

9-28-20

Dear Askia,

Thank you for all your hard work in leading CeOSA to support and promote Centennial Secondary School for the glory of God. Please accept this book my father, Dr. E. D. Baker, wrote that has so much information and history of CSS. As his son, I am so proud of his accomplishments and hard work for the <sup>good</sup> and for the people of Sierra Leone, <sup>whom</sup> he and my mother grew to love.

May reading this book bless and encourage you and others who will read it.

Your brother in Christ,  
Dr. Rev Baker - "Halcmoi"



**DeWitt & Evelyn Baker**  
**50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary, August 16, 1992**

# PILOT • PRINCIPAL • PRESIDENT

The Autobiography of E. DEWITT BAKER

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God,  
to them who are called according to His purpose." - Romans 8:28

with Ann E. Ericsson



Norman Dean Baker

# DEDICATION

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Evelyn and I dedicate this book to our son, Norman, our little missionary, who went to heaven from Sierra Leone.

Norman Dean Baker

January 4, 1948 - December 1, 1955

I also offer heartfelt thanks to my wife, Evelyn Middaugh Baker, who has been my helpmate through all of life, including the writing of this autobiography.

May 2000

Preface

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# Preface

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If my father, Dr. E.D. Baker, were alive today and asked to recount the history of Centennial Secondary School (CSS), I wouldn't be surprised if he began by quoting Psalm 115:1:

"Not to us, O Lord, not to us but to Your name be the glory, because of Your love and faithfulness."

He would be the first to acknowledge that the founding and development of CSS were the result of the tireless efforts of many people. Among them were African brothers and sisters, missionaries, other expatriates, and members of the United Brethren in Christ Church.

In those challenging early days, my father often looked west across the Taia River to the Gendema Hills. As he gazed upon those hills, Psalm 121:1-2 would resonate in his heart:

"I lift up my eyes to the mountains—where does my help come from? My help comes from the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth."

This Scripture brought him encouragement, reminding him that the Lord would provide the help, wisdom, and perseverance needed to complete what seemed like an impossible task. Centennial Secondary School would go on to become the first co-educational secondary school in Sierra Leone—a monumental achievement.

You, the reader, may already know that the heart of the CSS campus is the Greater Love Chapel. My father and mother envisioned this school as being Christ-centered, a place where education and faith intertwined. While the story of how the chapel got its name will be revealed later in this book, their vision was clear: they wanted CSS to be more than an educational institution. Their prayer was for Centennial students to encounter the living truth of the Gospel, experience life-changing opportunities to follow Jesus Christ, and become His ambassadors.

For many years, Centennial Secondary School enjoyed a highly respected reputation, excelling both academically and spiritually. Those were the glory days. Over time, however, CSS faced significant challenges, including the devastation of an 11-year civil war, economic hardships, the Ebola epidemic, and other crises, which severely affected its standing.

Enter the Centennial Old Students Association (CeOSA). These former students and friends, driven by a shared burden and responsibility, have worked tirelessly to restore CSS to its former glory. Their contributions include fundraising, renovating buildings, inviting humanitarian organizations like Engineers Without Borders, and creating a social media network to rally support for the school.

A few weeks ago, my brother and friend, Abu Hassan Koroma ("Askia"), called me to share his concerns and ideas for CSS. Having read my father's book, *Pilot, Principal, and President*, Askia was particularly moved by the sections about Centennial Secondary School. He believed CeOSA could leverage this book to help both past and present students understand the school's noble legacy and inspire pride and support for years to come. His idea was to reprint this out-of-print book, sell it, and use the proceeds to fund much-needed projects for CSS—a vision I wholeheartedly support. And thus, this new edition was born.

It is my prayer that the Lord will use this edition of *Pilot, Principal, and President* to inspire students, past and present, to follow Jesus Christ wholeheartedly. By doing so, may they help Centennial Secondary School fulfill the vision my father and his colleagues held so dearly—a school that shines brightly for the glory of God.

**Ronald Baker, MD**

Son of the founder, Dr. E.D. Baker

*February 22, 2021*

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**DeWitt Baker, C. 1983**

# FORWARD

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We all owe so very much to our parents, especially for the Christian beliefs and teachings which they implant in us. It was my parents faith that I took as my own and that guided me as I was pilot, principal and president. Our children have joined the line of Christian believers, and I am thankful to God for that and for their love.

I hope this written account of my life will be evidence that I have been faithful to the Lords call on my life. I sincerely believe that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to His purpose."

Evelyn joins me in expressing deep appreciation to those who helped compose this book: The director and students of the Joe Mertz Center at Huntington College donated time and talent to transcribe my journals. May God bless them as they serve others. Friends Nellie Birdsall, Robert Kaehr, Jane Mason and Randy Newman provided valuable editorial and historical assistance. Evan Towne skillfully drew the layouts of the mission compounds. Many others encouraged me.

Since 1949, I have kept a daily journal, and it is from journal entries that I have written much of my autobiography. My purpose has not been to discuss major ideas and events in depth or to commend myself, but to give a personal, day-to-day account of a life that was rich because it was lived in faithfulness to God's leading.

Friends from all segments of my life's journey - pilot, principal, president - have blessed me. If we were fellow believers, our sharing was that much richer. It has been my faith in God and in his Son, Jesus Christ, that has been the foundation stone of my life. So it is to God that I offer profound thanks for all the events, all the people, all the trials and blessings that have been given to me. I am thankful to have been a fisher of men, and of fish, as you shall read.

DeWitt Baker

Huntington, Indiana

May 2000

# CHAPTER ONE

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## CHRISTIAN HERITAGE & YOUTH: 1919 to 1936

My paternal Grandma Smith was born Ann Jeanette Balcom. She married Horace Baker in 1862, and they had six children. My father, Horace DeWitt, was the middle son and was born in 1874. After my grandfather Horace's early death, Grandma moved to the sandhills of northern Nebraska with three of her children - my father, who was in his late teens; his younger brother, Olin; and his older sister Harriet, or Hattie, who was ill. There Grandma homesteaded two quarter sections and married Will Smith, a Civil War veteran. Two years later, both Will and Hattie died, and Grandma was left very discouraged by the deaths, the harsh weather and life in a sod house. So, after she had clear title to the claims, Grandma and son Horace sold out and returned to Michigan. Olin remained in Nebraska with his new wife, Olive.

In Michigan, my father went to work for an older brother on a dairy farm near Clayton, not far from Adrian, and Grandma kept house for him. Soon she and my father bought their own 60 acre farm, four miles north of Reading, Michigan.

About the same time, the Dickey family moved from the rich but flat and soggy land near Defiance, Ohio, to a farm two miles north of Reading. Both Grandma's family and the Dickeys were staunch members of the North Reading Baptist Church. It was there my mother, Bessie Leah Dickey, met my father, Horace, and there they were married on June 17, 1913, when Dad was 39 and Mom was 28 years old. Grandma lived with them until her death on May 4, 1932, just eight days before her 91st birthday. She was a devout, loving grandmother, who told stories to her grandchildren around the coal stove in her room.

Both my parents were reared in Christian homes. In fact, the Baker history has been traced back to Edward Baker, a Christian Englishman, who landed in Boston in 1630 with a group led by John Winthrop, a future governor of Massachusetts. The Bakers lived in the Pittsfield/Northampton, Massachusetts, area for at least five generations before moving to New York State. The Balcom genealogy has been traced back to 1697.

Apparently the Balcoms and Bakers knew each other in Massachusetts and moved to New York about the same time. Men from both families fought in the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812 and the Civil War. The families were good friends, intermarried and migrated from New York State to Hillsdale County, Michigan, in the early 1840s. Some members of both families had been ministers, so the Christian heritage had been carried on for eight or nine generations before mine.

My mother's family, the Dickeys, came from Ireland. Her family tree has been traced back to 1794. At least one Dickey ancestor fought in the War of 1812. There were ministers in my grandmother Dickey's (nee Phillips) side of the family, also.

Proverbs 22:6, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it," was strongly exemplified in both my parents histories. I thank the Lord for my Christian parents, grandparents and ancestors.

Mom and Dad's first child, William, was born in April 1914, after a long, difficult labor. Willie died two days later. Ruth Jeanette was born August 29, 1916, and I followed on January 13, 1919. Raymond Eugene was the fourth and last child, born on March 20, 1923. The doctor delivered each of us at home.

My family attended the North Reading Baptist Church and had family devotions each morning at home. The church was founded in 1857, with Grandma Smith a charter member, and it has maintained a membership of around 100. Its light has shone out from its position on the hill, beckoning people into fellowship and offering them salvation and guidance.

In March 1931, during a revival when I was 12 years old, I accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior. Like many young people in my church, I was active in the Christian Endeavor (C.E.) group. One C.E. project was to put up signs, like Burma Shave signs, along the highways. I erected my signs along M49, the road we traveled to church. I chose Romans 8:28: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to His purpose." I chose this scripture as my life verse, and it became the guiding light for my life. At the same time, I signed the C.E. pledge: Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise Him that I will strive to do whatever He would like to have me do; that I will make it the rule of my life to pray and to read the Bible every day, and to support the work and worship of my own church in every way possible; and that so far as I know how, throughout my whole life, I will endeavor to lead a Christian Life.

## Youth

The Baker children attended the Balcom District School, which was named after Grandma Smith's family. I had a lot of fun and did a lot of learning during my eight years at that school. Jeanette, Gene and I walked a half-mile to school, and my cousins east of us walked a mile farther. On cold winter mornings when the snow was deep, Uncle Wilbur Dickey hitched up his team of white horses, Nellie and Nance, to a bobsled. He picked up my three cousins, Margaret, Everett and Don Dickey, and drove them and his daughter, Genevieve, to school. Sometimes our next-door neighbor, Pauline Balcom, and we Baker children would also get a ride. It was thrilling to glide over snow under heavy blankets. It was exciting to watch steam come in bursts from the nostrils of the laboring team as they pulled us over snow so deep it halted car traffic.

In the spring as we walked to and from school, we sometimes tried to kill snakes that sunned themselves along the road. We also made a sport of throwing pieces of gravel at the telephone insulators on the telephone poles. This fun came to an abrupt halt when a telephone representative came to the school. He warned and reprimanded us for doing harm to the insulators.

During the noon hour, after eating our lunches, which were packed in lunch pails, we played duck-on-a-rock, anti-over the schoolhouse, tag and baseball. We formed a competitive baseball team, and on Friday afternoons we walked a few miles to compete with other district teams.

At Christmas time, students went into Galloways woods to cut the finest pine tree they could find. Decorating that tree, preparing for the school Christmas program and exchanging gifts around the tree were exciting experiences. We anticipated our Christmas time at home, too, and the vacation ahead of us.

When Miss Mae Cox came to teach at our school, a certain young man sometimes accompanied her in the morning. He would help her get the fire started so the schoolroom would warm up. One morning, we boys pushed his car behind the schoolhouse and up on a large, high pile of ashes. After the school bell rang, he found his car, but the rear wheels couldn't get enough traction to move the car. Miss Cox sent the boys out to push the car off the ash pile.

The little ones in grades one to three were dismissed for recess before the upper grades. When the older boys came out, some of them showed the younger children how to peel away the outer bark of a slippery elm tree that grew in the schoolyard and to chew the inner bark like chewing gum. Teacher Cox told the little kids to quit, lest the tree be killed. When they persisted and did it again, they were warned they would be paddled the next time. They stripped the bark again and were promised a paddling the next morning. The five children came to school prepared for their punishment. They wore layers of padding under their clothes to protect their rear ends, but they took their paddlings and did not bother the slippery elm tree again.

On one cold, snowy winter day, the older girls in school decided to secretly make ice cream at school. Each girl brought certain ingredients, such as milk, cream, eggs, sugar or vanilla, and mixed them together in a closed container in the girls' toilet which was in the northeast corner of the schoolyard. A different girl went to the toilet every ten minutes to stir the concoction until the ice cream froze. I don't think the project was successful; at least none of the boys got a taste of the ice cream.

The coming of spring was exciting, not only because we could play baseball, but also because we walked into the woods to see the new growth. We were instructed to identify spring flowers and find mushrooms, tadpoles and croaking frogs.

The library facilities in the one-room school were quite limited. We had only eight shelves of books in two bookcases. These included two sets of encyclopedias, a big dictionary and books of fiction, autobiography, biography and travel. I loved to read and must have read nearly every book on those shelves.

We also learned by listening to the upper classes as they recited their reading, history and geography lessons. We heard their stories and poems as they read them. On Friday afternoons, we often had spell-downs or cipher-downs. The whole school took part, and the students in the lower grades often bettered those in upper grades.

Our teachers were very good, and they made school interesting and challenging. I had Mr. Harold Ridley for first and second grades, Miss Maxine Arnold (Grimm) in the third grade, Miss Mae Cox (Millard) for fourth grade, Miss Agnes Sweeney for both fifth and sixth grades, Mrs. Frances Dubois Smith in seventh and Mrs. Clara Baker Bartlett in eighth grade.

During my grade-school days, it was a custom to arrange social gatherings at neighbors' homes to celebrate birthdays, wedding anniversaries and so forth. The telephone party line was used to notify families of the night and place, which was usually within walking distance. The wives carried baskets of food to the parties, and the hostesses supervised games before we had our eats. After one such night at the home of Floyd and Gladys Galloway, Mom asked me why I stood all evening in the doorway between

the dining room and the parlor. I replied that I wanted to see what was going on in both rooms, an early clue that I wanted to be active and involved in everything!

On winter evenings, we neighbor boys took our sleds to the longest, slipperiest hills to go sliding. We were full of energy at the start but weary on the trek back home. Our moms often prepared hot chocolate for us before we tumbled into bed.

Our family's mode of transportation changed during the winter months. When Christmas was past and the weather became cold and snowy, Dad took the battery out of the Ford and put the car up on blocks. We kids then rode to church with our neighbors, Mont and Clara Balcom, in their enclosed, horse-drawn surrey. Later when they bought a Whippet car and their son, Leo, bought a Pontiac, we rode in style until spring when Dad reactivated the Ford. Uncle Ralph Dickey, a bachelor, had a Chevrolet, and sometimes on spring mornings we rode to school with him. We really smiled when the car sped down Webster's hill on graveled M49 at thirty-five miles an hour. On warm winter Sundays, we walked two miles to church and often invited the Berry, Balcom, Deventer and Wiler kids along the road to go to Sunday School and church with us.

An experience I never forgot came during the spring of 1932. All eighth graders from the district schools were required to go to the nearest town to take the statewide eighth-grade examination. The privileged eighth graders who lived in town took it at the same time. Shortly after the testing, Mrs. Clara Bartlett met me coming down the stairs at church. She threw her arms around me and through tears said excitedly, "DeWitt, you got the highest eighth-grade examination score in Hillsdale County! You have earned a free, week-long trip to the State Fair next fall. I was shocked. She was happy and proud! Yes, in September of 1932, I represented Hillsdale County, one of eighty-three counties in Michigan, at the State Fair in Detroit.

I was late entering high school that fall because I had attended the fair. My high school was located in Reading, four and a half miles from home. The Balcom School District paid my tuition, for it defrayed the cost for any of its students going on to high school. I decided to take college prep courses since I had achieved high scores on my eighth-grade exam. Latin, English, sciences, math and history were my main courses, plus electives in French, typing and speech. I hoped that maybe I would have an opportunity to attend college one day although no one in my family had ever done that. My parents had not gone beyond the eighth grade, which was common, but my Dad had a very sharp mind, especially in mathematics.

Because we lived out of town and had no transportation, sister Jeanette and I paid high-school drivers seventy-five cents per week for the privilege of riding with them. She and I walked a half-mile on Cole Road to the corner of M49 where we waited for our rides. During my first year, we rode with Alvin Clark, who was taking a fifth-year, post-graduate course. One morning we waited for him a long time until a member of his family came with the sad news that Alvin had been kicked by a horse the previous evening and had died. After Alvin's death, we rode with Martha and Frank Green who lived farther from Reading than Alvin. A horse also fatally kicked Marcus Clifton, and Clark Schuman was accidentally killed while hunting.

I did not play football at school because Dad was badly crippled by arthritis and needed me to work on the farm. I was too short and inexperienced to play basketball, and I had no way to get home after

athletic practices. But Dad loved baseball, and he allowed me to play baseball and run track in the spring when longer daylight hours gave me enough time for farm chores. I usually played second or third base on Reading's baseball team.

The baseball team at Hillsdale High, the largest school in the county, offered tough competition, for it drew on the county population of over 5,000 while Reading had barely 1,000 residents. However, the final score of the game was 6-4 in our favor! I made a couple of hits, and despite an erratic throwing arm, threw out several runners from third base. I think I ended that year with a batting average of .385.

I ran track when possible, doing relays or the quarter mile (then called the 440). What I remember most clearly about track was that it took me the better part of an hour to stop panting and get my mouth shut after I ran a strenuous race at full speed. I liked to play back yard sports at high school after I'd wolfed down my sack lunches. When the weather was good, I played football or softball out behind the school, and other fellows kept the tennis courts occupied. During the winter, we played volleyball in the gym. My high school days were full of sports and fun, as well as classroom learning.

To give a more complete picture of my high school days, I should tell of an unpleasant episode with one of my teachers. She was my typing teacher in my junior year and my French and speech teacher when I was a senior. She was also the advisor for my junior and senior classes. Perhaps she and I got off to a bad start in typing class although I liked her course and typed fifty-five words per minute. However, when senior class officers were nominated and several classmates pushed my nomination for class president, the class advisor vetoed my nomination, perhaps because she knew that I did not take part in social dancing. Nevertheless, I did not change my Christian convictions because of that episode. I felt this teacher kept my grades in her two classes a notch below what I deserved, and I got my only C from this teacher.

In May 1936, 40 graduated in my class from Reading High School. We were led by Valedictorian Dorothy Kriser and Salutatorian Pauline Scholl. Grace Hinkle was in third place, Wilma Nichols in fourth and I came along in fifth spot. Cousins Genevieve and Margaret Dickey, with whom I'd taken most of my elementary schooling, were one point behind, tied for sixth place. Over the years, Evelyn and I have attended many Reading High School reunions, to which several hundred graduates have come. The loyalty shown to this small high school has been a great satisfaction to us throughout our lives.

During my high school days, the youth group at the North Reading Baptist Church was strong and active even though those were the Depression years. Miss Martell Willits was the youth leader, and two young couples, Erwin and Vera Martin, and Melvin and Valerie Coy, assisted her. In the youth group were the two Hamblin brothers, Maisie Croxton, Kathleen Murray, three Bartletts, three Bakers, the Dickeys, Cliftons, Balcoms, Spanglers, Northrops, Giauques and others I have forgotten. We held weekly C.E. meetings before the evening church services, and afterwards several carloads of young people went to Jack Frosts in Hillsdale for ice cream or to a home for a post-service discussion. We held planning sessions for devotional services and parties, and I began socializing with some of the young ladies from church, such as Mildred Northrop, Leona Spangler and Kathleen Murray. From this group of good, solid young people, many went out as missionaries, pastors and committed lay persons to the harvest fields in Michigan, the nation and the world.

During the summer of 1936, I worked as much as I could on local farms and saved all I earned, for I still hoped to go to college. I'd written to Michigan State, to Blackburn College in Illinois and to Berea College in Kentucky, asking for a job so I could work my way through college. I didn't get a single reply, and no college admissions personnel were out seeking students like myself in those days. Nevertheless, I continued to pray that I would go to college, but I could not have imagined the way the Lord would answer my prayer!

During the summer after graduation, several local churches held a combined Daily Vacation Bible School at Reading High School. Pauline Scholl from the South Reading United Brethren Church was the pianist, and I was a bus driver. During VBS Pauline asked, DeWitt, where are you going to college?"

"Guess I'm not going," was my dejected reply. I can't find a school where I can earn my way.

Why don't you apply to Huntington College? That's where I'm going.

Where's that?" I asked.

It's in Huntington, Indiana, about twenty-five miles southwest of Fort Wayne. It's a United Brethren college. I'm sure President Mason would give you work. Besides, it would only cost you a penny post card to write him and find out."

I talked to Dad about Pauline's suggestion. He remembered that Rev. Mason had been a UB minister in Hillsdale and had spoken in our Baptist church with a good Gospel message. So with Dads approval, I sent a post card to Huntington College. That was, indeed, a pivotal point in my young life. The reply came back, Come on down. We'll give you a job." Little did they or I know that they were providing work for a future president of Huntington College.}



# CHAPTER TWO

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COLLEGE & POST COLLEGE YEARS: 1936 to 1941

## Freshman Year: 1936 to 1937

On September 14, 1936, Mom, Dad and brother Gene drove me 100 miles to Huntington in our 1928 Model A Ford. We found our way to the campus, and I went to the enrollment desk in the library on the second floor of the Administration Building. Imagine my chagrin when I found I'd left the money for registration in a dresser drawer back home. I was allowed to enroll, however, and Mom sent the money to me soon after.

We had a picnic lunch together on the beautiful front lawn of the campus before I settled in my room. Because the college did not have a men's dormitory, I was assigned a room at 1030 Himes Street in the home of Prof. Clark Mason, a brother of President Mason. My roommate was freshman Eldon Norman, from Gentry, Missouri. Across the hall was Amos Beard of Detroit. After Dad carried my suitcase upstairs, he prayed for the Lord's guidance for me, the first member of his family to enter college. Then my folks and Gene departed for Michigan.

I got acquainted with my brothers in the Mason home and stowed my clothes in the closet and dresser. Then I put on my overalls and reported for work at the maintenance building. The man in charge, the Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds, was Rev. L.A. Middaugh. He had moved from a pastorate in Ohio the year before to work at the college, so his two older children, Paul and Alvena, could attend college. His younger daughter, Evelyn, was enrolled at Huntington High School.

Rev. Middaugh gave me a spade and asked me to dig around the shrubs, trees and flowers along the drive on the east edge of the campus. As I worked, I was amazed that students, new and returning ones, waved or spoke to welcome me, a stranger. One was sophomore Dick Goshorn, a commuting student from Huntington. We two became very good friends. I was impressed to meet such friendly fellow students who didn't look down on a freshman working in overalls. Christian friendliness was a characteristic of the Huntington College (HC) student body, faculty and staff.

I'd resolved to work hard, study hard and stay away from dates with girls through the first semester, or at least until I'd established myself on campus and with my studies, but because everyone was so friendly, I didn't keep my resolve. I attended the Y-Mixer on Friday night with Doris Good from Caledonia, Michigan. I walked the ravine paths on the Saturday night Moonlight Hike with Margaret Lamb from Kansas, and I attended Christian Endeavor and College Park Church with Anne Griffin from Bremen, Ohio. HC provided a friendly, Christian atmosphere, and I liked that!

My daily work assignment included janitorial work, such as sweeping the three-story Administration Building and helping in the college kitchen. I liked the cook, Mrs. Clara Lemar, and the mischievous kitchen workers who were always snapping dish towels at each other as they washed dishes. Isabelle Fredrick snapped me so often that, when I saw her upstairs by the water fountain, I set her up on the fountain and turned on the faucet!

The college served good food, and some of it was canned goods that students brought from home as payment for college expenses. My mother sent many quarts to school with me, and I was given 15 credit per quart of vegetables, 20 per quart of fruit, and 25 per quart of meat. Some of the canned goods were stored with the root crops in the root cellar behind the main building. The canned food was used in the dining hall and sometimes given to staff and faculty in lieu of cash wages. My costs for tuition, room, board and books during my first year amounted to nearly \$375. By working all I could the previous summer at \$1.50 per day, I had saved \$60 for college expenses. Years later in my final chapel talk as college President, I commented that students in May 1981 paid their college fees working twenty fewer hours than I had done in 1936.

My first semester at HC sailed along quite pleasantly. My subjects weren't too difficult, and I really enjoyed every aspect of college life. My professors that first year were Dr. Clarence W. Black, Chemistry; Dr. Fred. A. Loew, Biology; Dr. Wilford P. Musgrave, French; Miss M. Edna Shipley, Mathematics; and Miss Leona Musgrave, English Composition.

During the first semester, I joined the Student Gospel Volunteers, the YMCA and the men's Philomathean Literary Society. Ladies belonged to the Zetaethan Literary Society. The two literary groups met on the third floor of the Administration Building, behind the stage in two large rooms that were separated by folding doors. Each group had programs and learned how to conduct parliamentary meetings. The Philos sometimes crowded together by the folding doors and sang vociferously, trying to drown out the Zetas goings-on in the next room.

Other organizations on campus were the Mnemosyne yearbook staff, The Huntingtonian newspaper staff, the YWCA and YMCA, the Debate Team, the Young Peoples Mission Band, the Sociology Club, the College Choir and the College Quartet. The quartet was composed of Max Lemar, Coach George Zinz, Duane Reahm and Gerald Stucker.

The fall Hayrack Ride was held on October 2, and Doris Johnson was chosen Queen and Burnell Peter King. On October 9, freshmen were given the green beanies that we were required to wear, and thus we became real students at HC.

My roommate, Eldon Norman, got a job downtown as a radio repairman at Montgomery Wards, and I was also hired at Wards, as a salesman on Saturdays. Eldon had a car, so I rode with him to work. We drove back to the dining hall for noon meals and returned to work until 9 p.m. on Saturday nights.

There were no fall sports at HC except basketball until Coach Zinz came from Moody Bible Institute, and he raised high hopes for our athletic programs. He started the basketball season with only three returning lettermen: Herb Cook, Phil Michel and Woody Wilson. However, he had several interesting new prospects: Bob Blanks, a transfer, was named captain; Burton Brinkerhoff, a six foot six freshman from Illinois, and Everett Cass, Max Clark, Harold Close, Lyle Cook, Eddie Gorsuch, Dick Goshorn, Bill Harrington, Neil Higgins, Wendell Mason and Bueford Robbins were on the team. The cheer leaders were Bob Geedy and Ernie Johansen. The team had an 8-12 record that year.

Late in the first semester, I received an answer to prayer. As the end of the semester drew near, I lacked \$13 to pay the bill for my room and board. I would not be allowed to take my final exams until I paid it. I had saved money all semester from my two jobs, but I would have had to work 65 more hours to earn

\$13 because wages then were 15, 20 or 25 per hour. It was impossible to work 65 extra hours before my exams. I prayed diligently about this problem and asked students in my prayer group to do the same.

This is how the Lord answered my prayer: A distant relative and his wife, Clarence and Linda Kellogg, stopped on their way by auto to California for the winter and gave me a gift of \$5. Aunt Minnie and Uncle Clifford Balcom in Michigan sent me a \$5 birthday gift. Then Mom, bless her heart, sent me another gift of \$3. My need was thirteen dollars, and that is exactly what the Lord provided from three different sources. I thanked the Lord for answered prayers! I was able to take my exams.

Eldon and I shared another job. On alternate winter mornings, one of us got up between 2 a.m. and 4 a.m., depending on the weather, to fire the college furnace at the Maintenance Building. The furnace provided steam heat for the Administration Building, for the science rooms and labs above the heating plant and for the nearby gymnasium. On the morning of March 8, Eldon heard a sizzling sound at the front of the boiler. He took a quick look and saw steam coming out from cracks around the big front doors which were opened when we needed to clean out soot around the pipes. As he dashed around the side of the boiler to phone Rev. Middaugh, the front doors burst open from the force of the escaping steam. Eldon was very frightened, but he called Rev. Middaugh and threw open all outside doors. Although he escaped unharmed, Eldon was so frightened by his narrow escape that he never returned to that job. Classes were canceled because there was no heat in the buildings. From then on, it was my responsibility to rise early and shovel coal into that old steam furnace. My grades were poor early in the second semester because I worked long hours and had difficult courses. I dropped solid geometry but continued taking chemistry, English and French.

One day as I was making up a long chemistry experiment, I got a phone call from the president. Come right up," he said. Dismayed at the thought of having to interrupt the experiment, I made a mistake. I called the president back and asked permission to finish the work. The president angrily replied, I said right now!" So I left everything and ran up to his office in the Administration Building. As I was ushered into his office, he turned his angry face to me and soundly dressed me down. He said I'd been given a job so I could come to college, but my unwillingness to give up a lab experiment for the needs of the college showed an ungratefulness for what the college was doing for me.

The college had ordered a carload of coal, which had been sitting on the railroad tracks for a few days. The car had to be emptied at once or demurrage would be charged. The college could ill afford the extra expense. Within a very few minutes, Fred Fisher and I were in the college coal truck, and we worked until late in the night bringing loads of coal to the bins near the heating plant. My chemistry experiment was scuttled.

I was hurt and embarrassed by the rebuke I had received, for I was grateful for the privilege of coming to college. I felt I had not deserved such a tongue lashing, so I wrote to other colleges, seeking to transfer to one of them. The good Lord didn't provide an opening to transfer elsewhere, for which I was grateful the rest of my life.

As spring progressed, I no longer rose early to stoke the furnace, and since baseball had always been my favorite sport, I went out and made the team. We were not in a conference, and we didn't play many games. I played third base until I took over the position of catcher when our catcher was injured. I

enjoyed baseball all four years at HC. The baseball coach also coached the tennis team, which included Herb and Lyle Cook, Bill Harrington, Wendell Mason and freshmen Dwight Lange and Paul Robinson.

During the second semester, I had a steady girlfriend, Mildred Cave, an assistant librarian and a senior. In June, she graduated and returned to Illinois, and I went home to work on farms. The next fall, Mildred took a teaching job outside Leaf River, Illinois, and I hitchhiked out to see her twice during my sophomore year. On the first visit, I almost lost my 98 cardboard suitcase when it got wet in the rain and the handle pulled out. I visited her again during spring vacation and spent several days plowing and putting out a field of oats for her father, John. Mildred and I found that a distance of 275 miles with no car put too much strain on our relationship. Years later, some of Mildred's children attended HC, and she and her husband, Loyal Siedenberg, attended the summer Elder Hostel program which Evelyn and I led in the 1980s at the college.

Several notable events took place during second semester. On Friday evening, March 19, HC's 40th Anniversary Banquet was held at the Hotel LaFontaine. The speaker was Fred I. McMurray, State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Thursday, May 13, was Bum Day, and the fellows dressed as tramps and attended classes amidst peals of laughter. The annual Junior-Senior Reception was held on a Saturday evening in late May. Everett Goshorn, a 1929 graduate and great basketball player of that era, was the speaker. He was the Principal of Horace Mann Elementary School and later became Principal at Central Elementary School. The annual Y-Retreat was held on Monday, May 31, at Camp Mack. Both men's and women's Y groups had a wonderful time, spiritually and socially.

Throughout my freshman year, my spiritual life was well-nourished by my involvement in the YMCA and the Gospel Volunteers. I especially enjoyed their prayer services. It was thrilling to pray with young people from many different states. I regularly attended Sunday School and the morning and evening services at College Park Church. The Christian Endeavor evening services were especially interesting to me. I grew in my faith as I was exposed to Christian leaders, teachers and students. My classes had also been stimulating, and I earned 18 hours of As and 11 hours of Bs my freshman year.

On Sunday, June 13, Bishop A.M. Johnson brought the Baccalaureate address. The evening service was led by the Christian organizations at the college. At the Commencement service on Monday, June 14, James H. McMurray, the second President of Huntington College, was the speaker.

## Sophomore Year: 1937 to 1938

I spent the summer of 1937 back home in Michigan. I earned as much as possible, doing farm work wherever I could find it. I felt right at home in our North Reading Church and went to services and C.E meetings, plus a few overnight campouts.

The enrollment was up to 125 full-time students when I returned to HC in the fall. I declared chemistry as my major, and I studied diligently and worked to pay my expenses.

The traditional Y-Mixer was held on Friday night, September 13, in the newly renovated and enlarged gym. During the previous year, students had raised \$500 of a \$1,000 goal for the renovation. By

November, they had exceeded their goal and raised \$1029.25. Money was hard to raise because wages were low.

Students attended a faculty reception in the combined Literary Society rooms and met the new faculty members: Dr. Wendell V. Clipp, PhD, chemistry, and his wife who was the college nurse; Professor Lawrence R. Schoenhals, Director of Music and the A Cappella Choir, and his wife, Mildred, an instructor in piano.

The sophomores gave out green beanies to all freshmen on October 8 and assigned them to as many menial jobs as they could dream up. The freshman class of 1937 numbered 42 full-time students.

I roomed that year at Melvin and Edith Burkholder's home on College Avenue, next door to the old school house which had become College Park Church. Edith was our social advisor. My roommate was Howard M. Yohe, who was a year ahead of me and studying for the ministry. He and I walked to classes and meals on campus, and we helped the Burkholders with child sitting as needed. Both Howard and the Burkholders were from Pennsylvania. Howard became the student pastor at the Grayston Avenue UB Church.

The Grayston Avenue Church had been started the year before as an outreach from College Park Church by Rev. Ralph Pfister, Russell Neterer, Don Hammel, the Strickers and others. They cleaned up an abandoned store building on Grayston Avenue next to the railroad crossing and, with help from wives and students, began a church. The students included Anne Griffin (Bruner) who remained a member until her death nearly 60 years later, Pauline Scholl (Austin) who was the pianist, and Katie Lucas (Fisher) from Kansas. I joined them as teacher of the young men's Sunday School class. It was a busy and strenuous year, but I found satisfaction in working hard and serving the Lord.

The class presidents that year were senior George Zinz, junior Melvin Burkholder, sophomore Gerald Stucker, and freshman John Houghton. Evelyn Middaugh was elected secretary of the freshman class and was a member of the A Cappella Choir and the Zetaethan Literary Society. Duane Reahm was president of the A Cappella Choir. Everett Wilkie and I were elected cheer leaders for basketball games in the winter and for tennis and track meets in the spring. To give ourselves a distinctive appearance, we wore undershirts that we had dyed yellow with potassium chromate.

On November 12, the Inter-Literary Society held its annual ice cream and cake party. According to custom, members who had married during the previous year furnished the ice cream and cake. It was a wonderful tradition! The Thanksgiving Dinner was sponsored by the YWCA and YMCA groups. The charge was 30 a plate.

The basketball season began in an encouraging manner. HC split the first four games, then it lost four in a row and ended the season with a 4-8 record.

Dr. H.J. Long, Greenville College President, spoke in our chapel on December 15. He told of the martyrdom of Chinese missionaries John and Betty Stam, both graduates of Moody Bible Institute. He said that Moody had issued a call for volunteers to replace them, and 700 young men and women had responded.

Throughout the winter, the HC Men's and Women's Quartets, as well as the Gospel Volunteers foursome, gave programs in area churches. Gospel Volunteers were permitted to hold services in the local jail every other week. On January 14, HC students attended the annual World Day of Prayer at the First UB Church in Huntington.

Debate was sponsored by Professor Robert W. Schumm and was an important activity. When HC and Manchester College hosted a Debate Tournament on February 25 and 26, over 200 debaters on 78 teams came to Huntington. Some debates took place at Huntington High School due to the lack of space at the college. The affirmative A team, Archie Grogan and John Houghton, had a 1-5 record. Our negative A team of Melvin Burkholder and Dale Fleming posted a 4-2 record. Other members of the debate team were Dean Brown, George Calvert, Bert Fleming, Paul Graham, Charles Karst, Ardis Porter, Mary Schumm, Alice Walker, Jim Wilson and Helen Yaste. The teams later traveled to Goshen College and Notre Dame University for meets.

The Huntingtonian reported on March 11 that Fred A. Loew, the Arboretum Curator, had received 37 different seeds from Yale University's Botanical Department. It requested, in return, 15 plant specimens from the HC Botany Department. Later in the spring, Professor Loew received notice that he had been unanimously elected as a Fellow in the American Association for the Advancement of Sciences, a significant honor for a professor from a small college. The Huntingtonian also noted that Convocation Week featured music leader Rev. Ronald Hoffman and evangelist Dean S.A. Witmer of Fort Wayne Bible College.

I was elected president of the YMCA for the next year and urged all the new officers to attend the Y officers' spring training camp at Indiana Central in Indianapolis. At the Ys installation service on April 25, Alvena and Evelyn Middaugh presented a vocal duet, and Jane Shutt (Mason) gave a violin solo. HC students named to Whos Who in American Universities and Colleges for 1937-1938 were Anna Mary Holland, Dorman Ehlers, Melvin Burkholder, George Martin, Wendell Mason and George Zinz.

In some mysterious way, the girls learned that the men planned their annual Bum Day for April 30. So on the 29th, the girls decked themselves out as gypsies and wore their fancy garb to classes. They felt quite superior at having achieved such a victory over the fellows. Soon after, the faculty joined the students in the annual Clean-Up Day.

Spring baseball was an unheralded sport that year. HC won two games against Concordia, one over the local high school and one over an independent team. No losses were reported in The Huntingtonian, but I'm sure we had some.

On June 11, the second annual Garden Day began the Commencement festivities. Dr. Paul Weatherwax, head of Indiana University's Botanical Department, gave the 2 p.m. address in the arboretum, and Dr. Harold Mason spoke at the 10 a.m. Baccalaureate service on Sunday. On Monday, 18 seniors graduated in the 40th Commencement service.

I had taken four difficult subjects both semesters - French, Botany, Organic Chemistry and Physics - and spent many hours in the laboratories. I earned a straight A in botany and straight Bs in the other courses. My sophomore year had not been as exciting as my first when I experienced the newness of college life and the thrill of meeting congenial friends from different states, but it was very satisfying.

## Junior Year: 1938 to 1939

In the summer before my junior year, I worked at home on the farm and participated in the usual church and youth activities. I returned to college in the fall to room again with Howard at the Burkholders. I was employed by HC and at Butlers Store in town.

I enrolled in Qualitative Chemistry, followed by Quantitative Chemistry Analysis, Anatomy and Physiology, Psychology, English Literature, History of Education, Principles of Teaching and Science Methods. I had decided to take education courses in case I could not find a job in the field of chemistry.

New HC faculty included Dr. Bessie Richardson who returned after a ten-year absence to head the Language Department. She spoke seven languages and taught three. Dr. E.C. Clapp, a Hoosier and former Superintendent from North Michigan Conference, was hired to head the Seminary. Arthur Howard came from Taylor University to teach History and to coach. Nellie Mason became the Art Instructor; Miss Margaret Cook returned to the post of Head Librarian, deciding that Huntington was more to her liking than Kansas. Rev. Clarence E. Carlson was appointed pastor at College Park Church.

Physical changes on campus included a remodeled Livingston Hall and a repainted Administration Building, science hall and gymnasium. A new cement walk connected the Ad Building to the gym. College Avenue had been repaved by the city.

The senior class numbered 25. Class officers were President Dick Goshorn, Vice-President Lyle Cook, Secretary Katherine Lucas, and Treasurer Jim Wilson. Junior officers were President Gerald Stucker, Vice-President Bernadine Hoffman, Secretary Mabel Kohr and Treasurer Galen Colclessor. Student Council representatives were DeWitt Baker, Frances Hough, and Dwight Lange. The sophomore officers were President Archie Grogan, Vice-President Morris W. Jones, Secretary Helen Brown and Treasurer Philip Zeigler. The freshman class chose Starling Griffin as President, Ardis Porter Vice-President and Maxine Birdsall Secretary-Treasurer.

My junior class had only 21 members that fall. Was it because my class was small or because I was becoming more active that I held more offices that year? I was President of the YMCA, Business Manager of the school paper, a class representative on the Student Council, a cheer leader with Everett (Speck) Wilkie, a member of the C.E. staff, class editor for the Mnemosyne, a member of the Gospel Volunteers, the Philomathean Literary Society and the baseball team.

To enjoy the social activities of these organizations, I began to look for suitable girls with whom I might attend the programs. There were many nice ladies in college. I dated some of them, then settled down with Velma Krogman, a freshman two-year secretarial student from Coral, Michigan.

The Y-Mixer was the social curtain-raiser, and that fall it was held in the gymnasium and chaired by Betty Goodale. A week later, the Philos and Zetas met for short business meetings and took their annual Philo-Zeta Moonlight Hike. Don Davenport led the members single file all over the campus, including the ravine trails and along Lovers Lane. The hungry gang of young folk ended up at a roaring campfire, covered with sticktights and ready for donuts and coffee. Bill Harrington was chorus master and led the singing and devotions.

When classes began on September 13, 114 students enrolled. A few older students straggled in late, and a variety of activities began. The new coach declared the first Saturday afternoon a Fun Day for all and organized a baseball game between the old and new students. On the first Sunday, the students met the new pastor of College Park Church, Rev. Carlson, who had been a pastor in the North Michigan conference and a missionary in Sierra Leone, West Africa. Revs. Floyd Nagel and Ronald Hoffman gave the chapel talks during Fall Visitation week. The famous Hayrack Ride on October 7 provided hills, thrills and chills, with eats at the end. Violet Funk was Queen of the affair and Dick Goshorn was King. Poet Carl Sandberg appeared at Trinity Methodist Church on October 10, and many students attended the event and enjoyed him and his poems. Three days later, ex-Congressman David H. Hogg spoke in chapel.

Life at college was full of events, both lighthearted and serious. The annual October planning retreat for C.E. was held at the local YMCA. The Men's Quartet sang at the Grayston Avenue UB Church. One Sunday morning, the heating system at College Park Church broke down, and services had to be moved to Davis Hall. The junior class held a successful Penny Supper, its annual fund raiser for a special project. The Halloween Party took place at the gym, with apples, cocoa and doughnuts to eat. Pauline Scholl led the Zetas in a study of famous operettas. The HCs Young Peoples Mission Band held a rally at the Messick UB Church on Saturday, November 4. Election Day was November 7, and on Armistice Day, November 11, all the schools in Huntington celebrated with a big parade.

On November 19, the coeds rejoiced and moved into the remodeled Livingston Hall. It was a treat worth waiting for. An Open House and the Faculty-Student Reception were held on the first of December in the fine setting of beautiful Livingston Hall.

At the season's first basketball game, HC lost to Indiana Central, but later in the week, HC defeated Concordia. HC lost its next game to Indiana Central, and afterwards the Inter-Literary Society met and the newlyweds furnished ice cream and cake, which took away the sting of defeat. The basketball season continued at Anderson with a defeat for HC. The Huntingtonian didn't even mention the score of the last game with Giffin College.

Rabbi Samuel H. Markowitz spoke in chapel on December 8 concerning "The Hebrew Doctrines of Today, and a few days later, a group of students visited the Jewish Temple in Fort Wayne. The Gospel Volunteer prayer meeting was led by Duane Reahm. Sophomores sent flowers to Wilmer Bugher who was ill with the mumps.

An enigmatic occurrence at Livingston Hall enlivened the pre-Christmas season. Alarm clocks mysteriously disappeared from all the dorm rooms. The girls searched the dorm for them and fortunately found them, for they had all been set to ring in the dead of night. The suspected perpetrator, Maxine Birdsall, was given a cold shower.

Santa joined the annual Christmas party, and we students played indoor volleyball and enjoyed good food. I attended a HC Christmas Recital, which featured vocalists from Fort Wayne Bible College, and College Parks annual Christmas program and White Gift service. Students enjoyed chicken at the festive Christmas Dinner on December 22. Our vacation began after classes the next day.

On January 3, 1939, we were back at college and studying hard for semester exams. During finals week, the HC Ladies Auxiliary gave a party in Livingston Hall to take students minds off their studies. On



January 9, a Negro trio, called Unthank, sang in chapel, and Mrs. Elmer (Inez) Becker spoke at the YWCA meeting in the evening.

HC played Earlham in basketball, but success did not come to us. We had two more games and two more losses to Central Normal and Anderson before the semester's end. Mercifully the next semester began with, would you believe, a win over Giffin College, 44-26. The Victory Bell rang out once again from the tower of the Ad Building. Another exciting game took place on January 27; the score was Huntington 34, Central Normal 33.

On February 5, many students went to Fort Wayne to hear Gypsy Smith, and on February 13, we heard a chapel message from Rev. Llewellyn of Roanoke about President Lincoln. Several students drove to Berne, Indiana, to hear the Westminster Choir on the same evening the YWCA sponsored an African Supper. A few days later in chapel, the juniors presented Noyes' play, "The Highwayman. The social highlight of the winter season, the formal Washington Banquet, was held at the Hotel LaFontaine.

Sometime during my junior year, I bought a '31 Chevy coupe and named her Jezebel. She drove me downtown to work and back out to the college for meals. One Saturday night as I returned to work, I crossed Division Street on College Avenue, and a drunk driver going west on Division forgot to stop - until he hit my car on the driver's side. Fortunately Jezebel wasn't badly damaged.

I took a job as a salesman for a book company and sold The Marked Bible and Hurlbut's Story of the Bible in the small towns around Huntington. I sold the books at night and on Saturdays when I didn't work at the store, and during the next two summers, I traveled about Michigan selling the books. When I was too far from Reading at night to return home, I either slept in my car or on a roadside table. The cost of a motel room would have eaten up my sales commission, and besides motels weren't common then. I would load a picnic table onto the rear of Jezebel, carry it to a quiet place, spend the night on it and haul it back to its original site at dawn. I wasn't the world's best salesman, but I put in long hours, made a fair wage for the time spent and had good experiences. When I had a mishap at HC during my senior year and my fingers were injured in the college printing press, I was glad for the sales job because it did not stress my hand.

Debating was a big collegiate enterprise every February, and in 1939, the Triangular Debate Tournament meets were held at Marion College, then Hope College in Holland, Michigan and finally at Illinois Central in Bloomington, Illinois. The Huntington A teams defeated both Anderson and Goshen College and earned a record of 22 wins and 7 losses. The seasons concluding meet was the annual Manchester-Huntington Debate Tournament, the largest inter-collegiate debate tournament in the United States. On February 23 and 24, 94 debate teams with over 200 choice collegians convened at HC and Manchester College. HC won seven of twelve debates and ranked in fourth place. HC's record for the year was 29 wins and 14 losses, an excellent achievement for a small, unaccredited college.

Our basketball season ended with a 41-28 win over Concordia, but the seasons 4-12 record was disappointing. Spring vacation began March 31, the same day that the choir left on its tour of Ontario and Michigan.

Who's Who in American Universities and College recognized six HC students at the end of the year: seniors Melvin Burkholder, Ralph Davis, Violet Funk and Duane Reahm, and juniors Bernadine Hoffman and Gerald Stucker.

The May Queen that year was junior Ferne Kelty from Twin Falls, Idaho. She presided over the festivities which began when she and her attendants, Violet Funk, Mabel Kohr, Margaret May and Frances Remley, led the march to the mound on the south campus and decorated the May Arch with flowers.

Other May events included the Y Senior Luncheon at which Ma Sunday related events in the life of her departed husband, Evangelist Billy Sunday. The Y men completed the construction of an outdoor stone pulpit in the ravine north of the Administration Building. They hoped it would become one of the most sacred spots on campus. The annual Junior-Senior Reception was held at the Colonial Tea Room, which was in back of Branyan's Millinery Shop at 35 West Market Street. Jacob L. Brenn was the speaker for the occasion, Ira Gerig furnished the music and Eiffel Plasterer entertained students with his famous soap-bubble show. The joint Y groups held their annual spring retreat, and the discussion leader was Rev. Elmer Becker, the UB General Secretary of Christian Education and the man whom I later succeeded as HC President. I chaired the Planning Committee and was assisted by Bernadine Hoffman, Isabelle Bischoff and Max Smith.

The seniors began their graduation activities on May 31 with the Senior Investiture. During finals week, the last music recital was given and Garden Field Day was celebrated. The Inter-Literary Society meeting and the concluding chapel were also held.

Senior Class Night ushered in the closing ceremonies. Dr. Mason addressed the Christian associations at the Baccalaureate Vespers. Commencement exercises began at 10 a.m. on June 12 in Davis Hall. The speaker was Dr. Henry Lester Smith, Dean of the Indiana University School of Education, former President of the National Education Association and a member of the Presbyterian Covenant Church of Indianapolis.

## Senior Year: 1939 to 1940

There was a change on campus when I returned to HC for my senior year. President Mason had resigned after serving for seven years and taken a ministerial position with the Free Methodist Church at Winona Lake, Indiana. He was thanked for bringing the college through suffocating financial storms during the Great Depression when the college almost failed. Dean Oscar R. Stilson and Bishop Walter E. Musgrave, President of the Board of Trustees, directed the college as the Management Team until 1941 when Dr. Elmer Becker was appointed HC President at General Conference.

The new faculty in 1939 were Florence Hilbish, PhD, English and Speech; Coral E. Demaray, Ancient Languages and Biblical Literature; Marjorie E. Mann, Art; Violette S. Goodin, French; Paul J. Andreasen, PhD, Psychology and Education; James E. Cole, Business Manager; and Etha Amon, Matron in Livingston Hall.

Registration and the traditional Y-Mixer started off the school year on September 11, and classes began the next day. The Hayrack Ride in late September was lively and let us mix with friends or enjoy a special

date. Dwight Lange and Mildred Hatcher were elected King and Queen of the evening. The Student-Faculty Reception was held October 2 at Livingston Hall, and the C.E. Retreat came the next day. October 4 was a joyous day because Coach Arthur Howard and his bride, Nurse Esta Herrmann, were treated to an old-fashioned belling, followed by a noisy, hilarious ride through Huntington.

On Freshman Day, all freshmen were initiated into the Freshman Class. They received their green beanies and began their green career at HC. The Student Council sponsored an eerie evening, the annual Halloween Party, for 60 students at the LaFontaine Country Club. Seorita Betty McCauley won female costume honors as a Spanish belle. Lyle Cook, attired as a cornfield scarecrow, won male honors. Fortune telling and games, plus music by the Hungry Five, filled the evening until refreshment time. We concluded the evening telling stories around the fireplace.

A 1939 HC graduate, Miss Frances Remley, became a heroine on October 12. She was teaching the 4th and 5th grades at Lucerne School near Logansport when she heard a crackling sound in her classroom ceiling. She quickly marched her 37 pupils out of the room and closed the door. They heard a deafening roar as the plaster and steel ceiling crashed to the floor. Frances was congratulated for her quick response which brought her students to safety.

Rev. Charles M. Houser, pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church in Fort Wayne, brought the chapel message on November 3. Rev. Houser had sailed home from Europe after attending the International Convention of Christian Youth in Amsterdam only ten days before Adolph Hitler precipitated World War II. Rev. Houser discussed in depth the incendiary European situation. We listened intently to his description of the tensions in western Europe in the days before WW II broke out.

Student Council officers for 1939 were Gerald Stucker, President; Ardis Porter, Vice-President; Margaret Rowden, Secretary; Earl Kreiger, Treasurer; and senior representatives DeWitt Baker, Ferne Kelty, Milford Kindley and Dwight Lange. Dean O.R. Stilson was the Faculty Advisor. Senior class officers were Milford Kindley, President; Dwight Lange, Vice-President; Pauline Scholl, Secretary-Treasurer; and Charles Baum, Treasurer. Junior class officers were Earl Kreiger, President; Archie Grogan, Vice-President; Helen Brown, Secretary; and Margaret May, Treasurer. Student Council representatives were Charles Karst, Margaret Rowden and Wayne Stetler. Sophomore class officers were Stan Hammel, President; Wayne Shepherdson, Vice-President; Velma Krogman, Secretary; and Student Council members were Ardis Porter and Cleland Beitelshees. Freshman class officers were Norris Huston, President; Alice Swales, Vice-President; and Arnold Carlson, Secretary-Treasurer. Wilbur Ackerman was the Student Council representative.

Other organizations elected their officers for 1939-40: Zeta President was Ferne Kelty, Vice-President Margaret May, Secretary Maxine Birdsall, Treasurer Riva June Williams, Sergeant-at-Arms Alice Swales, Pianist Evelyn Middaugh, Chorister Alvena Middaugh and Chaplain Ardis Porter. Philomatheans President first term was DeWitt Baker, second term M. Kindley and third term G. Stucker. Vice-President was Paul Graham, Secretary Fred Fisher, Treasurer Earl Kreiger, Historian Lyle Cook, Chorister Wayne Shepherdson, Pianist Professor Schoenhals and Critic Dr. Marion Miller. Charles Baum was Chaplain, and Gerald Stucker was the Janitor.

Milford Kindley was Editor-in-Chief of the fifteen member Mnemosyne staff and Gerald Stucker was Business Manager. The Huntingtonian's eleven-person staff included Margaret May as Editor-in-Chief,

Cleland Beitelshees as Business Manager, Wayne Shepherdson as Associate Editor, and DeWitt Baker as Class Editor. Ardis Porter and Ed Roush assisted the Business Manager, and Evelyn Middaugh was Circulation Manager.

Christian Endeavor was led by President Paul Graham. Its Vice-President was Katherine Lucas, Secretary Betty Orcutt, Treasurer Velma Krogman, Chorister Wayne Shepherdson, and Pianist Sarah Bangs. The C.E. Cabinet appointed the following Commission leaders: Devotions, DeWitt Baker; Fellowship, Maxine Birdsall; Service, Charles Baum; and Stewardship and Missions, Margaret Rowden. The C.E. year was highlighted by a Fellowship Banquet during C.E. Week. C.E. planned regular spring services and an Easter Sunrise Service which was held in the ravine chapel.

The Gospel Volunteers elected its officers for one semester only. President Leland Skinner was followed the second semester by Wayne Roland. Director of Activities was Wayne Roland, followed by DeWitt Baker. Secretary-Treasurer Katherine Lucas was succeeded by Betty Orcutt. The Gospel Volunteers gathered each Thursday evening for prayer and spiritual uplift. Once each month, it sponsored an all-college prayer meeting in cooperation with the two Y organizations. All faculty and students were encouraged to attend and pray for the college and its needs. The Volunteers offered jail services, church services and assistance in revival services whenever they were asked.

The two Y organizations were separate, but they co-sponsored the fall Y Mixer, the Thanksgiving Banquet, the Y Senior Dinner and the Spring Y Retreat. The YW conducted a most interesting meeting in November when several girls dressed in saris, like women in India. The YW sponsor, Esta Herrmann Howard, who was born in India, described the customs of that country and helped prepare Indian food for everyone to enjoy. Other novel programs were later given by Mrs. Mark Shideler, Miss Esther Fist and Mrs. C.W.H. Bangs. Pauline Scholl was president, and her cabinet consisted of Maxine Birdsall, Velma Krogman, Hazel Brandeberry, Katherine Lucas, Ferne Kelty, Ardis Porter and Margaret May.

The YMCA endeavored to promote genuine Christian fellowship on campus because the primary purpose of the "Y" was to lead students to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. The YM also posted signs along the roads to advertise HC. The officers were President Paul Graham, Vice-President Eddie DeLine, Secretary Archie Grogan, and Treasurer Wayne Shepherdson. Professor Schoenhals was faculty advisor. Additional cabinet members included DeWitt Baker, Charles Baum and Charles McCreery, advisor.

The male quartet from the HC consisted of Dick Beitelshees, Chuck McCreery, Howard Macklin and Lee Tiffin. Playing in the German pep band for sporting events were Gene Reece, Dick Beitelshees, Olen Vincent, Gerald Stucker and Norris Huston. The men sometimes dressed in German costume.

I had a satisfactory social life during my senior year. I continued to date Velma Krogman from Coral, Michigan. Since she was a member of the A Cappella Choir, she suggested I try out for the choir, thinking we could have good fellowship during the annual Spring Choir Tour. I auditioned and became a second tenor. Since Velma also wanted male companionship when she went home, she continued to date Don Gage from her home town. Velma and I, though good friends, didn't agree perfectly on all things. Though I wasn't a regular movie customer, I did like to see good Christian movies, and when Stanley and Livingston came to town, I asked Velma to go with me. She said, No, for she did not believe in attending

movies. So I asked Evelyn Middaugh, and she accepted. The movie was good, but little did we realize what that movie presaged for us!

C.E. Week was held in early February. Rev. C.E. Slusher brought the opening message. The Intermediate C.E. presented a play, *The Better Things of Life*, featuring Dorothy May, Betty Johnson, Winston Becker, Dick Weinman, and Russell and Wendell Griffith. At the Fellowship Dinner, Dr. G.D. Fleming spoke, and the male quartet sang. C.E. directed the semester's final Sunday evening service.

In mid-winter, the college choir held a chili supper to earn money for new robes in time for its spring tour. Prof. Schoenhals reported that a profitable \$17.24 was raised. Under Coach Howard's supervision, students flooded the tennis courts along the east drive to create an ice-skating rink.

The *Huntingtonian* reported on February 2 that its alumni were busy: Max Lemar was teaching at Ossian High School, Isabelle Frederick was employed in Wauseon, Ohio, at the Detwiler Memorial Hospital, and Florence Osborne and Irving Yonkers had married in Caledonia, Michigan, on December 20. The newspaper noted that on February 10, Rev. and Mrs. Paul Middaugh moved to Ohio where he assumed the pastorate at the Eden UB Church near Coolville. Fortunately, their daughter, Evelyn, remained at HC.

The Purdue Men's Glee Club, sponsored by the A Cappella Choir, presented a brilliant program at Huntington High School on February 13. Alice Jeanne Miller, harpist from HC, accompanied the Glee Club. The grand Washington Banquet was held at the Hotel LaFontaine on February 22. C.E. Byers, Superintendent of Schools in Huntington, was the speaker. The male quartet and Melba Lester (Lawrence) '36 sang; Pauline Scholl rendered a piano solo.

Margaret May and Wayne Shepherdson, editors of *The Huntingtonian*, were given complimentary tickets and traveled to the Murat Theater in Indianapolis to hear the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra. Everyone was invited to the coeds Leap Year roller-skating party in the gym on February 29.

The Zetas held a Spelling Bee on March 8 for which Velma Krogman was the moderator. Isabelle Tabb won the first round when all the words began with B and the second round when words began with Z. At the Philo meeting on the other side of the closed folding doors, Charles Baum gave a news report titled, *Magnetic Mines in the Present War*. Fred Oliver Fisher led the discussion which followed.

Zeta, Philo and the two Y groups held a Rummage Sale for the benefit of the Mnemosyne at Rickerts Photo Studio downtown. It was a profitable sale, with proceeds amounting to over \$14.

One Saturday forenoon in late March, Don Ackerman and I were working, as usual, in the print shop in the basement of the Ad Building. As we looked out onto the campus from the basement windows, the warm sun of early spring shone brightly. Don declared that it was too fine a day to spend working and suggested that we borrow a friend's motorcycle and take a drive. The conversation resulted in plans to ride the cycle to my home near Reading, Michigan, and return to Huntington on Sunday afternoon.

His friend, Rev. Les Dussette, pastor of a UB church south of Warren, Indiana, said we could borrow his cycle, so after our noon meal, faithful Jezebel took us to Warren. I was a bicyclist, but had no motorcycle experience. Don had a little. We revved up the cycle and took a short trial run. I drove Jezebel back to Huntington, and Don followed on the motorcycle.

We rolled a few clothes together and went out of Huntington on Highway 9 at 3:30 p.m. in bright, sunny weather. Part way to Columbia City, we discovered the cycle's brakes were none too good. A minor gas problem also developed, but we continued slowly to a garage in town where a man blew out the gas line for us. We had lost travel time, but we continued on, stopping to eat in Albion.

We were surprised that snow now lined the roads. It became dark quickly, and our headlight wasn't very bright. We made our way to Waterloo and up M427 through Angola to Coldwater. We turned east on M112 to Allen and then south on M49 five miles to our road, Cole Road. We came to my parent's snow-filled driveway at 10:30 p.m. and left the cycle at the end of the drive. We waded through a hundred yards of deep snow to the door of the darkened house. My folks were most surprised to see us, in the snow and at that time of night, but we were there and had persevered through a difficult trip. We were tired, mentally and physically, and slept very well.

The next morning after Sunday School and church. Mom told us the family was invited to dinner at Uncle Clifford and Aunt Minnie Balcoms. Aunt Minnie said, Bring the boys along, so Don and I had a bountiful Sunday dinner before rain began to fall and he and I hurriedly left for Huntington.

The bike, with two men aboard, was hard to manage in the snowy slush. When we went too slowly, traveling was dangerous. When we sped up, it was worse. We slid a few times, but had no real problems until we got to US20 in Angola, a busy, truck-filled highway. As we traveled west in the slush, Don suddenly cried out, My goggles have broken. I can't see a thing. I reached around him and guided the cycle to a slippery stop where he managed to wire the goggles together. When we turned south at the monument onto highway 427 and headed to Fort Wayne, we hit heavier slush, and the bike slid down again. We hopped off and yanked it back into our traffic lane just before an oncoming truck reached us.

We wondered what to do next. My nerves were frazzled, and I was only the passenger. Don had also had enough, so we walked the cycle to a farm with a big barn on the outskirts of Angola. Don arranged with the owner to let us park the motorcycle in his barn, and we hitch-hiked back to Huntington late that evening. We thanked God that we arrived safely after an exciting and exhausting weekend. The next Saturday, Don hitch-hiked back to Angola and retrieved the cycle. I never rode another motorcycle after that adventure, except in Africa.

Three-year debaters Melvin Burkholder, Archie Grogan and Dale Fleming were presented gold forensic pins in chapel on March 20 by Dean O.R. Stilson. He awarded silver pins to Paul Graham, Richard Zahm, Harold Sokwitne, Everett Wilkie, Isabelle Tabb and June Everman.

During spring break, the A Cappella Choir gave 25 concerts to nearly 8,000 people on its 13-day Spring Tour. The concerts were broadcast from radio stations in Elkhart, Indiana, the Moody Bible Institute, Toledo, Ohio, and Rockford, Illinois.

On the spring tour, Chuck McCreery and I were roommates when we stayed at the Moody Bible Institute. Velma and I were dating, as were Evelyn and Chuck. On the tour, both couples had strained relationships, so Chuck and I devised a plan. When we left Chicago on the bus for Rock River (Illinois) Conference, I was to sit beside Evelyn, and Chuck beside Velma. Then when we got underway, we fellows were to switch seats and make up with our original girlfriends. The plan sounded good, but the best laid plan of mice and men didn't work out as planned.

When Chuck got on the bus the next morning, he saw an empty seat beside Evelyn and sat down to attempt reconciliation. He failed, however, and I never had the opportunity to sit with Velma and make up. By the end of the concerts in Rock River, I was seen walking about with Evelyn, not Velma. Our relationship deepened and resulted in marriage two years later. Evelyn and I experienced a lifetime of happiness and Christian service together.

Incidentally, Velma eventually married Don Gage and established a fine Christian family with five children. Three of their daughters attended HC during my presidency. Don and I have hunted deer together at Camp Living Waters, and we all have remained good friends.

On Thursday evening, April 11, the all-college prayer meeting was led by Maxine Birdsall, and a musical number was rendered by Alvena and Evelyn Middaugh. On Sunday afternoon, April 14, I led a C.E. discussion on Our Duties As Christians. That evening, the Gospel Volunteers had charge of the Grayston Avenue services.

Sports at HC were not outstanding if judged by the won-lost records. In basketball, HC won one and lost fourteen. In baseball, according to The Huntingtonian, HC continually out-hit its opponents, but they always outscored us. The comment disclosed the reason for this problem, Owing to unfavorable weather conditions, the Foresters have not had a single practice since the season began on April 25. I began the season as third baseman, but ended up as catcher. Our two main pitchers were Johnny Funderburg and Glenn Longenbaugh.

May 9 was Senior Skip Day, and 12 sleepy seniors arose at 3 a.m. for their annual excursion. Two sophomore girls tried to give the seniors a surprise sendoff by ringing the college bell, but the two pranksters were surprised to find the last door to the belfry tower securely locked, and we seniors got away peacefully.

We traveled as far as Louisville before stopping for breakfast. We toured Churchill Downs and drove to Bardstown, where we visited the Old Cathedral, Talbots Inn and Stephen Fosters "Old Kentucky Home." A few miles farther along US 31E, we came to Lincolns Boyhood Home, a magnificent memorial marking his birthplace. We ate our lunch in an old churchyard and voted to tour the Great Onyx Cave in Mammoth Cave National Park. We returned to Huntington and found we had traveled 700 miles on Skip Day, a never-to-be-forgotten day with many historic sights and great fellowship!

On April 25, the men celebrated Bums Day before Gypsy Day, winning the annual competition for the third time in four years. The Bums assembled in the ravine northeast of the Ad Building for eggs and coffee, and then Bum Gerald Stucker drove his vehicle halfway up the front steps of the Ad Building. In chapel that day, the scholarly Archie Grogan delivered Mark Anthony's "Funeral Oration Over the Death of Caesar" to the student body.

During the spring, several students in the Commerce Department participated in a world-wide typing and shorthand contest sponsored by the Gregg Company. In the Shorthand Division, Velma Krogman received two awards. In the Junior Order of Artistic Typists, Irma Harvey, Velma Krogman, Jean Roberts and Marjorie Williams were awarded certificates. For speed typing, Jean Roberts received a certificate, and Marjorie Williams was awarded a gold pin.

May 1 was College Clean-Up Day, and it was a messy day of rain and snow. By May 7, the weather was beautiful for the second annual May Festival. Helen Brown was crowned Queen, and her attendants were sophomores Ardis Porter and Evelyn Collett, plus freshmen Betty Orcutt and Marjorie Pauling. The Queen led her court from the Ad Building to the mound at the south-east corner of the front campus where the crowd had gathered. The procession included Paul Graham and Walter Ptashnik, flag bearers, the six-piece college band, the junior class president, Earl Kreiger, the attendants, flower girl Stephanie Schoenhals, crown bearer Duane Caley, court jester Patricia Flaughter, ten female May-pole winders, the male quartet, violinist Frances Cole and organist Geneva Stucker.

On the mound, Earl Kreiger, the newly-elected Student Senate President, crowned Miss Brown the May Queen of 1940. The Queen was lovely in white and carried a bouquet of American Beauty roses. The attendants, dressed in pink and white, wore corsages of assorted flowers. The entertainers performed for Her Majesty, and the May-pole was wound in pink and blue streamers to the strains of violin and organ music. The jester performed tumbling acts, and the quartet rendered two numbers, "Sleep, Kentucky Babe" and "Roll, Jordan, Roll." Miss Cole played "The Minuet in G" accompanied by Miss Stucker on the organ. After the ceremony, the large crowd retired to the dining room to enjoy the juniors' Penny Supper.

"Senior Sketches" in the May 10 Huntingtonian read, DeWitt Baker has been among the more active students during his four years at Huntington College. He has been an active member of nearly all the campus organizations, and has held such offices as President of Philo and the YMCA, Director of Activities of the Gospel Volunteers, Business Manager of The Huntingtonian, and other minor offices. He has been in charge of the college print shop this year. His favorite sport is baseball, and he also received membership in Whos Who in American Universities and Colleges.

Another article in the same school paper was titled, Zeta Considers Plays. The Zeta program for April 26 consisted of readings given by the following: June Everman, Ardis Porter, Margaret May, Evelyn Middaugh and Pauline Scholl. Immediately after the program, Zeta was abruptly adjourned when a scented cat was forced into the literary hall. Can't Philo grow up? On the program the following Friday evening were two plays: "Mind Your Own Business" read by Velma Krogman, and "Miss Higginsons Will" read by Maxine Birdsall. They were read in full despite the neighboring Philos attempts to interrupt and speed up Zetas adjournment.

The Zetalatheans had a musical guessing contest for another meeting. The girls wrote down the names of songs - religious, classical or popular - as they were played on the piano by Evelyn Middaugh or Sarah Bangs. Maxine Birdsall finished with the highest score and won a package of gum.

The Zetas' program for the following Friday evening was composed of three-minute impromptu speeches: Which is the better car for my purpose, Ford or Chevrolet? by Alice Swales, Trees, by Helen Cave, Home, by Velma Krogman, Which is the most beautiful plumage, that of an oriole or that of a blue jay? by Isabelle Tabb, Why do flies come in the summer and mosquitoes in the fall? by Riva June Williams, Which book did I enjoy most, Anthony Adverse or Gone with the Wind?" by Helen Brown, If I had \$5.00 which would I buy, shoes or a dress? by Margaret May, and Who He was, and Why? by Pauline Scholl.



Philos were privileged to view the beautiful slides that Professor Loew had taken of specimens in the arboretum. I was sorry that more Philos did not attend.

The annual Y-Senior Banquet was on Thursday, May 16. Over 75 students, faculty and guests were present. The toastmaster for the evening was Paul Graham; Sarah Bangs gave the welcome, and Milford Kindley the response. Rev. Harold E. Wiswell, who broadcast weekly over WOWO and pastored the First Missionary Church in Fort Wayne, spoke about Service. He stressed that everyone should do his or her best, be it an oak at the top of the hill or a shrub in the valley below. Cleland Beitelshees gave a farewell tribute to the graduates on behalf of the student body. Music was furnished by four musicians from Lancaster Township School under the supervision of Phillip Dolby, '39.

Professor Loew's Indiana University Extension Center class came to the campus to study the trees in the arboretum. About 30 varieties were native and about the same number had been planted. His bird study class also visited the campus and observed 40 different birds.

"Religious Notes" in The Huntingtonian reported that a group of Gospel Volunteers from Taylor University presented a play, "Robert and Mary," which portrayed two young lovers who consecrated their lives to missions. Wayne Roland was in charge of the Gospel Volunteer service at the city jail. On Sunday afternoon, May 19, the Zanesville UB C.E. group came to hear Maxine Birdsall, Charles Baum, June Everman and Katherine Lucas speak about Christian service in daily life. Isabelle Tabb played a piano solo, "Abide With Me; Pauline Scholl led the meeting.

The seniors attended the annual Junior-Senior Reception on Tuesday, May 28, at the Colonial Tea Room. The semi-formal reception was decorated with the senior class colors of blue and white. The Senior Investiture took place the next day.

The highlight of the Y year came on May 30 up at Camp Mack. The day began with a 6:30 breakfast served beside the lake, and devotions were given under God's all-seeing eye. Interspersed with devotional times and Bible study were activities such as tennis, boating, croquet, swimming, hiking and delicious dining. The day's speaker was Rev. Paul Hoffman, pastor of the Elkhart Missionary Bible Church. The Galilean service and camp fire were the highlights of a happy, God-fearing day.

Just before graduation, a photo was taken of Velma and me together. Both of us wore our graduation gowns and both of us had bandaged hands. I had injured my fingers in a printing press accident, and one finger always bore a scar. Velma's injury came from a late-night escapade. She and another, probably Maxine Birdsall, arranged to leave Livingston Hall after dorm hours. To do this, Velma tied a rope inside her room and crawled through the second-story window, the rope firmly in her grasp. The rope, however, slipped through her hands too quickly and left blisters and torn flesh on her hands. I never heard the full story, but both of us graduated with bandaged hands.

