home in the hills far removed from their mission stations, Pastor A. A. Carscallen, superintendent of our work in the Kenya Colony, sent a jinrikisha and a couple of porters to transport us and our luggage. Because of the war they had all been obliged to leave their mission stations, churches, and schools in the care of African workers. After learning about the situation, I understood the reason for the unkind attitude of the officer on the ship and also the conduct of the police officer.

The mission board had planned to reorganize the work, and when World War I came, our European Division office was in Germany. Although more than half of our missionaries were from America, England, Scandinavia, Switzerland, and Belgium, persons in East Africa who were prejudiced against our mission made it appear that we were a German mission society.

Then, too, in most of the world, Seventh-day Adventists were known to be noncombatants, willing to perform noncombatant military or civil service. Our missionaries in Africa had taken the same stand; but when the workers in German East Africa were called up, the word *Freiwilliger,* volunteer, was written in their military pass book, probably out of courtesy. This was seized upon as evidence of our favor for the Germans, and admittedly it did look that way. But I lived among and associated with our German missionaries, and I know that as long as I was in contact with them, they did noncombatant work. In view of these unfortunate circumstances, I was able to understand the intolerance and rudeness that one or two persons showed us.

Harassed by Illness

My wife had been running a fever for some time before we left the mission station at Busegwe, and now a medical examination revealed that one of her lungs was infected with tuberculosis. The doctor recommended that she return to America as soon as possible; but it was exceedingly difficult to obtain passage on ships unless a person held a high priority. To be considered were the dangers at sea. It was necessary to wait for months, and it was almost impossible to obtain passage for women and children. Meanwhile the Carscallens kindly let us share their temporary home; and in the good hill climate at Kaimosi, where we had milk and other nourishing food, my wife's health began to improve.

We received no reply from the mission board at Washington; but with so many ships lost at sea in the submarine warfare, we could not feel certain that my letter had reached its destination. It seemed almost impossible to receive help from abroad. What were we to do? I hesitated to suggest that we return to our mission, since Minnie and the baby had suffered much from the lack of the necessities of life. Yet the more we talked and prayed about the work the more we were impressed that we should return until other help could be sent. Finally we decided to return to our field if the British military authorities would permit it.

I wrote a letter to the British military authorities requesting permission to return to our mission station, and I received a reply stating that permission was granted, but with the stipulation that we disembark at Shirati, the first port in German East Africa, and comply with the instructions of the officer in charge at that post.

We were permitted to sail on one of the large steamers

transporting troops and military supplies into the German colony. When we disembarked at Shirati, I handed the letter from military headquarters to the officer in charge, and he received us courteously. Although he did not say so, I received the impression that he had been informed in regard to us. The next morning when I went to his office, he briefed me on the conditions in the surrounding area. As long as military operations were still carried on, there was no civil administration in the area. "For the present, therefore, I cannot let civilians go into that region," he explained politely. "I am obliged to ask you to wait here for a little while; but I shall try to make you and your family as comfortable as possible."

"I have visited nearly all the chiefs south of the Mara, and we have schools in some of their villages," I told him. "They were not the ones who looted government and mission stations; but strange Africans from other districts."

Finally the officer was convinced that we would be safe among our Africans; but he gave us permission to go only on the condition that an escort of armed African askaris go with us. I tried to have him waive this condition, but he feared we would get into trouble for which he might be blamed if he let us go without protection.

As we traveled across the plains we saw more game than we had ever seen before. The animals did not seem to be afraid, and it was not necessary for me to go more than a few steps from the safari to shoot an animal to supply food for our porters and guards.

When we came to a bluff where we could see the Mara River, I called a halt in order to talk with the askaris.

"You are soldiers," I told them, "and I have no authority to give you orders; but I know that the Africans on the other side of the river are afraid of soldiers. Many times they have been mistreated and compelled to slaughter their cattle for them, and when they see you they will undoubtedly hide themselves, and it will be difficult for us to get a dugout to ferry us

across the river. Then, too, we will not find anyone who will barter with us for food."

I was going to add that the Africans, not knowing who we were might even shoot poisoned arrows at us from ambush, but I was stopped as the porters said in chorus, *"Kweli, bwana, kweli"* (True, master, true).

This encouraged me to continue my suggestions. "If you askaris will take off your uniform coats and caps and wrap your rifles in your blankets and carry them on your heads, I believe we will have no difficulty contacting the people, and they will ferry us across the river. They know my name," I told them, "for I have been here many times in past years."

Without a word of objection they followed my suggestions, and soon we were at the river. I shouted several times, but there was no answer and no one appeared.

"Let Nungu shout," said one of the men.

"Who is Nungu?" I asked.

Smiling and pleased, Nungu arose and cupped his hands as he shouted in a high-pitched voice, raising the pitch still higher on the last syllable of each word. Soon a man appeared on the bank of the river, and he shouted back:

"Who are you? Who is the European?"

Nungu repeated his call and added, "He is with his wife and Omwetu."

I was surprised that Nungu, an entire stranger to us, knew the native name of our little girl.

"Wait a little, we will cross over at once," the man shouted back.

Although I did not recognize any of the men who came in the large dugout, they seemed to know us. They were the first friendly persons we met from beyond the river.

"Thank you for coming back," the leader said.

"Did you hear what this man said?" I asked my wife. "He thanks us for coming back. Isn't that wonderful!"

For safety's sake I requested that a reliable messenger

run ahead of our safari to tell the people who we were and that we came peaceably. We pitched our camp, and soon women and children from the neighboring village brought eggs, yams, and meal. It was a good omen indeed. Two of the women said that the eggs and milk were presents to my wife and child.

Our porters and askaris felt at ease, talking and laughing lustily while they broiled their meat and roasted yams. After our evening worship the camp quieted down. We all awoke the next morning in good spirits, ready to start on the last leg of our journey.

Late in the afternoon, as we neared Busegwe we saw the tower in which I had installed the large church bell. We had given the bell to the mission as a present when I brought my bride to our African home. Of course no vandals could have made use of it for any other purpose.

"Isn't the bell ringing? It seems to me I see it swinging," I said to my wife. The wind was blowing from the lake behind us, so the sound did not carry to us from the tower; but as we drew nearer, I seemed to hear a faint sound occasionally.

Then a gust of wind brought unmistakable notes from the hill. There was no doubt about it—the bell was ringing! Our hearts seemed to come up in our throats, for the weary journey was turning into a triumphant entry. As usual, the news of our approach had gone before us, and as we neared the mission, the students and friends met us with a warm welcome. "How are you, master? How are you, mamma? How are you, Omwetu? We are so glad, so glad."

As we approached our home, I saw that the cotton and manioc fields and the banana plantation were well cultivated, the road and the grounds had been freshly raked. Everything was in place in our home; the curtains were at the windows, and even the table cover was on straight—something not easy for every African to do.

Our students and watchmen stood on the veranda looking inside with joy on their faces as they heard our expressions

of surprise and pleasure. We could see that they wanted us to go into the kitchen. A well-mopped floor and clean tables and cupboards greeted us; the large teakettle was boiling on the stove, and the wood box was full of firewood! Not a thing was missing!

After this wonderful homecoming, we were too excited to sleep, at first.

"Only a few years ago when we began mission work here," I said to Minnie, "the district officer said these people were the most difficult and stubborn in the district. They have been slow to respond to the gospel, for the older people have been afraid of evil spirits and the witch doctor. They have lived in excesses of almost every kind; but the changes that have taken place in the hearts and lives of these people are a mighty evidence of the power of God to save. It is really wonderful, isn't it?" We fell asleep as soundly as if we had been at home with our relatives.

We had been back at Busegwe only a short time when we received the following cablegram from the mission board in Washington:

"TAKE FURLOUGH MEET SUCCESSOR IN CAPE TOWN.—SHAW."

It was a marvel that the message ever reached us, for Busegwe was an unknown village hidden far from post office and road. Furthermore, the name of the village was misspelled and the colony in which we lived was not even mentioned. But somehow the British Intelligence Department found us.

Because of my wife's poor health we had received a travel priority, but we had no idea how long we might have to wait for transportation. I had completed a visit to our nearest mission stations and out schools before the cablegram arrived; but I wanted to make a longer tour to the remote stations to contact and encourage the teachers and believers, and to find what the conditions actually were in the critical times.

After helping my wife pack, so we would not lose time

when the travel permit came, I set out with two of our young men and a couple of porters on this hazardous journey. I again passed through Ikizu and Sizaki, where conditions were still unsettled. At Ikizu a teacher held classes for children who lived near the mission. The Sizaki mission was completely forsaken by the students and people of the tribe.

We visited the mission at Ntusu, where a former teacher told us that as soon as the people dared to allow their children to leave home, he would be able to conduct school once more. The Masai raids and lawlessness had made the people cautious, and they would not go far from their huts. Early one morning when I was getting ready to push on to the mission at Usukuma, two messengers appeared carrying the usual split bamboo stick with a letter tied to it. My wife had written to tell me that our little daughter had been running a temperature, at times above 105°, and that in spite of everything she had done, the child was delirious and growing weaker. She urged me to return as fast as possible.

We started at once, everyone sharing the loads in our forced march. Although we kept going until late at night, we did not meet any lions. Early one morning we reached home, after the fastest and most tiresome safari I had ever made. The child's fever had dropped, but she was weak and anemic. I found my wife tired and worn from lack of sleep. The care and worry of our daughter's illness had caused Minnie's fever to return.

Seminar Marienhöhe Darmstadt

Homeward Bound!

Shortly before I returned, my wife had received the message that reservations had been made for us on a steamer leaving Musoma in about ten days. I told our African teachers and believers that my successor was on his way to the mission, and that we would meet him in Cape Town. I planned their work and gave them all necessary instructions for the operation of the mission. It was with mixed emotions that we took leave of our African friends, leaving them in the care of Him who doeth all things well.

Musoma had once been a government center and port with substantial buildings, but now we found it almost empty and deserted. After our thousand-mile train ride from Kisumu through Nairobi to Mombasa, our little girl enjoyed playing on the warm, sandy beach and splashing in the shallow water. In fact, all three of us enjoyed the rest and change while we waited for the ship to arrive.

Our passports had expired, and we had no consulate in East Africa at that time. However, the secretary to the governor issued us a pass which was valid until we reached Cape Town.

We boarded the steamship which had been so neat before the war, but which was now in somber war paint. To prevent enemy ships from seeing us at night, our deck lamps were shaded so that the light was thrown straight down. As we looked out over the railing at night, we saw an ocean as black as ink, with only the soft greenish glow of myriads of phosphorescent Noctilucas illuminating the water where it was stirred by the motion of the ship.

Having been shut off from contact with the outside world for years, we were blissfully ignorant of the horrors of modern warfare at sea. It was wonderful to be on a ship which gave

us contact once more with people of our own race and culture, and to enjoy the nourishing food so greatly needed by my ailing wife and daughter. We did not at once fathom the fear of the passengers when they expressed grave concern about the dangers at sea.

We had not been at sea many hours before the ship's engines stopped and the great ship began to roll unpleasantly. Our ship hoisted signal flags, and soon a warship with guns fore and aft could be seen through the haze. It also had signal flags up, and it, too, seemed to be stopping. A motor launch was soon plowing its way through the waves toward us, stopping on the leeward side of our ship some distance from the hull. Our ship let down a chute, and sack after sack of mail for the warship slid into the launch, where it was received by smiling British sailors. Frightened passengers breathed sighs of relief, while others laughed at their premature worries.

While we sailed down the east coast of Africa, gun and lifeboat practices were carried out regularly. Several large crates were fastened together to make a target which was dropped overboard. When we had sailed far enough away to make the floating target look quite small, the gun opened fire and blew it into the air.

Before we reached Durban, South Africa, we were informed that it would be necessary for us to disembark at that port and proceed by train or other means of transportation, since a German raider was reported to be in the Indian Ocean. Many passengers disembarked as soon as we reached Durban, but we were permitted to remain on board overnight instead of going to a hotel. The next day the ship's orders were changed, and the passengers were permitted to sail on to South African ports and beyond.

Before our ship sailed from Durban, I went to the central post office to send a telegram to our South African headquarters, informing them when we would arrive.

In Cape Town we were met by mission officers who took

us to the friendly Plumstead Sanitarium, located on the peninsula at the foot of famous Table Mountain. (Years later we were sorry to learn that the institution was closed and the property sold.) The next morning the newspaper announced, "Spanish Steamer Sunk Off the Cape. Few Survivors Rescued in Lifeboat." Evidently the report about the German raider had been true; but, thank God, it missed our ship by a matter of hours. Later, when we sailed from South Africa, we had on shipboard some of the members of the crew who were survivors of that ill-fated Spanish freighter.

We received medical checkups, and the diagnosis of my wife's condition was confirmed. The doctor ordered treatments and rest in bed with a very nourishing diet for her until we could get passage to America. Our headquarters made every effort to obtain reservations for us, but priority bookings were scheduled months in advance. After we had waited for some time, our Washington mission board cabled the South African office to send us by way of Japan and San Francisco. Passage was obtained on a Japanese freighter which carried some passengers, but because of the presence of at least one German raider in the Indian Ocean, the sailing date was kept secret. Passengers were not informed as to the time of the ship's departure until shortly before sailing time.

After a very stormy voyage around the Cape of Good Hope, we sailed in a northeasterly direction, following the south and east coast of Madagascar. Frequently the ship's course was changed, and all lights were shielded from possible view of enemy ships at night. We spent many evenings in our chairs on deck while the ship plowed through the inky-black ocean. The fact that our ship was exposed to the dangers of enemy attack created a feeling of seriousness and sobriety among the passengers. It led us to self-examination and to commit ourselves into God's care.

I suppose every missionary, as he leaves his field of labor, pauses to appraise his work and wonder how he could have

done better. His time has been so taken up with many daily cares, too often of a temporal or menial nature, that he has had little time for self-examination or meditation. He has stood, as it were, too close to his easel and has failed to stand back now and then to view his canvas from a proper perspective.

"I am convinced love is the greatest missionary qualification," I said to my wife one evening as we reviewed the mission work. "I feel certain that no matter how gifted a missionary may be, if he cannot look past the unlovely traits of character and the physical condition of the people for whom he is working, he can accomplish little of lasting value. A feeling of superiority is the surest way to lose respect and confidence, as well as one's influence for good among the Africans."

"I am glad," replied my wife, "that most Europeans have not stooped to unbecoming behavior among these wonderful people. It seems that the more education and culture a man has, the more courteous he is."

"That is undoubtedly true," I admitted, "and I have admired British governors, bishops, and other high dignitaries who know the African and speak his language. I have been present at gatherings where officials, prominent businessmen, and missionaries have met on an equal social footing in easy association and conversation with Africans.

"It cannot be overemphasized that the private life of the missionary and his family and their social contacts with Africans have greater influence than that which is taught in the classroom or spoken in the pulpit. My personal observations have led me to believe that few African converts rise higher than the example set before them by the missionary."

Conversations on Africa

The long ocean voyage gave time for us to become acquainted with interesting fellow travelers. In a conversation with one man who was unsympathetic with Africans, I said, "When we become well acquainted with the African's mentality and his competence in his own sphere, we learn that he has talents and skills which surprise many persons. I have often admired his skill in making and using nets and traps for hunting game, for catching fish, and for snaring birds. I have seen him make a dugout canoe from a single tree trunk or build a well-shaped, seaworthy boat or dhow with incredibly primitive tools. His sense of symmetry and beauty of form is revealed in the shape of the pottery and the decorations upon it; in figures of men and animals carved in ebony or ivory; in beautifully carved stools and other pieces of furniture sculptured out of a single log of hardwood; and in patterns on skins and bark cloth, and in palm-leaf mats. How many Europeans have been able to learn the complicated *mchezo wa mbau*? It is a game that Africans everywhere, young and old, play so rapidly that it is difficult for foreigners to follow.

