

# **Ruth Stull Letters, 1925-1933**

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Handwritten letter transcribed by

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Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the  
truth, and the life; no man cometh  
unto the Father, but by me. John 14:6.

Guayaquil, Ecuador,  
S.A.

June 8, 1925.

Dear Tabernacle Friends:

Five weeks ago this evening you gathered about at the Pennsylvania Station to bid us God-Speed, and it was all very precious to us; your parting words, your loving notes to be read on train and Steamer, your gifts and your Tears were most dear to us. Please each one accept our thanks.

If you have never stood on the steps of the Pullman that is to start you on your journey to The Regions Beyond, and looked into the faces of the Staunch Band of God's Chosen Few who are standing back of you as you go, you cannot know the assurance and confidence that was in our hearts.

And this evening we are in Ecuador, have been here one week, we are on the shore of the land from which our Master has been calling 'Come over and help us'. We left the Steamer out in the River and were brought to land in a little open launch, as were also all the passengers. We had only to come ashore to know we had come to a land where the Gospel of Christ is needed.

It brought tears to our eyes and thanksgiving to our Hearts when a Native said to us thru an interpreter that 'he loved us for coming altho he could not tell us so in our language'.

We will stay in Guayaquil atleast until the first of the year as this seems to be the best place to study the language. Guayaquil is headquarters for Ecuador so it is well to be here to get in line with the work.

We now begin our Language study and will be working hard. We know you have prayed for us during our journey as God did wondrous things for us. All

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truth, and the life; no man cometh  
unto the Father, but by me. John 14:6.

the way everything was just perfect and we knew  
Our Leader was going ahead and preparing the way.  
All praise to Our God.

I only wish you could see the people here,  
then you would be doubly glad that Missionaries  
are here with the Gospel which is the power of  
God unto Salvation.

We are reminded repeatedly every hour of the  
day that we are surely in a foreign land among  
a strange people, it is truly not like home, it  
is not comfortable, it is not pleasant, and yet  
we are happy, we are contented, yes we are exceeding  
joyful; Our God is here.

We know you have prayed for us, we have been  
wonderfully kept.

We are living with three other young people,  
all Missionaries studying the language, a married  
couple and a young man. We are most agreeable and  
share our studies and helps together.

God's Word is daily food for us and we are  
nourished in our Spirit by it. All His promises are  
true.

You will pray for us won't you please.

Most lovingly yours,

Paul & Roscoe Still

Address us Casillia 571  
Guayaquil, Ecuador,  
S. A.

Guayaquil, Ecuador, S.A.  
Casillia 571  
June 8, 1925.

Dearest Home Folk:

We sailed from N.Y. May 9th and arrived in Guayaquil three weeks from that day in Ecuador, May 30th. We were met at the Boat by Mr. Reed the Superintendent of Ecuadorian Alliance work and also by all the missionaries stationed at Guayaquil. Most kind of them we thought, made the moments of arrival pleasant. Then we were ushered immediately to the place where we are to live, where we are living now in fact. Five of us live together, three other missionaries, a young married couple who have been here one year and a young man having been here 6 months. We are all studying the language, ofcourse the others take part in services, while we cannot make ourselves understood at all.

We have a big time talking. You know Roscoe has not much hair to spare but he went to the barber shop Saturday as is necessary sometimes and he realized the fellow was cutting his hair a little too short but he was afraid to tell him so for fear he would get the wrong word and the fellow might cut it shorter still, so thought he had better leave good enough alone. Oh well we will learn 'poco á poco' as they say, meaning little by little.

We are well, but desperately warm. We are just now having the very coolest weather Guayaquil knows of, but say it is hot hot hot, we just melt and then melt some more. The mosquitoes are abounding in numbers and are exceedingly wicked when it comes to biting.

Had my first ride the other night in a 'Mule car'. It is like an open street car drawn along the track by one or two mules. The creatures are so poor and weak they can hardly travel.

The houses are strange affairs. You can not live on the first floor because it is too hot close to the ground and then the ground is smelly. So you live on the second and third floor, the sun is just as hot as possible whether first or second anyway and the farther up you go the more air you are apt to get, only if you are on the top floor your ceiling is likely to be only the corrugated tinroof and then the heat is unbearable. What ever your roof is that one piece is also your ceiling. The walls are only one thickness, what ever that is, wood is some cases, many times only paper or bamboo. The bamboo poles are mashed and then opened out into a sheet instead of a round pole, so it is much like paper. Things are built in the cheapest way and also the way to make it cool as possible, which is not very cool by the way. The walls stop from two to six feet from the ceiling (the rooms being high) and the rest of the way up is only iron cratings, or nothing, leaving it open for the air and their is no way to close it. Does not generally rain in tho as the rain pours straight down.

We will remain in Guayaquil at least until the first of next year. This city is headquarters for the Alliance and the Superintendent lives here, the business for Ecuador is transacted from this point and there is a better opportunity for us to practice the language as there are many Believers here to whom we can talk. They do not call them Christians here but Believers. That is the folk who accept Jesus and follow Him. How terrible that the name Christian should mean nothing to folk in foreign lands but it does not because all Americans who have come to these lands have called themselves Christians from a Christian and they have proved to be anything but Christians and so the people are not able to accept the name Christian as meaning a follower of Christ.

We are very happy to be in our Foreign field of service and are studying for the language that we may be able to tell the Story of the Cross to those who know it not. And they surely do not know it down here. Mr. Reed does the Sunday preaching here in Guayaquil, and we have been here two Sundays and both times there have been a good number who publicly made it known that they wanted to forsake sin and become followers of Jesus Christ. Many have been saved here. They have their meetings in a rented hall but are hoping to build a place where they can have meetings and where some of the missionaries can live without paying rent. God is really blessing the ministry here.

I had a little opportunity for service the first Sunday I was here. I played the organ for them to sing. I did not know exactly what their words were, but knew the melody and I played English while they sang Spanish. Anyway it went alright and it was a pleasure to have a part in in the service even before I could talk.

We hope you will write to us. Our address is Cassillia 571, Guayaquil, Ecuador, S.A. That is our post office Box. It need not be in care of anyone, just the Box number. We all get our mail thru the same box.

Lovingly yours

Ruth and Roscoe.

Casillia 571,  
Guayaquil, Ecuador, S.A.  
June 22nd, 1925.

Dearest Folk:

Now I surely hope that you are not going to take offense in finding that a part of this letter is a duplicate, but there are so many things that I think will be of interest to all of you that I am just saving time and motion in making duplicates, but I have each one of you in mind as I write and am sure you understand.

I am delighted to find that an ordinary 2¢ stamp will bring a letter right to us. Not that I think you would not send letters if they required 5¢ as do other foreign fields but it is such a bother always to go get a 5/c one. We get them for 2¢ because Ecuador is in the Postal Union. Do not need to send our mail care of anyone, just the above address. Now surely since it is so easy you will just sit right down and write us a letter.

We are finding Guayaquil quite liveable. People from other climes are very much afraid of this place, as it has the record of being very dangerous to health, there is indeed much sickness and much death. There is an improvement over past years, as the Yellow Fever which was a constant plague here, has been practically wiped out, that has been a boon to this place, but there is still Malaria abounding, indeed practically all the natives have had it and when you once have it, you always have it in intermittent returns now and again, and also there is much other sickness of various kinds. So just from that you will please pray God to shield us. We have much to Praise Him for as we have been perfectly well, are enduring the heat with unusual comfort and cannot but praise God every morning and night to find that He has kept us well during another twelve hours.

Everything is so different, hardly seems we have only come to another part of our world, seems like a different world altogether. First thing in the morning we hear 'Pan-a-de-ro'; it is one word with a continued rise until the last syllable is drawn out into a call. It is the baker. 'Pan' is bread, and Panadero is the baker, and Panaderia is the bakery. Well as you go to the window you see a man walking along with a large flat box, probably 3x5 ft., balanced on his head, and in the box loaves of bread, much like our vienna bread. The bread is really good, for which we are so thankful.

Then the man comes with 'Leche', trailing out the 'e'. This is 'milk' and the milk wagon consists of a long pole perhaps 8 feet long, and it is slipped thru the handles of as many two quart buckets as will hand on it and then swung over the shoulder of the man. So that is how we get our milk, the milk is no bad, altho I have never seen any cream, and we must boil every drop of it, before using.

We also must boil every drop of water we use and then we pass it thru a filter for further purification, altho boiling makes it safe, but the filter helps and also cools it. The filter is a bowl made of course sand and some substance, just what I have not discovered, but will learn before going to the Oriente, but it has the effect of cement.

Then the Vegetable man will come along with his tiny burrow bearing a contraption consisting of a box hung on either side of his little body and in the boxes all the different vegetables and fruits. The little animals know about stopping at each house or corner, but the man must get behind and shove them to

to remind him to start on again. They are very cruel to the animals as a general thing tho, and I can scarcely endure seeing them. Generally even before they speak to the bigger mules they strike them a blow over the head with a board or anything they can pick up, that is the first warning they have of the drivers wish for them to move. A land of cruelty indeed.

The people are a demoralized, unprincipled lot. To live is to lie, cheat and steal. Just an example of a thing that happened a while ago. Three passengers got on the train up the line coming down to a station near Guayaquil. The conductor stopped for their fares and one of them paid the three fares. The one man seemed so quiet all thru the trip and it was noticed by the conductor and others. He wore a poncho and a slouch hat drawn down. When they got off the train the two picked the third one up and hurriedly carried him away from the station. It was a corpse. You see you have to pay a much larger passage fare for a corpse than a living person.

They are clever in their cheating, at the market when they are just ready to weigh your sugar ect., they attract your attention 'somehow' to another place and give you short weight. You learn to watch. I have not done that kind of buying by myself yet. Althe Roscoe manages to buy the things he wants. He spends an hour over the dictionary and then goes down and uses the words he has found and generally comes back with the article. Oh I guess we will learn. Takes longer to learn how to say it than to go after it.

They are such a deplorable sight, these people. Seems fitting to write over the whole place, 'Without Christ', because that is the reason for it all.

Souls are being saved. God is surely honoring the work of the Missionaries here, and is 'working with them and confirming their words'. Just Friday we had the report of a woman, who is the owner of a large 'Hacienda' that is a plantation or farm, who beat her son because he showed an interest in the Gospel as it was brought to him by one of our native christians here, and then in a few days she got hold of a Gospel portion herself and became interested and paid her way to come to Guayaquil to be in the meeting Friday night to hear about that which she had read. There are many fruits here. It means a great deal for people to Confess Christ here because the place is over-ridden by the Priests and they are persecuted if they attend the meetings even. But what Christians they do make.

Pray for us, we must have the language, the need is so great here. We are busily studying, don't forget us.

Lovingly yours in the Regions Beyond,

Althe Roscoe

June 22nd, 1925.

Dearest Folk:-

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June 24th, 1925.

Well, it is early morning and my day's study has not begun, in fact I have not had breakfast yet, but I must write the account of yesterday's experience. We are having so many strange things to learn and accustom ourselves to, but yesterday we had one a little out of the ordinary, I think. We experienced an ---"Earth Quake" ---.

Roscoe and I were sitting here at a little table conjugating verbs in Spanish and Mrs. Clark, who is half of the other young couple living with us, was sitting just near us at another table writing and she looked up kind of funny and said, 'did you feel that? Well, we had not felt much of anything, but she said it was an Earth Quake. It was rather a startling announcement altho we had not felt much, but in about ten more seconds we had another quake and no one need tell us this time what it was. This is the first I ever experienced a quake, and I can never tell you the feel of it. Our building simply rocked. Did you remember when you used to pile Strawberry crates up, one on top of another until it was three or four feet high and then when the stack was jarred, how the top one would rock and shake allways, well that is just how our house did. It shook until doors shook open, shut, open, shut and my heart did double time for 30 minutes after it was all over. We were near the french doors, which form the openings at the front of our rooms, therefore being near our windows, and things were just swinging back and forth; quite startling to look at. I sure don't want another one. They are apt to have one or more a year here, just at this season. This is the changing of seasons; we are going from winter into summer, altho the winter is the rainy and hot season, while the summer, from now until November is dry and 'cooler', but it is never very cool, they tell us. But no one had breathed about the probability of an earth-quake, needless to say I felt funny. Well, this is just one of the many times since we left the shores of U.S.A., that we have been very thankful that we knew how to get into immediate touch with God. We prayed. People ran screaming from the houses into the streets. We did not move tho. You are safer in your house than in the street, because if the quake is severe enough to shake buildings down, why they come from every direction and the street is not safe. They say this was no little quake even for here. I see why the buildings are built as they are, partly at least.

They are such flimsy things, the foundations are not solid, that is, the building is not solid on the foundation, and it is because of the quakes. When a building is solid and rigid, they crack when twisted in one of these quakes, but these things like we live in just twist and shake around and settle back again into place and all is well. Most buildings are two stories, some three but when they see a four story one going up they shake their heads and say 'that is not safe, I wouldn't live in it'. They can't weather the quakes.

Well, we came thru it with only a few flutterings of our hearts and are thankful it was no worse. Every morning and every night we have so many things to thank God for. There is so much to be saved from, and we have been wonderfully kept. Thank God with us for His wonderful care, we Praise Him so.

Say Golda dear, I do with you as with the other Home Folk, answer all your letters in the letter that goes to the Stull Headquarters. When I write to the Benninghoff Family, I answer Pearl's, and Ada's and Maud's letters and then they mail them around. Keeps them all linked up and saves me lots of work.

Lovingly yours in the Regions Beyond,  
Ruth & Ross.

Casillia 571,  
Guayaquil, Ecuador, S.A.  
June 24th, 1925.

Dear Home Folk:

Well it is early morning and my day's study has not begun, in fact I have not had breakfast yet, but I just must write the account of yesterday's experience. We are having so many strange things to learn and accustom ourselves to, but yesterday we had one a little out of the ordinary I think. We experienced an --'Earth Quake'----

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Thank God with us for His wonderful care, we praise Him so.

We were quite shocked to find our letter in news paper print word for word. I think it was most thoughtful of you to have it printed as so many would get to see that way while we simply cannot write to everyone, and there are so many relatives and church friends and others who are interested. They surely did good work in putting it in as it was word for word.

Golda we got your letter yesterday and were just delighted to have it. Really we seem closer home when the letters come from you. We know you are very very busy too, but we do appreciate your letters. We are taking every other Monday for writing letters, and then slipping in an extra once in a while, like this one for instance.

Well Golda it was a shame you and Dess got there too late to say good bye again, but I believe it was just as well, because if you had been there we would have had another big-weep, and as it was we got thru it pretty well, not having any of our nearest folk there, so we were sort of decent to say good bye to the outside folk.

That poor Mother Cat and the dear little kittens, makes me want to cry to think of the Mother hunting everyplace for her babies. It was a cat tragedy sure enough.

Don't forget Golda you said you 'would write again next week'.

Love to all of you,

Ruth and Roscoe.

P.S. Say G olda dear, save your pennies, it only takes one 2¢ stamp to reach us, we are in the Postal Union.

Another P.S.

I do with you as with the other Home Folk, answer all your letters in the letter that goes to the Stull Headquarters. When I write to the Beninghoff family I answer Pearl's and Ada's and Maud's letters and then they mail them around. Keeps them all linked up and -----Saves me work. Guess I am lazy.

Much Love

R.

Guayaquil, Ecuador, S.A.  
Casillia 571,  
7-12-25

Dearest Folk:

Now for the general news. It is awful. We are in the midst of a REVOLUTION. Don't be alarmed because we are not. We do not think we are in any danger whatever. At least not as things stand now. Well here is the story. To begin with this is positively the most unsubstantial country I have ever heard of. Here is how it is. One and one-half years ago the president was elected, ofcourse that was followed by him putting into office all his friends and those who became his friends in a political way. Things have gone fairly smoothly, as smooth as they ever are in Ecuador I understand.

But a plan has been brewing underneath in the hands of the Army and Navy. And last Thursday night between 5 and 6 all over Guayaquil little groups of Soldiers sprang upon the official heads, wherever they were, in their offices etc., and took them prisoners and rushed them out into the river and onto an old ship that has been anchored there for years, unable to move and with a great hole in one side that is threatening the sinking of it any hour. The officials were helpless because one of the first to be captured was the Chief of Police, and as soon as he is out of power the police force goes into the controle of the Army. There was no officer to appeal to because every high officer was a prisoner. It was planned to a finish, and surely was worked slick. They say they did not think the Guayaquil Army had it in them to pull off such a thing.

The big thing about it is the secrecy in which it was kept until the very hour. And almost the same thing was done at almost the same time in every center in all Ecuador. In Quito, the capital, the president and all the high officers were arrested and put in prison. Think of it, arresting the president of Ecuador and putting him in prison, and yet under the kind of government they have here they can do it. All these men will be banished from the country. Sounds like a fairy story but it is just that way. It has been done before at different times. Ecuador is famous for her Revolutions. There is most always bloodshed, many people killed and sometimes a great massacre. Just four years ago on the 15th of November the main street here, one block from us, trickled rivulets of human blood as the result of an uprising somewhat of this kind.

We were all here in the house last Thursday night and all at once we heard the shrieks and howls of the mob, but did not know until it was over what it was, so missed the scare. Sounded to us like the accompaniment of a prize fight or ball game, but it was the mob. The Soldiers soon controlled the people and the mob was scattered.

Mr. Reed, our Supertindent, has been thru many Revolutions in his 27 years here and he sent a special messenger to our house to tell us not to go out of the house, but that we were quite certain to be perfectly safe in our houses. This is now Sunday P.M. and things have not come to anything yet except the taking of the officials, there has been no bloodshed. But there is an awful feeling to things, Ecuador has no President, no officials, everything is just in the hands of the Soldiers and Sailors. And the people fear and hate the soldiers, because they are so horribly cruel and blood thirsty. They, the army will now put up a candidate for president, and he will be elected more or less by mob vote. But the danger is now that they will divide among themselves in the choice of a President, or that the people will rise against them in their choice, then there will be regular way, with the army equipped and the common people unequipped and the end will be an awful slaughter. We hope it will not come to that. We would not be in danger of them seeking us out to kill us, but everyong is in danger. The bullets do not know we are Missionaries, BUT GOD DOES. We feel secure in His hands.

Haven't received a letter from you yet, except your first one Dad, but maybe on the next boat there will be twelve, so we won't fret, but will just wait and see.

Now don't worry about us, because we are sure there is positively no danger for us. The whole thing may settle down and there will be nothing to it.

m We are getting on fine. We feel well and happy and are quite contented.

We expect to go to Quito in the near future, then that will mean cold weather for us. Just keep on writing us here tho until we tell you differently because everything will be forwarded to us no matter where we are.

Hope everyone is well. Would just love to see you all, but we are terribly far away.

Say Ivon did you have any trouble whatever in settling up Roscoe's affair at the bank. Please send us your bill and accept our thanks for your kindness. Don't what mixed that thing up.

It is getting a bit cooler here, we can stand it if it stays this way for awhile.

