Silk Creek Folk Visit in Mass.

By Mrs. Dale McCoy

SILK CREEK—Mrs. John Woolcott and small son, George, returned to their home on Wednesday of last week from a five weeks' trip to Brockton, Mass., where they visited at the home of Mrs. Woolcott's mother, Mrs. George F. Beaton. Mrs. Woolcott was born in Brockton and spent her entire life there before coming to Oregon a little more than five years ago. She enjoyed visiting with her family and friends very much.

Some of the highlights of her visit were a family gathering on July 12 at the summer home of her cousin, Robert Adwood, on Long Pond at Lakeville, Mass.

There were about 18 relatives present at the gathering. On July 31, there was another family gathering at the Atwood home for a spaghetti and lobster feed.

A friend held open house in the garden of her home in Brockton in honor of Mrs. Woolcott where about 20 friends gathered to welcome her back to her home town. A highlight of the evening was a very attractively decorated cake with the words "Welcome Home Barbara."

Mrs. Woolcott and her brother, Robert Beaton, and sister, Dorothy Beaton, spent two days in Henniker, New Hampshire, at her brother's summer home, "Seasoned Timbers," which was built about 1790.

Mrs. Woolcott and George made the trip to Massachusetts and back by plane.

News Revealed

—Photo Clark Studio

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hudson of Bennett Creek announce the engagement of their daughter, Glenda Ann, to Robert Lee Rohr, son of Mrs. Vernon C. Stetnichs of Alvord, Iowa.

Rohr graduated from the local high school and is working in the Forestry Service. Miss Hudson will be a junior at CG high this fall.

—✚—

To know how to grow old is the master work of wisdom, and one of the most difficult chapters in the great art of living.—Amiel.

The men who master situations master themselves first.

—✚—

"What this country needs is more people raising beans and fewer spilling them.—L. H. Kurtz.

SOCIETY

PHONE 555 OR 556

Grovians Visit Many Cities in Africa Enroute to Their Mission Fields

By Mrs. Dale McCoy

(Editor's note: The Sentinel continues the interesting letters from Mariel Jean Darnell to home folks, telling the outstanding experiences she and the Schaffner family are enjoying while touring various cities in Africa enroute to their mission fields where they will serve as medical missionaries).

Malamulo Mission Hospital
Monday, April 26, 1954

Dear Friends and Loved Ones at Home:

Victoria Falls Beautiful

I shipped my two big suitcases by train from Bulawayo and went on with the Schaffners to Victoria Falls on Monday. It was a real thrill to us to be on a real Mission, and I became more eager to arrive here and get started on my work.

That day from Bulawayo to Victoria Falls was about the worst day we had travelling. We arrived at the Falls about 5 p.m. We got a cabin in the Rest Camp and had a nice stay over Tuesday. We spent that day walking around and looking. There were signs all around, "Beware of the elephants." We hoped we would see some to beware of, but no such luck. There was lots of spray, but we could see well enough to make our efforts well worthwhile, going there. And it is easy enough to understand why it is called "the smoke that thunders." We saw how the river comes down to the fall, the narrow gorge where all the water comes through and the canyons that carry it onward. I had not realized before how it is. The falls are over a mile wide, but the river is nowhere near that wide. Instead of being a "headon" falls, the white side of the river falls off into this deep gorge. The rain forest is actually down inside the first of the gorges. It is caused by so much spray from the falls. It is a thick growth of tropical vegetation. The whole thing is so strange and marvellous, it is like something some one made up, not just a natural work resulting from the flood. How I wish you could all see it.

There were several black boys standing around and one came and asked if we wanted a boy while we stayed there. Dottie and I thought it would be a good experience for us, so we took him on. He said his name was Godfrey, and he knew just what we wanted. He went right to work making up the beds, and bringing water for us. We even gave him our dirty linens to do up and were done with him for the night. The place didn't provide towels and among the six of us we had just one small hand towel, even mine were all gone to Malamulo in the suitcases I had sent from Bulawayo. When we got up Tuesday morning, there was Godfrey, johnny-on-the-spot. Ready to do up our beds and our washing. It was kind of fun leaving our responsibilities to the hired man.