"While the untrained African naturally is not skilled in the use of European tools, a European would not be able even to copy African sculpture with the African's primitive tools. If African children were not handicapped by congenital drawbacks or postnatal maladies, and if they were brought up under social and religious influences similar to ours and educated in the same kind of schools, I am convinced there would be little if any difference between them and European children. In fact, there are undoubtedly greater intellectual differences between individuals of any race or even members of the same family than there are between the different races."

"Have you had any experiences along this line that would help prove your point?" he asked me rather skeptically.

"Yes, in a limited way," I replied. "Experiences with my child and other missionaries' children who were born and brought up in Africa, and who spoke the native languages in association with African children, seem to indicate that this is so. Our little daughter was taught chiefly by her mother, and often sat beside her at the desk while she taught the African children; but we have not thought our child intellectually superior to African students. I am willing to concede, however, that conclusions should not be drawn from only a few cases, for children may inherit mediocre or inferior intellects. Fellow missionaries with many years of experience also agree with me in these observations. In case it should be thought that missionaries are prejudiced in favor of Africans, we should remember that many eminent scientists have come to the same conclusion."

"African languages are undoubtedly very primitive, deficient, inexpressive, or dull," said my fellow traveler.

"I am not able to prove that there is no deficiency in some African languages," I replied; "but it is certainly not true of the African languages I know. The Bantu languages, for example, have well-developed, systematic, and logical grammar with fewer irregularities than many European languages. Although some of the languages have a few difficult or strange sounds, such as nasals and clicks, most of the sounds are easily pronounced. The spelling is strictly phonetic, each letter having only one sound that can be represented by a letter of our alphabet. The accent in some languages, as the Kiswahili, is on the penultimate, or next to the last, syllable. Thus spelling, pronunciation, and accent or stress, which are difficult in some European languages, present no problem. Some of them are very euphonic and well adapted to singing. A person who reads Italian, German, or one of the Scandinavian languages will be able very quickly to make himself understood when he reads from an African book."

In another conversation on the deck we talked of the back-

ground of the African peoples. I said by way of explanation, "During my association with Africans I have exchanged ideas with them not only on the subjects of religion and morals, but we have discussed African and European social customs, courtesy, courtship, marriage, family relations, taboos, superstitions, and witchcraft. My explanation to an African pastor who did not speak or understand any European language, concerning the white man's attitude and behavior toward women, was an eye opener to him. The African's regard for and relationship with the opposite sex is very different from ours, and my explanation of courtesy and chivalry interested him.

"Many Africans consider a woman who has a premarital child no less desirable than a virgin, for to them children are an asset from the economical point of view. Boys become shepherds of cattle, and girls are tenders of sheep and goats. Later, when the girls marry, they have a dowry to give their husbands in the form of cattle, their most valued possession."

The African looks upon certain European customs as free and promiscuous, such as playing games together, walking arm in arm in public, and kissing in the presence of others. Such behavior not only seems strange to him, but according to his code of ethics, it is also a breach of common decency.

Friendly association on equal terms with Africans has convinced me that they are intellectually on a par with white men. Men are men, whatever their race or color, and I have friends among Africans whom I love and esteem as much as any, and with whom I can share experiences as equals. "The Lord looketh from heaven; He beholdeth all the sons of men. . . . He fashioneth their hearts alike," says the Good Book.

Some European officials are inclined to ignore if not despise those whom they consider unimportant or inferior. Africans in high position, however, have shown magnanimity and courtesy by going out of their way to pay their respect to missionaries, encouraging and befriending them. One outstanding example of a broad-minded and intelligent gentleman is the

famous paramount chief, Ham Mukasa, of Uganda. He was one of the first converts to Christianity in the time of the pioneer missionary, Alexander M. Mackay. With others, the chief was condemned to be burned on the pyre for boldly confessing Christ; but God had other plans for Ham Mukasa, and he had a remarkable escape. Although he had become one of the greatest and most respected statesmen of Uganda when we were there, and although I had had no acquaintance with him other than an introduction at a garden party, he sought us out and visited cordially. Later he sent his servants with a kind letter and presents for me and my family.

Ham Mukasa was probably not well enough acquainted with any European language to use it in conversation. But he knew I had been a missionary in German East Africa for many years. He always addressed me in Kiswahili, a language not generally used among the upper classes in Uganda. His letters were always kind and courteous, and he addressed me with such expressions as: *"Kwa rafiki yangu, Bwana Toppenberg"* (To my friend, Mr. Toppenberg). And he closed his letters with such expressions as: *"Mimi rafiki yako katika Bwana wetu Jesu Kristo"* (I your friend in our Lord Jesus Christ), and *"Mimi rafiki yako akupendaye sana"* (I your friend who loves you much).

In our home in Uganda we visited frequently with our neighbors, who were teachers, Mr. and Mrs. Kisosonkole, Jr. He was the son of a high-ranking government official. Brilliant and well informed on almost any subject, his command of the English language was much greater than was mine of any African language. He could express himself clearly and fluently.

"You will pardon my question," said a courteous settler who joined our group and had listened to our conversation, "but don't you think that missionaries work on the wrong principle? Many of my friends in Africa feel that the missionaries spoil the natives. We hear about the 'bad mission boys.' Religion and civilization seem to go to their heads, and they become lazy, proud, and defiant."

"Yes," I replied, "I agree that civilization—education and outward culture—often spoils a man, especially if it is not preceded by or combined with religion in the heart. Africans are sometimes sent to Europe for professional training without first receiving religious instruction, and although they may have acquired an outward correctness and courtesy, they return no better from a moral standpoint. They may have picked up some civilized manners, but often they have collected more bad habits and vices. They have been known to return to their people so puffed up and conceited with their learning that they look with disdain or shame upon their race, frequently taking unfair advantage of, and deceiving, them. They are still at heart what they were when they went away—unregenerate, arrogant heathen without moral principles or scruples."

"But is that not true of Africans trained in mission schools?" asked the settler.

"We cannot expect every person attending a mission school to turn out well, and some are discharged when it is clear that education will not help them. There is always a process of elimination."

"But why do we hear so much about bad mission boys?"

"I am quite sure that much more is heard about bad mission boys than is seen," I replied. "Persons antagonistic toward missions repeat hearsay stories. Lacking a more worth-while subject for discussion, they sit on their high stools at a hotel bar counter over a whisky and soda, harping on the same theme. If one took pains to inquire into the matter, he would probably learn that the ones under discussion had never been at a mission.

"Then, too, the bad boy does not remain long in one place. He goes from one master to another, and thus he is soon a notorious figure. For years I have been training Africans, but I don't think my name was ever mentioned in a newspaper in Africa, whereas the names of criminals make headlines on the front page. In like manner, it is the bad African who becomes notorious.

"It is also well to remember," I added, "that the missions pick the best young people for pastors, teachers, translators, printers, accountants, hospital and dispensary nurses, clerks, handicraftsmen, and farmers. Not only does the mission choose the best students, but it is usually those who have a high sense of duty and moral responsibility who are willing to serve on missionary wages."

"I'm afraid some of us haven't thought enough about the phase you mention," said the man in the deck chair. "I am quite willing to admit that this matter of bad mission boys has been misrepresented and exaggerated, and that your statements are logical."

Since my shipboard conversations I have read many statements by recognized authorities on African affairs in regard to the work and worth of missions. The words of Sir Philip Mitchell, who was for many years governor of the Kenya Colony and the Uganda Protectorate, are enlightening. He writes:

"What caused people who could not—or would not—learn to read and write in the interval from their creation down to 1890 to crowd into schools and colleges, so that thousands have reached high school, and millions junior school? . . .

"Well, I believe that, fundamentally, it was the Bible, the Bible and the brave, determined, merciful men and women who carried its message of hope. . . . Maybe a generation has grown up which has forgotten these things, both in Africa and in Europe, but I served in Africa forty-two years ago when they were still very recent. . . . My eyes have seen it and my ears heard, and I take leave to say that it is not necessary to seek further for the prime mover."—From *Africa Today*, edited by C. Grover Haines. Copyright, 1955, The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore.

Headed Back to Foreign Service

On Friday afternoon, when we were nearing the equator west of Sumatra, the captain requested me, the only minister of religion on board, to conduct a thanksgiving service Sunday morning, when we would be turning into the Strait of Sumatra toward Singapore. It was believed that we had passed the danger zone of enemy attack.

With the aid of some of the passengers I worked out a program, and the necessary preparations were made by the crew. A half hour before the service, the deep-toned whistle blew several times, and stewards walked through the corridors beating gongs. Most of the Europeans and some of the officers and crew attended, and a generous offering was received for seamen's widows and children.

In Singapore we had the opportunity to visit our church headquarters and training school. Soon we were at sea again, taking a course along the coast to Hong Kong and Shanghai. It was surprising to me to see large Chinese junks with strange-looking matting and bamboo sails, not only in the estuaries of rivers, but also out in the open sea. These I thought belonged to days long past, but I found I was thinking about China as so many do about Africa when they suppose that continent to be almost modernized.

We spent some days in Yokohama before we obtained passage on a Dutch ship. Since this was a vessel of a neutral nation, it was fully lighted at night, and its name was lettered large on the sides to be visible at a great distance. Passengers felt comparatively safe, and the service was far better than on ships belonging to the belligerent nations.

When we finally arrived in Washington, D.C., the doctors were pessimistic about my wife's health, but the Washington

Sanitarium staff took such good care of her that after six weeks she was able to go home, and three months later she was well on the road to recovery. Then the question came to our minds, Would we be able to return to Africa?

Minnie was a graduate nurse, and she had taken post-graduate work in the Washington Emergency Hospital. Many times when we were in Africa we had wished I were a physician. Since it would be many months before my wife would regain her health completely, I began to think I should prepare to study medicine so that, if circumstances allowed, I could return to do medical work in Africa.

While I was studying I received an offer to teach at the Hutchinson Seminary in Minnesota, where I could also take the premedical subjects I needed. After teaching a semester, I was sent to the University of Chicago for advanced study. When I was registering at the university I was introduced to the dean of the Divinity School. He told me he was pleased to have students from mission fields at the institution, and he expressed the hope that I might find my work enjoyable. I was assigned a nicely furnished room in Middle Divinity Hall near my classes.

When I returned to the seminary to teach I received a letter from the mission board, calling us back to Africa in the summer of 1920. The British colonies, including former German East Africa, were being reopened to missionaries from England; but we were to reopen mission work in the Italian East African colony of Eritrea, where I had helped establish our first mission station more than ten years before. We were to have two missionary families with us.

My wife's health had improved so much that we had long wished to return to Africa. I had found that it would be almost impossible to finance my way through four years of medical study; so we accepted the call, passed the health examinations, and sailed. It was not only financial worries which caused us to change our plans, but the lure of Africa had taken possession of our hearts. There was no resisting that call!

We were advised to buy some household goods in Italy. Although we did not have much more than is allowed by the steamship lines, I was told that we would have to pay for overweight. In talking with a gentleman in the steamship office at Trieste, he told me that it was too late for freight to be shipped, but if the baggagemaster was willing to put my goods into the baggage hold, he would not object. When I found the baggagemaster and explained the situation, he said, "Did the office manager say that?"

"Yes, sir, that is what he told me."

"Where is your baggage?"

"There on that truck."

"Is all that yours?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes, sir," I answered, "but we are three families, and these are our personal and household effects."

"Has it been weighed? Do you have the shipping papers?"

"The goods have been weighed," I replied; "there is some overweight, but at the office they said that with your permission it could be put into the baggage hold. Otherwise it would have to lie here for weeks waiting for the next ship. We would greatly appreciate your permission to have these goods go with us."

Without answering a word he signaled to the winch operator, and the weighted hook with a heavy rope net dangling from it swung out over the side of the ship and down to the truck.

While the truck was being unloaded, the baggageman said, "Since there are no shipping papers, you will have to see that we get these things unloaded when we reach Massaua."

I thanked him and assured him that we would remind him of our goods when we reached our destination.

When we docked at Massaua, some of the pieces were unloaded, but others did not appear. The baggagemaster told me to go with him into the baggage compartment and point out the pieces that were missing. It was scorching hot, and by the time we had found everything, my linen tropical suit was dripping and dirty. I was glad, however, to report to the ladies

that we had found everything, and that it had come on our ship without any payment other than a generous tip to the baggagemaster.

At the customs house they charged us a large amount for the declared value of the shipment. I spoke little Italian or French, but the official understood German. I told him of the courtesy extended to us by the steamship line, and that we were three missionary families who were settling in the colony with personal and household goods for our own use.

"No charge has been made for the personal effects," he explained; "only for the other goods."

He saw, however, that I looked worried about the large sum on the bill. He said with a friendly gesture, "Zero means nothing, doesn't it? Then let us strike it out." Erasing the right hand digit, he moved the decimal point to the left, thus reducing the amount to one tenth of the former sum.

"Thank you very much, sir," I said, as soon as I saw what he had done.

"You should not pay any duty," he said firmly, probably thinking of certain missionary groups in that colony who received such consideration as well as concessions on the railway that we were not allowed.

Although we had succeeded in getting visas from the Italian consulates in Europe permitting us to enter Eritrea, the passport inspector in Massaua shrugged his shoulders and murmured something about reporting to the police in Asmara. Evidently they had been informed of our coming before we reached that city, for two gendarmes were at the train to meet us and told me that I should go with them to the police station. My family was tired from the trip, so I said I would take them and my colleagues to a hotel first. They demurred, but I stood my ground, for I was no criminal.

At the police office I was told that we would not be permitted to go to the mission station until we had signed a document declaring that we would not speak to any Eritrean about

politics or religion. I replied that we had no desire to speak about politics, but that we had been sent to preach the gospel of Christ, and that we would be unfaithful to our commission if we did not speak of religion.

"We will gladly sign a document not to speak with Eritreans about politics," I told him. Without replying to my statement, the officer told me to return in two days, since the next day was a holiday.

The next morning I quietly slipped out of the hotel before my family was astir and walked out to the mission station. It was with mixed emotions that I recalled my first mission station in Africa, where I had lived in the stable with the oxen and the Eritrean shepherd. Now at this station I met our only Eritrean worker, Michael Ogbazgy, who had remained faithful through many unpleasant experiences with the police and military authorities. He had been permitted to live on the mission property, but was looked upon with suspicion. We inspected the buildings, which were in need of extensive repairs. I tried to encourage Pastor Ogbazgy by telling him that three families were coming to help in the work.

When I returned to the police station I found that they had struck out the word "religion," and I was quite willing to sign the declaration. For some time, however, the authorities bothered us by posting a dusky armed policeman to watch our activities. When I went to town, he followed some distance behind. One day the poor fellow received quite a scare. I had gone into the largest store in town by the main entrance, and he had remained outside awaiting my return. When I had finished my business I left by a side door without thinking of my guard. A little later I remembered where I had lost him, and I hurried back. When he saw me coming around the corner he was visibly happy, and we walked off as before.

Since no one else could or would remove the restrictions which had been placed upon us, I decided to go to the governor. I wrote the chief secretary, requesting an audience with His

Excellency the Governor, and in reply I received a neatly printed card reading:

"His Excellency the Governor will receive V. E. Toppenberg Esq. at 9:45 the third instant.

"The President of the Cabinet."

(Signature)

The governor received me at the palace with courtesy. I explained some of the unfortunate circumstances and misunderstandings that had arisen during the war in regard to our mission when some people had said it was a German institution because of our German-speaking missionary. After explaining the international nature of our work, as shown in our *Yearbook,* I assured him that we believed it our Christian duty to obey the powers that be, the government of Eritrea and that of His Majesty, the King of Italy. I finished by stating how appreciative we would be if His Excellency would remove the restrictions which had been placed upon our missionaries in time of war, and restore us to the favor we had enjoyed previously.

The governor listened attentively. He then explained that the restrictions were put on by the military authorities because of actions and attitude of one of our missionaries. He assured me that he would investigate the matter and have the wartime measures removed. Soon after, restrictions were relaxed; but the police continued to refuse us permission to open up work in the provinces.

At the mission station we soon had a humble dispensary in operation, where the sick were treated.