We are making real progress with the language. Can't do much with it yet but a little.

This is Monday morning now and everything is so quiet, we think maybe the trouble is all settled and there won't be any trouble at all. So don't fret about your Kids, we think we are alright.

Lovingly,

Ruth and Roscoe.

Quito, Ecuador, S.A.  
Casilla 137  
Aug. 29th.

Dearest Folk:

We found this last week that our strange experiences of travel were by no means over when we landed on the shore of South America. You see we have been in Guayaquil since coming here three months ago and that is the port where we landed. But last week we packed our few belongings again and boarded THE train for Quito. But before you board the train, you cross the river on a yache, from Guayaquil to Duran which lies across and up the river a little way. The train left at 7 a.m. and all went smoothly until about 9 o'clock when the train stopped on a siding, they detached the engine, backed it up past us and disappeared in the rear. Well they informed us they had forgotten to pick up a coach they were supposed to take on at the last station. So we just waited. Finally the little engine came puffing back with its neglected section. Then we were off again. We spent the rest of the forenoon passing new and strange, some lovely and some homely scenes.

We had seen Banana trees in Florida, but here we saw forests of them. We had also seen Banana Blossoms but not the glorious huge things we see here. They are a gorgeous color, between mulberry and ashes-of-roses. If I had time I would run over to Paris and take one to the fellow who names the colors you are supposed to dress in next Spring. I am sure 'Banana Blossom' would be most popular if it could be reproduced. It looks pretty to see the immense bunches of bananas hanging on the trees. All thru this district whenever the train stopped the women would come running along the side of the train to sell their bananas, and indeed they tasted very good. Also they came with pineapples. They cannot be gotten well farther up country so most everyone was buying them to take on with them, so we had fruit-fragrance all the way.

The houses along the way were bamboo affairs, not very substantial looking. There were birds, at least I suppose we call them birds, they are the culturs, and they were not only circling about in the air, but were perched on the house tops as we see sparrows in the states. And they did not bother to fly away when the train passed either, very tame, big ugly things.

A great part of the way we were following a path cut thru the dense jungle. Just a tangled mass of growth of vegetation on either side. Then we came to the foot of the mountain way and began our first real experience of mountain climbing in the Andes. I do not exactly take joy in giving you this description because words, in my vocabulary at least, cannot possibly do justice to the beauties afforded by the Andes. Some in the States, who have both seen the Alps and the Andes, declare that the Andes are the most beautiful. I have never seen the Alps but for a day and a half I have beheld the most beautiful scenery in these Andes Mountains, more wonderful by far than my imagination had pictured them. I am sure I never looked so much in any other two days in my life. I looked and looked until I really welcomed darkness of night because I simply could not look any more. Mother you would have most killed yourself looking. How I do wish you could see them. It is just too much to see all at one time. As a result I spent a day in bed in a dark room with boracic compacts on my eyes. You would all have done just the same way, you just couldn't stop looking.

The vegetation changed here and the mountain slopes were covered with the pepper trees and other trees that look like mammoth ferns, just lacy, ferny greenery, soft looking and pretty.

Well just at noon this first day we had a different scene to look at. There had been a terrible land-slide. They think it was the result of a volcanic eruption back in the mountains somewhere because there did not seem to be any other reasonable cause for it, it being the dry season. But you could look way up the hills and see where it had raced down the slope and completely buried the railroad track for 2,000 feet with a stack of dirt 100 feet high. The track is right in a little valley between the heights, as it is much of the way, and the dirt came down and dashed way up and banked itself against the other hills on the opposite side. A tremendous thing. Well needless to say our train stopped and we had to get out bag and baggage and climb up this new hill of

fresh dirt and walk over that little mountain there between its big brother and sister mountains and finally we found another train at the other end of all this waiting to take us the rest of the way. It was an inconvenience to say the least, but we kept being thankful that our train was not right there when the slide came. And it was real cause for thanksgiving indeed. But we soon forgot the trouble of the change in the wonderful scenery that lay ahead. We soon began the ascent up the 'Devil's Nose', for this is the name of one of the sharpest heights on the trip, and it was not only thrilling, but breath-taking. Part of the time you did not speak a word but just wondered how a train could perform such a feat, and would we actually get up and well you had other thoughts also. They say there is only one other place in the world where an ordinary train makes such a steep ascent. By ordinary train I mean where one goes up without cogs. This is how they do it. From the bottom you look up and you see the track zig-zag all the way up the side of the mountain. The train takes you up an elevation along the foot of the hill, then it backs you up the next zig to the end of it and then pulls you forward up the next zag and so on until you are at the top, then it takes you down the other side. The river runs thru the valley at the bottom and as you go up terrace after terrace you look down and many places you are on such a narrow ledge that you do not see any anything but space and then the river at the bottom, and the bottom is a long way down. That is, you see all this if you look, but many people never look, really it is enough to give you heart failure. But we looked, it was so wonderful, and you know Christians have such a different feeling about places like this than the poor folk who are not conscious of the constant protection of a loving God and Father. We took pictures from the train window but have not gotten them yet so do not know whether or not they will be good.

From here on it was a series of wonderful pictures and we enjoyed it until about 5:15 p.m. when we stopped in a little town. While they were shifting us around here they broke the wrist-pin to the drive-shaft and there we stayed until they went somewhere for another engine. This took them until 10 p.m. Well we had packed lots of eats for the trip, because something like this, sometimes it is so bad and sometimes worse nearly always happens on this trip up the hills to Cocabamba, so we prepared that at least we would not go hungry. Ofcourse if you like the things they bring to the car windows at all these stops you would not be hungry. But you simply have 'to learn' to eat these things. At this place, it was roast pork and a kind of bun. Not so bad. There was a little counter made of a board on something or other and on it two large platters each holding a whole roast pig, ears and everything clear to the end of the tail.

At 10:00 p.m. they came with a little tiny engine which could only pull half the train, so they cut it in two, and took the front part, we were in the front part. Well they took us miles and miles, then left us on a siding and went back with the engine to bring up the other half. We were at this siding until 5:15 the next morning when they caught up to us with the other half. And such a night. There are only day coaches on this train, no sleepers because it is never supposed to travel at night because it is too dangerous, so there we were bag and baggage in that day coach on the very top of a most terribly cold mountain, and we did shiver through that long black night. Beside first class passengers in our coach there were a lot of indians who had been riding on top the train all the way but when all this happened they came down and entered the train and lay in the aisle during the night. You didn't like to have the poor cold things sent out, and anyway you couldn't have it you had liked to, because the conductor had gone back with the engine for the rest of the train. We also had a cat and a rooster in our coach and the rooster crowed at the appointed time for roosters to crow.

At 5:15 a.m. we were glad to see our little engine and to feel the train move and were glad to see the dawning of a day. At 7 o'clock we reached Cocabamba. This Mountain city is at the top of things. The water from here drains into the Atlantic and one-half mile west of here it drains into the Pacific.

Riobamba is where we should have slept all night at a hotel. Should have reached here about 6:30 p.m. the night before, but got here at 8:15 in the morning. So there was no time to rest as the train was going right on. But we jumped off the train and ran into the hotel for a cup of coffee, which we couldn't drink, awful stuff,

and got right back on the train and started on for another day's journey for Quito. So we rode all day again and arrived in Quito at 8:20 p.m. Well that is a pretty fair sample of a train trip here. Ofcourse it is not always that bad, but quite often it is just as bad as that.

But this last day was a joy never to be forgotten. We were tired and a bit weary but there were so many fine things to see that we got on quite well. The next stop was Ambato and here when the train stopped the women swarmed about the car windows and to the steps selling little wicker baskets of lovely strawberries and others with baskets of tangerines. At this place altho among the mountains has strawberries all the year thru. It is in a protected valley.

At another station, a wee bit of a place, there were women with their cows. Each woman had one cow and one glass. She would milk the glass full and run to the train with it, someone would pay her and drink the milk and she would take the glass and run back and milk it full again and sell it to someone else and so on until the train left. We didn't buy any. Didn't feel thirsty.

At one station they had plates with queer looking things on them. They were roasted guinea pigs. Whole ones. They say they are very good, like chicken meat, but really we were not hungry, at least not that hungry. We were glad we still had some of our sandwiches.

This day was a marvel. Most all day we say the sky and the earth all mixed up. Sometimes we were above the clouds, sometimes in them. We passed bleak, bear mountains, then green ones, then those that looked like a patch-work quilt because they were all layed out in fields, wheat, oats and other kinds of cultivated grains. Then at the foot of the hills would be the cunning houses with grass roofs, all shapes of them. And here and there on the hills we would see the sheep grazing and a little fenced in place like one room where the lambs were penned in. They looked so pretty. Most always there was a tiny boy watching the sheep. Fences are scarce.

A little farther up we saw the llama. They were being used as burden bearers. Some were carrying great bunches of clover and a kind of grass on their backs and in every case the little bent woman who was leading them was carrying a greater load on her back than the llama was bearing. The women here all treat their animals better than they themselves are treated.

Many places we could almost reach out and touch the ferns and flowers along the slopes. There are all kinds of mountain flowers. Some of the little spring flowers like ours in the States. Dainty pink and lavender blossoms and then some yes many a brilliant bold red. One valley we came thru was full of lovely white lilies, just like calla lily. I had not cared much if the train had broken down here. I did so want to gather some of them.

At a great number of places a tiny falls would start way up in the tops of the mountains somewhere and come tumbling down and down right beside the train. There was no end to wonderful things.

We saw the sunset above the clouds. Sounds strange doesn't it. We were way up in the hills and then there was a valley and another mountain across from us which was above the lowest clouds and there were all the sunset colors there above the clouds. Just wish you could all have seen it.

Now we came in sight of snow topped mountains. Just the day before we had been nearly melting and looking at ripening bananas. We had come from sea level to an elevation of 11,000 feet.

By the way while were sitting out on the mountain the night before there had been another slide way ahead of us that held up the train coming from the other direction 7 hours, but it was not bad and it was cleared awy sufficiently for us to pass. Quite a game this, dodging land slides to get from one place to another.

Well probably the most wonderful of the whole trip was just at sunset this last evening of the trip. We came in sight of Cotopaxi. Cotopaxi is a volcano 19,613 feet high. The top is like a huge cone covered with snow. We watched it long while and after a little the sunset glow hit it and the top seemed to be set on fire. The sun on the snow made it look transparent. It was this way for half an hour or more. The most glorious thing you can imagine. Many times smoke comes from Cotopaxi even now, but it has not been known to throw out any lava for a long time. We nearly looked our eyes out and were almost glad when it got dark.

AMBATO, ECUADOR, S.A.

Feb. 12, '26.

Apartado L.

Dearest Folk:

You are probably wondering what has become of us. Well we have been cut off from railroad connections. By a Revolution and by five landslides between here and the coast. There is positively only one way to get mail out of Ambato and when that was blocked, mail just does not go. The rains have started and the tracks are buried with every slide because they are lying in the valleys and with mountains on both sides all the way up here, so they are kept busy digging them out and sometimes are held up for days and even months.

But the REVOLUTION was right here in Ambato. We surely have had our share of 'stirs' since landing in this country. I'll tell you just what happened as you write you want to know just how we live and all that concerns us.

Things have been unsettled since last July when they jailed the President and all the high officials and then ushered them out of the country. Since then there has been no President, and the Military forces have run affairs. Ofcourse they all looked forward to eventually putting in another President and in the planning for it the Military forces became divided among themselves as to the man and the method of putting him in. So to settle it they decided to fight it out, that is the way everything is settled here. There simply is no 'high court of Appeal' because they are all in jail or banished. So the Army planned a revolution to break at every point all over Ecuador where a regiment was stationed, it was set for a certain day and a certain hour of the day. The public knew nothing of it. Well a few days before it was to happen the regiment stationed here in Ambato broke among themselves, the lower officers and the soldiers rebelled against the higher officers, putting them all into guarded cells in the barracks. This was done in the night, and early in the morning reports began to be circulated among the town people of what was going on. A part of the regiment from here was stationed in the next town, and they simply stopped a passing train and boarded and came to Ambato and joined their force here as they knew the regiment from Quito, the capital, would be rushed here at once to bring them into submission. They did not intend to submit. They prepared their forces took their machine guns and stationed themselves for the fight, they expected the Pichinchi Regiment from Quito to reach the edge of town at 8 o'clock that night and they were ready, having announced to us that there would be 'a devil of a fight'.

At a time like this everyone nearly goes wild. You see Ecuador has been having revolutions regular for I don't know how long, ever since it was, I guess. And these poor people know what they are up against. Milling comes wholesale. Every fellow gets his enemy; that is his personal political, business or social enemy. That is one of the terrors of a Revolution. The other is the looting of houses. One part of the people are busy hiding their possessions and the other a little more forward are just as busy watching for a change to grab something, or simply making a way to get possessions, brutally or otherwise, makes no difference. And people are terrorized. On the afternoon of this day when the trouble began a man in the plaza, being the market place, fired a shot and a near riot resulted, folk ran and screamed and tables of merchandise were upset and money grabbed right and left from the saleswomen. That is a little sample of what happens when war really breaks out.

People come to the houses of Americans and beg them to take their possessions and hide them in their houses. The Americans are much safer than the Natives in time of war. But not free from concern by any means. We need have no fear of the acting forces because they know they must honor the AMERICAN STARS AND STRIPES. And how thankful we were this past week for our glorious 5 by 8 Flag. When floating from your window you are protected perfectly from any actual attack from the soldiers. But our danger is equal with the rest of the residents from drunken looters, and in times like this they drink purposely to make themselves daring. You see we don't have prohibition, don't even have to go to the salon for it, you 'get it at your nearest grocery' and every place. And the drinking is dreadful.

Every white woman residing in Ecuador in Revolution times has sufficient reason for fear. It is guardedly but nevertheless meaningfully said by those having power to do it, "This is our chance to get the white women".

One of the American families living in the house with us has a daughter 18. She has extremely light hair, a blond to the fullest, and she is very noticeable because of it. The natives are all very dark and a blond is marked at once as a 'prize'. Well these poor people were in actual torment with fear for her. They have no firearms and felt perfectly helpless in the abiding circumstances. If you want a cold chill think of yourselves in their place. Well Roscoe went downstairs and made the rounds of the whole building and it is large, barring every door and window so that it would take a great deal of breaking and noise for anyone whatever to gain entrance, you would be well warned before they would actually be in the patio from which to gain entrance to the upstairs, where we all have our apartments. Then we loaded our two 38's, you know Aunt 'M' gave us one and Cousin 'L', gave us one before we came out, so thought this might be the time they were for. So each one held a full round and each of us had a hand full of extras where we could pick them up quick, then we made a way that the family with the blond daughter could get over into our apartment quickly if necessary for protection. We were not planning to shoot anyone, but many times a little shooting at the right time will save you HAVING to shoot later. Well at 10 o'clock the fighting had not begun so we went to bed and were not up again until morning. Had a splendid rest and were not afraid. Now that is really not a proof of any special bravery on our part in comparison with the agony of fear others were experiencing, really it is not, because we have never actually seen a revolution and these others have, and that makes a thousand miles of difference.

Well The Pichinchi did not come at eight o'clock, neither did it come during the night, at least they did not meet the regiment at the place appointed for fighting, BUT--- when morning came we saw the results of some mighty fine commanding. Pichinchi had come, full force, they were stationed in squads on the ridges of mountains which wall in Ambato. You see we are in a perfect basin with mountains on every side of us. Another battalion faced the Ambato regiment, but because of some clever work on the part of those at headquarters at Quito, in the front of the ranks were a line of soldiers from the Ambato regiment who happened to be in Quito. There were the Ambato men, facing a line of their own men, if they fired at all, they would kill a fine line of their own men first, next when going over their machine guns to put them in the last stage of readiness, they found every single gun was minus the trigger. One of the High officers they had put in jail had managed in some way to get this accomplished. Not only those two things to hinder, but word came that another regiment was coming from Riobamba the next station on the opposite side of Ambato from Quito. That meant they would have to divide their force here to meet the two regiments one

on either side of the town. They would not come right into Ambato because the soldiers here had taken up the tracks on both sides of Ambato, when we heard that, it made us feel a little helpless. But it was so well handled by Quito that no one here had need of thought.

The result was that the Ambato men saw their complete helplessness and simply broke ranks and fled, every fellow for himself, officers and all, some with their arms, others dropped them and rushed for a hiding place and shelter. It means 16 years in prison for this sort of offence on the part of soldiers, so it was every fellow get away for himself or be put in prison. A military prison sentence is no little thing. Well there was a rush and excitement in this town and surrounding country for a while. Our Mission house is in one block, in the block next on one side is the Military barracks and headquarters, in the block next on the other side of us is the Prison. Well we were right on the highway for all the sights and happenings. They would round up three or a dozen soldiers one place and march them past to prison, then one and then two and then more, and so it kept up all day. Then for a couple of days they brought them in from country places. The mounted soldiers went out and brought many in, and each time new ones were brought in, women and children would run along with them to see if it were the husband or father of their family. It was a sad sight. Some found their men and wept along with them to the prison doors where they were gurned back. This went on night and day. Many soldiers got into houses got clothing and left their uniforms and escaped that way, some worked transformations that they thought sufficiently deceiving and appeared on the streets, many of these were recognized however and taken up, some they are sure are still right here in town yet. We say one soldier enter the house right across from us and after a little while saw him come out again in other clothing that didn't exactly fit him, but he left with them. One officer wrapped himself in the Ecuadorian flag and stabbed himself. Folk are afraid of the country districts now. Full of the stray soldiers who need money badly to effect their getaway and are killing people to get it to help them out of the country. A crowd of young men we know here had planned a big hunting trip, an annual event for them, but they are not going, they say it is not safe to go into the country until these fellows are all caught or get out of the country.

Things are quiet now. A new regiment will be sent here. But what is accomplished? Well this big thing is, it broke up the plan for a revolution all over the country. That is a thing to be mighty thankful for. Another is that the Quito officers planned things as they did, and that the Ambato men saw the uselessness and did not fire, if they had fired even one shot the Pichinchi would have opened fire and this side of Ambato would have been simply demolished. Our house is well to the side where the fighting would have gone on and they were on the ridges and facing the town in such a way the whole end of town would have been riddled. We feel a deeper thankfulness in our hearts than we can express. We are giving praise to God, and feeling more restful than ever. We are enjoying a renewed knowledge of absolute security in the unbreakable Refuge that God Himself is to us.

No more now. Must get ~~things~~ this into the P.O. as a train will go thru to the coast this p.m.

We are enjoying the best of health and experiencing perfect contentment. We wish the same for all of you there in the States.

Lovingly,

RUTH & ROSCOE.

Dearest Folk:-

Quito Caste 137

Aug 26 - 1926.