Graduation activities began on Wednesday evening. The voice and piano students, as well as the A Cappella Choir, gave their final recitals. The Speech and Debate teams displayed their skills in an evening contest. Garden Day took place in the lovely Arboretum behind the Ad Building in the afternoon of June 7. The alumni held their annual dinner in the dining hall on June 8, and the Class Night program was presented later in Davis Hall.

Baccalaureate was held on Sunday morning, June 9, at College Park Church. Bishop Walter E. Musgrave, President of the Board of Education, gave the address. In the evening, the choir presented a vesper service, and Rev. A.E. Stucker from Adrian, Michigan, gave the sermon to the Christian associations.

The Commencement Day exercises for my class were held on Monday, June 10, 1940, at 10 a.m. Lauren D. Dickinson, Governor of Michigan, brought the Commencement address. Melvin Burkholder and Lyle Cook received Bachelor of Divinity degrees, the second HC degree for each. Bachelor degrees were given to 18 seniors: DeWitt Baker, Charles Baum, Edmund DeLine, Clem Earhart, Fred Fisher, Dale Fleming, Ralph Gallagher, Mildred Hatcher, Ferne Kelty, Milford Kindley, Dwight Lange, John Mellen, Sam Osborne, Jane Scheerer, Pauline Scholl, Leland Skinner, Max Smith and Gerald Stucker.

After the Commencement service, the graduates families brought their baskets of food to the front campus and enjoyed a potluck picnic dinner together. My parents, sister and brother came for my graduation, as did several uncles, aunts and cousins. I was very thankful to the Lord for good years of learning and service and for enabling my loved ones to attend my graduation. How I praised the Lord to see Him working out Romans 8:28 in my life. I was eager to see where He would lead me as I progressed along the pathway of life.

Teaching Year: 1940 to 1941

During the summer after I graduated from college, I lived at home. To earn money, I worked on farms and continued selling books. I often went to Ohio on Saturdays to continue my friendship with Evelyn, and I returned home in time for Sunday services. With a teaching position secured for the fall and a fine lady friend, I had a very pleasant summer.

I had sought a teaching job because an application at Dow Chemical had come to naught. I was hired to teach seventh and eighth grades, plus one high school biology class, in Jerome, Michigan, 18 miles southwest of Jackson. My Superintendent was Ira Wertenberger, a 1908 graduate of Central (later Huntington) College. My salary was \$80 per month for a nine-month contract. Mrs. Anna Seeley offered to furnish me room and board, Monday through Friday, for the princely sum of \$5 a week. She was a 70-year-old widow, a beautiful Christian and vitally interested in the school and its young people.

I learned via the grapevine that the junior high school students had run the former male teacher out of his job because he couldn't control them. The school board member who interviewed me made it clear that I could do anything necessary to maintain order in my classes. My students were friendly, but they tried my patience from the very first day. Within six weeks, I had paddled five of them.

I was convinced that the boys in Jerome, a small town of 150, needed interesting activities after school to occupy them. I devised a plan, and the result was a turn-around in the boys behavior. First we organized a baseball team, practicing after school and playing nearby schools our size. Sometimes we went to Jackson for movies in the evening. I enjoyed the activities as much as the boys.

The most successful idea was to organize a Boy Scout troop. Mrs. Seeley invited the Scouts to use an acre plot on which they might raise potatoes to finance new uniforms. Although this plan was not finalized until I had left the next summer, the boys began to work towards that end very enthusiastically. The Scouts had a few over-night camp-outs at a nearby lake.

Several boys joined me that fall, hunting coons at night or pheasants and rabbits on Saturdays. On winter evenings, we organized ice skating on the long, narrow pond in the village, followed by bonfires on the shore. At the end of the year, I was one of the chaperones who accompanied the entire small high school to Niagara Falls. Yet today, Evelyn and I are invited to school reunions at Jerome, and we have attended many of them.

While teaching at Jerome, I traveled 25 miles home on weekends to worship and help at my church. Arnold Bartlett and I, with other unmarried C.E. youth, invited young people from several miles around to attend a week of revival services in the fall. During the revival, a goodly number came forward and were saved. We also organized activities to involve the local youth in church activities. Young married adults, like the Martins and the Coys, served as sponsors for a Sunday evening group that grew to nearly 60. Those who had cars drove the young people to church.

What did we do to keep the young people active and growing in their Christian walk? Our most ambitious project was to put on an Easter play that Merritt Green of Hillsdale directed. After weeks of practice, we presented the play twice at North Reading and accepted invitations to perform at other churches, including Jerome. This, in addition to various youth parties, kept us busy and happy in the Lord's service. What a glorious year we had!

Some outstanding youth from church eventually went into full-time Christian vocations. Dean Piper went to William Jennings Bryan College in Tennessee and continued at Michigan State University for his Masters and Doctorate degrees. He taught for years at California Polytechnic Institute. Dr. Piper became the spiritual advisor for David Spencer who dedicated his life to agricultural missions work during my presidency at HC. David, his wife and sons spent years in missions in Brazil. Donelda Coy attended Fort Wayne Bible College, married Pete Peterson, and they became missionaries in Zaire and Ruwanda-Urunda and established churches in France. They had the distinction of having children in graves in three foreign countries. Others from the youth group, such as Clifford Emerson Balcom and Wayne Giauque, served as missionaries and pastors. Many were faithful Christian workers in their home churches.

# CHAPTER THREE

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## PILOT, US NAVY: 1941 to 1945

During the year I taught at Jerome, the prospect of war in Europe hung threateningly over our nation. Young men 18 years and older had to register for the draft, and many were called up to service. I felt sure my number would come up soon, so I did not sign the proffered contract to teach at Jerome for the 1941-42 school year.

Late in May, I was offered a summer job at Starr Commonwealth for Boys at Albion, Michigan, an institution much like Father Flanagans Boys Town in Nebraska. I was hired to be a camp counselor for two one-month sessions at Lake Ackley. Starr took boys who were orphans or who were sent for corrective training.

The summer provided rich experiences for me. Three counselors lived in cabins with a number of boys, and we engaged in plenty of active activities. I managed to fish a little during the afternoon rest periods and supplied fresh fish for the boys' dinners. However, the draft found us at camp, and two counselors were called up, so by summers end, I was the head counselor. It seemed unwise for me to work for Starr as a teacher at its Albion campus in the fall because I was sure I would soon be drafted.

I took time, of course, to continue my courtship of Evelyn, both by letter and in person. She accepted a job in the fall, teaching first and second grades in Wren, Ohio, ten miles from Convoy where her parents lived in a parsonage. Her father pastored two small UB churches nearby.

As I drove to visit her on weekends, I mused about enlisting rather than being drafted into the service. In fact, I went to the Navy recruiting office in Jackson, Michigan, wondering whether my typing ability might land me a position as a yeoman (secretary) in the Navy. As I looked around the recruiting office, I saw a poster promoting the Naval Reserve Air Corps. I certainly satisfied the requirement for having two years of college, but the recruiter said that I would not likely get into the program because I wore glasses. Nevertheless, he gave me the address of the Naval Air Station at Grosse Ile, near Detroit, where I could apply for Navy pilot training.

I had always been fascinated by flying and had recently taken my first plane ride at the Hillsdale County Fair. With my cousins, Everett and Don Dickey, I had flown to Detroit with the barnstorming pilot after the fair. We saw our first major league game with the Detroit Tigers at Navin Field and hitchhiked home.

After my visit to the Navy recruiting office, I went home and prayed for guidance about the draft and asked for the prayers of others. My answer seemed to be, Go for pilots training. It was an attractive idea to be a pilot, an officer, and perhaps have a better future than that of an enlisted sailor or an army draftee.

I went to Grosse Ile in early September, and I was accepted to take the physical exam. After a summer as camp counselor, I felt confident that I was in good physical condition, but as an extra precaution, I left my glasses in the glove compartment. I passed the physical and the other tests, and I signed papers to

become a V-5 Naval Reserve Aviation Cadet. Then I returned home to await orders. I was depending on Romans 8:28 as I ventured on this attractive course in the service of my country.

My cousin, Everett Dickey, was just six months younger than I, and we had always been close friends. He had just registered in the Army. While we nervously awaited our calls, we took a trip to northern Michigan during the beautiful fall of 1941. We journeyed to Mackinaw City and crossed the Straits to St. Ignace on a car ferry. Six miles north, we turned west on M123 to Trout Lake, Eckerman and Paradise. We tried to go west to Lower Tahquamenon Falls, but because of the soft, sandy roads, we didn't make it on the first try. We returned to Paradise, went south to M28, west to Newberry and finally made it to the Lower and Upper Falls. We drove west through the Upper Peninsula and returned home through Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana.

We remembered our trip to the Tahquamenon Falls area quite well, and in 1946, Mom Baker, brother Gene and I pooled our money and bought a lot on nearby Piatt Lake, 30 miles southeast of the Falls. A Baptist missions organization in the Upper Peninsula had acquired mile-long Piatt Lake and the 4,000 acres of logged-over land around it. The Baptists had been missionaries to the loggers and others living in the North, and they held summer conferences on the grounds.

Five years after my trip with Everett, the Baptists surveyed the land and offered about 200 lots, usually 75 feet by 600 feet deep, for sale to born-again Christians. Their price was \$250 for a 50-year lease. Of course, Everett and I knew nothing of this in 1941, but when the lots were offered for sale in 1946, we had seen the territory, and the Baker three invested. Mom B, Gene and I each invested one third of the price and purchased lot number 152.

Everett was called into service shortly after our trip north. After his training, he was sent to the European theater where he was severely wounded at the Anzio beachhead. He was hit by a shell from Big Bertha, a huge German gun that was transported on a railway car to different locations. Everett was sent home for surgeries on his face and recuperation at Valley Forge.

Over the next 50 years, the Baker family went to Piatt Lake many, many times. Our investment was truly a good, God-directed venture. We attended Bible conferences there when we were home from Sierra Leone. My senior friends came along to fish and caught 200 perch in Whitefish Bay of Lake Superior on one trip. Many years later, three grandpas, three sons and five grandsons, hooked 40 northern pike in three days! My biggest was 42 inches. One of Genes daughters caught a husband at Piatt Lake. I eventually sold my share to Gene.

On Thanksgiving Day, November 20, 1941, the Baker family gathered for a bountiful chicken dinner, my last meal at home before leaving for service in the US Naval Reserve. It was a stressful, apprehensive day for us all. My enlistment was for the duration of the war, plus ten years in the Naval Reserve. Only the good Lord knew what the future held. My life belonged to the Lord as it says in Romans 8:28.

In the afternoon, we all drove to the station in Hillsdale where Dad led us in a departing prayer. I boarded the New York Central train and headed for Chicago and the unknown. It was the step into military life which thousands of young American men were taking. There were good-byes, kisses, tears, a conductor's All aboard! and I was off, waving good-bye to my family and my past. In Chicago, I made the change to a Pullman bound for Kansas City and arrived there on Friday, November 21.

Seventeen men from Michigan formed a group that entered elimination training at Fairfax Field in Kansas City. All were unmarried, for we had agreed to remain single for at least two years after we received our wings and became pilots and Ensigns, a rank equivalent to Army Second Lieutenant.

On my first weekend off, I went to visit Wilbur Don Ackerman, a friend from HC in Sabetha, Kansas. Before I left the base, I had been given injections in both arms. One was a painful typhoid shot which made my arm too sore to shoulder a gun. Wilbur and I hunted jackrabbits on Saturday, but I could only trudge doggedly along and carry the rabbit that Wilbur shot. After attending church with the Ackermans, I returned to the base.

When I went to Kansas City on my next free weekend, I found a newspaper ad describing a recent revival at the Bales Baptist Church. It sounded like my kind of church, so I went there. The people were so friendly, and one family with youth about my age, invited me home for dinner. The McClures were a jolly, genuine Christian family. They had fine food and were such good hosts. They also invited the teacher who taught my Sunday School class, Miss Bessie Cameron. She kept track of me throughout the war. It turned out that both Herb McClure and Wilbur Ackerman followed me into pilots training and the Air Corps.

That Sunday afternoon as Herb and I rode to a bowling alley, we heard an announcement over his car radio that Pearl Harbor had been attacked that morning by Japanese planes. Great damage had been inflicted on the US. Many pilots and planes were lost, and many of our best warships were sunk. I well remember that Sunday, December 7, 1941! I was immediately placed on seven-day training status, for the Navy needed to replace lost pilots as rapidly as possible.

On my first Christmas away from home, Mom B and Evelyn, who was now my fiancée, made Christmas much happier than I'd expected. Mom had a cousin named Bessie Hart who lived in Kansas City with her husband, Frank. Mom wrote to her cousin, telling her I was in training at nearby Fairfax Field. In response, Mom and Evelyn received an invitation to spend Christmas with the Harts. Evelyn recalls that she and Mom came by train and that Mom became very tired walking the long distance to the train in the Chicago station. I was also invited to take Christmas dinner at the Harts and to spend as much time as I could with Mom and Evelyn at their home. What a wonderful Christmas it was for Evelyn and me. How we enjoyed the Harts hospitality. I thanked the Lord!

Elimination Base Training at Fairfax Field left vivid memories: pre-dawn, outside calisthenics, so very early and so very cold; ground school classes; time in the Link trainers; beginning flights with an instructor. I remember going into a tailspin in the Link trainer and ending up underground, according to my altimeter. That was a routine accident for aspiring pilots who were tense and nervous in the Link trainers which, of course, were securely fastened to the floor.

Although I did not start my flight logbook until I reached Pensacola, I remember Ensign Hall, my first flight instructor at Fairfax Field. He was a kind, mild-mannered man. He didn't cuss and swear at me like many of the instructors who wanted to confuse the student pilots and see how they reacted under combat stress. The Lord gave me the correct man to begin my pilot training, for I was nervous, hesitant and needed a mild person who would build up my self-confidence. Ensign Hall told me to get tough, to fly the N2S and N3N "Yellow Peril" trainers with confidence and to handle the controls firmly. After a few hours of simulated flights in the Link trainer and four hours of instruction in the Yellow Peril bi-planes,

Ensign Hall said I was ready for my check flight with another pilot. I did takeoffs and landings and received an up-check on my first try. Right away I took my first solo flight and flew alone in a Navy trainer. What a thrill! How relieved, excited and thankful to God I was to have passed that significant point in my training.

After passing the all-important check flight, I spent more hours in solo flight, practicing touch-and-go take-offs and landings. I'd been told that if I shut the throttle off completely while landing, the engine would ice-up and could not be re-started in mid-air. "Keep the throttle partially on," I was instructed. "Come in under partial power, hit the ground, pour on the power and take off again." I was unaccustomed to coming in under partial power and once landed a few feet short of the runway. The runway was being extended at that time, and tractor tires had made furrows in the dirt across the end of the runway, which the weather had frozen solid. When I landed short of the runway, the ruts in the earth grabbed the right wheel, and its strut broke. That allowed the right wing tip to slide along the snow and caused the plane to do a graceful ground loop. I was embarrassed because a tow truck had to pull me in, and I had to make out an accident report. I never had another accident as a pilot in four years and 2,000 hours of flying time, for which I thanked the Lord.

I was in a near accident, however, in early 1944. While flying patrol and hunting submarines a few hundred miles off the coast of Brazil, one of our two Pratt and Whitney 2,000-horsepower engines went out. We feathered a propeller, threw everything movable out of the plane to lighten it, including guns, ammunition, flight gear and instruments. The Lord enabled us to fly safely back to base. As we sat down to breakfast later that morning, one of the crew said, Lets have Baker say grace and thank the Lord for our safe return.

At Fairfax Field, I continued Elimination Training and got up-checks there. At the end of training, I was given the green light to advance to pool at an advanced base and to await further orders. Of the original 17 in our group from Detroit, 13 completed Elimination Training. The remaining four were likely drafted into the Army.

Late in January 1942, the 13 went to Love Field in Dallas, Texas. We took classes in Morse code, in airplane recognition and stood guard duty at night. Ten days after arriving in Dallas, Ferguson, another fellow and I were given orders to go to Pensacola, Florida, for further training. We never learned why we three were chosen; perhaps it was by lottery, or perhaps it was the Lord's plan. We heard, via the grapevine, that the other men in Dallas languished for many months and finally went to Corpus Christi for further training. It took them 18 months to graduate while we three passed through our advanced training at Pensacola in six months.

February 10 was the day we arrived for duty in Pensacola. Our first six weeks were filled with ground school and flying. My flights at the elimination base and during the first six weeks at Pensacola were not recorded in my flight logbook. Perhaps flight times were not recorded until a prospective pilot reached a certain stage in training. The first flight recorded in my logbook was a 1.5 hour instrument flight with Lt. Griffith in N3N-3, No. 2002, on March 31, 1942. By that time, I had soloed for three months and had passed my formation and acrobatics checks. The hardest part of my flight instruction was instrument, or blind-flying, training. A curtain blocked my view out the planes window, and I depended solely on

instruments to fly. Instrument landings were especially difficult for me, and the sweat rolled off my brow as I landed.

During April, I had 47 training flights, with 68.5 pilot hours. Two-thirds of them were instrument training flights with an instructor. The remainder were in an NJ, SNJ or OS2U for solo training or check flights. By the end of May, I'd had five instructional flights and 16 solo flights, a total of 33.5 hours.

Before proceeding to the next level of training, pilots were given careful checks to determine their abilities and aptitudes. After the difficult instrument training, came the simulated carrier landing phase. The Navy painted 500 foot white circles on the ground where pilots were to practice landings. We flew straight in, but we were required to S-turn, or to slip, putting one wing down and the tail a bit to one side. We had to adjust at just the right altitude to land on the white circle at the proper airspeed. This exercise was fun until we understood the seriousness of landing on small, bobbing aircraft carriers at speeds of two miles per minute in different wind speeds and directions.

We were subjected to another test. We were placed in an airtight tank from which air could be pumped to simulate changes in atmospheric pressure at various altitudes. We were given simulated tests at altitudes of 5,000, 10,000, 15,000 and 20,000 feet to determine our abilities to perform at reduced oxygen levels and atmospheric pressures.

At that point in our training, we were asked to express our preference for aircraft and for specialized duty. We could choose to fly fighters, dive-bombers, torpedo bombers or patrol bombers or to become flight instructors. I chose to fly patrol bombers because I was engaged to be married, and I thought that assignment offered the best chance for a longer life. My altitude tests, my preferences and other records were evaluated, and I was given my first choice.

One of my best friends during training was Niles Kinnick, an All-American football player from the University of Iowa. He elected to be a fighter pilot. During the war when he was with the fleet in the Pacific, he shot down five Japanese fighter planes before he, too, was shot down. What a fine fellow and pilot he was, like so many others who sacrificed their lives. The University of Iowa named its football field Kinnick Stadium in his memory.

Because the Navy needed pilots quickly, it changed its regulations and allowed men to marry as soon as they received their Wings and officer status. Again, very definitely, I said, "Thank you, Lord!"

Evelyn and I had become officially engaged in the spring of 1941 before I left for pilots training. Evelyn was teaching in Wren, Ohio, and did not want to wear an engagement ring then and there. I wanted her to have an engagement diamond, however, so when a ring salesman came to us pilots with his merchandise and good offers, I wrote to Mom M. I asked her to obtain Evelyn's ring size and to telegraph that size to me. When the telegram came, it read, ring five seven. Someone had obviously made a mistake with the message, but I decided it had meant ring size seven, so that was the size I purchased. After I'd ordered the ring, Mom M sent a letter saying Evelyn needed a size seven and one-eighth. When the ring came, I sent it to Mom M with a letter, asking her to have a jeweler enlarge it and be my "ambassador." Mom M was smart. She kept the ring and gave it to Evelyn on Easter morning, 1942. It fit perfectly!

As I thought of our future together and my love for my fiance, I wrote her the following poem:



A little spark of hope implanted,  
A little spark of love divine!  
Someday, in life's great tomorrow,  
Will that heart be wholly mine?

Mine to cherish, mine to fondle,  
Mine to nestle to my breast,  
Mine to live with, mine to love with,  
Mine to own, my very best.

Mine to guide oer life's rough pathway,  
Mine to protect through all of time,  
Mine to climb through earthly sorrow,  
Climb as one to heights sublime.

God's creation, joined together  
By that slow, delicious kiss,  
Will her new life be one of sorrow  
Or one of unending bliss?

Slowly, sweetly, surely given,  
By that maid in later teens,  
Does she know the weight it carries?  
Does she know what all it means?

God in heaven, wilt though guide her,  
Keep her always pure as now,  
Bring her safely home to glory,  
Where before Thee she may bow.

Blessed by everyone that's known her,  
Those she's aided in the strife,  
May they say, sincerely, Mother,  
You have led a Christian life.

Two other noteworthy events occurred in 1942, and I was unable to attend either because of my flight-training schedule and the war. My grandfather, William Isaiah Dickey, died of pneumonia on January 16 at the age of 83. My grandfather's widow, Rachel, moved in with Mom and Dad Baker after Grandpas death and died in March while I was at Pensacola. I wanted to attend both funerals, but my requests were not granted.

I had been given Instrument Pilot Rating #5573 on June 4, and I had made eight solo flights by June 10 when I began instruction in PBY aircraft. Three cadets went out with an instructor on each flight that

lasted up to three hours. We flew SNJs and then flew P2Y and PBY-5 patrol planes until I finished my training and got my wings. I flew a total of 23 flights in June.

By the end of patrol plane training in July, I had 26 flights and 88.7 hours of pilot time. My total logged time was 118 flights and 236.6 hours. I graduated on July 31, 1942, as Ensign Earl DeWitt Baker, Officer #125443.

Bob Hills, a friend from Jackson, Michigan, received his wings the day before I. He agreed to wait and drive me home for our 20-day furlough since he lived only 35 miles from my home. We had become buddies during flight training and had both been teachers in Michigan.

Once home, I spent a few days relaxing and helping Dad and Gene on the farm. I also traveled back and forth to Convoy, Ohio, because Evelyn and I were completing the plans for our wedding on August 16. Evelyn made all the arrangements with the help of her sister, Alvena, and Alvena's husband, Phil Dolby. Due to gas rationing, we invited only our immediate families. We chose to have Dad M marry us in the parsonage, not the church, at Convoy.

On Sunday, August 16, after services at North Reading, my Mom and Dad, with Jeanette and Gene, drove me down to Convoy. Phil and Alvena, with Mom M supervising, had decorated the parsonage and arranged the flowers. Paul and Beulah Middaugh, with their infant daughter Judy, came from Columbus, Ohio. Good friends Wilbur Don Ackerman and Sarah Bangs surprised us and showed up for the 4 p.m. wedding.

Phil provided music for the ceremony. He played the Intermezzo and then the Wedding March on the piano as Evelyn glided down the stairway. Alvena was the bridesmaid and Phil the best man. Brother Paul, who was a pastor, offered the wedding prayer, and Dad M pronounced us husband and wife. After the service, we celebrated with ice cream and wedding cake. Then Evelyn and I headed east in Dad M's car to a motel near Van Wert.

We returned to Convoy the next morning to meet up with Bob Hills. We loaded our suitcases into his car and asked Dad M to pray before we departed on an escorted honeymoon to military service in Norfolk, Virginia. We stopped the first night in Wheeling, West Virginia, and drove on to Richmond, Virginia, the next night. There were no four-lane highways in 1942, so we didn't arrive in Norfolk until Wednesday.

We had made arrangements to stay with Captain and Mrs. Wiley until we could find a small apartment. He was the captain of a Chesapeake and Ohio ferryboat, and they gave us a hearty welcome to the great Navy city of Norfolk. My happy furlough ended the next morning, Thursday, August 20, when I boarded a streetcar to the Naval Air Station where I was temporarily assigned to the Transition Training Squadron, Atlantic Fleet.

I did no flying in August, but in September, I familiarized myself with PBM aircraft and logged 8.8 flight hours. During the first two weeks of October, I had 17.1 more hours of training in PBMs, and then I was transferred to my permanent squadron, VP-203. There I had 10.6 more hours in instrument refresher training in SNC, OS2U and PBMs.

During the fall, VP-203 was transferred to Banana River Naval Air Station, later named Patrick Air Force Base, in Florida for five weeks where the men continued their training flights. Evelyn followed me and

found a nice, third-floor apartment in Melbourne above Kirkland's Restaurant. We enjoyed our short stay in Melbourne and our time at the Baptist church. Evelyn made friends with the wives of other Naval fliers.

December brought changes for both of us. VP-203 returned to Norfolk and then was sent to San Juan, Puerto Rico, via Banana River NAS and Guantanamo Bay NAS in eastern Cuba for further training. Evelyn returned to her folks, who had been transferred to Willshire, Ohio.

I have never forgotten the return trip to Banana River. I was the navigator for the flight which was completely over the ocean. I was very nervous as we plotted and changed our course, dropping flares from the plane to determine wind drift and estimate our time of arrival. I was elated when my calculations brought us down on schedule!

We had hardly become accustomed to our quarters in San Juan when our crew was asked to return to Norfolk with a plane that needed repair. So, on December 21, we headed back to Norfolk by way of Banana River NAS. I was very hopeful that my new wife and I might spend our first Christmas and New Year's together. The 79-verse poem that follows was written on Christmas Eve, a forlorn Christmas letter to Evelyn, while I was delayed en route.

### **My Dear Wife,**

'Tis the night before Christmas  
And all through this room,  
Not a creature is stirring  
To break up the gloom.

Navy worries are on me,  
They are making me old  
With so many misfortunes,  
Now let them be told.

Saturday, in San Juan,  
It is now long ago  
That I first heard the news,  
And it made my heart glow.

Do you want to go back?  
A good officer said,  
And I, in my haste,  
Like clutching a thread,

Cried, sincerely, You betcha,  
I'll make it or bust.  
If I get the chance,  
You just watch my dust!

Then a letter I sent,  
By fast air mail. too,  
Saying, Wifie, I'm coming  
To you, oer the blue.

On Sunday, I loaded  
My plane, then we packed.  
I scarcely could wait  
And was up 'fore dawn cracked.

But the Navy decided  
That wed run a test.  
Wed keep right on flying  
While the plane did her best

To stay up as long  
As she possibly could.  
Such a test, we conceded,  
Would be very good.

Wed know in the future,  
Without shadow of doubt,  
How long flights in this plane  
Could safely stay out.

We filled up with gas,  
Seventeen hundred fifty gallons.  
We sped oer the water  
Then lifted our talons.

We soared through the sky,  
Headed straight for the States.  
Not a thing that would happen  
Our high hopes could abate.

The blue sky was studded  
With dancing white caps,  
But we scarcely noticed,  
We were studying maps.

We plotted our course,  
Banana River lagoon,

Which we hoped we would reach  
Very soon after noon.

We went up to eight thousand  
To get over the humps.  
In the midst of these clouds,  
You get terrible bumps.

We made such good time  
That the one thousand miles  
Went so quickly that we  
Were soon wrapped in smiles.

We circled the base  
At a quarter to three,  
Oh, boy, we all shouted,  
Think where we will soon be.

We'll see wives and parents,  
Maybe sweethearts and friends  
At Norfolk, Virginia,  
Where we know this trip ends.

But our joy was short-lived,  
We were made to remember  
Of the gas left aboard  
And our duty to render.

We measured it up  
And to our surprise,  
Eight hundred full gallons  
Still in front of our eyes.

Full of sorrow, we learned  
That the base we must pass  
And not land until  
We were 'most out of gas.

Down the coast to Miami  
We stolidly flew.  
One round trip we made  
And finally two.

Still not out of fuel  
We were forced to go  
Up the coast, north,  
And back, to and fro.

Even Christmas tree lights,  
Blinking out in the dark,  
Didn't make us feel happy.  
We weren't out for a lark.

The moon was out, too,  
I guess things looked swell,  
But we were not sure,  
Were too tired to tell.

At last, gas was gone,  
Gauges started to totter.  
At once we were settling  
Down onto the water.

Fifteen hours we had flown  
And two thousand miles.  
We were so tired that now  
Our jokes didn't even bring smiles.

Only one thing remained,  
A message to say,  
Sweet wife, I am coming.  
Then I'd call it a day.

But I had forgotten,  
Wed a plane watch to stand.  
Which pilot would do it?  
All wanted to land.

One way to decide it,  
A penny we tossed,  
And as usually happens,  
I'm the baby who lost.

I stayed there all night,  
No chow, little rest,  
And all the time hoping,

Next time, come out best.

Came the dawn and the sun,  
A huge, big red lamp,  
We started our motors,  
Taxied up to the ramp.

Our plans were to fuel,  
Work a bit on one motor,  
In a very short while,  
Wed be back on the water.

Wed take off, head for home,  
Be there before night.  
Oh, boy, this was good,  
Things going just right.

But alas and alack,  
We were happy too soon.  
Unexpected misfortune  
Still had plenty of room.

Some planes stood in line  
To come into the water.  
For us to beach now  
Would be too much bother.

The best we could do,  
Taxi round and again,  
As we sadly watched  
The bright forenoon wane.

At last came the time  
When they found us the room,  
Brought us out of the water  
An hour before noon.

Wed sure have to hurry  
To get our work done.  
The deadline for leaving  
For Norfolk was one.

We fueled, fixed the motor,

Really made the work scatter.  
We fussed, fumed, and hurried,  
But it didn't much matter.

We finished, saw the time,  
And to our dismay,  
It was just too late  
For our journey that day.

We were all very sorry,  
Disappointment pervaded,  
But the point of legality  
Could not be evaded.

No landings in Norfolk  
After sun had been set.  
Navy made the orders,  
And they sure must be met.

I looked up my friend.  
Bob Hills is his name,  
A pal of long standing  
And Michigan State fame.

The evening we spent  
In chatter and talk,  
Too tired and worn out  
To wiggle or walk.

We had hopes for tomorrow,  
Of continued good weather.  
We knew that next day  
Wed leave this sparse heather.

Next morning dawned bright,  
We were filled with elation.  
But soon we were taught  
That luck too, is on ration.

Men aboard, things were checked,  
Engines ready to snort.  
And now we awaited  
The weather report.



Here it comes, he is reading,-  
A cold front is passing  
All up 'long the coast,  
There is danger of icing.

There's a thirty degree difference  
On the sides of the front.  
No plane might be able  
To bear that fierce brunt!

Too bad, said the pilot,  
Can't chance it today.  
We must remain here.  
We are just forced to stay.

Men's faces were sad,  
And I guess mine was too.  
But the front was so bad,  
Naught else could we do.

My wife, my dear sweetheart,  
Whom I'd telegraphed to  
Saying, Wifie, I'm coming,  
Today I was due.

Would she be there waiting  
And worrying sadly,  
Fearfully wondering  
If her hubby fared badly.

Was she there, or Ohio,  
I knew not the truth.  
At last I decided  
To telegraph Ruth.

This message I sent,  
Sorry for the delay,  
But if nothing more happens  
I'll be there next day.

The day wore on slowly,  
Not much could I do.

I'd just worry and think,  
And that about you.

I took a short rest,  
Caught a ride into town.  
Every street that I entered  
Brought sweet memories down.

I went to a show,  
Then visited friends  
And suddenly wondered  
When this horrid day ends.

I met up with Bob,  
We decided to bowl,  
And after hard work  
In two games, took his toll.

For eating, I went back  
To our haunts of yore,  
Kirkland's fine restaurant,  
On our old homes first floor.

I thought, This is Wednesday,  
Melbourne's prayer meeting night.  
Ill attend, and I know  
That'll make things go right.

They all could remember  
Ensign Baker and wife,  
And they missed us, they said,  
Since we left the South life.

The evening we spent  
In praises and singing,  
To be there again  
Sort of left my heart ringing.

Returning out here  
With a very bright moon,  
Thoughts of leaving tomorrow  
Seemed to me, not too soon.

I wrote you, my sweet,  
Then turned in to rest,  
My hopes, as before,  
For tomorrow, the best.

The alarm rang this morning,  
I looked out t'ward the west,  
And the sights for my eyes  
Shattered all thoughts of rest.

Fog lay thick over all,  
Motionless, cozy,  
Our outlook for today,  
Absolutely, not rosy!

As I tried to gain courage  
And to keep up my head,  
I went to the weatherman,  
And here's what he said.

The weather is fine  
All up 'long the coast,  
And if I am right,  
Then you can soon boast.

This soup will burn out  
By ten, I would say,  
And you'll easily finish  
Your North trip today.

At ten, we were waiting,  
At eleven, still sat there,  
At twelve, became desperate,  
At one, tore our hair!

To add to our sorrow,  
At one thirty, the sun  
Bore fierce on the fog,  
And its life's work was done!

We still sat, disgruntled,  
Feeling very sour,  
Why hadn't it lifted

Before, half an hour?

Again, returning sadly,  
Wanting to know the truth,  
I resorted to the telephone  
And talked to Tommy's Ruth.

I reasoned you'd be with her,  
But when I heard your half,  
The whole thing is so twisted up  
It makes me want to laugh!

Again, I sent the message  
To my far-off, darling sweet,  
Praying, on the morrow,  
Perhaps we yet shall meet.

It seems that in this Navy  
Plans just cannot be laid.  
Uncle Sam just ruins  
All the thoughts we've made.

Oh, somewhere hearts are happy  
And somewhere, men on leave.  
But two sweethearts are lonely,  
They're apart on Christmas Eve!

Your loving husband, DeWitt

The crew finally reached Norfolk on December 27, and the trip had a belated, happy ending. Evelyn joined me the next day, and we spent our first New Year's Eve together as husband and wife! We had a wonderful few days together, but our time was too short.

I had logged 31.1 hours of extended flight time in December. Our flight from San Juan to Banana River was extended to determine how long we could stay aloft. With 1,750 gallons of fuel in the tanks, we were aloft 14.8 hours.

On January 3, 1943, our crew took the plane wed brought to Norfolk out on a test flight. I do not remember the fault, but the problem was still not corrected. The next morning, January 4, I bade farewell to my wife. She returned to her folks in Ohio, and our crew left in a different plane for San Juan.

A tragic accident happened to one of our planes during our absence. The plane had wing tanks and three big tanks in its lower hull: the forward, the center and the rear hull tanks. A crew with little experience had not filled the three belly tanks properly, so the center of gravity was not correct. As the plane took off from Jamaica Bay and gained speed, the pilot pulled back on the yoke for takeoff. The plane hopped

into the air, then returned to the water. On each hop, the plane went higher. Finally, the plane dove into the water, nose down, and three men were killed.

Our Squadron, VP 203, lost three men, a Catholic, a Jew and a Protestant. We all sorrowed and drew together. We realized that we were experiencing the dangers of war and that we must be more careful in our flying habits.

The three American airmen were Edward Mallory Vogel of Tennessee, Izzie Goldberg from the Bronx, and Edward J. Sipowski of Waukegan, Illinois. They were buried side by side with a Protestant chaplain, a Jewish rabbi, and a Catholic priest officiating. The flag for which they fought flew over them.

The following poem commemorating their lives and deaths appeared on December 31, 1942 in a New York newspaper.

A Chaplain, a Priest, and a Rabbi -  
    Protestant, Catholic, Jew.  
Three Yanks in three simple caskets -  
    Three colors, red, white and blue.  
A hush on a tropic island,  
    As notes from a bugle fall -  
Three rituals slowly chanting -  
    Three faiths in a common call.  
A lad from the Bronx;  
    Another who joined up in Tennessee;  
A third from far-off Waukegan -  
    A typical bunch, those three.  
A crash in a Naval airplane...  
    A rush to its crumpled side...  
And nearby Old Glory marking  
    The reason the trio died.  
They answered a call to duty -  
    From church and from synagogue -  
From hillside and teeming city...  
    Three names in a Naval log.  
Each raised in his separate concepts -  
    Each having his form to pray -  
But all for a faith triumphant -  
    Where rituals fade away.  
A prayer in Latin phrases -  
    And one with more ancient lore;  
A Protestant simple service -  
    All one on a distant shore.  
Qui tollis pecata mundi...  
    And, Enter ye into rest...  
A blessing from ancient Moses...

For three men who had met the test.  
This is the story mighty,  
    Making our sinews strong;  
Boys from the many altars  
    Warring on one great wrong!  
This is the nation's power,  
    This is its suit of mail;  
Land where each narrow bigot  
    Knows that he can't prevail!  
A chaplain, a priest, and a rabbi -  
    Protestant, Catholic, Jew,  
Knowing that forms are nothing  
    If but the cause be true.  
Challenge all craven bigots!  
    Tell them as brave men die  
Fighting for fullest freedom -  
    Tell them they lie. . . . THEY LIE!

On December 19, 1942, I sent the following poem to my brother in Reading, Michigan.

My Dear Brother,  
    I do not know just where you are,  
    It may be near, it may be far;  
    But this we know, that Christ doth care,  
    And will be with you, everywhere.  
    You're in His hand, His Word doth tell,  
    And you can trust Him very well,  
    When bullets fly and bombs do fall,  
    Sing, Trusting Jesus, that is all.  
    Well think of you in every prayer  
    Away off somewhere in the air,  
    And pray, that soon this war will end  
    And you'll come home and church attend.  
    Youve many friends and loved ones here  
    And then the one you hold most dear -  
    Your wife, God bless her, give her grace  
    Till 'gain she meets you face to face.

On December 25, 1942, I wrote these words:

How useless futile effort seems to be  
To tell how much my true love means to me.  
As I am floating, high, serenely, in the blue,  
Heav'ns very softness, calmness, pureness,  
    brings the clue,

Through necessary strain which lies on every face,  
Through fear of battle, dimmed from this high,  
majestic space,  
That still our bond of love draws me to you.  
If I am busy, hurrying with the cares of life,  
Preparing for my duties in this strife,  
Above the clamor of our earth's wild pace,  
Above the turmoil of man's deadly race.  
Holds the jeweled anchor, love, from faithful wife.  
O Lord, I thank Thee for each thing on earth  
Which tells me of my sweethearts worth.

Again, on January 8, 1943, I wrote these thoughts:

Love.

It bears,  
It shares,  
It cares.  
It lifts you to an unmatched bliss  
With each longing, loving, life-giving kiss.  
It carries you o'er unexpected knocks  
O'er all of Satan's luring, tempting rocks.  
It makes you know that everything you do  
Is hoped for, pondered, joined by your lover, too.  
Your every thought, each doubt, each hope  
Is aided by your mate, together life to cope.  
When you are tired and weary, sick at heart,  
Your lover calmly, surely, meekly does  
more than her part.  
In all your moments of untarnished joy  
Her happiness and thanks with yours alloy.  
It gives you faith that each tiny sand  
Is governed, guided by His unerring hand.

In San Juan, January 1943, our crew began training in earnest. We flew 16 flights, primarily in navigation, but also in gunnery and instruments. I flew 64.7 hours that month. February found us in Guantanamo Bay for ten days of gunnery and bombing training. We returned to Puerto Rico for more of the same, sharpening up our skills for assigned duty. Twice it was rumored that we were assigned to islands in the Pacific to encounter the Japanese; however, on February 24, we returned to Norfolk.

Evelyn rejoined me in Norfolk, and we lived together for the next eight months in rented housing. German subs were sinking many tankers and cargo ships in the Atlantic at this time, so my squadron was assigned to submarine patrol and convoy duty out of Norfolk. During this month, I had 48.4 hours of flight time, all in just two PBM aircraft. In March, we learned the art of taxiing the big, deep-hulled PBMs

on the water. We began patrol flights that lasted eight to ten hours. I flew 27.2 hours in March, all with the same plane and crew.

Lieutenant Commander John W. Gannon, USN, was commander of VP-203 throughout its formation and training until Lieutenant Commander M.D. Burns, USN, assumed command on April 1, 1943. He was still commanding my squadron on July 14, 1944, when I was detached as a patrol plane commander. At that date, I had 1,586 hours of pilot flight time.

In April 1943, we continued to patrol and train, specifically in bombing. I logged only 29.8 hours of flight time. In May, we added night patrols, and I flew 63.1 hours. One flight lasted 15 hours. In June, I flew 57.2 hours. July's schedule was much heavier, with ten flights totaling 123 hours of patrolling, training and escorting, day and night.

I am not sure if the date of the next experience was May 7 or 21, for such events were not identified during the war. My plane and another PBM were assigned night patrol, or escort duty. We flew at least 100 miles out to sea and met a large group of 100 or more ships sailing in formation going southeast. It was a huge task force of carriers, troop ships, destroyers and tankers headed for North Africa. Early in the night, a bad storm hit, and the formation, which was running without lights, broke to avoid collision. The escorting planes climbed higher and higher to get above the heavy rain and violent thunderheads. By morning, we were very high for PBMs, around 10,000 feet, and below us, the ships were everywhere on the surface of the ocean. They soon reformed and later reached North Africa where they landed thousands of troops that made their way north to Italy. It was an exciting experience to escort that huge fleet on its strategic mission!

Not long after that, the following entry was made in my flight log: "6/30/43. Ensign E. D. Baker is qualified and is hereby designated as second pilot in PBM type aircraft. I was also promoted to Lieutenant (Jg), on July 1, 1943. Three-and-a-half months later, on September 19, 1943, an entry read, Lt. (Jg) E.D. Baker is qualified and is hereby designated as First Pilot on PBM type aircraft. And again, on December 20, 1943, Lt. (Jg) E.D. Baker is qualified and is hereby designated as Patrol Plane Commander in PBM type aircraft. The new Lieutenant wrote a poem.

The ranks in the Navy  
Are steadfast and staid.  
Advancements in it  
Are hard to be made.

I joined in September,  
Nineteen hundred forty-one.  
While second class seaman,  
It wasn't much fun!

Elimination was passed.  
Boy, that sure was tough;  
And following that,  
Pool was easy enough.



My rank was advanced,  
Aviation Cadet!  
The name made me proud  
But such tests to be met!

Six months in that class,  
It all was hard work!  
Each one that would finish  
Not one duty could shirk.

In July, I became  
A new, lowly Ensign.  
Of Navy officers, that's  
Lowest one of the line.

I also advanced  
When I married my wife.  
She's so kind, sweet, and loving -  
Has enriched my whole life.

I've worked pretty hard  
In my year in the air,  
At serving my nation  
On days foul and fair.

I've seen so much country,  
Gained knowledge galore;  
As I keep on flying  
I know I'll learn more.

I'm wondering now  
How the Lord will lead me,  
How Hell guide my footsteps  
Since I'm a Lieutenant Jg.

In August 1943, Dad Baker suffered a heart attack at age 69 and died on the spot. I was given a quick furlough, and Ev and I attended his sad funeral in Reading.

Despite my short leave, I had 49.1 hours of flight time in August. Our squadron was very busy during this period, flying day and night patrols, as well as flights to and from New York. I flew 97.9 hours in September, 63.3 hours on only three patrols in October and 55.4 hours in November.

In September, our squadron was transferred to a seaplane base next to Floyd Bennett Field in Brooklyn, New York. Evelyn and I found an apartment with a fine Jewish lady, Mrs. Mollie Levin, at nearby Rockaway Beach. While there, my duty schedule was three days on with the fourth day off. Ev and I used the subway as our means of travel and saw a lot of New York City.

One evening, I was co-pilot on a flight that returned from patrol later than usual, and we found no landing lights on at the base in Jamaica Bay. My pilot came in where he thought the PBM seaplane should land, and the big seaplane skidded to a stop very quickly. When we opened the waist hatches, we found we had landed at low tide on a sandbar in the middle of the bay! A boat came out and ferried us to land. We didn't need to stand watch that night, for the plane was on an island in the middle of nowhere.

The next day, a large crew brought shovels and landing gear out to the plane. The men dug long ditches in the sand, attached the landing gear and pushed the plane into the water. I was glad I wasn't in command! I flew the plane back to Norfolk for inspection, where they found a few rivet heads had been sheared off by the sharp landing in the sand. We christened the plane Sandbar Annie," and my crew and I flew her for many, many uneventful hours after that experience.

Lieutenant Joseph P. Kennedy, brother of President John F. Kennedy, was in a sister squadron in New York. I knew Joe, but because I was not in his social and political crowd, I didn't become well acquainted with him. He transferred to a B25 squadron in England. We were very sorry to later hear of his tragic death.

Our squadron returned to Norfolk on November 4 and there found orders to go to Brazil, South America, where German U-boats were destroying Allied ships. We left on November 13, 1943, and Evelyn once again returned to her parents in Willshire, Ohio.

We made several stops en route to Brazil: Banana River, Florida; San Juan, Puerto Rico; Georgetown, British Guiana; Belem and Natal, Brazil, and finally the Aratu Naval Air Station near Bahia, Brazil. The Naval base was located on the north end of the bay, twenty miles from the bustling city of Bahia with its population of 60,000. From there, we did patrol and convoy duty for Allied oil tankers and freighters that carried supplies along the coast and beyond, perhaps to Africa or Europe.

Our crew began searchlight training on January 15, 1944, in planes equipped with one-million candlepower searchlights in the bow, powered by batteries weighing 600 pounds. The planes usually cruised at 1,000 feet searching for subs. When radar located an unidentified blip, the planes dropped to 200 feet above the water. One mile from a target, the plane dropped another hundred feet, and we turned on the searchlight. If the target turned out to be a sub, we dropped our depth charges in a string of six.

It was very difficult for the pilots, searchlight operators and crew to work precisely as a team, so they practiced using their searchlights on innocent banana boats which traveled by night to the morning markets at Bahia. When our planes descended and we turned the powerful searchlights on the banana boats, the occupants often dove overboard. Later they became accustomed to our harmless sorties.

One night after practice, we flew low toward the base and the outdoor theater where navy personnel watched a movie. Someone saw us coming and shouted, Plane crashing on us! Everyone ran for safety

and stumbled over each other and the benches in the melee. When we beached our plane, the crowd converged on us and dumped us into the briny deep. Such pranks added spice to Navy life!

I qualified as a searchlight pilot on February 15, 1944, and began sonic buoy training. When a sub submerged, we dropped sonobuoys and were theoretically able to follow the sub underwater. One night, we picked up a radar target where no friendly ship was supposed to be. We began our approach, but when we were two miles from target, the blip disappeared. We left the area and tried to sneak back an hour later, but the blip disappeared again as soon as we got within two miles. We played cat and mouse with that target for several hours. We supposed it was a German sub that discovered our radar focused on it and submerged when we got too close for its comfort and safety.

Another of our planes did find a sub on the surface, made a proper run toward it, but when the pilot pressed the pickle to drop the string of bombs, nothing happened. The dropping mechanism was later tested, and slack was discovered in the linkage from pilot to bomb rack that had caused the dropping message to fail. What a disappointment for that crew!

On March 2, our plane and crew were sent to Rio de Janeiro, a beautiful place to be stationed. One assignment was to fly our Navy basketball team to Santos, the coffee port of South America. There we took a cog train up a 3,000-foot escarpment and rode in a conventional train to Sao Paulo, a large industrial city. Our basketball team played the Brazilian champions, and although we led at half time, they won the game. The trip was a nice two-day excursion. Tough duty!

Another special assignment away from Bahia was the prelude to a major change in my life a few years later. US Intelligence had learned that three German blockade runners would round the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa, and head to former French seaports with rubber, quinine and other war materials from the Far East. Our squadron was detached to Natal, Brazil, to take part in an air blockade of the Atlantic Ocean. The blockade was successful. All three blockade runners were located, and when they knew they had been spotted, all three crews took to lifeboats and scuttled their ships.

During the time I was in Natal, Ev sent me a newspaper clipping about five UB missionaries who had left the US for Sierra Leone. They were traveling via South America on Pan American airline because it was too dangerous to go by ship. I knew that Pan Am stopped at Natal, so I went to the Pan Am offices and learned that Misses Funk, Hoffman and Sewell were already at the Hotel Grande across the street. Bernadine Hoffman and I had been classmates at HC, and I had had a few dates with Erma Funks sister, Emma Jean, but I did not know Oneta Sewell. I dashed over and found the three eating in the dining room. I came up to their table, put my hand on Bernadines shoulder and said, Hi, Bernadine. Thus we met again, by the Lords design, 5,000 miles from home. Rev. & Mrs. Lloyd Eby flew in that afternoon and were greeted by three girls and a Navy officer escort.

My friends were in Natal for five or six weeks, and during that time, 35 to 40 other US missionaries arrived who were also waiting for passage to Africa and other mission fields. Rev. Eby organized daily devotions for the large group. At that time, I was flying all-night assignments every other night, so I would land around 8 a.m., have breakfast and join the missionaries in worship at the hotel. When I took off at night, I circled over the hotel, and the girls would wave to me from the hotels flat roof. I returned the greeting by wagging my 118-foot wings at them. As I flew back to the base in the mornings, I buzzed the hotel from about 1,000 feet to be sure the girls were awake.

During my friends forced stay at Natal, I rented a motor boat for us and bought wieners and supplies from the PX for a picnic at an island near the base. I also arranged for Rev. Eby to have a Mother's Day service at our base. When Rev. Eby got to Sierra Leone, he maintained a correspondence with me, and along the way, he raised the possibility of Evelyn and me coming out to Sierra Leone to found a UB secondary school. I was surprised he would ask me, a Baptist, to do such a thing! You will see how God worked out Romans 8:28 within a few years.

I logged 152.5 hours in April. Long hours were spent searching for enemy subs in addition to convoying merchant ships and making public-relations trips. I do not remember, nor is it recorded in my flight log, when I was promoted to full Lieutenant. It was likely after a full year as Lt. (Jg). During my nine months in Brazil, I logged 646.2 hours of pilot time. Many of those months, I was command pilot of my PBM aircraft.

On July 12, I had an astro-compass calibration that was 2.6 hours long. Before I left for a 13 hour, all-night patrol, I was called in to the skippers office and told that I had transfer papers and would leave the next morning for the Patuxent River NAS, 50 miles southeast of Washington, DC. I was assigned to VP 29, a new squadron being formed to go to the Pacific and assist in the final defeat of the Japanese. Several of us who had a lot of experience would form the core of VP-29.

When I left, my plane and crew were turned over to a fellow pilot, Lt. McDonnell. One week later, he went out with my plane and crew for an all-night patrol. The crew sent regular hourly position reports back to base until 11 p.m. Then they were never heard from again. Wreckage was never found; all just vanished. While an accident might have been averted had I been pilot, one never knows. I felt the Lord removed me at that time for future service to Him. I remembered Romans 8:28.

I hopped from city to city on my return flight: Rio to Bahia, Natal, Belem, Georgetown, Trinidad, San Juan, and finally to Patuxent River NAS. When I reached US soil on July 18, 1944, my first step was to ask for a leave.

Permission was granted, and I went directly to Willshire, Ohio, to see my wife, for we had been separated for nine months. After a short leave, Evelyn and I returned to Patuxent River. There I learned that VP-29 was NOT to be commissioned. Higher powers felt that the Japanese conflict was winding down, and the new squadron would not be needed to help end the war. I was instead assigned to temporary duty at Harvey Point NAS, North Carolina. Evelyn and I drove to Hertford, about ten miles from the base, where we found a one-room apartment with a bath.

I did transport duty at the base, flying planes to Norfolk and back, and I began to inquire about permanent duty. I learned about the possibility of being stationed at the Patuxent River NAS, Maryland. I put in a request to be stationed there, and in early October my request was granted. Evelyn and I drove to my new assignment in Maryland. We rented an upstairs apartment at the home of Granny Longmore in Leonardtown, 12 miles from the base.

At the base, I was assigned to be the Chief Test Officer of PBM aircraft at Service Test, a division of the Naval Air Test Station. This station had five test groups: Armament, Flight, Radio, Tactical and my Service Test group. My group got the new or modified airplanes from the factories and put them through five types of testing. If we found faults, we tried to correct them, and we recommended modifications for

future planes. I usually had about ten pilots and 30 enlisted men, flight engineers, radiomen and mechanics under my command. I was responsible for all write-ups and recommendations coming out from Service Test, and I was in charge of scheduling all test flights and making out watch lists. I flew enough to get in my flight time, but I assigned most flight duties to other pilots.

We were once requested to conduct an endurance test and sent an overloaded PBM out with 3,600 gallons of fuel. It set a record, flying for 28.3 hours without refueling. On another test, we kept full throttle on our takeoff until the front exhaust stacks began to blow off. Our two 2,000-horsepower Pratt and Whitney engines had two banks of cylinders, front and back. Long iron exhaust stacks carried the exhaust heat back past the rear bank of cylinders, but in extended, full-power conditions, the heat and vibration caused the exhaust stacks to crack and break off. We designed and redesigned the stacks with various materials, attempting to fabricate longer-lasting stacks.

During our time in Leonardtown, Evelyn taught first grade at the Frank Knox School on the base. One evening, while I was working in the garden, she called down to tell me that the radio had just announced the death of our Commander-in-Chief, President Franklin D. Roosevelt. While his death was expected, it was very sad news.

The only Protestant church in Leonardtown was the Methodist Church, and it had only Sunday morning services because the pastor, Rev. Naylor, was assigned to five churches in a circuit. He preached his message at one church and then hurried to the next. He was a good man, a good minister, but terribly overworked. Just down from our apartment lived another Navy couple, Millard and Clodine Dority from Maine. He was a flight engineer on the Martin Mars, and we often attended church together. All four of us noted the lack of ministry at the church because of the overworked pastor, so we asked the pastor and church if we could start a Sunday School. Evelyn played the piano, I led the singing, and Millard and I took turns teaching the adult class. The women helped teach the children, as needed. Sunday School was so well attended that we soon added Sunday evening services. The pastor and others were happy with our help, and we four enjoyed this service to the good people of Leonardtown.

After the Germans were defeated and the first nuclear atomic bomb was dropped on the Japanese, we sensed the end of the conflict was near. Our flights now were short, just long enough to get in the required flight time. After the second atomic bomb was dropped, the Japanese surrendered.

Since I had been in the Navy for four years, including nine months in South America, I had acquired more than enough points for dismissal from active duty. My last Navy flight was on September 4, 1945. I was granted immediate dismissal, plus accumulated leave. I turned in my flight gear, and Evelyn and I started our homeward trip. My officer number 125443 and record as a Lieutenant were retired, placed in mothballs for safekeeping at some place known only to the Navy. I greatly enjoyed my life in the Naval Air Reserve and serving my beloved country.

We stopped in Lancaster, Ohio, long enough for Evelyn to help me buy a civilian suit. I wore this new suit as we mounted the porch steps at the parsonage in Willshire, Ohio. Evelyn's mother greeted us, saying, Well, I thought my son-in-law would still be in his handsome naval uniform.}

# CHAPTER FOUR

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## FAMILY YEARS: 1945 to 1949

World War II was over. Evelyn and I praised the Lord for keeping us safe when thousands of men and women had met death or been disabled. We thanked the Lord for the promise in Romans 8:28. We wondered what was ahead for us.

I had accumulated two months of leave, so we enjoyed several weeks of rest and relaxation in Michigan that included a stay at Aunt Nina Bakers cottage at nearby Devils Lake. We spent several days fishing with Jeanette, Frank and their seven-month-old daughter, Mary Evelyn. I also hunted pheasants, and we all got reacquainted with our friends.

I was not used to being idle, so when we returned to Mom Bs, I sought employment, and once again the Lord definitely led us. Harold Ridley, my first teacher in school, offered me a position at the Hillsdale State Savings Bank where he was President, but I did not want to be tied up with demanding banking hours. However, when a teacher resigned at Reading High School, I took over his job and taught English, Biology and Human Relations. Ralph Folks was the superintendent.

Evelyn and I rented a second-story apartment in the home of Leonard and Myrtle Hollingshead. Their daughter, Mildred, had been a year behind me in high school. We lived across the street from Clarence and Lida Kellogg, relatives of Dad Baker. We were only one block from Readings main corner, four blocks from the high school, three miles from church, five miles from Mom B and Gene, and the same distance from my sister and her family. We felt at home and started taking young people to services at my home church and helping with the youth ministry.

Ev and I also participated in community activities. We assisted in a wedding shower for schoolmates Pauline Balcom and Leon Wiler, and we took part in the belling of Don Dickey and Retha Piper. Arnold Bartlett and I had invited Retha to the revival at North Reading years ago. She had accepted the Lord and lived an exemplary Christian life.

Evelyn and I especially enjoyed our first Christmas at home after the war, for we were expecting our first child in May. We lived only a block from Gages Drug Store, and we often walked there to share a milk shake with two straws.

The routine of our life continued in the new year, 1946, as classes resumed on January 2. We heard President Truman speak to the nation over the radio. Gene brought us fresh milk on his way to the mill and often stayed for lunch. We took high- school girls to the basketball games at Quincy. I was the timekeeper for home games. Ev and I drove the Price girls to Sunday services at church. We always had company, for my wife was an excellent cook and hostess. Ev's folks still lived in Ohio, 100 miles away, and they visited us frequently, especially after our children were born. We were content with our life and work, happy to be near my home church, my relatives and friends. The winter season passed quickly and pleasantly.

One spring day, brother Gene said he'd seen a den of foxes with several fox pups southwest of town, so we decided to try to dig them out. On May 7 after school, we went out to do the job. Evelyn was not excited about this endeavor because our baby was due the next day. She didn't want me to be away even for a few hours in case she went into labor. Our work was fruitless, however, as the young foxes had left the den. When we got back for a late supper, Evelyn had not felt labor pains.

But during that night, labor began, and we made a hasty trip to the Hillsdale Hospital 11 miles away. At 10 a.m. on May 8, with Dr. Hodges assistance, Evelyn gave birth to a baby boy. He weighed in at 8 pounds, 13 ounces, and we named him Ronald Paul. I made daily trips to Hillsdale and thanked the good Lord for a healthy son and a rapidly recuperating young mother. After the usual ten-day stay in the hospital, Evelyn and Ronnie came home to our apartment. We engaged Mrs. Cooper to stay with us and help Evelyn and the baby the next week.

Our student friends were overjoyed to come up and see the new baby. They brought gifts for Ronnie: One class brought a small rocking chair, another class a nice stroller. Lots of friends and relatives came to see the newest Baker. Frank, Jeanette and Mary, Fred and Edith Bartlett, Jean Cover, Marie Scholl and Lavenia Wiler were among those who called. Mom M spent ten days with us after Mrs. Cooper left. Now that we had diapers to wash, we bought a new Horton washing machine that cost \$65, and Mom M enjoyed using it. Evelyn went with me to church on June 2, leaving Ronnie with Mom M, and we all went to Mom Bs for a fine Sunday dinner. Kay and Arnold came over, and Uncle Paul's, Everett and Doris stopped by after church.

Dad M came up in his new Ford to take Mom home. How she had helped us and how we had enjoyed having her with us! She even baked bread to leave with us. Before Dad and Mom M returned to Ohio, we attended Rev. S.H. Dulls funeral. Evelyn played the piano for the service, and she and I sang "Some Bright Morning" and "The Last Mile of the Way."

In early June, I planted our vegetable garden at Kellogg's. On June 6, we attended Jennie Balcoms funeral for which Evelyn played the piano, and together we sang "Beyond the Sunset." Five groups of people called at our apartment in the evening.

Evelyn and I delighted in being new parents. I helped her with the washings by carrying diapers up and down our steep stairs and hanging them out to dry. On June 16, I enjoyed my first Fathers Day with a son, a sweet wife and lots of company.

The next morning, we packed the car and set out on our first journey with our son. We first went to Defiance, Ohio, to visit Aunt Sarah Deatruck, a sister of Grandpa Dickey, who gave us a hand-knitted blanket for Ronnie, and then to Ev's folks. We often went out calling, proud to introduce our young son, and friends came to the parsonage to meet Ronnie. Back at Reading, I picked spinach, the first produce from the garden I'd planted.

We participated in many pleasant activities in June. I helped Gene make hay, and I fished with Fred Bartlett, Bob Eglekraut and Rev. Burnson. Some days it was too hot to rest in our upstairs apartment, so we spent afternoons catching up on our correspondence. Gene and his girlfriend, Berna Carpenter, came over to cool off with ice cream. We transported kids to Sunday evening services and to daily VBS,

and we regularly went to prayer meetings and choir practices where Evelyn was the accompanist. Mom B took care of Ronnie.

On June 26, I got up early and drove to the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor to register for six weeks of classes and begin work on my Masters degree. I went from Ann Arbor to Detroit to see a Tigers ball game and got home very late.

When I began classes on June 28, I realized it would be time consuming and expensive to drive 67 miles to Ann Arbor and back each day. The Lord provided help for me through our North Reading friends, Hugh Hamblin and his wife. Their nephew, Dr. David Wolfe, was a professor at the U of M and had a home a few blocks from campus. I arranged to stay with him on nights when I had classes early the next morning. On Fridays when I had Saturday classes, I drove to Milan and stayed overnight with a Navy friend, Clyde Rehberg, and his wife, Lovelle. Clyde had been my flight engineer in Brazil. Evelyn said it was lonely in Reading when I was gone, despite having a two-month-old son for company.

On the Fourth of July, we invited Gene and Berna to picnic and swim at Hemlock Lake. Of course, one of us watched the baby while the others swam. We didn't attend the fireworks in Hillsdale because they were too noisy for a small baby.

One Friday after classes, we left Ronnie with Aunt Jeanette and went fishing with Kay and Arnold Bartlett at Round Lake. The Bartletts usually outfished us. On this occasion, Ev enjoyed watching the birds more than her bobber. She helped Jeanette pick peas before we went home to prepare an evening meal for cousin Margaret Dickey Clifton and her husband, Maurice.

I spent the next week in Ann Arbor, choosing to use my time for study instead of traveling, so Evelyn and Ronnie went to stay at Mom Bs. I sent Ev a monthiversary card on July 16 for 47 months of happy marriage. On July 26, I picked the first tomatoes, and we drove down to see Mom and Dad M at Willshire. With them, we attended the Middaugh Reunion at Fort Waynes Franke Park. I left my wife and son at Willshire and returned to Ann Arbor for my last week of summer school.

In early August, we took our first vacation with a child. We packed our gear in Genes springless trailer and took off with Mom B for our lot at Piatt Lake. We spent the first night in a motel at Houghton Lake. At Mackinaw City, we took the car ferry to the Upper Peninsula and turned onto M123, a corrugated, gravel road which gave the car a flat tire and the load a good shaking. We reached the caretakers home at Piatt Lake and met Rev. Arthur Glenn who led us around the lake on the narrow road to our lot. He invited us to church the next morning and drove off.

The maples, birch and beech trees, the saplings and underbrush came right up to the road. Mom B took a good look at the dense woods and exclaimed, Lets give it back to the Indians! But wed paid \$250 for a 50-year lease, and so we stayed.

Our first job was to clear the ground and make room for a tent, Ronnies crib-bed and three bedrolls on the ground. The next task was to prepare dinner on the gas stove. We pumped and pumped the fuel tank, but we could get no pressure because the copper pipe to the burner had been shaken off by the rough roads. Driven by hunger and necessity, we collected dry sticks and built a fire in the middle of the sandy road. Inevitably, a car soon came along, and we had to drag the fire aside to let the car go by.



Finally, food was warmed for our supper, and Ronnie was put in his crib-bed. He slept much better than the three adults who slept on the rough ground and were awakened by rain during the night.

It certainly was not easy getting ready for church the next morning, but we did get dry and dressed. We enjoyed the services and were overjoyed to be invited to stay for dinner with about 75 others who had gone to church. It was a blessing to get acquainted with those who were living in the few cabins around the lake. Our remaining days at the lake were dry and enjoyable. We explored our lot, which was well wooded and sloped rather steeply down to a sandy beach.

In early September 1946, I began my second year of teaching at Reading. I kept no diary that year, but my remembrances are pleasant ones. I believe I taught the same subjects, had many of the same pupils and found a very good atmosphere for learning.

The fall and winter sport seasons were very successful with a new coach. In fact, he was so successful that some wanted him to replace Ralph Folks as Superintendent. This was not to the liking of most of the old faculty, so a number of them petitioned the school board because the coach had neither experience in administration nor a Masters degree, requirements for a schools accreditation; however, he assured the board he would have his Masters by the end of the summer. When he became the new Superintendent, I stuck by my promise not to return to Reading for the 1947-48 school year. I did not believe in signing a petition and then changing my mind to suit the new situation.

Ralph Folks became the Superintendent at Hanover-Horton Rural Agricultural High School, about 15 miles southwest of Jackson, and he offered me a position there as principal and teacher of science and math. Although I had been offered a double raise to stay at Reading, the new offer was much better. I taught for two pleasant years at Hanover-Horton Rural Agricultural High School. The people were friendly, and the atmosphere in the school was homey and conducive to study.

Early that summer, we moved to a farm home a mile west of Hanover near my cousin, Everett Dickey. Gene Baker, a new commercial teacher, his wife, Betty, and their son, J.D., of Rons age, lived in the upstairs apartment. I spent the summer taking additional work in Ann Arbor for my Masters degree.

When classes were over, Evelyn and I rented a house trailer and drove to Piatt Lake with our year-old son and Mom B. Instead of camping out on our lot, we rented space near an electric light pole on the campgrounds, just up from the lake. I well remember fishing, especially with Mom B. The perch were small, but hungry, and I'd no more than bait her hook than shed catch a fish. Soon she and Evelyn would change places, and Evelyn would bring in the fish. Guess who had the privilege of cleaning them? We attended many camp meetings for the youth and had an exceptionally good vacation at the lake.

In Hanover, we worshipped at the Gospel Temple under the ministry of Rev. Raymond Tillson and his wife, Willa. As we had done in Reading, we brought students to the morning and evening services. I led the singing much of the time, and Evelyn played the piano. We enjoyed the fellowship of believers, and Ron enjoyed his playmates. Everett and his growing family also attended church there, and so did the Markleys, the upstairs Bakers, the Harold Hintzs and the Sackriders.

A macadam road went past our house and down a hill. It curved between two small lakes and climbed up another hill into Hanover. One icy morning driving into town, my cars front end got over the crown of the road, but the back end didn't. The car slid sideways down the road, right into the front of another

car. I was absolutely unable to avoid the accident. Neither driver was injured, but both cars were dented up pretty badly, especially mine. We were both able to drive away, but I never forgot that dangerous stretch of road.

In the summer of 1947, Mr. Folks needed an elementary teacher, so I called the HC Registrar, Miss Edna Shipley. She recommended recent graduate Robert Markley. He came to Hanover by bus and applied for the job. He was qualified and made one request: to be allowed to read the Bible and pray for his students the first fifteen minutes of each day. The request went from Principal to Superintendent to School Board where it was granted. He, his wife, Idabelle, and infant son, Robert Jr., became wonderful friends and co-workers in school and church. Both Bob and I were pursuing Masters Degrees at the University of Michigan, so we made many trips together to Ann Arbor and to a university extension center in Jackson for night classes. He later became pastor of our church.

During the summer of 1947, Evelyn was in the first months of a second pregnancy. Her due date was January 4, so Dad brought Mom M up on January 3, 1948, to keep house for Ronnie and me while Evelyn was hospitalized. When Evelyn began labor pains early the next morning, we discovered that the roads were covered with a sheet of ice. We drove very, very carefully to the hospital, and a second son, Norman Dean, was born that forenoon. My sister, Jeanette Wyllly, was also in the hospital with her newborn son, Donald, and the sisters-in-law were roommates! Mom M stayed to help Evelyn and to enjoy her two Baker grandsons.

In the spring, I broke ground for a garden behind our house with the help of my neighbors horse and small plow. I set Ron up on the gentle horse for a photo, but he was not happy on that big animal. We had a taffy colored cocker spaniel, Napper, who loved our two boys. The owner of our house, Bob Folks, lived across the road and had a sheep dog named Boomer and an English Setter called Sea Biscuit. With the dogs nearby, we never worried about thieves or tramps stopping at our houses.

Among our church friends at Hanover were Jim and Madge McDuffy, who had a small cabin at Piatt Lake. Jim had a Christian friend at Inkster, Bill Galusha, and he joined us to hunt deer at Piatt Lake in the fall. We three rented a Bible Conference cabin near the lake. After church on Sunday morning, as we scouted around the camp for deer sign, I saw two or three old white pots with black holes in them which I thought hunters used as rifle targets. As I approached one to investigate, the pot ran off. It was a snowshoe rabbit, turned white for winter. We made sport of seeing how close we could get to the rabbits before they spooked and ran. In fact, we got one with a stone and had rabbit stew for supper!

A nice rain on opening day quieted the rustling of dry leaves, but we didn't want to hunt in the wet underbrush, so we spread out along the road to wait for game. Jim signaled to Bill, and Bill signaled to me to come quietly to Jim. Suddenly I saw a black animal, a bear, back in the brush, headed toward Jim. I whipped up my rifle and fired. Bill followed with his shot, and then Jim. Jim whooped, and a black bear lay on the ground, 20 yards away. Jim poked the animal with a stick as Bill and I covered for him. The bear was dead, with three shots in its body. What a sight! We dragged the bear to the road, and we muscled the 235 pound, yearling bear onto the front fender of my car. We transported it back to the cabin and hoisted it up on the buckpole, so other hunters could see our luck.

Whose bear was it? Each of us had a shot in it. None of us had ever shot a bear before. We decided it was a company bear. Bill took the pelt to have it tanned for a floor rug. Jim took the head and had it

mounted to hang in his barbershop. I took the carcass after we celebrated with a tender bear-steak dinner.

At home, I stripped all the winter fat off the bear and gave it to Mom M who was an excellent soap maker. She made 99 cakes of white soap which floated like Ivory. I stripped the meat from the bones and ground it up. Evelyn directed the school cooks, and they made a feast of bear burgers for the entire Hanover-Horton student body. Few students had ever tasted bear meat. It was good, with just a slight, sweetish taste. At later reunions, former students remembered those bear burgers!

But that was not the end of the bear story. When Jim McDuffy retired and closed his barbershop, he gave me the mounted bear head. It was fierce looking, with open mouth and bared teeth. Our daughter, Annette, then in grade school, refused to sleep in the same room with the bear head. Years later, I hung the prize bear in my office at UB Headquarters.