During the years he had been alone, Pastor Ogbazgy had made contacts with neighbors and persons in the city, and they helped him start the school. We were kept busy repairing the buildings and supervising the farm. It was almost as if we were starting a new mission station.

Pioneering in Ethiopia

While we were restoring the Asmara mission, the police authorities, influenced by the Roman Catholics, continued to refuse us permission to start another mission in one of the provinces. Since there was no need for three families at this station, it was decided that we should attempt to open a mission in Ethiopia. A Swedish Lutheran doctor had succeeded in opening a mission, and two European teachers had joined him.

I was introduced by Pastor Ogbazgy to the Ethiopian consul in Asmara, to whom I made a request to start work in Ethiopia. When I showed him our *Yearbook's* list of educational and medical institutions, as well as publishing houses, in all parts of the world, he was much impressed. He said that his country was in great need of such activity, but that he was not authorized to issue permits for missionaries to enter Ethiopia. However, since two European teachers had been admitted, and since I had taught in Africa for years, as well as in America, he thought it might be possible for me to enter as a teacher.

Without delay I wrote our mission board that there might be a possibility for us to enter Ethiopia. While our leaders at home were happy that the way might open for us to enter Ethiopia, they warned me not to do anything rashly. Swedish missionaries in earlier days had paid with their lives for their attempt to enter. If I could obtain permission to open a mission school, they advised me to leave my family in Eritrea until the work was started.

When I visited the Ethiopian consul again, the way seemed clear for us to go forward. As an officer in the reserves, he had been called to join Ethiopian troops in a northern province where trouble had arisen. He could, of course, not take his wife with him; but he was sending her and her servants by ship from

Massaua to Djibouti, and then by rail to Addis Ababa. The consul's wife had never traveled alone among strangers whose language she did not speak, and he undoubtedly thought we could be of service to her. Therefore he gave us a visa to Ethiopia.

I was happy that Minnie was determined to go with me, for I was afraid that if I should go alone and return to Eritrea, another consul might not give me permission to return to Ethiopia with my family. Therefore we took it upon ourselves to go as a family while the way was open. It was difficult in those years to buy household goods in Ethiopia, so we took beds and mattresses, a cookstove, and other indispensable household articles with us.

When we anchored at Djibouti, French quarantine officers came on board, and they were soon followed by hotel and shipping agents. The Ethiopian consul in French Somaliland met the consul's wife who was with us. Before he took her ashore in a motor launch, he invited us to visit him at his residence.

The first thing we wanted after reaching the hotel on Menelik Square was a bath. The shower had only one pipe and one control knob with the word "Cold" on it; the water was at first warm, but it soon got much hotter than one cared to have it in that hot climate. Later I asked a servant why they had hot water in the cold-water faucet. Without saying a word he pointed to a water tank in the blazing sun on the roof of one of the buildings, and we were left to draw our own conclusions.

The main floor of the hotel was dining room, buffet, and lobby, with all rooms on the second floor. Punkahs were kept swinging above the tables during meals. Outside, in front of the building, was a large veranda or patio with metal chairs and round marble-topped tables such as those used at the sidewalk cafés in Europe. The marble tops were so warped from the heat of the sun that they looked like dry crusts of bread.

In those days trains ran in the daytime only, for robber bands sometimes loosened rails at night to wreck trains and rob the passengers. We began the three days' journey early in the

morning, and the train rolled across barren deserts and uninhabited lava fields.

Toward evening we reached Diredawa, located at a higher altitude, where we detrained at a hotel for the night. A violent tropical rainstorm struck in the night, and the bridge across the river a short distance beyond Diredawa was damaged so that the train could not cross. We were told that we would have to wait until the train from Addis Ababa came that evening to the other side of the river.

Passengers walked back and forth looking wishfully across the river. We were playing with our daughter, Ingeborg Marie, in the sand beside the railroad track, when England's minister to Ethiopia, with his wife and party, passed by. They stopped and spoke to us and when we explained that we were Danish citizens on our way to Addis Ababa they wondered which legation or consulate cared for the Danish interests in Ethiopia. I said, "I guess we have no protection but that of God."

The British minister answered, "That's all very well; but you'll need more than that."

In those days it was customary for foreigners to be under the protection of one of the powers having diplomatic representatives in Ethiopia, and the British minister told me to come to the British legation to talk matters over with him when we arrived in Addis Ababa.

We had waited several hours near the damaged bridge before a decrepit train appeared on the other side of the river. We walked across the bridge, and soon we were on our way to Hawash, the next overnight stop. The next morning our train wound up the mountainside toward the Ethiopian highlands, where the air was bracing and the vegetation lush.

It was dusk when the train stopped at a corrugated-iron shed some distance outside the city. Passengers seemed to be in a great hurry to get off the train, for they threw their baggage out through the windows to friends who had come to meet them. The Addis Ababa railway station had not been built, and trains

stopped some distance from the city. When we got off the train, all the passengers had disappeared, anxious to reach the city before nightfall, since robbers infested the area. Because of the uncertainty of shipments, we had been advised to take as much luggage as possible with us into the coaches, and so we had more than we could carry. Some ragged porters were still standing near the train looking for something to carry, but we could not speak their language, and they did not want to take our loads until we had shown them what we would pay. Since we could not show them Ethiopian money, I finally made them understand that I would pay them at the hotel; and they reluctantly agreed to carry our baggage. Instead of following the road, they took us by footpaths through the dark eucalyptus forest where we heard hyenas howling.

I began to fear that we had fallen into the hands of robbers, but I said nothing of my anxiety to my wife. She felt ill at ease, however, and wondered where the men were taking us. After walking a long distance, we finally saw a light ahead, and we emerged onto the road that led from the new railway station to the city. On a sign we read "Hotel de France" and felt greatly relieved. I told the porters to wait at the entrance until I returned with Ethiopian currency; but my wife soon came to tell me that the men had left with such pieces of luggage as they thought most useful. There was nothing in them of very great value, however, and we were so happy to have reached a European hotel that we soon forgot about our loss.

Weary from traveling for days in a train with wooden benches, we longed to rest. However, a good meal of European food helped revive us, and we went to our room, thanking God for His mercies. We were in the capital of Ethiopia, the first Seventh-day Adventist missionaries to enter that long-closed country.

The next morning I went out to rent an apartment or a house, but the situation was not encouraging. There were few European dwellings, and rents were exorbitant. There were

no automobiles in Addis Ababa in that day, and they would have been of little use, for most of the streets were unpaved and very muddy. A few of the main streets were "paved" with rough stones, and pedestrians skipped from stone to stone at the risk of gliding off into the water and mud. To see a European picking his way through the puddles of dirty water was evidently amusing to some Ethiopians, who, like ill-behaved children, laughed when someone riding by splashed dirty water and mud up on me. Although I did not understand what they said, there was little doubt about their feelings.

When I said that there were no automobiles in Ethiopia at that time, I was not quite correct. There was one at the Emperor's palace and another at the Italian legation, but they were parked in garages most of the time, waiting for better roads.

During my search for a place to live, I left the main street now and then to look at a house in the eucalyptus forest; but it was not easy or pleasant walking on those slippery paths.

After walking for some time without finding a house, I came to the Kabana River, where I found an Ethiopian who understood Italian. From the high bridge he pointed down to some huts and thatched houses on the farther bank of the river where he said a house was available. I made my way through a muddy gully to a dirty thatched house near the riverbank. It was built of sun-dried bricks and mud with the same kind of floor, and under its thatched roof there were no ceilings. Instead of windows there were heavy board shutters which must be left open to let in light. The place was anything but desirable, but the hotel was too expensive for us to remain in for any length of time, so I rented the shack and hoped to find a better place shortly.

When Minnie and I and our daughter moved in, we were soon infested with fleas. Evidently the house had been occupied by dirty people, and since the place had been vacant for some time, the insects were very hungry. I succeeded in getting a large tin can in which to carry water from the river, and I poured

large quantities on the floor in order to drown the vermin. The first night we spent there lives in my memory, for we got little sleep. Somehow the hungry fleas found their way up onto our camp beds, and in the morning we were marked with bites from head to foot. We felt especially sorry for our little Ingeborg Marie, who looked as if she were suffering from chicken pox or some such disease. Finally, by continued sprinkling and sweeping, we succeeded in making the place habitable.

Since we had not yet received our trunks or cases with household articles, we were not able to do any cooking. We bought bread and eggs, and I found an empty tin can in which we boiled the eggs over a wood fire. Markets and stores were far away, and only after a couple days' search did we succeed in getting a boy to carry water and bring us milk and firewood.

Remembering that the British minister had invited me to come to his office, I walked to the British legation, where I was met by the vice-consul, who had been on the train when we had to wait at the damaged bridge. He took our passports and told us we could return in a few days.

"Where are you staying?" he asked.

"I have temporarily rented a house near the riverbank below the Kabana bridge," I replied.

"There are only huts down here," he said knowingly.

"Yes, they are huts," I admitted, "but we found one that will do for a while."

"Do you have your wife and daughter there?" he continued.

"Yes, sir," was all I could answer.

Shaking his head in surprise, he said with emphasis, "Mr. Toppenberg, I want you to take your wife and little girl to my bungalow on the hillside on the other side of the river, opposite the German legation. My house is vacant at the present time."

Turning to a servant standing by the door, he ordered, "Take these keys and show Mr. Toppenberg my house."

When we reached the grounds, the servant called the

zebanya, or guard, who opened the gate for us. Inside the enclosed area, set in eucalyptus trees, was the house surrounded by flower beds and gardens. The house was on a bluff, and the grounds sloped toward the river. The servant took me into the completely furnished house, with rugs on the floors and drapes and curtains at the windows. The dining-room buffet was filled with china, glassware, silverware, tablecloths, and napkins. In the kitchen were all the kitchen utensils one could imagine.

After the servant had shown me the house, I asked him who had lived here and how much rent they had paid. He told me it had been occupied by a doctor who had recently returned home. The rent was far more than we could think of paying. Then I began to wonder on what conditions the secretary had intended to let us live in the bungalow, and I came to the conclusion that I should not move in until more definite arrangements had been made. Therefore I told the servant to return the keys to his master and tell him that I would see him again soon.

Since I had been told to return for our passports after a couple of days, I walked up to the British legation for that purpose, and again I met the secretary, who looked somewhat puzzled.

"Wasn't my house good enough for you, Mr. Toppenberg?" he asked. "My servant brought back the keys and said that you did not want it."

"No, sir, I did not say that we did not want the house. In fact, it is so nice that I realized it would be impossible for us to think of renting it," I explained.

"Did I say anything about rent?" he asked in surprise.

"No, sir, you said nothing about rent, but when I had seen the house I felt that I must have misunderstood you. It would be folly for me to interpret your kind offer to mean we could occupy your place rent free."

"Are you and your wife and little daughter still in that hut?" he asked, with something of rebuke and disappointment in his voice.

"Yes, we are still there," I admitted.

Again calling his servant, he told him, "You help Mr. Toppenberg get some coolies to move his baggage and his family over to my house."

Having dismissed the servant, he said, "Now, Mr. Toppenberg, I want you to take your family out of that river bottom. Here are the keys. You shall pay no rent, and you may stay there as long as you like. Is that satisfactory?"

I was so overcome by his generosity I could hardly speak. Finally I shook his hand and thanked him most heartily.

"Nothing at all," he said. "I hope you will be happy there."

Opening the Mission

I almost ran to tell my wife to come with me to our new home. When she heard the news, it was such a surprise she could hardly believe it. In a few minutes we collected our few belongings, and behind the porters and the secretary's servant we climbed from "the river bottom" to our cozy hillside home. The servant seemed as happy as I, and he went ahead to show my wife the house and its furnishings. When I told her that the secretary had made his house available to us rent free, she looked at me as if to say, "Is it really true?" We went into the bedroom and knelt by the bed to offer a prayer of thanks to God and to request a blessing upon the secretary who had been so kind to us.

A couple of days later I returned to the legation, for I wanted to tell the secretary how happy we were in our new home and how much we appreciated his kindness. When I talked with him, he told me the minister had a message for me.

"Yes, Mr. Toppenberg," the minister said, "His Majesty's government has complied with a request from the Danish legation in London to extend their protection to you and your family and other Danish citizens who may be in Ethiopia. In the consular office you will find your passports properly made out, stating that you are British-protected subjects."

As I thanked him, I expressed surprise that this had been done so quickly. He informed me that the diplomatic communications were carried on by cable.

Since there was no well on the property where we lived, water for household and garden use was carried up from the river. Our watchman and gardener brought water from the river in four kerosene cans or in a *jirba*, a canvas water bag, on the back of a donkey. Water for the garden was taken from the

river, but that used in the house came from tiny springs by the riverbank. Since the spring water was very scarce, and the women of the neighborhood were always quarreling with our gardener over the supply, I decided to dig a well. Wherever I went, however, they told me that no water could be found on this side of the river. On a government property a short distance above our place, deep shafts had been dug in search of water, but without success. One shaft was within feet of our boundary.

The situation became worse during the dry season, and since unskilled labor was cheap, I decided to try to dig for water anyway. Some twenty feet from the house I set men to digging. When we encountered large boulders, I set two men to work drilling holes for dynamite. I let myself down into the hole to put the dynamite and fuses into place. After I was hoisted up, I tied a rag, moistened with kerosene, to a few feet of wire which was let down into the well by a rope. The rag set fire to the shavings I had put around the fuses, and the dynamite went off, sending pieces of rock up from the bottom like a small volcano. As the well went deeper, we reached sand and gravel, which I thought a good omen of success. A day or two later the sand that came up was unmistakably damp.

One morning when the men came to work there was a small puddle of water in a hole where a stone had been removed. Gradually the water increased until every third or fourth bucket coming up was water, and soon there was more water than sand. By this time the workmen were afraid, and one evening they told me that they would not continue on the job. After a long discussion, I learned that they believed the ocean was down below, and that one would fall through the bottom and disappear forever. Finally, I promised them that every morning when they came to work I would let myself down into the well to see that everything was safe. The next morning they arrived and accepted my proposition on the condition that I increase their pay for such dangerous labor, and I agreed with them that this was not an unreasonable demand. As they dug deeper they found

solid rock on one side of the shaft, but we dug down beside it until we reached a crack where water trickled out.

Soon we could see that we had struck a good water supply, for it came pouring out rapidly. We had a well with water standing in it more than six feet deep. At the top I had a stone wall built, projecting some eighteen inches above ground level. A strong cover and a pump completed the task, and missionaries who followed me in later years told me that the well never ran dry, for there was always plenty for household use and to water the garden.

We had not been in the house many days before we noticed that passers-by along the road, especially children and young people, would stop and listen to our phonograph. Some accepted our invitation to come into the garden to listen, and before long several young people came to the house. Among them were a couple of students from the imperial school who were preparing to continue their studies abroad. They were having difficulty with algebra and geometry, and said their teacher did not know much about mathematics. After I helped them with their studies they became more friendly, and soon they brought another young man, and we began studying the Bible together.

When I gave up my premedical studies to respond to the call to return to Africa, I feared I had wasted my time brushing up on mathematics and science. Now I began to understand how fortunate it was that I had reviewed these subjects, for I helped these young men carry on their classwork. I have seen some embarrassed missionaries who were unable to teach subjects they had forgotten or never thoroughly learned. A missionary recruit may be called upon to teach anything from elementary reading to college algebra.

During this time I was looking for a suitable site for mission headquarters. In Ethiopia it is illegal to sell land to foreigners; but before and since this law was made, emperors ceded real estate to certain foreigners, usually for services rendered. Such properties are very scarce and expensive, and some have no proper title deed or other document to prove ownership.

After we had been in our cozy home a short time, the British minister, with his wife and the secretary, came to visit us with an escort of mounted Sikh sepoys. At our gate the bearded Sikhs dismounted to take the reins of the horses, and they remained there while the minister and his party alighted and walked to the house. During their visit I spoke about our plans and how we had found it impossible to buy a property on which to establish headquarters for a permanent mission. Turning toward the secretary, the minister casually said, "Why don't you sell Mr. Toppenberg your place?"