This will be a funny little letter and a horrible one to have to write but I must tell you this news or no news. If I didn't write you would wonder I know. It is this — Ross & I are both sick & very sick at that. I just shudder when I think of Ross in his condition. He has Inflammatory Rheumatism. You know he had it twice, once when he was 8 & again when he was 18. He nearly died both times. Legs all knotted up & had to be moved just with the sheets. Could not touch him. You don't blame me for being scared stiff do you. He had been in bed about a week of last Saturday the Dr. said this is what it was. I don't know how much that had to do with finishing me but I have been in bed ever since that Saturday, all propped up in a funny way to keep me from having hemorrhages. Well we are in an awful fix. I never expected to see such a day.

Ross is in one room & I am in another & we

everything has to be done for us. Thank Heaven we were here instead of in Ambato alone. They are just great to us here in Quito & we don't feel such a burden because we have nursed the others here thru sicknesses. But they do everything for us. Neither one of us have dared to stir from our beds. Couldn't even see each other. We weep awhile & then shout back & fall to one another for encouragement.

Ross was strangely changed around about his Oriente plans. Und. thank God for it because according to plans he would be in the Oriente now. I honestly don't think he would ever have come out. We are in an awful fix but it could have been so much worse.

The Dr. says the only hope for Ross is to go to some hot radium Springs not too far from here and bathe. He can be taken in an Automobile. If he

Dr. says these baths will help me wonderfully and that  
we had better go. We were to go this coming  
Saturday but today the Dr. said they would  
not be able to take me that soon but maybe by  
the following Mon. I can go.

Well when the Dr. told us we must go or Ross would  
be helpless, it was just as impossible to us as buying  
a thru ticket to Mars. But this week some darling  
dear Missionaries stopped here going from somewhere  
to somewhere & found out why we were not going to  
the Springs so they are lending us \$150.00 to see  
us here & thru the treatments. I said that just  
like God: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want"

Well we are going Monday I guess. I think  
Ross will be cured. And I think it will do worlds for me.  
Don't worry about us. Pray for us & believe as we do  
that Our God will see us thru to years of service for  
Him in behalf of lost souls in these dark forests  
where we are going.

Won't you let Ross's folks read this.  
I can't possibly write any more. They will

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understand & I am anxious for them to know  
about Ross.

How quickly & strangely things happen. Ross took  
the grip & this is how I left him..

This is a horrible letter to be sending but I  
guess it must be.

But we are praising God. He is good to us.

We can't doubt His watchfulness & love to us.

We trust you are well. Thank God with

us that we know we can trust Him. He will

see us there and we are not afraid, just now  
we feel so broken so helpless so stranded but

there is always a bright morning after the night. And  
the darker the night the more we will appreciate the  
light afterward.

Don't fret for us. Just praise God He is

here & near. It is right in this room now, I  
know it, I can talk to Him.

Lovingly,  
Patt & Ross.

I am making a duplicate of this.  
One for each family.

Quito, Ecuador, S.A  
Casilla 137.  
January 22nd, 1927.

Dearest Folk:

I feel as tho I have just recently come back from another world, or, been resurrected from the dead.

Almost exactly two months ago I went to bed in the agony that proved to be a fully begun case of typhoid fever. For a couple of weeks I had been so tired I could only do the simplest of tasks and then simply have to go to bed. We had just moved and besides that had the Larson family with us. They were getting ready to leave for the Oriente and we were helping them get their things packed and entertaining them in their last days in Ambato. I would manage a meal and then drop into my bed. I was seeing a Doctor, but there seemed to be no special cause for my tiredness. Then on Thanksgiving evening Ross helped me into my bed and right from that night my world went wild. By morning I had an alarming temperature, and in the following days it went up rather than down altho the Doctor was caring for me. We feared the typhoid, it is so treacherous here. (Oh yes, we had both been inoculated against it, and took every precaution regarding the water and food we used.) But the fever was so high and it held the height throughout the day and night as well. Beside that I had the typhoid nose-bleed. Not only that but Ross found the little redspots on the right side of my abdomen, the spots that disappear when you press them, and he help I must have the fever. But the Doctors declared it was NOT. Then Ross got another Doctor and they held a consultation and returned with the firm decision that it was not the typhoid. They may not have known, but sometimes I think they did know and were afraid to acknowledge it. Another Gringo woman (we English speaking folks here are Gringos) had died in the hands of the Ambato doctors only a few weeks before and her husband had taken two little motherless boys back to Scotland, and I think they were scared. But they tried to convince us that it was the grip with rheumatism, the rheumatism to account for the excruciating agony in my back, and the grip as the reason for the sudden fever that about put me out of my head. The counseling doctor knew a little English and used that on me, and that made me mad, I could feel the wrath coming right up from my toes, and I told him in the best Spanish I could muster that I didn't want his theories but I wanted to know it, if I had the thphoid, so as to get out of Ambato where I could get someone who could help me. A pretty hard saying for two Ambato doctors to listen to, but I was desperate, even tho I was packed down in ice, I could feel the funny things that were going on in my head, you know that going and coming sensation. Papa you know what I mean, you have had it. But, they still said it was NOT the typhoid. I had been in bed a week now, and Ross knew it wouldn't be for much longer if I didn't get help, and I wasn't getting it, so that day or the next, I don't know which it was, he dumped me into an Auto and brought me to Quito. I find I don't remember a lot of things that went on. That Auto ride, I can well quote California Joe, 'Lord! what a ride'. One of the believers, a Señor Sanchez, came with us. He and his wife, the Señora de Sanchez, had been with us night and day since I became sick. They both would stay all day and she would go home at 10 o'clock at night, they have a little girl, and he would stay. He and Ross would take two hour shifts at night. One would sleep and the other keep the ice on me and watch my temperature and do the other necessary things. Oh what a week it was and how I did suffer.

Well that ride. They got a third doctor to give me a double hypo to hold me till they got me to Quito. The other Doctors probably would not have given it as they would not have been willing to have me go. (The Dr. that we call our doctor in Ambato asked Sr. Sanchez, when he had returned, what Dr. it was who ordered that we should go to Quito. He surely was going to have something that Dr. I think our Dr. was waiting to hear at what point along the way I had died). Well it was an awful risk, but staying in Ambato was a worse one. The third Dr. ordered a hypo set to be taken with us and he told Ross at what point of travel he was to give it to me, also he gave medicine to be taken along the way at certain towns. Well they kind of dressed me and set me up on the side of the bed and Ross and Sanchez made a seat with their hands to carry me down stairs to the car. I tried to stand to help them a little and I found I positively could not bear my own weight. Couldn't stand couldn't help myself in the least. Could hardly even hold on to them, and I had only been in bed one week. Well they got me in the car on the back seat of a seven passenger and Ross was on one side and Sanchez on the other, then there was a container with a block of ice and the ice bag, and I think most all the pillows and cushions and woolen blankets we own, and we went. From Ambato to Quito it is an all day trip on the train. We made it in the auto in less than 5 hours. I got my medicine at the appointed places. Didn't need the ice bag, the air was cool riding, and some times COLD, at these places I was wrapped head and all in a comfort. Ross roused me to look out once and I saw a sight that I thought in my own mind right just then might be the last lovely landscape sight I would ever see. It seemed we were riding right at the foot of Cotopaxi. That is a snow covered volcanic peak. The snow seemed to come right to the base of it and we seemed very near. It was bitterly cold, of course we were quite far away from it. And the sun was just setting in the opposite direction, and I felt I had never seen anything more lovely. Somewhere along the way we went over a bump and I came down a little harder on my right side against Ross, for I had been resting against him, & if you can 'rest' going at the rate we were going) a new pain presented itself in that right side. Oh how it hurt, so I had to lean the other way and Sanchez began to suffer in place of Ross, evidently so at least, for Ross says if the trip was as hard on me as it was on him, he does not know how I ever came thru it. Well I dare say it was, but here I am. We know Our Father was right with us on that trip or I certainly would have died on the way. But my temperature never moved the whole time, at every time of taking it and when we arrived it was precisely the same as when we started. There were remarkable things connected with that trip, which won't be my last after all, God granting it.

We arrived in Quito about 7 p.m. We picked up J. D. Clark at the Mission House and went on to the Clinic, because I insisted that I should not be taken to the Mission Home but to the Clinic, because there are two couple here in the home two children and a single girl, and always others coming and going, and I did not want to expose them, I was so sure it was the fever. Well we drove up to the Clinic, but I found it was only to get the Doctor, as J. D. and the others at the Mission had decided I was to be brought to the Home, tho it be Typhoid. They knew what I didn't know that you can't go to the Hospital here if you have typhoid. You have to go to the pest-house. If they had ask me I might have said the pest-house then, but they simply took me to the Mission and put me to bed and the Doctor began work. We have an exceptionally fine Dr. here. We all have confidence in him. At the mission here, everyone has him.

I don't remember anything more about that night except hearing the doctor say 'La pobra señora'. Which expressed concern and deep sympathy for me. From that time I seemed to relax, I had fought all the time I was in Ambato. But here I was in Quito and here was the doctor and I knew that we could not do one thing better or more. From that time on things were not any too real to me. I'm conscious of a wildness in my head, of nearly freezing to death, of injections being put in one arm and then the other, of a funny little nurse who tells me I put

up my hands in horror every time she came near me, and of an army of strange doctors standing one at a time beside my own doctor and looking scared to death. I don't know whether at that time my doctor thought I was going to die or not, but I am certain that those other doctors thought so, and some of them thought I was going to do it before they got out. They reminded me of young calves, but they really were student doctors from the university. Our doctor is an instructor there and he brought these men, one a day, to see something they will probably never see again in all their practice, that is if they have a practice, some of them looked so scared I wouldn't be surprised if they take up another profession. You see I not only had Typhoid fever but I had it with complications. And I guess I was a sight. I was yellow. I asked Ross the other day 'how' yellow I was, and he said 'as yellow as a mango'. Now a 'mango' here is a very yellow fruit, and you still don't know how yellow I was. But I was yellow. My eye balls were yellow and it seemed my eyes would never open again, I practically could not open them, but the doctor would pull up the eye lid every day to see how they looked and to show the other doctor. I had a 'Consulting' doctor also. He came with the other doctor every day for 16 days, and I almost detested him. I told the nurse I did not like him because he smelled like tobacco and he wore a dirty shirt.

Then the freezing: I had an ice bag on my abdomen and a cloth wrung from ice water on my head, or the other way round, however it seemed necessary. Then I had one complete bath every day and some days as high as four. I nearly died during those. You see I had chills with the fever and the higher the fever went the colder I was. I never failed in making the guess that my fever was up when I got awfully cold. My temperature was 104 and yet I was cold.

Now the nurse: You see in all the hospitals in Ecuador the nurses are nuns dressed in all the robes and chains and crosses and regalia of the nun. Well we wouldn't want one of those, and they are all there are, and they would not come if we wanted them, so there you are. I had to have constant care night and day and a nurse was positively necessary. Well someone thought of this woman. She is Spanish but has been in the States and there had training in nursing. Well she came, and it was a God-send to us. At every step of the way God has done moderately marvelous and perfectly marvelous things for us.

Then the injections: I had so many of them that I nearly went into a collapse when I saw the needle coming. For some time, I don't know if it was days or weeks, it seemed if I should just let go myself a little more I would be completely unconscious. Well a good many times I remember of letting go like that when they began preparing for a hypo, and I had the injection without feeling it. But there was one night I felt it, and I think I shall feel it every time I think of it as long as I live. I have never asked why, but it must have been an especially bad night, because the doctor had to put an injection right into an artery. He started on my left arm, got the needle into my arm right in the pit where the arm bends at the elbow, got it against the artery, but could not pierce it. he jabbed it three times and each time the artery or the needle slipped and he could not get it in so he had to pull the instrument out and then went thru the same performance with the other arm, he got it into the artery there. Some things they did to me seemed at the time most cruel, and yet I came thru so wonderfully. So perfectly wonderful that I don't hold anything against any of them, but I do praise them. The doctor and the nurse and everybody worked hard with me.

And my eats: The first three days I had, the first day some tomato juice. the second Chicken broth, the third purée of peas. - - - - I went to bed on the night of Nov. 25th. - - - - The next mouth full of nourishment I had was on the day before Christmas.

All this month lying between I had, water with lemon in it; pineapple juice; and rice water. Not one ounce of nourishment in any of it, but it had its office nevertheless. Well you can imagine how I looked when I first became conscious that I had a body. I just wept when I saw it. I never saw anything like it and I have seen thin people. When you folk see a cow or a horse with the bones showing no worse than mine showed I bet you never fail to say 'the poor thing should be shot'. Actually I didn't look worth saving. But you see not a bite of food for that long and the fever eating at me, I was just gone.

After the first week and a half I think my worst suffering during the case was from hunger. I can't remember of suffering much. The doctor asked me one day if I remembered of suffering, and he says I won't ever know what I did suffer. But when I got to the place to know I was hungry, then I suffered. Papa you sympathize I am sure. And I certainly sympathize with you a lot more than I did at the time you were sick. All those gallons of buttermilk you took. I don't see for the life of me how you did it. My things to take were not ugly, but all those weeks of them, ugg, and you with buttermilk of all the wretched things to drink. The person who successfully conquers the diet accompanying a case of typhoid is a martyr. (One of the definitions for a martyr is 'one tortured'.)

Papa, remember your sour craut? Can't find that word in the dictionary. But I have gotten so hungry looking for it I have to stop. Well anyway, Papa, I believe there is a real future for you and myself if we work out what we might term 'The New Cabbage Theory', and put it before the medical association in the States. Now listen! The day I had my first bite to eat, this is what was brought to me, and believe me I ate it and literally licked the plate. On the plate was a leaf of cabbage, (everything well cooked of course,) a little carrot, a piece of cabbage heart, and about two apiece of beans, peas, lintels and barley. Then I had a cup of the broth off these things. Can you beat that????? And I am alive and really perfectly well and getting plump again. But insanity of it, as it seems, the folk in the house nearly went crazy with the idea. But it was doctor's orders, and I asked no questions. I think I would have eaten anything that day. I felt I was dying for food.

They put me in a chair for the first time on January 2nd. My knees might as well have been back in bed for all the good they did me, but it was not so many days before I began to have strength and could take steps. Then the Dr. said I could go on a regular diet and after that I made progress in leaps. I could hardly help it. Ross got me everything good to eat that exists in Quito I think. I lacked nothing. I had chicken and plenty of good butter, and even fish, which is a luxury here, and everything nourishing he could find, whether it was native or foreign. He not only got it but he cooked it himself and did an exceedingly good job of it. He finished the case as nurse also. On New Years night, (I had then been in bed 5 weeks, and was recovering,) they brought Mrs. Eamigh in from the Indian station at Otavalo, a six hours auto drive from here. She had pneumonia. Of course she needed the nurse much worse than I did then so I gave her my nurse. There is no other. Mrs. Eamigh is ~~amazing~~ convalescing also. Have a sort of a hospital night here.

Since I began to recover I have not had one backset. It has been remarkable. And how thankful we are for what God has done for us.

Oh yes my hair. Bobbed? My poor hair has been clipped twice right down to my scalp, but even now already I think I must have about as much as the great Julia Ward from the looks of her pictures in the papers. I will at least be in style for a while, if not in comfort. The Dr. cut my hair the first time I suppose soon after we came up here, anyway it had to be cut again because I had loads of fever after that, so on New Years day Ross cut it again, ~~my~~ head was white. just skin, but already you don't see skin anymore, and my hair is standing up thick

as can be, and its natural dark chestnut color. Papa, Ross says my hair stands one against another just exactly like yours, so thick. ( Now Papa Stull, Ross don't mean your hair, but Papa Beninghoff's.)

Well this is mostly a book. But I must say finally, that I am feeling fine now. Really sometimes when I think of what has taken place in my body in the past two months it seems more like a dream. I feel so well now. I have just begun to do things again, like writing. I have been writing at this and then leaving it, don't think for an instant I wrote it all in one day. I still take some waiting on, but am getting on fine and am almost myself.

I shall not try to answer your dear letters and cards now. I had a lot to read when I came to the reading stage, and I enjoyed them, tho they were weeks old. I will try and write more fully on these subjects later, but will mention things received here so you will know we have them. Please tell folks we have received them and we will write the senders later when writing is a little easier.

We received the Box from Mrs. Springer's Class, your package Mamma, and thanks just a million times, it was perfectly lovely. A \$5.00 check from Geo. and Golda, the check marked duplicate. The check from Uncle Jack and Aunt Margaret, and the needles enclosed. Please call her up and tell her mother and tell her I will write later. And Mother we got Aunt Mae's \$35.00 check a long time ago and I wrote her a long twpewritten letter before I got sick. I am sure you must have heard that by now, and them also. They must not expect answers too soon, we always write immediately when something is received, because we are so grateful for it and we know it takes so long to get answers back. Can't expect to hear in less than two months from the time of sending a message. We have the check from Ada and Charles. Are mighty grateful for it. Mother and Dad Stull, we wrote that we had received your check before I got sick. Last night we got the lovely handkerchiefs from Dess. So you see we are getting our things. We may have missed saying anything about something. I will have to go over the letters received later sometime. But thanks so much everybody. Your gifts have been so gratefully received.

Well this at least lets you know I am living and in pretty good condition for what I have been thru.

Much love to all of you,

Ruth and Roscoe.

Ambato, Ecuador, S.A.  
Apartado, L.  
Feb' 10th, 1927.

Dear Folk:

We are all settled in Our old apartment again and are most content to be here. The Mission used to rent this whole building, but when the other Missionaries were sent to different places they thought best not to occupy any part of it and for that reason we were renting another apartment on the other side of town, but we think that is where I got the Typhoid, so we just moved out and back into our apartment that we have always lived in when in Ambato. We like it here.

Ross has been some busy Boy, moving. I never went back into the other house, since they carried me out. He packed things up and sent them over here and we are all fixed up here again and getting on fine. He has lived the past week with hammers and screw drivers and pliers and all such things in his pockets.

I am feeling just fine, and eat everything I can get hold of. I haven't caught up yet on my eat~~s~~.

Well we have our Records. Mr. Reed brought them out with him from New York. And they arrived in perfect condition. Not one was broken or even cracked. And we didn't have to pay a cent of duty on them. So everything was fine and we certainly are enjoying them.

On getting back to Ambato after two months absence in Quito, we find our White Kitten is a big white cat. Ross had parked him with friends here while gone. They didn't want to give him up again, but we have him and he is the prettiest and cleverest thing. Affords a lot of amusement for us.

Well how is little Ruth Ann. The enclosed poem is for Golda; and for Baby's benefit. Clever isn't it.

Haven't had letters from you for some time, but maybe some will come today, there is a train 'up', but don't know whether there was a boat in or not. We look for something on every train tho, boat or no boat.

Hope you are all well and doing fine. We get the News Papers right along and enjoy the home news. Find lots of things of interest to us.

We are both feeling great and everything is alright with us.

Lovingly,

Ruth and Roscoe.

Ambato, Ecuador, S.A.  
Apartado L,  
March 7th, 1927.

Dearest Folk:

We got letters from you this week and we are always so glad for your letters.