A special student at Hanover-Horton was Lorraine McCarty. She and her sister, Lucille, were foster daughters of the William Folks family. Lorraine was a fine Christian and an outstanding student in my chemistry class. She co-authored a 1,163 page textbook that was used by 450 colleges and universities: Pathophysiology: Clinical Concepts of Disease Processes, by Sylvia Anderson Price, PhD, RN, and Lorraine McCarty Wilson, PhD, RN, McGraw-Hill Company, New York. Inside the copy she gave us, she wrote: To DeWitt and Evelyn Baker, with my great respect and admiration for your excellent teaching and guidance during my high school years, for your love and the example of your Christian lives. Best personal regards, Lorraine McCarty Wilson, August, 1986. What a wonderful remembrance from a faithful, loving, successful student it was - a reward for any teacher.

During the four years that I taught in Michigan, the Lord kept us from settling down in one place and buying property. Also during this period, we occasionally heard from Lloyd and Eula Eby, whom I had met in Natal, Brazil, as they were on their way to Sierra Leone, British West Africa. Their letters sparked our interest in missions, and one asked if Dr. Eby, with Missions Secretary Rev. George D. Fleming and denominational Treasurer Rev. J.W. Breaker, could come visit us. Of course, we replied, and Evelyn added her invitation for a good, home-cooked meal. When the men arrived, Rev. Eby walked over to Normans crib and remarked, What a good little missionary he'd make. The men had come to ask if we would accept a missions challenge and establish a UB high school in Sierra Leone. The UBs had a few elementary schools in Sierra Leone and now wanted to build a high school.

The Lord had prepared me for their visit, for I had just read a booklet, Lord, Send Me, by Dr. Henry Savage, a great Baptist pastor from Pontiac, Michigan. I realized that I was qualified for the job in Sierra Leone because my Masters Degree was almost completed, I had teaching and administrative experience, and God had preserved me through World War II. The Lord was definitely talking to us about missions work. He was working all things together for good.

After earnest prayer and conversation with other Christians about God's leading, we attended a tent revival in Wren, Ohio, that was led by Rev. Franklin Norms, a college friend. At the invitation to yield our all in Christian service, Evelyn and I went forward, knelt in the sawdust at the altar and said we were ready to go wherever He wanted us to go in His service.

There was one remaining question in my mind: Would the United Brethren support a Baptist couple on its mission field? Rev. C.E. Carlson replied for the Board: No problem. Evelyn has been a UB, and well accept her back. You, too, will be welcome to join our denomination. So we became United Brethren and joined Evelyn's fathers church in Auglaize Conference, Ohio, on a hot Sunday in the summer of 1949.

On another hot Sunday, in a service at College Park Church, three new missionary couples were commissioned to serve in three UB mission fields. We were to go to Sierra Leone, Don and Leona Ackerman from Rock River Conference were going to Honduras, and Rev. Fred and Hazel Stephens from North Michigan Conference were going to Jamaica. Once again, I thought of Romans 8:28.

We completed the school year at Hanover, and I received my Masters degree in the summer. My thesis was titled The History of Education in Sierra Leone, British West Africa, which gave me an excellent background in the British colonys educational system.

We sold some of our appliances and furnishings, and we stored other belongings with families around Hillsdale and with Evelyn's folks. We packed boxes and barrels for Africa and moved to Breezy Acres, our name for Dad M's parsonage near Decatur, Indiana, to await our passage.

I was not content to just wait. Ev's Uncle Curtis was a recent widower, and we both liked to fish. I invited him to go with me to Piatt Lake to enjoy the northland, get closer to the Lord and begin building a cabin on our lot. Evelyn planned to notify us by telephone when our departure date and plans were finalized.

Uncle Curtis and I fished a little, but spent most of our time preparing the lot for a 24 by 18 foot cabin. It would have a kitchen, two bedrooms, a long dining-living room across the front, and a steeply pitched roof to give room for a sleeping loft and to shed heavy snow. We selected the site and cut down birch and maple trees. We purchased boards and dug trenches for the foundation; we bought cement, hauled sand from nearby, mixed the concrete and poured foundations, all by hand. It was a lot of hard work! When Evelyn called to say we must be ready to leave for Sierra Leone on August 1, Uncle Curtis and I covered the foundations and returned to Ohio.

Evelyn, the boys and I left for Sierra Leone in early August 1949, with a charge to establish a secondary school in Sierra Leone, that far-off British Protectorate. I sincerely thanked my Lord and Savior for preserving my life through the stirring, fast-moving years of the war, for several years of teaching and now for future service to Him in Sierra Leone. Romans 8:28 continued to be my guide and favorite Bible verse.}

# CHAPTER FIVE

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PRINCIPAL, FIRST TERM: 1949 to 1952

## 1949

Our D-Day, Departure Day, for Sierra Leone was Thursday, August 4. Our first task was to take Ronnie to the barber for a butch haircut, a practical cut that Ron did not like. We finished our packing at Breezy Acres before Gene and Berna, Mom B and Jeanette arrived for supper. At 5:30 p.m., we all drove to the train station in Fort Wayne. Dad M prayed a benedictory prayer before we climbed aboard and waved good-bye from the Pullman window. We settled into our compartment, and when we got used to the clacking monotony of wheels on railjoints, we managed a good sleep.

The boys were eager to be up at 6 the next morning and eat breakfast in the dining car. We arrived in New York City at 9:40 a.m. and taxied to the Sudan Interior Mission (SIM) Headquarters where a two-room suite was reserved for us. August was HOT in New York, and SIM had no air conditioning - a prelude to life in humid Sierra Leone.

Norman woke us at 5:45 a.m., so we were up early and ready to run our final errands. We purchased malaria medicine, beds for the boys, a Kodak 35mm camera and film, and got visas for Dakar, Senegal, at the French Consulate. We checked our flight reservations and changed US money into English pounds (.). The boys enjoyed a trip to the zoo and lunch at the Automat. They also watched television and were fascinated by it.

Monday, August 8, was D-Day from New York. We paid \$3.60 for a taxi ride to LaGuardia Airport, and there we learned that our morning flight was delayed until 10:30 p.m. The airline sent us to Forest Hills Inn where we wrote letters and rested. The boys played with a wooden train and car that we bought to help them pass time. The airline returned us to the airport, and we finally boarded the 135 passenger Constellation Intrepid at 11:15 p.m. We lifted off at 12:15 a.m. on August 9 and headed out for our first, three-year term in Sierra Leone. We saw the last lights beaming out from Long Island.

We were assigned the four front seats, so the boys slept on the floor while Evelyn and I dozed in the seats. Breakfast was served at 15,000 feet over the Atlantic. The cabin was heated and could be pressurized to 16,000 feet. After an hour's stop at Santa Maria in the Azores, we arrived in Lisbon, Portugal, at 3:45 p.m. We were on our way again after two hours and saw the beautiful Lisbon harbor. I wondered if Columbus had been there 450 years ago.

We arrived in Dakar, Senegal, French West Africa, at 3:45 p.m., 11:45 a.m. NY. time. In less than 24 hours, we had flown 5,300 miles. We went through customs, and we rocked into town in an ancient station wagon. After three or four hours of sleep at a hotel, we were awakened by pounding from renovation work. We stepped across the street and did our best to eat an unsavory breakfast.

When told that we would not leave Dakar until the next morning, we located a missionary family, the Jean Kellers, through the American Consulate and enjoyed an afternoon with them. We returned to the

hotel for a greasy meal which Evelyn soon lost, so we turned in early, hoping to leave that noisy "tooter town" the next morning.

The rickety station wagon delivered us to the airfield quite early, and we took off at 7 a.m. When we stopped at Bathurst, Gambia, for coffee and passengers, the engines were checked, and the port magneto was bad. The plane was flown back to Dakar while the passengers were sent to a beautiful rest house managed by a British couple. After a good lunch and a cleanup, we had a five-hour sleep.

The next morning when we returned to Yumdum Field, our plane hadn't arrived from Dakar, so I took our sons to see the ocean. We came back to learn that the plane's engine was now functioning properly, but its wheels were stuck in the mud in Dakar. Finally at 2:50 p.m., we left Bathurst and had a smooth, two-and-a-half-hour trip to the Lungi airstrip near Freetown.

We had arrived! All was well. A taxi took us eight miles south to the ferry that carried us ten miles across the wide Sierra Leone River to Freetown on the south shore of the harbor. Because large swells came in from the ocean, the trip took more than an hour.

As we neared the dock, we were overjoyed to see Pastor and Mrs. Leslie Shirley and the Kennedy family waiting for us with umbrellas and a little English car. What a welcome sight they were for our young family, seven days after we'd left our loved ones in Fort Wayne. Joseph Massaquoi, a national assigned by Pa Carlson to help us, brought a welcoming letter from Pa Carlson ("Pa" was a term of respect for age and position in Sierra Leone).

Since the United Brethren of Africa (UBA) had no mission house in Freetown at that time, Pa Carlson arranged for us to stay at the Evangelical United Brethren (EUB) mission house until we could get upcountry to our station at Bonthe. A launch was to have taken us and our baggage immediately to Bonthe, but it had left when we were delayed en route. We were tired, yet truly thankful to be with fellow missionaries in Freetown. We remembered Romans 8:28.

We were up at 6:45 the next morning and yet were late to the breakfast table for devotions. It rained all day, for it was the rainy season. Pastor Shirley took me to the Bank of British West Africa to cash my travelers checks into pounds, florins, shillings and pence - many, big coins - and to open a bank account.

On Saturday afternoon, UBA Pastor Thomas Stevens came to meet us, and he helped us buy umbrellas and pith helmets. Evelyn respected him for having done so much for UBA work in Sierra Leone. We joined the Kennedys in the evening at the spacious SIM mission house for a rousing songfest with Evelyn at the piano. On Sunday, we worshipped at Pastor Stevens church on Campbell Street. Evelyn and I sang, and I preached my first sermon in Sierra Leone, based on John 10:16 and interpreted into Mende. Ernest Walters, a former UBA student, spoke in English and Mende, urging us to provide better education for the children of Sierra Leone.

After the service, everyone wanted to shake our hands, for we were the first UBA missionaries with children since the Huntleys left early in World War II. Dr. Mabel Silver, a doctor at the EUB Rotifunk Hospital, and Miss June Hartranft, a teacher and later principal of Hartford Girls Secondary School in Moyamba, had just arrived from New York on the ship Troubadour after a fifteen day crossing. Pastor George Hemminger and his wife, Helga, lived in Freetown in the Assembly of God mission house up

Mount Aureol Road. I had not seen them since I was a pilot in Natal, Brazil, when the Lord brought us together as they were en route to Africa.

We expected to go up to our station at Bonthe on Monday, August 15, so after a 5:30 a.m. breakfast, we went through the rain to the Water Street Railroad Station. There was a mob of people, and all seats on the train were taken, so we returned to the mission house. I took the delay as an opportunity to meet the British Senior Education Officer, Mr. Donovan, a cordial man who wanted to help the UBA develop its educational programs. I also sought permission to bring my 12-gauge shotgun through customs. I obtained a Sierra Leone driver's license and began reading *The Tribes of Sierra Leone*. It rained heavily all day; in fact, it rained most of the time we were in Freetown.

Tuesday, August 16, was our seventh wedding anniversary, but we had no celebration. Instead, we braved the rain to shop for prickly-heat powder and to buy a few books for the boys from the Anglican Church Missionary Society (CMS) book shop. We walked over to a giant cottonwood tree, called the Slave Tree, under which many people had been sold into slavery. The outing was beneficial, for it was hard for our fellows to be penned up in the house by the continual rain, and Evelyn felt about to break from the strain of caring for two active boys in a home full of busy missionaries.

On August 17, our group of travelers devoured another early breakfast, went to the station and got right on the train. When it stopped at Rotifunk, Dr. Silver was welcomed back by a big crowd for her fifth term. We traveled on with June Hartranft and the Kennedys to Moyamba where they were stationed. The 75-mile trip to Moyamba on the narrow-gauge, wood-fired train took nine hours.

We rode the next 20 miles in a lorry to Sembehun where Erma Funk and Olive Weaver from the Minnie Mull School in Bonthe met us with a bountiful lunch. We transferred our loads to a mail launch, and as the diesel engine chugged slowly down the river towards Bonthe, we joined our two chop boxes and shared a delicious supper. Ronnie's helmet was blown off into the water, but it was retrieved. Tree branches spread over the river, and the boys watched for monkeys.

We arrived in Bonthe at 9:15 p.m., and Pa Carlson took charge. All the girls from the Minnie Mull Girls Boarding School, plus the teachers, were at the dock to greet us. Nationals carried our belongings in huge head loads, and the crowd wound its way for six blocks down the sandy street onto Claffin Lane back to the school compound. We were very tired, but so happy to have reached our destination, 13 days and three hours after leaving Fort Wayne.

The day after I arrived, Pa Carlson and I presented my registration papers to the English District Commissioner. The British ruled the country until it gained independence in 1961. Its capital, Freetown, a city of about 300,000 in 1949, was a Colony. The rest of the country was a British Protectorate. The government ran a few secondary schools, and the British and various missions operated several others. Attendance in school was not mandatory, and only about 10% of the children received a formal education.

Sierra Leone was open to the missionary work of many denominations: the Evangelical United Brethren (EUB), the Wesleyan Methodists, the Missionary Church, the Methodists, the Catholics and others. To increase effectiveness and cooperation among them, the United Christian Council (UCC) was established, and it divided Sierra Leone into regions where member churches concentrated their work.

Large cities, like Freetown and Bo, were open areas for all missions. The UBAs worked in Freetown and specifically in the Southern Province, south and east of Freetown. Although the Catholics were not on the UCC, they, too, were interested in educating children.

The heart of the UBAs work was to share the Gospel by founding, building and administering churches and schools. The Sierra Leone government paid for the construction of approved schools and the salaries of qualified teachers, whether national or expatriate. The government regulated the mission schools but accepted UBA leadership. UBA churches, parsonages and pastors, on the other hand, were supported by UB mission funds from the States.

I arrived eager to build the first UBA secondary school, but it was immediately apparent that additional primary schools had to be established in the Southern Province to supply the upper grades with students. To do that, I traveled to villages in the bush and worked with local pastors and chiefdom leaders to construct classrooms or upgrade existing schools. I was responsible for the staff, the construction and the Christian standards at the schools.

Pa Carlson told me there were about 25 UBA churches and seven UBA schools. Primary schools were located in Gbangbaia, Bonthe and Mattru; Infant Schools were operating in Kpetema, Mokelleh, Luawa and Gambia. The school system was arranged as follows: The Infant School was the first level, and children five to six years of age attended Class 1, similar to Kindergarten, and went on to Class 2. Subjects were taught in the vernacular the first two years. When students entered the next level, called Primary School, they attended Standards, or classes, I through VI, and English became the classroom language. If pupils wished to attend the next level, called Secondary School, they first passed the Common Entrance Exam. Classes in Secondary School were called Forms, I to VI or VII. Students were typically 18 or 19 years old at graduation. Finally, if students passed the Common Exit Exam, they were qualified to attend NJala Agricultural College, Fourah Bay College or Bunumbu Teacher Training College.

Minnie Mull and all other schools charged fees for classes and boarding expenses. Students lived on campus if they could afford it; otherwise they lived with families in the towns or villages. Pa had employed national teachers whenever possible, but when they were not available, missionary teachers were recruited from the US or England.

The next day, Ev and I joined the work in progress at Minnie Mull. Bernadine, Nettie Birdsall, Pa Carlson and I transported a load of supplies to the Danville Mission at Gbangbaia. This large, quiet mission had been the mother station of UBA activity in Sierra Leone before the division of the UBC in 1889. That was when the center of UBA work had moved to Mattru.

Our group traveled on a chartered launch. The launches were typically 30 to 40-feet long and 10-feet wide. Some had small cabins and some had metal roofs that provided protection for the passengers who sat on benches. The captain commanded from a platform that gave a bit of privacy behind which passengers could relieve themselves. By western standards, travel by roads or rivers was very slow.

At high tide, the water was six feet deep at the dock, but at low tide water didn't quite lap its base. She prepared an American breakfast of Quaker oats and pancakes with maple syrup for us, and then Pa Carlson showed me around the four-acre compound. The cement-block church was next to the mission house and dispensary. The two school buildings stood between the church and the town, and the soccer



field was across the drive from the school. A third school building was under construction. Towards the river was an orchard of grapefruit, orange, lemon, mango, and coconut trees and a few banana plants Dr. Huntley had planted when he operated the dispensary on campus. A fence surrounded the orchard and garden, but villagers' goats and sheep wormed through to eat cassavas and peppers, despite the orders of the town chief, which no one enforced. For our dinner, Nurse Bard made fou fou from cassava with venison, peas and pumpkin pie. Cassava was the edible, starchy root of the cassava plant and was used like rice as a staple food.

A junior pilot was steering the launch on our return to Bonthe, and he lost his way as we went down river in the drizzle and darkness. He stopped at a fishing village for directions, but he remained lost. The launch struck a sandbar, and we feared we'd be stuck there all night, for the tide was lowering. The crew boys stripped, slid into the water and pushed the boat off the sandbar. Slowly we started again, still lost. The diesel engine stopped once, but we finally reached Bonthe. Ten bushels of rice purchased for Minnie Mull were unloaded before we got to bed at 11:30 p.m. Such was travel in 1949.

The next day, Sunday, we had only to go downstairs to a classroom at Minnie Mull to attend church. Pa Carlson preached well and baptized three nationals by sprinkling; one was a blind beggar. Erma was the organist and the Sunday School Superintendent. We white folks took an afternoon walk to the wharf, and most people in town seemed to be watching us from their windows. We saw nationals carrying huge head loads to and from the docks. Heavy head loads were cushioned and stabilized by a fukoi, a ring made of twisted palm fronds that was put on the head under the loads. Men were also unloading piassava straw which was made from the fibers in the rib of a raffia palm frond. It was a basic, multi-purpose material that Mende women used to make brooms. It was an important export, and I learned that some Fuller Brush products were made of piassava.

On Monday, I made my first trip up the Jong River to Mattru. Our launch was overcrowded, but Erma, Pa Carlson and I were comfortable in the small cabin we had chartered. Teacher Sue Tucker and a girl with a baby shared the cramped space. Teacher Nichols, Mr. Kamanda and our boy, Sauba, sat outside on benches. The overloaded launch rocked from side to side in the rapid river current, and we were a little scared. One angry woman, who evidently had been drinking palm wine, envied us the use of the cabin.

At Mattru, Pa Carlson got the mission's Ford pickup to carry our loads to the mission house where my family would eventually live. I knew that Evelyn would like the mission house, for it overlooked the Jong River and caught the prevailing breezes. A group of men bathed in the river by our house, and I spied a national boy strutting his stuff and wearing a HC T-shirt! Down by the river, I saw a small boa constrictor, five to six feet long, that workmen had killed.

We made other stops at Kpetema to meet Pastor Phillip and Sarah Dole, and at Bumpe to see Pastor Francis and Rachel Sharkah. In Bo, we met Pastor and Mrs. D.K. Williams and called on government and church officials, including Bishop and Mrs. Horstead of the CMS; Miss Vesper, Education Secretary for the UCC; Miss Beckley and Miss Olsen, EUB missionaries; and Pastor and Mrs. Argo, American Wesleyan missionaries, whom I had met years ago in Natal, Brazil. Without the truck, it would have taken us nearly two days to travel the 35 miles between Mattru and Bumpe.

We made the 40-mile trip back to Bonthe on the out-going tide in a record two hours and 45 minutes. Moving with the river's swift current, we were halfway to Bonthe in one hour and five minutes, but the

launch was slowed when the tide reversed itself. Evelyn and the boys were glad to see me, especially Ronnie, for he had developed a painful boil under each forearm. Several letters from home had arrived during my absence and had taken about two weeks to reach us.

Evelyn had been acquainting herself with the duties of the Matron of Minnie Mull School while I was away. She was a young, inexperienced missionary, the mother of two small boys, and was suddenly responsible for a girls boarding school. We had not planned on living apart when we came to Sierra Leone, but two emergencies changed our plans. Pa Carlson became sick, so I moved to Mattru to fill his shoes. Mildred Rawley Nelson, who had been the matron at Minnie Mull, became pregnant, and, because she could not tolerate anti-malarial medicine, she and her husband had to leave Sierra Leone.

On staff at Minnie Mull were two capable, experienced missionaries - Erma Funk from Pennsylvania and Olive Weaver from Canada. They provided guidance, stability and a lot of assistance as Ev learned her responsibilities as matron. They helped her, for instance, collect and tally the boarding fees in British currency. Erma was the principal of the school and competently cared for all academic issues. Once in a while Evelyn taught a Domestic Science class, but her main duties were elsewhere.

Every morning and evening, Ev led the girls devotions and hymn singing. One of their favorite songs, which they harmonized beautifully, was *Ere You Left Your Room This Morning, Did You Think To Pray?* It was Ev's job to buy food for the school and dicker with nationals who came selling fish, groundnuts (peanuts), produce, varieties of rice, and coconut or palm oil. Though there was a Government Hospital in Bonthe for medical emergencies, Ev dispensed daily medications to the girls and tended them like a nurse for small ailments. She saw to it that the kerosene lamps were filled and the wicks trimmed each night for study hall. Situations that required discipline and diplomacy were brought to her. Maintenance constantly begged for her attention because it had been supervised by Mr. Nelson.

Evelyn could not have completed her duties without help from Erma and Olive, the national teachers and several senior girls, but the burden of the job was on her shoulders. School girls helped Ev at the mission house, and while this was a great help, Evelyn had to discover the right balance between being friendly and cautious, for thieving was a constant problem. Throughout the first school term, Ev was the matron in Bonthe, and my work was centered in Mattru.

Life in Bonthe had many new elements. We often ate fresh oysters and fish for supper. I enjoyed all our meals and Norman's appetite was fine, but Evelyn's taste buds were more fastidious. Our beds were enclosed in tents of netting that hung from the ceiling or from the bedposts. They were tucked securely under the mattresses to protect us from mosquito-borne diseases. In spite of the bedtents, however, sand flies hatched and bothered us. Two bats lived in our attic, but they were too wild to kill. I put out poison for rats, but they didn't eat it.

The Women's Missionary Association (WMA) in Charlotte, Michigan, had given us \$50 when we left the USA to buy a bicycle. I asked Dr. Fleming to get permission from the WMA to buy a kerosene stove instead. The oil stove in the mission house kitchen did not start easily, and its oven wouldn't bake.

I often purchased items at P.Z. (Paterson and Zachonis), a reputable firm and general store in West Africa. In preparation for our move to Mattru, I bought a supply of canned goods, corn flakes, nails, three flat irons for Sauba's use in ironing for us and more. I took the purchases to Mattru when Evelyn

and the boys came to see where we would live. We planned to leave Bonthe at 8 a.m., but we waited on the launch until 10 a.m. We repeatedly learned to "hurry up and wait, and people called the local time "B.M.T." or Black Man's Time. Oneta Harvey came along to help with the boys and to visit her parents in Mattru. Along the Jong River, the boys saw monkeys playing in the trees. To keep them occupied, Ev brought out the lunch sandwiches three times.

When we landed in Mattru, we engaged three lads to carry our loads on their heads to the mission house. Our workmen had not come with us as they usually did because they had Saturday afternoon off. We generously dashed, or tipped, the boys, and they were happy.

There on the Jong River, it was much cooler than in Bonthe which was sheltered from the ocean breezes. Evelyn and the boys liked the house, despite its palm-leaf roof that leaked profusely. Until the roof was recovered, we put sheets of metal over the furniture to keep it dry when it rained. The house had a private, cement-floored bathhouse for bathing, but local people used the river for bathing and washing. From the house, we could see two big Gendema hills, and I often thought of the verse, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills..."

Baba, our excellent cook, had tea and tarts waiting for us at the mission house, and he later served us a supper of chicken soup, green salad, salmon patties on toast and more tarts with syrup instead of jam. After our meal, we explored the rest of the compound. All was fine until we opened the garage and found termite, or "bug-a-bug," trails running up the studs to the rafters. We instructed Massaquoi to put carboleum on the wood to eliminate the bug-a-bugs. We walked the short distance into town and called on Oneta's father, Pastor Harvey, and mother at the UBA parsonage.

On Sunday morning, we were at church when the first bell rang at 9 a.m., and we were nearly alone. Since few Mendes had clocks, they waited until the first church bell tolled to get ready. When the second bell rang 45 minutes later, people straggled in to see the new missionaries and the two little lads. The bell was a short rail from an old railroad track that was struck by an iron rod. It worked well. Evelyn played the piano for the service, and we two sang "No One Ever Cared For Me Like Jesus" and "A House Built On A Rock." Pastor Harvey preached, first in English, then in Mende. The evening service was all in Mende, and how we enjoyed the enthusiastic singing!

My first task on Monday, August 29, my sister Jeanettes birthday, was to straighten out a palaver. Santigi wouldn't work with carpenter Lincoln, so I put Lahai with Lincoln and the rest of the men to brushing the lawns that sloped down to the river. Bending over and swinging their knives in rhythm, the men brushed, or cut, the grass with their long, thin, sharpened knives.

At noon, each man brought a pop bottle and filled it with kerosene. His purchase was deducted from his pay. We all used kerosene to light lamps and run refrigerators, so the mission bought kerosene by the barrel and sold it by the bottle, a penny or two lower in price than at the market.

We returned to Bonthe on the government mail launch. It was heavily loaded with passengers, chickens, a billy goat, and many bags of rice heaped on the seats to keep dry. Along the way, a baby of eight months died very quietly in its mothers arms. When the mother reached her village and the sad news spread, the mother and her gathering relatives set up a wailing. The trip back to Bonthe took four-and-a-half hours, and the boys were cross from hours of boredom on the crowded boat.

Pa Carlson had much to teach me about keeping the books. An English pound was worth about \$4.80 in US money. There were 12 shillings in a pound, and 240 pence in a pound, or 20 pence in a shilling. Arithmetic in those terms was very difficult. Our family owed the Bonthe mission 18, 1 shilling and 3 pence for room and board.

Each day we met new people and were introduced to new facets of missionary life. Sauba did our laundry at the well in the center of the mission compound. Mr. Bell from P.Z. headquarters on York Island called to get acquainted and have tea with us. It was not often that we were with white people. I sent my film back to Jackson, Michigan, to get slides for presentations and pictures for passports and licenses.

Soon after our trip to Mattru, Ronnie became sick with loose bowels. The next night was Norman's turn to have an upset stomach. He was 20 months old and felt so bad he had to sleep or be held all day. I rocked him to sleep three times on the porch swing. Ronnie improved, but he had three new boils that made him stiff and sore. Dr. Wall at the Bonthe Government Hospital prescribed castor oil pills for the boys and said we could expect to have boils as we adjusted to the tropical climate. I cared for two cross boys as Evelyn, Erma and Olive assigned duties at Minnie Mull. After our baths, Evelyn went to bed with Norman, and I with Ronnie.

Pa Carlson postponed our return to Mattru to the end of August because he felt my family needed me at home. I swung the boys to sleep on the swing during mealtimes while others ate. Baba came down from Mattru to help Evelyn prepare meals. I felt well enough to help out in the orchard, and I caught oranges as the men picked fruit from the trees.

Pa Carlson introduced me to Solomon Parker. He was employed to be my aide, for he knew the UBA churches and schools in the Bonthe District. When we three set out for Mattru, we got to the dock by 9 a.m. but discovered the mail launch had left on time, at 8:50 a.m. That was the first time in 25 years that Pa had missed a launch.

As September began, we had rain with thunder and lightning, a sign of the approaching dry season, and our illnesses continued. Olive became sick with the common stomach ailment, and I soon caught the "tropical trots" and could eat only a little oatmeal. Pa Carlson preached on Sunday morning, but by afternoon, he had a 100-degree fever. He thought malaria was catching up with him, so he took quinine three times during the day, but no food. Though he predicted he'd be in bed only three days with the illness, I sent Massaquoi and Santigi 25 miles by foot to the clinic at Gbangbaia to get paludrine, the anti-malaria drug, for Pa from Nurse Bard. I had known before we came that we might get malaria from its carrier, the anopheles mosquito. I had also heard Sierra Leone called the white man's grave because so many expatriates had died from the disease before medication was available.

My appetite partially returned, and my stomach settled down. I was weak and tired, but well enough to do light work, so I read the minutes of the Sierra Leone Annual Conferences from 1943 to 1949. I went over the school supply room thoroughly and sent out requested materials to the schools. I tried to keep the books straight.

Pa's temperature went up and down. He took 30 grains of quinine a day until Massaquoi and Santigi returned from Gbangbaia with quinine, paludrine and a message from Nurse Bard. She said Pa should

come there where she could keep watch over him. I sent a message to Evelyn, telling her of our situation and not to look for us in Bonthe until she saw us coming. A few days later, I took Pa, his cot and our loads to the launch, and Pa rested on the cot during the three-hour trip to Bonthe. Erma and Olive met us at the wharf.

Baba and I returned to Evelyn and the boys, and Baba went to work. He cleaned out the stove and fixed a delicious meat pie for dinner. He bought a dozen eggs and checked them all to be sure they were fairly fresh. Evelyn appreciated his help, for she had three painful boils on her seater, and the boys had been sick all the time we'd been gone. The boys went to bed early, so Evelyn and I visited on the swing until late.

Dr. Wall came to see us. He said Pa didn't have malaria or typhoid, but violent dysentery. He left medicine for Pa and Evelyn, and he prescribed big pills for Ronnie and Norman, that I mashed and put into syrup. I gave medicine to all every four hours, day and night. Ronnie was better one day, then cross the next. Norman had to be carried all the time.

Work for the school continued through this difficulty. Pa and I spent hours on the books. At P.Z., I bought five bags of cement to send up to Mattru, lantern wicks, yard goods for Miss Bard and khaki fabric for a tailor to make shorts for me. I bought a 100-pound bag of sugar and stored it in tin cans, for we had heard that sugar was scarce. I did more bookkeeping and put the boys to bed while Evelyn led the boarding girls in their devotions. Pa was somewhat better.

When Dr. Wall returned, he was pleased with everyone's improvement. He gave us 80 more pills and said we could soon go on sulfa every six hours. I was able to open up two of Evelyn's sore boils.

On Saturdays, I often hosted afternoon visitors to Minnie Mull while Erma and Olive visited with the boarders, itinerated and held street services. I also prepared Sunday School lessons, and I always had bookkeeping to do. Sometimes Erma preached at the Sunday service or gave a flannelgraph lesson.

I gave Ron another butch cut and took both boys to town for candy, a reward for good behavior. Norman was still a bit cross, so I carried him. Lightning and a cool rain at night made sleeping easier, and I was up only once to dispense medicine.

I made a round of visits in the district. At Luawa, I met teacher Nichols and checked the new latrines at the school and parsonage. I returned to Mattru and proceeded toward Bo, stopping at Kpetema School and Bump where Sharkah was having Hux's house repaired.

During my time in Bo, I went to Bunumbu Press for tea and called on Captain Wright, Headmaster of the Government Secondary School. I took a room at the government rest house, but had to borrow bedding and a bed tent since I had forgotten to include them in my loads. Before returning to Bonthe, I purchased a pit saw and two cans of coal tar, but I was unable to get authority to withdraw cash from the bank. Without money, I couldn't buy gas, so I coasted down all the hills from Kpetema. The boys' health had improved while I was gone, but Evelyn had two new boils and had missed Baba's help and me.

During the week of September 19, Pa Carlson returned from his recuperation at Gbangbaia, and Thomas Stevens led Joseph Sharkah back to the Lord. Evelyn and I bought groceries. I filed the bucksaw for the men and did bookwork until late. I drove bats out of the house four times one night.

One morning, Norman awoke at 3:30 with a high fever, and I had to hold him for hours. He had a five-minute seizure, so Pa bicycled to get Dr. Wall who was sure Norman had malaria. I took Normans blood smear and euquinine pills to the hospital where the pills were powdered and weighed into two gram capsules for doses six hours apart during the day. We were so thankful that Norman would take the medication, for malaria could cause brain damage or be fatal.

Norman rested during the day, but he had to be held all the time. He responded well to the malaria treatment and slept better than we expected. He was up at daylight, almost crazed with joy at being able to walk again. Then Ronnie became cross and had three new boils. He wouldn't sleep until I took him to Linker House where the gramophone lulled him to sleep.

We received many letters from home, and they were so encouraging because friends were praying for our health. A letter from the Missions Board advised Pa to return to the US as soon as possible. On September 22, he left for Freetown.

Pas departure meant that I would take his place and move upcountry to Mattru, a town of nearly 2,500, and our boys would stay with Evelyn at Minnie Mull for several months. Solomon would come with me and translate when we visited villages in the bush beyond Mattru. The motor road ended at Mattru, so I knew we would travel by foot or bike.

Solomon and I set out in the truck with a load of furniture for Mattru, despite a hard rain. On the return ride to Bonthe, we picked up an old Pa who dashed us a bunch of bananas as his thanks. We stopped in Bo and got 400 in florins from the bank to pay teachers and pastors. The coins were secured in tin boxes and were exceptionally heavy, so strong workmen carried them to the mission house. I found Evelyn well and the boys better. Thank the Lord!

A few workmen at Minnie Mull were taking too many privileges, so I spoke to them. They worked better after the scolding and made a volleyball court for the Minnie Mull girls. I helped Earnest mow grass, I bought a drum of kerosene for 10, and I collected school materials for Sharkah and Harvey to take back to their stations.

A small launch, the M.L. Unity, was chartered for our round trip to Gbangbaia where Administrative Council was to be held. We passed a good-sized crocodile on the way, and the trip took more than five hours, two hours longer than usual because the launch traveled against the outgoing tide. The water was only three-feet deep at the dock, just enough to carry us over the rocks. The Council met on the broad verandah of the mission house and discussed the Danville Infant School which was almost ready for occupancy. It decided that Imperre would have a school when a building and students were provided. I counted out money for pastors salaries in Becker's district and gave him the payroll to distribute.

Evelyn had new seater boils that were so painful she could not sit down to play the organ or stay for Sunday School, so Erma was the organist. I led the singing and preached on The Justice of God, from Matthew 25: 31-46. Evelyn and I sang a duet at the evening EUB service, but her boils would not allow

her to stay for the sermon. Ronnie awoke with the croup at 11 p.m., and I gave him melted butter. Norman needed to have more euquinine pills powdered and put into capsules.

In answer to prayers for assistance, Pa Carlson telegraphed good news. Pastor Howard Miller, a builder from California, and Oneta Sewell, a nurse from Sandusky Conference, had arrived in Freetown. They came immediately to Bonthe. Thank the Lord. Pa Carlson added a piece of advice. He recommended that we buy property in Freetown as personal real estate in the name of the UBA Mission Superintendent, so UBA would be allowed build a mission house. Pa said he had booked ship passage home on October 15.

Evelyn ate her meals in bed because her boils were so painful. One had burst, and a large boil on her hip was as big as a fifty-cent piece. Oneta S put ice packs on it, and Evelyn rested for two days until the large boil started to drain. I took care of the boys, bathed and put them to bed.

I remained healthy and busy. I made purchases in town, counted cash and worked on the books whenever I could. I decided I was not an accountant and didn't like the tiresome job.

When Howard Miller arrived, we looked over the premises and saw much to repair at Minnie Mull. Miller immediately made a form to build steps at Linker House while I got bags of cement. We inventoried the equipment in the storeroom, including the windcharger and its various parts that was a gift from Evan Spencer of California. We installed the windcharger on the roof of the house, but had no wind. The following day, the wind was too strong. Miller eventually took the windcharger down since the winds did not cooperate.

Miller and I dickered with a launch captain to transport pan roofing (sheets of corrugated aluminum), iron pipes and cable from Bonthe to Matru for the buildings. Nurse Sewell came with us, and we left around noon, late as usual, on the launch, Thompsonia. Workmen met us at the wharf to unload the launch, and Miss Bard walked 25 miles from Gbangbaia to prepare a good supper for us.

Miss Bard, Nurse Sewell, Pa Miller and I left Matru early the next morning in the lorry for a full day in Bo. We stopped on the way at Luawa to let off carpenter Lincoln and a helper with a cement latrine slab, two wooden doors and four bags of cement. In Bumpe, we picked up Pastor Sharkah and called on Paramount Chief Kposowa. Nurse Sewell promised him she would call on his sick nephew when we returned from Bo.

When we reached Bo, we visited Pastor and Mrs. D.K. Williams and asked Martha Stevens Rogers, a former Minnie Mull girl, to prepare meals for us with the provisions we had brought. We went to the bank, the Education Office, the Police, the Labor Office, Bunumbu Press, Batas shoe store and P.Z. for supplies. Most importantly, we carried plans for the new hospital in Matru to the Protectorate Hospital. We were told to make changes in them and return for an evaluation.

We left busy Bo at 4:50 p.m., and when we arrived at the Bumpe ferry, we were sorry to learn that the chiefs nephew had died. We returned to Matru, tired and hungry, but we revised the hospital plans until 10:30 p.m.

In the morning while I balanced the books from the trip, the others toiled over the plans. We explored the hospital site and took more measurements. The slope from the motor road was very steep, so the

location of the big, long building was moved to a more level site. Miller and Nurse Bard left for Bo the next morning with the revised plans.

We delayed the evening meal until 8:30 p.m., waiting for the two, but they didn't return until 10 p.m. because they had driven the last 35 miles from Bumpe very slowly, with no headlights and only one taillight. A dim flashlight and a lantern had provided the only illumination on the road. Thankfully, they met no traffic on the one-track dirt road. Hospital authorities had told them to rework the hospital plans again.

The Missions Board had not sent directions about where Oneta S would be stationed, so we decided to fast and pray about her position and other field problems. She was temporarily assigned to work at Connaught Hospital in Freetown. In the meantime, she cared for Evelyn whose boils had all burst. Norman was eating quite well again, especially when he sat on Daddy's lap.

Since we all felt better, we took a walk along the wharf, and 22-month-old Norman spoke to everyone he met. Bua, he said, meaning, How are you? To their answers, he said, Bise, which meant, Thank you. The people smiled at the white boys. What an opening for us missionaries! What an icebreaker in that humid climate!

When the weather was too hot to sleep, Ev and I stayed up late to catch up on correspondence. Once at midnight, we were disturbed by a man across the street flogging a boy. Olive and Sue Tucker went to intervene, and the man stopped the beating. At 3 a.m., we heard people drumming and beating on tin roofs and tin cans. They sounded like a mob coming down the street, but they were only scaring off evil spirits while the moon was in eclipse. At 4:50 a.m., we were awakened again when high winds rotated the windcharger, which in turn shook the house. It was a night to remember.

On a typical hot, stuffy morning in Mattru, the day began with devotions for the men. A crew of 18 worked under Foday at the hospital site, clearing brush, digging out roots and taking out nests of snakes. Vamboi took others to cut rafters for the hospital. We kept the town chief informed about our progress and about the impact of having a hospital nearby.

Solomon and I visited Madame Marie Bunting-Williams, the female Paramount Chief in Mattru, and packed our chop box for a trek to the outlying UBA churches. Five carriers came with us to transport the cots, bed tents and gear. Several people walked with us as far as the Senehun crossing of the Jong River as a gesture of friendship. Two large canoes were needed to get our party and our loads across to Senehun. We trekked ten miles in two-and-a-half hours through Wuli, Gendema, Mosavi and on to Kabati where we stopped to chat with H.A. Williams. He was a blind pastor who led a good church and wanted a larger school. He gave us bananas and grapefruit for our trip. Solomon was a very fast walker and headed our line while I steamed along behind him on the rough, bush path to Imperre. We covered 15 miles in three-and-one-half hours.

Pastor Lamina had a very nice compound in Imperre, with a church and a new Infant School. We met with his church leaders and talked about enlarging the size of their school and leasing a plot of ground upon which to build. We found encouraging prospects and good fellowship with an ambitious pastor. I slept soundly that night although funeral drums beat all night long for an Imperre Section Chief who had



died two days before. In the morning, after a breakfast of rice chop, eggs and fruit, we measured a plot of ground for the new school.

We left Imperre at 10 a.m. and after trudging nine, hot miles, reached Gbangbaia where the weather was much cooler. The high stick bridge over the gorge east of Gbangbaia was being rebuilt, so we waded across the river at low tide. We called on Paramount Chief Kpanabum, a required courtesy when passing through a chief's town. Bernadine Hoffman lived at the Danville Mission Station, and she, Pa Becker and I looked over the boys school. If we reopened it, there was much to be done on the four-acre site. That was true everywhere we went.

Before Pastor Becker could preach on Sunday morning, we had to run driver ants out of the church. They were nasty ants with a sharp bite, and they moved relentlessly in a column, one to two inches wide, through a house, a church or over a bed. They were also scavengers and ate cockroaches and offal.

We went into town at Pastor's request to see a sick baby, but I was uncertain about what to do. If I prayed and the child died, would I be blamed? I had neither medicines nor medical knowledge, but I put the babe in my arms and uttered a prayer for its recovery. The next morning when 18 of us gathered at Pastor's house for devotions, the baby was better.

We traveled 15 miles on rough bush paths to Gbaninga. On the way, I was carried across several high streams that had no stick bridges. We talked to the town chief about erecting a church and parsonage for which the UBA would furnish a carpenter if the people gave labor and building materials. We eventually hired carpenter Clay for 6 shillings, 6 pence a day. The nationals welcomed us with a good meal of rice chop that was made with the usual palm oil, tomatoes and peppers in the rice, plus chicken in the soup that was poured over the chop. I spoke at an evening prayer gathering, but I didn't sleep well at night, for I had an especially hard bed.

When we returned to Mattru, Miss Bard and Pa Miller had received approval for the hospital from the authorities in Bo! Miller and I immediately went to Gbonge and ordered 100 worth of lumber that would be sawed by hand with pit saws. Juanita Smith wrote to say she would come to the new hospital as nurse.

The next day, I paid our workers in Mattru and returned home, and it was so nice to be back with family, even at hot and stuffy Bonthe. Norman had grown while I was gone and had a haircut. The family packed a picnic lunch and went on P.Z.s launch, Coral, to York Island. In the evening, Evelyn wrote letters to girls who wanted to attend Minnie Mull the next term, and I balanced the books until the sand flies got too bad.

I was soon on the run again. I bought supplies for the Jangalo church where Pastor Rufus Howard, the nephew of Gbangbaia's town chief, was doing encouraging work. He hoped to dedicate his church before Christmas. I hiked to Imperre and was serenaded by students at the little dispensary where I spent the night. In the morning, we staked out a school building, enlarging it from 15 by 32 feet to 22 by 28 feet. The men of the town planned to build the walls of stick and wattle and to roof it with palm-leaf mats that were laid on like shingles.

I went to Kabati and on to Vaama on rain-soaked paths. Pastor J.D. Sowa carried me over several flooded places, as was customary with a guest, and Mrs. Sowa prepared rice chop with venison in the soup. The houses in Vaama had accidentally been destroyed by fire last March when the farmers burned their fields, so the local people were collecting materials from the bush for rebuilding. The roofs of the houses were shingled with mats of woven palm fronds, beautifully made but easily burned. The church had not been destroyed. I spoke with the men in Vaama about leasing the land on which the parsonage was built.

After another hard rain, we walked on to Kpejebu. I carried my shoes and went barefoot on the water-filled trail. The Kpejebu congregation wanted to cement the floor of their church and rededicate it before Christmas, but Mr. Vincent, the town chief and self-styled church leader, was causing a palaver in the church. The situation was complicated because Pastor Harvey was his relative. When I left, people from Kpejebu church dashed me a chicken and rice. Not to be outdone, the people of Vaama gave me a dandy cock, and so did the Mokelleh folk. We briefly visited Mogungbe where Pastor Aaron Brooks and his people had decided to rebuild their church on a different site. Though we had walked 16 miles to visit the villages, I did not feel tired, for we had made rest stops.

I usually preceded the carriers along the bush paths, and once I suddenly came upon a woman resting by the trail. She stared up at me, a white man, in disbelief, then turned and fairly flew away up the path. When we came to the Jong River, we crossed on a raft which was tied by stout vines to trees on both sides.

At Mokelleh, Pastor Dan Faux declared that he wanted to marry Oneta H when she graduated from Minnie Mull. Mr. Gorvie, a capable teacher at Mokelleh, showed us the pleasant two-room school where he taught. Mokelleh was a paramount chiefdom town, and we heard that a motor road might soon be built to it.

We left Mokelleh at 8 a.m. the next day, paddling a canoe six miles to a town below Mogungbe. Along the river, we saw many large trees that had been flattened by a recent storm. We walked to Bisao and went on to Luawa, hiking the final two miles on a motor road until we came to the hospital site at Mattru where Miller was working. We rode to the mission house with him and had lunch.

Soon after, Nettie Birdsall, footsore and weary, walked in from Imperre. Her carriers were close behind, and mine arrived later. We immediately prepared to take her to see Dr. Silver at Bo, but before we left, a runner brought a telegram from the doctor saying she couldn't see Nettie until November 7; it was October 28. Nettie remained at Mattru, but Miss Jane, Solomon and I set out for Bo. We stopped at Kpetema and Bumpe where the Hux's house was nearly ready for occupancy. I spent the night at the parsonage in Bo, but since there were no lights, I couldn't work on the books. I went to bed early, very tired.

I was home in Bonthe on Sunday, and the family had a pleasant, restful day together. On Tuesday, the launch was loaded with rafters and poles for Mattru and left the dock at 10:30 a.m. It first steered to the customs jetty for repairs, and once repaired, it started off. A mile out, the engines ran wild and had to be cut and the launch brought back. After another repair, the launch left at 5:30 p.m., and we enjoyed a bright, moonlight trip until a bad thunderstorm hit. The anchor was buried under the pile of poles and not available to use, so the launch continued at slow speed into the wind and rain. The boat's engine

heated up and stopped completely two or three times, so we didn't dock at Mattru until midnight. The crewmen wanted to unload, so I awoke Miller and five other men, and by the trucks headlights, unloaded the poles and cable. We fell into bed at 2:30 a.m.

I was up as usual at 6:30 a.m. for devotions with the men, for there was too much to do to be tired. I toiled like a slave on the payrolls and worked with Solomon on various jobs. It took hours to balance my small cashbook and the journal, and Miss Bard helped me with Erma's books and report. Both were hopeless. I relaxed by helping our men build a chicken yard, and our best white pullet laid her first egg. Things were going well, except money was in short supply.

Nettie Birdsall was ready to depart from Sierra Leone, so Miller, Nettie and I began the journey to Freetown in a vehicle that stopped, restarted by God's power alone, coughed frequently, but kept moving. In Freetown, I went at once to Elder Dempster Shipping Lines and was told that an African lady had booked passage, but had not paid. If she did not pay, Nettie could have her place on a steamer that was due to leave later in the week. Nettie was willing to go if her luggage, papers and passport could be gotten to her on time.

Two days later, our man Ceifa brought Nettie's luggage by rail from Gbangbaia. Six ruffians had attacked him on the train as he guarded Nettie's luggage; however, he had stood on the luggage and fought them off. During the melee he lost his own bag of clothes, 2 cash, a letter to me and his cover cloth, or sleeping blanket. I took him to Pastor Stevens house and promised to pay him for his losses. The next day at 4 p.m., after a farewell prayer, Nettie embarked for the US.

There was a final note to Nettie's story. She arrived safely in New York and then in Huntington, Indiana, and soon after had surgery to remove a cancerous tumor. She recovered and later married John Swales in Iowa. That ending was an answer to earnest prayer.

While in Freetown, I visited the Police Commissioner, seeking a permit to bring my shotgun out of customs, and I paid duty of 25 to claim our crates and the boys beds. At the same time, Rev. and Mrs. Arthur Hux arrived at Lungi Airport, and Pa Miller brought them to the EUB Mission House. They were assigned temporarily to Gbangbaia to oversee the completion of a third school building. Before leaving for Bonthe, we moved 19 personal crates to storage, and Pastor Kennedy, Pastor Stevens and I looked over two potential lots for Stevens church in Freetown. We preferred the area on Campbell Street.

In December, Evelyn, the boys and I went by launch to Jangalo for the dedication of the new church. We left the Bonthe dock at 3:45 a.m. in order to catch the tide, and the boys slept until daybreak. I shot three small ducks at dawn and gave them to the launch crew. As we motored along, I made out the district payroll and gave the money to Pa Becker in Gbangbaia to distribute.

In Jangalo, I went hunting with Town Chief Howard of Gbangbaia. We hunted for small deer, called fretambeau, for guinea and bush fowl, but shot none. Evelyn and the boys set up quarters in a guest house while I made the program for the Sunday dedication and talked to the chief about his salvation.

On Sunday, people lined up for the dedication at 9 a.m. The building was soon jammed and many stood outside. The dedication ceremony was lengthy, for each article in the church was unveiled separately: a door, a window, the pulpit, the Bible, 12 benches, three pulpit chairs and three lamps. Each person presented his or her gift as the article was unveiled. I spoke for 25 minutes and emphasized our

responsibility to care for His church and His temples, our bodies. Communion was served to 51, and the dedication offering amounted to 11, 5 shillings and 4 pence. Of the four churches that had hoped to be dedicated before Christmas, only Jangalo reached its goal - a great accomplishment!

A big rice dinner, with chicken on top, was served to the guests at noon. More rice with salmon and chicken soup, plus grapefruit and oranges, was prepared for supper. The evening program featured wonderful singing and Arthur Hux's message on the Prodigal Son. At the altar call, four men came forward, including our boy, Sauba.

We left Jangalo the next morning, and when we returned to Bonthe, we got word that Miller had been burned. He had put gas instead of kerosene into our fridge in Matru because the United Africa Company (UAC) had inadvertently sold him the wrong substance. When Miller lit the fridge and the gas flamed up, someone mistakenly threw water on the flames, scattering them and badly burning Miller's foot. Thankfully, Nurse Bard was there to help him, but with chullah mats on the walls and woven palm-frond shingles on the roof, it was a wonder the house hadn't burned.

Pastor Sharkah and I trekked four-and-a-half miles with Pastor Gbenga of Nganyagoihun to his village because he and his people were rebuilding the parsonage and wanted a church and school also. They said I was the first missionary to visit their town of 60-70 houses, which was a good-size village. I stayed an hour and was dashed oranges and a rooster. I biked to Talia with Pastor Harvey, and we stopped at Gambia on the way to see its church and school. We crossed the river, our bikes loaded in the canoes, and cycled nine miles to Talia on a level bush road. We talked with the chief and his men who wanted us to lease ground from them for a school.

Pastor Harvey preached at Minnie Mull's Baccalaureate service in early December. Nine girls graduated, and though my Commencement speech was only 15 minutes long, it was not well received because the air was so hot and humid. Four graduates from Standard VI - Rachel Caulker, Minette Cole, Mary Davis and Mariam Fhole - were accepted at Union Teacher Training College at Bunumbu, an institution supported by several missions. Catherine Davis and Oneta H from Standard VII received diplomas, and so did Rita Cole, Millicent Graham and Iona Weaver from Standard VI. After the ceremony, we went with the girls to their dining hall for rice chop. The girls exhibited their sewing and sold most of their creations, adding precious income to their program. A great rush of girls left the island school the next morning on launches bound for Freetown via Sembahun, Matru, and Gbangbatoke. Many went to their homes in Bonthe.

Early in December, we received word from my brother Gene and his wife that their first child (Carol) would be born in May. For Evelyn's birthday on December 7, I gave her candy and 12 cakes of Yardley soap which I'd purchased at P.Z. Oneta H gave Ev a pair of earrings. Ronnie, unfortunately, developed a new boil on his bottom and would do nothing but stay in bed or hobble about crying.

Erma, Olive and I joined relatives at Catherine Davis home for the traditional engagement ceremony called The Marking of the Bible. A group of the prospective groom's relatives came to Catherine's home and asked for a certain Catherine rose to take back to their relatives and the groom. It was all very sweet.

On December 13, the family moved to Mattru, and though Ronnie's boil was still sore, the boys were tickled as we put up their new beds and unpacked their toys from home. Their little red wagon became a favorite plaything for them and their African friends. An old Pa brought the boys a young bush cat, so we made a cage for it.

Only one bedtent was set up the first night in Mattru, and Evelyn went to sleep under it with the boys. At 2 a.m., I went in, and she slept outside, covering her head to protect against the mosquitoes. The next morning, with the boys in the little red wagon, we went to town to buy mosquito netting. We slept well once it was in place and because it was much cooler in Mattru. Indeed, the temperature at 7:30 a.m. was 62 degrees. It seemed the January Harmattan weather had reached us early.

During that time of year, breezes from the drier portions of Africa swept down to the coast, bringing the dry season with months of no rain. Farmers brushed their fields with machetes and burned the cut brush, and when the rains began again in April or May, they planted the rice fields by hand and hoe.

Miller's burned foot finally healed. We discovered his room was overrun with driver ants, and we all fought with fire, kerosene, water and candles until 11 p.m. to drive them out.

At the construction site, the hospitals cement-block walls reached to the top of the windows, and the nurses home was begun. The storeroom was roofed, and screened windows were installed in the pantry and our boys' bedroom.

In the days before Christmas, the boil on Evelyn's seater hurt, and one night she soaked it in hot Epsom salts until it broke around midnight, bringing some relief. The boil was still painful the next day, so Miss Bard fomented it twice. Ev's pain remained almost unbearable, and she could not sit or walk and could only lie in one position. Nurse Bard steamed the boil all the next day, and finally the boil burst, draining lots of pus. The boys had been cross and almost lost without Mom to care for them though I had bathed and put them to bed.

Pa Miller, Pa Harvey and I went to Gambia to participate in the examination and baptismal service of 14 at Pastor Snowballs church; 24 were received into membership. We stopped at Blama, a village situated between Luawa and Gambia where we'd been itinerating and whose people also wanted a primary school. We agreed to hire a teacher when they erected a building and got enough children. I believed they didn't want near-by villages to have schools while they had none.

In Bumpe, Sharkah and I visited with town chiefs from Kagbiana, Bialyhun and Tininahun. We had a mission station in Tininahun 17 years ago, but it was closed due to a mistake made by the pastor. The Tininahun station was eventually re-established, and a church and school were built at Kagbiana.

Ev felt better by Christmas, and Miss Bard fashioned a Christmas tree for our boys from a cluster of tree limbs upon which she hung candy and decorations. On Christmas Eve, Evelyn and I assembled the tricycle we had brought from home and hid it behind the tree for a grand surprise.

The boys were up at 6:30 on Christmas morning, dressed and ready to go out and see the tree. Ronnie's eyes sparkled when he spied the tricycle, and he rode it around for awhile. When he got off to inspect other gifts, little Norman got on the tricycle and wouldn't get off for anything. We opened more

packages before breakfast and more before church, but the boys didn't want to go to church. They agreed to go only if Ronnie rode the tricycle and Norman carried his John Deere tractor.

Nurse Bard and Pa Miller shared our bounteous Christmas dinner of roast beef, mashed potatoes and gravy, kale and onion salad, baked beans, corn on the cob (Normans favorite), iced tea, steamed pudding with orange sauce and fruit cake from the North Reading Baptist church. In the afternoon, we finished opening packages and greeting cards and took a walk along the river. The temperature in Matru on Christmas was 81 degrees, and we wondered what it was in Michigan and Ohio. The next day was a leisurely holiday, called Boxing Day by the English, when people took boxes of gifts to those less fortunate. Our first Christmas in Sierra Leone was a happy one, thanks to many who remembered us from 5,000 miles away. We said, Thank you, Jesus. Thank you for Romans 8:28.

## 1950

The New Year came in with hot, humid weather and a welcome draft of \$4,400 from Dr. Fleming, which I distributed according to his orders. As Annual Conference time approached, we collected food and supplies for the gathering at Gbangbaia, and I chartered a large launch, the Christine, to carry the pastors, teachers and missionaries. However, the load of luggage, food and people was so large that the male teachers boarded a second boat. Even with a lighter load, crewmen bailed water throughout the four-hour trip to Gbangbaia. The launch hit big waves at the stretch of open sea called the Wabai, but it reached Gbangbaia before high tide.

Annual Conference began on January 4 with prayer on the mission house verandah at 7 a.m. That was also Norman's second birthday, and he had a cake with two candles to blow out. Missionary Council convened first, and then the Administrative Council was in session the rest of the day. At the evening service, an impromptu orchestra performed: Evelyn played the trombone, Oneta S the saxophone, Erma Funk the xylophone, Bernadine her accordion and Maitland Hansel's the flute. Pastor Becker preached after a spirited song service.

Annual Conference brought together all UBA pastors and missionaries. The three District Superintendents gave annual reports, and pastors were appointed to churches. The Missionary Council was attended only by UBA missionaries who met throughout the year to review and make policies and to discuss the problems that pertained to the staff of UBA missions. The Administrative Council membership represented a wider range of concerns about UBA mission work, and it promoted cooperation among denominations. The three UBA District Superintendents were on the Administrative Council. Both groups joined for Annual Conference.

After the second day of conference meetings, Sharkah talked about church extension and led the singing of Negro spirituals. C.E. presented a model C.E. service. The teachers gave their reports, and Bernadine urged them to keep accurate registers. When the evening preaching culminated in an invitation to greater commitment, 13 pastors and teachers, plus two of our workmen, responded to the call. The Stationing Committee left Minnie Mull without a matron, and Pastor Harvey collected an offering of 175 to continue the Bo station. The pastors travel expenses were paid from a generous appropriation sent by the WMA in the States.

The conference launch had to leave Gbangbaia at 3:30 a.m. on the receding tide, so we were awakened by the church bell at 1:15 a.m. The heavily laden launch scraped rocks, but the captain steered over them. We reached Bonthe at 8 a.m., unloaded people and their baggage, took on board the new hospital equipment and pipes and set off for Mattru. The boys and I took a quick dip in the river before dinner, and all of us were worn out from the 18-hour day.

On my thirty-first birthday, we unpacked CMS book orders and packed boxes of supplies for the various schools until we were tired of books. The boys and I enjoyed a birthday cake that Evelyn baked for me.

A mother, her husband and a granny brought a year-old baby with severe dysentery to Evelyn, and she gave the child stomach powder. The next day, the mother returned with another child, ill with malaria, so Evelyn administered half an Atebrine tablet. Ev contributed a letter about those experiences to the *Missionary Monthly* as if written by Ronnie and Norman. A load of ship mail brought an earlier issue of the magazine that carried my article *On Trek*, plus Ronnie's letter to little readers and much about the hospital's construction.

Norman was only two, but he was an eager participant in all activities. Some days he brought his friend, Oneta H, home with him. Sometimes he joined the men for a meal of rice and ate in African fashion, using no utensils. The boys and I liked to splash around in the river, but in January, the water was 65 degrees, too cold to swim. We appreciated the cool Harmattan weather and often wore sweaters in the evenings.

Pa Miller regretfully sacked carpenter Clay because Clays apprentice had carried away three pieces of lumber, likely with Clays knowledge. Miller, Harvey and I counseled Pastors Sharkah and Flickinger about having their marriage relationships solemnized.

After I'd completed the January payroll, I realized I had a sore throat and a fever. Nevertheless, I went to town to buy a 112-pound bag of sugar, for sugar was scarce, and I went on to Bonthe to deliver the payroll and school supplies. My temperature rose to 102, and my throat was so sore I could hardly swallow. I hurried home, went to bed and took malaria pills every three hours.

Three days later, I still had a headache and sore throat, so I visited Dr. Wall at the Bonthe Hospital, and he diagnosed malaria. I began the month of February in bed, taking 30 grains of quinine. Evelyn went to prayer meetings alone and led the men in morning devotions for me.

When I was well and back at Mattru, Mr. Allen, the British Provincial Education Officer, arrived all hot and dusty to survey the compound. In his honor, District Commissioner (DC) Beattie invited several for tea: Dr. Margai; Mr. Bailey, the acting DC; Mr. Stevens, the Agriculture Agent from Mattru; and all the whites and chiefs in the District. I accompanied Allen out to the site of the new hospital and school. He, being new, saw all the difficulties, and he discouraged our idea of establishing a secondary school. He was critical of the buildings, the overcrowded conditions and left us disheartened. However, Pastors Harvey and George and Mr. Summers of Union College in Bunumbu, all old hands in the area, cheered us up.

After I'd worked diligently on the books one day, I built a teeter-totter for the boys. Then Miller and I paddled Evelyn up to Senehun and back for her first voyage in a dugout canoe. The boys had a brief ride, but they were still uneasy in the canoe. While we relaxed along the river with a picnic, I found a jigger

imbedded in one of my toes. One of the workboys who had accompanied us dug it out before it laid its eggs in my toe.

The Mattru mission house was re-roofed with pan roofing, so we transferred our sleeping quarters to the tiny guest room out beside the kitchen. Without a roof, night work on the books was impossible because of the bugs. The project was a big undertaking, and we worked with the men, getting up the ridge pole and rafters and taking the old poles to our woodpile. New woven, palm shingles, instead of pan roofing, were put over the kitchen because they kept the kitchen cooler. The workmen brought gravel for cement work, and we poured steps for the house and made imprints of our boys hands in the wet cement. We swam in the river at low tide to clean up.

Mail aplenty came - 21 personal letters, plus money from the Missions Board. Out of \$5,000 or 1603, 222 went to Freetown, 200 to Miller's hospital account and 600 to me for salary and mission expenses. I bought two bikes, one for me and one for T.P. Smith, and I went to Gbonge and purchased hardware for the doors, windows for the mission house, lumber to build school furniture, and windows and lights for the hospital. A little money stretched a long way.

As we worked on a bedtent frame one night, in walked the Huxes and Oneta S all the way from Gbangbaia. They had hiked the last three or four miles from Wuli in the dark and were very tired. When traveling in the bush, women and children might be carried in hammocks, but men always walked. Evelyn prepared hot soup and coffee, and we rushed around to provide sleeping accommodations for them.

At 2 a.m., I responded to someone pounding on our back door. It was Mrs. Rachel Sharkah who was on her way to Mokelleh to deliver a wedding dress to the bride of Joseph Sharkah. Mrs. Sharkah had been traveling from Bumpe in a lorry that had run out of gas ten miles back. The Christian marriage ceremony was scheduled for later that day at Mokelleh, 15 miles further on, so she set off immediately with the dress, a lantern and an escort.

After a ride to Freetown, Miller and I checked the tires on the lorry. One front tire had been running on fabric, not rubber, and only the Lord had gotten us there safely. We put on the spare tire and found that it leaked, so we bought a tire and two tubes. We took a room at the City Hotel, which was no Holiday Inn, and gratefully accepted an invitation for dinner at Hemmingers where Oneta S was staying.

Our time in Freetown was very profitable. I had business at the Education Department and the Immigration Office. We withdrew cash at the bank from a grant the government had deposited, and while Miller and Oneta S took the Kennedys to the wharf as they left for their furlough in the States, I spent 155 on school supplies at the CMS bookstore.

At the Colonial Secretary's office, I was told about the conditions for owning property in the Colony of Freetown. In the Protectorate outside Freetown, we could lease land, but not buy it. Pastor Stevens went with me to see Lawyer Marke about buying land for the new church, and we looked at a site on Fourah Bay Road where we might build a mission house. I drove up to the EUB Rest House on Mt. Lester. At 4,000 feet, it had a wonderful view and no mosquitoes!



I went shopping and was pleased to find a double-felt tropical hat for myself and six cups and saucers for Evelyn, but I did not find mosquito boots for her. In my room at the hotel, I typed the 1949 Annual Report in triplicate for the Missions Board.

Miller and I shared our Sunday morning breakfast of tea, oranges and cookies in our rooms before he preached to 256 at Stevens church. After the service, the congregation walked a mile to a brook where 57 people were baptized.

When I returned to Mattru, I caught up on bookkeeping while Oneta H and Bernadine unpacked school supplies. Evelyn and I took a dip in the Jong without the boys, for Ronnie was ill. Evelyn sent a tray of food to his room, which he thought was fun, but by the next day, Ron was very sick with malaria. Even though he had chills and a fever of 102, he was very good about taking the prescribed quinine, paludrine and aspirin. The watchman who knew that Ronnie had malaria told Ev, Take these pickins (children) inside, so they not be bitten by mosquitoes.

It was still the dry season when Administrative Council next met in our house and agreed to build the new secondary school on the site across the Tondevoi. The temperature reached 90 degrees in the house during the meetings, and of all times, our fridge wasn't working well. Forty ladies at the Women's Institute viewed my slides at the evening Conference gathering.

Ronnie's fever slowly went down, but he was weak and continued to vomit. As Ronnie improved, my knee boil became very sore, and Evelyn found another boil on her seater and under her arm. As I was about to leave one day for another meeting in Bo, Norman said, "Don't go to Bo no more. He wanted only his Daddy, so I stayed home and cut the boys' hair in the afternoon.

When the first storm of the rainy season came, it hammered on our new pan roof for four hours. Flying ants, hatched by the rain, made night work in the office impossible. After the ants lost their wings, however, they were easy to catch in pans of water. They made better eating then, too, so Ceifa and Oneta H caught a lot of them to add nutrition to their chop.

The girls in charge at Minnie Mull worked hard while they were without a matron. In early spring, the pubescent girls at school were initiated into womanhood by the secret Bundu Society. Its members drummed and danced late into the night.

Tumba worms were another inconvenience in Sierra Leone, and like jiggers, they laid eggs in human flesh. Evelyn took five worms out of Ronnie's back where they'd made spots like little boils, and she dug others out of Juanitas skin. Though Norman was whiney, and I had a large boil on my left knee, I balanced the books for January by dint of long hours and hard work. Praise the Lord!

A telegram came from Pastor Stevens in Freetown, saying that a few Lebanese were trying to take the UBA plot of land. He asked me to come at once. Pastor Harvey went in my place, so I could visit six outlying stations in the Gbangbaia area. I rode on Onetas motorcycle, and the trip was a misadventure. The launch arrived at Gbangbaia at 8 p.m. when the tide was out, and it was not until 1 a.m. that the motorcycle and the loads were maneuvered through and over the thick putta putta (the river mud exposed at low tide) and up to the mission. I was dog-tired, but before I went to bed, it was my duty to tell Oneta H of her brother's accidental death. Death was so common in Sierra Leone, and it was often unnecessary.

I left Gbangbaia on the motorcycle at 9:15 the next morning and arrived in Imperre at noon. I inspected the new school building that was nearly completed and showed my films and slides to 175 people. The next day, I was invited to go leopard hunting, but the guide didn't show up, and I was not about to hunt leopards with an inexperienced guide. I bought a leopard skin years later which hung in my office in Huntington, Indiana.

I continued on to Victoria and then to Momaligi where we'd once had a mission station. I called on the town chief, and she dashed me a fowl. I gave her two waterfowl that I had shot on the way. I returned to Victoria to show my slides and visit the school while the carriers went ahead with my loads.

On the way to Gbaninga, I had a flat tire and had to push the motorcycle five miles on unkempt bush paths. While one of my men went on to Mattru for materials to fix the tire, I shot a big black monkey, which weighed nearly 25 pounds, to provide meat for the men. I hurried to reach the Senehun crossing before dark, and Miller met me there with a canoe. We paddled the final half-mile down the river to our mission house.

Two telegrams awaited me at home, and they urged me to go to Freetown at once. I was worn out after pushing the motorcycle for 20 miles, and I wanted to rest and heal the boil on my knee. The date was April 1, the end of the first quarter of 1950, and I didn't feel like any foolishness.

I began the trip to Freetown on a mail lorry to Bumpé. I went on to Bo where I called on Pastor Shirley and teacher Martha Stevens Rogers. The moon went into eclipse again that night, and folks banged on roofs and tin objects. On Monday, I took the train to Freetown and traveled 136 miles in 12 hours. On the train, I visited with the EUB African leader, Dr. Renner.

In Freetown, Dr. Margaret Lusty, UCC Education Secretary from Australia, and I conferred with Dr. Milton Margai in his office. He had been educated in England with the support of EUB people to be a physician. He had been a physician in Sierra Leone before he became its Prime Minister. He was beloved by the people, and when Sierra Leone gained its freedom in 1961, he was elected its first President.

I also visited the Temne Church with the Hemmingers, which had a fine building and a good-size congregation. I attended a Union College council meeting at which the Director of Education, Mr. Donovan, stated that he either wanted to have a stronger faculty at Union to properly train primary school teachers or close the facility. The college was supported by several missions.

I spent time in Freetown running around on lease business, and I asked the Lord if He would work out the confusing problems. My request to lease land for the UBA mission had gone through the Colonial Secretariats office, to the Lands, Mines and Surveys offices, to the Attorney General's Office. One lawyer gave me a written promise, pledging to sell land for 400. A second lawyer gave other advice. After such confusion and chaos in Freetown, I was ready to go back to the peacefulness of Mattru. I packed up a few books for the boys and a pair of scissors and mosquito boots for my wife.

At home, there was activity at the Jong River. Fifty men and boys were in the water, driving fish into nets stretched across the river. One hundred or more women and children were on shore, cheering and shouting. The men caught about 150 fish of various sizes which made good soup for their rice chop. My family planted seeds in flower boxes on the verandah until an afternoon shower announced the beginning of the rainy season.

As usual on Sunday mornings, our boys climbed under our bedtent and into bed with us around 6 a.m. After the morning service which 187 attended, we drove to Gbonge for the dedication of the renovated church. We carried 12 in our pickup, and Pastor Harvey jammed others into a chartered lorry for the eight-mile trip. We returned home for the evening church service, but the crickets were so noisy it was shortened.

Letters containing drafts of money came from the Missions Board. Happy Day! I got up to date on the bookkeeping before returning to Freetown. Miller said I could drive the pickup despite its two flat tires; however, they had to be pumped up four times en route. In Freetown, Massaquoi fixed one of the flats while I ran all over the city on errands. I found the deed work was not yet ready for my signature, but I was able to buy a new tire, a bed and mattress for the Huxes and two pit saws. I withdrew 400 in bills at the bank and kept a tight hand on my briefcase the rest of the day. It rained hard for five hours.