"For more than one reason that would seem impossible, sir," replied the secretary. "In the first place this property was the Emperor's gift to me on my anniversary, and to dispose of it might appear to be lack of appreciation. Furthermore, the Ethiopian land office may dispute my right to dispose of it."

"Is it not possible that the Emperor would be pleased to have it put to such a good use?" asked the minister.

"It is possible, sir," replied the secretary; "if an opportunity offers itself I could perhaps broach the subject to him."

Some time later a messenger brought a note from the secretary stating that he would like to have a talk with me. On my way to the legation offices he hailed me from his residence and told me that at the palace banquet for foreign diplomats the night before, the Emperor had inquired about the European living in the Kabana house. (This was named Kabana because of the name of the district in the city.)

"I told him that they are missionaries, but I don't know much about their work," he explained. "Then the Emperor told me he had been informed that we were teaching some young people and giving medicine to the sick. You can't turn a brick here unless he knows about it."

"I'm not sorry about that," I replied, "for we do nothing that he should not know."

"Yes," said the secretary thoughtfully, "I was really surprised that he knew so much about you and your work. It seemed an opportune time to tell him what you had said about not being able to buy a property for your headquarters."

"What did he say to that?" I asked excitedly.

"That is what I was going to tell you," said the secretary. "To my great surprise he said, 'Why don't you sell them your Kabana property?' "

My heart seemed to skip a beat, but the secretary continued, " 'Since the the place was a gift from Your Majesty, it might not be the proper thing to do,' I said. But he brushed that aside as of no importance, and when I mentioned the legal aspects of such a transaction, he stated that it presented no difficulty, and that he would see it through."

When we returned to Africa I had been given the power of attorney to permit me to buy mission property, but I feared that the price of a place in such a good location would be beyond our reach. My fears were unfounded, however, for the secretary offered to sell it to the mission for less than $6,000. I told him to hold it for us until I could receive the remittance from the mission board.

"How do you want us to pay?" I asked. "In local currency or in pounds sterling?"

"Whichever is most convenient to you," said the secretary. "Local currency if you prefer." And so we agreed upon using the local currency.

For some time the rate of exchange had been fluctuating wildly, and it was difficult to foretell what it would be when the money would arrive from London. A day or two later the rate of exchange from sterling to Ethiopian dollars became more favorable than it had been at any time since we arrived in Ethiopia. On Monday morning I hurriedly sent a cablegram that the money be cabled to our account with the Bank of Ethiopia without delay. When the remittance arrived, the exchange rate was even a little more favorable, and I hastened to pay the secretary.

He laughed and said, "You are a good businessman, Mr. Toppenberg."

Long before we acquired the secretary's property, I had requested appropriations from our mission board for the construction of buildings, and as soon as the purchase was completed, we began work on a school and another mission home.

The First Converts

Some time after our arrival in Ethiopia an *aleka,* or church warden, arrived from his homeland in Begemder, in northern Ethiopia, and told us he had heard of Christian missionaries who preached that Jesus Christ would soon return. "When I asked about this matter, I was advised to inquire at the Bible Society agency," he said. "And they directed me to the Swedish Lutheran Mission; but they sent me to you."

Daily we studied the Bible together, and I soon found that he was unusually well versed in the Scriptures, large portions of which he knew by memory in the ancient Ethiopic language, which, like Latin in the Roman Catholic Church, is the language used in the Coptic Church services. Some of the subjects which we studied were new and strange to him, but he was determined to know what the Bible teaches. The young men who received help in their mathematics said, "The old priest sits up until midnight searching the Bible for texts to support his views."

"I am glad to hear that," I told the young men, "for in that way he'll become thoroughly grounded in the faith."

Little by little the church warden came to the conclusion that he did not have Bible grounds for some of his beliefs, and the Scriptures convinced him of the doctrines we taught. The Ethiopian Coptic Christians believe in the intercession of saints and of Mary. Therefore I spent some time explaining the Bible teaching about Jesus and His relation and attitude toward her. Although we had read Acts 4:12 more than once during our studies, he wanted to read the verse over and over, for he felt that it constituted the final blow to saint worship.

Ethiopian Coptic priests speak of Protestants as *Tselat Maryam,* or enemies of Mary, and a priest who visited us occasionally persisted in saying that we hated Mary. One day I asked

him, "If we are enemies of Mary, why do you think we name our children after her?"

"Who does?" he asked, with a note of triumph in his voice.

Calling my daughter, I said, "My little girl is named Mary."

With an expression of surprise on his face he whispered to the interpreter, "Is it really true?"

I said, "Yes, her name is Mary. And not only that, but my mother's name was Mary."

"Then you are a *Wolde Maryam,*" he exclaimed, using a very common expression of Ethiopians, which means "Son of Mary."

"You are quite right. I am a son of Mary." That admission seemed to please him more than anything else I could have said.

My first name is Valdemar, sometimes written Waldemar, and more than one Ethiopian thought that it was the European form of *Wolde Maryam,* or son of Mary. I made no such statement, however, though it certainly would have been another point in my favor with the priest.

Although priests attempted to intimidate the young men who studied with me, they were enthusiastic about Bible truth. Soon others joined the class, and in time they were ready for baptism. There were some indications that a public baptism might cause antagonism, therefore I consulted with the old church warden in regard to the best procedure. He advised me not to make it a public event or to set a definite date for the rite.

In the mountains beyond the legations there was a small waterfall with a suitable pool of water directly below it, and we decided to go there for the ceremony. At one of our Bible studies I asked if the candidates could be ready for baptism that night when the moon was full. We agreed to meet near the pool at the bottom of the falls. However, we decided to come from different directions, with not more than two persons going together. The old church warden, who had been the first to seek the truth and to accept the message, was to be baptized first.

He and I rode our mules across the Kabana River bridge as if we were returning to the hills from the city. At the hour appointed we reached the waterfall and tied our mules to the bushes near the pond.

I was disappointed when I did not see anyone in the vicinity, and I wondered if our plans had been discovered so that the young men were prevented from coming. But soon ghostlike forms emerged from behind bushes and rocks where they had hidden themselves when they saw two mounted persons. They cautiously waited until they were certain who we were. After prayer I stepped down into the clean, cool water to baptize our first Ethiopian converts.

After the baptism no one seemed to have any fear, and we went to the mission in a group, softly singing the Amharic hymn, "Hasten, Come to Jesus." We sang the refrain louder: "O what a joy it will be when from sin we shall be free."

Naturally it would soon be known that we had conducted a baptism, and we wondered what the reaction might be, for we were the only church in Ethiopia that baptized by immersion. However, the priestly opposition did not materialize, for the heir apparent to the throne, the present Emperor Haile Selassie I, having heard of the good work which missionaries were doing, gave a gift of money to the Swedish and the Adventist missions. This was soon widely known, and the priests of the Coptic Church understood that this was tantamount to official recognition.

One feast day, when crowds of people rode wildly about on their fiery steeds, a prominent Ethiopian living in the hills beyond the European legations was thrown off his horse onto the rocky road near our gate. He lay there unconscious with a large gash in his scalp. We had him carried to our house, where my wife and I dressed his wound. He was bewildered when he regained consciousness, and he wondered how he had fallen into the hands of Europeans. After a while his servants helped him on his horse, and they supported him as he rode off.

The next day his servants came back with a basket of fruit and vegetables, a token of appreciation from their master. He wanted to know if he might send his children to our school when it opened. It is usually not difficult to get poor children to come, whose parents pay little or no tuition, but the better class of Ethiopians are not so ready to enroll their sons and daughters. Therefore it was helpful to the school's prestige to have some children from the upper classes who are able to pay tuition.

One day a poor Galla man was brought to us for treatment. One side of his face was distorted by a mass of festering sores. Since we hardly knew what to do for him, we consulted a doctor. He told us that it probably was cancer and therefore could not be cured. The man refused to be admitted to the hospital, so we dressed his wounds and extracted several badly infected teeth. Although I told him to return after two or three days, I was almost glad when he did not come, for his case seemed hopeless.

Some time later the students brought an elderly man to us. "This is the old man who was brought here some time ago," they said. We looked at the man and realized to our amazement he was the hopeless one we had treated. He lifted his hands toward heaven and said, *"Wak, Wak"* (God, God)! We, too, could give God the glory, for the healing was most remarkable, and it made a strong impression on all of us.

About this time an elderly chief, Dejazmatch Tashu, visited us and repeatedly asked that we come to northwest Ethiopia to preach the gospel to the Kamant people, many of whom were pagans. I had no teacher or evangelist to send, and I was busy laying out the school grounds and supervising construction of the buildings. Years later I met Dejazmatch Tashu in Addis Ababa, and I learned that his people were still waiting for the gospel. No one had been able to go to the tribe in northwest Ethiopia.

One day when I rode horseback into the city I saw that

gallows had been erected at the gates to the city and in St. George Square. On Saturdays, when crowds came to market, robbers were hanged. Conditions were unsettled as the result of revolution in northern Ethiopia, and robber bands made traveling unsafe. Even in the outskirts of Addis Ababa, caravans had been robbed. Inside the city frequent rifle shots could be heard every night as watchmen fired at thieves. One night there was shooting near our house, and we found that two persons living opposite our gate, only a few yards away, had been shot to death in their house.

While we were erecting the school buildings, thieves succeeded in stealing lumber and sheets of glavanized roofing, in spite of our armed watchman. On top of the roofing I placed large stones so as to be able to hear if anyone removed them. One night when I heard sounds outside, I jumped out of bed, grabbed and cocked the gun before I cautiously opened the door. Looking in the direction of the pile of roofing I could see that the stones had been removed, for the shiny sheets could be clearly seen. Then I heard a noise as of people running in the direction of the far corner of the back fence. I fired a shot into the air and called the watchman who came running toward me.

"What are you doing down there?" I asked.

"I heard someone running in that direction and tried to catch him," he replied.

"Without shouting or sounding an alarm?" I demanded with incredulity in my voice.

"I was so near him that I was ready to knock him down before he could get over the fence," he said, brandishing the butt of his gun. "When you shot, he threw down the roofing and got away in the dark."

"You go ahead of me in that direction," I told him.

We found the sheet iron, and then I discovered that a large opening had been made in the fence so a person could easily walk through. Outside lay another piece of roofing, and a little distance beyond lay others. It was evident that a gang

had been at work, and that they had dropped their booty when they heard me shoot. Alarmed neighbors now arrived, and they helped us carry the sheeting back to the mission compound. I had already suspected foul play, but I decided to wait until I had more evidence. A couple of days later, about sundown, the watchman walked past me carrying the gate key with which he locked the doors. He returned in a few moments and went to his house until it was time to go on night duty.

Since articles had been stolen several days in succession, I decided to lie in wait to see what would happen. When no one was around, I took my loaded gun with me and hid by the farther corner of the hedge below the main entrance gate, where I could see all the building materials. I had not been there much more than an hour before the gate which the watchman had supposedly locked, mysteriously and quietly swung open. It was fortunate that I did not act upon impulse and rush from my hiding place, for a moment later I saw a figure carrying something on his shoulders. As he neared the gate I saw that he was carrying a long piece of lumber. He was halfway through the open gate when I shouted, "Stand still or I'll shoot!"

Just then I heard someone outside, undoubtedly an accomplice, run across the road between the huts and trees. Again I commanded the thief to stand still and shouted, "Thieves, thieves!" Quickly neighbors came running with thick sticks raised to attack the thieves. I shouted, "Don't beat him. Hold him fast!" Then I went closer to look at the thief, and there stood our "trusty" watchman, looking very sheepish. The mystery was solved; the watchman and his accomplices were the thieves. He was greatly relieved when I did not turn him over to the police, but I did end his lucrative business. So adept had he been at lying that it almost surprised me that he did not say he was bringing the lumber to barricade the entrance to keep out thieves.

One day a messenger from the palace brought an envelope containing an invitation card embossed with the royal emblems in red and gold, requesting my wife and me to attend a dinner

at the palace. Such invitations were, of course, also sent to the other missionaries in Addis Ababa.

Many courses of food and drink were served on gold-decorated dinnerware and crystal glasses. When the time had come for His Imperial Highness to read his speech, a printed copy was presented to each guest. Servants wearing white gloves brought silver ice containers and bottles of champagne. We wondered what would happen if we did not take the champagne, which was always used in drinking the toasts. When the servants came to us, they put down the container with the champagne bottles, and from the buffet brought small cut-glass decanters containing orange juice, which they poured into our champagne glasses. We were happy to be able to drink a toast with the others.

This experience reminded me of what the British secretary had said: "You can't turn a brick unless His Majesty knows about it." It was evident that those who had made arrangements for the banquet knew all about us and had given instructions to the waiters as to how we should be served. The honor showed the missionaries further restrained priestly opposition.

In 1922, Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Sorenson, college teachers from America, were called out to take charge of the educational work in Ethiopia, and soon a strong school was in operation in Addis Ababa.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Jensen, graduates from the Skodsborg Sanitarium in Denmark, went to the Wollega Province, where they lived under the most primitive conditions. They lost three of their children while establishing a mission station in Gimbie, a strategic center which became headquarters for our work in the region. They also started a successful dispensary, the forerunner of our medical work in western Ethiopia, which did much to win the favor of the chief and his people.

In addition to the headquarters at Addis Ababa and Wollega Province, mission work was also started in eastern and northern Ethiopia by three of my former fellow missionaries from Eritrea and German East Africa.

We returned to America on furlough at Christmastime, 1926. With us went a baby son, Robert, who had been born in Addis Ababa. Pastor W. Müller, my successor, arrived with his family a few days before we left Ethiopia; but because of sickness and lack of proper educational facilities for their children, the family remained a few years only. Mr. Manuel Sorenson became the efficient leader of the Ethiopian Union Mission and labored there for some twenty years. On one of his furloughs he completed his studies for the degree of doctor of philosophy.

Into Uganda

We had requested the mission board to consider us for British East Africa, the land of our first love, after our furlough. Our return was delayed nearly two years, however, as we were sent to Egypt to help start a training school. It was not until 1928 that we were able to proceed to the heart of Africa once more.

We were to find property for a mission; but as the people of Uganda are not permitted to sell land to foreigners, and Europeans can only buy land which had been sold before present land laws came into effect, the problem was difficult. The country is malarious, and it is advisable for Europeans to live in the hills, well above the rivers, papyrus swamps, and lakes. After searching everywhere in central Uganda without finding a suitable site, I almost came to the conclusion that we might have to be satisfied with a site in the lowlands.

One day when I had to await the arrival of the lake steamer at Port Bell, the port of entry for Kampala, I spent the waiting time climbing to the top of the hill near the harbor. The hill was occupied, but as I looked across the dense tropical forest, I saw a pretty hill beyond, where a large red-roofed building was located beautifully in a grove of large mango trees surrounded by rubber and coffee plantations. I had been disappointed so many times, however, that it seemed vain for me to wish for, and almost presumptious to pray for, such an idyllic location so near the capital city. Upon making inquiry I was told that the hill was part of a large rubber and coffee estate belonging to Mengo Planters, a British firm. The plantation manager who lived on the hill referred me to the office of the general manager in Kampala.

I had become well acquainted with the price of real

estate, and I feared that it would be impossible to obtain any kind of property in the vicinity of the capital for the money which had been appropriated for the mission. However, I decided to approach the general manager and inquire if the house on the hill was for rent. He was an understanding gentleman, who felt the need of unburdening himself to someone. He began to speak of the trouble uppermost in his mind, the world-wide economic depression and the catastrophic effect it was having on the world market. Rubber and coffee prices had crashed, and plantation owners were suffering losses and being forced into bankruptcy. Their London head office had cabled him to sell their plantations, even under unfavorable circumstances. When I inquired about the possibility of buying the hill, he told me that an Indian firm was interested in the plantation and that it might not be possible to separate the hill from the rest of the estate. However, he promised to present my offer to his board.

I made further inquiries concerning the price of real estate, and the government chief land officer at Entebbe gave me valuable information in regard to title deeds, land values, and the legality of transactions. This made it clear to me that we should not be able to buy property consisting of even a few acres near the capital with the funds at our disposal.