Yes I am well now, maybe I don't quite have all my strength yet, but I certainly do feel good and get a lot accomplished so I guess I am alright again. Ross is feeling good too. Right this minute we are waiting for horses. We are riding the mountains once a week, giving out reading matter to the people we can find, and at the same time getting hardened for riding because we will need the preparedness a little later for our trip into the Jungle.

Well we have our definite information now from the New York Board and it is good news to us. You remember that in the first place we applied for work in the Jungle of Peru, then we thought we were going there, and just about two weeks before sailing for S.A. we got word from the Board that they could not send us there. There were three young fellows going but they would not send any more. No one had been there yet and it was right in the wilds and they would not send me, being a woman. But now they have been there nearly two years, the same as we have been here, and they are ready for a couple and the Superintendent, Mr. R. B. Clark wrote to us again urging us to join their Jungle Party there. He suggested that he had already written to the Board asking for us and felt that if we should ask for transfer from Ecuador to Peru that it would therefore be granted, since we were considered for that place at first. Well you can bet we wrote at once and asked to be transferred. And now we have our word that we have been accepted and are to meet Mr. Clark in Lima Peru about the 15th of June and go from there right across the trail to the Jungle. We will be 11 1/2 days on this trail after reaching Lima. We have one day by train, one by auto, 8 by mule and 1 1/2 by canoe. We will be situated on the Pichis river, this empties into the Ucayali and this into the Amazon. The young fellows who are there now have cleared 5 acres of the forest and started a plantation and have built a hut. They are using corn of their own planting now. Dad this will make another news paper article when we make this trip. It will be quite an experience.

Well Dad in answer to your first question as to what the natives do for a living, there are three distinct and different classes of 'Natives' here. There is the pure Indian of the Oriente, for his living, he simply hunts and fishes and runs his little plot of farming ground, after a very crude fashion, and sometimes comes to the city with a bag of 100 pounds of raw coffee which has been raised by some Spaniard out there who has a farm. Then there is the Spaniard, or the South American white man as he is called, only he isn't white, they are quite dark skinned, and for his living he does not work so hard. They are positively opposed to working too hard. They hold the government positions, are military men, doctors, operators of stores and other occupations such as this. Then there is the third class this is the Cholo. This is a race which is the result of the mixing of the pure Indian with the Spaniard. They are the people who do the drugery. They are the servants, and practically the slaves to the whites, so called. They have little plots of ground sometimes, and others simply belong to some man with a large Hacienda, being the Spanish for farm, and they farm the place for the Spaniard, tend the cattle and sheep, and drive the burrows to town with their burdens of farm products. They are dirty and ignorant and superstitious and down trodden by the people in general. There you have the three classes in Ecuador and their occupations.

About those Indians that stayed all night with us, they came from the Oriente of Ecuador, and from here, being Ambato, it is 8 days walking, and they walk it as they have no other way of coming, you can use horses two days if you have them, but they simply walk it.

And your question regarding the distance from Ambato to Quito was answered in my letter telling of our Auto trip there. We made it in less than 5 hours but it is practically an all day trip on the train. That was quite a ride, I think I never will forget it, and yet when I think of it it seems more like a dream I have had. Those days are not very real to me, sort of vague and unreal. However they were real enough.

Well regarding our Eats, Dad, we don't eat like we did in the G.F. Stull home, on Springmill Street, but I can say we really do have good eats. Here in Ambato we have the best chance for Eats of anyplace in all of Ecuador, yes by far the best, it seems we have been especially privileged in being here all this time. We are right in a valley where the fruit and vegetables are grown and all the year we have vegetables of every possible kind nearly and always some kinds of fruit and part of the time many kinds of fruit. Just now we are having peaches, pears, apples, wild cherries, Quinces and Strawberries. So we couldn't ask for much more in that line could we. The plums have just finished, but I made some plum jam and have that and Quince Jell. We manage very well with our eats. I make bread.

I suppose you had our letter long before this saying that we DID get the records and we surely are enjoying them to the full extent. It is a real novelty to folks. I think we will enjoy it more than ever when we get into the Jungle.

Ivon we just got your letter and are glad for it. Mighty nice of you to take time to write. We are sorry sorry sorry that Bertha is not well, but trust by this time that she is alright again, completely recovered. Nice she could be with her Mother.

And Congratulations on the assignment of a route to you. You waited quite a while for it, but that is the way good things come many times, just work and wait and sure enough they arrive.

Rolla I hope you land a job with the P. O. if you really want it and I suppose you do or you wouldn't be taking the exams. Here is to Good Luck to you.

Saw in the Mansfield News Ivon that you were singing in public. Good for you. What was the Solo you sang?

We were interested in the Radio news you wrote and would like to listen in, maybe a little later we will have them down here. Your letter is full of news and very interesting.

Golda we got the picture of your Kiddies. What perfect darlings they are. Geo. is so dear looking and the Baby, oh Golda, what a Love she is. Fat and pretty. She does look just a little disgusted with things in general in her picture, but ofcourse she must have some serious moments, and you just caught her in one in this photo I guess. Mother says she is so pretty and nice. You say on the tail of your letter that the dress arrived. Well if it is too small for Ruth Ann, why just do whatever you like with it, maybe Zoe Mina can wear it. We had it made at a Convent here. I am scared half stiff when I go into that Convent, always afraid I may not get out again. But there are things there worth going after.

When we read in your letters that you pray for us every day we know more fully why it is that we enjoy such blessings down here in spite of circumstances, and why we are brought back to health in spite of sicknesses that are hard to recover from in this altitude. We do appreciate your loving thoughtfulness of us.

The notice you wrote about the Radio message from Bob Jones made us know of another step in the blessing we have received, especially in my recovery. Many no doubt heard his message and prayer who will never think to pray for us, but at the same time there were certainly real Christians listening in who did pray for us and some will be interested and will continue to pray for us, and we shall continue to receive blessings thru this. I am so glad you thought of doing that Golda, when you wrote to him. Yes I wrote before that we had received his letter and answered at once. We told him in the letter we would write again when we got into the Jungle because then no doubt there will be more interesting things to write about.

Well Golda stop right now and spank Ruth Ann for not looking like you. She should have, but I suppose she is so dear that you don't really care so much who she favors. How we want to see her. Little darling she will be about 3 1/2 when we see her. You see we expect the term in the Peruvian Jungle to be 3 years only for the first term, and we have been here two years, so that will bring us home in three more years. Not so bad, (but bad enough.)

Your letter is just fine too, they all are and we just delight in having them.

We get our News Paper right along and thank you again for it, it is a real help to us in lots of ways.

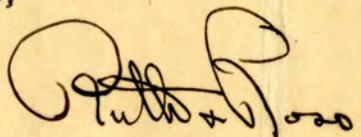
We are busy these days. We have one more exam to get off and want to do it before leaving here and then we will be thru with them.

This is enough I am sure for this time.

Do please everybody write. I wfote to Dess. She must be very happy indeed with a new Baby Girl. Sure Kenneth wanted a Boy, but he should be very glad to have a girl, and I bet he is too.

Hope everyone is well and happy and doing fine.

Lovingly yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Ruth Ann Jones". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the typed name "Lovingly yours,".

Apartado 407,  
Lima, Peru, S.A.  
June 15th, 1927.

Dearest Folk:

Note that our address is Apartado 407 instead of 2178 as we wrote before. This is because the boys in the Oriente are having their mail sent directly to them there and not keeping the P.O. box in Lima any more, so we use another box here, 407.

We left Guayaquil on the Buenos Aires at 12:10 Thursday night, June 9th. We were on the boat three days and three nights and were as sick as death every bit of the way, just think of that. We were not sick all the way from New York to Guayaquil when we came out, but we came 2nd class on this boat and that put us right in the very back of the Boat and we got a peculiar up and down and sidewise movement (especially up) and I guess that did the trick, because we were SO sick. Just plain sea sickness I guess, but sick we were. I feel now as tho I would rather forfeit my furlough than ever board a steamer to come home, I guess I will feel differently about it 3 years from now when I get my chance to come.

Mr. Simmonds, our missionary here in Lima met us and brought us to his home and made us so very comfortable that we got right over our seasickness, however all that night every time Ross would turn over in his bed and I heard the swish of the sheets I thought it was waves of the ocean and I got faintly sick, but by the second night I had gotten used to being on solid ground and have been perfectly alright ever since.

Ross will probably be leaving soon for the Oriente with Mr. Clark and another young man who is coming out with Mr. Clark for this same work, and I will stay here in Lima with the Simmonds Family for some time. That seems to be the best. They say it is pretty bad in the Oriente especially when there is no house, nothing but a hut, so they thing they will get to work on the house and build first and then take me in. Well that seems best. So I will stay here.

It is quite nice here, we are practically on the coast, but it is not hot like Guayaquil, in fact it is quite cool, in this season of the year the sun only shines a very little each day, but still it does not rain, it just does not rain here. But it is nice, and a healthful climate they say, so I think it will be a good change for me and we were in the Mountains for so long, 2 years without a change and that is dreadfully trying on the system. I am glad to be down. Ross will have a dreadful trip into the Oriante, but when he gets there he will be low also and so it will be a change for him also

I trust this finds you all in the best of health, and that all is well with you.

Will write more another time and keep you posted on our moves and doings. We are always so glad to get letters from you.

Lovingly yours,

Ruth and Ross.

Lima, Peru, S.A.  
Apartado 2178,  
July 17th, 1927.

Dear Mother and Dad and All:

Just received your three letters, the two of June 28th, and one of the 30th. Came right thru in good time. Its just great to get letters from home and I could hardly get them open fast enough to see what you had to say.

Yes Mother, we knew that Harold and Rolla had been on the sick list and are glad to know thru this letter that they are alright again, and that everyone else is alright. We are always anxious to know how you are.

We received the letter from Golda some time ago, just before we left Ecuador, and it has been waiting to be answered. We are glad for your letters Golda, they are always so interesting, all about the kiddies. I guess Geo. Jr. leads you a merry chase, with all his doings and sayings. And I am just sure that Ruth Ann is the sweetest ever. How we would love to see her. Ruth Ann and little Mina Zoe will be new members in the Reunion this year won't they, and maybe there are other new ones also.

And Mother and Dad, not only did your letters arrive but the enclosures also. Two \$10.00 New York Drafts. Now maybe you think I didn't have a time of rejoicing when I saw those. I know we are warned not to 'love the things of the world' or to 'set our affections on the things of earth', but it doesn't say that when Twenty Dollars that you haven't earned and that you haven't expected, are dropped into your lap, that you can't be just as happy as you please about it, and that you can't take some time off to plan just what you are going to do with it. Well it didn't take me long to plan what I would do with this. I am just tucking away every cent of it to help buy some clothes for Ross when he comes out of the jungle. Not that he will be partaking in any special luxury even at that, but it is going to be a 'dire necessity'. Ross is going to be like the Colored preacher on the Record, He will be in NEED; what will he need? Why he will need everything from his hat down and from his overcoat in. Our outfit has lasted fine. Ross has not had a new stitch in the past 2 1/2 years, and I have had only one new dress, a white veil; but it is different with my things, I have made them over constantly, turning them inside out and upside down and cross ways, but you can't do that with men's things, and now Ross simply will have to have a suit, and a hat. When he went into the Jungle he wore the only hat he has and I am picturing what he will look like when he comes out. He will be something to laugh at alright. One of the boys who came out not long ago, was the funniest thing you ever saw, the hat he was wearing was heavily mildewed, and he had worn it every day and it mildewed right on his head. Goodness, Roscoe's suit won't stand much mildewing, he may come out in palm leaves; well at least there are plenty of those.

So thanks a million times for the drafts, they are wonderfully appreciated.

Dad, I am leaving your 'Milage' questions for Ross to answer. Ross don't trust me with figures when it comes to things like that. If you asked ME how many miles it is from Guayaquil to Lima by steamer I would say a million miles. You see I was sea-sick all that trip and tho it was only 3 days and 3 nights, it seemed like an eternity to me. And Ross was sick too. Oh it was awful. We would look at each other and laugh and the very next minute be just nearly dying. When we landed in Lima I told Ross I didn't think I would ever go home on furlough, that I didn't ever want to board another Steamer or see more than a bucket of water at one time, but I guess when my time comes for furlough I will brave the sea again, I feel differently about it now since being on solid ground again.

Thanks for the invitation to the Reunion. And if we could get there

we would surely attend. I think you can count on us for the Reunion of 1930. That is doubtlessly when our furlough will come. How very glad we will be to see you all: Seems like a long way off, but if the next three years go as quickly as the past 2 then we will manage alright I guess, there is so much here to be done, and so many different kinds of work, and now especially going into the Jungle will be an experience that would put pep into the most monotonous life, which, by the way, our life isn't.

Monotony, however, is not the only hard thing. Our life and work here has its drawbacks and hardships, just lots of them, for instance just now Ross and I are separated by the Andean Mountains and I don't know how many more barriers. I don't like the separation, but Ross wouldn't take me with him, and it seemed very necessary for him to go, so it just had to be.

Ross has gone on in to tame the tigers and make a peace treaty with the Indians and incidentally build a house for me to live in. There are no houses there, the boys have a palm leaf shelter that they call their home but none of them think it is quite the place for me. And I am quite willing to wait a little so as to have a house to live in. The other Missionary ladies here in Lima are lauding me as being 'marvelously brave', you see I will be the first and only white lady there, but I don't consider it as being especially brave, you see as long as I don't know what it is really going to be like it don't take so much courage to go into it, and anyway I am not doing it without some fears and tremblings. I think I shall be afraid of the tigers and also of the Indians, I might as well confess it; any woman who said they were not, would not be telling the truth anyway, I don't think.

The Indians are exceedingly hostile, being savages. They are the Campa Indians. I will give you an incident as told by Ray Clark, the Superintendent of the Indian work. Ross and Mr. Clark went into the Jungle together and are there now along with two other young men. Here is the 'little incident'.

"We were surprised by a visit of three Campa Indians, all of whom were painted red and wore their usual cushma and feathered head attire. There were three men, one of them being an especially tall, powerful-looking man, who could speak some Spanish. We soon learned that the object of their mission was apparently the sale of two parrots. We bought the birds, largely to oblige the Indians, and paid for them with five yards of red calico, after which we chatted with the one who could speak Spanish.

Not many days later we were surprised to receive from some friendly Indians a short way down the river the information that our visitors of a few days back were bad Indians and we were advised to beware of an attack. That in itself might not have been sufficient to alarm us, but when a few hours later, on the same day, we noticed a very large and suspicious-looking canoe paddling once up and down the river on the opposite bank from us we began to wonder what might be brewing. The canoe was a very large one, capable of carrying perhaps ten or fifteen men, but manned only by one man, - - - a most unusual thing, owing to the great difficulty of such a large boat being handled by a single man. What increased our suspicion still, more, was hearing the Indian on bending the river and after disappearing from out of sight of our hut, blow a blast on a cow-horn - - - no doubt as a signal for others to join him. It looked as if he had been spying out the land from across the river and that the Indians who had visited us a short time previously had come to see if what we had was worth trying for, the selling of the parrot being a mere pretext. Whether this was so or not we did not really know, but we decided to keep watch that night. This we did, two at a time taking turns to watch. We kept strong flashlights playing on the surrounding forests to show any Indians who might be in sight that we did not intend to be taken off our guard. They usually attack in considerable numbers, each armed with arrows to which are fastened tufts of cotton saturated in oil. This cotton is fastened to the arrow together with a piece of wood tied cross-wise at about four inches from the arrow-head. This secures the arrow stopping in a convenient position for the burning cotton to set fire to the thatch of the roof into which it is fired. At the moment

of attack, usually at about four in the morning, a shower of arrows is shot into the roof of the house being attacked by the Indians, who themselves are hidden in the surrounding forest, and in a few minutes the roof is ablaze and the inmates are hurrying out into the open and, appearing in the light of the burning roof, offer easy targets to the attacking Indians.

We, however, were not to experience any such horrors that night, and nothing more exciting occurred than the splash of a tiger as he took to the river to cross to the other side.

Had we known that night, however, what we learned later on, we should have been still more alarmed; for the Spanish-speaking Indian, strong, big and dignified, who had sold us the parrots a few days before was no less a person than the famous Elias, the big chief of the hostile Indians of the hinterland.

Elias is well known in all the region as a dangerous man. He has killed no less than six white men and boasts of it. He is the chief of the large group of Campas living on the upper reaches of the Apurukiali River at the mouth of which our station is situated. He commands the respect and can count on the loyalty to him of all that region, and could either bring his followers against us as enemies or could, if he so desired, encourage them to settle in our neighborhood and so enable us to reach them with the Gospel more easily. His conversion would be of incalculable value to our effort to reach this great tribe of forest-dwellers with the Gospel of God's love. Please pray for the big Campa chief, Elias.'

So much for the Indians, now I guess you would be scared of them too wouldn't you?

As for the Tigers, I suppose Ross will take great delight in hunting them. He has some good guns. But for me I shan't hunt them. Any tiger must be reduced to rug form before he holds any charm for me.

The fare consists of rice, mandioc flour, plantains and coffee, turtles' eggs, fish, many kinds of wild birds, deer wild hogs and monkeys.

To reach our place, which is situated on the Pichis River, this river emptying into the Pachitea and this into the Ukayali and this into the Amazon River, you take the train from Lima, ride one day, then one day in auto, then 6 days on mule back, and two more days in canoe. So do come and see us.

I am sure this is quite enough letter for one time.

No Mother I am not alone in Lima. I am living with a Missionary Family here and am most well taken care of. They just could not be nicer to me. Indeed it would be impossible for me to live alone here. This place is inhabited by the most un-Godly hombres you could find anywhere I guess, and the bad ones are not all Peruvians either. The family here won't even let me go on the street alone, but a servant must always go with me. Well that is the way it is in a place where the Gospel is not accepted.

I am perfectly well, and the last word from Ross says that he is enjoying the best of health.

We trust you will have a most delightful Reunion and we send Love to all of you.

Most sincerely yours,

*Ruth & Ross.*

NOTE:

Our Address is Apartado 2178, Lima, Peru, S.A.

Mr. Clark managed to secure this apartado again upon his return as he thought it necessary to have one all our own, the boys having released it in his absence. But we will get any letters sent to 407, only now send everything 2178.

R.

Lima, Peru, S.A.  
Apartado 2178,  
July 23, 1927.

Dear Folk:

Received your letter of June 25th, this week and as usual had real joy in reading it.

Why indeed your Ruth Ann is smart with teeth and talking at 8 months. Just think 8 months. I suppose it hardly seems possible to you either that you have had her 8 months. Yes we got the picture of your Babies and wrote you saying so, maybe you did not get the letter. It is very nice. Ruth Ann is not looking her happiest I am sure, but she looks sweet as can be and she must be a love. Geo. Jr. looks the part of the proud big brother alright and he well can be. He looks just great. He must be quite a boy. I suppose he thinks Baby Sister is just alright.

"Spot" must have been the dog in the snaps with Geo. Jr. You sent some with Jr. and his dog, once on the table and once with his auto and another one. I suppose that was Spot. I suppose the new dog makes up for the departed Spot however.