Nurse Juanita Smith arrived in Freetown from the States, and she had an appropriate introduction to life in Sierra Leone. First, her luggage was sent to Lagos, but we fortunately located most of her boxes. Massaquoi, Pastor Stevens, Oneta H and I left Freetown at 3 p.m. with Juanita and her boxes. Twenty miles out, the truck had its first of five flat tires, and Massaquoi was kept busy patching tubes the rest of the trip. We got to the first ferry at 8:30 p.m., the second at 10:30 p.m., and the Bumpe crossing at 1:40 a.m. I waded across the river where I knew the water was shallow and pulled the empty ferry across, hand over hand on the rope. Together we pulled the ferry and the pickup across the river and arrived at the Hux's at 2:15 a.m. We slept there for a few hours since we could not continue without spare tires or tubes that held air. In the morning, Massaquoi fixed one tube down by the Tabe River, immersing it in water to be sure no air was escaping.

Juanita was welcomed to Mattru and moved into the guest room beside our kitchen until the nurses' home at the hospital was completed. We were thankful to have a nurse to help us, and we needed her skills immediately. I had a boil on my left elbow, Norman had a sore one on his groin and Evelyn had two developing on her hip and seater. My boil became very painful, and by noon the next day, I had a fever of 102 degrees and began taking six paludrine a day. My arm, hand and fingers were swollen, and Evelyn was in pain. During the night, I elevated my arm, but pain wakened me during the long hours. The boil refused to come to a head though I soaked it with hot Turkish towels and Epsom salts.

While I rested and the boil festered, I started the men on various projects. Juanita took dictation from me and went with Pa Miller to Gbonge to buy lumber for the hospital and school. Evelyn's hip boil became more painful, and my boil would not come to a head, so Juanita put us on a full course of penicillin. We skipped evening church to soak our boils.

The next day, I rode my bike to town to deliver an apple pie and cookies that Juanita had made for Madame Chief. As I pedaled along, the boil broke and saturated my bandages. On the way home, I bought a 23-pound fish for 17 shillings. It made a tasty supper for my family, and there was enough to share with the workmen. After dinner, my boil drained until a huge core came out, and Evelyn's boil headed up. For diversion, Pa Miller, Juanita and Ev played on their tonettes.

Madame Chief and her retinue came to look at the proposed site for the primary school across the Tondevoi stream. It seemed satisfactory to all. Dr. Campbell of the Bonthe Government Hospital visited the hospital site and was pleased with what he saw, which was a big encouragement to Pa Miller. He

noticed that workmen were ready to put up chalah mats on the ceilings in several of the buildings. The mats were very strong and made from the shiny, smooth, center spine of fronds from the raffia palm. The men wove the spines into mats with a checkerboard-like pattern. Chalah mats were also used at the school and in homes as room partitions or wall coverings.

May began with rain and an Administrative Council meeting at which it was decided to temporarily station Juanita Smith as matron at Minnie Mull. The next morning, Pa Miller and I left for Bo in our pickup. We had to clear a tree out of the road that had fallen during a hard storm in the night. A thief had used the storm's noise as a cover to sneak into Pa's room, and Pa was broken up because the thief was a trusted carpenter's apprentice. Another thief tried to steal pan roofing from the mission house, but his noise awakened us. In Bo, Pa and I loaded window frames and pole rafters for the new hospital and went about our errands to the Sanitation and Education offices, the police station, the Bunumbu Press, the bank and to firms for groceries. When we returned from Bo, Ronnie jumped up and down with excitement, for it was his fourth birthday. I'd brought crayons for him, a ball for both boys, and the honoree ate two pieces of chocolate birthday cake for dessert.

Strenuous physical exertion and walking long distances were part of everyday life in the bush. The men and I gathered loads of wood along the road to fuel our cook stove. When a launch brought 59 bags of cement, we unloaded them. Four men walked six miles to Mosavi and returned with bundles of cane on their heads. Others constructed benches and desks to accommodate the expanding enrollment in UBA primary schools. Bernadine and Oneta S walked miles to the clinic at Kabati, accompanied by men who carried their suitcases, food and supplies. After holding an outpatient clinic there, they walked eight miles to Imperre and saw 105 patients, and then they trekked on to the dispensary at Gbangbaia.

Meanwhile, the men and I went to Imperre via Kabati, with men carrying head loads of lumber for the school in Imperre. I bargained for a lease payment of 1, 10 shillings per year for the site there and I showed my slides and films to a huge crowd. I pedaled further to Gbangbaia, riding sidesaddle because of my boils, to deliver the district payroll.

Long-time pastor, D.K. Williams, came to see me in Mattru. I was saddened to see him going blind after years of faithful service. A letter from home said W.E. Musgrave, UB Bishop from 1925 to 1949, had passed to his reward on May 7, 1950.

When Miller and I left for our next trip to Freetown, I gave most of our men a holiday. I placed a cot in the covered back end of the pickup, so Pa and I could take turns sleeping. He had dysentery, and I had boils. We looked for a house in town to rent for UBA missionaries to use, but with no success. We called on Oneta H who was in nurses training at Princess Christian Mission Hospital, and with her guidance, I bought Evelyn a nice ready-made dress and some fabric. I also picked out boots for the boys. I bought 96 shrubs and trees for the hospital grounds, including two orange and two grapefruit trees. We left Freetown for the hot, dusty ride back to Mattru.

Evelyn was happy with the new dress and the fabric from which she planned to make shirts for the boys - a blue check for Norman and a red check for Ronnie. The boys were proud of their knee-high boots, and they were up early the next morning, wanting to know what else Daddy had brought from Freetown. I had saved two little dollies for Norman, two magnetic dogs for Ronnie and new shoes for each. The boys took me out to see the biddy hen's seven newly-hatched pickins. Evelyn prepared a meal

that was good in Sierra Leone and Indiana: Delicious rice chop with chicken, cassava with gravy, scalloped corn, perfection salad, honey, radishes, iced tea and cherry cobbler.

F.E. Young came seeking a position with the UBA mission as a teacher or pastor. I could only hire him as a painter until Administrative Council met, but he took the job gladly. He became a successful, long-term pastor.

The rains began, and with them came cool nights for sleeping - and mosquitoes. Nevertheless, the men sawed boards with the new pit saws. First the men rolled a big log up onto a six-foot platform, and one sawyer stood on the platform while the other stood on the ground. They marked the desired width of the boards on the log with a chalk line, and the saw was pulled up and down the length of the log. I often filed and set the teeth of the saws for the men which was far easier than the hard, sweaty work of sawing boards.

On June 4, Pa Miller celebrated his 42nd birthday, and Oneta S opened the dispensary at the new Mattru Hospital. Both occasions were a cause for celebration. Oneta had 32 patients on her first, hectic day and saw 69 the next. She sent some patients to hospitals at Bo, Bonthe or Serabu, 25 miles from Mattru.

Important news came from the Missions Board: Pa Miller was appointed Interim District Superintendent beginning July 1. I was very pleased with this decision, for though I had been performing the financial duties of Superintendent and holding Administrative and Missionary Council meetings, I was not qualified for the job. The financial responsibilities, especially dealing with British currency, had been a burden to me. I notified the local pastors and breathed a sigh of relief.

One morning, I noticed that the cockerel was missing. I blamed the watchman and fined him five shillings. Since he did not protest too much, I believed he was the guilty party, and I wondered if it was he who had previously spirited away three chickens. When Miller, Harvey, Foday, Johnson and I drove the watchman to his new house, we noticed the doors on his house were made of wood which could only have come from the mission. Another punishment was meted out to the watchman.

Miller, Stone and I rode our bikes to Mogungbe. The church there was growing, and attendance averaged 22 on Sundays. The road was terrible, so we returned on the trail that was even worse. Miller, Harvey and I also visited Blama, Segbwena and Tihun to plan for a revival in Blama.

Pastor Harvey and the folks from Mattru chartered a lorry for the nine-mile trip to the revival. It was a satisfying event, for it was well attended, despite heavy rains all day. Ev and Oneta S provided music at the services on their horns. The revival was held on the first day of summer back home in Indiana.

A request came from Bernadine at Gbangbaia. She asked us to re-open the boys section of the Danville School which had closed in 1942 when Dr. Huntley and his nurse, Emma Hyer, returned to the States to serve in WWII. Bernadine's suggestion was worth serious consideration.

Miller, Ev and Oneta S went to Gambia to show slides and advertise another revival. I stayed home with the boys, and we played church while I soaked another painful boil. I went up to a teacher's meeting later at the school but couldn't sit down because of my boil. I wondered if the faithful Paul had boils. Ronnie had been sick with a 103-degree fever and was sleeping a lot. During the night, Norman

developed a stomachache and crawled in bed with us. We started his malarial treatment right away, but he nearly went into convulsions the next day.

As July 1 approached, I worked harder than ever on the books, eager to pass them over to Pa Miller. He was nervous about his new financial responsibilities, but I believed he would do well as Superintendent. I was preparing for a change, too, for it was decided that boarding facilities for boys should be reopened at the Danville Mission Station Primary School at Gbangbaia, and we would direct it. The school was named for Paramount Chief Daniel Wilberforce.

We had been in Mattru just seven months when we packed our belongings for the 25-mile move to Gbangbaia. The boys helped by pretending their tricycle was a lorry. They cranked their vehicle and jumped into the back of it. We waited for two hours with our loads in a launch in the Bonthe harbor for the tide to come in, and we reached Gbangbaia just before dark. Rain dampened the last of our loads as the carriers took them to the mission house, but Bernadine had a good supper waiting for us. We arrived at the oldest UBA mission station on July 14.

The boys slept until 6:45 a.m. the next morning, which was late for them. They liked our new house, especially the big verandah that went around three sides of the second-floor living quarters where they could ride their tricycle. Evelyn and I unpacked and organized the living room and two bedrooms. I moved into my office which was located in the back of the house and overlooked the Gbangbama hills from whence cometh my strength.

Since school was not held on Monday, a Mohammedan holiday, I sorted educational materials, did bookkeeping and helped Evelyn put up food in the stockroom. Later, we picnicked under the mango trees across the soccer field from the mission house. I tried to teach the older schoolboys how to march properly, but it seemed too complicated for them.

We received word that Pastor and Mrs. Alfred D. Sundstrom and their two children were coming to Sierra Leone. We also heard a scrap of news over ELWA (Eternal Love Winning Africa), Liberias Christian radio station, that the US Congress had called up all reserves for the war against Korea. Because I was in the Naval Reserve for ten years after World War II, I soon received notice to report to the nearest Naval Air Station. I wrote to my reserve base in the States, explaining that I was serving my church in Sierra Leone and was excused from duty.

I prepared the guest room for Miss Bard and the dorm for Minnie Mull girls because they were coming the next week for the Reading Competition. I typed the score sheets, and the workmen whitewashed the girls' bathroom. I decided to accompany the girls to the contest, so I biked ten miles to Victoria, went by launch to York Island and went on to Minnie Mull. I hired three launches and traveled with the girls from Bonthe to Gbangbaia.

On Monday, we began the Reading Competition for girls from three sections of three schools - Minnie Mull, Danville and Mattru. The girls competed in speed reading, followed by comprehensive questions. They had an oral reading competition after lunch, and that was won by Minnie Mull girls. In the evening, the girls watched slides, played games and had cookies and tea. The competition was completed on Tuesday, and Minnie Mull girls won the prizes: Georgette Deoud won first place and a new Bible; Lois Bull placed second and also received a Bible; and Kadi Sesay was awarded a plaque for third place.

Winners in Standard II, III and IV got New Testaments. We deemed the Reading Competition a great success.

On Tuesday, August 1, the Gbangbaia stationmasters position was officially in my hands, and we immediately set about preparing the school for its re-opening. I measured the downstairs room that would become the boys dorm. It was 35 by 23 feet, with a 10 by 12 foot room on the corner. The large room would easily house 14, with two more boys in the smaller room. The dining room was large enough for 16 students.

Ronnie and I took off on my bike for Mattru on a nice day for travel; our head carriers arrived with my metal trunk before we did. I checked teachers lesson plans at the school, and I was not satisfied with them. Ronnie and I bathed and went to the nurses house to surprise Oneta.

In the morning, I had devotions with the men and put them to work digging cassava and groundnuts which would be dried before using. We headed back to Gbangbaia by launch, loaded with three bags of cement, three hampers of cassava, two cans of paint, my bike and trunk. The launch got stuck at low tide near Gbangbatoke, so Ronnie and I got off the boat and biked three miles home to Gbangbaia. We arrived home at 5:30 p.m., but the launch didn't reach our dock until 12:30 a.m.

Friday, August 12, marked the end of our first year and the beginning of our second as missionaries in Sierra Leone. Despite health problems, despite boils and malaria, it had been a good year for us. God had been faithful. He had blessed us and given us strength for His work. At that time, I decided to write briefer entries in my journal.

In the first year, we had lived in Bonthe, Mattru and Gbangbaia. My responsibilities were to continue as Education Secretary, to open the Danville Boarding Home in January, to direct the Gbangbaia mission station, to build the secondary school in Mattru and to be of assistance throughout the Sierra Leone mission field.

We heard from home that Miss Mullen, the candidate for matron at Minnie Mull, had not passed her physical exam and would, therefore, not be hired. At its next meeting, Missionary Council decided that Bernadine would go to Bonthe on April 21 and serve as matron. Before she left, Bernadine suggested we have a party for Danvilles head teacher, Henry Davis, on his 26th birthday. He could not remember having had a birthday celebration, and he was very pleased. The Danville teachers were invited to share the birthday meal and play games.

I felt the onset of a dilly of a cold and took quinine, aspirin and soda before several of us set out on our bikes for Mokelleh to check out the school and church. We found the school teacher away and no school in session, which displeased us. However, we examined the pastor's church records, and they were in order. We returned via Vaama and Kpejebu, tired and hungry.

For our eighth wedding anniversary on August 16, Bernadine made a meal of two little roosters, mashed potatoes and gravy, string beans, tomato aspic, salad and pineapple upside-down cake. Evelyn gave me green-striped pajamas, and I gave her a tin of chocolates - one ounce of chocolate for each year of marriage. We walked together down to our wharf where a boy was having jiggers pulled out of his infected feet and toes.

Another sad death occurred. Mary Musa, wife of teacher Julius Musa, died of pneumonia after giving birth to a son. While Mary was in labor and sweating profusely, midwives had laid her on the ground and doused her with cold water. We went to Imperre for Mary's funeral, and Julius asked us to christen the six-day-old boy, Augustine, because he had been born in late August. This death confirmed the desperate need for a doctor and a local hospital.

I had responsibilities at several locations. I bought six bushels of rice for 1 each, some for Danville and some for Minnie Mull. I cut stencils and mimeographed educational materials, and I went to Bo to get the building permit for the school in Bo. I cycled to Mattru, Gambia and Talia on a soggy day to observe teachers and students. The DC and I visited the site for the new school in Yawma Chiefdom, and we signed the annual lease to rent and occupy the land. The payment for the land was to be divided between the owners and the chief. I took a launch to Keiga and bought 300 boards for 58, 3 shillings and 6 pence for the Mattru hospital and the Danville school. The men unloaded the launch at Mattru and stored the boards until they could plane them. I loaded a launch with 50 boards for Danville, four hampers of cassava and two bags of groundnuts for the kitchen at Minnie Mull.

Our health continued to be a concern, but less so than previously. We all took a tonic, and Ronnie and I took medicine for roundworms. He was good about taking medicines and doses of castor oil. Ronnie and Ev kept having boils, and Ronnie also had anemia. Since Gbangbaia was more isolated than Bonthe, I hunted to add wild game to our diet. I shot woodcocks and a freetambeau.

Redecorating the mission house, the dispensary and boys dormitory was a laborious task. Inside the mission house, we painted and replaced the celotex in the ceiling. Celotex was a composition board made of residue from cane. I renovated a small building with an adjacent kitchen for use as the schools dining hall. That work filled the month of September.

Once when Ronnie and Norman were playing church in the hammock on the verandah, I heard Norman voice a long, long prayer. When he finished, he said to his brother, "It's your turn now, Ronnie." The boys often played with national and missionary children.

As I painted in the mission house and supervised the men making forms for cement steps in the kitchen, a runner brought an unexpected message. Miss Russell, the government Education Officer, Father Gosson of the Roman Catholic mission and Dr. Lusty and would arrive very soon at the Danville mission! We all flew around, cleaning and getting rooms ready for guests. When 13 carriers and a court messenger came at noon, our work was not done, but fortunately the group didn't arrive until 2 p.m. It was difficult finding housing for so many visitors.

Miss Russell visited classes in the afternoon and shared her observations with the staff, which were not too severe. The group went to Gbangbatoke to inspect the large EUB school the next morning. In their absence, I inspected the work that had been done on the cement steps and asked that it be redone.

The group returned to Danville for the night, and we discussed the future of UBA schools in Sierra Leone. In the morning, Dr. Lusty and Miss Russell looked over the housing for the boys, the orchards and the grounds. We served them a delicious meal of rice and firm, white crocodile meat. I doubted they would soon forget their stay in the bush at Danville.



I left on the launch with the educators to take Ronnie to the doctor at Bonthe. The launch surged towards Bonthe, carried by the highest high tide I had ever seen. The doctor found ringworm on Ronnie's upper legs and suggested that Ronnie see a dentist in Freetown about his aching teeth. We returned that night as far as Gbangbatoke where Alfred, Dan, Isatta and Miss Jane met Ronnie and me. We walked the last three miles to Gbangbaia, lighting the way with a lantern I'd just bought in Bonthe and taking turns carrying sick Ronnie. I was relieved to be home after a harried week with our distinguished visitors.

We heard from Pa Miller in Freetown that thieves had stolen 50 from him and the wrist watch I had loaned him. Thieves in Bonthe had recently stolen three dresses and a bedspread from the verandah of Bernadine's upstairs bedroom. The Good Book says, Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where thieves break in and steal, but lay up treasures in Heaven.

Oneta S and Juanita Smith came to Danville and opened the dispensary for two days. Juanita rode her bike, and Oneta S was carried in a hammock most of the way. The nurses had 53 patients the first day and 70 the second. Juanita toured the mission compound, and in our orchard, or park as she called it, she counted the trees: 24 grapefruit, 17 orange, 20 guavas, 25 limes and 20 lemons. The orchard had been planted by Dr. Huntley fifteen years earlier to supplement the diet of the students and local people. Nearby were planted one tangerine, four sweet lime and six avocado-pear trees. We picked 100 grapefruit and sent 40 of them, plus lemons and limes, to Bonthe and Matru, via the launch.

Oneta S and her hammock carriers left Danville at 7:15 a.m., and then a terrific black cloud came over the mountain north-east of us and brought pouring rain and wind. Juanita delayed her departure until it cleared; then she and I left on our bikes. The trip was an adventure for us all. Oneta, of course, was soaked by the rains. She waited for us in Imperre, but then went on. One of her hammock carriers slipped and fell in the mud twice, dropping Oneta and the hammock into muddy water. My front tire kept losing air, so I stopped every mile to pump it up, but we eventually passed the sodden Oneta. We reached the Matru hospital at 4 p.m.; Oneta came in at 5 p.m.

I spoke with Miller, and he told me the Huxes were frustrated about the delay in starting the Bible School for pastors in Bumpe. The Administrative Council called a day of fasting and prayer on November 17 and scheduled a meeting on November 23 to consider the future of the Bible School.

I was encouraged by two events, one big and one small. I found ten baby chicks had hatched, and they appeared to be one-half Rhode Island Red like the father. Best of all, we received formal government permission to open schools at Imperre, Talia, and Bo, as well as the boarding section for boys at Danville. We thanked the Lord for this progress which represented fifteen months of persistent effort!

A revival week began at Danville on November 26. Pastor Becker gave the message on Sunday and Monday, and eight came forward. I preached Tuesday evening on Lot and his wife, and 15 boys and girls, plus three adults, came forward. Ronnie and Norman sang Say, Will You Be Ready the next evening, and I spoke on Jesus' Second Coming. At the final service, three more responded to the invitation.

During the week, our family walked nine miles on a bush path to speak at the EUB Moseilelo church. That area had once supported a gold mine and a sawmill, and there had been an Avery Mission Station there, but during the 1898 Hut Tax War, the station had been destroyed and three missionaries killed. It

was now the home of the Stevens family, parents of our teacher Miss Jane, and others who attended Minnie Mull School. Evelyn gave a flannelgraph talk on the Creation at the church, and I spoke to 60 members on the likeness of their church to the one at Thessalonica. These wonderful people expressed appreciation for our visit by bringing rice with chicken soup for our lunch and giving us gifts of coconuts, oranges, bananas and eggs which the men from Gbangbaia carried home. It was a wonderful day of loving fellowship in the Lord!

December 1950 was a busy month in which we completed one term, prepared for another and presented the Christmas programs. I wrote and mimeographed the final exams for Standards I to VII and materials for Classes I and II in the four Infant Schools. We sent out the syllabi, along with books and school supplies, to our schools for the next term. We also distributed furniture to the new Infant Schools, and I ordered 15 beds for the boys dormitory at Danville. To mark our 100th wedding anniversary, I bought Evelyn a beautiful pair of African house slippers in Bonthe.

On our second Christmas in the tropics, Evelyn invited fellow missionaries to Danville. Juanita and Oneta S came from Mattru, Oneta in a hammock with four carriers and Juanita on her bike via the bush path. Bernadine and Miss Jane came from Bonthe on the launch which also brought the new dormitory beds. We attended our church program on Christmas Eve.

On Christmas morning, our boys were awake and ready by 5:45 a.m., but Evelyn kept them occupied while I slipped into a back room and donned my Santa outfit and slung a white sack over my shoulder. I stamped across our verandah and knocked on the door to the boys room. Ronnie shook hands and spoke with me, but Norman was a bit frightened and shook hands only hesitantly. Santa gave them gifts from his big bag and told them to be good. I slipped back into the festivities as the boys excitedly unwrapped their presents. We decorated an artificial Christmas tree that year.

At the Christmas morning service, Bernadine gave a flannelgraph story which the boys, of course, thought was too long. After Becker preached, we returned home to have a Christmas dinner of roast duck, mashed potatoes and gravy, peas, cranberry sauce and date pudding.

During the afternoon, Africans came around, pounding on tin-can drums and singing a traditional Christmas song, Merry Christmas! We no die yet! The song expressed thankfulness for having lived another year and having survived the common illnesses, such as malaria and dysentery. The carolers sometimes shook tin cans with stones or coins in them to set the rhythm. We dashed each caroler a coin or a piece of candy. Some in the group stuck their hands out twice for a small gift.

Our family sometimes enjoyed wiener roasts under the trees across the soccer field, and we took pleasure in picking delicious fruit. Each week, we sent two or three bags of grapefruit, limes and lemons to the Agriculture Officer in Bonthe to sell to English and Lebanese traders at the price of three pence per grapefruit. Sometimes, we sent fruit to our co-workers at Mattru, Bonthe and Bumpe as payment for transportation. Fruit was in short supply at some mission stations, but we were richly blessed.

## 1951

Annual Conference met in Mattru at the start of the new year. The Administrative Council decided that there was important work for the Huxes to do at Bumpé Bible School even though progress was slow. Pa Miller introduced Alfred and Mildred Sundstrom and their children, Niles and Colleen, ages 9 and 7, to the conference. They had arrived in October, and their assignment was to supervise construction of the UBA mission house in Freetown, part way up Mt. Aureol Road where it would overlook the beautiful harbor.

When we returned to Gbangbaia after Annual Conference, the boys had new boils, and the chickens had been struck by the fowl plague. We counted only 24, not 32, chickens and 26, not 36, chicks. To cheer me up, my dear wife and Baba served a birthday meal of beef and noodles on mashed potatoes, topped off by a cake with candles. Ev gave me a nice shaving brush.

The Danville Boarding School for Boys opened January 14. Mr. Pyne was the teacher in charge of the 16 boys in the dormitory. Six boys came for the first night: Francis Forni, Reuben Brooks, Gladstone Lamina, Melvin Becker, Samuel Williams and Jimmie Howard. Later, Mrs. Sharkah brought her son, Frank, to school, and Nurse Margai brought her son, Milton, from Gbangbatoke. Milton and his mother were close relatives of Dr. Milton Margai. Jeremy Stone and other boys also came to the boarding school.

The next afternoon, we had unexpected visitors. Pastor Sundstrom arrived on his bike, carrying Niles on the handlebars. Mildred and Colleen rode regally in hammocks and arrived just before a hard thunderstorm. We had not received the message about their visit, so we hastily summoned Samuel Baun and Alfred Kpanabum to help us make preparations.

The Sundstrom's were all ears and eyes as they visited the station although Pa Sundstrom was exhausted after the 25-mile trip through farm and jungle. Pa Sundstrom was a capable man and got busy supervising work on the boys latrine which was made by placing slabs of cement over latrine holes. We took him down through the village to call on Pa Becker, up to the orchard, through the little cemetery and down to the wharf to see the new fish trap. We enjoyed popcorn and Vimto, a concentrated fruit drink in the evening as a thunderstorm suddenly blew through.

Once the school was open, feeding the students became a continuous pressure. I bought 12 bushels of rice, and the men spread the grain on the drying floor in the attic above the boys dining room and mixed it with salt and hot peppers to keep out the weevils. Bunga (dried fish) for the boys was brought in by launch, and we bought 11 tins of cocoa yams, at four shillings per tin. The installation of the schools kitchen was completed after school began.

Nurse Sewell returned to the infirmary at Danville, coming by way of Kabati and Imperre where she saw 56 patients. At Danville, she nursed 40 patients and saw two babies die. One was a three-pound, three-day-old twin with pneumonia; the second was a seven-pound, four-month-old child.

Some of the lessons I learned in the bush came through misadventure and mistake. One calamity involved cassavas, goats and sheep. We grew cassava in a field near the orchard as food insurance. The supply of food for the students was unreliable, and the boarders were always hungry. The native custom allowed sheep and goats to roam at will, eating whatever was available. Therein lay our problem. We

put up a stick fence to keep the animals out of the field, but the persistent beasts went through the flimsy fence and ate in our garden.

We sent a runner through the village asking the owners to keep their animals out of our food supply. When the animals continued to forage, we let it be known that we'd catch the invading animals, and they could be redeemed for a one-shilling fine. Still the animals came. We increased the fine to two shillings, then three, and finally five. We eventually had three sheep, tied up and living on our property. The owners didn't recover them, and we were entirely responsible for them.

We sent another messenger through the town, threatening to slaughter one sheep to pay the cost of releasing two. There was no response, so we selected the smallest of the three sheep and carried out our purpose. The town and section chiefs came to witness the butchering, and the sacrificed ewe was found to be pregnant. This intensified the situation, for it was a breach of African culture to interfere with any pregnancy, of a person or an animal. We offered to share the mutton with the pastor, the teachers - anyone! They would take none of the meat.

To make matters worse, we learned that the sheep belonged to a UBA pastor. He had left them in the village when he moved 20 miles away, but he still had relatives, including the town chief, in Gbangbaia.

Because I had killed the ewe, a court messenger delivered a warrant to me. It asked that I admit I was wrong and pay the pastor four times the ewe's value. The case went before Administrative Council and dragged on for three months. In the meantime, our cassava was lost to hungry sheep and goats. I was eventually fined the value of the ewe and told to apologize to the owner. I did that and thenceforth did not use the garden to grow produce for our boarders - or for sheep and goats. I had caused a real palaver.

I committed another indiscretion which involved a mango tree. My office was in a back room of our house, and the window afforded a beautiful view of the orchard and the hills 12 miles east of our home. Because one mango tree obstructed my view of the hills from which came my strength, I instructed the men to cut it down. When Miss Bard returned from her furlough, one of her first questions was, "Who cut down my cherry mango? I had not been told that it was Miss Bards favorite tree, but, of course, I had to confess that I was responsible. Another awkward lesson was learned.

We were very busy the next few months getting the boarding home repaired, the school functioning and the boys fed. To provide food, the men built a fish trap in tidal waters by the wharf. They baited the trap with cassava or scraps of food when the tide was low and left the trap door open, hoping to catch fish feeding inside. The idea was good, but catching fish proved to be an undependable source of food. Many varieties of rice, palm oil and cassava were grown locally, and we bought them when they were available. Dr. Huntleys orchard produced abundantly, but the boys didn't like sour fruits.

After the dry season, we bought fuel wood from farmers before they burned their fields to clear them for planting - an unproductive method called slash and burn. Our men and boys carried many, many head loads of fuel wood to school. The farmers attempted to increase the productivity of their land by alternating crops with this method. All work was done by hand, and no fertilizer was used. The inactive acres were allowed to grow over with brush and trees for five or six years while other sections of land were planted.

Providing meat for the boys meals was very difficult. Sometimes bundles of bunga were delivered from Bonthe. Some days I hunted for bushfowl, which were about the size of a pheasant and very tasty, but I never bagged wild guinea fowl. Once Samuel Baun, a schoolboy who cooked for us, called in a six-pound fretambeau which was welcome eating. We could buy crocodile meat from hunters, and occasionally we could buy mutton or goat meat. Oysters lived on mangrove roots and could be picked from the roots at low tide by men in canoes. When we were dashed chickens, we considered them a delicacy.

Our own boys were educated formally and informally, and Evelyn was an excellent teacher. The Clyde Rehbergs of Milan, Michigan, supplied our boys with Golden Books. I built a desk for Ronnie out of two orange crates connected by a plywood top. He was proud of his school furniture and loved sit on his bench and study at his desk. His heart and mind were being filled with knowledge of the Mende language, culture and people. Thirty years later, he returned as a doctor to the land he loved and directed the 70-bed Mattru Hospital for 16 years.

We collected many memories of our sons in Gbangbaia. Once Norman carelessly lost a ping-pong ball, and his Mommie suggested that a little paddling might teach him to be more careful with his toys. He replied, "Mommie, let me paddle myself," and he did. Norman also informed Evelyn that "Reuben's voice smelled bad." After Mrs. Hux had her baby boy, Ronnie asked, "Is he black or white? When Evelyn was gone for six days at the Women's Institute, Ronnie reminded me that Mommie let him and Norman take turns sleeping with her while I was away, so they took turns sleeping with me.

We delighted in having fresh eggs, but we competed with the hens which hatched the eggs whenever possible. We got a Rhode Island Red cock from the Agriculture Station, and he ran with our ten native hens until we gradually built up a flock of 60 laying hens. One day, we noticed that our flock was smaller. We wondered whether thieves or the dreaded Fowl Plague of the dry season had visited us. It was the disease, and many hens died. I tried to stop the loss by putting medicine in the water, and when a bird appeared dumpy, we killed it, so the meat was not wasted. The flock shrank to 15, then finally to seven. Whether the remainder were resistant to the disease or helped by the medicine, we never knew. It was a great disappointment to have our source of eggs and meat drastically reduced.

We had another shock one night when I was awakened by our dog's persistent barking. I lit a lantern, held it out from our second-story verandah and saw two, cat-like creatures below. Thinking one was a young leopard, I raised my shotgun and fired. Unfortunately, I had killed our friendly yellow tomcat. Our family was terribly sad, but the boarders didn't allow the meat to go to waste.

The long, hot, dry season was the time to make repairs at the mission. The bug-a-bugs had eaten the heart out of many floorboards in the house, so we replaced them. The water in the storage tank was low, so the tank was carefully scrubbed. Years ago, Dr. Huntley and Rev. Earl Ensminger had had the vision to replace the dry well with the storage tank. The 22,500-gallon cement water tank was built partially underground and strengthened by steel rods. Eaves troughs on the house directed rainwater into the tank through a sand and charcoal filter. A 55-gallon tank in the upstairs bathroom was filled daily by hand pump and supplied water for household use. According to Dr. Fleming in his book, *Trail Blazers in Sierra Leone*, Mrs. Huntley bought a tub, stool and lavatory for the house for \$125 and spent \$104 for copper pipe. We always conserved water even though the rainy season filled the tanks.

The convenience of our water supply was not replicated by convenience in travel. We once took a launch to Bonthe on a Friday and another up to Mattru on Saturday to attend a council meeting and a Marking of the Bible ceremony for Daisy Varner and Edward Margai. We went on to Bo to do business and prepared to return by launch to Gbangbaia later that day. After I had carried 18 loads aboard the launch, Lulu, but before my family came aboard, 80 or more nationals with their loads packed the Lulu. Only four inches of freeboard remained. Evelyn decided the launch was too full for them to risk the journey, so they returned to Minnie Mull. I boarded the launch because my 18 loads were somewhere in the mess, but I, too, was worried about the five-mile stretch of open water between Sherbro Island and the mouth of the river. That Saturday, however, the sea was calm, and I arrived at Gbangbaia safely.

On Sunday, another launch from Bonthe arrived, but neither wife nor sons were on board. On Monday, I expected them in Victoria, so I pedaled 16 miles to meet them. When no launch came by 6:30 p.m., I biked home by the light of my flashlight. On Tuesday, a runner came from Victoria saying that Evelyn and the boys had arrived after I left. They were delayed because a rudder chain on their launch had broken, and they had been paddled to Victoria in a dugout canoe which had tipped so badly that Ronnie cried. They spent a hot, mosquitoey night in Pastor Georges parsonage, and the next morning I cycled back to Victoria. Men followed us home, carrying their baggage in head loads. Not until Tuesday afternoon were we all finally at home after a five-day, 70-mile round-trip misadventure.

In church on Easter morning, 1951, Norman spoke his first piece, and his experienced brother also had a part. We gave them Vimto and marshmallows as a thank you.

We were very busy with the Danville School and with the other schools, too. I made frequent trips to the school at Mattru and went down to Victoria quite often. As I passed through the villages where we had or hoped to have schools, I called on the Paramount Chiefs. In one day, I could make a trip in the truck to the schools in Luawa and Gambia and travel by bike down to the Talia school. When I made trips to Bo, I also stopped at Kpetema and Bumpe. Our primary schools were doing quite well, and that was very important to the future success of our secondary school. I met with Dr. Margaret Lusty, Dr. Paul Temple, Lone Driscoll and the other mission Education Secretaries to explore the possibility of establishing a UCC secondary school in Bo.

During the break between the second and third terms of school, our family journeyed to the Imperre Rest House at Gbangbama for a short family vacation. The rest house was built on the highest hill in the area and overlooked the Paramount Chief's town. The house was bare, as furniture could not be left for thieves to take, so our men carried cots, folding chairs and tables in addition to our clothing and food. We arranged to have Oneta H and Isatta stay with us to cook meals. The chief accepted our offer to have a Sunday morning service in the village, at which I preached and our boys sang. Our week on the mountain was peaceful, and we watched the rains, took walks and listened to the chimps that lived in the forest. I went hunting and shot a bushfowl that I dashed the chief.

We discovered that postal workers sometimes opened our incoming mail. If a letter appeared to contain money, it was opened and the money taken. A post office employee was once caught checking a letter of ours against a bright light. Sometimes the boys received packages in response to their letters in the Missionary Monthly.

Anticipating several weddings at the Gbangbaia church and receptions on our verandah, we spruced up the mission house with green paint on the doors and windows. Mattea and I finished the job before Emma Popp and Joseph George were married. Emma was Nurse Bards assistant, and Joseph was the head teacher at Mattru. The Marking of the Bible ceremony had been held months before. Wedding invitations had been sent to the guests and wedding dresses made.

There were, however, special difficulties. Emma had once been engaged to Simeon of Mokelleh and had broken the engagement. The night before the wedding, a police summons came from Simeon demanding the sum of 98 to cover the cost of his pre-nuptial gifts to Emma. A runner was sent to Gbangbama to ask the DCs opinion. He replied that he knew of no legal reason to prevent Emma from marrying Joseph. All seemed in order until the day before the wedding, when we noticed that the mission's Wedding Register had been left in Mattru. Another runner was sent, and he returned with the register just an hour before the ceremony.

The wedding took place as planned, performed by Pastor James Harvey of Mattru and Pastor D.K. Williams of Bo. I was Master of Ceremonies at the reception on the verandah. Rice, ginger tea and cakes were served, and speeches were given to honor Joseph and Emma. The guests who had come on the launch had to leave soon after the ceremony because the tide was receding. When the launch steered through rough water on the Wabai, the part of the route which was open to the sea, everyone got splashed. They became even wetter when it rained as they debarked at P.Z.s wharf in Bonthe.

Our children enjoyed several unusual pets in Gbangbaia. One was a long, slender animal with fine, brown fur that a man brought to the house. He called it a beaver, but I thought it was a young otter. After learning that it was bottle trained, we bargained for a price of six shillings, and it made a friendly, clean pet for the lads.

We also kept a young mongoose, named Squeaker for the sounds he made. He, too, had fine, brown fur and a long, pointed nose which he poked into cracks searching for ants and insects to eat. He loved to be held and to sleep under the bib of my overalls. Squeaker learned that the boys who cooked for us left rice chop on the back of our wood stove to cool. Squeaker could climb up on the stove, lift the lid off the pot and steal a bit of soup for his own meal. He was helpful, for he was very fast and could kill poisonous snakes, and we always kept a lookout for snakes. Once we found a 5 foot 8 inch spitting cobra in the hospital storeroom beside the kitchen.

Another pet, not quite so tame, was a galago. It was like a monkey, but with large eyes, and was most active at night. We kept monkeys, as well as young chimpanzees, at various times, but they didn't make good pets. They had to be tied up and could be destructive. The Scovilles had a young chimp, Cyclops, in the 1960s that learned various tricks, but it was loud and scolding. Daughter Annette kept a praying mantis as a favorite pet years later. She kept it in her bedtent, thinking it ate mosquitoes. She liked to feed it tiny pieces of hamburger.

The school boys put in a pineapple patch near the field of groundnuts and cassava they had planted. The nationals did well raising pineapples at Bonthe, so why not at Gbangbaia? The usual way to propagate a pineapple was to cut off its top, leaving an inch of the base, and plant it in cultivated soil. It took nearly a year to produce a fruit. The disadvantages of growing pineapples were two: 1. They were sweet,

tempting and, therefore, often stolen, and 2. The prickly plants provided a safe hideout for snakes. We used great care when picking them.

We hoped the Fowl Plague would abate with the coming of the dry season and that the remaining hens would be disease resistant. One of them set atop a 55-gallon drum, a safer place, we thought, than nesting in the bush. But as the chicks began to hatch, driver ants devoured them and left only seven empty bundles of down. Raising hens and chicks in the bush was a challenging task.

The third term of school ran from the end of May until mid-August. On rainy days, I worked in my office and prepared preliminary exams for 47 students who hoped to attend teacher training at Union College. I sent estimates of teachers salaries to the government because it paid that expense.

During the rainy season, rains came almost every day and night which made travel to the outlying schools very difficult. Nurse Oneta S once took me to Luawa, and I proceeded alone on my bike to Mokelleh, by way of Bisao, Mogbondo and Kpejebu. The road to Vaama and Gbangbama was terribly muddy, so I pushed my bike, with my shoes off, for four miles. A carrier brought my small suitcase and the magic lantern, and wherever I went, I showed two film strips, The Birth of Christ and The Resurrection, plus a few of my own slides.

A third building was approved for the school at Danville, and we began construction. The new building would have three classrooms, and it lay in line with the first two and was near the soccer field. It had an aluminum roof that rested on wooden beams, and the walls were made of mud blocks. The blocks were made from a certain type of mud and were mixed with the right amount of water. The mixture was stamped into wooden forms, then removed and placed under cover to dry. The blocks were 6 inches thick, 16 inches long, and 8 inches wide. They were joined with cement and then washed with cement to minimize erosion from the heavy rains. The roofs, which overhung the walls by a foot or more, offered the walls additional protection. The building was well ventilated and lasted for years. The men began as day laborers, but worked slowly, so we offered an incentive. Each two-man team was paid 11 pence for each block well made. Block production rose from 30 to 60 per day.

About this same time, a telegram came for Pastor Becker, saying that his elder daughter, Abbie, was terminally ill with malignant tuberculosis in Freetown. He and his son, Melvin, left at once for Mattru where they hoped to catch a ride to Freetown with Pa Sundstrom. By God's intervention, we met two Plymouth Brethren missionaries who lived on a launch and made it available to bring Abbie's body to Danville.

Pastor Becker was a popular and powerful man, not only the local pastor, but also the District Superintendent, so we knew a crowd would descend upon the parsonage for the funeral the next morning. We sent a tin of rice, two big fish, three pounds of sugar, one tin of tea, pineapples and avocado pears to feed the guests. We also sent Dettol and incense to allay the smell of the body that had been dead for 30 hours with no embalming. Our men dug the grave in the Danville cemetery, where nationals and missionaries were interred. Indeed, our son, Norman, was buried there four years later.

The sad funeral was held at the UBA church. Superintendents Dole and Harvey spoke, as did EUB Pastor Gorvie. The hastily made wooden casket was carried 250 yards down the hill to the grave site, but the



grave was too small and had to be enlarged. The odor from the corpse was extremely strong, but the large crowd was silent and reverent.

I set out for Freetown two weeks after the funeral to meet with other Education Secretaries. I left Gbangbaia on my bike with Massaquoi following me, bearing my steel suitcase on his head. Soon heavy rains soaked us. The Bagru River at Moseilelo was high and dangerous, but I kept on and reached Sembahun by noon. My lorry was scheduled to leave at 2 p.m. to meet my train connection at Moyamba, but no Massaquoi arrived and no suitcase. He had rested during the hard rains and finally showed up at 3:20 p.m. Fortunately, I was able to flag a passing lorry and continue my trip.

I caught the night train to Freetown, and as it headed slowly west, the engine humbugged because a water injector had gone bad. I stretched out on my seat to sleep until another, smaller engine came to pull the train. It was unable to pull the load of cars and passengers up hills, so a larger engine was sent from Bauya. The train finally reached Clinetown, a suburb of Freetown, at 8 a.m. I did not want to take a taxi from there into Freetown because a taxis was too expensive and not dependable, so I took a bus into town. I left my heavy suitcase in town and took another bus out to Sundstrom's mission house. It had taken 13 hours to travel 70 miles.

I shopped for Minnie Mull supplies the next day and transferred the purchases to the coastal vessel, Christine, which went to Bonthe. I met with Dr. Lusty and Mr. Donovan about the UBAs proposal for a central secondary school on the mainland, instead of on Sherbro Island. We thought there were not enough primary students on the island to support a central school. We discussed the governments financial assistance to our schools: Talia and the new school at Bo were given full support; Kpetema and Victoria were given partial assistance; Luawa and Mokelleh were too poor and given no funds.

On August 10, the water tank was refilled, and a man from Gbangbama brought us 13 pounds of fresh beef, the first wed had since January! We ate hamburgers for lunch and beef soup for dinner. August 11, the end of the third school term, was the day our students took the preliminary teacher-training exams at Union College. Josie Walter scored the highest and Lloyd Becker placed second out of 25 Standard VI students. The future for UBA schools looked bright because its students were becoming teachers and its primary schools were receiving financial assistance from the government.

We were eager to begin our third year in Sierra Leone, and we gave God all the glory for the progress in kingdom building. On September 9, 18 boys arrived in Danville to begin the last term of the school year. It was a busy term, for I supervised the construction at Gbangbaia and the planning of the new school at Mattru, in addition to my duties as Education Secretary.

As I prepared to leave for Mattru one day, three-year-old Norman made a request I could not resist. "Daddy, you'll be lonesome if you go alone. If you'll take me, I'll walk up all the hills, and you won't get lonesome." So we pedaled to Kabati where we ate our sack lunch and arrived in Gendema just ahead of a hard rain. We rested on a verandah until the rain ceased and went on with an oilcloth wrapped around Norman. We reached the hospital by 6 p.m., and Normans arrival pleased the nurses.

In the morning, Headmaster George and I crossed the small Tondevoi Stream and walked a half-mile up the Jong River to measure a 40 acre tract of level land for the school. We could see the village of Senehun on the opposite side of the river. As Norman and I pedaled home, it rained again, but I covered

my traveling companion with a rice bag. We reached home in six hours, and Ronnie was tickled to have his playmate back.

At the start of the third term, 2,050 mud blocks had been made for the buildings at Mattru. By October 3,096 blocks were dry or drying under all kinds of shelters. When the rainy season ended, we dug a foundation, and the boys carried buckets of sand from the river for making cement. We used the same process with the rocks for the foundation. Each bucket of rocks or sand was counted, so the boys were credited the proper amount for their work. It was time-consuming work for carriers and counters. As we poured the foundation, we decided to make the building 60 instead of 57 feet long.

Collecting and storing building materials was a long, drawn-out process because the river was our road, and all work was done by hand. As the foundation was laid, we stood iron pipes on it at intervals. We built forms around the pipes using sawed lumber. Then we built a platform so cement could be lifted and poured into the wooden forms. The pillars supported the heavy roof plates which in turn supported the rafters, the ridge pole and roof boards. We erected one pillar, sometimes two, in a day if we had no rain and enough sand.

We found men who knew how to select, cut and hew the trees for the long roof plates which were fastened onto the pipes in the pillars. We located and brought in small, straight trees for rafters. The timber was carried to the nearest navigable stream or river, then to our wharf and finally up to the building site. It was work, work, work to make the trees fit. We finished the plates, rafters and ridge pole on November 7. On December 8, I helped the carpenters plumb the walls for doors and windows. We washed the outside walls with cement and built chalkboards to serve as room partitions. We made good progress.

The hunting was best at the end of the rainy season when rice, yams and cassava were harvested. I once shot two bush fowl and a nice woodcock in workman Joe's cocoa yam field. Another time, as I was crossing the ferry near Mattru, I met three men bringing pigmy hippo meat to the Madame Chief. Pigmy hippo were very scarce in Sierra Leone. Crocodiles were not scarce, and we often came upon them lying on mud banks in the sun. I could shoot them as we journeyed by launch. Some time previously, we had ordered root beer concentrate from the US. With it, we made 26 bottles of root beer and stored them in the coolest, darkest place for a special occasion. Ev kept us happy with her freshly baked breads, cinnamon rolls and batches of guava jelly.

After the rainy season, our chickens began to multiply again. One old biddy sat upon 13 eggs and hatched every one; another hen hatched 12 beautiful red chicks. One night we awakened when a rooster squawked. He was still there the next morning, which surprised us, for we thought someone had snatched him.

We had times of plenty, and we had our share of sadness. One day Theodore Wilberforce was carried into the mission in a hammock, terribly weak. He belonged to the famed UB family that Dr. Fleming wrote of in Volume One of Trail Blazers in Sierra Leone. Evelyn sent medicine to Theodore, but he died in the evening of pneumonia complicated by congestive heart failure. It was quite obvious that he had observed the Mende custom of returning to his home village to die. He was buried in the cemetery the next day. Pastor Becker gave the eulogy.

Francis Palmer, a former Danville boy who became a successful factor for a European firm, also returned to Gbangbaia to die of advanced tuberculosis. He called others and me to his bedside and handed me a bag containing 300 in coins. Francis asked me to use the money to pay the school fees for his children, and with this transaction, he demonstrated his faith in the mission and provided for his children.

During the work on the school buildings in Gbangbaia, we heard that the church and school at Torma Bum, in the Bum Chiefdom across the Sewa River, wanted to come under the supervision of the UBA mission. I went to Mattru to investigate the matter, and Pastor Dole came along to act as guide and interpreter. I should add here that I always traveled with a national who could interpret for me and guard my belongings. The Chevy took us to Tihun where we called on the Paramount Chief, and then we cycled on the bush path through high swamp grass to Senjehun on the Sewa River. We crossed the river by canoe and reached Torma by way of Madina, a decaying station. At Torma, a school of 46 children, plus the church, flourished. Several people in that section were educated, and girls from Senjehun and Torma were enrolled at Minnie Mull. The people knew of the UBA and wanted it to take over the Torma station. Mr. Carpenter, a factor at a firm in Senjehun, promised there would be 20 children if we also opened a school and church in Senjehun. He treated us to a meal of rice with chicken.

At Administrative Council the next day, we resolved to ask the government to assign former UBA students Millicent Graham, Victor Harvey, and A. James to teach at UBA schools after their graduation from NJala College. The government usually granted our requests. We also sought approval for schools at Gambia, Kabati, Kagbiame, Nganyagoihun, Tihun, Torma, and later, at Senjehun. At a UCC meeting the following week, the members decided to assume responsibility at Torma. Miller and I arranged to lease land at Gambia, Kagbiama, Kabati and Tihun for schools.

For Evelyn's birthday on December 7, I presented her with a string of beads like Mende women wore around their hips. She was also given hankies from Isatta, two pillowcases with Bible verses embroidered on them and a necklace.

December 17 was the end of the school year, and the boarders checked out. We also left, going by launch in a reserved cabin, straight to Freetown. The boys enjoyed the ride, but Evelyn was seasick most of the way. When we reached the P.Z. wharf, Pa Sundstrom took us to the mission house in King Tom, a section of Freetown.

After a restful night, Ev and I went shopping. She stocked up on groceries while I bought hardware for our building needs, and the boys choose one, inexpensive toy. We bought shoes or sandals for each of us, and I secretly bought a camel-skin bag and a bottle of cologne for Evelyn's Christmas. We went to the Palm Line and placed our names on the passenger list for passage to the US in mid-July. We signed up Bernadine and the Parkers for an early spring trip. A group of us went to the ocean at Lumley Beach where the young and old enjoyed being rolled over by the waves.

We left Freetown the next day at 4:30 a.m. with a loaded pickup and didn't have a flat tire until 100 miles out. We bought three gallons of gas, crossed on the Bumpo ferry and went on our way. We stopped to investigate an odd noise and found a rear wheel was loose and ready to fall off! Thank the Lord it had not, for we were heavily loaded and driving fast to catch a launch to Bonthe. A bolt had come loose and fallen inside the wheel, and since I couldn't fix it, I sent Evelyn and the boys to Mattru on a passing lorry while I caught another to find Pa Fix-It Miller. He knew what to do, for the same wheel had

come off as he was driving. We fixed the truck, and Pa and I saw five bushcats as we traveled back to Mattru late that night.

I was down at the Mattru wharf very early in the morning to hire a launch. When I saw one preparing to leave, I rushed to get the family and the load from the pickup aboard, but the launch pulled away from shore without us. We knew if we took a later launch, we'd miss a connecting launch at Gbangbaia. In order to catch that launch, we borrowed two bikes from the nurses at the hospital and hired three carriers for the materials we most needed, the rest to come later by launch. We hired two other men to carry a hammock in which the boys alternately bobbed along. Norman rode much of the way standing on my bike frame. We left overland at 9:15 a.m. on a cool day and reached home at 3:45 p.m. We just had time to get the fridge and cook stove going before three missionaries from Bonthe arrived to spend Christmas with us. That was Saturday, December 22.

Ronnie was up three times during the night on Christmas Eve to see if Santa had come. Finally, at 6 a.m., we dressed the boys, Santa arrived, and the boys opened their gifts. For Christmas dinner, we had two ducks with dressing, mashed potatoes and gravy, peas and carrots, mince pie and Kool-Aid. Groups of dancers came during the day, singing, Merry Christmas! We no die yet, and pounding on their tin cans.

Christmas was followed by Boxing Day, which the workmen had off, so I carried firewood and pumped water into the bathroom drum. Evelyn baked bread, and our missionary friends returned to Bonthe.

## 1952

In January 1952, we completed the building at Danville and set February 29 for its dedication. We had time to paint blackboards, put in challah mat ceilings, pour cement floors and install doors and protective metal over the windows.

Leaders of the Imperre Chiefdom came one day for a visit, and they were so impressed by the new building and the success of the boarding home that they wanted the new secondary school in their chiefdom. They were prepared to grant us choice land for its construction, at no cost to us. We invited the Paramount Chief and chiefdom officials to the dedication and their students to the grand Sports Day.

On the day of dedication, we gave tours of the grounds, organized sporting competitions for all the nearby schools and served a big rice feast to everyone. We concluded the day with special fireworks, and to our great Lord we ascribed all the praise and glory.

Nurse Emma Popp George was very sick with tuberculosis at that time. Rumors said her illness had come as a curse from the man, Simeon, whom she had refused to marry. Nurse Bard took care of her for two months. Emma would have good days and then become worse.

As April approached, we got word that Rev. G.D. Fleming, Executive Secretary of UB Missions, would arrive from the States for a visit. On April 1, I left Gbangbaia for Mattru, and as I pedaled along, I wondered how I might pull an April Fool's joke on the nurses at the hospital. They always played jokes on us, like putting cardboard in our lunch sandwiches. So, as I came through Mattru, I stopped at the telegraph office and asked to use a yellow telegraph form. On this I wrote: "To the Mattru Hospital Staff:

Dr. Fleming and I are coming today by train to Mano, thence to Mattru by lorry. Expect to arrive around 6:30 p.m. From Pastor Sundstrom. I dashed the delivery man to take this telegram to the nurses at the hospital, and then I delayed in town awhile before I rode out to the hospital.

When I arrived, Oneta S and Juanita hardly greeted me as they rushed around, all excited because they weren't cleaned up and had no dinner prepared for their guests. They frantically searched their pantry for food to celebrate Dr. Flemings first visit to the new hospital. I casually asked to see the telegram that had caused their consternation, and I scribbled April Fool on it and handed it back to Juanita. She read it, silently handed it to Oneta, and then they both collapsed onto nearby chairs. They had been completely fooled by the telegram and now were completely relieved. Yes, we had fun on the mission field.

Dr. Fleming did arrive, but on his schedule, not mine. He visited his friends and the three mission stations where he had served from 1912 to 1932. He had been away for 20 years, but his former Minnie Mull and Danville students gave him a warm welcome. Wherever he went, receptions were held and students greeted him. He, in turn, gave wonderful messages and compelling invitations at the revivals. He spoke to 130 missionaries, pastors and teachers on his final Sunday.

At Danville on Good Friday, a national carried a ten-foot cross that I had built into church at the beginning of the service. It was used to illustrate how Christ died for mankind. For our Friday dinner, Evelyn prepared sandwiches made with freetambeau meat. We had no chickens to eat, for they were dying, I discovered, from tumors on their livers.

After Easter, Emma George called her husband and several of us to her bedside. She knew she was dying, and she stated clearly that she was giving her house to her husband. On May 24, she was carried to her birthplace, Mogbwemo, and died there on June 2. A good Christian nurse graduated to glory.

In the weeks before we left on furlough, I visited as many of our schools as possible - Mattru, Luawa, Talia, Gambia, Torma Rum, Kpetema, Bumpe, Bo, Kenema and Segbwama. Erma Funk planned to carry on as Education Secretary during my leave. Just when we wanted to begin packing for the trip home, Norman and then Ronnie came down with the mumps; I had a round of boils, three at a time.

We packed cases of clothes and sent off two of them and a metal box to Freetown. We followed with additional boxes on June 23 as a crowd waved us off to Bonthe. We stayed at Minnie Mull for two nights because rain continued, but we enjoyed a surprise sing-song and good-bye party during our wait. We finally left against the rising current for Mattru where Miller transported us and our loads to the nurses home.

Miller pulled me aside and informed me that he and Erma thought the new secondary school should be away from Gbangbaia but near Mattru, across from the hospital on the Bo road. I was upset at the possible change of plans just as I was leaving, for I didn't know how the new location could provide water for the school, sand for building and fulfill our commitments to the Imperre chief.

Erma, Miller and I left for Bo the next morning with a truck full of baggage. In addition to our possessions, we carried Oneta Sewell's crated motorcycle and her boxes of books. Several miles from Bo, the lorry had a flat tire - the tire and the tube were cut - and we had no spare. We patched the tube and put a canvas boot in the tire to help it hold air, and we rotated the tires. Three miles out of Bo, another tire went flat, so Miller and I walked to Bo between showers and bought a new tire and tube.

From Bo, Miller sent our load to Freetown by rail while I returned to Matru to order supplies for school next year and help Ev pack the rest of our belongings.

The final segment of the journey to Freetown was taken in a pickup. Evelyn, Oneta S and Miller were in front, while Ronnie, Norman, Tommy Kope, our helper, and I ate our chicken lunch in back under a tarp. In usual fashion, a tie rod dropped off the lorry, but we wired it back on and reached Freetown late in the afternoon. Our ship, the Sherbro, was delayed a few days, so I helped with cement work at Sundstrom's new church. Ronnie lost two baby teeth after we arrived in Freetown.

On the Fourth of July, we went to customs to check on the cases wed sent from Bonthe to Freetown. What a disappointment awaited us! The steel cases had been cut open by a sharp instrument, and our most valuable belongings stolen. What remained had been spoiled by sea water or mildew. Evelyn's wedding dress, coats, sweaters, dresses, embroidered gifts for friends and more were all gone or ruined. Miller and I repacked our damaged trunks, and we shopped to replace lost items. In the afternoon, we joined the Americans in town for a Fourth of July picnic.

The Sherbro arrived in the harbor on July 6, and the boys were quite excited. On departure day, July 8, we had to maneuver Oneta's motorcycle and our crummy luggage through customs. We watched men load ginger, big mahogany logs, piassava and a menagerie of monkeys and chimps on board. The ship weighed anchor at 3 p.m., and after two days at sea, reached Dakar, Senegal. We strolled on the wharf and bought a few ivory souvenirs as the ship took on 100 tons of fuel.

We had no severe storms during our 14-day voyage for which Oneta and Evelyn were grateful. One day when the swells increased and the wind blew hard, the sound reminded me of Michigan winters. Every day we were brought morning tea in our cabins at 7 a.m., and after calisthenics, breakfast was served at 8:30 a.m. Coffee was ready in the lounge at 11 a.m., and lunch was served at 1 p.m. We had tea again at 4 p.m. and dinner was at 7 p.m. We never went hungry!

Our boys thoroughly enjoyed the trip. They liked to go to the zoo to see the monkeys and chimps or watch the sailors swab the decks. The friendly crew played darts, Snakes and Ladders and other games with them, and one sailor wanted to sell us his monkey for \$10. We gave the boys small coin purses, and for the first time, they put a coin in a machine and retrieved a cold bottle of pop.

Since I was a former Navy officer, I was informed of the ships daily progress, which was usually 300 nautical miles, and welcomed up on the bridge. I heard an announcement over the ships radio that General Eisenhower had received the Republican nomination for US President. Each day I walked three miles, or 80 turns, around the deck. I used my time to figure out that in the past three years I had traveled about 15,000 miles - by lorry, pickup, train, launch, bicycle and on foot.

Our ship sailed into New York harbor on July 22 and dropped anchor. It took two hours to get our baggage and Oneta's motorcycle out of the hold and through customs. We bought tickets for Fort Wayne at the Pennsylvania train station and were prepared to leave when Oneta suddenly appeared. She had missed her train, so we got her aboard with us as our train began to move. We headed home for our furlough.



**The Horace & Bessie Baker family, 1941.  
Gene, Jeanette, DeWitt.**



**DeWitt Baker, grade-school student, c.1929.**



**"Bum" Baker, Huntington College, 1939.**

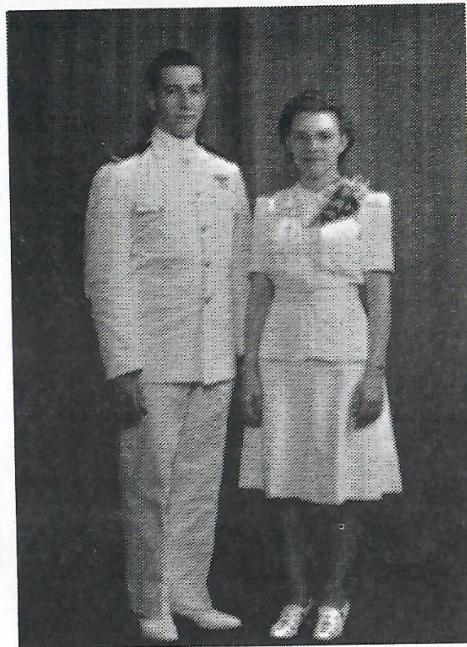


**"Baker's Birches" Cottage at Lake Piatt, c. 1953.**





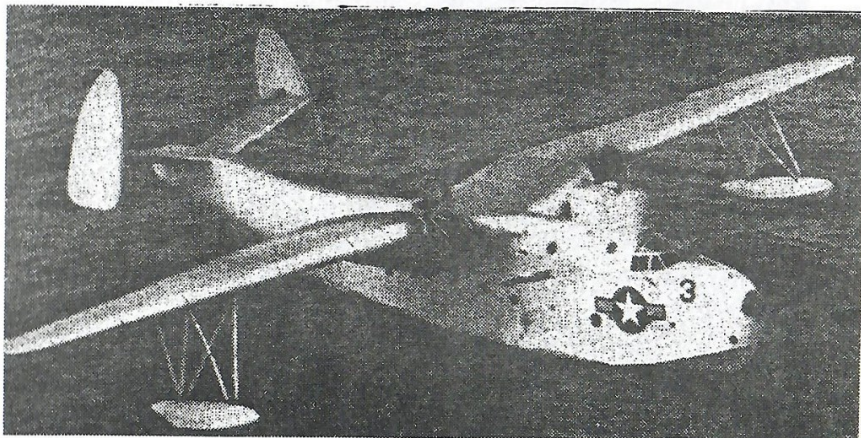
**The Lawrence and Nellie Middaugh family, 1942.  
Evelyn & DeWitt Baker, Alvena & Phil Dolby,  
Paul, Beulah & Judy Middaugh.**



**Newlyweds DeWitt & Evelyn Baker, August 16, 1942.**



Pilot Baker at the controls of a PBM, c.1943.



PBM (Patrol Bomber by Martin), c.1943.



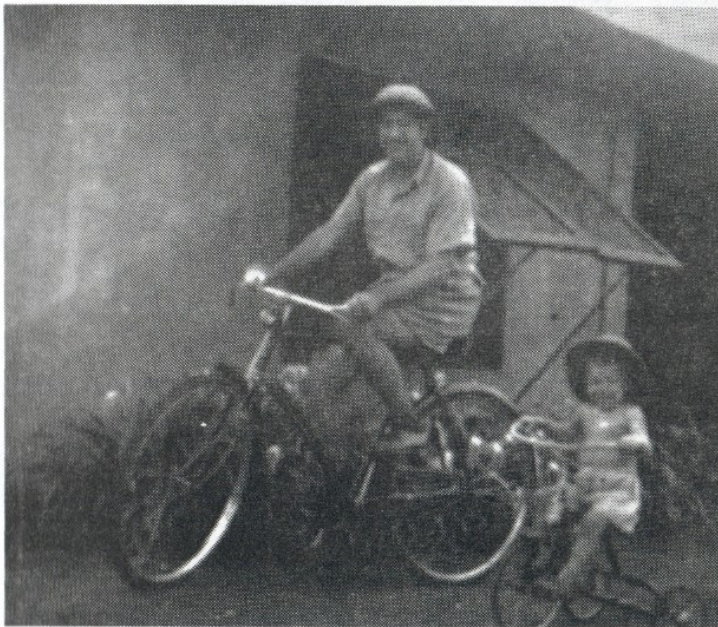
ready to leave for Sierra Leone, 1949.  
DeWitt, Evelyn, Ronnie & Norman Baker



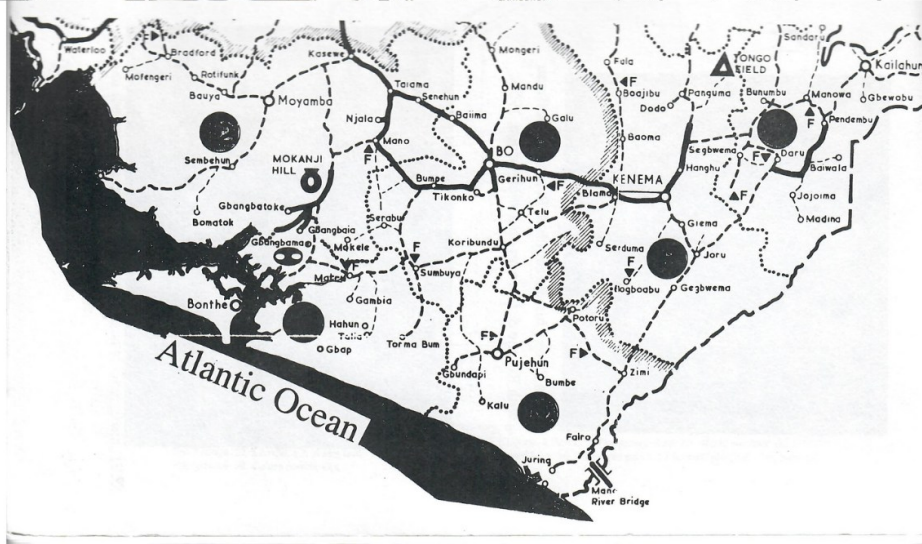
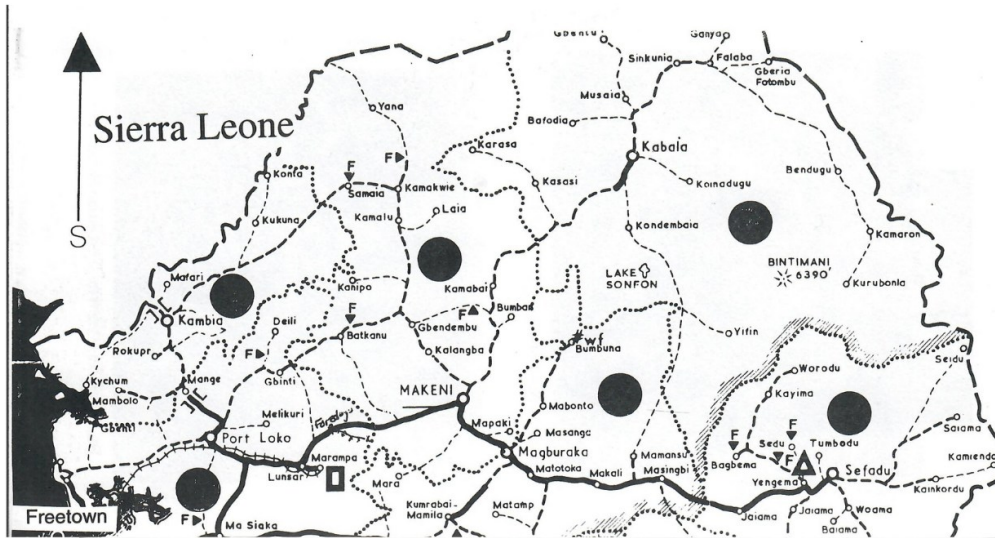
DeWitt, Evelyn, Ronnie, Joyce & Annette Baker  
home on furlough, 1961.



Norman & Ronnie carrying head loads, 1951.



Bush travelers, DeWitt & Norman Baker, 1951.

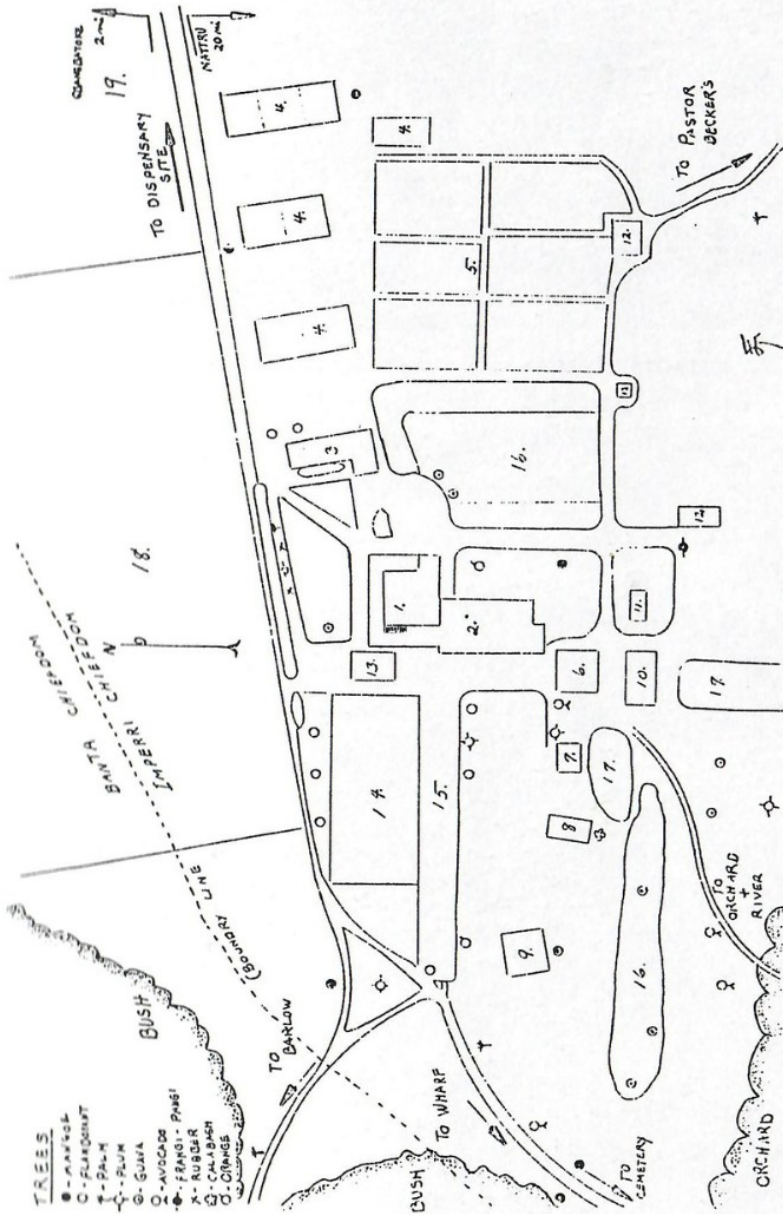




**Evelyn Baker, Juanita Smith & Bernadine Hoffman  
with Ronnie & Norman on a stick bridge, 1950.**

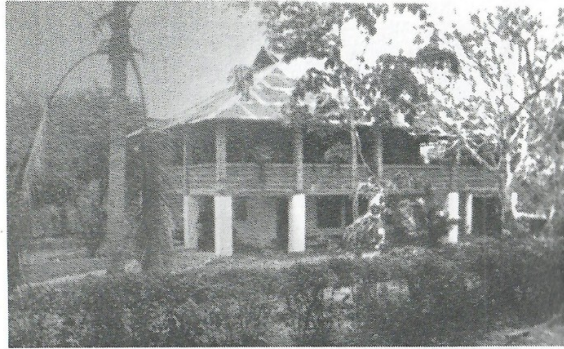


**Hammock carriers, 1951**

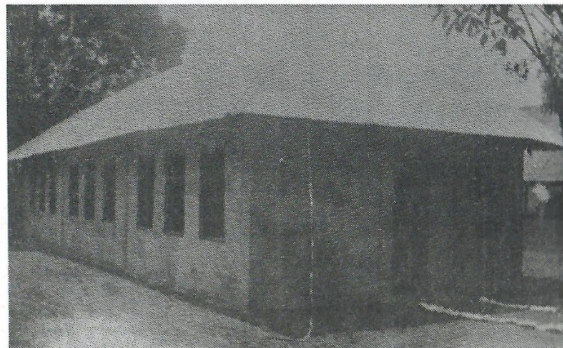


Map of the grounds of the Danville Station at Gbangbaia, 1952.