When I returned to the general manager's office, he told me that they had agreed to sell the hill and the buildings upon it to a Christian mission rather than to speculators. Although the price was far less than I had feared, it was nevertheless about twice the amount that had been appropriated by the mission board, and I told him so. He brought out a plan of the land, and after having reduced the area somewhat, he agreed to let us have the remaining forty-odd acres, including the hill, part of it in rubber trees, for £700, or about $3,000.

Soon after the transfer had been effected and my family had moved into the home, lawyers of the Indian firm wanting the plantation came to tell me that they had contracted with

Mengo Planters for the entire estate, including the hill and all the buildings upon it. We must vacate the place at once, they said, or they would start legal procedure against us. This caused me some anxiety, and I went to speak with the Mengo Planters' general manager about it. He smiled and assured me that no agreement had been made, and that it was when the Indians delayed coming to terms, they had decided to sell the hill to us. I referred the lawyers to Mengo Planters, and I never heard from them again. That beautiful hill in the very center of population has now been headquarters for our work in Uganda for many years.

The main building lies at the edge of the hill, which drops steeply down into the rubber plantation and the valley below. A dramatic view of Lake Victoria, the bay, and an island in the lake that is right on the equator can be seen from the front veranda. From the opposite side of the hill the cathedral and other large buildings in Kampala can be clearly seen, for the city is only six miles away. The hill is free from malaria, and although it is close to the equator, the afternoon sea breezes make it a comfortable place in which to live.

While I was staying in a hotel I met an intelligent and well-mannered young man who requested an interview with me. He told me that he had a good position as office clerk for one of the largest European businesses in East Africa. In the course of our conversation I found that he was spiritually minded, that he knew his Bible well, and that his English was very good. When we were settled on the hill, I invited him to study the Bible with me, and he came regularly. He learned quickly, and after some time he decided that he could not with a good conscience continue to work on the seventh-day Sabbath. Since he was married and had a son in school, I was a little afraid that he might weaken in this decision.

"I have a house and a little piece of land with bananas, sweet potatoes, and other foods. With the help of my wife and son, we'll be able to make a living," he confidently said.

When I found that he could use a typewriter, and that he had done some writing in his own language, I asked him if he would be interested in translating a book. He was greatly pleased, and he said he could do it at home in his spare time. His work was well done, and since we were anxious to publish the book as soon as possible I asked him to work full time for the mission. He was visibly happy to help in getting out religious literature in his own language, although he received only a fraction of his former salary. He continued for years as office translator and traveled with us as an interpreter.

It was necessary to make numerous trips, and on one of these I had my wife with me. We looked for a place to camp and found it in an open spot of elephant grass where the car could be parked. We were not far from Lake Wamala, in elephant country; but we had no idea that elephants would come near human dwellings. In the night we heard people shouting and beating on drums and empty cans.

"Why are the people making all that noise?" Minnie asked.

I was not sure about it myself, so I answered, "When the moon is full as it is tonight, they often drink and sing and dance to the sound of drums."

I had never heard anything quite like this, however, and I began to fear that elephants might be in the vicinity. I did not dare to tell my wife, however; but when I heard the bulls trumpeting and the sound of tree branches breaking, I knew that the animals were near. One look at my wife's face revealed that she, too, had heard them. For tense minutes we sat, hoping that they would not come down our path. Finally the noise died down and we were able to rest.

In the morning we arose early to find out what had happened. About a hundred steps from our tent were fresh elephant droppings where the animals had crossed the path. Banana plantations in the area looked as if a monster tank had gone through them. When we arrived at the teacher's house, the old mother began to tell her experience.

"When I heard people shouting that elephants were coming I got up to look out the door, not knowing that they were near," she said. "But when I saw two big tree trunks right outside the door, I banged it shut and ran to the other side of the house, for I knew I had seen the legs of an elephant. I was afraid they would wreck the house; but, thank God, they went away."

One day my wife called my attention to a growth on our son Robert's arm. We took him to the doctor in the government hospital at Kampala, who advised us to have a biopsy done by a Nairobi pathologist. When the answer came back that it was malignant, we were advised to take the boy to Europe immediately for surgery. Since our furlough was overdue, it was decided that my wife, Ingeborg Marie, and Bobby should go to Denmark, while I remained in Uganda until arrangements for a prolonged absence from the field could be completed.

I was numb with grief when I said good-by at the station to our gay little son, who was unaware of the seriousness of his condition. But my dreary days of anxiety suddenly brightened when a message arrived saying that upon careful examination the doctors' conclusion was that the growth was not malignant!

However, our family seemed to be stricken with illness this year, for I received disturbing news that my wife was ill, and that Ingeborg Marie was not recovering satisfactorily from surgery. Then I received a cable from the division president, urging me to hurry to Denmark to join my family. Minnie was ill in the Skodsborg Sanitarium, not with a recurrence of tuberculosis, but something far worse—the dread African sleeping sickness, a torturing disease from which there is no hope of recovery. She could expect nothing but pain and agony as muscles knotted and cramped, until only strong sedatives afforded any relief.

I watched Minnie gradually slip from us, and one morning, after thirteen months of suffering, she did not waken. Dear Minnie. Dear hands. Dear heart! She was gone; but in faraway Africa her work lived on among her black children who blessed the day when she came to live among them and serve them.

New Adventures in Africa

To one whose energies have been devoted to a land and a people for more than half a lifetime, there is a vast difference between going home on furlough and merely going home. As the ship carried me and my motherless daughter and son far from a lonely grave in Denmark and from our beloved Africa, it seemed that life held nothing more for me. I felt I was chained to circumstances from which I could not break away.

After a visit with my two brothers and their families in southern California, I took a position at my brother's treatment rooms in Long Beach and served as assistant pastor of the church. I was busy, and my children were attending school; but my heart was in Africa.

Then something happened to help fulfill my dearest wish. One Sabbath day I attended the Loma Linda Church with my brother and his wife. We arrived just as the church service was about to begin, and to our disappointment there wasn't a vacant seat on the main floor; but the usher found one for me in the balcony. As we rose to sing the opening hymn, a lady at my left shared her hymnbook with me. As I stole glances at her during the service I had strange thoughts. Who is she? Is she married? Would she go to Africa with me if—? After the service, a mutual friend introduced me to Mary Oswald. At least I knew her name, and by careful inquiry I learned that she lived with her mother and was employed in the Loma Linda Sanitarium.

Three months later, in 1937, I talked to Mary, and she answered two questions in the affirmative, which gave me complete happiness. She would be my wife and she was willing to go to Africa. Several months later she became my wife, and soon we received the welcome invitation to return to Africa! Ingeborg Marie had already sailed for Copenhagen to take the

nurse's course, and Robert accompanied us to Denmark, where he entered school.

On Christmas Eve of 1937 we crossed the threshold of Kireka house in Uganda. I knew before we arrived that Mary would be a good pioneer. She could do without the modern conveniences of running water, inside bathrooms, and electricity. On the voyage she had looked with keenest anticipation to the land which I described in glowing terms. The thousand-mile journey from Mombasa on the little train that carried us over hill and through valley across the game country of Kenya and the lush tropical forests of Uganda to our mission station was enjoyable to both of us.

We found we were to occupy one half of a mission duplex house. The other half was occupied by F. H. Muderspach and wife, with their young son, Arne. The year after we arrived, Miss Mary Sachs, secretary-treasurer, joined the staff and lived in our crowded house. Soon another missionary came—Gunnar Gudmandsen—to take a niche in the bulging mission home!

Before falling into the pattern of mission life, we renovated the entire house. Then it was time for me to make the first tour of the churches.

"How would you like to go on the safari with me?" I proposed to Mary. "You can leave your classes for the month that we'll be gone."

"I'd love it," answered Mary, who was always ready for the new and unknown. "When do we start—tomorrow?"

"Oh, no," I said with a laugh. "Wait until I show you the list of things we have to take along. And woe to us if we forget a single item!" Here was the list:

Cot
Mattress
Bedding
Net
Pillows
Cushions
Rubber boots
Clothing (big item)
Clothes hangers
Baptismal clothing
Mosquito boots
Toilet articles
Washbasin
Towels
Mirror
Scissors
Boot-polishing kit
Kitchen utensils
Dishes
Drinking water
Bread

Cake
Powdered milk
Ovaltine
Postum
Butter
Sugar, salt, etc.
Bread knife
Dishcloths
Dish towels
Tablecloth
Table
Folding chairs
Primus
Alcohol
Matches
Lanterns
Kerosene
Flashlight
Tarpaulin
Gasoline tin
Tools
Rope
Books
Needle and thread
Stationery
Files
Report blanks
Sabbath school lessons
Workers' accounts
Workers' wages
Tithe receipt book
Communion set
Wine and bread (for Communion)
Medicines
Tent and poles, if camping
RADIO!
Lots of other things

"Whew!" said Mary, "that looks formidable. I'd better get busy bread baking."

"And don't forget the cake, my favorite item," I reminded her. "Fruitcake is the best, for it keeps fresh the longest. And remember, much of the bread will have to be made into zwieback."

The morning came when we set out on the journey. "How beautiful Uganda is!" exclaimed Mary, as we rolled down the hill in our bulging Nash, after two busy days of preparation. "I'm amazed at the good roads here. How can the government afford to maintain them?"

"Well, there is very little outlay of cash," I explained. "You see, every adult male is required to work a certain number of days each year on the roads. That is why we see groups of men here and there filling holes and keeping this an all-weather highway. This is vastly different from my early years in Tanganyika, when we made all safaris on foot along narrow trails. Now, with much more comfort, we can cover more territory in a day than we could travel in a week in those days."

"Next to consecration and dedication, what do you consider the most important requisite for a good missionary?" asked Mary, as we drove along the road.

"Adaptability," I answered without hesitation. "And next to that, more adaptability. We need educated missionaries, who can adapt themselves to new surroundings."

"There is one more quality that I think should be added to consecration and adaptability," suggested Mary, "and that is a sense of humor. If a person can laugh at the amusing experiences and not worry about the frustrations, life should be blessed."

"You're right, Mary," I agreed, as we arrived at our first little meeting house. We were met by the usual group of friendly members in front of the thatch-roofed, mud structure. We planned to meet with two church groups a day, conducting the Communion service with each.

The little rectangular, mud meeting houses became our motels for the night. The walls inside were black and rough, and the floors were garnished and clean with a fresh glaze of diluted cow dung applied by hand in fanlike patterns. What a lot of things there were to carry in from a car and walk about with, wondering where to set them! Finally when a frying pan was wedged in a latticed window opening, the boot toes hooked in another, the canteen hung in a third, boxes and suitcases piled on benches, and innumerable smaller items, for want of a better place, set on the floor, we arranged the furniture in an open space beyond the benches. A card table, trembling a bit from the long journey, became a festal board with its gay oilcloth covering and the good food. After unfolding our chairs we bowed our heads in humble gratitude to our Lord, who had prepared a table for us deep in the heart of Africa.

Our bed was already made in the Nash, with net tucked securely around it. When we had crept quickly inside, hoping to leave the clinging little insects and night creatures outside, we flicked the light switch above us, and our limited space became a fascinating library, or we became two little specks in a whole world of music, news reports, and whatever else the radio brought us.

When the last day arrived, after a month of visiting one or two churches a day, we turned gratefully back toward our beloved Kireka and the comforts of home.

"I think," said Mary, "that next time we'll have to hook a trailer behind."

"What for?" I wanted to know.

"The eggs," she answered. "Nearly everywhere we stopped the women gave me some, and strangers came, too, with a few tied up in a banana leaf. Each brought the output of his one hen for a week or two, I should imagine, and of course, I couldn't refuse to buy them. And look at that poor chicken at my feet tied up with banana fiber, waiting for death or reprieve. Whatever shall we do with her?"

"Give her to one of the native families at the mission," spoke I as a man of experience.

"Well, I'm glad that the goat they gave us was so near our house that we won't have to worry about his transportation," laughed Mary. "I noticed that you slipped some money to the donor. Is that the custom?"

"Yes, I think they expect the favor to be returned, especially for a large gift, so I always do it at once," I explained. "They're well satisfied with the bargain, too, especially when I tell them that they may as well keep the goat since we have no room for him!"

"Oh, won't it be wonderful," exclaimed Mary as the Nash picked up speed on the last lap of the road, "to be home again and have a whole washtub to bathe in, and our roaring old cookstove to cook on instead of the temperamental primus stove!"

Kireka literally bursts upon one's view as he reaches the top of the long, steep incline. To those who arrive for the first time the gasp is not alone for the beauty of the view, but also for fear that the driver may fail to turn sharply enough to avoid plunging into the jungle below.

We decided to conduct our major evangelistic campaign of the year in central Uganda. We made our usual preparations, which included private tents and camp beds. Several African evangelists were to assist by visiting the people of the community, inviting them to come to the meetings at four o'clock

each afternoon. Since most of the people of central Uganda read and write, and bring their Bibles to meeting, we decided to present many of the Bible subjects as we do in the homeland. We were well equipped with charts and other devices, and, armed with the sword of the Spirit, we prepared to present the message to these intelligent people.

"There's a rope stretched across the road just below our knoll," said the ladies of our group, as they came back from a stroll the day before the meetings were to begin. "What does it mean?"

We were soon notified by the health department that bubonic plague, which was endemic in Uganda, had broken out; and unless we left at once, we would be confined within a certain radius until the plague was controlled.

"Let's talk the matter over," I proposed to Mr. Muderspach. "We are in danger, we all agree, especially since the people who come to the meetings probably carry infected fleas."

"If this is one of the devil's methods to frighten us away, I say, Let's not give him the satisfaction!" was my colleague's reply.

"I was sure you'd say that," I answered, "and that's the way I feel, too. How about the ladies?"

I didn't need to ask, for they were as eager to remain as we were. The next day, as Mary and I were sitting in our tent, a rat scurried across the floor and under the bed. I immediately gave chase and was soon joined by our entire staff. We were successful in destroying him before he could escape into his hole. Without delay we dug a hole in which to bury him before the plague-carrying fleas he might be harboring left his body. All of us took the usual precautions of wearing high mosquito boots to prevent fleas from getting on our legs.

But it was young Arne Muderspach who had the most unique adventure with the dreaded rats. His bedroom was in his parents' car; and one morning when his mother came to call him, she asked, "How did you sleep, little son?"

"Oh, quite well," he answered nonchalantly enough, considering what he was about to add, "except for a rat in my bed."

"A rat?" cried his mother, hesitating between flight and maternal concern. "Oh, Arne, really—"

"But, mother, it's true!"

"Well, what did you do with him? Where is he now?"

"Under my pillow."

Gingerly lifting the corner of the pillow, Mrs. Muderspach's astonished eyes met the dazed ones of a recuperating rat who had become the mother of a whole row of little pink sausages!

Though a number of people died of the dread disease during the month we were there, we were convinced that God had impressed us to remain until the end of our successful campaign, for a wonderful group of intelligent people were converted, among them a witch doctor. The new converts, added to the small company of believers we already had in the area, formed the nucleus of a growing church which eventually became the headquarters for a new mission station.

Zakariah and His Family

Before beginning our next evangelistic campaign, Mary and I traveled with M. E. Lind, superintendent of the mission in the Eastern Province, on a tour into the beautiful foothills of Mount Elgon to meet groups of new believers. We parked the car when the road narrowed into a footpath, and made our way through the banana groves to the homes of our scattered members. At one of the simple huts we were given a glass of banana wine, which Mr. Lind explained was unfermented, made from fresh bananas. It was delicious, we agreed; but later, as we walked again through the banana groves, our friend said, "Would you like to know how banana wine is made?"

"Yes, we would."

"Do you see that hollowed-out log there by the hut? The Africans put fresh bananas in it and tramp them out with their feet!"

"You would wait until I drank it to tell me this!" exclaimed Mary, with a wry expression on her face.

"Of course," he grinned; "otherwise you might not have accepted it; or would you?"