The Pheasants sound very interesting. What are you raising (or hatching) them for George? Just for sport? They are such lovely things, they are well worth fussing with if you have the patience and if a person really likes a thing the bother of it don't seem to hard. What do the baby ones look like, more like chickens or birds when they are babies? They must be exceedingly delicate. Well just keep at it and you will probably have good results after all.

Must be that Leo and his family are living in Columbus, you spoke of Bertha coming with them.

The Strawberries sound good. There are strawberries in Ecuador but not like the home ones, then you have to wash them to death to get the sand off and cannot eat them raw but must cook them and by the time you are thru they don't resemble strawberries very much. I haven't seen any in Peru there may be some however.

Ofcourse you don't begrudge Ruth Ann her feed. How perfectly glorious to have her. You are exceedingly fortunate Golda don't ever forget to be thankful for just that blessing.

Well yes our address keeps changing all the time but we will always get the mail from the old address because there is always someone to forward it to us. but ofcourse now it is Apartado 2178 and will remain this address for some time. I get all the mail here and then send it right on to Ross. He will be so glad for letters in there. I write him regular books.

Yes Lindberg's accomplishment was really a wonderful thing and he deserves honors and I guess he is getting them alright. The folk here simply gasped when they heard of it. It is wonderful too.

Ross seems so far away. Mail only comes twice a <sup>month</sup> day. By going a day in canoe from his place he can send me a telegram and then it takes two or three days for it to come to me from there, but ofcourse that is much quicker than by mail. He was perfectly well when I last heard. I am feeling fine and getting on alright. Hope you are all well.

Love to all of you,

Lima, Peru, S. A.  
Apartado 2178,  
November 1st, 1927.

Dear Folk:

Well we are wondering whether the Reunion was the last of you all, because we have not heard a word from any of you since the Reunion took place. And that was way back last August. I suppose you have just been busy. Since then it has been canning time and preserving time and house cleaning time and I know it is a most awfully busy season. So we just tell ourselves that you are all alright.

Ross is home again, has been here a little more than 2 weeks and I am so happy to have him back. He had a good trip out, and made it in less time than it took him to go in. Coming home is a different proposition you know, and then he did not have the luggage he had going in, and when he got nearly to the end of the mule trail, he left the other riders and mules and came on faster than the others and gained two days. Well I was mighty glad to see him. He lost some of his weight in there or on the way out, at least he was a bit thin when he got here, but I think he will soon gain it again.

Now I am going to give you some news. Before the end of this month Ruth and Ross will be the proud parents of an infant. Think of that!!!!!! Did you ever hear anything so wonderful? At least it is wonderful to us, we are both nearly consumed with rapture.

Don't think that we have been selfish with our secret, it is not that, but you know we have had some rather severe disappointments along this line and we decided we would never share this kind of a secret until we were sure that everything was O.K. and it seems safe enough now.

We arrived in Peru the middle of June and Ross put me into the hands of two American Doctors, who are at the head of the British American Hospital here, and are excellent Doctors. They gave me a thorough examination and told him it was perfectly alright for him to go to the Jungle for 3 1/2 months, that I was perfect and everything would be alright, so Ross went, and everything has been fine. I have been perfectly well, and there has been no trouble of any kind. I have gone to the Hospital regularly and all the tests and examinations have been perfect, and I am still feeling just fine. Doubtlessly before the end of this month I will be going to the Hospital to stay for a while. I will have perfect care. There are American nurses there and everything is done on the American order of doing things, so I will have the best of care.

We are making no specifications as to whether the arrival shall be boy or girl. When you have waited over 6 years you are not too choicy, but mighty glad for either so there will not be a shade of disappointment which ever arrives, and if it should prove to be two of them, one of each, we would most die of joy. We are so happy just with the anticipation that we are almost walking on the clouds.

Well I have been busy sewing while Ross was away. I did not dare be very active and so had lots of time to sew and sew I did. I wish you could see all the pretty things I have made, just scads of them, and they are as dear as can be.

Ross is fixing a Kiddie Koop right now, we bought it from a family of Methodist Missionaries who have just gone home on furlough. He is putting new screen on it and giving it a new coat of white enamel. I made a nice new mattsrees for it and it will be like new all over.

By the way, doubtlessly on the day of the arrival Ross will send you a cablegram, so when you receive it if you will just please call up the Beninghoffs and give them the news. You will get the cablegram more promptly than they would probably, and you can let them know at once, I have just written Mother about it all also, so they will be anxious to know.

Well that is probably enough news for one letter isn't it?

We hope you are all just fine, and are awaiting letters. Maybe some are on the way now.

Lovingly yours, Ruth and Ross.

# POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES

CLARENCE H. MACKAY, PRESIDENT

RECEIVED AT

# CABLEGRAM

DELIVERY No.

62

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91 H JM 7-50 PM 11 VIA AAC

LIMA, DEC. 6-27 5-07 PM

LCD FRED STULL,

371 SPRINGMILL STREET,

MANSFIELD, OHIO.

SON EVERYBODY FINE.

ROSCOE.

DUPLICATE OF TELEGRAM TELEPHONED

RECEIVED BY

Fred Stull

TIME PHONED

Jan 7 53 PM

DELAYED BY

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To guard against mistakes or delays, the sender of a message should WRITE IT LEGIBLY and order it REPEATED; that is, telegraphed back to the sending station for comparison. For such repeating, an additional charge of one-quarter the regular rate will be made. Unless otherwise indicated on its face, THIS IS AN UNREPEATED CABLE MESSAGE AND PAID FOR AS SUCH, in consideration whereof it is agreed between the sender of the message and this Company as follows:

1. The Company shall not be liable for mistakes or delays in the transmission or delivery, or for non-delivery, of any message received for transmission at the UNREPEATED-MESSAGE rate, whether caused by the negligence of its servants or otherwise, beyond the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS; nor for mistakes or delays in the transmission or delivery, or for non-delivery, of any message received for transmission at the REPEATED-MESSAGE rate, beyond the sum of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS; nor for mistakes or delays in the transmission or delivery, or for non-delivery, of any message received for transmission at the SPECIALLY VALUED MESSAGE rate, beyond the sum at which such message shall be valued, in writing, by the sender thereof when tendered for transmission and for which payment is made or agreed to be made of the amount of the repeated-message rate and an additional charge equal to one-tenth of one per cent of the amount by which such written valuation shall exceed five thousand dollars; nor in any case for delays arising from unavoidable interruption in the working of its lines, or for errors in cipher or obscure messages.

2. This Company is hereby made the agent of the sender, without liability, to forward this message over the lines of any other Company when necessary to reach its destination.

3. No responsibility regarding messages attaches to this Company until the same are presented and accepted at one of its transmitting offices; when any message is sent to such office by one of the Company's messengers, he acts for that purpose as the agent of the sender.

4. This Company shall not be liable for damages or statutory penalties in any case where the claim is not presented in writing within sixty days after the message is filed with the Company for transmission.

5. It is agreed that prompt and correct transmission and delivery of this message shall be presumed in any action for recovery of tolls therefor, unless rebutted by competent evidence.

6. The Board of Directors of this Company is authorized to vary the foregoing.

W. S. WOODS,  
General Manager.

CLARENCE H. MACKAY,  
President.

THE FASTEST TELEGRAPH SERVICE IN THE WORLD

Apartado 2178,  
Lima, Peru, S.A.  
Jan. 1, 1928.

Dear Folk:

Now just prepare yourselves to hear the Proud Mother Rave. Yes we have a Boy, and his name is Fred David Stull, and he is a Peach. Fred David for his two illustrious grandfathers. Never even considered anyother name. Fred for you ofcourse, Dad, and David for my Dad. His name is John David, and Pearl has a boy named John for him, so we use the David. Now Dad, are there 'Fred's' back of you and was it just Fred or Frederick? We are not using Frederick, but just Fred, I like that better, and we never heard you called anything more than Fred, and we both like it. Ross thought there must much be a Fred Stull and so now there is. I guess he just missed being Fred didn't he, and got Roscoe instead? Well now there is a Fred, and Dad, you should see him he is an adorable darling.

He weighed 8 pounds and 1 oz. when born, lost some at first as they always do, and when we left the Hospital on the 15th day, he had regained his birth weight and had gained exactly one pound over that which was most breaking the hospital records. SOME BOY they all said, and he is. His first week home he gained 13 ozs, so he is keeping it up. He is perfectly well. Since the first night home from the Hospital he has simply slept all night, just waking at eating time and grunting as a signal that he is ready if I am, and then his Daddy goes and gets him and brings him to me and we have luncheon and he is returned to his bed and we hear nothing more of him until another time to eat. He has been on a regular 4 hour scheduel since the first day home. At the hospital it was 3 hours by day and four by night, but the first night home the little chap thought it was still day and cried because we made him wait for the 4 hours, so for that reason I put him on a 4 hour schedule day and night, and so since that first night, he has been satisfied to wait 4 hours. Oh he is a darling. Sleeps most of the time.

He has lots of dark brown hair, almost exactly like mine, ofcourse we can't tell what it will be eventually. Eyes dark dark blue, but that is no sign of what they will be, but they are beautiful, so clear and lovely.

I was mighty glad I was in the Hospital for his arrival. He has a hard time getting here, came by the way of ether and instruments but arrived in perfect condition, and I am alright also. I feel fine and have had the very best of care. Ross told the Doctor he wanted me to stay at the Hospital two weeks and more if it would do me any good. The Dr. said he was adding 5 years to my life by leaving me there 15 days instead of the customary 10 days but that it would be of no advantage to leave me longer. So I stayed 15, and now have been home nearly two weeks and feel just fine.

We got your lovely letters this week, with the two checks and the Baby's Dollar in it, and we do thank you so very very much for all. The Dollar has already bought him a lovely shell pink soap dish that his Mother wanted very much for him, and he says thank you for it. I wish you could see him. I think maybe he will look Stull. That will satisfy me. I am not sure tho just what he will look like, but I can see a little of Ross in him, and maybe he will be a Stull.

We also got a lovely letter from Ivon and Bertha, have been them regularly from them and think it mighty nice of them to write, we will answer, just now they understand I know why we have neglected them. But appreciate their letters immensely. Also Teddy says thanks to them for their Dollar, that too will buy some special little thing for him. Oh yes and he will get more out of the other Dollar, because the Soap Dish is a dollar in this money, and in a U.S. dollar there are 2 1/2 dollars of this money, so he has more coming to him.

Will write again soon. We appreciate your letters and hope you are all just fine now. We are fine and most unspeakably happy.

Lovingly yours, Ruth, Ross and Teddy.

Apartado 2178,  
Lima, Peru, S.A.  
March 28th, 1928.

Dear Folk:

It is before breakfast, but you know I have a Baby, and it seems I don't have so much time for writing anymore. Maybe I take too much time for sleeping tho, anyway I seem to have less time than before Teddy came to town.

He is so good and makes such a few demands, but even at that there seems a day full of things to be done for just him every day. Lots of little things to wash and iron and now I am shortening all his petticoats and dresses and that is quite a task. I love to do it and am so glad I am well and can take care of him.

He really gets a bit dearer every day. I am enclosing a picture that was taken the day he was two months old.

He has been perfectly well always and is gaining right along and doing so nicely. His hair is growing so fast and is soft and pretty.

I had a letter from Golda and you tell her I am going to answer it soon, but I don't think I can get it off on this boat, it will probably have to wait until next week.

Also have two letters from Ivon and Bertha, and I will answer those just as soon as I can possibly get to it also. We always appreciate all your letters so much.

I find I have a letter from you Mother written Jan. 9th, but I think I had answered it, in it you are telling about Harold's accident, and you mention that you had written about it, yes we had gotten the other letter but after Ross had written saying we had not heard about it, so we have both your letters in which you tell of it. We are so glad that Harold is alright again. Yes that could have been so serious but how glad we are that he is well. You ask in this letter too whether we had received the drafts you sent before Christmas, and we wrote just after getting them to say they were received and wonderfully appreciated so you had that letter probably just after you sent this letter mentioning it. It takes so long for letters to get back and forrñ doesn't it.

We are getting ready to go into the Jungle before so very long and are packing up our things and getting rid of the things we don't want to take in. We have some things we have gotten here that we may want to use in convention work when we get home on furlough and we are afraid if we take them with us into the Jungle or leave them here they will be moth eaten or get destroyed in some way so are sending a package of them to you and another package almost like it to my folks. Now we will be glad if you will open them up and use them as tho they were your own. We have used them here and you can't hurt them, so if you care to at all use them in any way you like.

You will have to pay customs on them I suppose and you tell us how much it is and we will fix it with you. We will want to know just how much they charge on them so as to know whether it is too expensive to send things that way or not. We might have more things to send later if it is not too expensive.

All these things are made by the Indians. The green and orange is a scarf and they use them here to wear. Then the little neck scarf the men use for neck scarfs just like the men at home.

The blue and white is a table cover, also the indian women wear these for scarfs.

The grey one with colors is used for a rug or for on the back of a sofa or chair, that is how I used it.

The hairy one is made of llama hair and they use those for scarfs or for on sofas or beds.

If you don't care to have them around just stick them some place to keep.

Thanks very much.

Lovingly

Ruth, Ross and Teddy.

Cahuapanas,  
Via Pto. Bermudez & Lima,  
Peru, S. A.  
May 9th, 1928,

Dear Folk:

Well this is just a tiny note to tell you bye bye for a while. This is Wednesday evening and Friday morning early we start on our long trip to the Jungle. We will be nearly two weeks on the way and it is a big trip sure enough.

If we just miss a mail which we probably will it will be a month before we can get another letter back out to you from there and then two weeks for it to come out and three more weeks for it to get to you so don't worry if you don't hear from us for two months from now.

We are sure we will be alright. We are perfectly well and Teddy is strong and well and we will be just fine.

We go by mule for from 6 to 8 days and you know that is quite a drag beside that we have one day train one day auto and one day launch so altogether it is a big trip.

You know how busy we are with getting everything ready so will just make this a note for now.

This is the adress you will use for us now.

Tell Ivon and Bertha we get their letters and do certainly appreciate them and will do better in answering them when we get settled in the Jungle.

We send love to all of you and hope you are well.

The next you hear from us it will be from the Jungle and we will probably have lots to tell then.

We are sending you a picture of Teddy. This was taken when he was just 4 months. It is just a snap enlarged a little. It looks like him. But his coloring is so pretty that the picture falls far short of showing how nice he is. His eyes are so very blue, dark blue, and his mouth as red as can be. We think he is just lovely.

Love to all of you.

Truly,

Ruth and Ross and Teddy.

Cahuapanas, Via Pto. Bermudez y Lim,  
Peru, S.A.  
June 12th, 1928.

Folk:

Well we are in Cahuapanas on the Pichis River, but how did we get here. That is a big story and if I did it justice I would have to write a book about it. Life has been so busy since arriving here that I have had no time at all to write. You see the house is not built here and we are still living in the palm wood house. That is we are there all day and we sleep here in the new house at night. There is just one room finished and Ross and Baby and I sleep there. Right now my typewriter table is a box set up on end. There is one man hammering nails and another planing right here 5 feet from me and it is rather distracting to try to write but I will do my best.

I wrote about the trip from Lima up and over the first ridge of the Andes. We go so high there that the air is too thin to keep you breathing normally. Teddy had to have oxygen given him. The Doctor watched him and rubbed his head with mentholatum and after we had reached the top and had passed thru the tunnel that goes thru at the highest place he was alright again. We arrived at Aroya, this is as far as the train takes you coming this way, so there we got in a bus, which was really only a light Dodge truck, and put all our worldly belongings in the back of it and started for La Merced. At first I thought I could not go on. The day had been strenuous seeing Ted growing more and more faint as we went higher and I myself did not feel too well. The Auto road was so narrow that it seemed the machine would not have room, the turns were so sharp that some places they had to back to make the curve. Then also it got dark after we were out about one hour. In one way it was better because I could not see the dangerous places. I simply lost my breath. I felt I must scream but I didn't. I was holding Baby as I had the best seat in the truck. I sat with the driver and Ross and Ray Clark sat in the back of the truck. When you are holding a baby you don't scream. There was not much way to brace myself and holding Ted on the sharp turns was more than I could do many times. When we arrived at Tarma after about 3 hours in the truck my sleeves were in holes, I had held Ted so hard and he rubbed around so in my arms. That is he was thrown around like that. For his part he was quiet. Seemed to think it was alright whatever happened. I never supposed any Baby could be so good under such hard circumstances as Ted was on the whole trip. Was never sick one day and was just as good and happy as could be. How thankful we were for that. A number of passengers were doing just as we were, going on to La Merced by auto at the same time we were and the machines were rather close to one another, that was withing about 5 or 6 miles but the roads were so zigzag and winding that many times after it was dark, it would look exactly as tho a machine was coming right straight for us. Here again I nearly screamed a couple of times. It seemed as tho we were surely going straight for another car. We could only see the light and suddenly the headlights of another car would flash up in front of us, but always it was across a ravine. I knew this must be true as the traffic can only go one way on this road. One day you go one way and the next day you go the other. This is because the road is so narrow that it is impossible to pass a car, but the curves were so sharp that it would seem you were surely going to run right into another car. Well these things were a big nerve racking.

It was cold and I had to keep Ted wrapped in a wool blanket. We were so tired when we arrived in Tarma. I dropped on the bed in the hotel when they put Ted down and wept. I got ready for bed later and said I would not eat anything. I was spent. But after getting Ted ready for the night and doing the many things that are necessary after such a trip I got over my tiredest feeling and decided to eat, so I ordered, or rather Mr. Simmonds ordered a bowl of broth for me and I ate it and then I ordered the regular supper what ever it might be they were serving, so I had it all and ate it, and by the time I was ready for bed I felt fine.

We had to stay in Tarma 3 days waiting for our freight and I was glad as it rested Ted and all of us after the hard trip up the hill and got us in better condition for the mule trip.

Well I won't start that in this letter, but in the next.

Dear Folks:

Here is another Carbon letter, but when I write I write with carbons or I would never get word to all of you. Busy as bees down here.

Please tell Golda we got her letter on the last mail launché and received also the draft enclosed, this was with her letter of, well ----I find she has no date on it, but it was about June 18th I suppose because it came in the same mail with Mother's letter of that date. Tell her a million thanks for it, we do appreciate it. Won't get a letter to Golda this mail, so you tell her, so she will know we got it.

We are well. Teddy has two geeth and got them without much trouble. He is darling ofcourse and we are so happy that we have him. He makes fun for everyone on the Station. The Indians love him, and he seems to like them also.

All the rest of the news for just now is in the carbon letter, so you will get it all there.

Lovingly,

The Stulls.

July 17th, 1928.

Dear Folks:

All the describing and explaining I can possibly do will still not give you the idea of what the Pichis Mule Trail is like. They tried to explain it to me but I found I had not had the faintest conception of what it really was.