Drawn by Evan Towne.



**Danville Station - Mission House above,  
Boys' Dorm and Dispensary below, 1951.**



**New three-room Primary School at Gbangbaia, 1952.**



**Students lining up for a meal, 1952.**





**Porro Devil with grass costume & wooden mask, c.1952.**



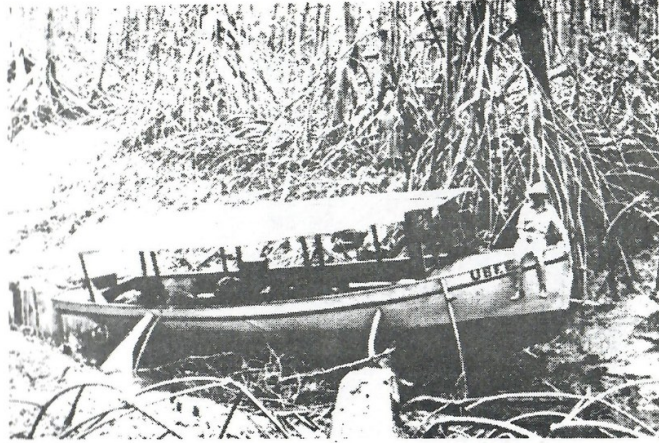
**Students pounding hulls off grains of rice, 1952.**



Principal Baker & friend, 1955.



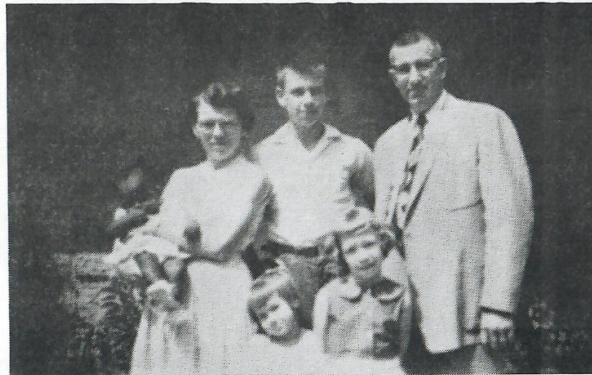
Home School - Ronnie, Evelyn & Norman, 1955.



Launch in a mangrove swamp, similar to the launch on which Norman was killed.



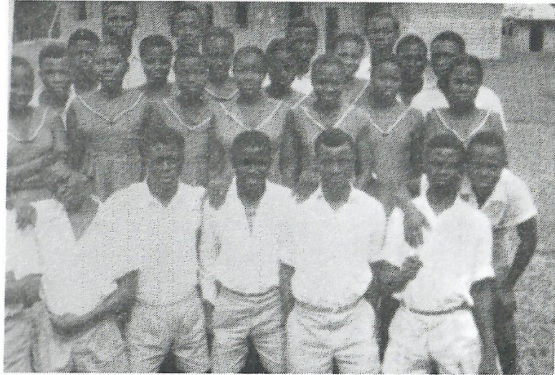
Norman's burial, Danville Cemetery, Gbangbaia, 1955.



**Baby Melodie Pratt with Evelyn,  
DeWitt, Ron, Joyce & Annette Baker, 1960.**



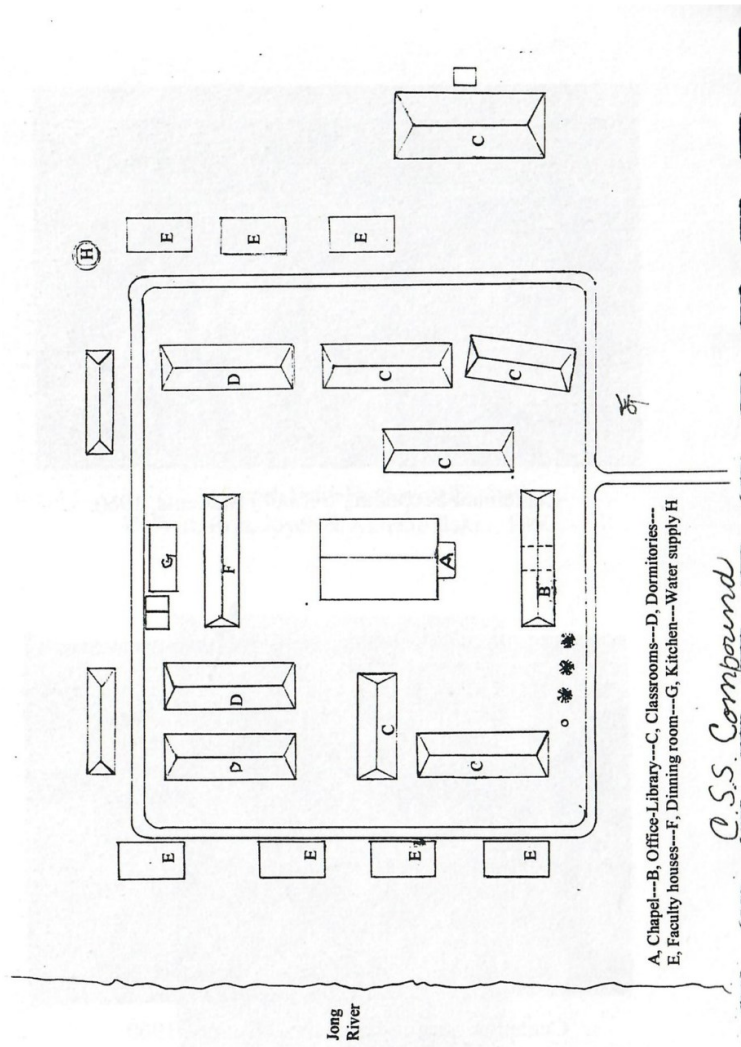
**Sierra Leone baby carriers,  
Annette Baker & friend Evelyn Samba, 1960.**



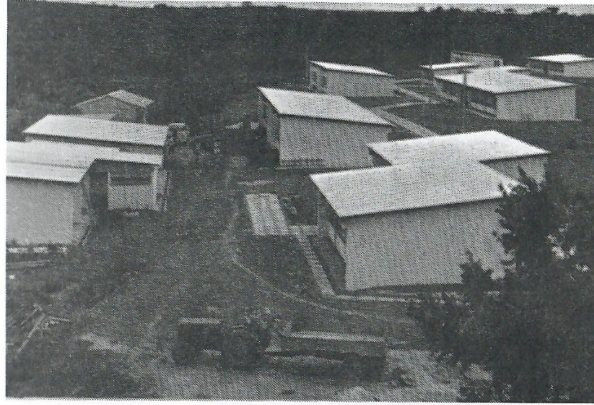
Centennial Secondary School ) Students, 1960.



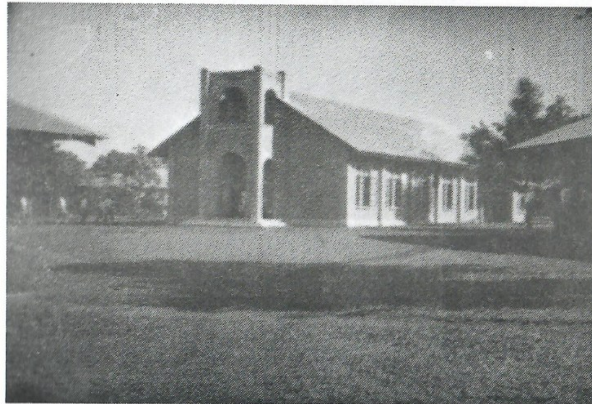
Centennial Secondary School Faculty, 1960  
back row: Abraham George, Rita Wild, Francis Sharkah,  
John Harrop, DeWitt Baker front row: Zenora Williams,  
June Brown, Joseph Kpenge, Fred Samba



Map of grounds of CSS in 1965.  
 Drawn by Evan Towne.



**Bumpe High School in 1965.**



**Greater Love Chapel in 1965.**

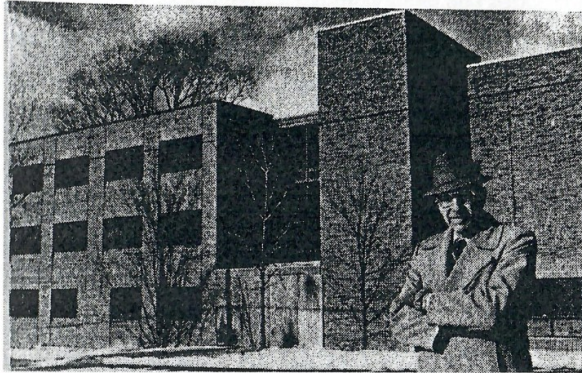


The Freshman President receives his beanie from Sophomore Ron.



The new President's family, 1965.  
DeWitt, Ron, Annette, Joyce & Evelyn.





**President Baker & Baker Hall, 1982.**



**Annette, Evelyn & Joyce Baker, 1997.**

# CHAPTER SIX

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FURLOUGH: 1952 to 1953

## 1952

I had only 35 in my pocket when we arrived in Fort Wayne, so I cashed a \$100 travelers check. We ate a good breakfast, but I thought 70 was a bit high for a meal of rolled oats and coffee. Dad M had hauled a trailer to the station to carry our bags home, but none of our luggage came with us on the train.

Norman had been only one-and-a-half years old when we left for Sierra Leone, so he didn't remember his Grampa Middaugh. Dad M bought chewing gum and a candy bar for each of the boys, and after receiving his gift, Norman remarked, Grampa is a very nice man.

The next month was a whirl of visiting relatives and friends in Michigan and Ohio, of settling in for our furlough year and of speaking at UB churches about missions. We bought back Black Beauty, the car that wed sold to Emma Hyer six years before, and before long, it required a new master brake cylinder. It also had a flat tire.

We rented a farmhouse near Hanover, Michigan, for \$50 a month, and I signed a contract to teach for the year at Hanover High School for \$3,600. We heard from Sierra Leone that Dr. Fleming had dedicated the Campbell Street Church in Freetown. In the US, Adalai Stevenson was nominated to be the Democratic candidate for President.

On August 16, our anniversary, the boys were up early to lawn the mower, and I gave Ev an accordion to take back to Sierra Leone. We attended the Auglaize Centennial Conference and showed our slides of Sierra Leone. Bishop Eby and Bishop Johnson preached, and Ev, the boys and I sang to an overflow crowd. The Otterbein men, dressed in the fashion of 1852, formed a male chorus.

As soon as it was possible, we joined Gene and Mom B at Piatt Lake, our other home. They had rented two adjoining apartments for us to live in while we built our cabin. Gene and I dug a foundation to support the blocks that held the center joists. We fished, of course, and Ronnie caught three fish by himself. Two Baker duets, Ev and I and Ronnie and Norman, sang for an evening church service.

We returned to Hanover a week later for the start of the school year, but the opening of school was postponed until September 15 because 50 cases of polio had been confirmed in Hillsdale County. The polio epidemic and other illnesses affected our life. Our Navy friend, Millard Dority, died from polio, and cousin Edith Bartlett was critically ill. Uncle Curtis Clark died from TB. Ev and I sang at Will Balcoms funeral.

We moved into the farmhouse and discovered the former renters had left behind two dogs and three cats, 35 hens, four ducks, a sow and her litter. We certainly had chores to do! Ron entered Mrs. Folks first-grade class, and Norman registered for Kindergarten. I was assigned to teach biology, science and

algebra at Hanover. During the school year, Evelyn and I itinerated on weekends, and we spoke at a total of 58 churches during our furlough, 31 of them were United Brethren.

Just before Thanksgiving, our rented farmhouse was sold, and we were given 30 days to find another house. With the help of friends, we loaded a trailer with boxes and moved into a furnished house owned by Mrs. Dancer. As was our custom, we had a flat tire.

We shared one Thanksgiving dinner with 30 of the Baker clan and another with the Middaugh's. At our first Christmas celebration with the Middaugh's on December 23, Dad M gave the boys toolboxes he had made. We had filled the boxes with tools, and the boys were thrilled. On Christmas Day in Michigan, we invited 28 for dinner in our home. Uncle Wilbur dressed as Santa and scared our boys, but they especially enjoyed the new Lincoln Logs he gave them. On the 28th, the Detroit Lions defeated the Cleveland Browns, 77 to 7, and won the National Football League Championship. I took Mom B to church in the evening and had, yes, another flat tire.

School resumed soon after Christmas to make up the days that were lost in the fall. I took a load of students to Hillsdale for the church-night roller skate, and Ronnie came along and skated very well. We ended 1952 at the Watch Night service.

## 1953

January was full of classes and snow, and it was uneventful except that Dwight Eisenhower was inaugurated as US President on January 20. Dr. Lusty wrote to me from Freetown and asked me to come teach at Union College. I declined. Another letter said the new secondary school would definitely be built at Matru, not Gbangbaia. Bernadine returned to Sierra Leone in early February.

Pastor Waldfogel from Olive Branch UB Church preached at our church, and he and his three sons came home for dinner with us. I took our family to the Caylor-Nickel Medical Center in Bluffton, Indiana, to have physical exams for Sierra Leone.

In April, Evan and Mary Towne drove up from Huntington to talk with us because they expected to go to Gbangbaia in June and take our place directing the Danville School. We talked about Sierra Leone and looked at photos until 1:15 a.m. Dr. Fleming called us at the end of the month and asked if we could return to Sierra Leone two months early. I replied No, for I had many responsibilities.

Before the end of the school year, the boys caught the chicken pox and then the measles. My students and I planted 750 red and white pine seedlings on Ralph Folks farm, and I took the Hanover girls to hear the HC choir sing at the Hillsdale UB Church.

When school ended for the boys and me, Ev and I packed our belongings, and Phil Dolby helped haul our boxes to Genes where most were to be stored. The Hanover Church gave us a farewell party and a lovely friendship quilt.

On June 10, we returned to Piatt Lake for a final visit before we departed for our second term. Gene, Berna and Mom B came along, and we all stayed in Bennetts log cabin near our lot. We saw ten deer on our site, and the kids crept up close to a fawn before it bounded away.

Gene and I brought in cement for the chimney footings. Then Maynards and I went to Sault St. Marie to buy shingles and nails while Gene worked on the cabin flooring. He and I finished the subflooring and erected the studs on the west end of the cabin. Gene bought windows and window trim, and we raised the inside partitions and plates. Mr. Smith, our 79-year-old neighbor, helped us put up the diagonal sheeting. We worked very long days because our time at the lake was short.

Our sleep one night was interrupted by the rattling of the back door. I put on a light and found an old coon climbing up the screen door, trying to get inside because he had been attracted by the smell of food in the kitchen. We went back to bed, unruffled by the activity of wildlife around us.

Mom and Dad M arrived at the lake with Uncle Edwin and Aunt Ruby to work and fish. Our crew nailed up more sheeting, cut rafters, put them in place and laid roof boards. Mom B pitched in and put up shingles on the cabin wall. The mosquitoes were not bothersome because there was a constant, cool wind. Uncle Edwin and I caught 33 perch one evening. After church on Sunday, we picnicked at Tahquamenon Falls and drove on to Whitefish Point. In the evening, we gathered at home for popcorn.

When I had laid the chimney foundation in the exact center of the house, I had forgotten that the ridge pole spanned the middle of the cabin. When I discovered my mistake, we moved the chimney footing four inches forward and built in a chimney closet to hold the saws, shovels and tools.

Dad M and Uncle Edwin shingled the rear roof, and Dad M sheeted the northwest gable. Before they left for home, we had laid all the cement blocks for the chimney. I continued working alone to build the window frames, and Ev helped me sheet the outside of the cabin. The final chore was to slip the boat under the cabin for protection and store the unused materials inside. We proudly surveyed the work we had accomplished and turned our minds and hearts toward Sierra Leone.

We drove to Genes to pack, and then we returned to Huntington where we shared our slides of Sierra Leone at the Grayston Avenue, Etna Avenue and College Park UB churches. We also visited with Evan and Mary Towne who were about to depart for their three-year term in Sierra Leone.

Friends supported our return in many ways. Russ and Thelma Neterer donated a case of dried beef; Wilma Monroe gave us seven Yale locks. Charles Vance of Dayton, with whom I'd hunted deer in the Upper Peninsula, offered me a rifle, and Lida Kellogg gave us an old steamer trunk. The boys were given slingshots, and they practiced aiming at starlings in a barn.

As we waited at Mom Bs for notice to leave, the boys went to Daily Vacation Bible School at North Reading Church, and they and I helped Uncle Gene bale hay. Gene and I returned to Piatt Lake with Berna and their daughters, so he and I could build bunk beds in one bedroom. We drove a well point 32 feet to reach good water. We finished the flooring just after midnight on Saturday, July 11, and returned home after church on Sunday to help thresh wheat. Before our furlough was over, we called on our friend, Rev. Markley, who had a church in Berrien Springs.

Finally word came from Dr. Flemming about our departure. He called to say we would leave the next Saturday, July 24, at 7:10 p.m. We would travel by train to Montreal, by ship to LeHavre, France, by train to Paris and by plane to Freetown. Dr. Fleming was anxious for us to leave because Evelyn was in the sixth month of her third pregnancy. At the same time, the Ackermans were returning to Honduras, Alice Blodgett was leaving New York for Sierra Leone, and the Townes departure date was August 14.

We immediately returned to Dad M's in Ohio. We picked up the pace of our preparations and helped Dad M with Vacation Bible School while we packed. We were allotted 170 pounds for air travel, and we packed additional containers to send by ship. John Rutledge transported the luggage to Huntington, all 1700 pounds of it, and stored it in Jerry Townes garage until it was shipped. We received our money and tickets from UB Headquarters, and we sent off a farewell letter to 200 friends. The Otterbein Church held a good-bye party for us, which featured its famous homemade ice cream.

On Saturday morning, July 24, we drove to Michigan to sell our Dodge to Rev. Brockway for \$500. We met the Baker/Dickey relatives in Cold Springs Park for a reunion, and afterwards, Frank and his family took us to the train in Montpelier. As we left, Norman called back, See you in three years! Little did he or we know that he would be with the Lord in Heaven before then. We left at 7:10 on the evening train and reached Detroit at 8:55 p.m. We transferred to a sleeper and bedded down at 10:30 p.m. Our second term had begun.}

# CHAPTER SEVEN

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PRINCIPAL, SECOND TERM: 1953 to 1955

## 1953

We awoke on Canadian soil and ate our breakfast in the dining car for \$3. In Toronto, we changed trains for Montreal and arrived there at 4:20 p.m. A cab took us to the Queens Hotel where our room cost \$12; meals and tips totaled \$6.65 per day. After we mailed letters home, we rode a streetcar to see our waiting ship, the Groote Beer.

Every day on the voyage, the missionaries on board gathered in the theater for morning devotions and evening prayer meetings. I often led the singing for the worship services, and, in place of hymnals, we used copies of hymns that I'd typed. We proposed that our offerings be used to buy English hymnbooks for the Dutch ship.

Some days, we enjoyed sitting on deck, watching the scenery along the St. Lawrence River, but other days, even though it was July, were rainy and biting cold. Out on the Atlantic, the weather continued to be cold and foggy, and the ship passed icebergs in the night.

As the Groote Beer steered out into the open Atlantic past the northern tip of Newfoundland, several passengers got seasick from the roll of the ship. Evelyn left the breakfast table and dashed her cookies. When the missionaries went below for prayers after supper, up came Ev's meal again. Many of us took pills to combat seasickness, and Evelyn eventually became less pale and more accustomed to the ship's movements.

As the weather grew sunny and warm, we played shuffleboard on deck and enjoyed many on-board activities. A dance was held in the hall above our room one night, and we participated only in that we were kept awake. Ronnie and Norman got haircuts and a rubber ball from the barber for 17 each. Ev ironed our clothes while I wrote letters to mail when the ship docked briefly in Southampton, England.

We sailed into LeHavre, France, and boarded a train for Paris. In Paris the next morning, we spent an hour at the railroad station searching fruitlessly for our baggage, and finally took a taxi to the airfield where we learned that we could leave for Sierra Leone at 10:55 a.m. We praised the Lord! Whooof and we were off!

The plane was a 4-engine Constellation that carried 138 passengers. We flew over Spain, which looked very dry, then Gibraltar and the Mediterranean. We landed in Dakar, Senegal, having traveled 2,650 miles in ten hours. In Dakar, we left four of our containers as bond with Air France and spent the night at its rest house which was hot, moldy and smelly.

From Dakar, we flew in a 128-passenger plane at 3,500 feet to Freetown's Lungi Airport. We cleared Immigration and Customs, and a bus transported us eight miles to the dock where we took the boat

across the mouth of the Sierra Leone River to Freetown. Rev. Burkett was waiting and welcomed us at 5 p.m.

We were back in familiar territory and felt at home immediately. We learned that the Sundstroms had left Sierra Leone for the US three weeks ago and that Alice Blodgett had just arrived and would go to Mattru tomorrow. We sent letters about our arrival upcountry with Alice, and we wired the same news to Dr. Fleming. I applied for a new drivers license right away.

At the Campbell Street UB Church service the next day, Ev and I sang a duet, and I said a few words. I also spoke to 112 people attending the evening service at Kissy Church.

Evelyn and I visited the Princess Christian Mission Hospital in Freetown. Ev wanted to deliver our third child there in October, but she needed an available blood donor because she and the baby had different RH factors. Three student nurses from the Mattru Hospital - Martha Cleveland, Oneta Harvey and Fatmate Kellan - were in training at the hospital, and they offered to help Evelyn. We planned to live in Freetown until the baby was born and then move to Mattru.

After the appointment at the hospital, Burkett and I went to see Mr. Tregear, the Director of Education, and then to the bank to sign papers which turned the account books back over to me. I hired a man to protect our belongings at the King Tom Mission House while we went upcountry on business. Burkett drove the loaded Ford pickup, and the Bakers followed in the car. We stopped in at Sharkahs at Bumpé and reached the Mattru mission by 5:30 p.m.

There had been a theft at the hospital the night before, and uniformed messengers from Madame Chief Bunting-Williams court swarmed around as they investigated. We greeted our friends, the Burketts, Emma Hyer, Alice Blodgett, Erma Funk, and Floy Mulkey, the bookkeeper, to whom we gave our travel account. We sent telegrams regarding our errant baggage to all possible sources of help - to Freetown, home, Bonthe and Gbangbaia. There was a Teachers Conference in Mattru, and Mr. Edward Coleson, a geography teacher from HC, was the resource person. Coleson left Sierra Leone in September and used the data he had collected in Sierra Leone for his PhD dissertation at the University of Michigan.

As soon as possible, we took a launch down to Bonthe, and it was only a three-hour trip because the current was swift in the rainy season. Olive Weaver and Bethel Mote met us at the wharf. We were pleased to be back at Minnie Mull and enjoyed the callers who came to greet us. I jumped back into my work.

Alice and the four Bakers took the Saturday launch to Gbangbaia in heavy rain. Miss Bard and Bernadine met us at the wharf, and many others, especially students, swarmed down to see us. We celebrated our wedding anniversary at Danville with a good mutton dinner and a bottle of Channel perfume for Evelyn. I gave Pastor Becker a fountain pen and wristwatch.

Floy came back to Freetown with us, and she and I went to the CMS bookstore and ordered supplies for the 1954 school year. On Sunday, the boys and I went to Kissy Church where I preached the morning sermon, Choose Ye This Day, and the evening message titled, Mansions, to 93 persons.

I consulted with Public Works Engineer Bentley about developing a water supply for the town of Mattru and the UBA mission. I also spoke with lawyer Albert Margai, Minister of Education, about our plans for enlarging UBAs secondary education facilities in Mattru.

Floy and I were working diligently on next year's budget when we heard that Evan and Mary Towne, as well as Esther Grody of the CMS, had arrived on the Swedru, a Swedish ship. I went off to meet them and got everything through Customs, except Evans pellet gun, which the officials disallowed because it had rifling in the barrel. The Townes brought Evelyn's new accordion, for which I had to pay a duty of 39. We took the Townes right to the beach for a picnic and a swim, and then while the ladies went shopping, the men went back to Immigration and Customs.

Our MCA friend, Ken Rupp, hauled the large containers that belonged to the Townes and us to the CMS Mission House. Early the next day, a lorry came to transport four of the Townes containers, plus a bed and mattress that wed bought at Kingsway Stores, to Mattru. Our small convoy left Freetown at 10 a.m., and because the ferries ran on schedule, we reached Bumpe at 5:30 p.m. We dropped off some purchases there, and Evan followed me on to Mattru, driving Emma Hyer's car. My car had no taillights, and Evan wasn't accustomed to driving on the English side of the road, but he hung very close to me and imitated my driving. We hit a hard rain beyond Kpetema, nearly 30 miles from Mattru, which made driving more difficult. My cars lights eventually failed altogether; nevertheless, we pulled into the hospital at Mattru at 7:15 p.m. before it was pitch dark. Evans initiation into driving in Sierra Leone was arduous!

Evan worked on the ailing car lights in the morning, and then we hurried to get his four containers on the afternoon launch, God's Power, for Gbangbaia. However, the launch had engine trouble and was towed back to Bonthe, so we didn't leave until the next morning. We motored against the tide and current for a long, slow trip. Along the way, we saw a crocodile and got hung up for two-and-a-half hours on a sandbar.

Because the tide was low when we got to Gbangbaia, the launch could not pull up to the wharf, so I paddled a canoe to the wharf and got soaked by the rain. Evan and Mary stayed dry in the launch until the tide came in and the launch eased up to the wharf. But by the time we had trudged up the hill to the mission house, we were all drenched. A dinner of bananas, oranges and bread was prepared, and Miss Bard gave Mary and me soothing medicine for the tropical trots.

It rained so hard on Monday morning there was no school, so I showed Evan and Mary their quarters in the mission house. Between rain showers, I took Evan around to tour the town of Gbangbaia, to see the new dispensary site and meet the Danville teachers at their weekly staff meeting. I knew he would do well.

I left Gbangbaia and the Townes for Mattru on a borrowed bike. I stopped to greet the Paramount Chief at Gbangbama, and I also called at Imperre and Kabati. Near there, the path crossed the new motor road at Kanga, and then I rode easily to the Senehun crossing of the Jong. The new road and the car ferry at Mattru were funded in part by the American Mining Company which was working near Gbangbaia.

Erma Funk, Pastor Dole, Francis Williams and I met again to discuss the site for the new secondary school. Some favored the high ground across the road from the hospital on the Bo Road. I favored the



site along the road from Mattru to the Senehun ferry. Water and sand from the broad Jong River were available to make cement there, and the Lord replenished the sand and gravel each year after the floods.

I returned to Freetown, and Pastor Stevens and I interviewed 20 candidates for baptism at the Kissy Church. I preached through an interpreter to 89 people on the text, Ye Are My Witnesses, and afterwards, Pastor Stevens baptized 19. Our boys played with church friends, Joseph and Dockie Teen Ashwood, whose father was a member of Kissy Church and the owner and operator of a flourishing bakery.

I rejoined my family after Evelyn had been to the hospital for a checkup. She told me that Norman had met her when she returned home, wondering where the new baby was. The boys were thrilled to receive their Calvert Home Schooling materials in the mail, and Ev and I began their classes. I taught Ronnie while Evelyn taught Norman and supervised the students who cleaned the mission house. The boys also enjoyed riding their bikes in the large open basement of the house. After school one day, the boys and I went to the wharf to meet Sheila Ensminger, the niece of Erma Funk. Sheila lived with us until her folks came to Sierra Leone and we moved to Mattru.

The Campbell Street Church was vigorous, and its members welcomed Sheila to Sierra Leone. I preached about Self Denial to 275 who attended the morning service, and Rev. Leslie Shirley showed the movie Love Thy Neighbor to a huge crowd at the evening service. The offering totaled an impressive 28, 5 shillings and 7 pence.

On Monday, the boys and I took Sheila up to Fourah Bay College for a dull, opening chapel service. Transporting her to classes became part of my daily routine, and on one trip, I met Eddie Smith, a math teacher at the college. He and his wife, Phyllis, were devout Christians, and years later I hired him to teach math at HC.

On October 10, I took Evelyn to the hospital for a routine checkup. We learned that the baby was turned and ready for birth. A well-timed letter came from Nurse Alice Blodgett, saying she would come help Evelyn after the baby was born.

During that time, I worked on plans for the new UBA primary school buildings, including the latrines, and I traveled about in the bush visiting the villages where the schools would be built. I took bids from builders in each village who would do the construction, and I returned often to supervise their work and check specifically on the mixing of the concrete.

Every evening, I met the trains from Bo, hoping that Alice would arrive to care for Evelyn. When she finally came, I praised the Lord! Evelyn had not been sleeping well, but now that Alice had come, we went contentedly to bed after our devotions. Just a few hours later, Evelyn woke with beginning labor pains, and at 2 a.m. on Sunday, I called Alice to say we were on our way to the hospital. Once there, Evelyn's labor did not continue, so I returned home to have breakfast with the boys and take them and Sheila to church.

I got back to the hospital just in time to see the birth through a small window in the delivery-room door. Sister Smyth, a doctor from Grenada Island, West Indies, attended Evelyn. As the baby was delivered, her umbilical cord was wrapped around her neck, and she was somewhat blue. The doctor took care of

that problem, and our seven-pound daughter, Joyce Evelyn, was born at 9:20 a.m., Sunday, October 18, 1953. Evelyn and her daughter were fine, praise the Lord! I returned to church to tell the boys and our friends that we had a baby girl!

I preached at Kissy Street Church in the evening on Living for Jesus, and after that, I stopped by to see Evelyn and the baby again. I wrote a letter about Joyces birth to our stateside prayer warriors, but I had to wait until the telegram office was open on Monday to wire the glad tidings to our families. How we thanked the Lord for a baby sister for our boys!

On October 22, we had more good news. That which had been lost was found. Our belongings had arrived in Freetown. I brought the news to Evelyn on the day that she and our daughter came home from the hospital. Joyce had been fussy in the hospital, but she slept well her first night at the mission house.

I went to P.Z. the next day and ordered pan roofing for the Talia School. The next day I took the 3 a.m. launch, the George Pickering, to Bonthe. I ate my breakfast of four bananas en route and arrived there at 5 a.m. I chartered another launch, Camerun, loaded her with 160 bags of cement and 240 pieces of pan roofing and left at 2 p.m. for a peaceful four and a half-hour trip to Mania, a small town, one mile by bush path from Talia, a chiefdom town. In the 1850s, nationals had been captured in that area, taken to Bonthe and shipped to America aboard the Amistad as slaves. Some were repatriated years later.

The people of Mania and Talia were pleased to have a primary school built to augment the education given at the Talia Church. I was intent on establishing several new primary schools because they would provide students for the secondary schools the UBA wanted to build. The Talia schoolboys carried the pan roofing one mile from the wharf to the village while the men carried bags of cement on their heads. One fellow left with two bags, and another went off with three bags of cement on his head, inspired by the promise of one shilling for each bag transported. I stayed in Talia overnight and provided nourishment for many mosquitoes. Violet Cooper Tucker, the wife of a Minnie Mull teacher, cooked and provided for me.

When I returned to Freetown, we took Joyce to Lumley Beach for her first family picnic. I weighed her at eight pounds when she was 18 days old.

I bought a car in Freetown from Mr. Montague for 260 and soon made a trip back to Mattru where I helped Floy with accounts and books. She and I were relieved to get our 1952 books back from the auditors with no corrections. I made another trip to Talia to take more measurements for the new school and latrine, but I was soon back in Freetown with malaria and a 103-degree fever. Evelyn also had a fever, but it quickly lowered, and by her 33rd birthday, she felt much better. Oneta H came to spend a day with Evelyn and the baby. She was such a generous friend.

On December 9, the Ensmingers arrived on the ship Taurus, and I helped them through Customs and took them to the mission house. On December 13, Rev. Ensminger assumed the superintendency of the UB Sierra Leone Mission field and preached at the Campbell Street Church. The church held a reception to welcome him back after four years absence, and even Dr. Milton Margai attended, for he knew the Ensmingers well. I preached at the dedication of the Kissy Church in the evening. The friends at the reception also said farewell to us, for we were preparing to move to Mattru now that Joyce was born. I

worked on the Freetown mission books and turned them over to Earl. Our farewell dinner was a delicious rice chop from Nanette Jusu.

We shipped 1,964 pounds of freight to Bo where I would pick it up and transport it to our home in Mattru. I bought a dress and a chest of drawers for Evelyn's Christmas and packed them away in the crates.

When we left the mission house at 9 a.m. for Mattru, Ronnie, Norman and Benedict rode in the back of the truck with the loads. Joyce and Evelyn were in the cab, but Joyce did not sleep well on the cab floor, and Evelyn's strength was drained by the trip. We all had a rough ride even though we made all three connections with the ferries. We stopped for a rest with the Burketts in Bumpe and arrived at our house in Mattru at 7:30 p.m., dead tired. We ate, bathed and plopped into bed.

It was wonderful to be back in Mattru where we were cooled by westerly breezes coming up the slope to the mission house. We were even serenaded late one night by four drunken women. I took the Chevy pickup to Bo to collect the 15 crates we had sent by rail, and I drove home very, very slowly. I used the wood from one of the crates to make a cupboard for the boys clothing. Ev and I quickly settled into our house and established our routines.

Evelyn was a good hostess, and she invited friends like District Commissioner Kirby to dinner. She often sent tea and fresh bread to my office. She began attending the weekly Womens Classes that were held in the church, and she enjoyed the opportunity to be with women of all ages. The programs were in Mende and included devotions, singing and programs that were usually given by national women. On at least two occasions, Ev gave a demonstration to the ladies, one on baking bread, another on making guava jelly. Bernadine had organized the Women's Classes at Gbangbaia, and they were run much like UB WMF meetings in the US. Once a year, Evelyn joined other women, nationals and missionaries, from UB churches for a Women's Institute; some husbands, however, did not permit their wives to travel to the Women's Institute. The nationals called Ev Ma or Mama Baker just as I was called Pa or Pa Baker. She was appreciated by friends and family for being a very encouraging and positive person.

At Christmastime, we prepared gifts for Pastor Dole and the workmen. On Christmas morning, the boys were up at 7 a.m. and found gifts waiting on their school desks. They received a basketball and goal, a folding table and two school chairs with seats painted red. From the States, they received a package of books from Sue Ellen Manchey, a box of John Deere implements from the Clyde Rehbergs and many other gifts.

Reverend Dole preached the Christmas message to 247 people, but Evelyn, Joyce and Floy stayed home from church, not feeling well. Evelyn prepared duck and beans for our holiday dinner which we shared at the hospital house with the other missionaries. During the afternoon, many people came to the mission for cake and lemonade and to take a dip in the river. Women and their children came to carol us and to get their dashes, beating on tin cans with their sticks and singing, Merry Christmas! We no die yet. On Boxing Day, we carried boxes of food and gifts to those who were ill or poor. We also put up the boys basketball goal and cleared the front verandah, so they could create a farmyard for their new toys.

Annual Conference was held in Mattru, and the first to arrive were Erma, Olive and Sheila. We met their train in Mano after we had delivered 12 benches to the church at Kagbiama. At 4:30 the next morning,

Ceifa, Miss Bards trusted helper, woke me, and we drove to the wharf to meet Miss Bard and the Townes, who had bedded down on the launch with their loads and brought supplies and bags of grapefruit for the conference. The Ensmingers arrived after an 11-hour ride, fraught with tire trouble, from Freetown. Sixteen missionaries attended Missionary Council at our house before everyone gathered for Annual Conference on December 31. Pastors Dole and Lamina were ordained, and I gave the Education Report. We ended 1953 with a Watch Night service.

## 1954

Soon after the Annual Conference, I made a trip to Talia to inspect the schools construction. The foundation was in and 12 cement pillars were erected. I also checked out the secondary school site near Mattru, and the men and I measured 300 yards east along the road to the Mattru ferry to mark the front of the property. We brushed and cut the same distance north and began brushing the area that would be the quadrangle in front of the new school buildings.

Lincoln and I biked to Kiega and ordered 300 more boards. I pedaled to Victoria and Gbangbama, the chiefdom headquarters, where Pa Becker and I measured a potential primary-school site. I went back to see the school at Talia and on across the flat grasslands to Torma Bum. By the time I got back to Mattru, Nurse Bard had arrived, but she had persistent dysentery, so Nurse Hyer advised that she go to the Bo hospital.

In mid-February, we discovered that the Chevy pickup had a broken frame, so I carefully drove it to Freetown to have the frame and muffler welded. Since the repair would take a week, I went by train to Mano and by lorry back to Mattru.

I consulted with the Education Officer in Bo about leasing the plot for the secondary school at Mattru, an important step to complete. I also appeared in court and was fined for driving an overloaded pickup.

When I returned for the pickup in Freetown, the UBA District Commissioners met with the missionaries, Education Officers and government officials to plan the future of education in Sierra Leone. Earl Ensminger and I talked until late in the night, making plans for the new secondary school and evaluating the need for additional primary schools in our district.

I packed the repaired pickup with pan roofing, ridging and nails. I drove slowly and carefully; nevertheless, I had a blowout after 40 miles. I continued on with the spare tire, but when I found a bump rising on the spare tire at mile 46, I started back to Freetown. Halfway back, the spare went flat, so I left my man with the loaded pickup and hitchhiked back to Earls. Fortunately, he and I were able to buy two new tires and tubes. We hitched a ride out to the pickup, put on the tires and drove back to Freetown. That was one fruitless try to get upcountry.

The next day, I started out again for home. Again I drove carefully, but 56 miles out, the frame broke, right where it had been welded! I eased the pickup back to Ensminger's, had a meal of bread and mangoes and spent the weekend in Freetown.

On the third attempt to return home, I was successful because I left the pickup in Freetown and took the Bo Express train to Mano. From there, I caught a lorry and reached Mattru at 6 p.m. An imposing stack

of mail awaited my return. Mildred Kuhn from Pennsylvania, who had come to be my accountant and secretary, was also waiting for me.

I drove a little British Prefect, instead of my pickup, to visit primary schools at Motua, Tihun, Gerehun and Luawa. The District Commissioner advised that we wait to survey the Mattru site until further agreements were reached with the government, but while we waited, the Provincial Education Officer came for tea and to talk about plans for the school. Mr. Scott, the national Education Officer, looked over the site, and he and I spent two hours dreaming about the schools future. Building that school was an important undertaking for everyone. During the next week, I visited the primary schools at Kagbiaman near Mano and at Nganyagohun. Both were doing quite well.

The students gathered on Empire Day, an English holiday, for sporting contests and games. Bernadine, Sharkah, Burkett, Pastor Peters and I went to Tininahun, a former mission, with hopes of reactivating its church and primary school. While we explored the ruins of the old compound, 60 local men entreated us to re-open the station. On the slow return to Mattru, and in typical fashion, my radiator hose broke.

Approval for the construction of the secondary school at Mattru was finally given and joyfully received! We had earlier resolved that the school would be named Centennial Secondary School (CSS) in commemoration of 100 years of UBA missions in Sierra Leone, and we began construction immediately. As the first few boards were planed, zing! two blades spun off the rotating planer. Thank the Lord, no one was hurt. On the day that Joyce cut her first tooth, April 12, we began hauling sand, stone and cement for the foundation of the first building and for making cement blocks.

Norman, Floy and I left the next morning to retrieve the repaired Chevy in Freetown, first by lorry for Bumpé and Bo, and then in a crowded train to the capital. We finally found empty seats and reached Freetown at 11 p.m. Two days later, we left the city in the loaded Chevy, and in three hours of travel, we drove only 46 miles on the rough roads.

A new UBA mission station at Topan was proposed, and an Administrative Council meeting was held there to discuss the possibility. Sharkah, Dole, Bernadine, Mildred Kuhn and I crossed the muddy flats to Benduma and waited more than two hours for canoes to carry us across the lake to Topan. We had a cordial meeting with the Topan people and a good evening service at Pastor Laminas church. He advocated a church and a primary school in that hard-to-reach place, and the men of the town echoed his request. That village seemed like the end of the world to me.

Except for Bernadine and Burkett, whose feet were too sore to walk the heavy sand path, the rest of us went on to Hoya from Topan. Bernadine left directly for Benduma, while the men called on several other villages that were seldom visited by missionaries. We held a daytime service for the nationals and were dashed five fowl. We cooled off in the river before boarding a launch for home.

In the shade of the roof, we held a Missionary Council meeting on the launch and debated whether we should extend our mission effort to the isolated Topan area. We decided we would, for no one was spreading the Gospel or offering education in that sodden land. We subsequently submitted a proposal to the government for a school in the swampy land of the Kwamebai Chiefdom.

As usual, I had a lot of catch-up work to do in my office and at the construction site when we returned to Mattru. Earl and I planned the layout of the buildings on the CSS campus. I also checked on our fowl, for they were dying of the plague.

I soon left Mattru again to check out the possibility of establishing primary schools at Gbonge and Motowa, and I ran out to Luawa, Gambia and Talia to check on the building progress there. I rode my bike and Norman came along on his. His humbugged, and he rode with me until I had a flat tire near Gambia. Our travel was fraught with unexpected problems, but the schools we visited were progressing without difficulty. I measured and staked out the location for several buildings.

During a very heavy rain, two launches, the Kinson and Kamerun, collided on the Jong River below Mattru. Sadly, the Kinson sank, and five were drowned.

When Easter came, Evelyn made small Easter baskets for the boys. Ron's eighth birthday was celebrated on May 8, and we invited the Burketts to his birthday party. During our time together, the two families went hunting and shot two ducks and a hawk.

Later in May, Ronnie and I drove to Mano and took the train to Freetown, making the trip of 105 miles in just ten hours! I attended a five-hour Union College Council meeting one day. On the next, I showed the Director of Education our plans for CSS. He verbally approved most of them. The project was moving slowly, but in the right direction.

After the builders at Mattru made 785 blocks for the school, I bought 200 more bags of cement. All the cement mixing was done by hand by two shifts of men who molded the blocks. One shift made 100 blocks, then the second shift did the same. At the hospital site, Earl secured the plates on top of the walls. In the meantime, I got word that the Sundstroms and Nurse Juanita Smith were returning to Mattru from furlough, along with Rita Wild, who would be my Assistant Principal.

A few events emphasized our need for a doctor in Mattru. We hurried Joyce to the hospital when something stuck in her throat. A few weeks later, she was uncomfortable when four little teeth cut through all at once. Another time we made an emergency trip to the hospital with an unconscious schoolgirl.

On May 28, lawyer Albert Margai, the Minister of Education, came to view the CSS site, and so did Bernadine. Emma Hyer, Juanita and Mid Kuhn went to Tiama for the EUB church dedication. Later, Pa Burkett and I went to Talia where we participated in a three-hour school dedication program and a quarterly meeting.

The rainy season began in June, and we knew we would have to wait until the river level receded in December before we could dig more sand for construction. I bought 38 boards from a man who came selling them at the mission, and I went to Motua to get an estimate on the building projects there. Pastor Dole and I also visited the Gbonge church that had been ruined by heavy rains. One rainy afternoon, the boys and I played Monopoly for four hours, and Ronnie won.

In September, the rains slacked off somewhat, and work began again at the school. Confusion reigned when 100 men came wanting to be employed. I hired 42 laborers and eight masons and carpenters who were organized into groups, each supervised by an older mission worker. Despite continued rain, one

crew dug foundations, and another carried stones to a low area in the road where a culvert would be enclosed. A man came with 122 two-inch planks to sell, and we bought them to build forms for the foundations. Since I was hauling stone and sand and needed to stay on the job, Alice Blodgett and Mid Kuhn went to Bo to get 1,800 to pay the men and keep them at work. A medicine man came by and tried to draw the workers off their jobs, but fortunately the men wanted to work more than follow the medicine man.

The construction work at CSS consumed the majority of our time. In the evenings I found time for Erma and me to discuss the assignment of teachers in the primary and secondary schools and to send out applications to students for the January term. It wasn't long before two-and-a-half bags of mail from prospective students arrived in one afternoon. Evan came over in the rain and mud from Gbangbaia, and using his many mechanical skills, he made repairs at the school and fixed the Prefect and Chevy.

Missionary Council met in Mattru, and when it was over, Norman and I set off for Gbangbaia on my bike. At the same time, Bernadine left for Gbangbaia by launch. As her launch glided near the shore, Bernadine got off the hard bench on the boat and rose up on her knees to view the river. As the launch passed under the aerial roots of the mangrove trees, Bernadine grabbed a few, hoping to slow down the launch's progress. Instead, she was caught in them and swept into the water. Several men jumped into the water to rescue her, but their feet could not touch bottom. The water was too deep and besides, the riverbed was soft, deep mud called putta putta. Bernadine was not a swimmer, so the crew in the launch pulled her in, wet, covered with mud and badly frightened. They reached Gbangbatoke after sunset, and Bernadine and others set off for the three-mile walk to Gbangbaia.

As Norman and I were riding along the bush trail from Mattru to Gbangbaia, I had the urge to stop and pray for Bernadine. I got off the bike, and Norman held it while I uttered a fervent prayer for Bernadine's safety. When we met her in Gbangbaia the next morning and she told us her story, I realized the Lord had put it upon my heart to pray for her during her time of danger. He had answered the prayer. Bernadine stayed on the mission field for a total of 39 years, the longest period in the history of UBA missions. She retired to Charlotte, Michigan, and continued to be a faithful witness to the Lord.

In addition to building the secondary school, we completed the floor plans for three primary school buildings that would be built just across the road. I was continually on the jump to keep the supplies - cement, stones and sand - on hand as the men needed them. After making out the September payroll and paying the laborers, I laid off 101 of them because we had no more money for wages. The labor officer visited the construction site early in October and cited no complaints against the work.

The District Commissioner asked me to appear in court to discuss the lease of the CSS site with the Native Authority. The Authority informed us that the annual fee to lease the land would be 10, 10 shillings. From that meeting, I went to Mano to check on the purchase of iron railroad track, to be used in the pillars that support the roof, and eight double and fourteen single steel doors for the school. Rev. Ensminger delivered a load of supplies from Freetown and brought Pa Sundstrom from the Bo Hospital where he had been for eight days. Earl and I hauled 44 two-inch planks to the site from a launch. To bring CSS one step closer to completion, Mid Kuhn erected an official sign for the school on the road.

On October 14, I went to Bonthe for a joint meeting with Albert Margai, the Roman Catholics and the EUBs about educational matters. My family came along and went to the Bonthe Hospital for physical check-ups. None of us had malaria, but Evelyn's blood pressure was low.

October 18, 1954, marked Joyce's first birthday. From Nurse Emma Hyer, she received her first cake with one candle, from Bernadine and Mid she got a dress, and from Mary Towne, a doll. Evelyn served fried fish for the birthday supper, plus ice cream and cake.

A long-time English Methodist missionary who spoke Mende very well visited Mattru. We noticed that the nationals appreciated his ability to speak the native tongue and that his fluency made him very effective in his ministry. Years later, our son, Ronnie, became Dr. Ron Baker and returned to the Mattru Hospital. Because he, too, spoke Mende, his patients could talk to him without interpreters, which increased their confidence in him.

On October 26, Albert Margai and Paramount Chief Kposowa of Bumpe came to see the progress at CSS. Teacher Jean Brown from Union College and 13 students, all teachers in training, also came to view the construction. The Medical Officer, Dr. Roberts, stopped to see the hospital and the secondary school, and he complimented our progress. We thanked the Lord for his encouragement.

When the guests were gone, I measured out one plot for the administration/library building that would be 99 feet long and others for the boys dormitory and two staff houses. Three loads of rafters were delivered to CSS, and the men finished the foundation of the principals home and one senior-staff house. I marked out the foundation for the Domestic Science building.

A crew of men began work on the water supply system for CSS. First they poured cement for a water tank - 16 feet long, 12 feet wide and 6 feet deep - located on a low hill at the back of the compound. We planned to pump water from the stream 800 feet behind the compound to the tank, and from the tank, water would flow down to all the buildings. Three hundred bags of cement were required to complete this project.

We received good news at the end of October. Evan and Mary Townes daughter, Linda, was born on the 26th up at the Segbwema Methodist Hospital. Emmett and Shirley Cox arrived in Freetown from the States and went directly to Minnie Mull at Bonthe. Rita Wild arrived at Mattru on October 31, in time to see our kids in their Halloween outfits. She was the Assistant Principal at Mattru for many years.

In November, I prepared the 1955 budget for CSS that totaled 10,000, and we began testing students for admission to the new school. The Senior Education Officer of the Protectorate, plus Rita and I, interviewed 30 boys from Mattru and one girl from Bumpe on the first day. On the next, we interviewed 30 more students while 95 took the arithmetic and English entrance exam. Thirty were eliminated by the math test.

Ev's birthday was celebrated at dinner with our friends at the hospital on December 7. She found six birthday gifts hidden in various places around the dining room, and I found a plastic worm in my salad.

When we were in Bo for Ev's dental appointment shortly before Christmas, we bought a pair of rabbits for the boys. We hid them at the hospital until Christmas Day. Just before the holidays, I paid the workmen and distributed shirts, socks and knives to them as gifts. Our family's Christmas Day began at



5:45 a.m. when Santa came to visit the Baker and Cox children. Due to all the excitement, we were late for the morning church service. The Sundstroms joined us for a wonderful Christmas dinner at home while the single women had theirs at the hospital. After our meal, we went to the Kagbiama church dedication and baptismal service.

On Boxing Day, I made a hutch for the rabbits and set its legs in pans of kerosene to repel driver ants. On December 29, I worked all day hauling boards, blocks, iron rods, stone, sand and cement for the school. Just before the New Year, a cable arrived from the States announcing Earl Ensminger's appointment as UBA General Superintendent of the Sierra Leone field. We attended the Watch Night service and went to bed at 1 a.m., January 1, 1955.

## 1955

As Evelyn and I lay down for an afternoon rest at the first of the year, she noticed a small hole in the bedrooms window screen, and the lock seemed to have been opened by a small tool. We found nothing missing from our bedroom, but I discovered 26, 10 shillings had been taken from my office cash drawer.

I reported the loss to Pastor Dole and to the Mattru police. They examined the break-in and asked if I had a suspect. I told them that I strongly suspected our trusted yardman, Vamboi, for he had recently asked me for a raise, but I had put him off. Vamboi had worked for the mission for several years, yet I feared he had yielded to the temptation to steal from us. Vamboi had a 10-year-old son who was a playmate of Ronnie's.

I told the police that a dented florin (a two shilling piece) was with the stolen money because the workmen had refused to accept the coin, fearing it might not be legal at a store. If that coin was found with others, it would prove the money had been stolen from my office.

Vamboi was nervous when the police came to search his room. We found a bag of coins in the grass mattress on his bed that included the damaged florin, but the bag contained only 10, 18 shillings. The new notes in numbered sequence were missing. Vamboi's son, Momodu, had left home earlier in the afternoon by lorry for Vamboi's home village, 60 miles away. The police and I drove to the village, with Vamboi in the back of the truck, and arrived just as Momodu got off the lorry. He had the money - a total of 8, 7 shillings, 8 pence - with him, having bought trinkets and food on the way.

The police put Vamboi and his son in the lockup in Mattru and later moved them to the jail in Bonthe. Vamboi was given a five-year sentence, and Momodu was placed in youth detention until he was 18. Vamboi returned to Mattru after he had served his time in jail, but he died poor, and the mission had to furnish men to dig his grave. His crime exacted a very heavy price.

Earl and Ruth drove from Freetown for Annual Conference,, and just as they arrived, their car's right front tie rod dropped to the ground. The Lord had brought them safely to Mattru.

The highlight of Annual Conference was the dedication of Centennial Secondary School. It marked the culmination of six years of hard work by nationals and missionaries, and the completion of my biggest assignment on the mission field. At times, I had been disheartened by the lack of financial support and progress at the school, but on the day of the dedication, I was so thankful to the Lord for His leadership

and the means to begin the school. We were successfully pursuing our goal to build a secondary school for training Christian leaders and citizens and to celebrate UBAs 100 years of service to the Lord in Sierra Leone.

As an eager crowd of 800 people assembled for the dedication ceremony in the school compound, eight dignitaries stood on a platform made of planks that was laid over the foundation of the Administration Building. After the opening prayer, the cornerstone was laid. It had proven very difficult to carve Centennial Secondary School and the date into the stone, so a cornerstone had to be engraved three times before one was done satisfactorily. Newspaper reporters were in the crowd to take photos and write up accounts of the ceremony.

I was privileged to introduce the main speaker, the Honorable Albert M. Margai, Minister of Education. As a preface to his speech, I pointed out the various school buildings that were completed or under construction on the grounds. I emphasized that all the work to date had been financed by funds from the UBA mission and the chiefdoms in the local district. When I said that we had received no monies from the national government, Mr. Margai jumped to his feet and shouted that government funds would reach us very soon. His formal speech was very suitable for the occasion, and, true to his word, a grant of 4,000, equaling \$11,200, arrived five days later.

I certainly praised the Lord for the successful celebration, and with the money, I paid the bills. The government funding indicated government approval of the first co-educational, secondary boarding school in Sierra Leone. It awarded further grants of 6,000, 8,000 and 12,000 as the building program vigorously continued until 15 buildings were completed.

I presented a concise history of Centennial Secondary School at the dedication:

I was appointed in 1949 to come to Sierra Leone to establish a United Brethren secondary school. When we arrived in August 1949, Field Superintendent Rev. C.E. Carlson was the only male missionary on the field. He had been there for two years and was homesick and ill. His wife and three children had remained in the States.

I was a layman, not a pastor, so I was appointed to be the Business Manager and Secretary of Education for the UBA in Sierra Leone. Figuring in pounds, shillings and pence was a difficult job for me! It was my responsibility to chair the Joint Council which was made up of three Sierra Leone pastors, called District Superintendents, and three senior missionaries. Most were older than I. My job entailed a lot of travel, mostly by foot, cycle or launch, because most of the churches and stations were in villages accessible only by bush trails.

When I arrived, there were three main UBA stations: the mother station at Gbangbaia (also called Danville), the Minnie Mull Girls School at Bonthe on Sherbro island, and the church and school at Mattru. At each of these, the UBA had a primary school through the eighth grade level. The UBA also had four Infant Schools, similar to kindergarten and grades 1 and 2, where children were taught the English language, in addition to their native Mende.

When Mr. Allen, the British Assistant Education Secretary, came to our home in Mattru for tea during our first term, he approved the UBAs plan to establish a secondary school; however, he bluntly said that

our three primary schools could not furnish enough students for a secondary school. Consequently, my first mission was to increase the number of Infant Schools in the villages from 4 to 20.

The UBA wanted to establish a secondary school in Sierra Leone, and Gbangbaia and Mattru vied for the site. Mattru was connected by a motor road to Sumbuya, Mano, Bo and beyond and by daily launches to Bonthe. Gbangbaia was on a tidal river, in the southwest region of the UBA mission area. One launch made a weekly trip to Gbangbatoke on Saturday and back to Bonthe on Monday. In spite of the transportation impediments, the Imperre Chiefdom and the Old Boys Danville Association favored Gbangbaia as the more historic site. They had raised funds and proposed a site for the school at the time we left Sierra Leone for our first furlough in 1952.

During our year in the States, Erma Funk, a seasoned missionary, was the Education Secretary, headquartered in Mattru. UBA was offered one school site at Mattru, across the motor road from the new UBA Hospital. Supplying water there would be complicated, for the water source was a quarter mile away, behind the hospital. Another site, a 40 acre square plot near Mattru sloped gently up from the banks of the Jong River and offered an inexhaustible supply of sand during the dry season and accessible water.

The UBA Conference Council chose the Mattru site, and surveying began in February, 1954. The UBA Mission Board in the States sent out \$15,000 to help with initial expenses, and the Bonthe District Council awarded a small stipend. I was to be Principal, and Rita Wild was appointed Senior Assistant Principal.

Earl Ensminger and I submitted a plan for a 40-acre school compound containing 22 buildings, which we later pared down to 15. Earl was a draughts man and drew up the blueprints. We included an Administration Building with a library, four classroom buildings with three classrooms in each, boys and girls dormitories with bath houses, a dining hall and kitchen, three senior staff houses, two duplexes for junior staff, and a chapel. The buildings were to be made of cement blocks, with steel doors and windows, and aluminum roofs.

When the plans were completed, we submitted them to the governments Education Department. Mr. Margai visited the site three times. We modeled parts of our plans after other secondary schools in Sierra Leone, so our plans were easily approved. We were given permission to advertise the opening of our school to students for January, 1955; therefore, students who took the Common Entrance Exam to attend secondary school in 1955 could include the Mattru school among their first, second and third choices.

With all prerequisites completed, work at the site began in earnest. We cleared and stumped the grounds. We dug foundations for the first buildings and bought cement with mission funds to make cement blocks for the buildings. We ordered aluminum roofing, metal doors and windows from England and had those expenses billed to us.

Our work was moving along well when we got some very disturbing news. Minister of Education Margai made a remark in Legislative Council in Freetown that he did not know about the opening of a new secondary school at Mattru. The distressing implication of that was that we would not receive any money from the government. Our mission funds were about depleted. The ground had been cleared,

some foundations were poured and materials were beginning to arrive, with bills attached. What would we do? I was deeply concerned!

I convened the Missionary Council and then a full African Conference Council to consider how we would solve this frustrating problem. We declared a day of fasting and prayer, asking our people in Sierra Leone and in our home churches to fast and pray for the Lords guidance. With the Lords direction, we decided the following:

1. Name the school the Centennial Secondary School to commemorate 100 years of UBA service in Sierra Leone.
2. Dedicate it on January 7, 1955, during Annual Conference which all pastors, teachers, missionaries and alumni would attend.
3. Invite all Paramount Chiefs, local political and governmental officials, provincial and national personnel, national education officers, District Commissioners, business representatives and the media.
4. Invite Mr. Albert M. Margai, Secretary of Education, to be the dedicatory speaker.

After the dedication, Annual Conference completed its business. CSS was now assured of sufficient funding to complete its facilities and would open, as planned, on Monday, January 24, 1955. Praise the Lord!

Rita, Mid and I were overloaded with jobs to do before the students arrived. One of mine was to dash off an article for the UB magazine about the opening of CSS. Before school opened on January 24, 20 of the 22 girls came early to settle into their rooms. I was up and at work at 4 a.m. on the first day, cutting stencils and running off class schedules before devotion time with my workmen. The staff and I inspected the temporary benches, made of boards and cement blocks, that would serve as classroom furniture until the new chairs and desks arrived. Tables from the primary school were borrowed for three of the classrooms.

Sixty students were present when the opening devotions were led by Pastor Dole. We operated a skeleton schedule the first day, and we adapted to the unfinished condition of the buildings. My classroom had the sky for a roof; two other classes met across the road in the primary school. The three teachers, Joseph A. Kpenge, Rita Wild and myself, worked on into Monday evening, making out class lists and lesson plans. By the second week, the enrollment at CSS had risen to 90. Thirty students were registered for each section - IA, IB and IC. Every day, I led morning devotions for the students and supervised their study hall at night.

I was very busy - in class, in the office or on site. During one lunch time, I took a Wuli woman to the hospital and caught an eight-minute nap. Several school girls helped me wax the new desks and doors when they were delivered. I bought one-and-a-half bushels of rice at 2, 14 shillings per bushel, and I sent Juanita and Olive to Gambia and Gbonge to buy palm oil, rice and cocoa yams. I taught Tommy Cole to drive the mission pickup around the compound, hauling sand and cement blocks while I was teaching. I sent a group of men for raffia and asked Pastor Dole and carpenter Lincoln to go to Keiga for more boards. They returned with 163 one-inch and 40 two-inch boards, and we unloaded them in the moonlight.

Rita and Evelyn supervised my classes one day while I went off to Mano with Joyce and Norman to pick up school supplies and furniture. Part of the load came home with us in the van and the rest was brought by a lorry.

On Saturday, Evelyn and I went to Bo to get licenses for the missions vehicles, but inefficiency was the norm, and we had to visit the license bureau five times before our errand was accomplished. At home we learned that Colleen Sundstrom and our two boys had gone over to the island, unsupervised. We spanked our boys for taking such a dangerous risk.

We heard in the news that 11 people were killed in Freetown and NJala in the recent labor strike, so during morning devotions, I explained the strike to my workmen. Half an hour later, 50 striking District Council workmen came to the compound and wanted our workmen to join them, and Foday, my head man, almost came to blows with the leader. I told the strikers that my men could do what they chose, but if they struck, they would get no pay for missed days of work. The workers decided not to strike, and I was tremendously relieved. I assigned all the men to work in one group for their protection. We were thankful for the relative peace in Mattru.

The unexpected was not uncommon in our daily life. A local woman, pregnant with her tenth child, went into labor, but was unable to deliver the child. Nurse Juanita and I took the lady to the Serabu hospital, but there was no doctor at the hospital. We proceeded to Bo, 35 miles farther, where the doctor decided the baby's head was too large for a normal delivery. He performed a Cesarean section and saved two lives. On our return home, the car ran out of gas.

Much was accomplished at CSS in February. We purchased seven-and-a-half bushels of rice from three different people, all at 2, 14 shillings per bushel. A Public Works Department inspector looked over our buildings and gave them his OK. I completed the 1954 annual report and sent it off to Dr. Fleming. Three-hundred bags of cement came up from Bonthe, so Olive taught my classes while Earl and I hauled the loads up from the wharf. I worked with a few men in the schools kitchen while others completed the roof of the Manual Training classroom. Rita and I were up late completing the daily attendance register.

The pace did not slacken in March. I staked out the soccer field near the motor road. On March 5, the girls moved from one temporary dorm to another - from a house on the primary school compound to the big room of the Manual Training building. Miss Jusu and Rita were quartered in a curtained-off storeroom. A truck delivered 50 steel window frames, and we began installing them the next day. The students in the hygiene class and I discussed the schools water system. We walked to the big holding tank on the hill, and they had a lesson about how gravity forced water to all the buildings. One of our trained nationals drove the Bedford pickup into a cement pillar, smashing the fender and the pillar. I spent one afternoon hammering out the fender and reflecting that our efforts to train a driver had not been successful. Johnson and Sauba were given 65 and sent to the Gbapp area to search for rice for the school. Rita and Evelyn inquired about hiring a national in Mattru to sew school uniforms for the girls. Ted Stapleford from CMS spent a night with us, and so did old-time EUB missionaries, C.W. Leader and his wife. At the end of March, Albert Margai drove in to check on the schools progress and to say How Do.

Empire Day was celebrated with a parade and a March Past, with all the students filing past the reviewing stand. Ronnie placed second in a race that day, and Norman came in fourth in another.

Ronnie also celebrated his promotion to third grade from Calvert Home School, and Norman passed from first to second grade. Joyce, at one-and-a-half years, walked with us all the way to CSS, even across the Tondevoi Bridge.

At the beginning of April, E.M. Gorvie was approved to be the fourth teacher at CSS. On Easter Sunday, a 6:30 a.m. sunrise service was held near our home, and afterwards, the CSS girls caroled through town until 8 a.m. The CSS students presented an Easter program at the church to 275 people.

I sent a few men on a launch to Kiega to buy more boards and others out looking for sweet potatoes. The boards from Kiega arrived by launch, then the potatoes were delivered, and 103 bushels of rice were deposited at the wharf. With that food in store, we finally had an ample supply of provisions. The dining room itself was nearly completed; the walk was graveled, glass windows installed, rain spouting put up and the walls plastered. Earl worked with the men on the roof trusses.

Earl, Dole and I went to Senjehun and Luawa to give out building contracts for two more primary school buildings. The Gerahun Church building was soon to be transferred from the Roman Catholics to the UBA, so Pastor Dole and I planned a special Sunday service for the event. Ensminger asked that deeds and leases for UBA properties be sent to him in Bonthe.

As the semester came to a close, Rita and I typed, mimeographed, administered and graded tests for all our classes. Evelyn brought us coffee and donuts and announced that five baby rabbits had just been born to the boys rabbits. Rita and I averaged grades and completed the attendance registers and report cards. I worked till 4:30 a.m., but Rita never went to bed. In the morning, the staff met for the last time, the students received their report cards, and we cleaned up the school.

My family packed up, too, for a week's vacation. On the way to Freetown, a hard rain soaked the loads and the bedding in the back of the Bedford. We rested a day in Freetown, got haircuts and groceries, and visited with the American Consul who was up from Monrovia. I took the truck to the garage to have a shock absorber tightened and the rattles fixed. At last, we went to Hamilton Beach to see the Hemmingers and settle into the beach house. We swam and walked on the beach, and the boys and I often played ball. Ruth and Earl Ensminger came out to visit one evening and brought along a freezer of ice cream.

After a week of relaxation and before we headed upcountry, we met Nurse Bard and Floy Mulkey at the deep-water quay in Freetown as they returned from furlough. With them and ten cases of windowpanes in our repaired lorry, we headed for Mattru. We stopped at Bernadines for rice chop and reached Mattru at midnight to find Welcome Home signs posted all over. In the morning, we found all five baby bunnies had died.

May 8 was Ronnie's birthday, and we had his birthday dinner at the hospital. He received a pocket watch, and he asked for his birthday spanking before he went to bed.

On the first day of the second term, we handed out books to the students, and I sent off a requisition to the government for repayment of our 1955 school-supply expenses. We put up lantern hooks in all three classrooms and repainted the blackboards. Some of the students returned to school with malaria and colds, and Joyce was sick and running a high fever.

The girls finally moved out of their temporary quarters in the Manual Training Building and into their new dormitory after the openers and latches were affixed to all the windows, the new beds set up, and the cement floor poured. Rita settled into the supervisor's room, and the boys also moved into their dorm where 20 new beds were set up. With two dorms completed, I paid the workmen, dropped 19 from the payroll, but kept 36. Trustworthy Brima Kissy carried the payroll down to Bonthe.

The rainy season began, and the rain drove the snakes out in the open. I was alerted to danger one evening at dusk by the fowl when they refused to enter the coop. I shot a spitting cobra inside the coop and another four-and-a-half foot snake in a rock pile. I heard that a Lebanese had killed a six-foot cobra in a mango tree. On May 30, I planted shade and fruit trees on the CSS grounds, and we transported two loads of cement blocks to the site of the principal's new house. Two loads of bagged rice were also hauled off the launch and stored in our garage.

Prospectors had recently found titanium ore, called ilmenite, along the Tondevoi Stream as well as large deposits of it in the Imperre Chiefdom. We often found it along the stream banks, a substance that looked like black sand. The discovery presaged new roads and much change in our area.

Miss Stuart, an education officer, requested that I to come to Bumpe to receive good news. The UBA, rather than the Catholics or a national group, had received the governments permission to build and operate an infant school at Bumpe.

A group of Minnie Mull girls came up from Bonthe and stayed all night on their way to a singing competition in Freetown. We were privileged to hear their musical numbers in a private concert. The CSS soccer team went to NJala and beat NJala Agricultural College 2 to 1. I stayed at CSS and gave tests in Bible, Biology and Chemistry.

Rev. Sundstrom preached at revival services which were held at CSS in one end of the girls dorm. Student Mohammed Kemokai led the singing, and he testified about coming from the Mohammedan faith to Christianity. Twenty-five students responded to the invitation on the first night, and at the last service, six boys gave their testimonies and 18 came forward, including teachers Kpenge and Gorvie, to consecrate their lives.

On July 6, we laid the cornerstone of the CSS Administration Building. Carefully-chosen items were laid inside: a glass jar containing a list of current UBA missionaries, pastors, teachers, workmen and the first 90 students at CSS; the Gospel of John; programs from the Centennial Annual Conference and the cornerstone laying; and the 100-year history of the UBAs commitment to education in Sierra Leone that I had written.

Evelyn and I were looking forward to our second furlough, and we were pleased to hear that Herbert and Lucille (White) Cook, HC alumni, were to relieve us at CSS for a year. We thanked the Lord for the good news!

Joyce continued to go with me to the men's 7 a.m. morning devotions, but one day she left the group and innocently walked into a stream of driver ants. She wailed but didn't move until I rescued her. The next morning, she stayed in the area with the men crying, "Ants! She was talking quite a bit, and her new phrase was, "Me work today." Mildred Kuhn took Joyce for a walk, and Mid pointed out eight cows

to her. As they walked by two workmen, Joyce said, Eight! and the men remarked to each other in broken English, White pickin too clever.

I inventoried student books one morning, and we hosted a big C.E. party for 60 in the evening. After singing choruses, we played games and then gathered together for awards, devotions, popcorn balls and Kool-Aid.

One afternoon, I took Evelyn to CSS to see what progress had been made on the foundation of the principals house since I had delivered 15 bags of cement from the French Company to the site. We returned home at 5:30 p.m., and found that Ronnie and Norman had our supper ready, with the table set and little bouquets beside each place. For the new principals house, I bought a mahogany dining room table with seven chairs and a serving table from Kenema.

On August 8, I went to Gambia to buy 48 palm trees which would some day supply palm oil for the school. Earl Ensminger bought saplings, and I bought more fruit trees that I planted at the school and hospital. I staked out a pineapple patch and planted 30 pineapple tops, plus one rose at the principals house. I also bought a dozen small fowl, and workman Ansuma Mokasi gave us deer meat for school.

On the first day of the new term in August, 52 students were present. At the same time, the hospital staff held daily Vacation Bible School for the missionary children at Sunshine Acres. Joyce dressed herself for VBS, but put her dress on wrongside out. For the final VBS program, Ronnie memorized 37 Bible verses and Norman 27.

In September, we went to Keiga to buy 150 two-inch planks and 58 one-inch boards, and we had to unload the launch in the rain and the dark. Richard Howard, a former Danville student, came to see me. He had leprosy and his health was deteriorating. Our family had check-ups at the hospital, and our weights were recorded: Ev weighed 113 and I 199 pounds; Ronnie weighed 62, Norman 52 and Joyce 23 pounds.