"Yes, I think I would," Mary finally admitted, "but it might not have tasted quite so delicious!"

We visited the Nchwanga Training School, in the Western Province, and the mission residence, which had been the home of a planter, where a gruesome murder had taken place. Our mission superintendent was E. W. Pedersen, who, with his wife, Esther, enjoyed telling the history of their dwelling. Though the house was not haunted by a ghost, it was not unusual to hear hissing sounds and swishing movements in the fragile ceilings, which were only whitewashed muslin.

"Don't be surprised," teased Superintendent Pedersen as

he took us to our bedroom, "if you see some bright-eyed snakes peeping down at you, or if they do some acrobatic stunts over your heads!"

"Why don't you clean them out?" I asked.

"I'd have to tear the whole house down," he explained. "Do not think for a minute that we enjoy sharing our home with reptiles. At home we used to pay admission at the zoo to see these creatures, but here I have to pay their rent!"

He had more than snakes to contend with, however, for the old buildings literally collapsed in heavy rains. Some of them were covered with old galvanized-iron sheeting which became a sieve in the downpours.

I sometimes wonder what Jesus would say if He visited some of our lonely mission stations and saw the harassed missionaries struggling with inadequate budgets which often do not allow for the barest of necessities.

I think, too, of some of our converts. There was the crippled boy of the Toro Hills, whose arms and legs were misshapen and twisted by early tragedy in his life. We never knew what had happened. Perhaps he rolled into the fire which is often kept burning in African huts at night, or he may have fallen into the flames in one of his attacks of epilepsy. Anyway, his days seemed doomed to be spent in helpless inactivity; his world confined to a straw mat in the sun during the day and a bed of pain at night.

One day a visitor came from far over the hills with a message of love and hope such as the poor crippled boy had never heard before. He learned that the Father in heaven loved him; that His Son, who lived and died on this earth, saved men from everlasting death, and He was coming soon to take all who believed on Him to a beautiful home where there would be no sorrow, no more pain, and where cripples would leap for joy.

It was too wonderful for him to grasp at once. Could he hear more about it sometime, somewhere? Yes, there was a

mission two miles away where a group were meeting every Saturday morning at nine-thirty to read and study the Book that contained all these promises.

His relatives laughed at the crippled boy's eagerness to hear more of the story. They certainly didn't have time to carry him to the mission even once. "Why, you can't even stand on your feet or hold a club in your hands! What would you do if you met a buffalo, or a lion, or a snake? No, you just forget it," they said.

But he couldn't forget! The days now held something more than hopeless despondency for him, and the long nights were made bright by the star of hope. He decided he must get to the meeting. But how? Perhaps if he tried to crawl he might cover the two miles by the time the services began. Two miles. What was a mile? He told us later that a voice seemed to command him to stand upon his feet. He had faith, and for the first time in his life he stood up! When morning came, his gnarled knots of hands took hold of a stout club to lean upon, and he began his first journey to the place where he could hear the words of the Book which told him about his all-powerful Friend.

We saw him regularly after that, and his face shone with happiness. The stout club he carried was now a weapon of defense against prowling beasts. He did not need to lean upon it any more, since his Friend had commanded him to walk!

The next time we visited the Toro Hills, a bright face was missing. We found that our crippled boy was dead. Relatives told us that he went to the river the day before Sabbath to bathe, and he never came back. Perhaps he had an attack of epilepsy; and though, no doubt he was unconscious when he passed through the dark waters, his Friend was there whispering, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."

Before we returned to our home, Superintendent E. W. Pedersen proposed that we make a safari together. "I'd like to show you a very desirable property for sale by a Mr. West, which could serve as a mission station in that populous area. It's in

the foothills of the Mountains of the Moon," he added by way of enticement. "Just wait until you see it!"

Over the winding road we drove, our enthusiasm rising with the steady climb. We passed through the tea plantation which belonged to the estate and drove along the tree-bordered driveway until suddenly we were there.

"Look at that fountain with a basin around it large enough for a children's pool! Where does all that water come from?"

"From the glacier up above! Almost incredible, isn't it, to find snow and ice so near the equator," explained Mr. Pedersen.

Surprises awaited us within the attractive house—running water in the kitchen, and a bath, of all things! Electric lights! We couldn't believe it. Modern conveniences in the heart of Africa! And this delightful property was for sale at an amazingly low price!

We could talk of nothing else on our return trip. We laid plans to take the division brethren to that magnificent site, show them all that we had seen, remind them of the untouched territory with tens of thousands of people waiting for the message —and they would surely give it favorable consideration.

A short time later at our annual meetings, we drove the Nash around the curves toward that distant snow-capped range. We showed the visiting leaders the magnificent site, the fountain, the well-built house, pointing out the possibilities among the people living there. We waited for the "Oh's" and "Ah's," as had the guide in Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad,* but they never came!

"Why," exploded Mary when we were alone, "do you think they couldn't see it?"

"They could," I said, trying to ease our disappointment; "but, remember, they've been running the gantlet all the way from South Africa to this place with outstretched hands for money all along the way."

"Let's buy it ourselves," suggested Superintendent Pedersen when I saw him again. "Even as a business investment, it's

sound. We can keep it for a place to retire to when we're worn out."

The following year we received a letter from him with the astounding news, "Do you know that we just lost £500?" Quite a sum for poor missionaries! He explained by writing, "The West place has been sold for that amount more than we could have bought it for!"

It seemed that it had forever slipped from our eager hands. In a reshuffling of workers, the Pedersens were called to supervise the work in Kenya, and the Nchwanga Training School was moved to a beautiful site near Kampala. However, the work moved on in the area until it was necessary to have a new mission center. Yes, eventually the West plantation was bought, and in later years it has become the center of the most promising work in the whole colony of Uganda. I might add that when the property was purchased, it was necessary to pay a considerably higher price for it than when we could have first obtained it; but it was still a bargain!

The literature evangelism program was well organized and flourishing in Uganda. Every year, after a week of instruction and devotional study, a group of faithful colporteurs mounted their bicycles to carry books to the homes of the people. A book was sold to Zakariah, a student in an Islamic school who led the prayers in the mosque. The colporteur told Zakariah about the return of Jesus. "We Moslems know about 'Isa,' or Jesus, but we don't know much about His coming again," the student admitted.

As Zakariah read, he longed for more light. He wished that he had asked the colporteur where he could get more of the same type of literature. "How shall I ever find that man again or know where the books are for sale?" he asked himself.

Zakariah was invited to attend the Armistice celebrations in Kampala, and in the forenoon he went to the park in front of the courthouse where the festivities were to be held. The military band was playing, and officers, war veterans, and askaris stood at attention as the governor and other high dignitaries

arrived. The thoughtful student saw little of all this, however, for he was elbowing his way through the crowd in search of the colporteur. At last he thought he saw him at a distance, and he pushed through the mass of humanity until he reached the salesman. "Aren't you the man I bought a book from in Masaka?" he asked. Zakariah hardly received the affirmative reply before they clasped hands like old friends. Needless to say, Zakariah bought more literature.

On a trip to southern Uganda we visited Zakariah in his home. We found that his wife was not only able to read, but she had learned the order of the books of the Bible so that she could turn to them in their study. Zakariah told his Moslem friends about his new faith, but they were angry with him. When we saw a small hut built in front of his house, we asked him what it was for. He said he was obliged to keep a man there as night watchman, for his former Moslem friends had threatened him. He was fearful that they might burn down his house while his family was asleep.

Some months later Zakariah requested baptism, and my African evangelist and I visited him. When we greeted the couple, their eyes and faces were shining with friendliness, and ours were shining, too, before we left, as we saw the faith and zeal of this humble family as they came out of Mohammedanism. The entire family—father, mother, and children—listened attentively as I told of the responsibilities of being a Christian in the home and in the community. The two older boys, under the watchful eye of their father, turned quickly to the Bible texts as I mentioned them.

When our study was ended, I asked if there were any questions.

"Yes," said Zakariah. "In your talk you said we should witness in our home and in the community. I wish to be baptized here for Christ's sake among the people who are my enemies."

"Do you feel that you are thoroughly instructed in the

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Christian religion?" I asked him. "Have you counted the cost?"

"Yes," answered the former sheik. "I have studied, and I know what it has cost me already; but I do not waver in my determination to be a Christian. I have lost my Mohammedan friends, I have lost my family inheritance, I have lost the money I formerly earned in witchcraft. If I had any doubt, I would go back."

We arranged for the baptism to be held a few days later in Lake Victoria, two miles from their home. We did not refuse the invitation to dinner. How could we when the plantains—a species of banana—were steaming on the open fire in the next room, and fragrant whiffs of them, mingled with smoke, had been circling around our heads all the time we were there? They laughed, all of them, as mother deftly lifted the banana-leaf pouch of steaming *matoke,* as it is called, from the large basin, pressing it quickly on every side to mash its contents. In the meantime father had laid banana leaves on the table for plates, and placed before Mary and me a separate little basin of sauce made of finely ground peanuts, tomatoes, and onions simmered to exact thickness and mouth-watering goodness.

"We have plenty of food in our garden," beamed mother as she divided our portions and placed them before us without touching the mixture with her hands.

"Dear me!" whispered Mary. "Does she expect us to get to the bottom of this heap?"

Whether she did or not, it gradually diminished until we gave one big sigh and laid down our hands—I can't say forks, because we had none.

Several days later, on the shore of Lake Victoria, Zakariah was baptized as his wife, children, friends, and strangers watched. Before I left I wanted to have prayer with Zakariah and his family in their home. Instead of remaining in the living room, where we usually visited, he led us into a little room about eight feet square which he had added to his house. It was built of bamboo reeds, with low benches of the same material on three sides. The children knew their places, and they knelt down

before anyone spoke to them. The evangelist prayed earnestly for the family, committing them to God's protection. I could not refrain a furtive glance at that beautiful scene. Instead of resting their elbows on the seats, parents and children knelt in a semicircle around us, the children holding their hands, palms together, in front of their closed eyes. When the prayer was ended, the father began the Lord's Prayer, and each joined in with a clear voice, ending with the "Amina." It was a scene to rejoice angels, and I felt a lump in my throat. "God bless you, children," I said to them. "I am so glad you have learned to pray to Jesus."

Several weeks later I heard that Zakariah was in prison. As quickly as possible my African evangelist and I went to visit him, hoping we would not arrive too late to help. Zakariah's wife was glad to see us, but she was sad, for she feared we had come too late. It seemed that his former Mohammedan friends had accused him of burning down their old mosque, a whitewashed structure with thatched roof. The wife had heard that his accusers and witnesses had been summoned for the trial, which was to have been held the day before we arrived.

Without delay we set out for the paramount chief's courthouse. The court was in session when we arrived, but I did not want to enter at once, as the appearance of a foreigner might create a stir. Therefore, my evangelist and I stood by a side entrance and looked in on the scene. On a raised dais, behind a wide desk, sat the dignified judge. At either side of him sat clerks, and an interpreter was standing in front translating what two chained prisoners were saying.

One of the clerks saw us and whispered to the judge, who courteously motioned us to seats in the front of the courtroom. After the two prisoners had been taken out, Zakariah was led in front of the judge. The secretary read a brief report. The judge called for witnesses, but no one replied. Waiting for a moment for the accusers to appear, the judge said, "The case is dismissed! Release the prisoner."

I did not understand what had been said; but when Zakariah threw himself prostrate on the floor, thanking the judge, I understood that he had been acquitted. The judge was convinced that the witnesses were afraid to appear because the charges against Zakariah were untrue. He surmised that the hatred had flared up because the man had left Mohammedanism to become a Christian. The judge greeted us courteously, evidently happy that Zakariah had been acquitted.

How happy were Zakariah's wife and children when we drove to his house, with Zakariah sitting beside us! We all joined in thanking God for this deliverance.

The Land of Camp Meetings

One year it was my pleasure to attend four camp meetings in Ruanda-Urundi, an area in former German East Africa, my first field of labor. During the intervening thirty years a marvelous work had been accomplished in that beautiful land, now a part of the Belgian Congo. Before dawn we began the long safari southward across the equator to Kabale, in Western Uganda. Here the market attracted us, for we were able to see the products of the country as well as the throngs of people. The bead merchants were busy stringing long necklaces, and near them sat the jewelers with their enticing brass anklets for feminine fancy.

"I wonder what those large brown heaps are over there," said Mary, as we made our way past some mounds of potatoes. "Well, of all things! They're roasted grasshoppers!" The Africans were cracking them between their teeth and enjoying them as much as we do popcorn.

There was a cozy English hotel in the town, but neither the mission budget nor our own funds allowed for such luxuries. Therefore we climbed the long winding path to the government camp, where we parked our car. Below us lay placid Lake Bunyonyi, narrow, long and irregular, dropped like a jewel in the deep valley. Above and beyond the peaceful lake stretched the distant mountain peaks of Ruanda, towering above the gray, heavy clouds. In the midst of the lake was an island, set apart for a leper colony. There, we were told, lived two young English nurses who had dedicated their lives to the care of those unfortunate people. That evening and the next morning a chilling fog shrouded the hill, and it took courage to step out into the clouds when it was time to get up at dawn to continue our journey. The road led us through high-domed hills and fertile

valleys with patchwork garden quilts thrown over them. Then we came to the thirty-three-mile scenic drive called the Escarpment. All Uganda is beautiful, but this region is superlative. The flowers of variegated colors—purples, yellows, whites, and reds; the African flame tree with its lighted torches at the tips of the branches; and the miles of graceful living green bamboo —all make this one of the most beautiful drives in the world. Added to this are the high mountains with the road winding its way around the rim of one valley before entering another by a series of hairpin turns.

After spending the night at Rwankeri, where a mission station was located, we pursued our journey on a one-way road. We hurried to get to the road-bar because traffic going our way was stopped at exactly ten o'clock. We reached the control station in time, and now we could enjoy the scenery. But, no, we couldn't. There was too much of it! We seemed to straddle the rim of a ridge at the top of the world. On the narrow highway we could look down thousands of feet into the gorge.

We thought of the time two years before when we had made the trip with the Pedersens.

"You look for a while," Mary had said to Mrs. Pedersen. "I think there's something beautiful over there."

"Why don't you both look?" I asked from behind the steering wheel. "After all, I'm driving."

"But we can't," Mary objected. "One of us has to keep her eyes on the road!"

We arrived at the training school and were welcomed by friends. On Sabbath morning the principal of the training school and I stood at the entrance to the campus, counting the columns of people as they passed in an unending line. Approximately fifteen thousand persons came in and were seated under the eucalyptus trees. We found the familiar faces of some boys who had made the long trek to Uganda to work at the mission. There were tall Watusi chiefs and their equally tall, slender wives, whose average height is well over six feet.

The African is a creature of impulses and surprises. He often does the unexpected; but in such a naïve, whole-souled way that one can hardly be impatient with him. At the Missionary Volunteer meeting in the afternoon a visitor from the division office sang a solo. He chose the Negro spiritual, "Lord, I Want to Be a Christian in My Heart." The song was fully explained before the soloist sang, and as the wonderful voice rolled out over the audience, carrying to the rim of the crowd, there was a movement of their bodies, a lifting of heads, and a gleam of glistening teeth. They were laughing! They liked it! They liked it immensely, and they were showing it in their wholehearted, though unexpected, way.

At Ngoma we found new friends, among them Dr. and Mrs. L. K. Rittenhouse and two little daughters. It was a privilege to visit this delightful spot snuggled on the broad hills.

"Isn't it beautiful!" we remarked to Mrs. Rittenhouse one evening as we walked in the garden, admiring the magnificent view. "It's the loveliest spot in the world! But you, who live here year after year, far from everything and everybody, don't you find it lonely?"

"No," Mrs. Rittenhouse answered simply. "You see, this is home."