At one time a train of mules crossed the trail when it was muddy and each mule put his feet in the holes made by the feet of the mule ahead. After that train ~~after~~ train of mules crossed, all doing the same thing, using the holes made by the first mule until now these have become ditches reaching across the width of the trail and in many places are so deep that the riders feet would be in the mud if left hanging. These holes are filled to the top with thin mud or thick sticky mud. The mules have to be persuaded to start into a stretch of this kind of road because they are not sure of their footing as you can never know how deep these holes may be. We went for hours over this kind of road every one of the 8 days we were out.

It seemed the nearer we got to the top of a mountain range the more mud there was and the deeper and stickier these holes were. At times we went up a rather steep incline literally climbing from one hole to another. They have called these places Jacob's ladders, and they are almost ladders. Then we found them again as we came down the mountains and that was worse than going up as it was so steep.

My heart would nearly fail me when I would see the lead mule starting to splash thru one of these stretches of trail because I knew that in a little bit the next mule bearing my husband and baby would be into it and then most any tragical thing was capable of happening. Many times I felt that the mule that was carrying those two was held up and guided by no other than the hand of the Lord. Ross could not properly manage the reins as in difficult places he needed all his attention and strength to balance and protect the Baby. I saw them go thru places where the other two mules had all kinds of difficulties and yet the mule carrying those two would steadily pick his way thru and get them safely across without any hurt.

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— Once when we were going thru some especially deep holes my mule dropped into a place with both front legs where it was so deep that it threw him on his head and neck and of course threw me. I landed in a sea of thin mud. Of course as quickly as I could get onto my hands and knees I began crawling, not waiting to gain a footing because I knew the mule was apt to flop my way as well as any other way. Every way you looked, there was mud and absolutely nothing else but mud so it was no place to stop to quiet nerves. I simply had to get into the saddle again mud and all and ride on for hours more. By the time we got to a stopping place the sun had dried the mud and it was as tho I was in a plaster cast. X The lacings in my riding breeches and boots were cemented in and the coating of dried mud had to be cracked and knocked off before I could get out of my riding things. Ross then took my boots and clothing outside and pounded them against a pole to limber them up so I could get into them again in the morning. X I had other clothing but you couldn't pack such things as they were and the only thing was to wear them again until they resembled cloth and leather again.

Our trip was made much easier because we had very little rain. Sometimes when our men have crossed the trail it has rained in torrents day after day. They say we had less rain than any of them have ever had which was a wonderful thing for us with the Baby. It only rained a few times in the 3 days and then for only a short time but we could see by that what it would have been if it had rained like it generally does. Twice in those few times it happened that the raining was going on when it was time for Baby's luncheon. Well it simply meant stop and feed him. I had always fed him on a 4 hour schedule and I have never varied more than possibly 5 minutes and generally not one minute with the result that he is just like a little clock. He does not cry for food between times, but when it is the 4 hour period if his food is not forth coming he makes his wants known. So it was understood that at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. we were to stop to feed him no matter where we were. Well when it rained ofcourse it was quite possible it would rain all day as it generally does so we just stopped. If there was no rock to sit on then they would put down a rubber poncho and I would sit on that and take my little son and then they would put another rubber poncho over us and there we would be with the rain pouring down. We would manage to take food ourselves at these stops also so as to save time because we simply had to travel as hard as possible and make our stops as short as possible so as to reach a Tambo before dark. There was no place to stop in between, we simply had to make the stopping place. Otherwise it was just wild mountain growth and impossible to spend the night in it, and almost as impossible to travel in the dark. When I would think that it might get dark before we would arrive I would simply shudder and would urge the mule on even tho it was torture to keep going. So while I fed the Baby, Ross would feed me and at the same time take food himself. We tried to make these stops where there was a mountain stream so we would have water, and Mr. Clark would climb up or down as the case would be and get water for all of us. We would eat and drink and adjust our saddles and saddle bags and mount and press on as fast as possible.

Our dear little Baby. When we would take him from his father's arms he would kick and coo and laugh and be as happy as could be. The Lord simply kept that little thing from moment to moment or he would never have come thru that awful trip so safe and well. He was never harmed at all.

I rode last and it was for me to urge not only my mule but the mule in front of me, because Ross could not urge him much on account of managing the baby. So I carried a long stick, sort of goad and with this I kept urging the mule ahead. I knew we did not dare lag or we would not make the Tambo and I would urge the mules almost feverishly sometimes, I had such a horror of being overtaken by the night. It is not easy to goad the mule ahead always he is generally just a little too far ahead, but when I could I would goad him a couple of times. Once when we were on a good stretch of path I thought it was a good time to make up for the places where we had gone so slowly so I got close to the mule ahead and goaded him four times instead of the customary two. Well that was just two too many. He stopped on his two front feet and began a succession of swift kicks with his two back ones. I was nearly paralyzed with fear. There was that mule with my husband and baby on his back and him kicking like that. They sometimes keep it up until they have rid themselves of every bit of their load before they will stop kicking. But fortunately this one did not follow the general rule. I goaded him only twice at a time after that. Ross simply sat the brute and held his child until the mule was thru kicking when we went quietly on, thankful that another near tragedy had been avoided.

One night it did get dark while we were still out in the forests. We had had a very hard road that day and simply could not make it. We had to go on. There was nothing else to do. Just as it was getting dusk we came to a suspension bridge that is not supposed to be very safe and we were to go over one at a time. Mr. Clark got over and then Ross started over. My mule was a wicked brute and would not wait. I did everything I could, and he whirled and started back for the back trail and I knew that would not do and I got him turned again, and if you have ever ridden a South American mule you know about how much you can do with one. Well he simply would start after the other mules and when Ross was only about half way over the swinging bridge he started over, stiff legged and jerky. I could simply feel the bridge letting go. When I saw Ross's mule crawl off onto solid ground I sighed a sigh of relief. I felt mine would get over alright, but it was seeing him and our baby in danger that nearly killed me.

Well it got darker and darker as we went on. The road was terrible. The mud and holes and rocks and steep narrow places just awful. How I prayed. There was that mule ahead and my husband and baby. It was not what my mule might do. I felt no concern about myself, but it was that mule ahead. Ofcourse it was arranged that Ross had the best and strongest and steadiest mule on account of having the baby, but in the dark he could not know when he was to go up or down, where there was a deep hole or bad mud. He simply had to trust his mule to get him thru, and had to feel for the slightest sign of what the animal was going to do so as to balance himself and his precious burden. I will never forget the horrors of that ride in the dark. We rode for nearly two hours in the dark. And when it is dark in the forest it is dark. The trail is only a narrow path thru dense forests and it is as black as midnight. When I couldn't stand the tension any longer I would weep. Ofcourse quietly so that Ross would not hear. He had all he could manage without having extra concern about me. I simply committed us all to God, let my mule take his own way for it and kept my balance the best I could. Several times during those black awful hours Ross called back some 'precious promise' from his store of Scripture verses, and how they did help.

Finally about half an hour before we reached the Tambo a slender new moon climbed up above the trees and oh how welcome was that bit of light on our path. It was not enough for us to make out the mud holes but we could make out the mountain wall and the space that meant a narrow place and we knew which way to lean in the saddle.

When a small light finally flickered at the edge of a small clearing and we knew we had reached the long looked for Tambo I think I would have sunk into unconsciousness if it had not been I knew I must hurry out of the saddle and get my baby from his father's tired aching arms and get him undressed and his little weary body bathed and soothed and onto as comfortable a bed as I could make for him, feed him, and get someone to wash the things that it was necessary to wash, or, as it happened in many places when there was no one to wash them I had to do it myself.

Finally when I would finish and have things ready for dressing and starting again in the morning and would fall asleep I would think again I was riding, and if Baby would stir in his little hammock that was always swung beside my bed and I would begin to think in my half sleep of getting to him it would seem to me I must get across a steep precipice before I could reach him. Such a precipice as we saw every day on the trail. There were places where the mountain streams came down, some places it would be a steep falls where it would drop thousands of feet cutting a gorge in the side of the mountain and dropping almost straight down almost as far as you could see down down down. there would be a tiny narrow bridge of logs and stones built across for the mules to walk over. I never got over losing my breath when I would see Roscoe's mule crossing one of these, and this is what I would see night after night when I would reach for Baby in his hammock.

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That is not all that happened, but this is enough at one time I think. I may write some more of what seems interesting to me another time. But we are here in the Jungle now and glad to be here where we can give the Gospel to these Red Men of the Forests. They are superstitious and their lives are as dark as a starless night, and just now for the first time in their existence the rays of Gospel light are beginning to shine for them here in these dark forests which are indeed the ends of the earth

When you are praying for the success of Gospel work, pray for us. To even exist in the Jungle requires a struggle and we want to live 'more abundantly' for the service we have come here to render, for the Christ we wish to serve.

Truly and lovingly yours,

Ruth and Roscoe and Baby Stull.

Cahuapanas,  
Via Pto. Bernudez and Lima,  
Peru, S.A.  
July 31st, 1928.

Dear Folks:

The trail was especially hard Sunday morning and we had started out tired because Saturday had been a long strenuous day on the road.

The usual exuberance of spirit was lacking, there was no conversation, there was no song, and we rode for hours in silence, each one occupied with his own thoughts. My thoughts were on the two riders on the mule ahead of mine, as they were every minute of every day that we were on the trail. This morning the mud was so deep that the animals could scarcely get out of the holes, then there would be a stretch where the trail was nothing more than a very narrow ledge of rock along the mountain wall. At places there had been a land slide from way up the mountain and it had nearly taken away the trail as it slid on by down down the mountain side, leaving only the narrowest path where the mules had to walk. When I would see the mule bearing my husband and baby starting across one of those places my flesh seemed to turn cold and shrink. The path was narrow, it was rock and it was slanting out. Sometimes the mule's foot would slip and send a piece of rock down over the precipice where it would roll hundreds and hundreds of feet before there was anything to stop it, and sometimes the mule's foot would slip over but at these times it would seem the other three feet would hold and he would regain his footing and go on, but it would leave me breathless.

Hour after hour was filled with this kind of experiences and again and again I would find the muscles of my face drawn and tight and I suppose my nerves were the same way because from time to time there would be a burst of tears that would seem to relieve the tension. Ofcourse no one but God knew of these tears, but He did know, and as we were crossing a narrow place above a deep gorge He sent a flock of tiny green parrots flying across just singing as tho their little throats would burst with the joy of living and chattering in open defiance of the gastly depth of the gorge beneath them and the Lord reminded me of His statement "Fear ye not -- ye are of more value than many sparrows." It made the rest of the day and the rest of the trip easier. X

Our Baby had no fear. He rode hour after hour supported in the curve of his father's arm or lying in the little hammock, seeming to notide everything we passed and reaching for the branches and leaves as they would brush by. Generally I couldn't see him but I could hear his cooing and sometimes when he would become very tired and sleepy his little melody would get tangled up and he would cry and at these times it seemed I must get to him and have him in my arms to comfort him and lull him to sleep. But there was no time for stopping. We always had to press on to reach the Tambo before dark and on and on we would go and how I would long to get to my baby. I likened myself to a mother hen I once saw nearly going wild because she could not get to her fluffy little babies who were balancing themselves on the edge of a dangerous looking drinking pool. That is how I felt there on that other mule just out of reach of my baby when he needed me, but I couldn't get to him so I would sing "Rock-a-bye-baby" to the tune of "Blessed Assurance" and he would go to sleep and ride up and down hills and in and out of mud holes and nothing seemed to bother him. It was remarkable how contented and happy he was all the time.

The many difficult things on the trail do not out number the wonderful things. I had never even imagined such perfect beauty. I have never read description that pictured the grandeur of this scenery. There seems no way of telling it, it is so immense. At places on the trail you look up most as far as eye will carry and see the mountain wall still rising up up up, and you drop your eyes and you are looking into the gorge that seems almost bottomless. At every few turns in the trail a mountain stream comes dashing down from somewhere up above and splashes under the bridge which is only two logs with stones and dirt thrown on them to make them less slippery, and on it goes on it way down into the gorge and to the large river that flows thru the cañon that we follow for hours. One day we had to cross the large river and there was no bridge at all. The bank down to the water was very steep and the mules picked their way down going side ways sometimes and dropping from one large rock to another and finally got us to the water's edge. There is a great deal of uncertainty about going out into a large river on a mule's back and I didn't feel just too much at ease. The bottom was covered with medium sized rocks, there was a steady but not a dangerous current, and the river was wide. We more or less trusted the mules to find the right course over-as they don't care to swim if put to the water with their burdens so we knew they would find the places where they could keep on their feet if there were any such places. They did manage it. X Ofcourse we were soaked well above our boots but we soon dried as we went on in the sun. Mr. Clark went over ahead a took pictures of us as we were crossing so if those pictures are good we will send them so you can see for yourselves. The river was beautiful and the experience exceedingly interesting.

There are millions of trees, plants, vines and foliage of every kind. As we would look across the river to the mountain side on the other side it looked like a gorgeous piece of tapestry in greens and here and there a dash of orange and red and purple. X What a fine pattern it is with large leaves, palms, ferns and trees of many kinds.

All along the way there are ferns like we have in the house at home but sometimes they are twelve feet high. X Some are fine and some are coarse heavy ones, but all beautiful.

3 Several days the banks were covered with white violets. The flower very much like the white violet at home but the leaves narrower and more of a vine than a plant.

The hills are full of wild begonias. Beautiful ones. I think I saw every kind I have ever seen in our cultivated ones at home. We saw the kind you have in the house growing like great out of doors shrubs. Strong hardy things, but the same delicate linings and shadings of the much cultivated ones.

I had looked forward a bit uneasily to going down the 'cañon of rocks' they told me of. It was a treacherous and yet a beautiful place. It was literally a cañon of rocks and we traveled nine miles constantly going down with our pathway a narrow gutter of rocks, smooth ones, pointed ones, rolling ones, all kinds of rocks, but not one bit of earth. Just rocks. And the gutter that formed the path was also carrying a stream of water. What slipping and splashing. And to make it worse it rained and there we were, water above and water beneath, and there we were going down down, with the mules slipping and catching themselves only to slip again. It was beautiful thru that stony cañon, but we were glad to be on earth again. ✓

We are well and very happy. We send you love. Truly - Stullis--.

Cahuapanas  
Via Bermudez and Lima,  
Peru, South America.  
August 14th, 1928.

Dear Folks:

Late one afternoon we were quietly riding thru the forest when something caused me to look back. I can't remember that there was the slightest sound but something made me turn and there a few rods behind me, for I rode last, were five indians following us. A strange cold sensation ran up my spine and made me feel a little queer. Ofcourse I knew that sooner or later I was going to see Indians. I had come all the way from the United States for that purpose and to bring the Gospel to them. But I was not quite prepared to find them slipping up behind me on a silent forsaken trail in the heart of the forest like that without any warning. They were all painted, one wore a 'corona' with two long feathers waving over his head and three of them carried bows and arrows that were much longer than they were high. That is the arrow stood mucher higher than the indian himself.

We had seen nothing for miles and miles nor did we see anything the rest of the afternoon that showed that the region was inhabited. These indians hide their dwelling places as carefully as do the wild animals. They do not wish to be discovered.

They followed us for a long way but only one came close enough to speak to us and he made us know that he wanted matches. Then they continued to follow us with no more requests and finally turned off into the forest. They meant us no harm and doubtlessly their idea of following us was rather with the idea of being protected themselves, as they live in fear of the Campas, these indians being Amueixas. The Campas pass thru these regions and are the dreaded foes of other tribes. Traveling close to us these Amueixas probably felt more safety. We saw very few indians as we traveled but we don't know how many saw us.

Neither did we see many wild animals. The wild animals are very wild and have themselves well hidden before a traveler gets a chance to see them. At different times we would catch a glimpse of parted bushes and hear the rustle as something would hurry away into hiding. Many places we traveled under overhanging ledges that always suggested looking up as well as around. The first few days I was a bit startled a few times when a leaf the size of an umbrella would fall close to me. We found the trees dropping these immense leaves all along the trail and we became acustomed to them, but at times even the mules gave signs of concern when the shadow of one of these great leaves danced about on the trail just ahead of us.

One day as we rounded a bend we came upon a large snake sunning his great length on a smooth slope at the side of the trail. The lead mule gave the warning of the presence of an enemy before we saw the snake.

Finally after eight days of pushing into the forest on mule back we came to the Pichis River. Here we said a final farewell to mules. We made no ceremony about it. We were glad to know we were not to mount the beasts again the next morning. After riding one of them for eight days you know most of his meanesses, and they are not few, and you shed no tears at the thought of giving him up for another means of travel. It is not a matter of choice. You simply must leave your mule as the forest from here on is a dense dark tangled jungle with no trail thru it. The river is the highway.

In the morning all our baggage was loaded into the largest canoe I ever saw. We three grown folks, our baby and our police pup, that we had brought all the way from Lima, got into the center of the canoe. Two indians took the bow and the canoe owner took the stern and we started down stream. We traveled this way from early morning until well after

night

The canoe was all one piece hewn from the trunk of a very large tree. The indians make these.

How hot it was with the jungle heat pressing in from every side and the sun beating down on us and reflecting from the water below. I carried a heavy oiled paper parasol and kept it over Baby and myself the best I could. I never felt such intense heat from the sun's rays, it was almost unbearable. The poor little dog was almost overcome. It was impossible to shade him all the time. We did the best we could and dripped water on him from time to time to revive him.

The river was very low and again and again the men had to jump into the water to lighten the load and to push the canoe to get it thru the shallow place. Then we came to a place where the river was very deep and the current swift and dangerous. There was a sand bar here and they told us we would have to get out and walk on this as it was not safe to stay in the canoe going thru this current, that if they could manage to keep the canoe upright with the baggage alone they would be doing well. I was quite willing to get out. A loaded canoe is a very tricky thing, and holding the baby and keeping my balance with the thing tipping this way and dipping that way and the water almost on a level with the edge of the canoe was a bit breath taking. I didn't like the canoe ride any too much, and yet the scenery was beautiful. We saw great water birds and alligators. There were beautiful places where other rivers flowed into our river, but again this brought with it the difficulty of the canoe bobbing about in the rough water from the other river. The banks were overhung with trees, bushes and vines, some of them flowering with orange colored trumpets and others with brilliant red flowers. It was all beautiful and I would not have missed it but I was glad when I saw our launch and knew the canoe trip was ended.

They had come from our station with our launch as far as they could come but the river was too low to come all the way, and before we got to our station we found it was too low to come as far as they did. But it would have taken days doing the whole trip in a canoe just paddling and they knew the difficulty and danger under this sun especially for the baby so they came up and up river with the launch. It was a welcome sight when we rounded a bend in the river and saw our own launch moored and waiting to take us into its shelter.

We boarded and made the wee member of the party comfortable in one of the berths in the cabin and started down river without losing any time as the river was steadily getting lower and we feared trouble before we could reach Cahuapanas. Our launch is built for low water, but at this time of the year the river is exceedingly low here at the upper end and for a number of months while we can easily connect with all points below us yet it is not safe to come up stream.