Wild Animals Interesting

Baboons were the main wild animals we saw. There was one wild pig, by far the ugliest animal I ever saw. There were a few antelope and a few giraffe. One tiny mouse deer was so friendly that Dr. Schaffner had to push him away with a little stick in order to get a picture of him. We walked down a trail, actually steps cut in the side of the gorge, down into the rain forest. What a view it would have been if there had been less mist. Coming back I was a little ahead, and as I was pretty tired, I put out my hand to steady myself a bit, when Dr. Schaffner said, "Watch it. There's a snake." Just as he said "watch," I looked down and saw a snake right where I started to put my hand. I have no idea what kind it was, but it was about three feet long and about three inches in diameter. Sort of a reddish brown. I watched him slither up the bank into a hollow place at the roots of a tree. After he was gone out of sight, I got so scared I could scarcely breathe. I don't think it would have affected me so much if I hadn't so nearly put my hand on him, but I had to just stand there a little bit before I could muster the strength to make the rest of the climb back to the top.

The moonlight was so bright that night we thought maybe we might see the lunar bow, but we didn't. The view of the falls was lovely, but no lunar bow.

It was just 7:30 when we left our rest camp on Wednesday morning, April 14. If you look at your road maps of Africa, you will think there are lots of towns along the roads. But most of them are native villages. We passed lots of them, but very few towns. Where they did have petrol pumps and general stores there were only blacks to run them. When we stopped for gas at Kolomo, there was e real respectable ladies' rest room. I've seen Shell, Mobilgas and Caltex, I think that is a brand of Texaco, and I guess that is about all the kinds of gas.

Hoot Your Hooter

We saw quite a lot of road work being done between Livingstone and Lusaka. But oh, they could stand quite a lot more. I never saw so many miles of dust in all my life. You just couldn't step without getting your shoes full. They call the horn on the car the "hooter." Signs that should read "Sound your horn" instead say, "Hoot your hooter." One sign we saw said, "Detour. Don't blame us if you break your car." Another expression that struck us funny is, "Just now." It means anything from five minutes until sometime tomorrow. But I'll be right with you just now," is very common.

By the time we arrived at Lusaka that Wednesday night we looked like natives. We were so tired we hardly cared how we did look. We found rooms in a very snazzy hotel, very modern and new and had dinner in our rooms again. The Schaffners took off early Thursday morning for Elizabethville, and I stayed on there until I was ready to take the plane for Blantyre Friday morning. The flight took four and a half hours with a stop at Ft. Jamison. That time was the only time I really spent alone from the time I left home until I arrived here at the Mission. The people from the Mission met me at Blantyre and brought me out to Malamulo. I arrived here just nine weeks from the time I left home. It was four p.m. when we came through the gate to the mission. I began meeting people right away that evening.

There are five European families and seven single workers here, making a total of 22 Europeans on the mission. We all have prayer meeting and Sundown worship on Sabbath together. The singing and talking at church is in the Chinyanja language, but the preaching is translated into English. There is an Indian division of the hospital. There are lots of Indians here. There is a separate European hospital. And the mens' and the womens' wards for Africans.

Leper Colony Close

The leper colony is about a mile down the hill from the rest of the buildings and is really the prettiest part of the whole mission. There are four nurses, so we take turns taking calls at night, making only every fourth night my turn. I am teaching child welfare and operating room technique. At first I had charge of the Indian Hospital, but recently, I have been given the leper colony, which is rated as about the nicest job here. I also work in surgery, but the two jobs work in well together.

It is very beautiful here, lovely lawns and gardens at all the houses. The houses are built on a hillside overlooking such a lovely valley with a tall looking mountain on the other side; the mountain is Mlanji and can be seen for long distances all around here.

Please dear friends, if you want to hear from me, write. I do enjoy the letters I get, and appreciate the thoughtfulness of those who write them.

Your friend, as ever,
Mariel Jean Darnell
Malamulo Mission Hospital
P.O. Makwasa, Nyasaland.
Africa.

REFLECTIONS

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You might as well mark off Fair Days, Aug. 26, 27, 28, from your calender, prepare to put the kids in the back seat, ma in the front seat with you and join your friends. You'd be lonesome at home, alone, beside you enjoy a good laugh as well as anyone. And whoever heard of a Fair without laughs, if no other kind than laughs at your own expense?

Fair Time is Big Time. Don't miss it. Be there, know what's going on.

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Schaffners Arrive at Songa After Trip Of 16,000 Miles; Medical Missionary

(Editor's note: The Sentinel received an interesting letter from Mrs. Marlowe Schaffner in the Belgian Congo, who arrived there in July with her husband, Dr. Schaffner, and three children to begin their five years' work, the doctor as a medical missionary. We are passing their interesting experiences of the past year on to our readers, also their friends).