I enjoyed my classes and was pleased that the roll was up to 83 students. I put up bulletin boards and maps in the school rooms. The soccer field was stumped by one group of men, and another worked on the boys latrine. Other men finished the foundation of the principal's house, started on the walls and brushed the surrounding area. The work was never done.

While the river was in flood, I took the boys for a canoe ride in the water that covered the lower part of our front yard. Norman went fishing near the river and caught four fish. He was very proud, for two were eight inches long, and two were six. However, the dog ate the two small fish as we cleaned the larger ones. Later in September, we invited the hospital missionaries in for supper and served the first meal of rabbit meat from those the boys had raised.

One day, the girls in the Domestic Science class prepared a dinner of rice chop topped with chicken soup for our dinner. On another, I disciplined a student with 40 cuts, or strokes, of the paddle because he'd pulled his knife on Joye Jombla. The CSS soccer team lost a game to Bo Training College, 7-1, not for lack of skill, but out of fear. Six of the college athletes wore cleated boots while our students played with bare feet.



Several of us prepared for a trek to Hoya. The first part of the trip was by canoe, and it was difficult. We waded in knee-deep water on to Topan where I measured a site for another primary school. I attended an evening service with Pastor Lamina, and when I left the next morning, the chief dashed me a fine drake. Evelyn and Norman met me at the wharf when I returned the next evening. On the next trip down the Jong River to Bonthe, Evelyn and Joyce came along while I delivered a drum of palm oil to the Minnie Mull kitchen. Emmett and Douglas Cox were at the wharf to meet us. In October, we went to Senjehun to survey for a school there.

Ev gave Joyce her first haircut on October 17, 1955, the day before her second birthday. We all went out to the hospital for her birthday supper with friends. Evelyn and Joyce went to Gbangbaia for Linda Townes first birthday on October 25.

On a Sunday in late October, after a good kippers breakfast, the Matru missionaries fanned out to various towns for Sunday services. My group played a recording in Mende on Mid Kuhns gramophone for part of the service at Segbwama, and I spoke on No Other Name Given Whereby Ye Must Be Saved.

We didn't stop at Blama for a service until later in the day because the nationals were celebrating the annual Porro Bush Ceremony when we passed through. The Porro Society initiated young males into adulthood and taught them the tribal traditions, warfare and courage of manhood. The Bunde Society passed on to females the tribal lore, songs and dances and detailed the duties of wives. The Porro devil, a figure who was the head person in the Porro society, danced through town in a grass skirt and wooden headdress to lead the young men into the bush for several days or weeks of initiation. Our children were a bit frightened by the Porro devils appearance.

The next day, after a full days work, I found that Mid had counted out the wages for the men and paid them - a great help to me! I went to the hospital on business, and the kids came along wearing their Halloween faces.

Ev and I drove to Freetown with Norman and Joyce, and we first left the Bedford at the garage for repairs. While Ev and I went downtown to make purchases for the principal's house, we left an unhappy Norman to baby-sit Joyce at the mission house. We bought a tank, bathtub, stove and snowcem (the British word for lime) at UAC. At the horticulture center, we bought a bougainvillea, an African violet and a wisteria for the CSS compound. Earl Ensminger and I went to an education meeting of the UCC, and I attended a revival where Solomon Caulker was the preacher. The Hemmingsers gave Joyce a little red chair, and we bought a shelf from them to match it. After we enjoyed a fine rice chop from Sarah Stevens, we walked over to a friends place to see his monkeys.

We filled the van and the Ensminger/s car with our purchases - beds, books, plants, a shelf, chair, tub and more. I sent Evelyn, Joyce & Norman ahead of me to ride with the Englishmen who worked at the titanium mine. They reached home before my van even got on the ferry, and they picked up Ronnie who had spent the time at the hospital. I bought three gallons of gas along the way home and coasted down all the hills to make the gas go further. I was a dead duck when the day was over, but I attended the evening C.E. meeting where Marie Flickinger spoke on The Effects of Drinking and Smoking.

The launch brought 300 bags of cement, and I hired a Muslims lorry to transport them from the wharf. The breezeway linking the new principals house to its kitchen was then under construction. When the

kitchen rafters were being planed, a bolt on the saw came loose and wrecked the blades, which delayed further work.

The Burketts returned to Bumpe in the fall after their furlough and soon came to see us and the progress at CSS. That progress had been slowed down because the remaining 6,000 had not been approved by government officials. Nothing was ever done quickly in Sierra Leone, and we didn't receive the funds until just before Christmas.

As exam time approached, I reviewed for finals and prepared tests. After classwork was done, I fixed the lawnmower and our chemical toilet. I separated our 12 rabbits into new pens, and since the rainy season was ending, I put ten men to pulling sand at Senehun crossing for construction work at CSS.

Joyce was a lively little girl, and she still accompanied me to morning devotions with the men. One morning I paddled her when I had to call her three times to return home with me for breakfast. She reported me to her mother and pointed out where she'd been spanked. On another occasion, she touched the hot peppers that grew in our garden and then rubbed her eyes. She cried, Peppi! Eye! and Amadu, our cook, quickly applied a bread and milk poultice to relieve the burning. At the evening prayer meeting, Joyce sang Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior quite lustily in Mende to everyone's enjoyment.

By the end of November, final exams were completed and graded; the payroll was distributed. On the first of December, 1955, I passed out report cards and hired 35 men for construction work. It was on that day that the accident occurred which claimed Normans life.}

# CHAPTER EIGHT

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## NORMAN'S GRADUATION TO GLORY:

### December 1955

In 1955, Evelyn was teaching our sons at home, using the Calvert Courses. At the same time, she watched over two-year-old Joyce. Ronnie was in the fourth grade and Norman in the third. Adjacent to the mission compound was the old Mattru primary school with a student body of 200. Our boys often joined their school friends in games at recess time, and they enjoyed playing on soccer teams and learning to speak Mende.

When the primary school planned its annual end-of-the-year celebration, our children were invited, as was ten year old Colleen Sundstrom whose family lived nearby. The three missionary children were as excited about the school picnic as the students. Teacher Solomon George was in charge of the day's activities which included a two-mile trip down the Jong River to the island village of Pipoh. There the students would have a rice feast and a day of sports.

On the day of the school picnic, Norman wakened me at 5:30 a.m. and excitedly asked whether it was time to get ready. "We have to be at the wharf and ready at 7:00 a.m.," he reminded me. While Norman and Ronnie ate their breakfasts, I went over to the CSS school compound and led morning devotions with 35 men who were completing a construction project at the school before the holidays. Afterwards, I went to the wharf and helped the boys and Colleen onto the crowded craft.

Before the launch left, Norman quickly returned to our house. He asked his Mommie if he could get a shilling out of his bank to pay the fee for his friend, so Idrissa might also go along on the picnic. Norman got the coin, and the two friends got onto the launch and were off on this gala, final school day.

We had worked all day, as usual, and were eating an early supper at home with our missionary boarders, Mildred Kuhn and Rita Wild, when suddenly we heard wailing and crying from the town. We left our supper, jumped into our car, picked up Mrs. Sundstrom and hurriedly drove to the wharf where a noisy crowd had gathered.

There had been a dreadful accident on the launch! Evelyn urged me to take the ladies back to the mission where they could pray and then go to the Senehun crossing near CSS, where I could borrow a miner's launch to go down river and see what had happened.

As I traveled downstream, I passed a launch that was returning with a crowd of students aboard. They were gesticulating and shouting, but I could not understand their Mende, and neither launch stopped.

At Pipoh, I saw the capsized launch, with its crumpled cabin roof, along the shore. There I learned the story of the tragedy. The children had boarded the launch for their return trip home, and the boat had swung out into the current. Many children were on top of the cabin dancing; some were beating the drum. Where the river was deep and the current swift, the support struts for the roof buckled and

snapped, and the cabin roof collapsed. As the top caved in, those on the roof were thrown into the water.

Before the launch had left the shore and the accident occurred, teacher George had asked the mission children on the roof to come down below. He spoke to Norman in particular, telling him it was safer in the launch. Norman had obeyed. When the roof collapsed, Ronnie, Colleen, teacher George and those on the roof fell into the water.

Teacher George grabbed a floating board for support, but when he realized that Colleen couldn't swim, he gave her the board and told her to hang on until a canoe could pick her up. This she did and was saved, but Solomon George couldn't swim and didn't make it to shore. He gave his life to save a missionary's daughter!

Ronnie was a good swimmer, as was Norman. When Ronnie found Teacher Davis exhausted and struggling in the water, Ronnie encouraged him until he safely reached shore.

Twin brothers, John and Jonny Williams, also fell off the launch. When one reached shore and saw the other still struggling in the water, he swam back to help. Both boys drowned, and so did another student, James Sankoh. In all, Solomon George, three male students and Norman met their deaths in the freak accident.

When the damaged launch was pulled to shore, the crumpled cabin roof was raised, and Norman's body was lifted out. He had been sitting under the roof, but leaning out over a partition to watch the diesel engine. When the roof collapsed, rafters fell across his neck and choked him.

Student Ibrahim Jalloh immediately ran to carry the message to Mattru, and a crowd of 500 ran to the wharf, wailing and waiting for the two launches that finally brought the students back to Mattru. The launch that I'd passed on the river was carrying students and Norman's body.

As soon as the launch landed, Ronnie ran up the path along the river to our house, crying, "Norman's dead! Norman's dead!" A lorry brought Norman to our house, and a large, wailing crowd followed and gathered outside. Nurse Juanita Smith stepped onto the porch and asked the crowd to be quiet while she prayed. They became calm as she led them in prayer.

Norman was laid on a cot in our living room near a front window. Some came inside to look at him and went back out, calmly and respectfully. They had never known a fatal accident to occur to a missionary child.

A Lebanese lady who ran a small shop in town brought a bolt of cloth to line Norman's casket. Evelyn offered payment for the cloth, but the lady showed her sympathy and love by reverently saying, "No, Missus, he be God's pickin." Our calm acceptance of Norman's death was a witness to the crowd of mourners of our faith in God.

Despite our faith and despite taking sleeping pills, there was no sleep that night for any of us. Nurse Smith lovingly washed and dressed Norman's body. Carpenter Lincoln built a casket and brought it to the house at 1:30 a.m. Soft rain fell.

We ate breakfast at the Sundstrom's home where two-year-old Joyce had spent the night. When the post office opened at 8 a.m., I sent a telegraph with the sad news to our families and the Missions Board. We took pictures of Norman who had a slight smile of peace on his little face.

Pastor P.C. Dole led a memorial service at the Matru church that morning. During the service, a favorite chorus of Normans was sung, "Say, Will You Be Ready When Jesus Comes?" The crowd walked reverently past the open casket of their little missionary friend.

A long procession of people walked behind the casket that was carried by the pallbearers, his workmen friends, to the ferry at the riverside. On the other side of the river, two miners jeeps carried the casket, the pallbearers, relatives and missionary friends 25 miles on the bush trail to Gbangbaia.

At Gbangbaia, where we had lived for two years, friends lined the path to meet us. Normans coffin was carefully carried over the high stick bridge and up the path the short distance to the church. There Pastor Becker led a second service for Norman, and our friends saw their little missionary friend for the last time. He was carried down the hill to his final resting place in the Danville Cemetery where other missionaries and nationals were buried. Norman's accident was the first to claim the life of a United Brethren missionary in fifty years.

Evan and Mary Towne were in charge of the Danville Boys Boarding Home in Gbangbaia, and Evan was an industrial arts teacher. He found a large stone in the river, about 3 feet long, 20 inches wide and 6 inches thick. With infinite skill and loving care, he chiseled words in the tombstone:

Our Little Missionary  
Norman Dean Baker  
January 4, 1948 - December 1, 1955

The stone was set deeply into a cement base in the secluded mission cemetery.

Evelyn and I had ten hours of much-needed sleep with the help of sleeping pills at our home on Friday night, December 2. We received many messages of condolence the next day, including notes from Prime Minister Margai and the Archbishop of CMS. Ronnie and I gave statements to the police about the accident. The bodies of Solomon George and the Williams twins were found and buried at Pipoh.

On Sunday, December 4, the Sundstroms provided another meal for us, and the local women came to sympathize with Evelyn. She rested and looked at Norman's baby pictures and scrapbook. Evelyn and I also called on Idrissa, Norman's good friend, and gave him some of Norman's clothes. He told us that Norman had given thanks for the picnic meal at Pipoh and that he had called out, "Daddy!" as the cabin collapsed.

It was hard on us and on all the men to resume work on Monday morning, hauling blocks and sand. Joyce came with me to devotions, and that was a very difficult time for me.

December 7 was Ev's birthday. I gave her sachet powder, and she got many gifts from friends. We received a large, steady flow of sympathetic correspondence from our prayer warriors in the States which comforted us. Ev found solace in Dale Evans Rogers book, My Spiritual Diary.

Some days later, we sent a detailed letter to our families. When Alvena read it aloud, her daughter Marilyn, age 10, exclaimed, "It should have been someone else!" Alvena wrote to Evelyn about Marilyn's reply, and Evelyn in turn told Ronnie who responded without delay, "She should not have said that!" Evelyn looked at him, and with a broken heart asked, "Why?" Ronnie carefully said, "God knew Norman was ready and took him, but some of the school kids aren't ready and haven't responded and given their hearts to God." Evelyn whispered, "Thank you, Jesus. Ronnie's words brought the comfort of the Lord's amazing grace to her heart, as well as tears of joy and happiness. When Ron became a physician in Sierra Leone, he offered healing and salvation to many in that needy land.

Following Norman's unexpected graduation to glory, we received dozens, yes, scores of letters from family, church friends and others, expressing love and heartfelt concern for our grief-stricken hearts. A letter from Otterbein Church where Dad M was pastor said, "Rev. L.A. Middaugh and Mrs. Middaugh were presented with a dozen red rose buds." Dad M responded with a quote, God wants some little rose bud for his garden up above, so oft he gathers children to the mansions of His love. We believe that Norman, who loved to sing choruses, is singing choruses with the angels now." A long-time friend, Anne Griffin Bruner, wrote to say that she had been constrained to pray for us at the time Norman entered Heaven.

An obituary article in the United Brethren magazine read, "With the exception of 18 months after his birth, and the year's furlough from 1952-53, Norman's short life was lived in Sierra Leone. The people there spoke of him as "our little missionary." He was able to speak the Mende language well and was a constant witness to young and old alike. While on furlough at the Hanover Vacation Bible School under the ministry of Rev. Robert Markley, Norman confessed his sins and gave his penitent heart to Jesus. His sincere, Christ-centered life has been an inspiration and example to his family, his missionary associates, and his African brethren and playmates."

The demonstration of love and concern from our African friends after Norman's death could not have been greater. We thanked the Lord for them and their great kindness at that difficult time. We believed we were in the Lord's care and trusted that the verse in Romans was still true for our lives.

Seven months remained before our second furlough began. In that time, we had to find a replacement for me who could serve as principal, building supervisor and fund-raiser for one year. To that end, we prayed.

I don't know if it was Dr. Fleming or I who remembered Herbert Cook, a high school teacher and a 1937 HC graduate. His experience as a science teacher and school administrator was rich and extensive. He had a Masters degree from UCLA and had built and repaired homes. He was well qualified and, importantly, he wanted to serve in Sierra Leone. With his wife, Lucille White Cook, and their young daughter, Virgilia, he agreed to undertake the spiritual challenge of a lifetime and serve in Sierra Leone. Our all-wise God directed the Cook family and the Missions Board in this appointment.

Despite our grief, I had to continue my duties at CSS. I went to Kenema to pick up school furniture, and Rev. Burkett helped me haul the furniture. On a Sunday before the holidays, as I was itinerating to Mowaygo, the Bedford had its first flat tire in 17 months and 15,000 miles. The vehicle hit big rocks in the road which broke both front springs and forced us off the road.

Ronnie had a part in the church's Christmas program, and on Christmas Eve, the staff had a party at the hospital. On Christmas morning, our family snuggled in bed together, grieving for Norman and comforting one another. We sadly opened gifts that had been sent to him.

On December 27, the floor of the principals house was completed and the frame for the front verandah and rafters on the house were put up. Lincoln planed 50 boards for the project, and we hauled up 13 loads of cement and materials in the lorry.

On the last day of 1955, I had a fever, and Ev was understandably not feeling well. I paid off my workers early in the day, and a man from the mines drove us in his Land Rover to Gbangbaia. Our devastated family of four stayed with Evan, Mary and Linda Towne at Danville. We visited Normans grave in the afternoon, and after the evening meal, Evan, Mary and I went to the Watch Night Service. Joyce slept with us all night.

What a year 1955 had been. In January, CSS had been dedicated, completing the vision given to Dr. Eby 11 years earlier. We had enrolled the prescribed number of students and completed a successful year. Then, on the very last day of the school year, an accident took our little missionary son, Norman, into glory.

The end of 1955 was a very difficult time for us, yet we believed that the Lord would use us to do His work in Sierra Leone. Our grief remained, but we were able to accept Normans death because we believed our Lord would work out His plan through our lives. We continued to stand upon Romans 8:28. His will be done.

# CHAPTER NINE

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END OF SECOND TERM & FURLOUGH: 1956 to 1957

## 1956

On Sunday, January 1, communion was served in church, and how we missed having Norman standing by our side, taking the bread and wine. Before we returned to Mattru, we went again to visit Norman's grave, and we took photos of the monument that friend Evan had erected. Two-year-old Joyce did not want to leave "Norman's place," as she called it. We assured her and Ronnie that we would all be reunited one glad day in heaven because we accepted Jesus as Savior just as Norman had done. We departed for Mattru in tears, but assured in our hearts of a reunion in heaven. We had to go on in faith.

After awhile, in His gracious timing, God spoke to Evelyn's grief-stricken heart. She came to believe that God allowed her to better understand and identify with African women, who commonly lost babies during childbirth or from childhood diseases. Normans death gave her a strong bond with them. One village chief, Senesie from Bumpe, sympathized with a common expression. Hushu, he said, you be just like us in losing a family member.

Annual Conference was held that year in Mattru, from January 4 to 11. During Conference time, a memorial service was held for Norman, and so was a commemorative 75th Christian Endeavor service. Mary Granaas and Mae Howard came all the way from California to attend, and after the conference, I took them to the Bumpe church for the dedication of the pews which Mrs. Granaas had donated. The women also took a launch to Bonthe and experienced the common delay of being stuck on a sandbar for three hours.

We worked hard, getting the compound ready for the opening day of the second year at CSS. We had added Form II, so more students were expected. On January 26, 96 students enrolled; by February 13, the roll listed 113 students.

The Hemmingers came with their daughter, LaVerne, for a visit, and he spoke at a chapel service. LaVerne, Ronnie and Colleen Sundstrom staged an early Valentine party for the oldsters. Pa Sundstrom had been advised by his doctors to return to the States due to a recurring illness, so he departed, somewhat discouraged, on February 5.

During a hot spell, the temperature on the verandah registered 94 degrees - the hottest weather I'd experienced at Mattru. Dr. Marilyn Birch and Lois Sheridan, missionaries from the Wesleyan section in northern Sierra Leone, called on us during that time to tour the school.

The British Governor came to speak to the District Council at Mattru. To salute the Governor, 118 CSS students dressed in their uniforms and formed a line from the wharf to the government buildings up on the hill. We invited the Governor's wife to the mission house to relax and have tea.



March was the month our family moved to the new CSS compound and into the new principal's home. We thought that Norman would have liked it. On March 10, we invited 50 friends and Pastor Stone to dedicate the house to the work of the Lord. The final project at the house was to pour a cement drive to the carport to keep rainwater from flooding the house.

In the midst of the ongoing construction, the family went to watch the annual fish harvest at the falls near the village of Wulai, a mile above CSS. There where the Jong River narrowed to a width of 100 feet, nationals came at the end of the dry season in April to catch fish. Men cut thick, three-foot lengths of tawui (tah-wee) from trees and brought the limbs in dugout canoes to the falls. Two to three hundred people, men and women, were busy all along the river, some of them pounding tawui on the rocks. At a signal, the beaten and pulverized tawui was scattered on the water, and the active substance in it, which was like rotenone, stunned the fish. After 15 minutes, another signal was given, and the fish that had floated to the surface of the water were scooped up with nets on long poles or gathered in big nets by several people. Fishing like this respected the balance of life in the river and was done with permission of the local chief. Men sometimes threw dynamite in the water to stun fish, but using that was illegal.

As I drove to Freetown one day with Brima Wunde, a national who accompanied me to guard the lorry and translate, tax rioters stopped us at a roadblock. Brima was very frightened when we were ordered out of the truck, but when the rioters saw that I was a white man, they rolled the log off the road and let us through. Brima exclaimed to me, Not a common fear that, Pa!

On Easter morning at Mattru, the church was filled with 350 people, a turnout that was very gratifying. In the next days, I went to see Pastor Wescott about starting a primary school at Senjehun, and seven of us drove up to surprise Bernadine on her birthday. Pa Burkett helped us out by bringing 50 bushels of rice to the kitchen at CSS. Mid Kuhn invited two-year-old Joyce to stay overnight with her, and when we went to get Joyce the next morning, she was eating breakfast with Mid, big as huffy.

When Administrative Council met, Earl Ensminger wanted me to resign as Education Secretary because I had too many responsibilities, was overworked and would soon go to the States on furlough. Earl wanted to move to Mattru at once, but the Council voted that he move to Mattru as soon as practical. The Council was notified that Herbert Cook had been approved by government officials to work at CSS during our furlough, and he had already duly registered himself. We were busy getting things ready for his arrival, which included taking the Bedford to Freetown for welding repairs.

While we were in Freetown, we went to the dentist and spent a few days at the beach where I taught Ron how to shoot his rifle. While I was gone one afternoon, he had the good fortune to shoot a ground squirrel and a crow, each on one shot. He was quite proud, and we had fresh squirrel meat with our rice chop that night. Ron and two national men usually slept on the flat roof of the beach house at night. Ev and I tried to sleep there, but couldn't tolerate the mosquitoes.

We returned to Mattru in time to give out the April payroll to our men and found 1,000 sheets of pan roofing waiting at the wharf. Emmett hauled them while I taught a full day of seven classes. Construction work was a part of daily life.

A student discovered that money had been stolen from a metal case under his bed in the boy's dorm. I called all the boys together and handed out a straw to each. I told them that the thief would get the

longest straw. When I gathered up the straws, I saw that my strategy had worked, for the thief had broken his straw to make it shorter than the others. I identified him, and he admitted his crime. He returned the stolen money and accepted his punishment.

On June 18, we had a meeting to pray for Herbert Cooks safe arrival on June 21. I met him at the Lungi airport and helped him through Customs and Immigration. His wife, Lucille, and daughter, Virgilia, came later by ship. Herb and I drove back to CSS, and I introduced him to the staff and students. Herb was an excellent plumber, and he went right to work on plumbing problems at the school. He was also a teacher, and he jumped in and taught three Religious Knowledge classes for me. I supervised while he learned how to pay the men.

I got word from the American Embassy that Normans name had been removed from our passports, so our papers were in order for us to sail in early August. In the meantime, Herb and I staked out another duplex for junior teachers and worked on a stubborn financial report for June. Herb and Emmett drove to Gambia to purchase three drums of palm oil for the kitchen.

Earl Ensminger telegraphed that our ship, the Cornville, would arrive the next week, so I quickly graded the last of the exams, completed the food inventory and gave small gifts to our workers. Evelyn and I packed our belongings and enjoyed good-bye gatherings at the church and school. We made a final trip to Gbangbaia to visit Norman's grave.

In Freetown, we stayed at the Mission House and got the cream treatment from Emmett and Shirley until the Cornville sailed on August 2. Rev. J. Rogers, an EUB pastor from Sierra Leone, was a fellow passenger, and Joyce often asked him, Why do I keep falling down? as she got her sea legs. On the fifth day out, the ship rolled on large swells, and we took Dramamine to keep things in place. The tables in the dining room were covered with dampened cloths to prevent the dishes from sliding. The voyage, direct to Norfolk, Virginia, took ten days.

We went by Greyhound bus from Norfolk to Alexandria, Virginia, to visit briefly with the Markleys. From Baltimore, we traveled by train to Van Wert, Ohio, where Evelyn's folks, my mother and brother met us. They all missed Normans greeting.

Furlough, 1956

By August 16, our 14th anniversary, we were home in Michigan, and a new round of activities began. Mom B had an apartment all ready for us to live in. Relatives came to see us, and we went to the bank, the doctor, the UB conference at Rockford, Ohio, and to Hillsdale to get our baggage. Nurse Emma Hyer came all the way from Illinois to greet us. Joyce and her cousin, Cheryl Middaugh, were exactly the same size and enjoyed getting to know each other.

A fitting memorial service was held for Norman at Auglaize Campground. Evelyn spoke to the church group about our life in Sierra Leone, but it was especially discomfoting for her to talk about the past year. En route back to Michigan, we drove to Huntington and met HC administrators and board members at the old Huntington Hotel.

In Hillsdale, I bought a 1949 Dodge for \$285 from Jim Springer, and I purchased a sports coat and an air rifle with a two-power scope for Ron. A group of us went to the Ohio State Fair where we saw Roy

Rogers and Dale Evans on stage. We stopped in Celina, Ohio, on the way, and Helen Rutledge and Peggy Worthman bought a new dress for Ev to wear on deputation. On August 28, Ron left on the school bus to enroll in school at Reading.

On August 28, I also went to school, to the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, to inquire about beginning a doctoral program. I had no desire to teach or be an administrator at the college level, so why was I interested? I was motivated, in part, because educators like myself who worked in the British educational system in Sierra Leone were not regarded as professionals if they had not earned their PhDs. I also believe the Lord led me in that direction, for He knew my future. He had prepared me to do missionary work, and once again, He was working His will in me. I would look back on my decision and know that All things work together for good...

The British educational system in Sierra Leone was very different from the American system, and each nation felt its system was best. In the 1950s, three American principals in Sierra Leone led three secondary schools patterned after the US, not the British, system. June Hartranfft was Principal of the EUB Hartford Girls School; Lone Driscoll was Principal of Union High School in Bo, and I was Principal of Centennial Secondary School at Mattru. British officials implied that, even though we three had administrative experience and masters degrees, we were not really qualified to be principals. I was so agitated by their attitude that I became determined to begin work on my PhD and see what the English thought of that. I intended to become unquestionably qualified for my work. When I looked back on that decision, I recognized God's presence in the situation. The decision to return to school was a major crossroad in my life, and it led to an unanticipated destination - the Presidency of Huntington College.

I began classes in September, and I was immediately shown how the Lord provided and worked things out in advance. Dr. Claude Eggersten, a man who had particular interest in international topics, agreed to be my chief advisor. Again, I was invited to stay overnight in Ann Arbor with Dr. David Wolfe if I needed to study in the library or with Clyde Rehberg and his wife in nearby Milan.

Evelyn and I did deputation in the fall, and between driving to school on weekdays and to UB churches on weekends, I figured I drove 9,300 miles that autumn. Sometime in the fall, Bishop Funk asked if I would consider being a candidate for UB Mission Secretary or if I would prefer returning to Sierra Leone. Without hesitation, I answered, Sierra Leone.

Christmas 1956 was held for the whole Baker family at Mom Bs. We set out roast goose, with all the trimmings, and made ice cream. What a nice time we had, sharing our love and our gifts. We celebrated a Middaugh Christmas in Ohio the next day. Before we welcomed in the New Year with Phil and Alvena, we attended a Missions Board meeting in Huntington.

## 1957

I completed my first semester of classes and began the second in January. My course work was difficult, and study and travel took a lot of time. While I was doing graduate work in the US, I knew the Lord had provided a good replacement for me in Herbert Cook. Lucille was teaching school, and Virgilia was enjoying her freshman year at CSS.

Evelyn and I made a special deputation trip to Rockford, Illinois, to speak to the Rock River WMA. Our main purpose, however, was to talk to June Brown. She was from the UB church in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and had graduated from HC. Along with three other HC grads, she had taken a job in Rockford while she waited for a missions position to open in Sierra Leone. She was eager to go, spiritually alive, extremely capable, and we wanted her to teach math at CSS. The Missions Board sent her to Sierra Leone a few months later.

There was a movement of missionaries throughout 1957 when a goodly number of missionary couples and singles came out to West Africa. Nancy Hull arrived on January 15; Alice Blodgett and June Brown arrived on July 6. The Datema family came on July 16, and Cathy Corcoran, a nurse, followed on July 23 to replace Bernadine Hoffman. The Bakers returned for a third term on July 27, and Russ and Nellie Birdsall came on September 4. That was a large number of appointees for the Missions Board to move during one year, but the teachers were mainly or wholly supported by Sierra Leone government funds. A thorough account of missions work in Sierra Leone and a complete list of all who served there may be found in Trail Blazers, Volumes One and Two by Dr. G.D. Fleming.}

# CHAPTER TEN

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PRINCIPAL, THIRD TERM: 1957 to 1961

## 1957

We returned to Sierra Leone in July 1957. This was the second time Ev had come back to Sierra Leone pregnant. Was that caused by a change in our drinking water, the lower cost of delivery there or the desire to have three children again after Normans graduation to glory. In any case, she was expecting, and we went immediately up to Monjama to make arrangements for the delivery with Dr. Winnie (Smith) Bradford.

Winnie had come to Sierra Leone and married Lester Bradford, an EUB Agricultural missionary. They set up an agricultural mission station and a busy maternity clinic not far beyond Bo. Phil Burkett had been born there on May 4, 1957.

Upon our return, we found that Herb and Lucille had done an excellent job running CSS and continuing the construction of new facilities. Herb had also used his talents to create bylaws and regulations for the school that were better than I could have written. We made arrangements for Ronnie to attend school in the fall at the Kabala Rupp Memorial School (KRMS) for missionary children in Kabala, a town in the Northern Province.

I planned to drive Evelyn to Monjama a few days before her delivery date, but before that happened, Evelyn came to me around midnight when I was busy with accounts, as usual, saying, This is the night. I asked June to stay with Ronnie and Joyce, and we set off for the 55-mile ride in the half-ton lorry, the Bedford. Evelyn's ride was eased only by a soft foam pillow that friend, Sue Spencer, had given her for the long trip.

Wed had a big thunderstorm earlier that evening, and we found several trees down across the road. To navigate the downfalls, I either put the truck in creeper gear and went into the ditches and through the tops of trees or cut out enough limbs to get through on the road. When we finally got to Bernadine's at Bumpe, Evelyn wanted to borrow her small Escort for the rest of the trip. This we did, and proceeded on through Bo to Monjama, arriving there about 4 a.m. A light was on in the clinic where Winnie was caring for a sick African baby, and she welcomed us and gave Evelyn a bed in the delivery room. With the stress of traveling behind us, we both went right to sleep.

At 4:00 p.m. on September 12, Evelyn presented me with a seven-and-a-half pound baby girl whom we named Annette Marie. What a blessing and what a relief! Thank you, God! I hurried home with the good news, eager to tell friends what had happened at the end of last night's wild ride!

On October 8, the legally constituted Board of Managers of CSS met at Mattru. The membership had changed because it was now determined by the government. On the board were the UBA Field Superintendent, the Education Secretary, the Principal, three representatives from the West African UB Conference (normally two pastors and a teacher), the Minister of Education, the UCC Education

Secretary, the Bonthe DC, representatives from the Bonthe and Sherbro District Councils and the Paramount Chief of the Jong Chiefdom. The board was very supportive and pleased with CSS. Even though Mattru was at the end of the motor road and the CSS campus was out in the bush along the Jong River, the school was very beautiful and successful. When Rebel War broke out in the 1990s, the buildings at CSS were not destroyed, as they were at Bumpe, because CSS was so remote.

In our time at CSS, a bridge was never built across the Jong River near the school although in 1956 or 1957, the first bridge over the Jong was constructed near Taima. The Jong was crystal clear, and the water was fresh. Its depth was affected by the daily tides, and its width - from 300 to 500 feet - determined by the rains. The current was extremely strong in the rainy season when the river might rise 12 to 15 feet. No one crossed the river by ferry or canoe when the river was swollen and fast.

At Christmas, we celebrated in various ways with other missionaries, their children and with the nationals. The local custom was to come caroling, singing songs in English and in Krio. Krio was a language brought to Sierra Leone by the freed slaves. It was the lingua franca in Freetown and the trade language in all of Sierra Leone. Groups of merry nationals crowded around our door, bundled up and wearing stocking caps because 60 degrees was cold weather in Sierra Leone.

## 1958

We added Form IV to CSS when the new semester began in 1958. The total enrollment grew to only 133 pupils, so we had to dismiss one teacher, Mr. S.O. Sandy, a Ghanaian who had written the school song. Mr. Abraham B. George shifted from the teaching staff to office clerk. John Harrop, a classics teacher with a Masters from London University, brought his bride to school, and Rita Wild returned to CSS after her furlough. Mrs. D. Maxwell of Freetown was the first African evangelist whom we hired to speak for chapel services; Rev. Jack Thomas, an EUB missionary and later Bishop, was the second.

The new Medical Officer at the Mattru Hospital was Dr. Alvin French who had transferred from the EUB Hospital in Moyabma. I drove his wife, Barbara, to the hospital for the birth of their third daughter, Shirley, on February 12.

One night in March, our big cock refused to go into the coop and expressed agitation in a queer way. Joyce and I investigated the matter with a flashlight and a gun, and we found a big cobra slithering over the top of the pen, looking for a chicken dinner. He lost his head when my gun blew it off, but I thought we had kept our chickens. June Brown dissected the cobra in biology class the next day and found we had lost a few chicks. Another cobra stole eggs from a hens nest, so I tracked it down, shot it, and measured it at 5 feet 2 inches. A third snake killed one of our treasured, big white hens. It was hazardous to raise chickens, but it was wonderful to have their meat and eggs. To supply other meat for CSS, we bought two 25-pound pigs. They were fed scraps from the dining room tables, so they would later become meat on those tables.

It was also difficult to protect our pets. Sparkie, our dog, came whining to our door one evening because driver ants were attacking her new puppies. We swept away the ants and put the pups in a box in the cab of the lorry. Two sets of baby chicks were also rescued and placed in the bed of the lorry. Our

mother cat disappeared and left three kittens for us to raise. When two of the kittens disappeared the next week, we wondered if snakes, hawks or thieves had snatched them all.

When Annette was six months old, her first tooth appeared. She humbugged Evelyn all day because she was restless from teething, weaning and a smallpox vaccination. I tried twice to put her to sleep, but she was wide-awake and resistant. Annette and Joyce were frequently bothered with dysentery.

Student Rebecca King assisted Evelyn at home before classes, making the beds, freshening up the house or taking care of the kids to help pay her school fees. When our cook, Amadu, had a day off, she made a delicious dish called Jolliff rice. Jolliff rice was a mixture of rice, meat, tomatoes, onions, hot peppers, potatoes, and oil and that was served at festivals and celebrations. In Sierra Leone, rice, hot peppers and dried fish were the staple ingredients as in America they were flour, sugar and beef. We enjoyed several kinds of rice that were grown locally as a staple in our diet.

On Good Friday, a group of missionaries assembled at Dr. French's home for a prayer meeting. Afterwards, our children put on a program that Evelyn directed. They presented charades of nursery rhymes and a performance of dancing dolls. Ron quoted Psalms, and Joyce spoke a short piece. I bribed Mark Burkett with six pence to give a welcome to the audience.

April was a difficult month for several families. Eleanore Datema and her son, Tom, the Burketts and their son, Phil, were ill. Mary Townes mother, Mrs. Chapman, died in Pennsylvania, and Nellie Birdsall's brother, Rev. Jack Elser, passed away. All of us in Sierra Leone belonged to one supportive missionary family, and when sickness or death occurred to anyone, we grieved and prayed together. We also learned of the death of HC graduate and evangelist Leland Skinner.

Every second week, I itinerated on Sunday with CSS students in Segbwema, Karleh and Blama, neighboring villages five to eight miles away. Our purpose was to bring the Gospel to towns that had no schools or churches. A Muslim man in Blama allowed us to hold services on his verandah, and he gave me a colorful, hand-woven hammock.

We lived only 15 miles from the new titanium mines at Gbangbama where titanium dioxide, or rutile, was stripped from the land with huge shovels. We became friendly with a few of the American and British employees. Mr. Spencer, the General Manager of British Titan Products, brought his family to our home for a meal. His wife, Sue, inquired if we would help their three sons enroll at KRMS. She later published a collection of letters to her daughters in America, entitled African Creeks I've Been Up. On another visit, she came with the Minister of Mines and Labor, Dr. Karefa Smart, and his wife to visit CSS.

Oftentimes the District Chief brought visitors, such as Mr. Cotoy, Sierra Leones Commissioner to London, to see CSS. Since there were no local restaurants, it was Evelyn's privilege and responsibility to entertain and feed our guests. Other missionaries did likewise for their visitors. Callers were impressed by the generator the Albrechts had bought, which one day would provide electricity to CSS, and by the on-going construction work.

Dr. French was honored on his 31st birthday with lace-trimmed pajamas made by the nurses. At our 16th wedding anniversary party, the missionaries exchanged identities. I imitated Eleanore Datema in a nurses gown; Evelyn was Olive Weaver in a swim suit; Nancy played Ev; Bernadine pretended to be me, and June was Dr. French, the prize imitation!

Thieving was a common occurrence around us because a few nationals considered it was their right to share, i.e., to take, what belonged to others. We carried keys to many padlocks in an effort to keep everyone's belongings safe. Thieving presented a dilemma for us. We wanted to behave in a trusting, Christian manner and be as generous with the nationals as they were with us, but we could not afford to have belongings and equipment taken. Only by locking things up could we curtail thieving.

A thief came to CSS one night and stole clothing from the girls clothesline and other articles through the barred windows of their dorm. A list of the stolen articles was taken to the Paramount Chief, Madam Bunting-Williams, and the next day a court messenger brought two thieves and nine stolen articles to her. More belongings were recovered later, and the thieves were put in jail. The local leaders cooperated with us to show appreciation for the education their children received at CSS.

Toma and Dinah Fogbawa were married on August 24 in Bumpe in a Christian ceremony which set a pattern for other nationals to follow. The couple had been greatly influenced by UBA missionaries. Toma had worked for Bernadine Hoffman.

Once a week, we marched the uniformed CSS students in a straight line over to the Mattru Town Church for services. One evening, Rita Wild led the service almost entirely in Mende. That was important to the nationals because most missionaries were not fluent in Mende. I was able to get along in Mende, but as principal of a school, I believed I had to set an example of how good English was spoken.

The Ebys returned to Sierra Leone in the fall. They had previously served from 1923 to 1925 and from 1944 to 1947. They were warmly welcomed back and soon became mentors to all the missionaries and grandparents to all the missionary children. Rev. Eby preached at Mattru one Sunday while other missionaries fanned out to itinerate at other villages. The Ebys gave a fifth birthday party for Joyce and invited Dr. French's girls. Ev and I were so thankful for wonderful friends like the Ebys who expressed God's love on special occasions.

In November, letters from home informed us that Democrat Ed Roush, had been elected to the US House of Representatives. It was at that time that I wrote an In Memoriam to the plaster cast on Junes foot, and several of us carried her to the river and dumped her in. Afterwards, Dr. French cut off the cast. June is remembered for her description of living conditions on the mission field: It wasn't a Conrad Hilton out there.

A Christmas pageant was put on by the missionary children and directed by Peggy Albrecht. An added feature of the program was a male quartet composed of Dr. French, Jerry Datema, Ralph Albrecht and myself. On December 18, the Theuers, EUB Missionaries in Freetown, entertained 50 people at an American Christmas party. At home on Christmas morning, we all rose early to open our gifts before going to church. A group of missionaries gathered for a Christmas chicken dinner at the French's home.

## 1959

Our family spent the first few days of 1959 in Freetown, buying supplies, doing business and relaxing at Lumley Beach with the Birdsalls and Albrechts. Russ Birdsall, Ralph Albrecht and I went up Mt. Aureol Road to the mission site and studied the plans for the house that would be built there.



When it was time to take the kids back to school at KRMS, I invited the Harrops to come with us and see a different part of the country. We took a full load of children - our Ron, two Spencer boys, two McQuiston children and three Gess children, plus their baggage - over 175 miles of rough roads. What shouting there was at the end of the trip when the students greeted one another after their Christmas vacations.

In January 1959, an important project was begun - to build a chapel in memory of those who had died in the Jong River boat accident in December 1955. Of course, we were intensely interested and involved in this project because of Normans death, and I began reading architectural books for design information. Workmen began forming cement blocks.

The new term at CSS opened on January 31, and the enrollment grew to 155, with 115 living in the dormitories. The boys outnumbered the girls. I taught chemistry, physics and biology and directed the construction work.

Eddie Smith from Fourah Bay College came to CSS and spoke at the pre-Easter service. He also taught Junes math classes because she was ill most of Easter week. When she was well, she taught Joyce to float in the river.

While itinerating down the river one Sunday morning, June fell overboard when the boat hit a rock. In the fall, she lost her glasses in the water. June had to go on her way, but a man later found the glasses, and June gratefully rewarded him. Again and again, the nationals did us many favors.

As soon as the third senior-staff house was completed, June and Rita moved into it. Then the workmen turned their energies to measuring off the site for the memorial chapel.

Dr. French left Mattru in July, and we soon welcomed Dr. Sylvester Pratt to the mission family. We held a reception for him at the Bumpe District Court barri. Eleanore Datema invited Paramount Chief Kposowa to the reception and to see CSS. Dr. Pratt planned to visit the Bumpe dispensary every two weeks where nurse Eleanore was in charge.

Joyce began her home schooling with the Calvert Correspondence Courses on September 1, and I bought her a pair of red tennis shoes which delighted her. Just as she started her studies, I began ordering building materials for the chapel. The most difficult construction challenge was determining how to build the curve of the arches on the chapels facade. I knew the design I wanted - an entry tower with arched doorways on three sides and a belfry directly above with three similar arches. I searched for instructions about building arches in an encyclopedia and learned that the design I wanted to construct was called a Norman arch! How appropriate and amazing!

The Good News was continually spread at CSS, and as a result, 16 baptisms were celebrated at the Tondevoi Stream one Sunday, of whom 11 were CSS students. Every other Sunday, I itinerated in villages along the river and near the motor road. Dr. Eby once went with me to Karleh. After he spoke to a group of 60 nationals from a verandah, 12 responded to his appeal and went into the house to learn more about Jesus.

On another Sunday, I ate a quick breakfast and picked up my four volunteer student assistants. After our service at Karleh, we returned to the motor road and were surprised to see Dr. Pratts car parked there.

He was waiting to inform us that Samuel Cole, a Form V student and Assistant Senior Prefect of CSS, and Kai Ngoni, a freshman, had drowned at Mattru. They had been crossing the river in a small canoe, going to get a larger one to carry Rita, Lydia Yawma and Aminata Jabati to the other side of the river. Something caused the small canoe to overturn, and both boys were thrown into the river. Samuel was a good swimmer and tried to rescue Kai, but both drowned.

We hurried back to Mattru and sent the sad news by Teacher Kpengeh to Samuel's parents at Bonthe and by Teacher Samba to Kai's parents near Jaiama. We held a memorial service at CSS. Pastors James Stone and Francis Sharkah spoke and prayed, and Rev. Eby added his thoughts.

On Tuesday, Samuel's body was found near Keiga, so we chartered a launch and went to bury the body where it was found. On the return to Mattru, Kai's body was seen entangled in a tree along the river, so we buried him also. We performed two fitting services for two lads who were serving the Lord.

Rita came to me afterwards and quoted from John 15:13: Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. It was her desire that the new chapel be named the Greater Love Chapel and dedicated to those who had died in 1955 and to the two who had died assisting her.

As Christmas approached, we wrote our annual letter to friends, and we made preparations to butcher a 170-pound pig. First we had to figure out how to scald the pig and remove its bristles. We put a 55-gallon drum of water on three big stones over a fire. Above the drum, a pulley was hung to lower the pig into the boiling water. After I shot the pig, we discovered it was too large for the drum, so we had to dip out the boiling water, pour it over the pig and scrape off the bristles. Butchering the pig was a smaller problem. We worked on a table to divide the meat between the CSS kitchen and the missionaries. The fat was cut in small pieces and boiled as cracklings! We enjoyed the roasts and sausages, but oh, working with limited equipment in 90 degree weather was exhausting!

On Christmas morning, the kids arose very early and opened several packages that had come from the States. After the Christmas service, people came to our house for a dinner of roasted chicken, mashed potatoes, gravy, dressing and more. We played games in the afternoon and later the eight single missionaries went boating or swimming in the Jong.

The following day, Dr. and Mrs. Pratt invited the Ebys and Bakers to a bounteous holiday dinner. It was then we learned that the VW van had been stolen from the Bumpe Bible Institute compound on Christmas day and found abandoned between Makeni and Kabala. Ralph took the battery from my car, and he, Bernadine and the police went to retrieve the van. Many salable parts had been removed from it, including the doors.

Evelyn went to the Watch Night service at church while I stayed home with Joyce and Annette and did the bookkeeping. Ron returned home at 11:50 p.m., and we prayed the New Year in together. We went outside and each fired the shotgun once. Our shots were answered by a shot from Ronnie Albrecht. We thanked Jesus for the past year. Happy New Year, 1960!

## 1960

The school year at CSS started on January 5, and 86 students enrolled. Professor Eddie Smith came from Fourah Bay College to teach, and John Harrop notified us that he would teach there next year. Builder Ralph Albrecht finished building the platform railing of the new chapel as its construction neared completion.

On February 7, the Greater Love Chapel was formally dedicated to the seven who had died. Two bronze plaques were mounted on the back wall of the chapel:

Greater Love Chapel  
erected in memory of those  
who gave or lost their lives in  
the launch accident following the  
Matru UBC Primary School Picnic,  
December 1, 1955  
Solomon E. George, Teacher  
John Williams, Student  
Jonny Williams, Student  
James Sannoh, Student  
Norman Baker, son of founder  
and first principal of this school.

Greater Love hath no man than  
this, that a man lay down his  
life for his friends.  
Also in remembrance of:  
Samuel Cole, Form V  
Kai Ngoni, Form I  
who were drowned on  
Sunday morning, September 27, 1959,  
while carrying to nearby villages  
the message of God's love.

The chapel was built of attractive cement blocks. By far, the greatest challenge for me had been engineering the fit of the blocks in the six Norman arches. The interior was furnished with a pulpit, platform chairs and pews, not benches, of beautiful mahogany made by Forest Industries in Kenema. The floor was cement, including the raised platform before the altar. It was a functional, yet lovely, building that seated 400 people.

The chapel occupied the central place in the CSS compound and was used every day by the students for chapel services, meetings and, of course, on Sundays for worship. It was built entirely with donations from UB individuals and churches. The bell in the belfry was a gift, and the Missions Board furnished 150 used UB hymnals for the chapel.

The UB magazine published the following article that Juanita Smith wrote describing the dedication:

It was a warm, sunshiny afternoon on Sunday, February 7, 1960. On the (Centennial) Secondary School compound one could see many different groups of people entering a building which was located in the center of all the other buildings. There were handsome teenage boys dressed in white shirts and trousers with red and white striped school ties; and pretty girls in white dresses trimmed in blue, wearing red berets. There were also many missionaries, including representatives from other missions, who were present for a meeting of the World Evangelical Fellowship. There were pastors and their wives, church people, families of students, carpenters, masons all dressed in "Sunday best," quietly filing into this lovely Chapel. I say lovely, not because of thick carpeted floor, heavy draperies, and stained glass windows, but lovely because of its simplicity. It is a cement block building with corrugated aluminum roofing, just like all the other school buildings. The front entrance is enhanced by a belfry-like structure, with cement block arches which are known as "Norman arches" in Old English architecture. The walls, painted a soft green, set off the glass windows, which are shaded in the form of a cross. The pews, altar railing, and pulpit of waxed mahogany give the final touch of beauty.

When we arrived, Miss Bernadine Hoffman was playing softly a prelude on the piano that Herbert Cook had ordered from England when he was there. There was a hushed silence as Pastor Stone rose to read the Scripture. Pastor Harvey gave the invocation. Rev. Russell Birdsall directed the congregation in the singing of, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," and everyone followed perfectly, just like a heavenly choir. I was thrilled through and through. Teacher Davies read the familiar story of the primary school picnic tragedy of 1955. As we were reminded again of our little missionary, Norman Baker, who was killed while on the launch; of Teacher Solomon George, who directed Colleen Sundstrom to hang onto a ladder while he himself drowned; and of three others who lost their lives, - the words of Christ took on a deeper meaning "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Teacher Kpenge read the account of the more recent drowning of the two Centennial School boys who were en route to a village across the river to carry the Gospel. These readings were climaxed by two students walking down the aisle to unveil the two bronze plaques on which were the names of those for whom the Chapel is a memorial. Representatives chosen to unveil the plaques were Sonny Williams, a brother of the two boys who died in the first accident, and Rachael Sawyer, a classmate of Samuel Cole.

The Centennial Male Chorus then sang that wonderful hymn, "How Great Thou Art." Dr. Eby followed this with a tremendous message, "So Send I You," admonishing us who remain to a life of service for our Lord. Again the congregation sang under Russell Birdsall's leadership, "To God Be the Glory." As DeWitt Baker gave the history of the Greater Love Chapel and told about all who had had a part in it, we were made to realize the impact of our God and "the great things He hath done."

The final touch of the beautiful service was given by the ladies' trio composed of Bernadine Hoffman, Floy Mulkey, and Evelyn Baker, who sang "When We See Christ." Yes, it will be worth it all, (the sorrow, the heartaches, the burdens in this life) when we see Christ! The audience was held in holy awe - almost as if we expected to see Christ at that very moment! And in that moment, we were ushered into His very presence as Pastor Sharkah touched the throne of grace in the dedicatory prayer.

Mr. Goba, President of the Bonthe District Council, received the keys on behalf of the Centennial Board of Managers, and the service was brought to a close with the singing of "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.

The DC came to tour CSS, and soon after the Governor made his scheduled visit. On the auspicious day, all the students from Mattru in the primary and secondary schools lined up at the wharf in their uniforms to meet the Governor and his party.

On Valentine's Day, Juanita Smith brought Joyce and Annette a heart-shaped cake with I Love You spelled out in red candles on top. She added a tin of candy valentines which made a sweet and thoughtful gift for our girls.

The results of our second butchering at school were impressive. According to P.Z.s scales, the hog weighed 494 pounds after being bled out. Once again, students and missionaries enjoyed the fresh pork and cracklings.

Mrs. Carpenter from Senjehun brought in eight drums of palm oil to sell. She was the wife of a merchant, and she collected oil from nationals who pressed palm nuts. CSS used palm oil every day to cook the various vegetable/meat/fish mixtures that we poured over our rice. Palm oil was so central to life that a student could be punished for a misdeed by having to eat dry rice, which was plain rice with no palm oil or vegetables on top. Several varieties of rice were grown locally in small plots. Rice was planted, cut, tied into sheaves, dried and pounded all by hand. When it was drying on mats, someone guarded the crop from thieves, animal and human, for every grain of rice was precious.

For April Fool's Day entertainment, Ron Baker with Ron and Ann Albrecht arranged a Fools Walk. Participants were first led blindfolded over a course of unsteady boards as small things were tossed at their faces. Then they walked under a chimps cage where smelly pawpaw seeds and warm water were squirted on them to suggest chimp activity. They were directed down into the car pit and then out of it with a jump. What fun!

The top students in Form V in the spring term were Rachel Sawyer, Alphonso Williams, Ivy Palmer, Betty Caulker, Joye Jombla, Jeremy Stone, Boima Nyambe and Dolly George. We took two groups of students to Bo to see the play Arms and the Man, because we were committed to providing the students an excellent education.

As soon as the tennis courts were completed and a shuffle-board court added at CSS, townspeople came out to the school and played along with the missionaries and students. They could also watch the second boys dorm being built.

The faculty worked intently on plans for the June 6 Commencement. They helped the Form V students write their commencement speeches and invitations, and they hosted a party for the students, their parents and friends. UB Headquarters sent 12 Bibles from Huntington as gifts for the graduates. Adding to the excitement of Commencement time was a visit to the CSS compound by the Prime Minister, Dr. Margai, on June 22. For this occasion, the students played a soccer game, and the Lebanese gave a party to honor Dr. Margai.

On June 26, the day of the first Baccalaureate service at CSS, Pastor Solomon Parker gave a challenging address. I still had exams to grade, diplomas to sign and the program to arrange for the Commencement service. It would be the first occasion in the history of Sierra Leone when Form V boys and girls graduated together. The graduating class consisted of eight boys and four girls from the original class of 30 students. The boys were Tommy Alieu, John Fatoma, Joye Jombla, Alfred Musa, Boima Nyambe, Daniel Stevens, Jeremy Stone and Alphonso Williams. The girls were Betty Caulker, Dolly George, Ivy Palmer and Rachel Sawyer. Samuel Cole would have graduated had he not died in the canoe-crossing disaster.

As our third term of service in Sierra Leone ended, my family was anticipating a year's furlough that would begin in July 1960. The Missions Board had planned to appoint Herb Cook as principal during my absence. However, the Ministry of Education in London refused to grant permission to Herb because he had not earned his MA from its approved list of American universities. The British government would have approved either Clayton Barker or Don Ackerman, but neither felt called to serve in Sierra Leone.

Because a replacement had not been found, Ev and I decided it was necessary to forego a year-long furlough and return to Sierra Leone when the September school term began. We began our short break on July 19 and met our families at Willow Run Airport near Detroit.

During our seven-week furlough, we spoke at several churches and made a trip to Piatt Lake for a wonderful, relaxing vacation. The fishing was great, and we caught over 50 perch and bass. Just before we returned to Sierra Leone, we visited Evelyn's parents near Rockford, Ohio, and Ron was baptized by his grandfather. The faithful members of his Otterbein Church gave us another ice cream send-off party.

On September 6, we returned to Willow Run and made our fourth departure to Sierra Leone. We flew via New York and Paris and arrived in Freetown on September 8. When we arrived in Matru on September 10 after an absence of less than two months, we were heartened by a warm welcome from streams of people coming to greet us, calling, Welcome back!

The school term opened on September 12, and by the end of the first week, enrollment had reached 158 students; 132 were boarders. That was a BUNCH of kids to feed! Providing enough food was a constant worry and occupation for me. A few days after school opened, we drove Joyce back to KRMS.

During the semester, I frequently helped Ron with his French course because he was taking his ninth-grade classes by correspondence. After studies, he often went trolling on the Jong River, and he once caught a 14-pound grouper which made tasty chop. I sometimes put Annette to bed for her afternoon naps, but one day when I failed to get her to sleep, she took our mongoose to the guest room and went to sleep on her own.

At times our modern conveniences at school failed to function properly. Sometimes the trouble was caused by the gasoline engine which powered the electric generator or by the engine which pumped water into the compounds hilltop water supply. When these failures occurred, we sent our students to the river to do their bathing.

Mr. Albrecht and I measured out the ground for building number 20, a combination assembly-classroom facility. He and I began wiring the 20 buildings on campus for electricity, which required a lot of calculations, bulbs, wires and switches.

One weekend in the latter part of November, Dr. Pratt went to Freetown on business. He returned to Matru with a bride, Dorothy. They had been married in the brides Methodist church, and Rev. Russ Birdsall had assisted in the ceremony. Dorothy was a registered nurse and the daughter of a doctor. Her training was taken in England, and at the time of her marriage, she was head nurse in one of the government hospitals in Freetown. It was quite an adjustment for this lady to be brought 180 miles upcountry to a mission station to work with a group of American nurses! Soon, however, she became one of the family. We held a picnic and reception to honor the newlyweds on November 26.

In due course, a baby girl arrived, and she was named Henrietta Edith Melodie Ingamide Pratt. She was called Melodie because her long, slender fingers were always moving as if she were playing a piano. Unfortunately, two weeks after the birth of the child, Dorothy became very ill with tuberculosis and was hospitalized for many months in a private room at the nurses residence. My wife, Evelyn, lovingly cared for Melodie for the next seven months. Baby Melodie was welcomed into our household, and Annette became her big sister.

At Christmas time, a party was held for the students. We served cupcakes and Cokes to all, and presented gifts of neckties and jewelry. The Christmas chapel program was highlighted by alumna-teacher Catherine Sawyers beautiful rendition of Oh Holy Night. The missionary families observed Christmas with a dinner and a get-together, and a week later, they and the town folk held a Watch Night service to welcome in 1961.

## 1961

On New Year's Day, we heard Billy Graham preach on ELWA from Monrovia, Liberia. Ron went hunting and shot two ducks. On January 3, we started off with Joyce for KRMS, but after 30 miles on the road, the cars tie rod dropped. We exchanged vehicles with friends to get Joyce to school, and then returned for the car and wired it together for a drive to Freetown.

I attended a meeting of 24 principals from secondary schools in Sierra Leone at the Annie Walsh School in Freetown the following day. Afterwards, I shopped for a used organ for CSS, purchased pan roofing, five steel doors, ten steel window frames, a bath tub, six toilet stools and celotex and arranged for the supplies to be shipped to Matru.

Monday, January 9, marked the beginning of the new school term that opened with 110 students present. In one of my chemistry classes, I made and demonstrated the use of a fire extinguisher. The new organ was installed in Greater Love Chapel, and Evelyn and Floy alternated as organists. Two students, Robert Kain and Adams Koroma, witnessed to Sidikie Kanu and led him to Christ.

Annette often spent time with CSS teachers, so it was natural that she asked me one day if I would learn her to teach. She frequently played with Evelyn Samba, but she was told not to go to her house without permission. One afternoon, she disobeyed twice, so I spanked her. She spent a good share of the next day sidling up to me to show her sorrow and make me feel better.

The Minister of Education, H.E.B. John, came to CSS, and I escorted him around the campus. Because he was an important guest, a pig was butchered. Fresh pork made us all happy, except the few Mohammedans who were not allowed to eat it.

On February 18, principals from the Southern Province met in Bo to begin preparations for Sierra Leones grand Independence Day celebration in April. Nancy Hull and I were appointed to the planning committee.

Later in February, the Science Inspector, Mr. Decker, visited the school to evaluate how we were teaching the science courses. He spoke to the staff and students, and he was reluctant to leave because he had enjoyed himself so greatly.

The boys and girls made a trip to Bo for a two-day track meet among the upcountry secondary schools. Our CSS athletes did not win, but several did surprisingly well.

Soon after, we had a disheartening experience. We found one of our female students, a former Minnie Mull girl, entertaining a visiting male student in the girls dorm. We expelled her immediately. The entire school was also shocked and grieved when Mrs. Laurretta Kpenge, wife of teacher Joseph Kpenge, died of a brain tumor.

A pleasant experience followed when Dr. Pratt invited us for a celebratory dinner because Dorothy's health was restored. Melodie was returned to her parents, and Annette and Evelyn missed her greatly. The story of Dorothy's recovery and our care for Melodie was very important to the hospitals reputation and our total mission outreach among the nationals. (Read more in Trail Blazers, Vol. II, pages 244-245.)

Many preparations were made for Sierra Leones first Independence Day celebration on April 27, and the workmen wanted extra pay as the big holiday approached. CSS hosted a tennis tournament in April which was won by Melvin Challobah and Moses Mustapha.

The Independence Day festivities began at the school compound with students from the primary and secondary schools filing by in a March Past. The new flagpole was wound with streamers in the national colors. Sierra Leones flag had three, broad horizontal stripes - light green for vegetation, blue for the sky and white for purity. In Mattru, a huge crowd gathered in and around the District Court barri where Pastor Stone preached a sermon of thanks. The parade followed the speeches. The UB hospital, the school and many others had entries, and they were followed by devil dancers, singers, Kongoli clowns, jugglers and clowns on stilts. It was all very exciting and lasted until it was nearly dark. After dark, a cinema was shown at CSS, and a big rice feed was provided for all who had come. The events were pleasant and appreciated by the crowds. The celebration in Mattru concluded peacefully and orderly.

Anticipating Ronnie's 15th birthday on May 8, we wrote well ahead of his birth date to radio station ELWA in Monrovia and asked the staff to give Ronnie birthday congratulations on the air. This they did, but not until the day after his birthday because the mail service in Africa had been slow, as usual. Ron shot a six-foot crocodile on the island in the Jong River in front of Ebys house, so we ate good-tasting chop for dinner that evening.



During the last week of classes in late May, CSS Form V students and I planned their commencement exercises, and they traveled to Bo to take their School Exit Exams. Dr. Pratt was an effective and forceful orator for their Baccalaureate service.

After the students departed, the missionaries gathered to share an evening meal and dedicate the new Doctors House. Dr. Pratt was its first resident, but years later, our son, Ron, lived in the house when he was the physician at the Matru hospital.

On July 10, we began our trip home to the US. Not surprisingly, we had a flat tire 72 miles from the capital, but we were aided by missionary Ken Rupp, from the Missionary Church Association, who drove by and helped us fix it. We arrived in Freetown in record time on a beautiful day.

We filled our days of waiting in Freetown with several meetings. The Minister of Education informed me that 73 students from all the provinces in Sierra Leone had passed the Common Entrance Exam and that the majority of those students had listed CSS as their preference for secondary school! Never before had CSS been the first choice of more than 17 students. Of the CSS students who took the exams, 34 of 38 Prep Form students passed the tests, which was a very encouraging percentage. The academic performance of CSS students was attracting other students to CSS.

During an appointment with Chief Education Officer Jones in Freetown, I was told that either Emmett Cox or Russ Birdsall could stand in as CSS principal while a replacement was found for me. Jones passed that information on to the UB authorities in the US.

I confirmed our plane reservations, and on July 19 we flew out of Lungi Airport, up over the wide Sierra Leone River. Air France gave Joyce and Annette shoulder bags, which pleased them very much. The plane made stops at Marseilles, Paris, New York and finally Detroit where we were met by our relatives.

I praised God for a safe trip home and for our years in Sierra Leone. We did not know if we would ever return to that land of generous people where our son, Norman, was buried.}

# CHAPTER ELEVEN

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PhD STUDENT: 1961 to 1963

## 1961

As soon as we were settled into Mom Bs country duplex near Reading, Michigan, I made arrangements to continue studies for my doctoral degree at the University of Michigan. Evelyn and I spoke at churches about mission work as we were able, and we stayed busy visiting and entertaining friends and relatives in Michigan and Ohio.

We took our Plymouth Valiant off its blocks, and it was our transportation for the next several years. Once we had wheels, the family was eager to go to Piatt Lake before the fall term began at the U of M. Ron's cousin, Jerry Middaugh, came with us, and he and Ron rose at 4:30 the first morning to go fishing. They returned to the cabin at 7:30 with 53 perch, and many were cleaned for our breakfast. Cousin Emerson Balcom, his wife, Audrey, and their four girls came for a visit, as did a bear and her cub, several deer and their fawns.

When we returned to Reading, I helped Gene with farm chores, painted buildings for him and Mom B, and I enrolled our three kids in the Reading schools. Ron was a sophomore in high school where he participated in sports and played in the band. Joyce was in the sixth grade and Annette in the third. They usually rode the bus to school.

On August 31, I went to Ann Arbor to see my advisor, Dr. Claude Eggertsen. He counseled me to continue the course work I had begun four years previously and to aim for an Ed.D. or a Ph.D.. I registered for Archaeology, Primitive Culture and Principles of Religion, and I audited a French class. The proposed title for my doctoral dissertation was The Development of Secondary Education in Sierra Leone. Dr. Eggertsen evaluated the outline, and I rewrote it according to his suggestions.

As I had done several years before, I arranged to spend several nights each week with Dr. David Wolfe in Ann Arbor and so reduce the number of trips back and forth to Reading. I praised the Lord for providing that help for me.

I itinerated with the missionary message in Ohio at the Salem Church, at Zion Church and in Columbus. I also continued to help search for a principal for CSS. On a trip to Ann Arbor, I visited Lauren Flick, who married Pat Kopp Elser, to ask if he might serve a short term as principal of CSS. He was not led in that direction, however. I next spoke with Dr. Eggertsen's nephew, Chris Anderson, who wanted to go to Sierra Leone to conduct on-site research for his PhD. I sent Dr. Anderson's credentials to Dr. Sleight in Sierra Leone who responded in mid-November and accepted Dr. Anderson's application to be principal of CSS for the 1962-1963 school year.

We spent Christmas that year with Evelyn's parents and her sisters family. We mailed out more than 100 Christmas cards to friends who had prayed for us in Sierra Leone. Evelyn's sister and her husband had duplicated and sent out our newsletters while we were on the field.

After Christmas, Evelyn and I represented UB missions at the Inter-Varsity Missions Conference at the University of Illinois at Urbana. Juanita Smith also attended and helped us run the UB booth. The conference was a great blessing to us, and we needed it, too. We heard Billy Graham preach, and at the final service, over 4,000 took communion.

## 1962

On my way to Ann Arbor at the beginning of the new year, I stopped to see Chris Anderson. We discussed his upcoming work in Sierra Leone, and we bought a Yardman lawn mower that we crated up for shipment. In Ann Arbor, I signed up for nine cognate hours for the second semester: Political Science, African Government, Urban Communities and French. In last semesters classes, I had earned an A on the term paper for Principles of Religion, a B in Primitive Culture and a B+ in Archaeology. Another PhD candidate and I were hired as assistants. We had a small office and earned \$50 working several hours each week. I continued itinerating on weekends.

I learned that Stanley Hockey from England and Sierra Leone was enrolled in my class with Dr. Eggertsen. When Stan entered the classroom, I surprised him by greeting him by name. He, Dr. Eggertsen and I taped a half-hour radio interview on Leadership in Sierra Leone. I was paid \$15 for that. In my Urban Communities class, the professor stated that most mission projects abroad were failures. I disagreed with him, and at the next class, we had a 35 minute discussion about mission work.

Prior to my French reading exam in March, I hired a tutor. The test was not as bad as I had anticipated, and when I learned that I'd passed, I bought the family a treat to celebrate. One of my term papers was written in the form of a letter to Sierra Leone Prime Minister Margai on Promoting National Culture. David Wolfe critiqued the paper.

In April, I had a conversation with Dr. Becker, President of Huntington College. He offered me a job at HC, but I didn't feel led to take it because I wanted to finish my degree. As the school year came to an end in May, I had term papers to complete, research to do in the library and days full of classes and seminars. My final grades for the semester were an A- in Bretton's African Political Science, a B in Angell's Sociology and Bs in the other courses. When I was done with my schoolwork, I thanked the Lord!

The school year had been busy for us all, and we were so grateful to be living near our supportive families. Ron turned 16 in May and got his driver's license. He earned all As in high school, except in band, and Joyce received all As.

In June, we drove up to Piatt Lake to fish and relax with Paul Middaugh's family. We saw many deer, caught 138 fish and slapped many more mosquitoes. At home, I helped brother Gene on the farm, and I rigged up an office for myself in an upstairs closet at Mom Bs where I could write my dissertation. I remodeled an old Hoosier kitchen cabinet to use as my desk, and I heated the closet with a kerosene heater in the winter.

To do research for my dissertation, I flew to Washington, DC, in July. My friend, Ed Roush, Democratic Representative from the fourth congressional district in Indiana, gave me the keys to his Washington

apartment. I spent the day-time hours at the Library of Congress gathering material about Sierra Leone. I didn't get to see HC friends, Chuck and June McCreary, in Washington, DC, but I brought a missionary message to a UB church in Brooklyn Park, a suburb of Baltimore.

On the way home to Indiana, I stopped in Pennsylvania to see Mr. Kpengeh, Tommy Lee Stevens, Mid Kuhn and the Browns. They had recently attended a slide presentation put on by the Hemminger's and had seen slides of Greater Love Chapel and me. I also spoke about missions at Rev. Howard Yohe's UB Church in Virginia.

In September, I began work on my dissertation which I called my earnest job, and I enrolled in two more courses at the University of Michigan. During the week, I substituted at Pittsford High School, and on weekends, I did deputation.

A letter came from June Brown at CSS with the good news that seven of eleven students had passed the School Exit Exam. Martha Milton had the highest score of any girl in Sierra Leone!

At the height of the beautiful fall colors in October, we returned to Piatt Lake with Gene and Berna, Ben and Electra Dietsch and Dr. Elmer and Inez Becker. We caught 117 perch in six hours in White Fish Bay. On another trip north, Dad M caught a 12-and-a-half inch perch that we had mounted as a Christmas gift for him.

Sometime during the fall, HC President Dr. Becker offered me a job at HC as Dean of Students or as head of the Development Office. I didn't want either job, for I was determined to complete my PhD.

I reworked my PhD proposal only to have Dr. Eggertsen take it apart. After three more revisions, Eggertsen said I could present the outline on October 23 to the PhD committee, which was composed of Dr. Crary, Dr. Bretton, Dr. Angell and Dr. Wingo. I incorporated more recommendations into my plans after that meeting.

Just before Christmas, I had the pleasure of awarding a National Honor Society pin to Ron, a junior at Reading High School where he had played football during the fall semester. Ev and I found that our funds were quickly eroding since we were no longer on furlough allowance, so I worked less on my dissertation in December, and Ev and I did substitute teaching to ease our financial situation. I earned additional income by accepting speaking engagements for missions. I also took time to research the origins of the UB church in Sierra Leone at the EUB United Theological Seminary in Dayton, Ohio.

## 1963

1963 began auspiciously. I received a Christmas card from Prime Minister Milton Margai. He expressed thanks for the letter I had sent last semester outlining methods to eliminate tribalism and develop a sense of nationalism in Sierra Leone.

I also received an unexpected letter from Russ Birdsall, Education Secretary in Sierra Leone. He told me that Paramount Chief Kposowa of Bumpe, a former student at Danville, wanted a UB secondary school established in Bumpe, 35 miles from CSS. Russ had spoken to government officials who asked who the new principal would be. Because government officials knew me and would approve my appointment if I

came, Russ and the UB Missions Board proposed that I return to Sierra Leone to take the position and open a UB high school in the abandoned Bumpé Bible Institute in the fall. The Institute had once educated pastors and sent them out to local churches, and it consisted of two mud-brick buildings and a cement block house for the principal.

This offer brought about the most difficult decision Ev and I had ever faced. Ev did not feel she should return with the three children enrolled in school, but I clearly felt called to go. After much prayer, I agreed to go alone while Ev and the children stayed at Mom Bs. I applied for a passport and worked with renewed vigor to complete my PhD.