How delightful it was in the launch. We were making good time and there was a fine breeze passing thru the cabin all the time. I had a chair beside the berth where I could watch the baby and yet enjoy the scenery, and it was beautiful.

All at once I heard a scraping sound, I felt the launch tipping to one side and I saw the men all rush to the high side and jump. I grabbed my little son and with a prayer in my heart made for the open deck as fast as possible. I too got to the high side, half in and half out, ready to jump into the water if the launch should turn on over. We were at the mouth of a channel and had struck a sand bar in such a way that the bow was grounded while the stern was so close to the rush of the current that it was being carried little by little which meant that if we could not release the bow in time we would be carried backwards into the channel or be completely turned over. It was very serious and dangerous. How the men did work and how I did pray, perched there on the rail with my baby in my arms. At a moment when it looked safe for at least a few seconds I dashed back into the cabin and grabbed our hats and a scarf so that if we had to jump we would have that protection from the sun and from the gnats because we might be stranded there for no one knew how long.

After more than two hours of a bit of anxiety and a lot of hard work we were again on our way down stream only to meet more or less the same fate again in the afternoon. This time I was out on deck preparing a bottle of orange juice for the baby when the boat grounded and tipped so suddenly that the bottle and other things I was using in the preparation were spilled into the river and we saw them no more. ✓ I didn't give a thought to saving these things but was on my way to the cabin to get my baby before he was spilled out of the berth. Again he and I perched ourselves on the rail and waited. This time the situation was not so serious but it took longer to get off the bar. We were there for hours.

With all this delay it made it impossible to reach Cahuapanas that day so when night overtook us we moored our launch where it seemed to be the least likely drinking place for tigers, and we slept peacefully until morning.

We had the little kerosene stove with us and supplies enough for the extra meals so we cooked and ate and continued on our way.

About the middle of the next afternoon we saw a canoe coming up river and found it was a rescue party from our station coming in search of us. They knew something had happened to us and they feared we might not have food.

When we finally rounded a bend in the river and this time saw our mission station high on the bank we knew our journey was ended and here we were at our Jungle home.

Indians were at our port to take our things up to the house.

In some of the letters from home you have mentioned that you have prayed daily for our protection and safety on this trip. Surely the Lord traveled with us every hour of every day. There was probably not one evening when we dismounted and were together to talk that we did not mention how we had been especially cared for during the day and how we had felt the very presence of God near us.

We were in so many dangerous places, so many serious things happened and yet none of us were ever hurt. It was remarkable and could not have been except that we were divinely kept. We thank God for His care and blessing, and count on this same love to keep us here as we live and work in the Jungle with these needy Indians.

Lovingly,  
Stalls.

Cahuapanas,  
Via Pto. Bermudez and Lima,  
Peru, South America.  
October 13th, 1928.

Dear Folks:

(When we arrived here at Cahuapanas, our Jungle Station, we found the Bungalow under construction but only one room, our bed room, ready for use. So that meant we had to live and cook and eat in the Palm Wood house and only sleep in the real house.

(The Palm Wood house is the native house and it is without windows or doors, just holes for these. The roof which is the ceiling also is thatch. The walls and floors are split palm wood, and furnish no protection from the gnats and ants and bats which march and fly in droves. Living in the Jungle in one of these houses without protection from these pests is a slow but certain way to sure insanity and death to the person accustomed to civilization.

(The gnat stings and then sucks your blood. Its sting is like the jab of a hot needle and then the itching that follows nearly drives you crazy. They swarm about your eyes and make life most miserable. I found it necessary to wear two pair of stockings, also arm protectors from my wrists to my sleeves, and then a large handkerchiefs around my neck in order to have any comfort at all.

(There are tiny ants that come in and eat your clothing, books and your furniture. There are larger ants that eat your sugar and lard and all food stuffs. There is an ant about one and 1/2 inches long that stings you giving such pain that you are in agony and along with it a fever that lasts 7 or 8 hours and makes the strongest indian quit work.

(The bats come only at night. They are the blood sucking Vampire Bats. Dangerous and an awful nuisance.

(With all these difficulties at the Palm Wood house we decided to rush the building of the Bungalow as fast as possible, so we finished the kitchen and moved in and since then have been building the rest of the house right over our heads. Dear little David goes to sleep to the tune of hammering as well as to a lullaby.

(Our Kitchen and our bedroom is screened, doors and windors with copper screening and we are protected from these pests. You can never know what a blessing this house is to us. The money for building it is a gift from Christian friends in Pittsburg, Pa. When it is finished the entire house will be screened.

(The first few weeks there was no door to our bedroom. The whole front of the house was open, and in fact all the house but the little corner that was our room.

(I am afraid I can never explain my feelings in those first weeks. They were strange. We arrived here and I walked into our bedroom and turned around and there was a big indian with his head and shoulders in my window. Just looking that was all. He was interested to see the new white lady.

(The man all insisted that there was absolutely no danger of the tigers coming to the house. I, however, was not so absolutely sure. They say they do not come where human beings are, but I don't believe that. If there is something there they especially want I firmly believe they will come for it. There was my soft sweet little baby.

(At the next port up river they had a young bull in the house protecting it from the tigers, and one night they had two indians with guns and a dog on the front porch watching to get the molesting tiger, and put an end at least for a while to their troubles. The indians fell asleep and the tiger came and took the dog and got away before the indians could do anything. So you see I don't put too much confidence in their assurance that there is absolutely 'NO' danger.

When we had been here less than two weeks the men shot from their bedroom window one night to scare away a tiger that was coming too close for convenience. So there you are. And night after night at every sound I was sitting up in bed. Out of bed. Putting my flash light on David. Walking out of my room into the open part of the house just to take a look.

The nights are full of sounds. Strange sounds. Screams and shrieks and grunts and groans. Some pretty sounds, some soft ones. There is one bird that you hear only at night which they call Alma Perdida which is in English a Lost Soul. It has the most terrible blood curdling shriek I ever heard. It bothered me a little and would have bothered me a lot but I would not let it, did not dare to let it.

You hear the tigers just at night. They have a kind of loud grunt. There are frogs and birds and insects. And the Jungle simply hums and buzzes and groans and sings all night long.

To a certain extent I have gotten used to the sounds and they do not bother me much. Then too I have a heavy screen door on my bedroom and it locks, so nothing can walk in without making a lot of noise doing it. So I rest better.

But those awful first weeks. I didn't imagine any place could have such terrifying characteristics. There are the tigers; there are the unfriendly indians who have come to these parts in the past burning dwellings and killing families, and there are the hurricanes. I didn't know as I could get used to it and have calm and comfort. But I am becoming peaceful about all these things.

The tigers have so far kept their distance. A shot from a gun sends them off. We have guns and we all know how to use them. We are occasionally alarmed when the pigs begin making a fuss or when one of the dogs begins yelping in the night and these two signs are pretty sure to mean a tiger is around looking for food. But the thought of the tigers does not bother us much.

The danger from the Wild Campa Indians living up the river from us caused me some concern when we first came in, especially as we are located right at the place where they made their raid in 1914 burning houses and killing people. Directly across the river in front of our house, in what is now our corn field, there once stood a house where a partly white man lived. That house was burned then. Some of the posts that formed the foundation still stand to speak of the tragedy.

There was a convent up the other river just a little way from us. I think that ground joins our land. A strange deserted place for a convent, but those in charge thought it a good place to get in touch with the indians, as we also think, that is why we have chosen this location.

The Campa Indians had been mistreated by the Rubber Dealers. Had been robbed of their rubber and in some cases the Rubber Dealers simply killed the indian and took his rubber, thus not having to pay for the rubber. This is probably what led to the raid the Indians made in 1914. That, however, was the year when nearly the whole world was at war and the fever of it may have caused the trouble here, altho they would have known nothing about the trouble in other parts of the world.

Well anyway, the Campas decided to make a raid on the Convent. Some of the Campas in the convent got a rumor of it and altho the authorities and the priest there did not believe there would be a raid, yet they had the pasture land cleared all around the buildings so as to have a good open space to see and fight if anything did happen.

One day one of the boys was working out a way from the Convent and saw a wild Campa and reported it. They sent out others to look and sure enough the Campas were there, but were not planning to start the fight until dark, but being discovered they started in at once. The fight began. Many of the Indians had shotguns that they had probably gotten from the Rubber Traders. The men of the convent had guns and there was a terrible fight. The Priest and many of the people escaped in canoes and were saved. Our closest neighbor is the man they call the hero of the affair. They say he stood and fought until there was no hope of saving anything and then escaped in a canoe. The campas burned the

#3.  
Convent to the ground after taking out such things as they wanted. They even killed all the cattle. They were a blood thirsty bunch. Then they came on down the river right to where we are now and burned the house that stood right across the river from us. About the same time there were other raids farther up the river. Passengers going thru on the launches were killed. But then the government sent soldiers in here and they went up these rivers killing campas at such a rate that the Campas have lived in terror of the white man ever since and that is why it is so hard now for us to get in touch with them.

The unfairness and the cruelty of the white man drove the indians to do these awful things and we believe Christianity and the Gospel of Christ will influence them just as strongly for right. They will make the Campas fit for neighbors and will make some of them fit for Heaven. There is power in the Gospel of Christ. It is 'the power of God unto Salvation'.

I do not fear the Campas now. But these things made for a strange feeling those first days and nights.

And the hurricane? There is a rather heavy wind storm every few weeks, but once a year there is a tropical hurricane and it is very severe. It has not come yet this year, should come this month. But tho I dreaded it when I first thought of it, I even have peace about that now.

So we are well and happy to be here at our place of service.

To keep our sanity and our health and our joy we must live very close to God. You know we are way out here where we do not have the Sunday Morning sermons and midweek prayer meetings with other Christians to inspire and renew us. We are just ourselves and one single Missionary and no one else. It means that if we do not get our inspiration and renewing directly from God we don't get it at all. We could not exist here if it were not that we have a very real and a very close fellowship with the Living God. After supper we have our Evening Prayers together every night. That helps. We read God's Word and we pray. There are many needs about the work and there are many personal ones. We have had remarkable answers.

So we are kept sane, we are kept well and we are kept happy. We are exceedingly normal and get enjoyment out of living. We celebrate birthdays with cake and candles. Once a week we play games at the table in the evening. We try to keep ballanced in our living.

Living in the Jungle is a strange adventure but we are happy in it.

Truly yours,

Stalls.



ANN

Faint, illegible text is visible throughout the document, appearing as ghosting or bleed-through from the reverse side. The text is too light to transcribe accurately but seems to follow a standard letter format with several paragraphs.

1871

Dear Fobks:

We knew you were getting our letters because from time to time they would appear in the News, and then we received your letters written September 22nd,

I will try and answer your questions. By the time you get this letter however you will forget you asked them. It takes so long.

You ask what kind of vegetation we have and what we principally live on and how we provide clothing. And we got drafts would we have to save them until 1930 or could we use them.

When the land is not cleared it is grown almost solid with green things of many descriptions. Trees small on up to perfectly immense ones. Palms, ferns some of which are like trees, vines and regular Jungle growth of every kind. Where it is cleared we raise Yuca. That is a plant that grows like a small tree sometimes 8 feet high and we eat the root of it. The root is long and is white or the other kind is yellow and has a skin that peels off like the bark of a tree. You boil it and eat it just like that or let it get cold and then fry it. We eat it boiled plain for dinner and fry the rest for supper. It is the main food. Next to this comes the platano. Which is of the banana family but which is eaten cooked. You peel them and boil them. Or you bake them with or without the skins. You peel them slice them lengthwise and fry them, or cut them in round slices and fry in deep fat. I cut them and put lemon juice and syrup on them and bake them for desert. Taste something like Brown-Betty that way. I use them all kinds of ways. - Because we have them. There is also another root we eat. This is the root of a plant like an Elephant-Ear plant. It is like a bulb and grows very large. I boil this and then mash it and put butter with it and try to make ourselves think it is mashed potatoes. We have NO potatoes, or turnips, or celery, or carrots or any of those things we are used to, nor fruits, no apples, peaches, cherries, grapes or anything like we have in the States. For fruit we have pine apples, papaias and bananas.

We raise hogs for our own use so from time to time have fresh pork. We also have chickens. Outside that we have all wild meat, birds and animals. The other day we had a roast of the hind quarter of a Sachivaca. Vaca means cow, but this creature is what North America calls a Tapir. They are large, much like a cow in size. This was a very young one, a Sachivaca calf really and it was a most delicious roast. We have all lived and the Indians always eat them when they can get them so I take it they are good for food. The Sachivacas do a great deal of harm to our corn fields. They do not seem to eat the corn but they walk thru and leave a wide mashed path.

We raise corn and it grows very well. Had roasting ears day before yesterday. We raise rice and cotton. Have never had a successful rice crop yet. That is not a real success. But hope for one this year. This is the first we have ever planted cotton and it will not be ready to pick until next spring. Everything is an experiment here.

We get our clothing from Montgomery and Ward or have it sent in from Lima. The mail comes every two weeks from Lima and we have things sent in that way. The sun in here ruins our clothing pretty quickly. We sweat constantly and that is hard on clothing. We must wear them out washing them.

No indeed we don't save drafts until we come home. We send them to Lima and have them cashed and used to buy things for us there.

Now I wonder if you are going to get this before Christmas. I believe you should and we wish you all a Merry Merry Christmas. Christmas is such a happy happy time at home and we know you are having a fine good time. We wish everyone of you much joy and happiness for this Season. We will do our best to make a Christmas here. Don't just know what it will be like but will tell of it after we have had it. Again Much much joy to all of you and greetings to all who ask about us.

We are well and David is growing and is as sweet as can be. Is trying to cut his 6th tooth and is having a little difficulty with it but it will be thru in a day or so more I think.

Love to all from all us Ruth, Ross and David.

Cahuyapanas,  
Via Pto. Bernudez  
and Lima, Peru,  
South America,  
December 26th, 1928.

Dear Folks: -

Maybe you will be interested in knowing how Christmas day was spent at Cahuyapanas in the Jungle.

We told the Indians at Sunday School that they were all invited to our house for Christmas dinner and that their part was to go the woods on Monday the day before Christmas and hunt, so they did and brought in wild things which Ross and Tom cleaned and I cooked.

Before we had breakfast Christmas morning we saw the canoe coming down the river bringing Pashoo and his family. They all arrived in good time. Every one was here. We invited Roth and he also came down river in his canoe, and Laucus came up river in his.

After breakfast we made a fire under the two big butchering kettles outside and in one cooked beans with meat in them and in the other we cooked Yuca. Such a lot of beans, but yum yum they were good after adding some onion and spice, and Tom stirred them with a shovel.

In the house we cooked rice and served it with the broth from the birds. It was good. The day before I baked 66 biscuits and all the week before I had baked Christmas cookies. Ross made a set of fancy cutters for them, and we had stars and hearts and moons and different pretty shapes and we had sent to Lima for colored sugar, and it came those tiny tiny sugar balls white and red mixed and they made lovely decorations. Frosting does not stay on very well here, so I sprinkled and decorated the cookies before baking them and they came out just beautiful, the sugar did not melt or change color. The Indians thought they were wonderful.

We served Christmas dinner to 37. Had them line up and pass thru the kitchen and on out past the kettles and we served them cafeteria style. How they did eat, and we refilled their plates. Beans, yuca, platanos, rice with broth, and meat, biscuits, and cakes. They thought it glorious.

After dinner we had them all come into the Dining room for the Christmas Tree. CHRISTMAS TREE? Ofcourse. There are NO pine trees here, but we have a tree that looks like one but the leaves are like a fern leaf and not durable like a pine, but the boys cut it at noon on Monday and we planted it in a box of wet earth and it stayed beautifully. It was large and shaped nicely and we decorated it with everything imaginable. I have been saving in a box everything I thought would do for trimming for months, so had beads, ribbons, buttons, pieces of bright goods and tinfoil and lots of little bright things. The tree looked beautiful and exceedingly Christmasy.

We had presents for everyone. It was a big shopping list. We had Charlie buy us things in Lima when he went out. We have 13 men on the place who wear civilization clothing so we gave each one of them a shirt. To the women and children who wear that kind of clothing we gave material for dresses. 10 dresses. To the others who wear the Indian garb we gave beads, spoons, dolls, mouth organs, red handkerchiefs, combs, soap. The dolls and mouth organs and handkerchiefs came out to us in a box from home and the beads were some sent from New York, so it just left the spoons and shirts and dress goods to actually buy but we think it will pay big dividends and are letting it take the place of sending Christmas gifts home.

The Indians saw deeper into it than you would probably think. They saw there was no scheme to gain from them. They expressed great gratitude

for what we were doing for them. In a way they were greatly mistaken because the whole plan was to 'gain from them' and we believe the Christmas doings of yesterday will be the means of winning some souls for Christ.

Most of the Indians have never seen anything like this. One Indian, with a wife and 5 children, talked to me just before leaving in his canoe for their own camp-fire a little way up the river, and he said he had never seen anything like this. He said he had seen celebrations in the mountain towns but there he said he had to pay for each thing. But he said that to be given things is a new thing to them. He is one of the very few who have ever been outside their own section. He could not thank us enough for all we did for them, and we explained that it is not because we are rich that we give to them but it is to commemorate the gift God, who made the Sun that they have always thought was the highest Power, gave to the world. And then reminded him and the others again of the Sunday School lessons about God giving His Son to save the people of the world. And so we GIVE in memory of God's gift.

It all impressed them more deeply than you would expect an Indian to be impressed. And while they think there was no scheme in it to gain from them as all the other whites they have dealt with have done, yet that is just what it was all for. It was a way of laying the net to draw in a cargo of precious Indian souls to lay at the feet of Jesus.

This same Indian with the family has lived at different places along the river before coming here and yesterday he said 'they do not treat the people like this anywhere else. They are beaten. Some places they send them to work at the point of a gun. We are happy here and we want to stay with you. We want you to teach our children.' It was a long announcement for an Indian. He said it all in Spanish, as he has worked for Spanish speaking people for years. We had given the littlest girl a doll and then he wanted to buy a doll for the next smallest as she is a baby too but we told them there were no more to give or sell but that sometime we would have more and then each little girl should have one. How they loved those dolls. Had never had a doll, but you should have seen those four little girls in the different families with their babies. They managed to get some rag or article of clothing from someone in the family and the doll, tho dressed, was wrapped and cradled in their tiny brown arms. They loved them and petted them and the other little girls just a little larger looked absolutely hungry for dolls and I did so want to give to all of them and I am going to manage it somehow to have a doll for every little girl on the place. With our next Montgomery Ward order I am going to send for dolls whether or no. I can send for a little Spinach less. That way they come in thru Iquitos and the duty is not so much and the dolls themselves don't cost very much and it will be worth a good deal to see these little Indian girls with the happiness a doll gives them. They have the same little mothering hearts that all children everywhere have I find. And I believe that the mothering of pretty dolls will do something in them to make better mothers of them when they are grown than these women here are. Child Psychology teaches that even little boys should be given dolls to play with. And certainly the womanhood and manhood of these Children will be different if they can be given the influence now that makes for improvement in the grown person.