On Sabbath we gathered in the out-of-doors, where the mass of humanity, like a dark, mottled carpet, spread out before us. As we sat there, the carpet began to move in waves as the congregation edged toward the front. The peak of interest was reached in the afternoon, when the congregation looked at one man with a bag who was coming to the platform. First he read a list of all of the groups he represented, and then he took from the bag bundles of notes and handfuls of coin. Now we understood; this was their meeting. At the morning consecration service they had given their hearts; now they were giving the sweat and toil of days in the scorching sun. As I saw them giving eagerly and joyfully, a lump came to my throat. Do we, who have so much, give as they did that day?

I began to make comparisons. The average African family's camp-meeting offering was twenty francs, a sum equal to a workman's salary for a month. Then I thought of a camp meeting in America, and the fact that the average salary is $300 to $400 a month for the head of the house. Does the average American family give a month's salary in the camp-meeting offering? I asked myself.

My attention was called to a particular worker. "Do you see that man? He comes from the poorest district, many miles away. He represents only a small group, but look at the large offering he has brought!"

They kept coming until the table was covered with their bags.

A few days later at the last and largest camp meeting at Rwankeri, we were discussing offerings. "I'm afraid they are sacrificing too much," said the president of the union. "I warned the teachers and evangelists before the meeting not to urge the people to give. 'We want freewill offerings; you must not press them in the least. Remember, they have the regular weekly and yearly offerings,' I said; yet look at the sum we received this year!"

There were more than twenty thousand persons at the last of the four camp meetings. How could a man's voice reach the rim of such a crowd? I wondered. I decided to find out. While one of the men was speaking, I slipped off the sheltered rostrum and made my way around the fringes of that vast congregation. I heard every word as clearly as if it had been over a public-address system.

How humbled I felt when I stood before the thousands and read Peter's question to the Master, "We have forsaken all, and followed Thee; what shall we have therefore?" I read the Saviour's answer to Peter—he would receive a hundredfold in this life, and in the world to come, everlasting life. I pictured the glories of the new earth, and their eyes were bright with wonder.

Our furlough was two years overdue, and we must say good-by to our loved Uganda. If we had known we would not return again except for a visit, perhaps our feet would have been weighted with lead and our hearts heavier than they were when we climbed onto the train.

Good-by Ripon Falls! How often we had broken a safari to stop for a few minutes on the bridge and watch the water dash over the stones and boulders!

Mbulamuti River boat. Did we ever dream that one day we'd scramble aboard this boat, which we had once seen on safari, and deposit thirteen pieces of luggage inside a snowy white cabin? This was a boat which held no terrors for Mary, for there was no rolling or pitching. There were opportunities to visit with fellow passengers and to read with one's mind on the book, instead of heeding the queer feeling in the pit of the stomach.

After this river trip we boarded busses and were carried to the Masindi Hotel, a rambling building among shady mango trees. We enjoyed a full day there before we continued on to Lake Albert. Our second steamer was larger and more luxurious; and since we were more alive to our surroundings after two nights of good sleep, we enjoyed the short voyage which brought us to the Nile River. Here we boarded a typical Mississippi flat-bottomed river boat. Our end cabin was well ventilated and tightly screened, an absolute "must" in this humid river basin which teems with feathery gnats and insects of all kinds.

The passengers fell into two groups—the drinkers and the teetotalers, the latter group being much the smaller. At Nimule we were met by a fleet of Ford cars which took us on a 120-mile ride past a rocky portion of the Nile.

Our fourth boat was the most luxurious of all. The cabins were at least eleven feet square, and we were provided with every possible service to keep us cool and contented—two electric fans, ice water in thermos jugs, and attentive stewards. The meals were exceptionally good, served by middle-aged waiters with fierce mustaches and high red fezzes.

We reveled in the six lazy days on this boat, with nothing to do but lounge on the top deck, reading or watching sights of interest which might appear along the papyrus-covered banks of the river. This was travel de luxe! There was not a jar or sickening roll, with the exception of an occasional jolt when one of the barges towed along by our boat hit the riverbank.

Sometimes elephants ventured near enough to the water's edge to be seen clearly by the passengers, while at other times our field glasses brought herds of buffalo and other game into view. Bird life was abundant—herons, flamingos, ducks, pelicans, and ibises. One day a rifle shot from the captain's bridge caught a fat crocodile who had been napping and sunning himself near the shore.

"I shoot as many of those fellows as I can," he said.

As we advanced farther north, the papyrus plants gave way to grass, and instead of wild animals we saw Africans covered only with a dusting of wood ash. Evidently we passed several tribes, for the styles changed. There were some whose hair and bodies were red, decorated by applying a mixture of clay and cow's urine. As we floated slowly by these tribes, the people danced on the riverbank for our entertainment.

When we reached Malakal we saw a population decked in an astonishing array of ornaments. The hair was brushed up in the form of an open pie plate on each side of the head and neatly shaved between the round edges of the plates. This hairdo was topped off with feathers stuck jauntily in the center of each circle. Some persons preferred red hair to match the knee-length square of cloth knotted on one shoulder, adding contrast with a black or white pompom on the top of the head. They wore bands of beads across their forehead, and another bright fringe hung at the base of the skull from ear to ear. If that were not enough, they added a permanent string of beads across their forehead by slitting the flesh and inserting small seeds. When the skin grows over these seeds, they have ornaments which no one can steal. The arms and wrists are bound with

bright bead bands, and to complete their amazing regalia, they add ten or twelve circlets of white ivory on their legs from ankle to knee.

Before reaching Khartoum, we disembarked and continued our journey by train. As we sped along over the flat, sandy waste, we wondered how the desert folk and their numerous camels could exist in that dismal country. There was not a green thing in sight. Mud houses surrounded by equally mournful mud walls, and a few fields of dry stubble, were the only signs of life. Yet at a small village near a life-giving canal, there were trees and muskmelons. We bought melons and searched impatiently in our luggage for knives and spoons. How perfectly delicious these muskmelons must be, grown in the heart of the desert! We bent quickly over our yellow cups. Yes, they were a deep yellow; but so are their cousins, squashes and pumpkins, —poor relations, better kept at a distance.

We felt as if we had come back to a dear friend when we saw the imperturbable Nile River flowing quietly by the large hotel in Khartoum. Here we were to spend four days before turning eastward. Since it was extremely hot, we did little sightseeing except to visit the market, the museum, and the home of General C. G. Gordon, who was killed in the siege of Khartoum in 1885.

The day before our departure we bought canned fruit at outrageous prices to carry with us on the next lap of our train journey, since we had been informed that our train carried no dining car. No doubt the shopkeeper's statement at the end of the month contained a gleeful item like this: "Disposed of a considerable amount of old stock." When we opened our precious cans we promptly threw their brownish contents out on the hot sands and tried to content ourselves with bread and other less perishable foods.

After the many days of flat country, it was a relief to see hills and mountains again, although they were rugged and barren. At Tessenei, we transferred to a bus, and our luggage

was dumped helter-skelter onto a big lorry. Off we drove for four hours on a dusty road until we reached the final stage of our long journey.

Had it been day instead of night, we might not have rested so securely in the tiniest of sleeping compartments. Eritrea is a very mountainous country, and to reach Asmara on the high plateau the railroad must be narrow gauge.

Two and a half weeks after leaving Uganda we arrived at Asmara and were located in a second-rate hotel—the best ones having been requisitioned by the military. There we spent ten anxious and busy days searching for a place in which to live for the short time we expected to wait until the war should end.

How quickly one adapts himself to new surroundings and becomes attached to a house, its occupants, and the town itself! After recovering from the shock of high prices, for everything was at least five times what we were accustomed to paying in Uganda, we could walk about the city streets, admire the buildings, count the tearooms, sidewalk cafés, and bars, and wonder how the crowds who patronized them could afford to spend so much money. Who were they, anyway? Italians, we were told, thousands of them—refugees from Ethiopia, who had sent their wives and children back to Italy.

We became better acquainted with them, their language, and their problems, for the housing commission assigned us living quarters in the home of one of Asmara's most prominent citizens, who at the time was in exile, "enjoying" the hospitality of the Campo di Concentrazione in the Sudan Desert. After his release, which Mary, to my dismay at first, took upon herself to effect through the British Intelligence Department, we became good friends, even though we had been placed in his home as uninvited guests by a conquering enemy.

A block from our *castello* we discovered a large American camp of the U.S. Signal Corps, which received and relayed messages from the Middle and Far East to Washington, D.C. We obtained passes to visit the post exchange and the ornate little

chapel, which the artistic Italians had decorated for our boys. Since the chapel served Protestants, Catholics, and Jews, the artists' ingenuity was put to the test. To the left of the large painting of the crucifixion was a slightly smaller one of Moses holding the two tables of stone in his hands. At the right stood Aaron, the high priest of Israel.

At the invitation of the Protestant chaplain, I conducted the Easter service. After that the boys requested that I be their regular chaplain, since they were dissatisfied with the too-liberal attitude of the one in office. Many of the young men were Southern Baptists, and a finer group would be hard to find anywhere. Our Italian host at the *castello,* who threw his doors open for social evenings, joined us in endeavoring to show the boys a "good time." One evening we were playing games in the beautiful salon, when he appeared at the door and said, "Come on, boys, let's go down to my cellar. I still have some good Italian wine!" As they declined in chorus, he whispered to me, "What kind of fellows are they, anyhow? They don't drink or smoke, and they are happy playing simple parlor games!" When we broke up later in the evening, our host was in the circle as we all joined hands and sang, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

Word soon spread to one of the officers that the Toppenbergs were entertaining the boys, and he gave orders, "Take plenty of food along. You know how hard it is to get supplies out here." At our next party, we received five pounds of cheeses, butter by the gallon, canned milk, cocoa, American bread, fruit, and other supplies that filled our shelves for weeks.

For two years we waited for the war to end so that we could proceed to Egypt to await transportation home. Although we had been in Cairo before, we previously had had little opportunity to see the many attractions of that ancient city. Now, with my uniform for a pass, we went on all the American-conducted tours in Cairo and its environs. The six weeks we were in the city passed quickly and pleasantly as we lived among the massive pyramids, the Sphinx, the silent desert, and the friendly Nile.

Pioneering in Southern Ethiopia

During our furlough we had spent many hours discussing our next field of labor—Ethiopia. For me it was returning home, and I looked with keenest anticipation to living and serving again in the land which I had left so many years before.

From the time that the Ethiopian plane with the gaily painted lions decorating its forward sides, set us down at the airport, my amazement grew. Where was the Addis Ababa I had known? The eucalyptus trees were still there, taller and more luxuriant than before, but something had happened under the vigorous rulership of Emperor Haile Selassie to transform this rambling town into a modern city. Instead of only two automobiles, thousands sped along the paved streets, controlled by alert police and stop lights.

We made our way to Mr. David Hall, the private counselor to the Emperor. This fine gentleman received us in his busy office on Churchill Street in Addis Ababa. During our conversation we were constantly interrupted by the telephone and we were amazed at his command of languages as he answered in Amharic, German, English, French, or Italian, all of which he spoke fluently.

"Well, Mr. Toppenberg!" he said warmly during a lull. "Where have you been all these years? I am pleased that you are back in Ethiopia again. When did you leave?"

"In 1926," I answered. "Twenty-one years ago. I have been in East Africa. It seems that my life in Africa has been lived near Lake Victoria and the sources of the Nile."

"That's wonderful. And now that you are back at our source of the Nile, where do you expect to locate?" Mr. Hall inquired.

"That is what I wish to discuss with you," I continued.

"You are acquainted, no doubt, with the work of our mission. We have established stations in the north, west, and eastern provinces of Ethiopia, but we have not entered the south. As far back as 1909, when I first came to Africa, it was decided that I should eventually begin work, if possible, in southern Ethiopia. At long last, I have come to carry out that action."

"You have come at an opportune time," said the counselor. "There are two very desirable places in the region that would be very suitable for school and mission work. The first is in an immense forest, formerly an Italian property, and the other is at Kuyera, about five miles from the forest. Personally, I am greatly interested in the latter, since His Majesty has requested me to be in charge of developing an institution for boys orphaned during the Italian invasion. Why don't you drive down and look at both places? Call in again when you come back, and then I'll speak with His Majesty about your plans."

It is always a thrill to venture into the unknown. As the wheels carried us across the thorny plain into raw heathen country, our minds echoed the words: "That it might be fulfilled. That it might be fulfilled." We had twelve hours to think as we chugged along on that one-hundred-and-fifty-mile stretch. The Ford truck creaked, groaned, and lurched in the deep ruts and over potholes, forded its way over streams or crept gingerly over a bridge with the sign, "You cross at your own risk."

"Don't stop to eat any picnic lunches along the way," Herbert Hanson had warned us before we started out.

"Why?" we wanted to know.

"That's what we asked an Ethiopian friend when we made a recent trip in that region, and a shady tree invited us to rest and eat under its branches. He said the men of Arussi Province have the custom of proving their manliness by killing at least one person—more, if possible—before they marry.

"Sure enough, as we sped along," Hanson continued, "we saw a murdered truck driver near the road. 'How horrible!' we thought; but we learned later, when we became friendly with

these people, that there was no malice connected with their killings. They thought no more of it than a white hunter does who chalks up the number of deer he has shot in a lifetime."

"Why do you do it?" Mary asked two such murderers one day when she was attending a native court trial. "Would you like to have someone kill you?"

"Oh, no," they answered innocently. "But you see, our mothers teach us to kill, and our god tells us we must do it."

We arrived at Kuyera after dark, so we were unable to form any idea of the estate or its surroundings. The next morning the view which met our delighted eyes was one of parklike beauty as far as the eye could reach—spreading sycamore trees, irregular cornfields, and huts. Far beyond, mountain ranges loomed, which we named the Three Brothers and the Five Sisters. A deep gorge near the house, with its rushing waters, provided an extensive irrigation system.

We could hardly wait to see the whole estate, and soon we walked quickly down the stone steps and under the tall banana fronds along the road. There was the campus, all prepared for our mission, the fulfillment of that action taken forty years before! There were two simple barracks, a mill, machine shops, a large stone barn with cattle, a cluster of huts, and, most important of all, seventy boys waiting for an education.

"It's simply wonderful!" we said to each other. "Let's hurry back to Addis Ababa and get all the arrangements made to take over."

"Did you notice," said Mary, "that there was no kitchen in the hilltop house?"

"Neither is there a stove or anything else to cook on," I recalled. "But let's not wait for that. We'll manage somehow."

We talked and planned as we rode back on that weary road which seemed shorter and smoother as we returned with good news.

After another interview with Mr. Hall, who in turn presented our request to His Imperial Majesty, we received confirmation that this entire estate with all equipment was a gift to the mission. The union superintendent exclaimed, "This is the quickest action we have ever experienced in our mission!" We knew, however, that God had been preparing the way for forty years.

We were overwhelmed with the work that demanded immediate attention. There was an abundance of equipment, but much of it needed repair. Had I been an octopus, I could have used every arm in repairing hoes and axes, coaxing sluggish motors to function, installing rain tanks, making rain gutters from metal sheets, repairing farm machinery, planting crops, to mention only a few of the jobs that simply could not wait.

But, most of all, the boys needed attention. Some of them were sullen, quarrelsome, and lazy. The government had cared for them for years, so why should they work? Looking down over the compound, I saw weeds as high as the boys' huts, that fairly screamed to be cut. Where were the boys who had been sent to cut them? Lying in the grass asleep, we surmised.

"Whatever shall we do with them?" groaned Mary.

"Don't be discouraged," I said. "It's quite natural for them to be skeptical. Remember, they've been waiting for two years for the promised school. Now we have come; but they are saying, 'What can these two do among so many?' "

One of the barracks became our place of worship, and for the first few weeks I conducted services on both Sabbath and Sunday. I explained that we observed the ancient Sabbath of the Ethiopians, but we would also have services on the first day of the week for those who had adopted that day. It was not long, however, before they requested us to discontinue the Sunday meetings.

During the days of waiting in Addis Ababa, we had heard that U.N.R.R.A. might be willing to help such a school as ours. Since there was no harm in trying, Mary and I made our way to their headquarters.

"Why, certainly, Mr. Toppenberg!" the American lady in

charge of the foreign-aid program assured us. "That's what we are here for. Let us know what you need."