By February 11, 28 pages of the dissertation were written; by March 9, 44 pages were done including the difficult table of Sierra Leone exports. I spent many laborious hours with Eggertsen as we evaluated my work. On May 26, I typed up the Table of Contents and finished page 136. I was tired of typing, and the narrative was not jelling well.

I attended the HC graduation banquet on June 1 and was given the Alumni Citation Award. I heard that Dr. Becker was having health problems at that time. Later that month, a Sierra Leone Independence Medal came in the mail, recognizing my part in the Independence Day celebration last spring.

My spirits were further lifted when I completed page 200 of the dissertation in early July and began the summary. Dr. Eggertsen, however, wanted the summary expanded. I reworked the material, and when he read through the revised manuscript on July 15, he gave his approval. Take this to the typist, he said. Was I surprised and pleased no end!

In the meantime, shortly after I made my decision to return alone to Sierra Leone, the Lord stepped in to alter our plans. A tax millage for the Reading school system failed, and the word went around that school programs would be greatly curtailed, some sports eliminated, full-days replaced by half-days for Joyce and Annette, and bus services limited. Ev and I considered the situation and decided the Lord was turning the family towards a return to Sierra Leone. Our two young girls would come with us, but Ron would remain for his senior year and live with Mom B. What a relief that Ev would come with me! Thank you Jesus! I quickly wrote to Russ and the Missions Board, telling them that four of us would return to Africa as soon as I finished my PhD.

Our three children had done well in the Reading schools. Annette graduated from Kindergarten on May 22 and had sung a solo, I'm Daddy's Little Girl. How proud I was, and she was so cute in her white cap and gown. Evelyn and I gave her a Bible to mark the occasion. Joyce was an excellent student and enjoyed school. The girls and I gathered wild flowers and mushrooms in Wiler's woods after school. One day we collected 249 mushrooms, and on another 256, which we carried home to eat and share. During second semester, Ron earned 4 As and 2 Bs, won awards in band and track and was elected to be president of his senior class. On his 17th birthday, he received notice that he was one of 75 Michigan students to receive a \$100 scholarship to attend six weeks of summer school at the University of Michigan campus in Grand Rapids to study chemistry and math.

By June, I had sent my transcripts to Russ, gotten typhoid and smallpox shots and sent our passports to Duane Reahm, Missions Secretary at UB Headquarters. I was simultaneously preparing for our return to Sierra Leone and rewording and retyping the Table of Contents, the chapter titles, the sub-headings and

the summary chapter for the dissertation. When it was done and delivered to Edwards Print Shop, the family was off to Piatt Lake for a final visit. I landed the first fish - a 19-inch, four-and-a-quarter pound large-mouth bass.

When I returned to Ann Arbor and read a copy of my dissertation, I discovered the typist had missed page 47. She had to retype and renumber the pages, while the committee tried to find a date to reconvene. Finally on September 4, I defended my dissertation. It won approval; my work was completed.

My family left for Africa two days later. To say that the last few days of packing and preparation were a whirlwind of activity was putting it mildly. It was difficult to part from Ron and Mom B at the Detroit airport. We thought about Pa Carlson at that time because he had left his wife and three children in the States and lived for two lonely but fruitful years in Sierra Leone.

Serving the Lords call could be difficult, at home or in foreign fields. We were willing to be obedient to God's leading, but we did not know how long we would be apart. We would regret not being with Ron for his senior year, yet we believed Ron was in God's hands and would be well cared for by his grandmother and Uncle Genes family next-door. Leaving Ron with loved ones in Michigan was the second time our family of five was reduced to four; the first was our return to the US after Normans death.}

# CHAPTER TWELVE

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RETURN TO SIERRA LEONE: 1963 to 1965

## 1963

Our trip back to Africa was uneventful but full of anticipation. Evelyn and I took our two girls directly to their school at Kabala because the semester had begun a few days earlier. We stopped briefly at Bumpe then went on to Mattru to visit friends at CSS. During our two years absence, wiring had been completed, and there was electricity in all the school buildings. At night, CSS was as bright as a city, and we called it Centennial City. At that time, CSS had 150 boarders and 18 faculty.

As we settled ourselves in Bumpe, Pastor Francis Sharkah told us that many had prayed daily that Evelyn might return with me to Sierra Leone. The prayers of the saints move the hands of God which in turn control the saints. Their prayers had been answered, and Ev and I went to work.

Bumpe High School (BHS) opened its doors on Thursday, September 19, 1963, with a student body of 32 and a faculty of two - Christiana Attarah and Edwin Sharkah. The school had dorm facilities where nine girls lived, but the boys and remaining girls boarded with families in town. On September 21, the Prep Form Exam was given to 30 children, and 13 happy students passed. By September 25, eight more students had paid their fees, and by September 27, 62 were enrolled. I hired two more teachers and taught the agriculture class. Classes went well though classrooms were poorly equipped.

A thunderstorm struck the school in September and knocked down a baffa. A baffa and a barri, which I mentioned earlier, were two common structures in Sierra Leone. A baffa was a temporary shelter, constructed for occasions like a wake or a wedding or for uses such as cooking or storing wood on a farm. It was an A-frame with a grass or palm-frond roof that came all the way to the ground.

A barri was usually larger and rectangular, more permanent and built in the villages or towns. A barri might be used for native court hearings, church services, town meetings, a medical clinic or as a classroom. It had mud walls that were built about three feet high, which left wide openings between the tops of the walls and the roofs. The roofs hung far out over the walls and kept out the driving rains. We used barries as classrooms at both CSS and BHS until block buildings were erected, and sometimes classes were interrupted by pet chimps chattering at us over the mud walls.

One of my immediate tasks was to confer with the chieftom leaders and locate a suitable spot for Bumpe's new high school, one where we would not have to carry water from the nearby creek. We chose land that was 3/8 of a mile from the Tabe River and situated on the macadam motor road to Bo. Nearly 100 men from Bumpe volunteered to brush the new site, and this work continued for some time. The school did not move to the new location while I was at Bumpe.

On November 22, 1963, I was in a merchant's shop in Bumpe, just about to drive to Kenema to buy lumber for school furniture, when I heard over the short-wave radio that President John F. Kennedy had

been assassinated in Dallas, Texas. The shop owner remarked, There goes our cornmeal, referring to shipments of surplus food that Kennedy had made available to African nations through US AID.

In December, Mr. Swisher, the US AID engineer, had coffee with us, and we discussed how to supply water to the new school. I consulted with the chiefs, for I wanted to provide water for the town as well as the school. We decided that volunteers would dig a well near Bumpe, 20 feet deep and 25 feet from the river. The water would soak through the ground to the well and be piped to the town and out to the school. My assignment was to go through the proper channels and get tools from US AID which assisted American-led projects like ours in developing countries. In the meantime, we were determined to solve the water supply problem at the present school where we and the students were living. We hauled all our water from the Tabe River for cooking and drinking, and we bathed there.

When final exams were completed in December, the very first report cards and awards from BHS were presented to students. At the same time, we were overjoyed to learn that June Brown would leave CSS where she had been for five years and join us at BHS. Evelyn and I looked forward to all she would contribute to the school. She was an outstanding teacher, a natural athlete, a good mechanic, a handy-woman who could repair most anything, and she had been part of our family for many years.

A few days before Christmas, I represented the United Brethren on the Board of Governors of the Sierra Leone Bible College in Freetown. We stayed in Freetown at the UB Guest House with Russ and Nellie Birdsall for Christmas. We had a fine Christmas which included a traditional turkey dinner and a swim at Lumley Beach.

## 1964

We attended a peaceful Watch Night service in Bumpe at the end of 1963, but we began the new year with a fright. I saw a cobra slide under the screen door to June's guest room, which was located just outside our kitchen. As I opened her door, the snake crawled back outside, and I shot the 4 foot 9 inch rascal. I nailed a slab of wood onto the bottom of her door and thanked the Lord for protection.

To settle June comfortably in her own house on the BHS compound, she and I caught a lorry to Freetown to buy a three-burner gas stove and a refrigerator. We made our purchases and dropped in to visit the Birdsalls.

I went to Matru for a Missionary Council meeting, and while there, I spoke with Dr. Pratt from the Matru Hospital. We agreed that a nurse would come from the hospital each week to BHS and to a barri in Bumpe to take care of any sicknesses. UB missions supported this outreach.

When vacation ended on January 6, Joyce and Annette returned to KRMS, and BHS students came back for the second term. I made arrangements to receive funds and food from CARE that term for BHS and for Bumpe Primary Girls School. That plan greatly lessened my concern about feeding the boarding students. CARE had been established during WWII when it sent CARE packages to European countries. Later, CARE was renamed the Cooperative for Assistance and Relief Everywhere, and its goal expanded to provide food and self-help tools to countries such as Sierra Leone. We greatly benefited from its aid.



I stayed very busy developing plans for BHS. I staked out a second classroom at the new site and laid out sketches for the boys dorm and teachers homes. We measured off a new soccer field for the students, 110 by 70 yards. A 30-inch, three-piece culvert was installed under a bridge on the road to the school, a joint project for the town and the school. We needed new axes and hoes for our work, so I sent a man off with scrap iron to the local blacksmith in Bumpe.

CSS and BHS were very different schools. CSS offered a traditional curriculum that was approved by the Sierra Leone government and patterned after the British educational system. It was located out in the bush and had a beautiful, tree-lined driveway and mowed lawns around the 26 buildings that were constructed of cement block. BHS, in contrast, was a smaller and less developed school, and the classrooms were built of cinvaram blocks. It was less formal and taught skills for trades and agriculture instead of the traditional classes.

In my Rural Science classes at BHS, the boys raised rabbits and chickens and learned improved methods of crop raising and animal husbandry. The boys were growing up in a very poor country, with poor soil in most regions. Many people were hungry because crops and animals did not grow well. Even if a farmer had success raising crops or animals, he was often thieved and remained poor.

UB Bishop Clyde Meadows came to Mattru in February to preside at Annual Conference. He was the International President of Christian Endeavor, so he also led the Sierra Leone C.E. Convention and presided at a C.E. quiz at CSS. Bumpe C.E. won the quiz, Mattru placed second and Freetown third. The Bishop gave a thrilling address to a full house at Greater Love Chapel. Nineteen youth responded to his call and came to the altar. At the final service, 60 students came forward.

On March 16, Pastor Sharkah reported that the government had approved the plan to provide water to Bumpe and BHS, and it would pay for the work. But suddenly, on March 24, the well went completely dry! Pa Koneh cleaned out mud and seven frogs from the well, but there was no water. Until it rained, I hauled water for cooking and drinking from the Tabe River in the VW pickup. Fortunately, the toilets at BHS used chemicals, not water, for flushing. Five men came to examine the well and concluded it was too small to serve the school and town. We had to accept the fact that our plan was impossible. During my time at BHS, water was collected in drums and tanks during the rainy season and hauled from the river in the dry season.

After Easter when our daughters returned to school, three couples set off for a mid-life honeymoon and adventure. Russ and Nellie Birdsall, Gene and Carolyn Ponchot, Evelyn and I packed our camping gear and set off to go hunting. We drove as far as Kamaron, a mission station in the bush near the last town on the road in northeast Sierra Leone, and then we walked to our first campsite near a stream. Nationals carried our food and equipment in 50-pound head loads. Several stayed with us to cook, carry water and chop wood. Our meals were cooked over a fire on the lid of a metal drum set on three stones, and we slept in two pop tents. We hiked for a couple of days to the base of Bintimani Mountain where we spent several days hunting. It was a beautiful place.

On the first mornings hunt, I shot a half-grown antelope. We cooked the heart for our breakfast and prepared shish kabobs for dinner. Ev and I hunted again in the evening, and I brought down a female antelope. The next morning, we heard two bush cows, or water buffalo, lowing in the bush, and the men went after them. Bush cows often behaved erratically, so the women were prepared to climb trees to

safety until the animals were killed. Gene shot the tawny one while the black one ran back into the bush. We finally shot it in the neck and bled it out. With so much fresh meat, we sent a man off to a nearby village to hire men to cut up the flesh. We paid them in cash and in fresh meat. Nationals generally did not own guns and so could not hunt large animals. They trapped small ones for food, but they seldom had much fresh meat.

On Sunday, we climbed all 6,390 feet of Bintimani, the highest peak in West Africa, and had our worship service on top at high noon. It rained the following night, so it was very wet as we broke camp the next morning. During our slippery descent, we established the Tail-Enders Club and named Nellie its Chief, for she was usually last in line and often fell on her tail. Russ was knighted Sir Henry Lightfoot Birdsall.

We arrived at Kamaron in mid-afternoon and went on our way to KRMS. When Joyce, Annette and the rest of the girls came running out to greet us, Evelyn put the bush-cow horns on her head and Nellie held the bulls tail on her derriere. Together they ran around, bellowing and delighting the girls! We sobered up when we learned the trip had cost 13, 11 shillings per couple. We spent the night at the school before Ev and I went homeward with Russ and Nellie. Russ dropped us off at mile 91, and Ev and I hitched a ride in a lorry that was going to Bumpe with a load of cement.

I received good news in a cable. Dick Scoville had been approved to be Assistant Principal of BHS, and he and Margaret would arrive in August for a full term. Also, \$4,000 had been allocated by the Missions Board to buy a vehicle for BHS!

April 27 was Independence Day, and BHS celebrated with a parade of students, called a March Past. We hosted a soccer game, and the students enjoyed wearing the new soccer shirts that I had purchased. The school served Jolliff rice to everyone for the special occasion.

The next day, Bethel Mote, the Principal of Bumpes Primary Girls School, came to BHS early in the morning, carrying sad news. Prime Minister Margai had died in Freetown! Only two days before, he had given an Independence Day speech. We canceled classes for the day and held a memorial service for him. Albert Margai, the Minister of Education and a close relative, was immediately appointed the new Prime Minister. I attended the Prime Ministers funeral on May 3 in Freetown, and a few BHS students were in the funeral procession.

I marveled that travel conditions had improved so much during our two-year absence. Instead of taking ten to twelve hours to make the trip from Bumpe to Freetown, it was possible to make the trip in four to five hours. This was so, in part, because some ferries had been replaced by bridges.

The first hard rains came in May and filled all the drums and the 55-gallon water tank at school. The library shelves were not yet full, however; there were only four dozen books in the collection. On May 24, Pastor Thomas Stevens held a revival at school and baptized 48 nationals. On May 28, while the men finished the cement culvert on the road, our son, Ron, graduated from Reading High School many miles away. We greatly missed being with him.

The month of June began with teacher June in bed with an aching back, so I taught her eight classes plus mine each day. Her back pain continued, so I eventually took her to the hospital in Mattru where she was put in traction. I returned home with a terrible case of diarrhea and could neither eat nor teach. My weight went down to 183 pounds, the lowest in 22 years.

In mid-June, I was back in Freetown to visit our friends at CARE. They gave us many supplies for our work, including six sets of gardening tools, three sets of tools for stumping and two boxes of carpenters tools. CARE also provided pan roofing for the two-room school building. I loaded all that, plus a kerosene Whirlpool refrigerator and a new mattress for Junes ailing back, on a lorry going to Bumpe.

When the Common Entrance Exams were given, 79 students from throughout Sierra Leone selected BHS as their first choice, an amazing development for a new school! We sent a letter to all prospective students who passed the exam, explaining that BHS would offer three streams, or classes, of Form I, and one of Form II, but no Prep Form. The mail brought a stack of letters indicating that 20 children wanted to come to BHS in 1965 and 22 more in other years. The lease arrangements for the site of the new school were concluded with the government: the annual fee was 10, 10 shillings. Two pineapple tops were the first plantings in the schools garden.

The Matru Hospital had become much busier in the last two years and did not have enough trained missionary nurses to serve both the hospital and smaller towns, so despite my protests, the hospital nurses canceled their weekly trips to Bumpe. It took too much time for them to make the 70-mile round trip on mud roads.

We discovered that Bethels VW Beetle was not steering correctly and that its frame was cracked in two places. We very carefully drove the Beetle to a garage in Freetown and, at the same time, took possession of a new VW van for BHS. I drove it to the Peace Corps and US AID office and picked up a filing cabinet for my office, and I traveled to Jui for a meeting at the Bible College. Sometime in June, I was elected President of Sierra Leone Evangelical Fellowship (SLEF).

Teacher June was welcomed back to Bumpe in mid-July, in time for the chapel service and awards ceremony which closed the first year at BHS. When the students were gone, I drove to the furniture factory in Kenema to purchase 32 sets of desks and chairs for the additional students who had enrolled for the fall term. I used the vacation period to get the buildings, furniture and equipment prepared for the second year.

Pastor Roger Birdsall came to Bumpe and had a mishap. His portmanteau, which held his passport, return tickets and other personal belongings, was snatched from the guest room next to our kitchen by a thief from Bumpe. A local woman found several of Rogers belongings in a ditch, and eventually four men were implicated in the theft. Their trial lasted until September when two men were sentenced to 18 months in jail. In the meantime, Roger held revivals in several villages.

At the start of the new school year, I drove to Bo for two drums of palm oil. What a job it was to keep a supply of oil, rice, hot peppers and dried fish on hand! I did not have to provide bread for the students because CARE brought it in once a week by truck.

Dick and Margaret Scoville from Mooresville, Indiana, arrived in Bumpe. She planned to teach at the Primary Girls School, and he would teach and be my assistant at BHS. Faithful June Brown continued to be a great asset to me and the school. There were two other teachers on the faculty.

Ted Stapleford, an Englishman who worked for the CMS bookstore in Freetown, was a familiar face at BHS. He not only worked in the bookstore in Freetown, he also drove the bookstore to missionary schools. Teds truck was full of school supplies, exercise books, chalk, and of course, books. It was almost

impossible to buy school supplies in quantity because the moisture, the insects and the mice quickly ruined paper goods. He gave BHS 48 books for its library.

At the start of September, the Tabe River was at its highest level in years. The water in the gully near the school was as high as the new bridge. We were quite surprised to find we had leased an acreage that was very wet in the rainy season.

Before school opened, Margaret put on a Cinderella party for Annette's seventh birthday. Annette and Joyce soon returned to KRMS, and Ron enrolled as a freshman at Huntington College. He was very happy there and wrote to tell us that he had joined the college choir and the tennis team.

On September 14, Dick and I brought in 15 bunk beds for the girls dorm, but when school opened the next day, 34 of the 79 students were girls, so we had to find two more beds. CARE brought food supplies, such as dried milk and oats, for the school pantry, and I bought two pigs from NJala to fatten up for butchering. In study hall on the first evening, 72 students were present. By September 19, 110 students had paid and enrolled. On October 6, I recorded a head count of 134 at school.

June and I were full of ideas for our classes, and we sent off an order for \$1,000 worth of science equipment. I was teaching Rural Science for the boys and Domestic Science for the girls. Students began fertilizing tomato plants with rabbit manure, and they set a chicken on 12 turkey eggs. The boys incubated chicken eggs and hatched a small batch of chicks solely in the incubator, proving that brooding hens were not essential. The rabbits and chickens they raised were eventually used for food at the school. Creatures like snakes and ants that we did not raise were often an inconvenience. Thousands of red ants once crawled into the vans magnetos and shorted it out.

When the dogs barked one night in October, I went outside to check on the disturbance. I found the girls were already out of their dorms because thieves had entered the buildings. They had broken the locks on the doors, ransacked the kitchen and storeroom and taken the new filing cabinet which we later found in a grove of trees. When I reported the crime to the Bo police and to Paramount Chief Kposowa, I learned that ours was the fourth school near Bo that had been robbed in the past four weeks. Being the target of thieves was a price we paid for being on the main road, 15 miles from the big city of Bo.

Being close to the small town of Bumpe, on the other hand, had its advantages. I once found oranges for sale there at a low price - 2 for one penny - so I bought 16 shillings worth. That amounted to 384 oranges for the boarders.

A watchman was hired to guard the school compound at night, but he was not always dependable. He was armed with a flashlight, a machete and a whistle for sounding an alarm. The Guinea hens, perched in our trees, served as volunteer night guards. They awoke me with their calls one night, and when I inspected the grounds, I found our regular watchman sound asleep. I sacked him.

When the dry season came in mid-November, the stream by our house stopped flowing, and travel on the roads was easier. I drove to Bo for a meeting of secondary school principals in the Protectorate and then went on to Freetown. There I spent two hours with Mr. Rowat of UNESCO, collecting ideas for my classes and learning about the agricultural projects at the UNESCO farm. I also picked up a long-awaited copy of my dissertation.

With so many projects in the works at school, there was always a variety of tasks to do. Ralph Albrecht and I put a 500-gallon water tank on a low hill to improve our water system. He and I staked out three buildings with three classrooms in each at the new site. The Literary Society put on a good program for everyone. In December, a crew butchered one of the pigs we had fattened, and we feasted.

The end of the term arrived, and Christmas was near. We had final exams, a sports day and then a teachers conference in Mattru. We organized a short Christmas program and a gift exchange for the 18 missionary kids who lived nearby. We celebrated our Christmas at home with a tree and the Scoville and Sonius families who shared our turkey dinner.

On Saturday, December 26, 1964, we were up early to do chores for the chickens and rabbits before a group of us headed out with Pastor Sonius family in the Land Rover for the Liberian border. We attended church en route the next morning, and on Monday went through customs into Liberia. Along the way, we saw rubber trees being tapped by the Firestone Company.

We arrived at our vacation spot, the ELWA radio station compound, and immediately settled into our house and went swimming in the Atlantic. The weather was hot, but it was breezy at the beach where we picnicked and relaxed. I met with the ELWA personnel during the week, and we returned home to celebrate New Year's Eve.

## 1965

On the first day of 1965, a group of us traveled back towards the Liberian border in Pastor Jack Thomas station wagon. We listened en route to the broadcast of the Rose Bowl game, and the University of Michigan walloped Oregon State, 34-7. On January 2, the adults toured the diamond mines and were taken to the final extraction plant where mineral concentrate was washed and diamonds taken out on greased belts. We saw 75-carat industrial diamonds worth \$2,000 and smaller ones worth \$300 per carat.

Annual Conference began at Bumpe on January 5. I presented my annual BHS report and preached one of the evening sermons. The following week, BHS held a revival, and Pastor Smith preached for the daily chapel services and evening gatherings. He led a goodly number of older students, plus several adults, teachers and primary students, to Christ. Many individuals came to his room for private counseling.

Evelyn and I drove the VW to Freetown, and while it was being repaired, we called on the Minister of Social Welfare, Mr. Kowa of Bumpe. He arranged for us to meet Wilke Conteh, the Minister of Education and a former Bo School Principal. We gave him a list of BHS boarders, and after evaluating their expenses, he advised BHS to ask for a 4,000 supplementary grant to pay students school and boarding fees. With current funds, BHS could house only 72 students in Form I next year, but with additional support, we could enroll more. We worked in close cooperation with the government and appreciated its encouragement and support. In the evening, we listened to the tapes of Ron's high school graduation and of Mom and Dad Middaugh's 50th anniversary celebration on Wilkes tape player. We stopped at the Agricultural Station in Newton on the return to Bumpe and picked up two live pigs and five dressed broilers.

On January 24, we were on the road again, going to Mattru to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the founding of CSS. Pastor F.B. Sharkah gave the main address to the visitors and a student body of 193. CSS was stable and successful.

The agricultural students hatched turkey eggs in a homemade incubator and induced young turkeys to eat by feeding them bug-a-bugs, or termites, whose movement caught their attention. Turkey hen pullets had the sense to eventually switch their diet from bug-a-bugs to mash; the Tom pullets, however, never learned to do so and died. Les Bradford, our EUB agricultural missionary friend, told us to put white ants in the turkey mash to accustom the birds to eating it. I supplied kerosene to run Les incubator as he hatched 74 eggs from our flock.

Les brought his dog, Palaver, to be mated with our German Shepherd, Sugbu. Sugbu meant blood in the mouth in Mende, and we had purposely given him an imposing name to frighten off thieves. We were successful with this matchmaking, but we never persuaded the small Sierra Leonean boar to breed the larger English gilt. We built a platform to elevate the boar, but the plan didn't work.

It was hard work to raise animals in Sierra Leone; it was difficult to keep them safe and alive. I set one hen with a mixture of guinea and hen eggs and got a record-high collection of 16 chicks. I set out to prove to my students that, contrary to common belief, roosters did not lay pullets first eggs. I simply isolated the pullets in separate cages when they were ready to begin laying.

The fabric of our everyday life was woven from many ordinary events. One Saturday, I had the schoolboys hack a shorter road to Bumpe to make quick trips possible. One Sunday morning, 14 from the Bumpe Church were baptized; 11 were BHS pupils. I made trips to Bo and returned with food from CARE, drums of kerosene and palm oil. When I could find no rice to buy, we used cassava as a staple for the meals.

In February, I was re-elected Vice President of the board of Jui Bible School near Freetown. Dr. Hilary, from the Roman Catholic mission hospital in Serabu, agreed to come to a weekly clinic at Scoville's. On February 24, the Scoville's son, Ricky, was born at Mattru.

At the end of February, we still had Harmattan weather, hot in the day, cool at night, and we were pleased that the weather allowed us to resume construction work. However, thieves trespassed again at the site, and that discouraged us. We measured and staked out five school buildings. The workers made 105 cinvaram blocks for the buildings in one day, and an individual mason, trying to impress me, laid 260 cinvaram blocks in a single day! Students in Form VI also made blocks, as many as 321 in one day. In three week's time, student work teams made 4,025 cinvaram blocks. Meanwhile, I put in a request for three more block-making machines.

Construction work was seasonal, but administrative work for the school was never done. The government granted BHS 4,000 for expenses and 25 scholarships, which was a great help to its growth. We also received a 590 grant for first-term boarders. More students applied for the next term at BHS, and over 150 took the Selective Entrance Exams. Graduating seniors took the College Entrance Exam, and Bumpe students received the highest scores; Freetown was second and CSS third. I sent letters of recommendation for seniors Samuel Lebbie to Marion College, for Dan Faux to Huntington College and for Billy Simbo to Sierra Leone Bible College. Only Simbo was accepted. A letter came from Harold

Meyers, expressing interest in teaching agriculture at BHS. He came in 1965 after I left. Another term ended.

On April 8, Dick Scoville, Dr. Pratt and I went on a hunting trip up Bintimani Mountain. On Sunday, we worshipped on the mountain top and spent a restful day there. We came back with meat-a-plenty - bush fowl, rock rabbits and more, but no big game.

At the Easter Sunday service on April 18, Ricky Scoville was dedicated. Two days later, students returned for the last term of the school year. June Brown composed an article at that time for The Missionary Monthly about BHS entitled, A School is Born.

God's plans for my future began unfolding on April 22 when I received two letters from Bishop Clyde Meadows. He wrote to ask if I would be a candidate for the position of President of Huntington College. I wrote back and said, I don't think I will ever be elected, but if you want to include my name, I won't stop it. Dr. Meadows told me that Dr. Elmer Becker was ill, and Dr. Burkholder was President Pro Tem.

An extraordinary possibility lay before me, but everyday life at school continued very ordinarily. We all worked hard at the construction site, and supplies, especially bags of cement, were continually purchased. One day as I was laying blocks with the men, I interrupted their work when I realized they were building a wall without the required door. On May 6, the Governor General visited Bumpe, albeit 2 1/2 hours late, to see our progress. He said the government was considering turning BHS into an Agricultural Secondary School if improvements were made and 30 additional acres of tillable land acquired.

In May, I caponized nine cocks by inserting a pill in a slit in their necks, which I sewed shut. These unusual cockerels caused a lot of talk after we left Bumpe. They were twice the normal size but sterile.

A letter on May 20 informed me that I was one of five candidates for President of Huntington College. By return mail, I sent my resume to the Board of Trustees. Following this, the UCC Education Secretary asked me to tentatively resign as principal of BHS. Emmett Cox and I discussed how we would handle a transition, and I made conditional plans to return to the States.

On May 22, God sent Dr. Roxie Lefforge to Bumpe on her round-the-world mission trip. She had been a missionary in the Philippines and was now a teacher at HC. Shortly after her arrival, Dr. Meadows sent word that I had been elected President of Huntington College. I was astounded by the news, and I told Dr. Lefforge. She responded, Let me be the first of your staff to congratulate you.

Despite the change in my future plans, normal activities had to continue at school. I ordered 57 new double desks and benches from Forest Industries in Kenena. A high wind blew down a partially completed classroom wall one night; two latrines later caved in and had to be rebuilt. Agricultural Agents injected our fowl against Newcastle disease. Dick and I worked long hours on the books in preparation for my departure. He would succeed me when I left.

The government sent word that it had approved Harold Myers to teach agriculture, and we learned that SLEF had elected Emmett Cox its president at a meeting in Jui. As we waited for an official announcement from HC, we toured a mining site at Gbangbama where titanium was mined.

Finally on June 8, a cable confirmed the news: the Board of Trustees had elected me President of Huntington College on the first ballot. I immediately confirmed our bookings for the trip home. At Bernadine's suggestion, I cabled Ron and asked him to return to Sierra Leone to share our farewell and return trip to the States. I announced my resignation to BHS and government officials the next day. Chief Kposowa and F.B. Sharkah asked me to write Dr. Fleming and tell him I would remain in Sierra Leone and not accept the presidency. I was honored, but I believed God had called me to Huntington College.

The government sent 2000 for additional student scholarships to be used for the 79 children who had passed the Form I Selective Entrance Exam for the fall term. Sketches were drawn for the block of administration buildings at BHS. Other plans were firmly in place, but I would not be there.

Ron arrived in Sierra Leone on June 22. He had forgotten to get a visa, but since he spoke Mende and Krio, he came through customs quickly. As I completed my work, Ron hauled sand and blocks for the buildings and joined friends at Magburaka to hunt bush fowl. He rode to Gbangbama with Tom Spencer to see John and Shorty Spencer. Ron and I went to Kabala with Linda and Komeh Towne.

I knew the BHS staff was very capable and would carry on with the plans that had been made. I made a final purchase of 1000 2 by 3-inch boards in Bo and 16-foot rafters in Sembahun. I attended the CSS Baccalaureate and sent information to Dr. Fleming on the history of CSS and BHS for his book, Trail Blazers in Sierra Leone.

I was still grading final exams on July 8 when I learned that we would depart from Freetown at 2:40 p.m. on July 15. I helped Dick with the monthly station report and, with great thankfulness and relief, turned the books over to him! A final letter arrived from Dr. Meadows, informing us that my term would begin on August 15.

On July 10, we gathered with friends at the barri in the center of town to say farewell and exchange remembrance gifts. I paid a final visit to the Chief to say good-bye. During our last days at BHS, I checked the school's log book, finished construction plans for the schools buildings and graded papers until 4 a.m. Other friends came to view the construction progress at school and say farewell. We drove to Gbangbaia to pay a last visit to the Townes and others. Most importantly, we planted roses, one for each member of our family, on Normans grave.

From Gbangbaia, we traveled straight to Freetown. The government was paying only part of our travel costs because we had completed only one third of our current term. On July 15, we left the Paramount Hotel in Freetown at 2 p.m. and began a sightseeing journey home.

We flew on Argentine Airlines to Conakry, Dakar, and to Madrid. We flew next on Al Italia to Rome where we toured Vatican City, the Catacombs and the Coliseum. Our next stop was Geneva, Switzerland, where we met missionary Pete Peterson and spent two nights with Pete and Donelda at their camp for missionary children in the Alps. By July 22, we were in Paris to see the sights and meet again with Donelda. We flew to London where Eddie and Phyllis Smith were our hosts. After touring London, we rented a van and traveled to Scotland to visit Pastor and Mrs. Matthew Sinclair who had been missionaries in Sierra Leone. We drove around Loch Lomond and saw where US troops had debarked during WWII. By the time we had toured Edinburgh and Newcastle and returned to London, we had traveled 1,029 miles in England.



We crossed the Atlantic on the Queen Mary and enjoyed the four-day trip, the food and entertainment. On board, we met the Christiansen family from Rocky River near Cleveland, Ohio, who became life-long friends. Because I was accustomed to vigorous exercise in Sierra Leone, I walked ten times around the sun deck each day. I was given a tour of the ship, including the engine room. Ron earned the ships table tennis championship and won an alarm clock.

Early on August 3, we caught sight of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. Brother Gene, Berna and Bernas Uncle and Aunt Kinney came to meet us. We took a limousine for a quick visit to the New York World's Fair, and then we set out for Evelyn's parents' home in Ohio. We arrived on August 5, 24 days after leaving Freetown and ten days before beginning a new adventure at Huntington College.}

# CHAPTER THIRTEEN

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## PRESIDENT, HUNTINGTON COLLEGE: 1965 to 1981

On August 6, the next chapter of our life began. Evelyn and I drove from Willshire, Ohio, to Huntington, Indiana. We first conferred with UB mission officials about our work in Sierra Leone, and then, with great anticipation, we stepped into the future. We went to Huntington College and met President Becker's secretary, Mrs. Ralph Bealer, and talked with Don Dennie, who was appointed to find housing for us. We learned that a few had opposed my election and, therefore, preparations had not been finalized to settle our family in Huntington. Don had located three possible residences in Huntington, but all were inadequate for a family of five. Before we left the campus, Ev and I called on President Becker.

For a while, our activities bridged the world we had just left and the one we were entering. We went to Hillsdale to see my family. While there, we paid off the \$600 loan that had financed Ron's trip to Sierra Leone, and we ordered a lawn mower for BHS. Mrs. Bealer brought my first work as President-elect to Hillsdale - two checks to sign: one for \$24,000, another for \$12,000. At my home church, Evelyn and I showed slides of Sierra Leone to a Sunday School party. We bought auto insurance before returning to Huntington on August 11.

Don Dennie tried to help us once more and showed us houses that were, again, too small. We finally took a look at the old president's house at 2145 College Avenue, which was then a boys dorm. It was in need of considerable repair, but it had four bedrooms and was large enough for us. I wondered where my family would stay until the house was renovated, but Professor Jim Howald kindly offered us his home on College Avenue while his family was away on vacation.

On August 14, the day before I took office, the temperature in Huntington was 93 degrees. Compared to Sierra Leone, I thought that was quite comfortable.

As I began my new position, my first concern was the financial situation. On August 16, I talked to First Dayton Corporation about its large loan to Huntington College. On August 20, I paid \$42,000 worth of last year's bills.

My secretary told me of three issues that had to be addressed: 1. The faculty wanted to discontinue use of the entry road that curved in front of the Administration Building. This I refused to accept. 2. The faculty wanted the loan from First Dayton Corporation to be used for raises in their salaries. Knowing that repayment of the loan would stretch the college's finances, I granted only small increases. 3. The faculty expected a big increase in enrollment, but that did not happen. The student body numbered 505, which included 190 freshman.

I spoke to the new students on Freshman Day, and we enjoyed a chicken barbecue dinner together. My first official presidential act was to turn a shovel of dirt for the ground breaking of Hardy Hall, a girls dorm, on September 17. The benefactors, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hardy of Hudson, Indiana, were present for the ceremony. Mr. Hardy was an onion farmer, and he had been very generous with the college.

Knowing that dormitory rooms and funds were both in short supply, Dr. and Mrs. Robert D. Meiser, United Brethren from Pennsylvania, gave the college a donation to purchase a building in Huntington. The Annex, as it was called, was located at 612 N. Jefferson and housed eight or nine male students. The building was later sold.

I spoke to the students in a chapel service about my vision and goals for HC. At the end of the service, our son Ron, a sophomore, informally inaugurated me by placing a green freshman beanie on my head. The students liked that, and I enjoyed wearing the beanie for several days.

Ron was on the HC tennis team and won his opening match that fall. He had played soccer in Michigan and Sierra Leone, so it was natural that he and Sierra Leonean students at HC introduced soccer to the college. He testified in prayer meeting how thankful he was for his recent trip to Sierra Leone and how he hoped to return someday. His wish was granted in 1975 when he went back as a physician to the 72 bed Matru Hospital. He and his family lived in Sierra Leone for 16 years.

The Fall Reception and Banquet were held in the basement dining room of Wright Hall, and Eiffel Plasterer entertained us with his Bubble Show. When he asked for an assistant, I volunteered, and he blew an enormous bubble around me. He was quite surprised to learn that I was the new president, for he had been my critic teacher in chemistry when I was a student teacher at Huntington High School.

After attending a Foundation Breakfast on October 18, Evelyn and I hurried down to the Auglaize Conference in Dayton, Ohio. There Ruby Repine produced a surprise presentation for Evelyn: This Is Your Life, Evelyn Baker. Mrs. Lorraine Seiple had painted a picture for Ev, and conference churches had collected contributions which totaled \$730. With that donation, Ev bought a washer and dryer and other needed articles for each member of our family. What a gift it all was!

Inauguration activities began with the annual Faculty-Trustee dinner on October 18. At the Trustee meeting on October 19, my annual salary was set at \$11,000. The Inauguration on October 20 was one of the biggest events of my life. Forty-eight delegates from other colleges and universities, 47 from the HC faculty and staff, plus 35 representatives from educational and ecclesiastical institutions processed into College Park Church for the ceremony. President Elmer Becker placed the Presidents Medallion around my neck. Dr. Meadows, UB Bishop and President of the Board of Trustees, gave the Charge to the President. I replied with my inaugural address entitled Huntington College, Its Place in Higher Education. (A copy is printed in the Appendix.) I spoke for 25 minutes, and fortunately my throat lasted as long as the speech. Many relatives came to share the celebration and to visit us in the home in which we were now comfortably settled.

November 13 was Homecoming Day, and Ev and I rode in the sixth position in the parade. Margaret Munn was Homecoming Queen; Cathy Cory, Jean Griffin and Diane Hirschy were her attendants.

At the beginning of deer season, I was in Michigan to speak at the North Reading Church. While I was there, friends called from up north to say they had shot four deer on opening day. I immediately called Ron, and he and I went north to go hunting, too. By 8 the next morning, I had my buck. At Thanksgiving, 17 of us sat down for a venison dinner.

Russ and Nellie Birdsall came home on furlough from Sierra Leone where they were host and hostess at the UB Mission House. Russ spoke in chapel about missions, and in response to his challenge, 24 individuals came forward.

December was full of Christmas activities at the college and church. All the Middaughs gathered at our home on Christmas day, and on December 26, sister Jeanette hosted a Baker Christmas. We made a quick trip to Columbus to visit Paul Middaugh's family. The New Year was brought in at Ed and Polly Roush's home with our College Park Sunday School class.

While I was president, there were usually about 175 in the freshman class, and I made it a point to know them all. During the summers, I studied the files of incoming students, memorized their photographs, learned where they were from and who their families were. I knew many of the students' parents, aunts, uncles and siblings, and I wanted to greet each student by name when he or she arrived on campus.

I worked with a capable administrative staff: Richard Hassan was Dean of Students; Russell Birdsall succeeded him in July 1968. Gerald Swaim was Academic Dean and Bill Tipmore directed Development and Public Relations. Robert Myers was the Director of Admissions, M.I. Burkholder headed the Seminary, and Imogene Palmer was the Registrar. Rev. Ray Zimmerman was Director of Religious Life when I came. Later, I invited Rev. Burton Weber to come from Louisville, Kentucky.

## Financial Matters

In my 1965 inaugural address, I cited three general objectives which I hoped to achieve during my presidency: 1. Deepen commitments to Christ; 2. Meet the severe financial obligations; and 3. Raise the academic level.

The second was the most urgent. The college had a financial crisis and was heavily in debt. When I became President, the total debts amounted to \$1,103,000. The Trustees had a contract with First Dayton Corporation of Dayton, Ohio, to issue \$900,000 in bonds at 6% interest. The bonds were secured by a \$1,500,000 life insurance policy on individual UB church members. We had Serial First Mortgage Sinking Fund Coupon Series I Bonds of various denominations, ranging from \$250 to \$1,000, with semi-annual payments due from January 1969 until July 1985. We needed \$1,103,000 to pay off the bonds.

While the arrangement made the continuance of Huntington College possible, it was a most difficult battle to be sufficiently parsimonious to make payments. Enrollment fluctuated up and down for the next 16 years, which gave the college an unstable financial situation and made it difficult to meet our bond payments on time.

In charge of finances was Paul Cairl, my first Business Manager. He and his successor, Paul Keller, who held that office for the remaining 12 years of my term, devoted their time and talents to stabilizing the budget. Both spent hundreds of hours at night working on the books. They deserve credit for lowering costs and rescuing the college from debt.

In the meantime, everything possible was done to reduce expenses: we unscrewed half the light bulbs in the hallways; we paid salaries monthly rather than bi-monthly; we encouraged minimum use of hot

water; we kept pay raises low. To raise money, the black walnut logs felled at the Hardy Hall site and in the area where the HUB was built were offered for sale. The staff and faculty were very careful to maintain their strict budgets. Still, we were barely able to make bond payments.

Most everyone cooperated in the efforts to be frugal, but an unnecessary and unwelcome expense was caused when a student put cherry bombs in the men's toilets. We found out who he was and dismissed him.

The Board of Trustees considered many options to solve the financial problem, including becoming a community college and joining another nearby institution, but we kept on. The UB Church remained steady in its financial support of the college and the Huntington College Foundation was very faithful and generous in providing gifts.

Toward the end of those difficult years, Orville and Ruth Merillat from Adrian, Michigan, came to the rescue of Huntington College with a gift for a new physical education facility. The new structure was completed in 1973 and paid for entirely by the Merillats.

The Merillats donation turned the tide for the college. The athletic complex drew more students and brought recognition to the college, which in turn, attracted money from other contributors. We were grateful to the Merillats for their generous support and to the Lord for His direction. The Merillats son, Richard, had attended HC some years before.

On one occasion it took diplomacy to resolve a misunderstanding with Mr. Merillat. When the college purchased two pool tables for the recreation room of the new HUB, Mr. Merillat was not pleased. College administrators, faculty and trustees assured him that the room would not become a smoke-filled pool hall, unpleasing to God.

The lack of funds was, in another instance, an incentive for student action. The multiple use of Davis Hall on the third floor of the Administration Building was a source of frustration for faculty and students. There were continual and competing demands for the use of the hall. Student Ted Doolittle remembered taking a Greek test in room A-25 with the melodious strains of Bali Hai in the background.

The confusion convinced the Trustees that constructing a small music auditorium was a priority. I shared the idea with the Student Senate which was considering a project at that time but was lacking a cause. The students accepted the challenge and, with the cooperation of faculty and administrators, raised funds during the next five years. Trustee Ed Roush, who liked to walk as I did, suggested that funds be raised through college Walk-A-Thons on a 25-mile route to or from Fort Wayne. I made the trek five times; Evelyn did it once. I was designated a pace setter and brought in more than \$4,000. Spirits were high on campus as we all worked together.

On May 1, 1979, Ev and I were listening to Paul Harveys commentary on the radio as we ate our lunch. We were surprised to hear him relate the following story: A year ago, Huntington College in Huntington, Indiana, needed a new building. They did not have money for it, but they broke ground for it anyway because the students, the STUDENTS, of the college voluntarily committed themselves to raising the \$100,000. And, as of this date, with all sorts of projects on campus and off, they've done it. It's up, and its paid for.

The hall was named the Student Venture Auditorium to honor the students that made the vision a reality. It was added to the north end of the Brenn Science Hall, and it seated 80.

My other two goals for the college were challenging, but not as troubling as the financial problem. The growing student body, the higher wages and the enlarged library resources nurtured the academic level on campus. The increased spiritual emphasis and the growth of the college resulted in a rise in enrollment at the Seminary. More students prepared for the ministry and other Christian work, especially in the new area of youth ministry. The Seminary worked closely with College Park Church. God favored us and lovingly guided Huntington College in all areas of its growth. The developments reflected Romans 8:28.

## Huntington College Foundation

On February 26, 1938, nine Huntington County businessmen formed the Huntington College Foundation, Inc. Their application was granted by the Secretary of State on February 28, and it was filed by the Huntington County Recorder and reported in the Huntington Herald Press on March 3. The purpose of the newly formed body was to promote education, and particularly the interests of Huntington College, financially and otherwise, in all legal methods. The news article reported, The foundation has no capital stock, is to be a perpetual one, and its resident agent, Fred A. Loew, is a member of the college faculty. The article said that in carrying out the purpose, it may receive, devise, bequest or otherwise, any money or other property, absolutely or in trust, to be used, either the principal or the income therefrom in the interest of the college, and may receive, collect and hold all manner of property with the right to convey, invest, or reinvest, or turn over to the college.

The first directors were Jacob L. Brenn, Walter H. Ball, Jacob F. Young, George M. Eberhart, Philip P. Bash, Dee R. Wygant, Lyman O. Knecht, Sumner Kenner and Charles H. Kline. No one on the incorporating board was a member of the United Brethren Church or a Trustee of the college. The Incorporation was amended August 25, 1958, to allow 18 directors, each to serve a term of three years.

The directors focus during the first few years was to secure scholarship money for needy students, but beginning in 1947, aid was also given to the college building program. In 1949, the Foundation contributed \$33,000 to help erect the Loew-Alumni Library. By 1963, its support to the Library had exceeded \$269,000. In 1958, Dr. Phil J. Gerringer, recently retired as Executive Secretary of the Huntington Chamber of Commerce, was employed by the college to promote the science building fund. The Foundation contributed significantly to the drive and reached its goal of raising \$300,000 to complete and furnish the Brenn Hall of Science. In July 1966, the Foundation announced plans to raise \$100,000 of \$150,000 to build the Huntington Union Building, called the HUB.

To improve the relationship between the community and the college, the Foundation initiated a College Breakfast Hour in October 1958. Throughout the academic year, meetings were held at the Hotel LaFontaine at 8 a.m. on the second Wednesday of the month.

The college was especially thankful for the important assistance it received from the Foundation toward achieving membership in the Associated Colleges of Indiana (ACI). The members urged and promoted our application, and on April 28, 1971, the college received word from Dr. John Martin, Executive

Secretary of the ACI, that Huntington College had been accepted, effective July 1, 1971. The purpose of the ACI was to encourage interest and financial aid to private colleges and universities of Indiana.

Foundation member State Senator Gene Snowden sponsored a Tax Credit bill in the Indiana Legislature which allowed a tax credit to individuals who gave \$100 or to couples who gave \$200 to a qualified Indiana college or university. The Foundation addressed the enrollment problem by contributing to a Scholarship Fund for Huntington County students, and its support bore fruit when HC graduated its largest class on June 7, 1966. Of the 106 graduates, 29 were from Huntington County. On July 31, 1969, with a growing student body, the operating budget showed a positive balance for the first time in ten years.

I also credit the Foundation for resolving a difficult situation in the early 70s. The Huntington community had become interested in HC athletic programs, especially basketball, because of the skills of player Steve Platt. HC played its home games in the gym of Central School because the facilities in the old gym on campus were inadequate.

The Foundation formulated plans to enlarge the old gym, and it asked Chris Schenkel, a national sports announcer from Bippus, Indiana, for his support. The Foundation planned to give the renovated gym the Schenkel name, and it began raising funds.

The plans took an unexpected turn when Orville and Ruth Merillat contributed well over one million dollars for an entirely new physical education complex. Foundation members subsequently explained the change of plans to the community and established a Chris Schenkel athletic scholarship.

J.L. Brenn was a Trustee, a friend of the college and a generous donor. He was the founder and President of Huntington Laboratories. In 1966, students and faculty pitched in to tear down an old stable at Huntington Labs on First Street. The materials were recycled and used in the construction of a classroom on the Thornhill property. After Brenns death on January 21, 1967, a sizable bequest was received for laboratory equipment in the Brenn Hall of Science, and a memorial plaque with his name was presented.

I developed a deep and lasting appreciation for the Huntington College Foundation during my term as president. The men and women of the Foundation came from the Huntington community and offered support, perspective and advice to the college. Foundation members demonstrated their loyalty in many ways and made many generous personal and corporate gifts.

In a speech on September 16, 1980, I publicly praised the Foundation. Since its incorporation in 1938, it had raised over \$840,000 for the college, which included more than \$264,000 for the Brenn Science Building, \$100,000 for the HUB, \$50,000 for HUB equipment, \$100,000 for the Schenkel Athletic Scholarship fund, \$88,200 for library scholarships and \$33,000 for library facilities. Thank you, Huntington College Foundation!

## Lake Sno-Tip

With the approval and backing of the Trustees, the college administration approached various individuals and firms involved with the By-pass construction about creating a lake on campus. On

January 5, 1966, Paul Blomeke's earth-moving equipment began digging the lake. Salomon & Sons Construction Co. of Lansing, Michigan, moved the water mains from the area where the lake and dam would be. Majenica Tile Company removed old tiles from under College Avenue, and Norwood Construction Company laid new tiles donated by Majenica Tile. Wertenberger Tire supplied old tires for fuel to burn the trash and debris from the lake bottom, as did Marathon Oil and Standard Oil. Erie Stone delivered 125 tons of crushed stone for the dam and the roadbed for College Avenue; W&W Gravel and Huntington Ready Mix donated gravel. Volunteer labor was given by a host of individuals, and an anonymous college friend donated cash. All the donations made Lake Sno-Tip a reality.

Huntington Mayor Robert Ambler cooperated fully on the project. The County Engineer and Sanitarian advised the college on the sanitary problems. Products Company donated 140 feet of 36-inch concrete tile, and the County Highway Department hauled the tile from Indianapolis. Indiana Bell and Public Service Indiana worked together to relocate power poles. The City Water Department repaired broken water mains.

Nature, too, cooperated, and the surrounding 155-acre watershed filled the eight-acre lake during the winter of 1967. According to Huntington historian Dale Francis, the lake became the sparkling centerpiece of the beautiful, wooded campus of Huntington College and a promised center of culture and use for northeast Indiana.

In 1979, the beautiful Bangs Memorial Presidents Home was completed on its shores, a gift from the Bangs family in memory of President C.W.H. and Nellie Bangs. The college and the community owe much to Gene Snowden and Bill Tipmore, for whom the lake was named, and to the long list of companies and individuals who worked so hard and donated so much. Sixty years after the college founders envisioned it, Lake Sno-Tip became a reality.}



# CHAPTER FOURTEEN

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## FIVE PORTRAITS

As I gathered memories for my autobiography and read entries in past journals, I decided I wanted to detail the lives of a few people whose lives exemplified Christian commitment. In their stories, I saw the influence that an institution or an individual can have in another person's life and, through that person, the lives of many, many others.

My choices, of course, are personal, and there are many others I have known whose lives were governed by Christian values. I want to pay tribute to Roxy Lefforge, Clare Bangs, Ed Roush, Mabel Thorne and Steve Platt. God has led these people, and He has used them.

### Roxy Lefforge

Roxy was the eldest of seven children and grew up on a farm near North Manchester, Indiana. Her grandfather was a Methodist minister, and in 1896, as an eight year-old attending a service at a rural Methodist Church, she heard a missionary tell how Jesus had died for all the children in the world. Roxy was deeply moved by the Holy Spirit and resolved in her heart to serve God wherever He led.

Roxy was baptized and joined the church at age 16; three years later, she gave her life to full-time Christian service. During high school years, she studied to be a teacher at Terre Haute Normal School, so when she graduated from high school in 1908, she was qualified to teach school.

After teaching a few years in Wabash and Huntington County schools, she attended DePauw University and majored in philosophy. A professor challenged her to become a missionary and introduced her to the Methodist Mission Board. She taught briefly at HC before she sailed for Foo Chow, China, in 1918. There she served for 36 years as a teacher and administrator. Those years she called the easy years because the Chinese government welcomed missionaries and mission schools.

Roxy recorded the story of one Chinese student who developed tuberculosis and was sent home to die. When Roxy made a long, difficult trip to visit the ill girl, she told Roxy that she had learned about Jesus, but didn't know Him in her heart. Roxy noticed that the girl's door was slightly ajar, and using the image of Christ knocking at the door, explained to the girl that Christ was knocking at her heart, but could not enter unless she asked Him to come in. The girl did this and was gloriously saved and healed. Roxy and the girl always celebrated that day as her spiritual birthday.

After 15 years in China, Roxy returned to the States for a furlough and earned two Masters degrees at Boston University before returning to Foo Chow for several more years. On December 17, 1939, Roxy left China with two Chinese doctors to work among the Chinese who lived in the Philippines.

When the war with Japan began, Roxy and other American missionaries were interred as prisoners of war in the Philippines. On February 23, 1945, the prisoners were lined up outside for their morning roll call and exercise. They did not know that the Japanese had orders to execute them that morning.

Suddenly American planes appeared overhead, and US paratroopers parachuted to the ground. The Japanese soldiers fled, and the American prisoners were freed. Imagine Roxy's surprise when she learned that the officer in charge of the paratroopers was Doug LeMaster, a biology professor at Huntington College! Dr. Lefforge praised the Lord every February 23 for the miracle of her deliverance.

Roxy returned to HC and chaired the Sociology and Psychology Department until she retired in 1967. During a sabbatical leave in 1964 and 1965, she traveled around the world, revisiting the mission stations where she had served. She visited us in Sierra Leone and was the first HC faculty member to congratulate me on my appointment as HC President.

All her life, she was a special friend and prayer warrior for those from foreign lands. One was John G. Labor, HC 1964, who returned to Sierra Leone and became the principal of Bumpe High School.

Dr. Lefforge lived in college housing on Fruit Street only a block from the campus and next door to Dr. Helen Brooks, a retired history professor. Dr. Lefforge and Dr. Brooks regularly attended Sunday and Wednesday church services together.

On Wednesday evening, July 6, 1977, Dr. Brooks called Roxy to see if she was ready to go to prayer meeting. When she got no reply, she entered Roxy's home and found Roxy in a chair, sitting with an open Bible in her lap. Roxy had gone to her permanent home in Heaven.

Roxy led a faithful and fruitful life of service to the Lord, just as she had promised as a young farm girl. She brought people to Christ all over the world, likely winning thousands for Him. Dr. Roxy Lefforge showed that In All of Life, Christ Made the Difference. Her autobiography by this title was written with the help of Kathryn Densmore Sommers, HC 1953.

## **Dr. Clare W.H. Bangs**

Clare W.H. Bangs was born May 5, 1890, one of five children in the Charles H. Bangs family at the farm home near Auburn, Indiana. He earned degrees in Pedagogy and Civil Engineering at Tri-State College, and he was a Professor of Mathematics, History and Philosophy from 1912 to 1915 at Central College in Huntington. He received an MA degree from Central College in 1914. He later studied at Kings College School of Oratory in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, at Indiana University and at the University of Chicago.

When Clare took his first position at Central College in 1912, Nellie A. Binning (1881-1967) was Chair of the English Department. Clare soon became a frequent caller at Professor Fred A. Loews home where Miss Binning roomed. Nellie resigned her position at HC in 1912 to return to Kansas to help with family responsibilities, but Clare continued his courtship.

On April 28, 1915, Clare was elected President of Central College by the UB Board of Education. He was the youngest president of an accredited college in the US. On July 18, 1917, in Atwood, Kansas, Clare and Nellie became Mr. and Mrs. Clare Bangs and returned to Central College. During the early years of their marriage, Charles Edward and Sarah Virginia were born to Clare and Nellie. (See Nellie and Clare, 1995, by Sarah V. Bangs Dinehart, Evangel Press, Nappanee, Indiana.)

President Bangs made many changes at the college. He acquired a house across the street from the campus where he lived for a while. Other faculty rented it, and later it was expanded and became Livingston Hall, a girls dormitory. Clare was instrumental in changing the name of Central College to Huntington College in 1917 (Indiana already had a Central College), and changing the name of Marshall Street to College Avenue. He acquired 37 acres for the college in the ravine south and east of the campus. That area had been a favorite picnic place for local folks, easily serviced by transit buses, and was called the Huntington Auto Transit Park. Clare established a Student Commons, and he built the central heating system for the college. He excavated the basement of the Administration Building where a student dining room and kitchen were installed. Students who had previously taken their meals where they boarded were now fed at the school. He led the effort to raise \$150,000 for the college.

Clare was an advocate for the poor and downtrodden. He organized and taught English classes to Italian immigrants in a camp of Erie Railroad workers near the tracks. Nearly 200 attended his classes. During WWI, he organized a Student Army Training Corps. It was housed on campus and quickly attracted 100 men.

Clare added a Conservatory of Music and Art at HC, and he began a Normal School teacher training course and a Laboratory Training School on campus that gave students actual teaching experience. Roxy Lefforge was a young professor in the Lab School. With Clare's support, HC got a significant nod of recognition from the state when it received accreditation for three levels of teacher licensing - from A level, the lowest, to C level, the highest.

Clare had always been interested in the study of law, so he resigned at HC and moved his family to New York City where he attended Columbia University Law School. He graduated with a Bachelors and a Master's Degree in Law. He received his Doctorate in International Law from the Sorbonne in Paris.

Clare received two honorary degrees from Huntington College: One was the first Alumnus of the Year award in 1952; the second was an honorary Doctor of Jurisprudence degree in 1966. In memory of his distinguished service at Huntington College, he was posthumously given one of 100 Centennial Medallions in 1996. Sarah Bangs Dinehart accepted the honor.

In addition to other activities, he was the Managing Editor of the Huntington News from 1932 to 1969, and he received his pilot's license in 1952. He established the law firm of C.W.H. Bangs in Huntington, and he was Mayor of Huntington for four years. He became famous as Mayor when he was jailed for violating a court order obtained by the Northern Indiana Power Company, enjoining him from providing electricity from the city electric plant to people who could not afford to pay their electric bills. For a year, he ran the city of Huntington from a prison cell. Clare Bangs died on October 3, 1973, at the age of 83. He was a College Park Church member for 60 years.

## J. Edward Roush

John Edward Roush was born in Barnesdal, Oklahoma, on September 12, 1920. His father was a carpenter in the Oklahoma oil fields, and the family lived in a two-room, clapboard shanty. When his father's health began to fail in 1924, the family moved back to Huntington. His father died in 1932.

When Ed graduated from Huntington High School in 1938, he intended to go to work to help support his widowed mother. However, he was befriended by Melvin Burkholder who recognized Ed's abilities and encouraged him to attend HC.

Ed and I both earned our way by working for the college. I distinctly remember how he and I hauled coal to the college. Ed drove the old college truck to the railroad siding near Huntington Labs, and we shoveled coal from a coal car into the truck and unloaded it back at the heating plant. The college could not afford to buy large amounts of coal at one time, so Ed and I hauled many loads once the weather became cold. Ed painted the weight limit per load on the doors of the truck.

In keeping with his goal of becoming Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Ed enrolled in debate and public speaking classes and in English and history courses. He was a member of the debate team for two years. He held positions of honor, such as Student Union President, Managing Editor of *Mnemosyne* and business editor of the college newspaper. He was a member of the varsity basketball and tennis teams, and he was listed in *Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges*. He earned his BA degree in 1942.

Upon graduation, he enlisted in the US Army and rose from Private to Captain. He graduated from Officer Candidate School in March 1943 as a Second Lieutenant. In the European Theater of operations, he served as a Combat Infantry Platoon Leader. He was awarded two battle stars, the Bronze Star and the Combat Infantry Badge.

On September 5, 1943, he married his college sweetheart, Pauline Borton, who came from a farm near Fayette, Ohio. They became the parents of four children: David, Joel, Melody and Robin. During his college days, Ed had joined College Park Church where Polly was already an active member. Ed served on the Board of Administration and other church committees.

In 1946, he entered the Indiana University School of Law and received his law degree in 1949. During his last year in law school, he was elected to the Indiana General Assembly. He joined the law firm of C.W.H. Bangs in Huntington.

While serving as a State Representative, he was recalled to active duty in the US Army during the Korean conflict. His rank was that of Captain. He graduated from the Army Counter Intelligence Corps (CIC) school and served in Europe as Operations Officer for a CIC detachment.

When he was discharged in 1952, he re-joined Bangs law practice and two years later established his own law firm. He was elected to a four-year term as County Prosecuting Attorney, and in 1956, he ran in the Democratic primary election for US Representative in Congress. He was defeated, but when he campaigned two years later, he won the primary election by a large margin and decisively won the general election.

In 1960, he suffered through an historic recount, the closest race in the history of the House of Representatives. Of 215,000 votes cast, Ed claimed victory by just two votes. A recount eight months later reported he had won by 99 votes. Did a single vote count? Yes, it certainly did. He served in the House of Representatives under three Speakers and with four men - Kennedy, Nixon, Ford and Bush - who became US Presidents.

No doubt Ed is best known as the originator of the 911 emergency telephone number, but he has worked for many other causes, including the construction of three flood-control dams in NE Indiana. One of the lakes, the Huntington Reservoir, was renamed J. Edward Roush Lake in 1996.

Ed's association with HC has been continuous. He has been a member of the HC Board of Trustees for 50 years. When he was appointed Interim President in 1989 during Dr. Eugene Habecker's six-month sabbatical, he determined to restore the steeple on the tower of the Administration Building. It had been taken down in 1953 because it was a hazard, and it had not been replaced due to lack of funds. Ed swiftly collected donations, and the tower was again capped by a steeple. He personally hung the new weather vane.

Among political colleagues, Ed is considered a conservative Democrat. In Indiana among his Republican friends, he is thought of as a flaming liberal. Among Christian friends, he is respected as a considerate, wise and loyal person. He has been a good friend of mine.

During my last two years as President of Huntington College, Evelyn and I lived in the new Bangs Memorial Presidents home across Lake Sno-Tip from Ed and Polly. We often shared observations about visitors at the lake as birds and animals appeared in season. Sharing such matters enhanced our life-long friendship. Evelyn and I thank the Lord for our years of association with Ed and Polly. They have given their talents for the benefit of His Kingdom.

## Mabel Thorne

The development of Thornhill Nature Preserve took place during my presidency at Huntington College. The acreage was once a 77-acre farm on County Road 1000 N that belonged to C.A. Thorne, a UB pastor at the Goblesville and Beech Grove Churches north of Huntington. His niece, Mabel Thorne, often came to the parsonage as a child, and she fell in love with the farm and surrounding area. She became a teacher at South Side High School in Fort Wayne, Indiana.

When the farm was for sale in 1948, Miss Thorne purchased it. She believed it wasn't right for man to destroy the natural environment, so she set out to create a nature preserve and a wildlife refuge. She divided the farm into three different habitats: the grassy valley in the middle was dug out for a three-acre lake, and a dam was built with an overflow that emptied into Clear Creek; the back portion was planted with 8,000 red and white pines, seven feet apart in rows seven feet wide, to provide shelter and food for birds; and a meadow was established.

Mabel belonged to several organizations, the DAR, the Audubon Society, the American Forestry Society and ACRES of Allen County, Indiana, that were interested in preserving the natural beauty of northeastern Indiana. In addition, the county agent and other conservation people aided her efforts to establish the acreage, plan the lake and plant the tree nursery. After several years of developing her farm, Mabel realized that the property would have to be owned by a private institution if the nature preserve was to become a permanent site.

Miss Thorne approached Huntington College, asking a very reasonable selling price and a guarantee that the land would be kept as a nature refuge and an educational site. She sold the lake, land and house to

HC for \$20,000. The college obtained a loan from the Nature Conservancy through a Columbia City bank and repaid it at the sum of \$1,000 per year. There were many restrictions about the use of the property, but they fit right into HCs philosophy and plans.

Fred Morgan, professor of biology at HC, conducted a three-year bird study at Thornhill for his PhD project at Ohio State University. He specifically studied catbirds, but using mist nets, he banded 1,399 birds from 135 different species. He caught 324 catbirds, 158 American goldfinches, 148 redwing black birds and 105 song sparrows. He noted that one wren pair made 617 trips to feed its offspring in a 16-hour period. The next summer, 6.6% of the banded birds returned, and the following summer, 3.5% returned to nest.

Edith Reiff, a friend of Mable's from nearby Andrews, Indiana, and a fellow teacher at South Side High School, fully shared Miss Thornes dream. They both wanted an outdoor classroom to be the centerpiece of the nature preserve. An old stable at Huntington Labs was dismantled by a crew of college faculty and students, and the old timbers were used to build the new classroom on the site of the old barn. The new building, 40 feet by 30 feet was situated 200 yards from the lake. Windows covered two sides of the classroom, and on the west wall a fireplace was built. In the east end, there was a resource room, a kitchen and two bathrooms. The beautiful outdoor classroom was paid for almost entirely by Edith Reiff.

The site is only six miles from the college campus, so it was a fine place for biology and botany classes to come for field work. Elder Hostel groups and nature classes from county schools also used the site. Paths were mowed so visitors could enjoy the variety of flora: tulip trees, Russian olive, riverside grape, multiflora rose, black walnut, burr oak, black raspberries, silky and gray dogwood, white mulberry and wild black cherry, as well as the many small animals. The old parsonage was modernized and became a caretakers home.

With such a fine facility, it was no wonder that the Lilly Foundation awarded HC an \$8,000,000 grant in 1999, the largest grant given to any Indiana College. An \$850,000 portion of the grant was given to a cooperative project called Mindscape. It will develop and promote a nature education program between the college and the county's elementary, middle and high schools over a period of three years. HCs collaboration with the public schools at Thornhills classroom-in-the-field will break new ground and benefit many students.

Thornhill exists because of two women's commitment, vision and generosity. I thank Miss Thorne and Miss Reiff for being available to the Lords guidance and for the opportunity to be a part of His plan.

## Steven D. Platt

In a press conference held August 12, 1994, Huntington College President G. Blair Dowden announced that Steve Platt would become the men's basketball coach. President Dowden said, We all agreed that our new coach must have outstanding credentials, with experience in the game. We sought a coach who had a players understanding of the pressures of competition, who had himself succeeded in the sport and would motivate our players to succeed. We needed a coach who would model for our athletes the values that Huntington College represents - scholarship, service, and spiritual integrity. We sought one

who would lead the Foresters to success and victory both on and off the court. I am very pleased that we have found such a coach in Steve Platt.

Platt replied I'm grateful to many people who held and still hold many school records. I am grateful to Keith Spahr, my coach at Huntington College, to Bill Lightner, my high school coach and, of course, to Dr. E. D. Baker and Richard Klopfenstein, who were President and Athletic Director during my time at the college. I am also grateful to former President Eugene Habecker who first approached me about this job.

Platt was the nation's leading collegiate scorer when he played basketball for HC in the early 1970s. His record still stood in 1999, as did his all-time, career-scoring record for Indiana college basketball. He was considered the dominant NAIA player in Indiana in 1974 and remains the sixth leading career scorer in the NAIA. He was inducted into the Indiana Basketball Hall of Fame and chosen as a member of the Silver Anniversary Team in 1990.

At HC, Steve averaged 36 points per game as a junior and led the nation in average points scored. As a senior, he exceeded his own record with an average of 38 points per game. His career average of 33 points per game is the third highest in the history of the NAIA. Playing four years as a Forester, Platt scored 3,700 points, more than Rick Mount (2323), Steve Alford (2438), Calbert Chaney (2613), Larry Bird (2850), or Pete Maravich (3667). Platt broke many Huntington College records during his career, and he certainly made the most.

Steve was born and raised on a farm with three sisters and his parents, Darl and Clanedia Platt, in Huntington County. He attended all 12 grades at Union Township High School and graduated in a class of 17 in 1965.

Steve cannot tell exactly when he began shooting baskets, but his father can, and so, unfortunately, can his mother. One day, said Darl, who ran a fertilizer business, my wife went to town. When she left, I carried the five leaves from the dining room table outside. I knew they fit together perfectly. I put a backing on them and painted them white to make a backboard. When my wife came home, she climbed up the ladder to help me put the thing up. It wasn't until I started pounding in the nails that she realized what I had done. You didn't! she exclaimed.

Steve married Peggy Jackson, a Union High School cheerleader, in 1967, and they had two children, son Ty and daughter Polly. He joined the Indiana National Guard, and he played baseball with sandlot teams for B & K Root Beer and Bluffton Zion United Methodist Church. Steve farmed 500 acres in corn and soybeans, and he raised hogs and cattle for five years before he enrolled at HC.

Keith Spahr had known Steve when he coached against him at Union School. When Spahr became the basketball coach at HC in 1970, he offered Platt the position of Assistant Coach. Spahr convinced the powers that be at HC to give Platt a good athletic scholarship to entice him to come and play basketball, and Steve considered the offer for two months before he accepted it! Steve graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree in Business Administration with the rest of his classmates even though during his college years, he had worked his farm and been a busy parent, husband and church leader.

After playing basketball for HC, he was drafted by the Washington Bullets Team of the NBA. Not wanting to leave his farm, he did not report to them, but became a member of the Fort Wayne Hoosiers and of the International Basketball League where he was the League's leading scorer.

Steve's selection as coach at HC illustrated for me the truth of Romans 8:28. His boundless energy and enthusiasm, his values and his abilities made him the right choice to be HC's basketball coach.

PLATTS STATS:

- Career Scoring Total: 3,700 points
- Indiana All-Time Collegiate Scoring Leader
- Sixth in Nation, NAIA Career Scoring
- Career Scoring Average: 33.2 points per game
- National Leader in Scoring - 1973 (36 points per game)
- National Leader in Scoring - 1974 (38 points per game)
- Huntington College Records:
- Free Throws in a game - 17 in 1971 game vs. Goshen
- Field Goals in a game - 22 in 1971 game vs. Grand Rapids Baptist
- Points in a game - 57 in 1973 game vs. Goshen
- Rebounds in a game - 33 in 1971 game vs. Bethel
- Career Rebounds - 1,917
- Honors and Achievements:
- All Mid-Central Conference Team - 1971 to 1974
- All NAIA District 21 Team - 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974
- NAIA Honorable Mention - 1971, 1972, 1973
- Huntington College MVP - 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974
- All-American (UPI 3rd Team, NAIA 3rd Team) - 1974
- Indiana College All-Star, Sertoma Charities Game - 1974
- MVP & Leading Scorer, Portsmouth Invitational All-Star Tourney - 1974
- Washington Bullets NBA Draft Pick - 1974
- NAIA Hall of Fame - 1987
- Indiana Basketball Hall of Fame Silver Anniversary Team - 1990



# APPENDIX

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## INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Huntington College, Its Place in Higher Education

Earl DeWitt Baker

October 20, 1965

Huntington College, Huntington, Indiana

### Introduction

Dr. Swaim, Dr. Burkholder, Bishops Meadows and Rash, Representatives of Educational Institutions and Organizations, Trustees, Faculty Members, Honored Guests, Students, and Friends:

I am especially thrilled that my Mother, my brother, my sister and her husband, and also my aunts and uncles are here.