Hospital De Songa
B.P. Kamina, Congo Belge
July 17, 1954

Dear Cottage Grove Friends:

One year ago today we left Cottage Grove on the first lap of our 16,000 mile trip which has finally brought us to our mission home in the heart of Africa. August 7, 1953, we sailed from New York on the S. S. Maasdam and disembarked August 13 at Rotterdam, Holland. Until February 10, 1954, we lived in Antwerp, Belgium, where we both studied French intensively, and Dr. Schaffner took medical courses at the Institute of Tropical Medicine (in French!)

While living in Belgium we made short trips into Holland, Luxembourg and to Dunkirk in France and Waterloo in Belgium. After Dr. Schaffner successfully passed his examinations, we spent one month motoring through Germany, Austria, Switzerland and France before going to England.

We sailed from Southampton, England, March 18 on the Stirling Castle, happy to have the company of Mariel Jean Darnell and two other Adventist nurses who were also enroute for mission work in Africa.

During our two week sea voyage to Capetown we stopped at just one port, Maderia, where many small boats came alongside and the native boys dived for coins thrown from the ship. Many merchants came on board to sell lace things, embroidered articles, straw hats and baskets and carved wooden boxes.

Seeing Africa

April 1 of this year we had our first glimpse of the continent of Africa. Looking out the porthole at six o'clock in the morning we saw a low-lying dark strip of land on the horizon with red sky above it and higher up a deep blue sky pierced by a sliver of moon. Going up on deck to view Table Mountain as we entered the bay, the wind and early morning freshness in the air added to our exhilaration at our first sight of Africa—the land that is to be our home for five years.

We enjoyed a few days' stay in Capetown, which is a beautiful city and reminded us of Glendale, Calif. It is, of course, more modern and looked more like "home" to us than the very old cities in Europe. We had ordered a Ford station wagon from the States, and on April 6 we began our 3,000 mile motor trip north to Songa in the Belgian Congo. It seemed odd to drive on the left side of the road. At first the roads were well kept up and paved. They were narrow, but there was very little traffic. Once we counted only six cars in 40 miles.

We saw an occasional antelope, one ostrich and many sheep, but very few cows as we travelled along. At Bloemfontein, we visited the grave of Dr. Schaffner's cousin whose parents had been missionaries in Africa, too.

(to be continued)

Engine Failures Top Coast Guard Assistance Cases

Engine failures among pleasure craft in the Pacific Northwest was the primary cause for the increased number of assistance cases during the month of July, official Coast Guard figures revealed lately.

The summary of assistance statistics released by Thirteenth District Coast Guard Headquarters showed a total of 112 assistances to pleasure craft, compared with 79 cases in June. With out-croppings of good weather throughout the month and increased pleasure boat activity, all of the cases were matters of routine procedure. No unusual cases developed.

Assistance statistics showed a total of 278 calls for assistance, with 216 actual cases rendered and 62 attempted. Only one case involved vessels over 100 feet in length. The summary also totaled 13 regettas patrolled by the Coast Guard.

Among flight activities involving the Coast Guard during July, only two aircraft crashes took place. No lives were lost in either.

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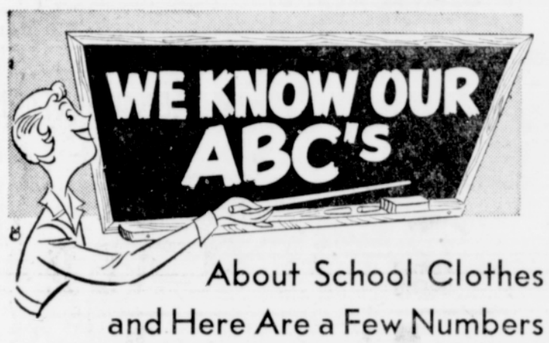

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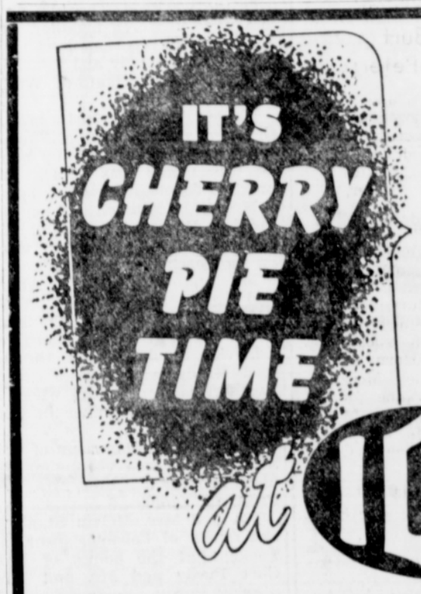

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