And we did just that. The list grew longer and longer as we thought of one item after another, hardly daring to hope that they would give us even half of our requests. Now the time had come to go to the city to get all these wonderful things.

"Mary, let's get up at three o'clock tomorrow morning," I suggested, "so we can get to Addis Ababa before dark."

"I'm not going," said Mary firmly; "I'd like to, but I am so anxious to get a garden started for ourselves and the boys, I don't want to lose the time."

"Well, it's a good idea; but you know I'd much rather have you along. Aren't you afraid to stay alone?" I added, hoping to shake her determination. "I'll be gone a week or more."

"That's true, but let me try it this once," she persisted. "That pirate from our nearest village, who is our night watchman, looks fierce enough to scare off a hyena. He knows he would be out of a job if anything happened while you are gone."

"Oh, for a paved road," I sighed as I drove homeward two weeks later. I was blaming myself for letting Mary persuade me to leave her alone, but not then or at any other time did she fear to be left among the people. From our hilltop she saw our truck turn in from the main highway, and she hurried down through the long, shaded road to meet me. What I had on that truck was something to see. A hundred woolen blankets and sheets, bolts of khaki cloth, towels, plates, cups, kitchen utensils, hoes, shovels, hand plows, and quantities of paper for the boys to use in schoolwork. She could scarcely believe her eyes as the truck was unloaded.

"This is only a small part of it," I added by way of a climax. "They are giving us farm machinery, too—a machine for seeding grain, a harrow, a self-binder, a plow, and, catch your breath now, a tractor!"

But that was not all. On our next trip to the capital city we came back with a dozen Rhode Island Red hens and two proud

cocks, a gift which grew, and the later generations were passed on to the entire neighborhood to improve their own dwarfed strain of poultry.

Shortly after our return to Ethiopia I had the pleasure of seeing one of my first converts, Tekle Haimanot, whom I had not seen for twenty-five years. He was chaplain of the Empress Zauditu Memorial Hospital, in Addis Ababa. I determined, if he was willing, to get his services for our new mission. The hospital staff was loath to release him; but they acceded to his wishes and mine, and he with his wife and children became members of our mission family. The wisdom and levelheadedness of this Christian gentleman made him a most valued helper. Boys and Arussis alike went to him to settle any difficulty; and, after a quiet talk, he seemed to tame the fiery tempers, and his words of counsel were carried out.

I had also met another of my early converts, Negarie Muletta, and was overjoyed when he and his wife, Ascalla, were willing to assist in the educational work. They had been teaching in government schools at Addis Ababa, and it was only after numerous petitions to the Minister of Education that they were finally released for mission service.

The time had come for us to add teaching to our other duties. The boys were anxious to learn, having been held back from the "magic" books that contained the wisdom of the ages. Who of us who have read from early childhood or who have been able to go to those who knew the answers, can fathom the thrill the untutored person has when a whole new world opens before his eager eyes?

Not a boy was late that epoch-making first day of school. That earthen-floored barracks with its backless benches became the most wonderful place on earth to them. We had no blackboards until I made them myself.

"How old am I?" each boy asked Mary, teacher of English, who promptly assigned them ages as one would give numbers to a class.

Soon the busy hum of school mingled with other mission activities; and even the lowing of our American cows, who shared their quarters with one of the classes, blended with the recitation period. It was pure pleasure to teach our boys. There was never a disciplinary problem in the classroom to divert attention from the all-absorbing joy of learning! The world wasn't flat! There were great expanses of water on the earth! There were lands and peoples thousands of miles away! Those lights in the sky, what were they? I decided to give a few simple astronomy lectures on Saturday nights for those who might want to come. They all came, eager and thrilled at the vastness of the universe.

The Bible became their constant companion, as our dear Brother Tekle Haimanot patiently taught the boys during the morning and evening worship hours. Soon they were able to name all the books of the Old and New Testaments, to repeat the Ten Commandments, the Beatitudes, and scores of texts. On Friday evenings, when opportunity was given them to recite their favorite texts, they continued without stopping until we offered the benediction.

As they became proficient in English, Mary spent an hour with them every Sabbath afternoon, reading interesting biographies or playing Bible quiz games. One day I walked in just in time to hear her say, "Boys, you simply must raise your hands when you know the answer. Don't all shout at once! It sounds like a market in here!"

Yes, we were blessed beyond measure, exhilarated and inspired by the joy and enthusiasm of those young hearts. As the days passed and no harm came to the Arussi tribesmen as the result of the mission, our neighbors began to visit us. They were willing to have us dress their wounds and ease their pains, but they would not send their children to our school.

"But when it comes to sickness unto death," they said to one another, "don't trust them. We know that only an animal sacrified over the body with the warm blood flowing over it can save, if the spirit wills!"

How many such sacrifices they offered, one never would know. Nor do we know of the terrible mystery, spoken of in dark whispers lest the government hear, when they offered their own children to expiate their sins!

We were in need of a trained nurse, but we could scarcely believe our good fortune when two arrived—Mr. and Mrs. Erik Palm, both trained and experienced in treating disease. They came at a dramatic moment.

Early one afternoon the boys had come running to our house. "Look!" they shouted, "down near the main road! The people are having a battle! Shall we go—"

"No! No!" I cautioned. "I'll jump in the jeep and notify the local police."

When I returned, the skirmish was over and wounded enemies were lying side by side near our chapel. Tekle Haimanot, who was looked up to in the community as their judge, was ferreting out the cause of the trouble, while Mary, Negarie, and Ascalla were binding up gashed arms, legs, and heads.

"Now what were you fighting about?" Mary asked.

"Grass for our cattle!" they shouted.

"And do you have any more now?" she wanted to know. They laughed at their own foolishness.

It was at that moment that the Palms, dusty and weary from the long journey from Addis Ababa, drove into the compound. They immediately took charge of the injured, sending those who were able to walk to their homes, and making the more seriously wounded comfortable on benches in the chapel.

Their loving and tireless devotion to the sick throughout their years with us won them a treasured place in the hearts of the grateful people. Their work, as varied as ours, included gardening, managing the farm, teaching, and preaching. When their furlough came due, a year before ours, their house was surrounded by friends of the province who sat in mournful silence, a token of appreciation for all of the service they had given the Arussi people.

Beginning the Training School

To one who had seen the advantages and results of a training school for teacher-evangelists in British East Africa, it seemed the opportune time to begin a similar project in Ethiopia. We had few students in the country who had completed the elementary grades, but they were mature young men, some already teaching and preaching. With all of Africa shaking off the lethargy of centuries and hungering for education and the advantages of more favored peoples, I realized we should meet the growing need in our own denomination. Backward peoples were asserting themselves, and nationalism was pushing to the front. The day was coming when the foreigner would no longer be wanted or needed. Should we not prepare for the future by training our young people for responsibility? The day came when our union mission committee took the action which established the Ethiopian Union Training School.

"Isn't it wonderful news?" I asked, after telling the story to Mary. "And it's going to be in Kuyera, too!"

"But where will we put the extra students? Our huts are full, and we have only one good classroom now."

"Yes, I've thought of that. But we must get that training school started. I'll put up the building myself and make more desks."

Soon the entire mission staff was engrossed in plans and preparations for the new venture. With the help of two boys, a simple structure with four large classrooms and an office was erected. New huts were built and old ones repaired.

One day when our division leaders were visiting us, Mary conducted them on a tour of the campus. "And now," she said, as they walked along the neat path, "I want to show you our modern kitchen. It is airy and light, and we have running water!"

Airy it was, indeed, for there was not a window, door, or wall to protect one on chilly, rainy days. It was only four poles and a corrugated iron roof overhead. The water ran day and night in a ditch nearby. So a modern kitchen was built for the mission.

"One thing calls for another," we agreed. "We must have a dining room, too." Then I decided that I would make a stove, a long one which would provide ample room for the two iron barrels we cut in half for kettles. Since some factory-made stoves can be temperamental, refusing to draw properly, I wondered if I would be successful in my first attempt. When it was finished, I slipped out of our house early in the morning with paper, kindling, and matches to test it. It drew, and the fire roared. The boys poured through the doors to view the latest addition for their comfort and convenience.

Our teaching staff, always shorthanded, needed reinforcements. Our elementary- and training-school students were in class from 7:30 a.m. until 6 p.m. It was a joyful day when Miss Gladys Martin joined our mission family. Her good humor, enthusiasm, and sincere love for her work and her students made her a valuable teacher, friend, and helper. Her duties soon widened beyond the classroom, as she mothered a houseful of girls who slept in double-decker beds in a little mud structure next to the kitchen.

Another family joined the mission group before the end of our term—Mr. and Mrs. Lester Rasmussen and their children. We wondered how they would adapt themselves to a mud house thatched with straw, with a cement floor cracked in grotesque patterns. After the glamour of the ocean voyage, can the new missionary endure the bumpy roads, the smell of unwashed bodies, the sickening sores, the dismal howling of the hyenas? Sometimes courage fails, and families return to loved ones and the amenities of civilization.

Just a few days after the Rasmussens arrived, when everything was going wrong, Mary had to drive to the native market to buy supplies. A poor woman, brought from a long distance

to the dispensary, had died, and we decided to transport her body by jeep to her village. Why not make an excursion of it, Mary thought, and she asked Mr. Rasmussen to go along. Then, too, if he would take his new station wagon, the corpse could be carried more conveniently.

Accompanied by the nurse, they started out on the highway, through the beautiful forests and over the hills.

"Well, Mr. Rasmussen, how do you like Africa?" asked Mary.

"I love it!" he answered quickly and sincerely. "I wouldn't want to live anywhere else. I'd never be satisfied to work in America again."

"Thank You, Lord," breathed Mary silently. "The pioneer spirit still lives among our young people."

Nearly all of the boys of our original group were baptized, but the Arussi people about us remained unmoved, although they came faithfully to Sabbath services and the other meetings when we visited their villages. There was one dear old woman who sat unobtrusively near the door of our chapel in nothing but a stiff, smelly goatskin, knotted on one shoulder; but her eyes shone with a longing for something better. She was a familiar sight on the mission grounds as day after day she listened to Tekle Haimanot as he taught the sweet story of God's love for all His children. She wanted to be baptized a year before we thought she had received enough instruction. Would she be able to stand the test—frail little woman that she was? What would happen when she went among her people who were still bound in helpless fear?

One day Mary said, "I haven't seen Lydia [the name the old woman had been given] for a week or more. Do you think she's turning away from us, or could something be wrong?"

"Let's jump in the jeep and go over to her hut," proposed Gladys Martin. Soon they were bumping over the uneven road to Lydia's hut. All was as still as death when the jeep stopped at the humble straw hut. Had they failed to come in time? When

Mary and Gladys peered through the low opening into the tiny hut, they found Lydia and her granddaughter lying on the earthern floor, feverish and weak. They were so ill they had to be carried to the jeep.

"But, Lydia, why didn't you send someone to tell us you were so sick?"

"I tried to, but no one would go. They wouldn't give me any food, either, because I refused to let them sacrifice a goat over my body. I told them I would never sacrifice a goat again, no matter what happened. I said that my God was stronger than all of their gods, and now I know He has sent you to save me."

The old woman and her granddaughter were taken to the mission. We had no ward for patients and no extra hut, but there was an old mud house which had sheltered some pigs before the days of the mission. So to that cracked, rough shelter we carried them. The boys found two simple cots, and Mary went to the house to get sheets, bedding, and nightgowns.

Gladys Martin said, "I'm going to bathe them and cut their hair. And do you know I consider it an honor and a privilege to do it for this dear old soul! I'm sure she has never had a soap bath before."

It wasn't long before the patients were in clean nightgowns, between snowy sheets, in the first beds they had ever slept in. As Mary told me about it later, she said, "Our eyes were moist, especially when Lydia said, 'You've told me about heaven, but I won't have to go there now. I'm already there!' "

At the next baptism Lydia was among the happy candidates, and when she attended the service immediately afterward she walked proudly in a new dress to the front seat, and she was there every Sabbath from that day on. Now she belonged!

The seeds of truth began to grow and bear a harvest. Our local witch doctor, Jairo Kumbi, had long believed, but feared the evil spirits he served. Though we assured him that God was more powerful than all the evil spirits, he was not

certain. Africans have cause to fear the spirits, for they often suffer physical violence from them. And so Jairo fought his convictions until one day the old warrior asked the students to come to his hut and help him destroy all his idols, so that his house might become a place of prayer for his family.

A group of men who had heard of our mission came from a distance to investigate. They remained to learn more of the truth. When they did not return home, another delegation was sent to find them, and they, too, left off searching and remained. Then they went back to their waiting people with the story of Jesus. Before the mission could send a shepherd, a flock of more than a thousand persons were waiting for more light.

We received word that Their Imperial Majesties, with other members of the royal family, were planning to tour southern Ethiopia and visit our mission station. What a flurry of preparation took place! A booth for farm and garden exhibits was erected, and the red carpet was rolled out near it, with a draped chair placed on an elevated platform for His Majesty to sit in during the program to be given by our more talented students.

When the cavalcade of white automobiles came to a stop near our school building, the entire mission family was there to greet Emperor Haile Selassie. The Emperor and Empress visited our humble classrooms while classes were in session, and afterward the ladies went to our home, where simple refreshments were served.

His Imperial Majesty and Dejazmatch Asrat Casa, the Ethiopian governor of our Arussi Province, walked with me among the huts, past the well-kept gardens and orchards, and they seemed genuinely pleased with everything they saw.

"Your Imperial Majesty will remember," said the governor, "that many lawless acts were committed in this area. How is the situation now, Mr. Toppenberg?"

"Well," I replied, "perhaps our experience will describe it better than anything else I might say. My wife is not afraid

to stay alone weeks on end when I attend committee meetings in Addis Ababa, and she never locks the door!"

In preparation for the royal visit we had taken our large rug out of mothballs and laid it on the termite-eaten floor of our living room. The best easy chairs from the various mission homes had been put there, and we had gathered the best from the families. If we were all a bit nervous in our unaccustomed role of entertaining royalty, His Imperial Majesty soon put us completely at ease as he chatted informally with us for more than half an hour.

After the last car had rolled away between the lines of cheering students, our boys rushed up to our house. "Which chair did he sit in?" they asked. Then they all filed by, each sitting solemnly for a moment in the honored seat.

"And which glass did he drink from?" they wanted to know. Thereupon they each had a sip of punch from that same special glass!

The day of farewell to Africa finally came for me. I felt as I looked back over the many years that I could only pray, "Dear Lord, bless the work which was so falteringly done. Hold Thy hand over it, and grant that there may be souls saved as the result of our beginnings, in the day when Thou dost make up Thy jewels."

There has never been a regret, never a backward look. No, if I had forty more years, I'd give them all, gladly and gratefully, to Africa.

Postscript

On March 27, 1957, V. W. Toppenberg died in Fullerton, California. From the obituary read at the funeral service we take these paragraphs:

"The long years of service sapped his strength, and it was practically at the point of exhaustion that he finished—with only four furloughs—forty-three years of service in the various sections of Africa. He was only seven years short of his goal of a half century of service. In 1952, he returned to America to enjoy a much-needed rest.

"But there was no rest. After a year or two in the homeland, the desire to return to the land he loved became so strong that several times when invitations came from the Congo, Kenya, and Ethiopia to return, he bent every effort to fulfill that wish. But the mission board, wisely no doubt, felt that it would be beyond his strength to lift again the heavy burdens. Relatives urged him to settle down, saying that he would die out there if he tried to go back. To this he always answered, 'And why not? I'd rather die there in the harness than here in a comfortable home.'

"A few weeks before his death his dearest wish seemed about to be granted. At long last, definite arrangements were being made for him to take up self-supporting work in Africa. He was afire with enthusiasm. Passports and passage were practically arranged, when the blow came which put the end to his hopes.

"Though he left his heart in Africa, it was not granted him to be there in person. He was comforted with the promise that when it is in the heart of a man to do a work for the Lord, it is reckoned as if he had actually done it. If this be so, it can truly be said that he laid down his life for Africa."