We deeply appreciate that you have taken time from your busy schedules to honor Huntington College upon this historic occasion. We wish to take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to many of our sister institutions who have assisted by sharing experiences and research with us in the past and desire to invoke your continued fellowship in the years ahead. We wish to thank each one of you who has contributed to our growth and development. We especially are indebted to Dr. Becker, who has handled the highest office of this institution so capably for many years. The achievements of the College have been in great measure due to your untiring efforts, Dr. Becker, and I join the others in expressing sincere appreciation to you.

Huntington College, Its Place in Higher Education

I feel very humble, yet extremely honored, at having been called into the enormously responsible position of the Presidency of Huntington College. Even as Moses, so I ask, Who am I; for this task is too great." I accept it only because of the conviction that it is the call of God and of the Church. I implore you to hold the College, my family, and me before Him in prayer and in cooperative support, so that His work may continue and expand at our Huntington College.

We have chosen as the subject for our thinking this morning, "Huntington College, Its Place in Higher Education." Where do we fit into the scheme of Higher Education in this land? How can we be a vital part of the total educational picture? How can we best serve the Church, the community, and our nation?

## A. History of Christian Liberal Arts Colleges

The contemporary liberal arts college is an outgrowth of the old church schools of medieval times. During those eight centuries of chaos, the Christian church was the chief integrating force in the world. Among its many other duties, the church at this time took upon itself the burden of educating and enlightening its communicants and of giving them a sense of their responsibility to each other and to the Christian religion. From these beginnings sprang the first colleges in Europe and in America. The Christian doctrine endowed the liberal arts college with its finest attributes--tolerance, free thinking, awareness of responsibility, and proper perspective toward art, law, religion, and history. With this endowment, the student was able to appreciate the accomplishments of his predecessors and to manipulate these accomplishments in such a way as to reap greater benefits.

For more than two hundred years before public and tax-supported institutions existed in this country, our great denominational colleges bore practically the entire burden of higher education for the United States. Of the 201 colleges established before 1861 and which still exist today, only 21 were state institutions, according to former Dean Weigle of Yale. Graduates of these church-related liberal arts colleges have been largely responsible for the development of the nation, for furnishing leaders to the church and state, for supplying outstanding men and women for all the great professions, and for educating persons who have been and are progressive leaders in our civic and community life.

## B. Definition of Christian Liberal Arts

You may ask, why should the Christian church become involved in liberal arts education in our day? Our Senior Bishop, Dr. Clyde W. Meadows, stated that "The purpose and objective of Christian liberal arts education is to give men and women that knowledge and background which will make it possible for them in today's society to act with freedom based on knowledge and right motives. The church stands for the religious phase of life which is concerned with the ethical, moral, and spiritual elements of life." The North Central Study of Mundelein College in March of this year, entitled "Ought This Liberal Arts College to Survive?" said that the personal development of a student is still the most valid reason for higher education.

There is at present a mounting fear among many serious thinkers that scientists and specialists may take over the world and, without meaning to, destroy it. Dr. Von Braun, famous early space expert, said, "There is one thing certain; if the world's ethical standards fail to rise with the advances of technology, we will perish." In the technological society of today, change is so rapid and complete that intensive specialization without a broad liberal arts background at the undergraduate level is definitely dangerous. Students must be taught to think, to adapt, to discern developing patterns in a social context, and to master the art of self-education as the best preparation for life. A well-educated person must be acquainted with all the areas of human knowledge if the ability to make sound judgments, to understand complex issues, and to attain a comprehensive point of view is to result from a college experience. Along with this liberal arts background, however, Paul A. Miller, President of West Virginia University, said three years ago that we will have to realize that included in the total goals of our students is not only "learning and knowledge but also understanding and character building. The motto of Huntington College is highly significant: WHERE CHARACTER AND CULTURE BLEND! Dr. V. Raymond Edman, Chancellor of Wheaton College, said, "Wheaton will continue to combine high quality education

in liberal arts with education in practical Christianity." So we, at this institution which was founded and has been nurtured through the years by the toil and sacrifices of men and women dedicated to the Christian view of life, are committed to the conviction that Christianity and good scholarship are essential coordinates in higher education.

We are committed to the responsibility of educating men and women to know that a Christian belief is not a veneer to be put on or taken off to suit the convenience. This belief is a conviction leading to a commitment which permeates one's whole being and, in the final sense, is the deciding factor wherein one places one's faith. To be committed to something does not mean that change and growth are ruled out, but commitment may well be the beginning of an open-minded search for truth. A Christian commitment cannot destroy truth, for Christianity is dedicated to truth. In these days when the moral and spiritual ideals of the world are being tested and shaken to their very foundations by scientific developments and expansion of spatial dimensions, it is more necessary than ever to maintain and support institutions that give the highest expression to truth and to the ideals of Christianity and democracy, upon which our country rests.

In the past, man has been so busy developing his material necessities that he has hardly found time to realize he was becoming more and more socially ill. Science cannot cure this illness, nor can superimposed law do so. The cure must come from intelligent liberal arts education full of tolerance, patience, understanding and good will. The public needs to understand this to be the purpose of education on the Christian campus and to understand that the creed of the Christian college has been the greatest obstacle for totalitarianism and dictatorship.

Do we need institutions to give Christian liberal arts foundations in these days? Yes, we do need them-- despite the fact that, according to the Danforth Foundation Report "800 Colleges Face the Future," only 18.7% of the total college enrollment of nearing five million was in 1963 in church-related institutions, and this percentage is declining as tax-supported schools continue a most rapid expansion.

### C. Our Various Publics

In these times when the ratio of students in Christian liberal arts institutions is shrinking (though we know that we are producing good products), we do have several publics upon whom we can confidently depend. Yet some may feel and glibly say, "We hired you to solve the problems, Mr. New President." God being my helper, I resolutely plan to do my utmost in advancing Christian liberal arts education. I have spent most of my life in a business which is rich in intangibles, that of working with and inspiring youth, our hope and our most precious heritage!

Although a College President is often characterized as being in a lonely position, he should not work alone. When your speaker was a Navy pilot in World War II, he wasn't alone. He had a crew of about ten in the bomber. There were large ground crews to service our engines, munitions, instruments, and electronic equipment. There were fleets keeping us who were abroad equipped with spare parts, fuel, and food. There were battalions in training to provide replacements and more personnel for expanded thrusts. Factories were working continuously to provide everything needed, and funds came from everyone. I was a front line flier, but behind me was total involvement. Later, our church sent Mrs. Baker and me abroad to start mission high schools, but we didn't go alone. The mission office forces, the clergy, the church literature, and an army of laity were behind us --a part of the great total body. Our

advances in Africa were your advances in the home church, made possible by your prayers and opened purses, and so now, at HC, we do not move alone.

Our Church has elected me; hence it has the responsibility to stand behind me and with me, and that means that each of you who is a member is to support this institution sacrificially. We expect to become one of the "best beggars," as Carter Davidson, President of the Association of American Colleges, so aptly explained at the inauguration of Ohio Northern's President Meyer last Friday. He also said that college presidents are made to win friends and influence donors. We should not have to beg, however, for it is the duty of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ to support this, its own college. We also solicit your support in sending your students, your sons, daughters, and pastors for us to train. United Brethren, do not minimize your responsibility to your own college!

The Trustees are the guardians of all property and funds of the institution and are responsible for determining college policies and for engaging administrative personnel to assure that such policies are carried out. The College should and does reflect the philosophy and extent of activity of the Board of Trustees. Board Members, you have a definite and very large responsibility in Huntington College!

Our Faculty comes next. Here duty divides between teaching and influence. Working within the broad framework of philosophy and policy defined by the trustees, the faculty is responsible for designing the curricula, the methods of instruction, the degree of student proficiency to be required, and the final recommending of the student for graduation. But this is only part of faculty assignment. Equally essential are the influences which are exercised upon the student to make him socially responsible, well-adjusted, and to give him an unquenchable intellectual curiosity. This is done as much by example as by methodology. The word, example, seems to be little used today. The late Dr. Schweitzer said that the responsibility of the teacher was to be an example for others. A stream cannot rise above its fountain head. Never does this seem quite so true as in the realm of ideas and ideals. Education, especially in ideals, is partially a matter of precept but much more, one of example. And so in a Christian college, as Paul told Titus, Be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, etc. Education is a question not only of right teaching but of right being. It is a matter of contagion, being caught as well as taught. But to be merely an example is not enough--we must be committed, yes, even called, to Christian teaching. As in most institutions such as this, our zeal leads us into sacrificial service, but I stand as a living witness that the intangibles gained in service to youth far outweigh the tangibles. I am today thrilled as well as challenged by the fine and loyal faculty members of this institution, for they are the core of our college!

Students are the raw materials with which we work. They also have a will as every administrator soon finds out. They must be chosen with care and, once admitted, given every aid in development to discoveries which one makes through faith and understanding. We need scholars who are committed to the preparation for life both mentally and spiritually, not to live out of this world, but to face and master the material problems of the world; "to rightly divide the Word of Truth," and "to render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's."

Also in the background are the all-important Alumni. These are they who have gone out, and are now known by their fruits. College reputation is largely alumni reputation. College support and development is largely what the alumni make it to be, and our trustees include several alumni. You, former students

of Huntington College, are an important group. Do not disappoint us when we look to you for help. My wife picked up a motto which reads, "Don't criticize your wife's judgment, look who she married." So with you who owe your present status in a large part to the College, help her now to educate others as she has you.

Next, we have our Community, backing up the College in a greater measure than experienced by many similar institutions. For this achievement, we thank the late Dr. Fred A. Loew, Dr. J. L. Brenn, Dr. Elmer Becker, Dr. Phil J. Geringer, former president C.W.H. Bangs, and numerous others. The local citizens have assisted loyally in Foundation giving. You have supported our Work Day, our basketball team, and have given us good coverage in the Herald Press and other neighboring newspapers. We, in turn, are furnishing an outstanding Artist-Lecture Series, a stimulation of your business, students for worship in the various churches, while over a third of the teachers throughout the city and county have received their degrees from this institution, and approximately half of them have taken some work at Huntington. The Community and College need one another. Each of us is a mutual beneficiary because of the presence of this institution of higher learning.

The image of Huntington College is not due only to the highest administrative officers. It is a body of many workers and each of you whom I have mentioned, as well as others such as secretaries, maintenance personnel, and cooks, are a part of this body. May we as an evangelical Christian liberal arts college function smoothly and flourish as each plays his particular role in the large group.

#### D. Our Philosophy of Education

An institution of higher learning such as Huntington College must have a statement of its educational philosophy, which serves to focus the fundamental aims and goals of the school. May I read the educational philosophy which was recently revised by the faculty and recommended to our Board of Trustees:

Huntington College is a Christian church-related college of liberal arts in which the development of the individual is considered to be of primary importance. The College believes this can best be accomplished through assisting the student to inquire into expanding areas of human knowledge and into the Christian conception of man and the universe.

The Huntington student is given the opportunity to prepare himself for a meaningful role in the contemporary world by an inquiry into the past and present and a contemplation of the future. From the past the College seeks to help him understand the present through a knowledge of man's thinking and achievements in order to discover how the world became what it now is. For the future it seeks to develop a person who will not be content with an unthinking acceptance of the status quo. For these purposes the College is committed to a strong liberal arts emphasis, with general requirements in the arts, literature, philosophy, history, science, physical education, and social science for every student regardless of the vocation or profession for which he is preparing.

The Huntington student is also given the opportunity to develop his understanding of spiritual matters. The College encourages him to commit himself to Christ as Savior and Lord. It also seeks to develop in each student traits of Christian character and a Christian sense of purpose. In implementing these objectives the College is committed to a strong Christian emphasis, based upon the Statement of Faith,

not only through specific requirements in Bible and compulsory chapel, but by striving to develop in the college community a Christian environment conducive to spiritual growth.

By seeking to make the Christian faith the integrating core of the entire college program, and by seeking to develop in the student an understanding of the times as well as his heritage, the aim of the College is to produce individuals who are well-established in their faith, scholarly in outlook, reflective in thought, and appreciative of the arts and physical fitness. It is felt that this objective can be realized through encouraging students to investigate the ever-expanding fields of knowledge in the light of Christian verities.

We feel that this statement of education is definitive and well-stated. Your speaker is pleased to have been called to assume his present position at such an institution and will endeavor to carry on a program based on that philosophy. We are a church-related institution with evangelical standards of faith and practice, seeking the development of the individual intellectually through scholarship, critical thought, and an appreciation of beauty; physically by means of wholesome living, recreation, and avocational activities; socially by encouraging personality growth, co-operation with others, and understanding of all races. All of this is not to be received, but achieved through a liberal arts education.

#### E. Our Future

Now we face the future. We join one of our own professors who wrote in an article last May, "My two concerns regarding Huntington College are its future and its effectiveness, its academic and spiritual effectiveness." Dr. Compton, former President of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, said, "No defense is needed of the value of the Christian college in its influence on the characters and attitudes of young men and women of America. The great challenge to those who sponsor and operate Christian colleges is to insure by financial support and wise administration that the quality of their educational programs be maintained at a high level." Dr. H. J. Long, past president of Greenville College, stated, "To develop well-integrated Christian character is our greatest function as a Christian college."

We, at Huntington, promise that our student will not be a computer card, but an individual in whom we are endeavoring to engender excellence in the liberal arts, not in separation from religious roots but in an ever closer connection with them. With the wisdom of a liberal arts education, we also desire to impart the understanding of seeking first the kingdom of God, knowing that only then will the additional necessities be added unto us. We repeat the prayer which Peter Marshall once uttered before Congress, "Give us clear vision, that we may know where to stand and what to stand for, because unless we stand for something, we shall fall for anything."

Before I close, I would like to pay personal tribute to this College where I received my undergraduate training, to a sound country church background, and to the Christian home where the children were taught what to stand for. Mother is present today for which I am particularly thankful. After the funeral service following Dad's death in 1943, the minister called me aside and asked if I knew the burden of my father's recent prayers. He said that Dad had been praying that one of his two sons would be called into the ministry. His prayers have never been exactly answered as he asked, but my younger brother, Gene, has worked as head of the Hillsdale County Youth for Christ organization for nearly 20 years, in addition to his farming. I have never felt led to become a minister, but was called to be a missionary from 1949 until this year, when I was elected to this office and recalled from Africa. This perhaps is God's answer to

Dads prayer, and I hereby commit my life and efforts to lead Huntington College to the highest possible academic heights while maintaining our foundation upon the rock of Christian wisdom.}

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to His purpose.

Romans 8:28

## PHOTO PAGES HAVE LETTERS, NOT NUMBERS.

Each photo has a blue letter on it that matches the letter here.

Photo / Page    Photo Captions

Preface:

- I        (facing the Title Page - with frame)  
DeWitt & Evelyn Baker  
50th Wedding Anniversary, August 16, 1992.
- II       (facing the Dedication Page- with frame)  
Norman Dean Baker
- III      (facing the Forward Page- with frame)  
DeWitt Baker, c.1983.
- A / a.   The Horace & Bessie Baker family, 1941.  
Gene, Jeanette, DeWitt.
- B / a.   DeWitt Baker, grade-school student, c.1929.
- C / b.   Bum Baker, Huntington College, 1939.
- D / b.   Bakers Birches Cottage at Lake Piatt, c.1953.

- E / c. The Lawrence and Nellie Middaugh family, 1942.  
Evelyn & DeWitt Baker, Alvena & Phil Dolby, Paul, Beulah & Judy Middaugh.
- F / c. Newlyweds DeWitt & Evelyn Baker, August 16, 1942.
- G / d. Pilot Baker at the controls of a PBM, c.1943.
- H / d. PBM (Patrol Bomber by Martin), c.1943.
- I / e. DeWitt, Evelyn, Ronnie & Norman Baker ready to leave for Sierra Leone, 1949.
- J / e. DeWitt, Evelyn, Ronnie & Norman Baker home on furlough, 1961.
- K / f. Map of Sierra Leone
- L / f. Map of Sierra Leone
- M / g. Norman & Ronnie carrying head loads, 1951.
- N / g. Bush travelers, DeWitt & Norman Baker, 1951.
- O / h. Evelyn Baker, Juanita Smith & Bernadine Hoffman  
with Ronnie & Norman on a stick bridge, 1950.
- P / h. Hammock carriers, 1951
- Q / i. Map of the grounds of the Danville Station at Gbangbaia, 1952  
drawn by Evan Towne.
- R / j. Danville Station - Mission House above, Boys Dorm and Dispensary below, 1951.
- S / j. New three-room Primary School at Gbangbaia, 1952.
- T / k. Porro Devil with grass costume & wooden mask, c.1952.
- U / k. Students pounding hulls off grains of rice, 1952.
- V / k. Students lining up for a meal, 1952.
- W / l. Principal Baker & friend, 1955.
- X / l. Home School - Ronnie, Evelyn & Norman, 1955.
- Y / m. Launch in a mangrove swamp, similar to the launch on which Norman was killed.
- Z / m. Normans burial, Danville Cemetery, Gbangbaia, 1955.
- AA / n. Baby Melodie Pratt with Evelyn, DeWitt, Ron, Joyce & Annette Baker, 1960.
- BB / n. Sierra Leone baby carriers,  
Annette Baker & friend Evelyn Samba, 1960.



CC / o. Centennial Secondary School ) Students, 1960.

DD / o. Centennial Secondary School Faculty, 1960.

back row: Abraham George, Rita Wild, Francis Sharkah, John Harrop, DeWitt Baker  
front row: Zenora Williams, June Brown, Joseph Kpenge, Fred Samba

EE / p. Map of grounds of CSS in 1965.  
drawn by Evan Towne.

FF / q. Bumpe High School in 1965.

GG / q. Greater Love Chapel in 1965.

HH / r. The Freshman President receives his beanie from Sophomore Ron.

II / r. The new Presidents family, 1965.  
DeWitt, Ron, Annette, Joyce & Evelyn.

JJ / s. President Baker & Baker Hall, 1982.

KK / s. Annette, Evelyn & Joyce Baker, 1997.

Tribute:

IV p.318?. - at the end of the writing, on the very last page in the book - no frame

or p. 319 Annette, Ron, Joyce, DeWitt & Evelyn Baker, 1999

## EPILOGUE & TRIBUTE

Huntington College

In my inauguration address on October 5, 1965, I listed three goals for my Presidency. From the perspective of many years, I offer an evaluation of those priorities:

1. Increased Spirituality: When I became Huntington College President, I prayed that everything done on campus would help students become spiritually mature. Because I came from the mission field, my fervor for religious growth was perhaps stronger than if I had come from an academic background.

I naturally and continually stressed mission work during my term. It was part of my life walk. Students who attended HC during my presidency have gone out as missionaries to every continent except Antarctica.

In the 1960s, difficult years to have mandatory chapel, services were held at 10 a.m. every day at College Park Church. Even though there was some resistance from students, I firmly maintained the schedule because I wanted to deepen the spiritual life on campus. Today I am deeply gratified and say from my heart that the spiritual vitality of the college has never been so vibrant. Praise the Lord!

2. The Debt: In 1965, college expenses were too high, the students too few and the debt much too large to operate in the black. The future of the college was certainly in doubt because of its financial difficulties. To reduce the debt, we did everything we could to save money. I was called a Pinch Penny because of my efforts to cut costs and a Missionary Minded President because of the paucity of faculty raises, but I believed one reason I was called to be president was to get the financial situation under control.

In their turns, all presidents of Huntington College have made important contributions. Dr. Mason kept the college alive during the depression. Dr. Becker led the college as it obtained accreditation in the North Central Association. Dr. Habecker set up the long-range planning process and increased financial support for new buildings. Dr. Dowden consolidated past gains and nurtured the spiritual atmosphere on campus.

Every year at contract time, I called in each faculty member to explain the offered salary. It was often not what an individual wanted, and some teachers left the college because they did not agree with my priorities. The financial problems were eventually solved in three ways: more students came to Huntington College, bonds were sold and the Orville Merillats became benefactors.

3. Higher Academic Standards The primary action that raised academic standards was the hiring of more faculty with doctoral degrees. I set out to hire men and women who were excellent teachers and who were solid Christians.

After I retired as President of HC, Evelyn and I desired to be helpful to the college but not intrusive. Beginning in 1981, we became ambassadors for HC and the United Brethren by traveling throughout the US with our small trailer and attending UB Annual Conferences. For many years, Evelyn and I also made annual winter trips to Florida to create a network of support among HC friends and promote the growth of the college. We planned and hosted the Alumni Dinners in Florida which brought HC supporters together for good fellowship. UB Headquarters graciously offered us an office where we wrote, studied and were privileged to work among denominational leaders.

#### Our Family

I have written this book of recollections so my children, grandchildren and their children may have a record of my life and the story of their Baker heritage. It is a record of one family's faithfulness to the Lord and His leading. God has truly blessed me with a wonderful family.

Our son, Ron, and his wife, Jane, now live in Berrien Springs, Michigan, where he practices medicine with a large group of former missionary doctors. Their first daughter, Jennifer, graduated from HC and now lives near Atlanta, Georgia. Son Jeff graduated from Indiana Wesleyan and works as a nurse in Bryan, Texas. Julie is a sophomore at HC.

Our first daughter, Joyce, and her husband, Tom Hewitt, live in Brazil, Indiana. She teaches at Cornerstone Christian Day School. Their son, Chad, attended HC for two years, and both he and his brother, Eric, are now pre-med students at Indiana State University. Younger children, Tyler and Heather, are still at home.

Daughter Annette met her spouse, Dan Shepherdson, at HC, as did our other two children. Annette and Dan live in Marietta, Georgia, with their children, Brian, Lisa and Susanne. Annette home schooled their daughters for several years. Dan's father and grandfather are HC alumni.

### God's Grace

I have written my story to demonstrate how God has faithfully led me. He directed me to individuals, to places and into situations where His plan for my life could be furthered. I often did not realize how circumstances fit into the plan He had for my life. I did not always understand until later, but I always believed that All things work together for good...

Some events in my life were difficult, some were joyous. I always knew the Lord was with me, directing my path even though I did not see where the path was going. How the events in my life unfolded is a testimony to the love, protection and direction of the Lord. For all I have accomplished, for all I have learned, I give Him the glory.

My life has been greatly enriched by the people I have known. If I have omitted a friend's name in this narrative or confused the details of a story, it was certainly unintentional.

As I completed writing this book at Christmas time 1999, I had another experience of God's presence. I spent eleven days in a nursing facility because my blood sugar rose too high. It was so high, I thought I was a goner. As my condition improved and stabilized, the Lord sent me a roommate. He was a Presbyterian and learned that I, too, was a Christian.

The night my new roommate arrived, our son, Ron, had planned a special outing for me to attend an HC Christmas concert. Before I left with Ron, my new friend asked, Are you a missionary? I want you to baptize me. I first thought that I would do it in the morning, after the concert, but I reconsidered. Now was the time, I decided. I got a towel and water from our bathroom and baptized the man right then. I have learned that God's light can shine, even in a nursing home. I give Him thanks and praise. All things work together...

I have tried to be a willing witness for the Lord all my life, wherever He has sent me and however He has asked me to serve. He has kept me alive, so there must be more He wants me to do. My life verse has been a guiding light throughout my years, and my life is proof that this verse from God's Word is true.

## A TRIBUTE

Earl DeWitt Baker returned to his heavenly Father on Sunday morning, May 21, 2000, two days after the manuscript for this book went to the printer.

The following tribute was written by DeWitt and Evelyn's three children and added to their fathers book at their request as a testimony of their love for their parents.

A TRIBUTE TO MOM AND DAD, July 3, 1999

For quite some time we have wanted to let you know how special you are to us and how much we thank the Lord for blessing us with godly, loving parents. Words are really inadequate to express how grateful we are for the legacy you are leaving us, but we still want to make this attempt at putting it into writing. This, then, is our tribute to you.

Mom and Dad, your lives have been an example of love and commitment to the Lord. That commitment was obvious in so many situations. You showed it that difficult first term in Sierra Leone when you were told to serve on separate mission stations, and you did it! But you showed it best when, with broken hearts but no bitterness, you buried your beloved son, Norman, in that little cemetery in Gbangbaia. And not only that, you chose to return to Sierra Leone for many more years. That endeared you to so many people, not only there in West Africa, but also here at home. And God used your response to bring glory to Himself.

Mom and Dad, your loving commitment to each other has been a treasured gift to us. In a world where divorce is so common we never, ever worried that you'd break your wedding vows. What a team you've been through the ups and downs of life. We always get a chuckle when Dad reports in his letters how many months he and his "bride" have been married. You have modeled a strong, positive, God-honoring marriage so well that we all want to reproduce it in our own marriages.

Mom and Dad, your love and dedication to us, your children and our mates, have been a tremendous source of joy, security, and inspiration. You've encouraged us through the years in 1001 ways. You have prayed, and prayed, and prayed for us. You have laughed with us, hurt with us, written us, phoned us, visited us, and come to our kids' special events. You have tirelessly complimented, affirmed, praised, and believed in us.

You have helped make unique memories with each of our families, for example:

Annette and Dan - We appreciate how you established our family vacations at Piatt Lake. First, you and Grandma Baker and Uncle Gene bought the land and built the cabin. Then through the years you have shared wonderful times with us, things like teaching us how to play Rook, swimming with us in the icy lake water, taking us fishing, then cleaning and cooking the fish. You helped us pick huckleberries and then bake them into pies, took us for ice cream at Paradise, and who could ever forget the trip to the Old Rusty Spring?!

Joyce and Tom - We remember how you were there for us when our children were born and how you helped out wherever you were needed. We will never forget the Easter trip you made to our home with little ducklings and chicks to make some precious memories for our kids. Whenever you came to visit, you brought along lots of goodies, food, and canned things from your garden. We remember Christmas as a wonderful family time of sharing, laughing, cooking and loving. Your tradition of having a family member read the Christmas story from Luke is a tradition we'll forever treasure.

Ron and Jane - Several times you came all the way out to Sierra Leone to be with our family. We, along with Jennifer, Jeffrey DeWitt (your proud namesake), and Julie were thrilled to have you with us in Matru. Back in the States years later our three kids, one by one, packed up their bags. They headed for Huntington College where their beloved Grandpa Baker had been president. Each child found Grandma and Grandpa's home to be a pleasant, love-filled haven. They thoroughly enjoyed Grandma's home-cooked meals, constant encouragement, pranks(!), and funny theatrics. And they listened in fascination to Grandpa's stories of his life as a WWII pilot and as a missionary in Sierra Leone.

We read in Deuteronomy 5:16 to "Honor your father and your mother, as the Lord your God has commanded you." Because of the lives you have lived before us as individuals and as a team, you have made it a privilege and joy to honor you.

THANK YOU, MOM AND DAD. TO GOD BE THE GLORY.

Your devoted children,

Ron, (Norman), Joyce, and Annette}



Annette, Ron, Joyce, DeWitt & Evelyn Baker, 1999

## E. DeWitt Baker - Pilot, Principal, President

In his 81 years, Earl DeWitt Baker was Pilot, Principal and President, and such he titled his autobiography which was completed just two days before his death on May 21, 2000. DeWitt packed his life full -- full of activity, of determined effort, of good will and, most especially, of faith in God. His life was framed by a Christian lineage, and that frame he filled with a collage of obedient responses to God's call on his life.

DeWitt grew up on the family farm near Reading, Michigan, and during a revival at the North Reading Baptist Church when he was 12, he accepted Jesus as his Savior. He chose Romans 8:28 as his life's verse, and he posted the verse on Burma-Shave-like signs along a local highway as part of a Christian Endeavor youth activity. In addition to his life verse, the Christian Endeavor pledge defined him: Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise Him that I will strive to do whatever He would like to have me do; that I will make it the rule of my life to pray and to read the Bible every day, and to support the work and worship of my own church in every way possible; and that so far as I know how, throughout my whole life, I will endeavor to lead a Christian Life.

With his secure commitment to Christ, he was fitted for a life of obedience to the message in Romans 8:28: We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to His purpose. He was not spared difficulties and grief in his lifetime, but when he was young, he built a foundation of faith in God's presence in all things, and it proved strong.

The core of DeWitt's life and personality was his Christian faith. From this came his self confidence, honesty and modesty; it also tempered and directed his innate drive, energy and persistence. DeWitt's path to becoming Pilot, Principal and President was fairly straight because he was a purposeful, sincere and simple man. He did not complicate his life by questioning God or nursing self doubt. He sincerely sought God's will and followed it as best he could. While DeWitt's autobiography is a portrait of one particular man, he wanted it to be a story of how God works through all men's lives. Daryl Elliott's comments in Volume 1 of the Journal of United Brethren History and Life can be paraphrased to read, By studying the life of one man, we can all learn about how to seek God's priorities, His will, how He works in the world, and how He uses His people to accomplish his priorities. If one reviews DeWitt's life through the eyes of faith, one can see where God intervened or presented opportunities -- some for current situations, some for unseen, unimagined future circumstances.

DeWitt learned from his farming family to be frugal, loyal and industrious. He also had a natural vigor and curiosity, but he had not set higher educational goals for himself until a door unexpectedly opened. In a state-wide eighth-grade examination, he earned the highest score in Hillsdale County. Not only did he win a free, week-long trip to the 1932 State Fair in Detroit, but he was also given a wider vision for his future. He entered high school that fall with a new dream. He took college-prep courses, hoping to have the opportunity to attend college although his parents had not gone beyond the eighth grade. .

During high school, Dewitt did not participate in fall sports because his father was crippled by arthritis and depended on DeWitt's help after school on the farm. In the spring, however, when daylight hours were longer and he could do his chores after practice, he was on the baseball and track teams. Several years later, as a first-year teacher with a class of unruly junior high school boys, his athletic interests helped him minister to youth. The school boys had no activities in their small Michigan town, so DeWitt

started up a baseball team that played other small-town teams. He organized a Boy Scout Troop and helped the boys plant a field of potatoes to earn money for uniforms. He invited boys to join him hunting pheasants or rabbits, or he gathered a group on winter evenings to skate on the pond. DeWitt often saw opportunities where others saw problems.

His high school youth group at the North Reading Baptist Church was large and active, even through the Depression years, in part because DeWitt invited many unchurched youth to attend. When newly married, he and Evelyn continued this habit of outreach, and they transported youth to many church functions. He reached out, he got involved, he participated -- a disposition and pattern he kept all his life.

At the end of his high school years, a classmate asked DeWitt where he was going to college. Guess I'm not going, was his dejected reply. I can't find a school that will let me work my way through. Why don't you apply to Huntington College, she asked. He replied, Where's Huntington College? With his father's permission, he sent a penny post card to the college, asking about financial help. President Mason quickly wrote back, Come on down. We'll give you a job. Said DeWitt 60 years later, Little did they or I know that they were providing work for a future President of Huntington College.

Huntington College was a new world for DeWitt, and he entered it bravely and embraced it with enthusiasm. The college in 1936 was compact, with around 100 students enrolled. The library, offices, classrooms and dining room were all in the Administration Building. Women students lived in Livingston Hall while male students roomed in private homes. DeWitt was one of three assigned to live with Professor Clark Mason. After his father carried his one suitcase to his room and prayed for the Lord's guidance, DeWitt put on his overalls and reported to his work assignment. It was here that one piece of DeWitt's future began to fall into place, albeit unknown to him at the time. To earn his tuition, he was assigned to work for the Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds, Rev. L. A. Middaugh. Rev. Middaugh had come from a UB church in Ohio, and his two older children were enrolled at the college. His youngest daughter, Evelyn, was in the local high school. She was awaiting God's timing to appear in DeWitt's life, for she was to become his college sweetheart and his wife.

The words used to describe DeWitt on campus in 1936 fit him throughout his life: energetic, friendly, personable, determined, persistent, persuasive, responsible, a hand-shaker, vigorous, practical, intentional, relational, alert, principled, genuine, achiever, unsophisticated and faithful. The small Christian campus was an excellent environment for his energies, and in all his 81 years, he never exhausted his reservoir of interest in his wide circle of friends or stopped shaking the hands of the people he met.

After DeWitt retired as President of Huntington College, he and Evelyn became goodwill ambassadors for HC. No one knew as many people or remembered as many names as DeWitt, and so they traveled about the country reconnecting alumni and garnering support for HC.

But in 1936, before DeWitt knew about Evelyn or dreamed of a college presidency, he wrote, I'd resolved to work hard, study hard and stay away from dates with girls through the first semester, or at least until I'd established myself on campus and with my studies, but because everyone was so friendly, I didn't keep my resolve. Indeed, on his first weekend at HC, he attended the Y-Mixer, the Moonlight Hike, a Christian Endeavor meeting and College Park Church services. He wore the mandatory HC green

freshman beanie in the fall and joined the Student Gospel Volunteers, the YMCA, Christian Endeavor, the men's Philomathean Literary Society and the baseball team when spring came.

His work assignments at HC varied. He swept the floors of the three-story Administration Building. He joined the kitchen crew that washed dishes and snapped dish towels at each other. In the winter, DeWitt arose between 2 a.m. and 4 a.m. to fire up the college furnace in the Maintenance Building. He and his classmates, Ed Roush and Fred Fisher, drove the college coal truck to the railroad siding to unload cars of coal, and they shoveled the coal from the truck into bins near the heating plant. His farm years had prepared him well for intense physical labor.

His costs for tuition, room and board for his freshman year were \$375. He contributed \$60, his total summer earnings, from a job that paid \$1.50 a day. His mother, like many others, furnished canned goods to the college pantry, which were credited to DeWitt's account: 15 for each quart of vegetables, 20 per quart of fruit and 25 per quart of meat.

In his sophomore year, DeWitt declared chemistry as his major, and set his sights on a job with a company such as Dow Chemical, but, as career insurance, he took teacher education courses. In his junior year, he bought a Chevy coup and named her Jezebel. With Jezebel, he took a new job as a salesman and sold religious books in small towns around Huntington. During the summers, when he was on the road selling books and too far from home to return for the night, he would pull into a rest area, load a picnic table into Jezebel and move it to a quiet place where he would spend the night on the table. He said of this experience, I wasn't the world's best salesman, but I put in long hours, made a fair wage for the time spent and had good experiences. If we fast forward to his years in Sierra Leone, we see the same man traveling about, now on jungle paths and riding a bike, having more good experiences and selling -- not books, but the Christian faith and the opportunity for children to have an education. Because he believed that all things work together for good..., he had the assurance of God's partnership and believed that whatever God gave him to do would be another good experience.

His junior and senior years were busier socially, and he assumed more leadership. In his senior year, The Huntingtonian ran this sketch of him: DeWitt Baker has been among the more active students during his four years at Huntington College. He has been an active member of nearly all the campus organizations and has held such offices as President of Philo and the YMCA, Director of Activities of the Gospel Volunteers, Business Manager of The Huntingtonian and other minor offices. He has been in charge of the college print shop this year. His favorite sport is baseball, and he received membership in Who Whos in American Universities and Colleges.

One important activity not mentioned above was touring with the A Cappella Choir. In the spring of 1940, his senior year, DeWitt joined the choir, not just to sing, but also to socialize with a female friend on the tour. However, the romance did not blossom on the trip, and he found himself walking and conversing with another young woman, Evelyn Middaugh, whose tour courtship has also faded. DeWitt graduated from HC and went home for the summer to earn money, but he often went to Ohio on Saturdays to continue my friendship with Evelyn, and I returned home in time for Sunday services. With a teaching position secured for the fall and a fine lady friend, I had a very pleasant summer.



## PILOT

While he was a first-year teacher in Jerome, Michigan, the prospect of US involvement in the European war was imminent. DeWitt decided not to sign another contract to teach nor to wait until he was drafted. Instead he applied to the U.S. Naval Reserve Air Corps. He had recently taken his first plane ride with a barnstorming pilot, and he was fascinated by flying. The Navy recruiter told him he would likely not be accepted because he wore glasses, so DeWitt prayed for guidance. Finally, confident that God wanted him to, Go for pilots training, he took his exams, and, as an extra precaution, left his glasses in the glove compartment.

In the months before he left for training in November 1941, DeWitt worked with youth at a camp and became engaged to Evelyn who was teaching school near her parent's home in Ohio. He also took an exploratory trip with his cousin to Michigan's Upper Peninsula where he discovered/fell in love with the forests and lakes where he could hunt fish and fish. Five years later when a Baptist Missions organization offered lake sites for sale to Christians, DeWitt, his widowed mother and brother Gene, the Baker Three, bought one plot, sight unseen. It was a decision that greatly enriched the lives of their families and friends for decades.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1941, DeWitt left by train from Hillsdale, Michigan, for Elimination Base Training at Fairfax Field near Kansas City, Kansas. On his first free weekend at the base, he made a very typical Baker move. He found a newspaper ad for a recent revival at the Bales Baptist Church which sounded like his kind of church. And so he went, and so it was. The people reached out to him, and he warmly responded, so that by the time he was transferred to Pensacola, Florida, just two months later, he had made (life-long) friendships that (lasted a lifetime. )

Soon after DeWitt graduated from college, he began the daily routine of keeping a journal. Because he was methodical, his journals preserve detailed information. When he wrote his autobiography, he re-read his journals and shared many stories of how God had worked together for good. All quoted material in this article is from his autobiography.

By April of 1942, Pilot Baker had flown solo for three months, passed his formation and acrobatics checks, and begun instrument flight training. At this point, he chose to fly patrol bombers because, he said, I was engaged to be married, and I thought that assignment offered the best chance for a longer life. He graduated from pilot training on July 31, 1942, as Ensign Earl DeWitt Baker, Officer #125443.

On Sunday August 16, 1942, after attending services in his home church in North Reading, DeWitt and his family drove to Convoy, Ohio, where he and Evelyn were married by her father in the parsonage. The couple left the next day by car for Norfolk Military Base in Virginia and a life of service together.

In the next months, DeWitt received more training in PBM, SNC and OS2U aircraft. His squadron regularly went out on night patrols, hunted for German submarines, and escorted carriers, troop ships, destroyers and tankers headed for Europe or North Africa. He qualified as a searchlight pilot and had sonic buoy training. He flew to San Juan, Puerto Rico, Cuba and other nearby locations, and then his squadron was sent to Aratu Naval Air Station near Bahai, Brazil, South America, for nine months. He was promoted to Lieutenant on July 1, 1943, and designated as Patrol Plane Commander in PBM type

aircraft on December 20. Evelyn lived with him when he was stationed in the states; at other times, she returned to her family in Ohio.

While DeWitt was in Brazil, God introduced him to several significant friends. Evelyn had sent her husband a newspaper clipping about five UB missionaries who were stranded in Brazil by the war en route to their mission field in Sierra Leone, West Africa. DeWitt located them through the Pam Am offices and became their unofficial escort for the next six weeks. In the group were Erma Funk, whose sister DeWitt had dated at HC, Bernadine Hoffman, an HC classmate, and Oneta Sewell, a stranger, but not for long, and Rev. Lloyd and Eula Eby. DeWitt was flying all-night assignments every other night, so he was free to join the group for morning devotions. When he took off at night, he circled over the (groups) hotel...and waggled (his) 118 foot wings at the girls who were waving from the hotel roof.

After the Ebys went on to Sierra Leone, they maintained a correspondence with the Bakers. Lloyd eventually suggested that the Bakers consider mission work in Sierra Leone, and DeWitt responded, I was surprised that he would ask me, a Baptist, to do such a thing!

Wherever they lived during the war and no matter how short the stay, DeWitt and Evelyn found a church home, became very involved and made more friends. Towards the end of the war, for instance, they lived in Leonardtown, Maryland. At the Methodist Church, the only Protestant church in town, they and another couple started a Sunday School program. Evelyn played the piano, DeWitt led the singing, and they all taught Sunday School classes. The congregations response was so positive, that they soon added a Sunday Evening service. That was the pattern of involvement DeWitt had established as a teenager and that he and Evelyn continued for decades.

DeWitt and Evelyn returned to civilian life in September 1945 after four years and nine months in the Navy. They praised the Lord for safe keeping, thanked Him for the promise in Romans 8:28 and wondered where He would lead.

The immediate future held a job at Reading High School, involvement in community and church affairs, and a child named Ronald Paul, born in May 1946. Two years later, Dewitt became the principal and science teacher at Hanover-Horton Rural Agricultural School. In the summers, DeWitt's ambition and energy were channeled into two areas: class work for his Master's degree at the University of Michigan and clearing land for a cabin Michigan property.

Although DeWitt and Evelyn were content, active with church, work and extended family, the Lord kept (them) from settling down in one place and buying property. In 1949, a year after son Norman Dean was born, Lloyd Eby, George Flemming and J.W. Breaker paid the Bakers a visit. Lloyd paused by Normans crib and remarked, What a good little missionary he'd make. The men had come to ask DeWitt and Evelyn to accept a missions challenge and establish a UB high school in Sierra Leone. DeWitt felt the Lord had been preparing him for that moment because he has just read a booklet by Dr. Henry Savage titled Lord, Send Me. He realized his life had been spared during the war, he now had teaching and administrative experience, and he had nearly completed his Master's degree. He asked if the United Brethren would support a Baptist couple. No problem! he was told. Evelyn has been a UB, and well accept her back. You, too, will be welcome.

All that remained was for them to join her father's church and be commissioned at College Park Church to serve in the UB mission field. While the family waited to leave for Sierra Leone in early August of 1949, DeWitt was not content to just wait. I invited (my uncle) to go with me to enjoy the northland, to get closer to the Lord and to begin building a cabin on our lot. All was in readiness for a new adventure, and all things had worked together for good.

## PRINCIPAL

The following quotations about DeWitt's work on the mission field and God's participation in it come from his autobiography. Only his own words can convey energy, the skills, the....

Sierra Leone was open to the missionary work of many denominations: the Evangelical United Brethren, the Wesleyan Methodists, the Missionary Church, the Methodists, the Catholics and others. To increase effectiveness and cooperation among them, the United Christian Council (UCC) was established, and it divided Sierra Leone into regions...The UBA worked in (the British colony of) Freetown (the capital city of 300,000) and specifically... south and east of Freetown. The heart of the UBAs work was to share the gospel by founding, building and administering churches and schools. The...government paid for the construction of approved schools and the salaries of qualified teachers...(while the) UBA churches, parsonages and pastors... were supported by UB mission funds from the States. UBA had already established seven primary schools and 25 churches (when) DeWitt arrived eager to build the first UBA secondary school... It was immediately apparent that additional primary schools had to be established...to supply the upper grades with students. His first job was to travel to villages in the bush and work with local pastors and chieftom leaders to construct classrooms or upgrade existing schools. Attendance in school was not mandatory, and only about 10% of the children received a formal education.

The Bakers arrived in Freetown and expected to go to Bonthe and live at the compound of the Minnie Mull Boarding School for Girls on Sherbro Island. They left Freetown and traveled...75 mile(s)...on a narrow-gauge, wood-fired train in nine hours. We rode the next 20 miles in a lorry to Sembehun where Erma Funk and Olive Weaver from the Minnie Mull School met us with a bountiful lunch. We transferred our loads to a mail launch, and...chugged slowly down the Jong River towards Bonthe.

All the girls from the School, plus the teachers, were at the dock to greet us. Nationals carried our belongings in huge head loads, and the crowd wound its way for six blocks down the sandy street back to the school compound. We were very tired, but so happy to have reached our destination, 13 days and three hours after leaving Fort Wayne... The next day, Ev and I joined the work in progress at Minnie Mull.

We had not planned on living apart when we came to Sierra Leone, but two emergencies changed our plans. Pa Carlson became sick..., so I (had to move) to Mattru to fill his shoes. The matron at Minnie Mull became pregnant, and (had to) leave Sierra Leone.

On staff at Minnie Mull were two capable, experienced missionaries - Erma and Olive. They provided guidance, stability and a lot of assistance as Ev learned her responsibilities as matron.... She was a

young, inexperienced missionary, the mother of two small boys, and was suddenly responsible for a girls boarding school. Erma was the principal...and competently cared for all academic issues. Once in a while Evelyn taught a Domestic Science class, but her main duties were elsewhere.

Every morning and evening, Ev led the girls devotions and hymn singing. {One of their favorite songs, which they harmonized beautifully, was Ere You Left Your Room This Morning, Did You Think To Pray?} It was Ev's job to buy food for the school and dicker with nationals who came selling fish, groundnuts (peanuts), produce, varieties of rice, and coconut or palm oil. ...Ev dispensed daily medications to the girls and tended them like a nurse for small ailments. She saw to it that the kerosene lamps were filled and the wicks trimmed each night for study hall. Situations that required discipline and diplomacy were brought to her. Maintenance constantly begged for her attention.

Life in Bonthe had many new elements. Our beds were enclosed in tents of netting that hung from the ceiling or from the bedposts. They were tucked securely under the mattresses to protect us from mosquito-borne diseases. In spite of the bedtents, however, sand flies hatched and bothered us. Two bats lived in our attic, but they were too wild to kill. I put out poison for rats, but they didn't eat it.

The Women's Missionary Association (WMA) in Charlotte, Michigan, had given us \$50 when we left the USA to buy a bicycle. I asked Dr. Fleming to get permission from the WMA to buy a kerosene stove instead. The oil stove in the mission house kitchen did not start easily, and its oven wouldn't bake.

Pa Carlson got the ...Ford pickup to carry our loads to the mission house (in Mattru) where my family would eventually live...I knew that Evelyn would like the mission house, despite its palm-leaf roof that leaked profusely. Until the roof was recovered, we put sheets of metal over the furniture to keep it dry when it rained. The house had a private, cement-floored bathhouse for bathing, but local people used the river for bathing and washing. I spied a national boy strutting his stuff by the river, wearing a HC T-shirt! From the house, we could see two big Gendema hills, and I often thought of the verse, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills...."

Bernadine (Hoffman), Nettie Birdsall, Pa Carlson and I transported a load of supplies to (another station). the Danville Mission at Gbangbaia...which had been the mother station of UBA activity in Sierra Leone before the division of the UBC in 1889. That was when the center of UBA work had moved to Mattru.

Our group traveled on a launch...which was typically 30 to 40-feet long and 10-feet wide. Some had small cabins and some had metal roofs that provided protection for the passengers who sat on benches. The nurse at Gbangbaia, Martha Anna Bard, met us at the dock which Dr. Fleming and Pa Carlson had built years before. Pa Carlson showed me around the four-acre compound. Towards the river was an orchard of grapefruit, orange, lemon, mango, and coconut trees and a few banana plants Dr. Huntley had planted when he operated the dispensary on campus.

A junior pilot was steering the launch on our return to Bonthe, and he lost his way as we went down river in the drizzle and darkness. He stopped at a fishing village for directions, but he remained lost. The launch struck a sandbar, and we feared we'd be stuck there all night, for the tide was lowering. The crew boys stripped, slid into the water and pushed the boat off the sandbar. Slowly we started again, still lost.

The diesel engine stopped once, but we finally reached Bonthe. Ten bushels of rice purchased for Minnie Mull were unloaded before we got to bed at 11:30 p.m.

On Sunday morning, we were at church when the first bell rang at 9 a.m., and we were nearly alone. Since few Mendes had clocks, they waited until the first church bell tolled to get ready. When the second bell rang 45 minutes later, people straggled in to see the new missionaries and the two little lads. Evelyn played the piano for the service, and we two sang "No One Ever Cared For Me Like Jesus" and "A House Built On A Rock." Pastor Harvey preached, first in English, then in Mende. The evening service was all in Mende, and how we enjoyed the enthusiastic singing!

I had ... heard Sierra Leone called the white man's grave because so many expatriates had died from (malaria) before medication was available....Dr. Wall came to see us (when we were sick.). He said Pa didn't have malaria or typhoid, but violent dysentery. He left medicine for Pa and Evelyn, and he prescribed big pills for Ronnie and Norman, that I mashed and put into syrup. I gave medicine to all every four hours, day and night. Ronnie was better one day, then cross the next. Norman had to be carried all the time....We received many letters from home, and they were so encouraging because friends were praying for our health.

Evelyn had new seater boils that were so painful she could not sit down to play the organ or stay for Sunday School, so Erma was the organist. I led the singing and preached on The Justice of God, from Matthew 25: 31-46. Evelyn and I sang a duet at the evening service, but her boils would not allow her to stay for the sermon. Ronnie awoke with the croup at 11 p.m., and I gave him melted butter. Norman needed to have more euquinine pills powdered and put into capsules....I remained healthy and busy. I made purchases in town, counted cash and worked on the books whenever I could. I decided I was not an accountant and didn't like the tiresome job.

On Saturdays, I often hosted afternoon visitors to Minnie Mull while Erma and Olive visited with the boarders, itinerated and held street services. I also prepared Sunday School lessons, and I always had bookkeeping to do.

In answer to prayers for assistance, Pa Carlson telegraphed good news. Pastor Howard Miller, a builder from California, and Oneta Sewell, a nurse from Sandusky Conference, had arrived in Freetown. They came immediately to Bonthe.

I visited the female Paramount Chief in Matru, and packed our chop box for a trek to the outlying UBA churches. Five carriers came with us to transport the cots, bed tents and gear. Several people walked with us as far as the ...crossing of the Jong River as a gesture of friendship. Two large canoes were needed to get our party and our loads across.... We trekked ten miles in two-and-a-half hours, (and) we stopped to chat with H.A. Williams, ...a blind pastor who led a good church and wanted a larger school. He gave us bananas and grapefruit for our trip. We covered 15 miles in three-and-one-half hours.

Pastor Sharkah and I trekked four-and-a-half miles with Pastor Gbenga ... to his village because he and his people were rebuilding the parsonage and wanted a church and school also. They said I was the first missionary to visit their town of 60-70 houses, which was a good-size village. I stayed an hour and was dashed (given) oranges and a rooster. I biked to Talia with Pastor Harvey, and we stopped at Gambia on the way to see its church and school. We crossed the river, our bikes loaded in the canoes, and cycled

nine miles to Talia on a level bush road. We talked with the chief and his men who wanted us to lease ground from them for a school.

As Annual Conference time approached, we collected food and supplies for the gathering at Gbangbaia, and I chartered a large launch to (transport) the pastors, teachers and missionaries. ... (The) crewmen bailed water throughout the four-hour trip to Gbangbaia.... Annual Conference began on January 4 with prayer on the mission house verandah at 7 a.m. At the evening service, an impromptu orchestra performed: Evelyn played the trombone, Oneta the saxophone, Erma Funk the xylophone, Bernadine her accordion and Maitland Hansels the flute. Pastor Becker preached after a spirited song service.

Annual Conference brought together all UBA pastors and missionaries. The three District Superintendents gave annual reports, and pastors were appointed to churches. The Missionary Council was attended only by UBA missionaries who met throughout the year to review and make policies and to discuss the problems that pertained to the staff of UBA missions. The Administrative Council membership represented a wider range of concerns about UBA mission work, and it promoted cooperation among denominations. The three UBA District Superintendents were on the Administrative Council. Both groups joined for Annual Conference.... The pastors travel expenses were paid from a generous appropriation sent by the WMA in the States.

After Ev and the boys came to live with me at Mattru,... the mission house was re-roofed with pan roofing. ... Without a roof, night work on the books was impossible because of the bugs.... We worked with the men, getting up the ridge pole and rafters. The workmen brought gravel for cement work, and we poured steps for the house and made imprints of our boys hands in the wet cement. We swam in the river at low tide to clean up.

When the first storm of the rainy season came, it hammered on our new pan roof for hours. Flying ants, hatched by the rain, made night work in the office again impossible. After the ants lost their wings, however, they were easy to catch in pans of water. They made better eating then, too, so (nationals) caught a lot of them to add nutrition to their chop.

A most important element in DeWitt's job was to make connections throughout the UBA region. This he did with tireless energy countless times:

I (set out to visit) six outlying stations in the Gbangbaia area. I rode on Oneta's motorcycle, and the trip was a misadventure. I left on the motorcycle at 9:15 a.m. and arrived in Imperre at noon. I inspected the new school building that was nearly completed and showed my films and slides to 175 people. I continued on to Victoria and then to Momaligi where we'd once had a mission station. I called on the town chief, and she dashed (gave) me a fowl. I gave her two waterfowl that I had shot on the way. I returned to Victoria to show my slides and visit the school while the carriers went ahead with my loads.

On the way to Gbaninga, I had a flat tire and had to push the motorcycle five miles on unkempt bush paths. While one of my men went on to Mattru for materials to fix the tire, I shot a big black monkey, which weighed nearly 25 pounds, to provide meat for the men. I hurried to reach the Senehun (River) crossing before dark... We paddled the final half-mile down the river to our mission house.... where two telegrams awaited me... They urged me to go to Freetown at once. I was worn out after pushing the motorcycle for 20 miles, and I wanted to rest and heal the boil on my knee. The date was April 1, the

end of the first quarter of 1950, and I didn't feel like any foolishness....I went up to a teacher's meeting...but couldn't sit down because of my boil. I wondered if the faithful Paul had boils.

At the end of their first year as missionaries in Sierra Leone, DeWitt sincerely expressed his belief that Despite health problems, despite boils and malaria, it had been a good year for us. God had been faithful. He has blessed us and given us strength for His work. In the first year, we had lived (in three locations.) My responsibilities were to continue as Education Secretary, to open the Danville Boarding Home in January, to direct the Gbangbaia mission station, to build the secondary school in Mattru and to be of assistance throughout the Sierra Leone mission field.

DeWitt's responsibilities were many and varied: I bought six bushels of rice, for both schools. I cut stencils and mimeographed educational materials, and I went to get the building permit for the school in Bo. I cycled to Mattru, Gambia and Talia on a soggy day to observe teachers and students. I took a launch to Keiga and bought 300 boards for... the Mattru hospital and the Danville school....I loaded a launch with 50 boards for Danville,

Feeding the students became a continuous pressure. I brought four hampers of cassava and two bags of groundnuts for the kitchen at Minnie Mull....I bought 12 bushels of rice, and the men spread the grain on the drying floor in the attic above the boys dining room and mixed it with salt and hot peppers to keep out the weevils. Bunga (dried fish) for the boys was brought in by launch, and we bought 11 tins of cocoa yams. The installation of the schools kitchen was completed after school began. Providing meat for the boys meals was very difficult.... Some days I hunted for bushfowl...We could buy crocodile meat from hunters, and occasionally we could buy mutton or goat meat. Oysters lived on mangrove roots and could be picked from the roots at low tide by men in canoes. When we were dashed chickens, we considered them a delicacy.

We were very busy with (all) the schools (and) I made frequent trips to them. Our primary schools were doing quite well, and that was very important to the future success of our secondary school. (Whenever) I (walked or biked) through the villages where we had or hoped to have schools, I called on the Paramount Chiefs....We gave God all the glory for the progress in kingdom building...

The Bakers first furlough began in the summer of 1952. While Ron and Norman registered for elementary school., DeWitt was hired to teach biology, science and algebra at Hanover High School. He and Evelyn itinerated on weekends and spoke at a total of 58 churches, 31 of them United Brethren. At the Michigan cabin, the walls were raised and the roof was shingled before they turned their minds and hearts towards a return to Sierra Leone.

Evelyn was 7 months pregnant when they came back to Freetown. They stayed there until October when Joyce Evelyn was born. DeWitt wrote, During that time, I worked on plans for the new UBA primary school buildings, including the latrines, and I traveled about in the bush visiting the villages where the schools would be built...I provided nourishment for many mosquitoes...I took bids from builders in each village who would do the construction, and I returned often to supervise their work and check specifically on the mixing of the concrete....We cut the (foliage in) the area that would be the quadrangle in front of the school buildings.

We had... resolved that the (new) school would be named Centennial Secondary School (CSS) in commemoration of 100 years of UBA missions in Sierra Leone...The construction work at CSS consumed the majority of our time. In the evenings I found time ...to discuss the assignment of teachers in the primary and secondary schools and to send out applications to students for the January term. It wasn't long before two-and-a-half bags of mail from prospective students arrived in one afternoon.

In addition to building the secondary school, we completed the floor plans for three primary school buildings that would be built just across the road. I was continually on the jump to keep the supplies - cement, stones and sand - on hand as the men needed them....The labor officer visited the construction site early in October and cited no complaints against the work....We thanked the Lord for his encouragement....

The highlight of Annual Conference in 1955 was the dedication of Centennial Secondary School. It marked the culmination of six years of hard work by nationals and missionaries, and the completion of my biggest assignment on the mission field. At times, I had been disheartened by the lack of (government) financial support and progress at the school, but on the day of the dedication, I was so thankful to the Lord for His leadership and the means to begin the school. We were successfully pursuing our goal to build a secondary school for training Christian leaders and citizens and to celebrate UBAs 100 years of service to the Lord in Sierra Leone.

As an eager crowd of 800 people assembled for the dedication ceremony ...Newspaper reporters were in the crowd to take photos and write up accounts of the ceremony. I was privileged to introduce the main speaker, (and) I emphasized that all the work to date had been financed by funds from the UBA mission and the chiefdoms in the local district. When I said that we had received no monies from the national government, the government official, Mr. Margai, jumped to his feet and shouted that government funds would reach us very soon....true to his word, a grant of 4,000, equaling \$11,200, arrived five days later....The government funding indicated government approval of the first co-educational, secondary boarding school in Sierra Leone. It awarded further grants ... as the building program vigorously continued until 15 buildings were completed...CSS opened, as planned, on Monday, January 24, 1955. Praise the Lord!

On December 1, 1955, a severe tragedy occurred. Son Norman... died in a freak accident on the Jong River. Norman and Ron had joined the UB school children for a day's trip down the Jong to a picnic spot. Norman had taken money from his piggy bank, so his friend, Idrissa, could go along on the picnic, and he had said the blessing at the noon meal as he had been taught. As the boat swung out into the river for the return trip, several children were dancing to drum music on top of the roof which shaded part of the boat. Norman had obeyed his teachers request to come off the roof, and so when the roof collapsed from the weight of the children, Norman was killed by a beam which fell on him. He graduated to glory, as DeWitt said. Three other students and one teacher drowned in the river.

The family grieved deeply, and they received consolation from their co-workers and African friends. Norman was buried the next day in a grave near Gbangbaia under a wooden headstone carved by Eldon Towne. After awhile, in His gracious timing, God spoke to Evelyn's grief-stricken heart. She came to believe that God allowed her to better understand and identify with African women, who commonly lost babies during childbirth or from childhood diseases. Normans death gave her a strong bond with them.



One village chief sympathized with a common expression. Husha, he said, you be just like us in losing a family member. The accident happened several months before their scheduled furlough, but they did not ask for an early departure or consider not returning to Sierra Leone. They returned to their friends and work, yet believing in Romans 8:28.

By August 16, their 14th anniversary, they were back in Michigan, and they missed Norman.

DeWitt went to the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor to inquire about beginning a doctoral program. I had no desire to teach or be an administrator at the college level, so why was I interested? I was motivated, in part, because educators like myself who worked in the British educational system in Sierra Leone were not regarded as professionals if they had not earned their PhDs. I also believe the Lord led me in that direction, for He knew my future. He had prepared me to do missionary work, and once again, He was working His will in me...I would look back on my decision and know that All things work together for good...

There was a movement of missionaries throughout 1957 when a goodly number of couples and singles came out to West Africa. Nancy Hull... Alice Blodgett and June Brown. The Datema family came ... and Cathy Corcoran, a nurse, followed to replace Bernadine Hoffman. The Bakers returned for a third term..., and Russ and Nellie Birdsall came...That was a large number of appointees for the Missions Board to move during one year, but the teachers were mainly or wholly supported by Sierra Leone government funds. Ev was again pregnant and she gave birth. in September to Annette Marie.

The Mission Board was very supportive and pleased with CSS. Even though Mattru was at the end of the motor road and the CSS campus was out in the bush along the Jong River, the school was very beautiful and successful. When Rebel War broke out in the 1990s, the buildings at CSS were not destroyed, as they were at Bumpe, because CSS was so remote.

In January 1959, an important project was begun - to build the Greater Love Chapel in memory of those who had died in the Jong River boat accident. DeWitt began reading architectural books for design information and began ordering building materials. Workmen began forming cement blocks. DeWitt's most difficult construction challenge was building the curve of the arches on the chapels facade. He knew the design he wanted - an entry tower with arched doorways on three sides and a belfry directly above with three similar arches. I searched for instructions...in an encyclopedia and learned that the design I wanted...was called a Norman arch! How appropriate and amazing!

The Good News was continually spread at CSS. Every other Sunday, I itinerated in villages along the river and near the motor road. The enrollment grew to 155, with 115 living in the dormitories. That was a BUNCH of kids to feed! Providing enough food was a constant worry and occupation for me.... I taught chemistry, physics and biology and directed the construction work.

Many preparations were made for Sierra Leones first Independence Day celebration on April 27, 1960. The Independence Day festivities began at the school compound with students from the primary and secondary schools filing by, (and ) the new flagpole was wound with streamers in the national colors ...- light green for vegetation, blue for the sky and white for purity.

In July 1961, the Bakers began a delayed, two-year furlough. DeWitt continued studies for his doctoral degree at the University of Michigan. The proposed title for his dissertation was The Development of

Secondary Education in Sierra Leone. Dr. Becker, President of Huntington College offered him a job at HC, but DeWitt didn't feel led to take it because I wanted to finish my degree.

During his second year at home, DeWitt received an unexpected letter from Russ Birdsall, Education Secretary in Sierra Leone. The UBA wanted another secondary school established, in Bumpe. Government officials would approve DeWitt's appointment, so the UB Missions Board proposed that he return to Sierra Leone in the fall. This offer brought about the most difficult decision for the Bakers. Evelyn did not feel she should return because the three children were enrolled in school, but DeWitt clearly felt called to go. After much prayer, he agreed to go alone and worked with renewed vigor to complete his PhD.

Shortly after, however, the Lord stepped in to alter their plans, except for Ron, the family prepared for a return to Sierra Leone as soon as the PhD was completed. In early September 1963, DeWitt defended his dissertation. It won approval; the work was completed, and the family left for Africa two days later.

Bumpe High School (BHS) opened its doors on September two weeks later with a student body of 32 and a faculty of two. June Brown decided to leave CSS where she had been for five years and join the Bakers at BHS.

Developing BHS was in many ways a repeat of the process for building CSS. DeWitt was concerned with finding supplies, erecting buildings, recruiting students and teachers and supplying food. CSS and BHS were very different schools. CSS offered a traditional curriculum that was approved by the Sierra Leone government and patterned after the British educational system. It was located out in the bush and had a beautiful, tree-lined driveway and mowed lawns around the 26 buildings that were constructed of cement block. BHS, in contrast, was a smaller, less formal school and taught skills for trades and agriculture instead of the traditional classes.

UB Bishop Clyde Meadows came to Mattru in February 1964, to preside at Annual Conference. He was the International President of Christian Endeavor, so he also led the Sierra Leone C.E. Convention and presided at a C.E. quiz at CSS. He visited BHS which was growing and successful.

The primary schools, planted more than ten years before, were now supplying students and teachers for the secondary schools. Much of the leadership of the local and national governments came from those educated in private schools like CSS and BHS. Since Independence, Sierra Leone has matured, and missionary life for the Bakers was more routine and less rustic than it had been in 1950.

God's plans for DeWitt's future began unfolding on April 22 when he received a letter from Bishop Meadows who wrote to ask if he would be a candidate for President of Huntington College. DeWitt wrote back, I don't think I will ever be elected, but if you want to include my name, I won't stop it. A letter on May 20 informed him that he was one of five candidates for President. On June 8, a cable confirmed that the Board of Trustees had elected him President of Huntington College on the first ballot.

## PRESIDENT

In the fall of 1965, DeWitt was inaugurated as President of Huntington College. His son, Ron, a sophomore, presented him with another green beanie. DeWitt identified three objectives that would

receive his attention: 1. Spiritual - to deepen commitments to Christ; 2. Financial - to meet the severe financial obligations; 3. Academic - to raise the academic level.

DeWitt naturally and continually stressed mission work. It was part of his life walk. During his presidency, students went out as missionaries to every continent except Antarctica. He firmly maintained the daily chapel schedule even though some students resisted.

In 1965, college expenses were too high, the students too few and the debt much too large to operate in the black. The future of the college was certainly in doubt because of its financial difficulties. To reduce the debt, we did everything we could to save money. I was called a Pinch Penny because of my efforts to cut costs and a Missionary Minded President because of the paucity of faculty raises, but I believed one reason I was called to be president was to get the financial situation under control. The financial problems were eventually solved as more students enrolled, bonds were sold and the Orville Merillats became benefactors.

The second was the most urgent, and missionary DeWitt was very capable of being severe and frugal with a budget. The college had a financial crisis and was heavily in debt. When he became President, the total debts amounted to \$1,103,000. Plans were made for repayment.

In the meantime, everything possible was done to reduce expenses: we unscrewed half the light bulbs in the hallways; we paid salaries monthly rather than bi-monthly; we encouraged minimum use of hot water; we kept pay raises low. Still, we were barely able to make bond payments.:

The Board of Trustees considered many options to solve the financial problem, including becoming a community college and joining another nearby institution, but we kept on. The UB Church remained steady in its financial support of the college, and the HC Foundation was very faithful and generous in providing gifts.

The lack of funds was an incentive for student action. The multiple use of Davis Hall was a source of frustration for faculty and students, so constructing a small music auditorium became a priority. The students accepted the challenge and raised funds during the next five years. Spirits were high on campus as we all worked together.

Toward the end of those difficult years, Orville and Ruth Merillat from Adrian, Michigan, came with a gift for a new physical education facility. The Merillats donation turned the tide for the college. The athletic complex drew more students and brought recognition to the college, which in turn, attracted money from other contributors. We were grateful to the Merillats for their generous support and to the Lord for His direction.

The primary action that raised academic standards was the hiring of more faculty with doctoral degrees. He set out to hire excellent teachers who were solid Christians.

The growing student body, the higher wages and the enlarged library resources nurtured the academic level on campus. The increased spiritual emphasis and the growth of the college resulted in a rise in enrollment at the Seminary. More students prepared for the ministry and other Christian work, especially in the new area of youth ministry. God favored us and lovingly guided Huntington College in all areas of its growth. The developments reflected Romans 8:28.

It seemed an innate part of DeWitt's character and witness to reach out to others. While he was president, he made it a point to know all the freshmen. During the summers, I studied the files of incoming students, memorized their photographs, learned where they were from and who their families were. I knew many of the students' parents, aunts, uncles and siblings, and I wanted to greet each student by name when he or she arrived on campus.

I desired to be helpful to the college but not intrusive. Beginning in 1981, we became ambassadors for HC and the United Brethren by traveling throughout the US with our small trailer and attending UB Annual Conferences. For many years, Evelyn and I also made annual winter trips to Florida to create a network of support among HC friends and promote the growth of the college. We planned and hosted the Alumni Dinners in Florida which brought HC supporters together for good fellowship. UB Headquarters graciously offered us an office where we wrote, studied and were privileged to work among denominational leaders.

... a record of my life and the story of their Baker heritage. It is a record of one family's faithfulness to the Lord and His leading. God has truly blessed me with a wonderful family. ...I have written my story to demonstrate how God has faithfully led me. He directed me to individuals, to places and into situations where His plan for my life could be furthered. I often did not realize how circumstances fit into the plan He had for my life. I did not always understand until later, but I always believed that All things work together for good...

Some events in my life were difficult, some were joyous. I always knew the Lord was with me, directing my path even though I did not see where the path was going. How the events in my life unfolded is a testimony to the love, protection and direction of the Lord. For all I have accomplished, for all I have learned, I give Him the glory.

DeWitt said that he had been greatly enriched by the people he had known. Conversely, he blessed others. Several months before he died, he was in a nursing facility for a short stay. The Lord sent him a roommate on the night that Ron had planned a special outing for him. His new friend asked him, Are you a missionary? I want you to baptize me. DeWitt first thought that I would do it in the morning, but I reconsidered. Now was the time, I decided. I got a towel and water from our bathroom and baptized the man right then. I have learned that God's light can shine, even in a nursing home. I give Him thanks and praise. All things work together...

I have tried to be a willing witness for the Lord all my life, wherever He has sent me and however he has asked me to serve. My life verse has been a guiding light throughout my years, and my life is proof that this verse from God's Word is true.

DeWitt and Evelyn's three children wrote a Tribute to their parents in 1999. They expressed their thankfulness in this way: we thank the Lord for blessing us with godly, loving parents. Words are really inadequate to express how grateful we are for the legacy you are leaving us, ...your lives have been an example of love and commitment to the Lord. You showed it that difficult first term in Sierra Leone when you were told to serve on separate mission stations... you showed it best when, with broken hearts but no bitterness, you buried your beloved son, Norman, in that little cemetery in Gbangbaia. And not only that, you chose to return to Sierra Leone for many more years. That endeared you to so

many people, not only there in West Africa, but also here at home. And God used your response to bring glory to Himself.

...your loving commitment to each other has been a treasured gift to us. What a team you've been through the ups and downs of life. You have modeled a strong, positive, God-honoring marriage. You have tirelessly complimented, affirmed, praised, and believed in us.

We all owe so very much to our parents, especially for the Christian beliefs and teachings which they implant in us. It was my parents' faith that I took as my own and that guided me as I was pilot, principal and president. Our children have joined the line of Christian believers, and I am thankful to God for that and for their love.

I hope this written account of my life will be evidence that I have been faithful to the Lord's call on my life. I sincerely believe that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to His purpose."

My purpose has not been to give a personal, day-to-day account of a life that was rich because it was lived in faithfulness to God's leading.

Friends from all segments of my life's journey - pilot, principal, president - have blessed me. If we were fellow believers, our sharing was that much richer. It has been my faith in God and in his Son, Jesus Christ, that has been the foundation stone of my life. So it is to God that I offer profound thanks for all the events, all the people, all the trials and blessings that have been given to me. I am thankful to have been a fisher of men, and of fish, as you shall read.

All quoted material is from DeWitt Baker's book, *Pilot, Principal, President*, 2000, which was dedicated to his son, Norman, with thanks to his wife, Evelyn Middaugh Baker. May 15, 2001, Ann Ericsson}