It is the rainy season now and it simply POURS most every day but Christmas day was a glorious sunshiny day and it had been dry the day before so it was nice and dry about the place. We have not had a dry day since nor had we had for some time before. It seemed the day was especially prepared.

We had taken practically everything out of the diningroom but just the tree and the Indians all came in and sat on the floor as they always sit

and the room was almost solid from the walls to the tree with Indians. What a sight it was. They had never even imagined anything so lovely as that tree. Some of the presents were on the tree and some under it and all wrapped except the dolls and beads and things on the tree. Ross called their names and they each got up and tho there was not much room to walk he managed to get his present. Before starting to give the things to them, we took the Bible and explained again why we were doing it, and we told them of Jesus, and God's gift for us, in the top of the tree we had a bright tin foil star with the picture of Jesus we had cut from the text calander front, and told them that without HIM we would have no Christmas, no joy, nothing. That all this beauty and fun and happiness is because of Jesus. Had it not been for Him we would never have left our happy homes with our people and come down here, but Jesus said He wanted these Indians to know about Himself and so we came to tell them. And that it is ALL because of Jesus. Then sitting there on the floor they all folded their hands, closed their eyes and bowed their heads like we do in Sunday School and we had a Christmas prayer, oh what a lot these was to be thankful for at that moment.

After they all had their gifts Ross brought out a stack of Pirate hats he had made of newspaper and put one on the head of each child and Tom brought a basket of 23 bean bags I had made of all kinds of colored patches and threw them into the crowd and what fun followed. Bean bags everywhere, the room was full of them. David was right in it having a glorious time. Nothing frightens him, I watched so that they would not hit his face. They shouted and laughed and had a fine time. They take up anything we set the example for. How careful we must be of our living before them, which means all the time, as you never know when one is peering at you.

After this we gave them lemonade made of lemons from our place and sweetened with cane syrup we make from our own cane and with that the day finished and they went to their own Camp fires happy and dazzled with what they had experienced. All these 37 live right here and are our people but one, the hermit Roth, the one we had a birthday cake for on the 14th of December, the first birthday celebration he had ever had.

David's toys were the most marvelous things the Indians had ever seen We showed them to them and David would shake and squeeze and twist things to get the music and toots and squeeks out of them and they were delighted. There was a rubber ball with a face on it and when you squeeze it it sticks out its tongue and the Indians nearly went into hysterics as the baby worked it. He is one year and 19 days old and his little baby ways amuse the Indians more than anything on the place. We trust his life shall always be the blessing it is being now.

As you pray pray for the success of the Sunday School. Every Sunday morning nearly all of these Indians come for Sunday School and we teach them a little bit of the Gospel. We give them just a very little each Sunday, but explain that little bit in different ways and over and over and review each time and now they answer the questions and really know what they have been told as far as we have gone. It is encouraging.

And pray too about the Day School which we will open as soon as we can get things prepared for it. We have the Palm Wood house built with money that was sent as a gift for this purpose, and now we are preparing to make seats and desks and school furnishings to equip the place for regular day school. We do not have the funds for all this but it is a need and all our needs have always been supplied so money will come from somewhere that we can use for this purpose so we are going right ahead with it.

Some say that the School is only a means to reach the younger gen-

eration, but not so, these children will learn to read and will learn the things we teach them and they are going to get lots of Bible, we are not under Government restrictions. This will be a private school and all on our own and the Government can't say anything about it, and we are going to teach them the GOSPEL and use reading, writing and arithmetic to balance the diet. And these children will naturally go home and tell their folks everything they have heard and learned and that way we will get the parents informed also. We believe this. So just pray about this Day School, that we will have everything we need for running it, that we will have the added strength for this added work, that we will have the wisdom for teaching this people, and the patience, and endurance. God can give us all this in answer to prayer.

We are well. I always feel like saying this in a hushed voice because it is so evident that we are only kept that way thru the health imparted to us from the Giver of Life. Other people here are NOT well. They go about, many of them, with their lives half sapped out by the Malaria Fever. Others suffer all kinds of troubles because of the lack of fruit and vegetables, and from eating only the few kinds of foods they get here.

Ofcourse we send to Montgomery Ward for canned fruits and Vegetables and that helps, but we have no fresh or green vegetables whatever, and no fruit but pineapples in their season, bananas and papaias, and we buy oranges from down river in season, but that is only a small part of the year. So it is far from natural to be well, and yet we are. We have been here more than seven months and have not been sick. The daily physical touch of our Lord is very real to us.

We pray God's blessing for you and yours,

Sincerely

P. S.

We received the letter written in chunks and think it was a great idea. How we did enjoy that letter, a little from each one and it is fine. That surely was a great celebration and what a good time you all had.

And Ivon we received the \$1.00 for the Babe and he says many thanks, at least I guess that is what he says, because he says something about it.

I don't know if we had sent one of these pictures of him or not.

Love to everyone and best wishes. I know you have all had a Wonderful Christmas. That is always such a happy time at home.

Truly

Jose, Ruth & David.

Cahuapanas,  
Via Pto. Bermudez and Lima,  
Peru, South America.  
January 31st, 1929.

Dear Folks:

Our calander says May, however, instead of January. Think of it, we have no calander for 1929, so find that May begins on Tuesday in 1928 and January would have to begin on Tuesday as the last day of December 1929 is on Monday, so we have gone clear thru January using May 1928 as a guide and will go into February on June 1928. But we are in the Jungle and the grocery here does not give calanders because there is no grocery here. Not a grocery within 300 miles. So if you have an extra calander around do please stick it in an enveloping cover and send it to us, less we get hopelessly lost.

We are in the rainy season and it simply pours day after day and night after night. Last night it seemed there were a succession of cloud bursts over our house. I think we would have beaten to the ground if we had been out in it. And the lightning was so bright and so constant that it seemed the house was in flames. How it poured. It was not conducive to sleep. And anyway just before going to bed I had finished the book I was reading, The History of the Conquest of Peru by Prescott and it is an awful thing to read in the Jungle. I would advise anyone else not to do it, but I did not think it was going to be so bad when I started it and once started you just cannot leave it and I was anxious to know the history so I went thru it. But it gets you when you are out here among the indians. It is so full of battles, and beheadings and drawings and quarterings and burnings and everything that goes with that kind of a conquest that it makes you shiver.

But I am glad I read it, it is most interesting. Now I am going to read it in Spanish.

Prescott's History was ofcourse all taken from the Spanish records, and the Spanish notes with it are interesting.

Did you read the Bridge of San Luis Rey when it was running in the Mansfield News? We have it in Book form. One of the Methodist nurses at the Hospital in Lima sent it to us and we have both read it. It is very interesting. Ross read it all in one day. Can't stop once you start it, and yet I cannot see that it would be so interesting to anyone not knowing Peru, but its popularity proves that it is. Now Ross is reading Vagabonding down the Andes. I will read it when he has finished.

Our reading time is very limited with the multitude of duties we have here but we manage some reading.

We had a rather severe blow last week. When the mail launch came up river it brought a telegram, rather a radiogram for Tom Willey the single missionary here with us to come home at once. His father is in a serious condition and it seems the sister, the only other child insisted that he return. So he went. The missionary call sits more lightly on some missionaries than on others. He was not Alliance, but from a denomination sent out by the Alliance. He felt his call home more urgent than his work here. It has left us in a serious plight. Only one man on the Jungle station, and this the rainy season. Last rainy season there were 3 men here and then there were only a handful of indians. Now there is such a lot of indians here all to be looked after and kept busy. It is indeed a big task for one man. Ross is excellent in the position he holds here, but whether physically he will be able to handle this proposition or not I do not know. There is so much that the indians cannot do and he must do it, being alone. I cannot help him much with his work. It is so decidedly a man's job, handling the Indians and the crops and all. My part of the business here keeps me busy anyway.

We expect a new couple from the States in the spring and our earliest relief seems to be in them. We sincerely trust that they will come. Ofcourse they will not have the language but can do a great deal to help and we can handle the teaching and the Spanish work.

David is going all over the house with a bunch of his Dad's keys thinking he is locking all the doors and drawers and everything that looks as tho it could be locked even tho he cannot reach the keyholes. He is a darling boy and we love him. Is finishing his 13th month and is adorable like boys are at that age. His hair stays golden and curly and his eyes blue like the sea. Really he is lovely to us at lease and there is no baby in the Jungle to make a comparison so we go on thinking he must be the finest in the world.

Ross has cotton and rice growing nicely. He has never had any experience with the one or the other so it is all new to him but by this time next year he will be experienced.

Our big Pichis, (pronounced as tho it were Pechis. Long 'e' and at the end a soft 'i',) River is rising and dropping several times a day in this the rainy season. It makes it difficult with the launch as Ross has to keep lengthening and shortening the cabel that ties it so that it will not get left up on the bank as the river falls and that the current will not catch it when it river is high. It is quite a responsibility looking after it and he cannot trust it to the indians.

I am making a copy of this for Golda and one for Dess. We had a letter from each of them on the last mail. And a New Years card from Ivon and Bertha. Thanks everybody we are always so glad for letters and cards. We hope you are all well and happy.

Thanks Golda for your thought about a little artificial Christmas tree. Just as well you did not send it. David has one. Ross got it for him last year for his first Christmas, when he was 19 days old and we brought it in with us and trimmed it for him this year again.

We sent to Lima and got toys for him and he had a regular Christmas. Seemed to think it was great. Had an elephant that rolls on a pink ball. And black and blue and white plush duck that quacks; a horn that has a bell on the end of it. A music box, a little gray horse, a rooster, a mouth organ that he plays (very nicely), and quite a number of other things.

You all mention that you suppose he had a cake and candle for his birthday and he did. Had his pictures taken but have not gotten them back from Lima as yet. Most of them are not good. We are planning to get a new Kodak because it is a shame not to get good pictures in this country. We think we can get one in Lima. It would be awfully expensive to get one thru customs if we had one sent out. We have written to Lima about one. If we get one we can send you some good pictures. Pictures mean so much to us that we think they must mean a lot to folks at home also.

We felt an earth quake here about the time Chili was shaken so it may have been the same one but we are hundreds and hundreds of miles from the part that was destroyed. We have felt two since being in here, but both of them slight.

No Golda we are not going into Vaca's country. When the rainy season our big indian Miguel is going with a number of the other indians up to Vaca's country. They do not want the white man to come, so it is more diplomatic to stay away for the present and just send the indians. They invited Miguel to come back but with Campas only. So he is going that way.

We send you all love.

Truly, Ruth, Ross, and David.

Cahuapana,   
Via Pto. Bermudez   
and Lima, Peru,   
South America.   
March 18th, 1929.

Dear Folks:

You are getting ready to say goodbye to winter and we are in the midst of hot weather. It is always hot here, and sometimes it is hotter. Right now it POURING rain and doing it in great style, along with thunder and wind.

Ross just finished putting a spouting on the back of the house. He has been soldering for a couple of days getting the spouting ready. He sent 1000 miles for the material. Clear to Iquitos which is the nearest place we have to send for it.

Last week he finished his cistern. A fine big cistern all cemented and now we will have a good water supply. We have always had to carry the water so far for every thing. There are so many things to do at a new place.

He is having the Indians take out stumps and take away logs. You see such a short time ago this was all solid forest and the stumps stand around in armies. But now they are beginning to rot some and can be taken out. We want the place clean and clear and open. It is beginning to look pretty nice.

We got your pretty Christmas Card and also the one from 'Pete'. Pete what are you doing with yourself. Attending Board meetings I suppose. Tell Ivon and Bertha we received their nice letter of December 27th and appreciate it very much. Tell them by all means to send us their picture as they mentioned. It will get here alright. Everything comes thru fine, and we will be awfully glad to see them. Wish you would get out your Kodak and take pictures of all of you, we would enjoy seeing pictures of you all and every one just immensely. Please have yourselves taken.

Give Ivon the enclosed stamps please. He says he has a 2¢ stamp but there are two kinds of 2¢ stamps and he probably has only the one kind. This Tacna y Arica stamp has to go on all mail inside Peru., along with a 10¢ stamp, but to go outside the country just the 10¢. It is a special tax here. We will save all the odd stamps we get from time to time for him.

It seems our time is full up every minute. We are alone now, just Ross and the Baby and myself. Have been for two months and will be for some time to come I guess so we have plenty to do. Our letter writing time is limited but you understand that because you are all busy too. Tell Ivon and Bertha we will answer their next letter direct. We always like to get letters.

Had a good Class with the Indians Sunday. They never fail to come and they come early. Started Sundayschool at 7:35 in the morning and they were all here waiting a while before that. Folks that do like that really want to learn don't they. And they are learning. They answer the questions very well and it shows they really understand what they are being taught. They sing 3 songs quite nicely now and love to sing. They sing " Cristo el Salvador me salva ya." (Christ the Saviour saves me now.)

We send you all love. We are all well and happy. Lovingly

*Ross*  
*D. A. Ruff*

Cahuapanas,  
Via Pto. Bermudez  
and Lima, Peru, S.A.  
April 15th, 1929.

Dearest Folks:

Your letters came and with them news about all of you and we are glad you are well.

Also each letter contained a draft that arrived in perfect condition and are most welcome. Thank you so very much. It touched a very tender place in our hearts to have you remember us with part of your very first pay and we appreciate it more than we can say, the money and the love back of it.

What school are you in, or do you have different schools to look after?

We saw the article in the paper about us and with the picture in it. So many many people write us and say they have read the article Mr. G. F. Stull had put in the paper. It is such a good idea for so many become interested that way.

Ross wants me to enclose the 'Pioneer Advance' that has a little article in also. This is a new sheet that is being put out along with the Alliance Weekly that is printed weekly by the Alliance we are under.

We had a letter also from Golda in this mail but I don't think I will get it answered this time. I do not really see just how the week slipped away but I am late starting my letters and the mail launch will come today or tomorrow at the latest I think.

David is having his morning sleep. Yes he is dear to us. He and Ross get on the day bed when they both get in the house at the same time and have a big romp and talk. David imitates the mother cow and the baby calf. Ross taught him by putting his hands over his mouth and making a sound like the little calf so now David puts his little hands over his mouth and does it too. When we ask him how the launch goes he says 'm m m m m' and that is how the launch whistle sounds. Our dog is named Laddie and David always wants to save part of his meal for Laddie and goes to the door with it when we put him down from his chair and calls 'La-e La-e La-e' with his tongue going so fast and it sounds very much like 'Laddie Laddie'. Last night Ross and I were out with him at his sand pile and he played out until 25 minutes past 7. I know that is not according to rules but he loves so to play out.

Ross is butchering an immense hog this morning. Has a big Indian and two Indian boys helping. We provide our own lard and meat this way. My part is to make the sausage. I fry it all down and put it in tin cans with lard over it. We will have the ribs and back bone roasted fresh. They are always so good. Oh that we only had a potato or two to roast with it. When we see potatoes again I suppose we will just eat and eat. We get hungry for the things we are used to and can't raise here. They simply will not grow.

We had a very fine Sunday School yesterday. The Indians are learning and they answer questions very well. They are getting the Gospel and you would really be surprised to know how much they grasp. The two boys we keep here by the house have two little brothers who stay with the father at his place back in the woods and once in a while the two little brothers come and stay alight with the bigger boys and when they come the bigger boys tell them

all over again about what we have told them in the Sunday school class. They want the little boys to understand and they ofcourse feel they have understood much more than the little things and then it is up to them to tell it to them until they know it too. It is very interesting to see the interest they take. They want to know and it makes us very happy to give our time to tell them of the good news we know from the Gospel.

Well really I dare not write any more now.

We are all well. Ross was sick for about 3 weeks. It worried us dreadfully and he suffered a great deal. Something wrong with his stomach. Some lackin the diet I suppose, or something was not just right in what we did eat. You can never tell what does cause upsets out here, but he is must better now and we think he will be alright. It is awful to be even a little bit sick here, so far away from any help. But we think he is over his trouble now.

We trust you are all well now.

Thanks again so much for your gifts.

Lovingly yours,

Ross, David & Ruth

Cahuapanas,  
Via Pto. Bermudez  
and Lima, Peru, S.A.  
May 13th, 1929.

Dear Folks:

Your letters of March 19th came on this mail and with them the draft from Mrs. Pilgrim. How very nice of her to send it. I am writing her on this mail to thank her also as she must be interested if she sent money and would probably would like a nice letter about our work here.

Indeed it is sad about Clara Stull. The family will certainly miss her.

Well we had very good news by telegram and then by a letter that followed that a couple is on the way to help us here in the Jungle. It is terrible to be here alone and to know someone is coming is joyful news.

They will arrive here one week from yesterday and we are rushing around getting ready for them. They have a little girl one year and 4 months older than David and it will be very nice for David to have someone to play with. However it may be a little hard on the little girl for a while until we can get David broken in to associating with an American child as he has never played with anyone but Indians and dogs, and he given them rather rough treatment.

I have not seen another white woman for just about one year and you may know how delighted I will be to have them here.

We will all live in the same house. There is no other house here. We will go on fine I know and it will be so nice to have someone.

Today Ross is working on an 'aparatus' to make a shower bath for us. It is so hot here that a shower bath will be so nice. Our new cistern that he made furnishes us with lots of nice soft water.

David is busy from morning till night running and playing and trying to get someone to take him out of doors. He loves to play out. I had him out this morning and he played in the gravel pile and the little water trench around one of the pillars under the house, dipping out water and putting it into a can. He loves to play in water. I guess all children do. I always did.

We have 7 tiny puppies and they are the prettiest little things. David picks them up by a hand full of flesh anywhere he happens to get hold of them and they don't seem to care. He is not afraid of anything.

We send you all love. We are well and getting on fine.  
Lovingly

Paul, Ross & David.

I am sending the original of this to Bertha and a copy to Dessa.  
David's hair is getting darker all the time so am sending a sample  
of what it is now. Guess when we get

Cahuapanas,

Via Pto. Bermudez  
and Lima, Peru, S.A.

July 11th, 1929.

me it will be dark.  
You see a corner of our house back of  
David. The only frame house in miles and  
miles. Note the Indians in the canoe have had their hair cut and are wearing shirts

Dear Folks: and pants. The two in front still wear their crowns tho.

This morning we were at the breakfast table when some indians  
came hurrying up to the door and said "Hemos matado una Sachavaca allá  
en la quebrada. Quiere Uds. verla?" We told them that we did. It was  
this that they had killed a Sachavaca in the ravine back of us and they  
wanted to know if we would like to see it before they cut it up. Ofcourse  
we did want to. Ross had seen one close up but I never had so was anxious  
to see it. Mrs. Steiner and I went leaving the babies with their fathers.  
We walked and walked back thru the woods. We crossed two streams on thin  
tree trunks for bridges. On and on we went and finally came to the place  
where they had the Sachavaca. If you look in your geography or your  
dictionary for Tapir then you have the picture of a Sachavaca for it is  
exactly that. This is the indian name for it and it means 'wild cow'.  
They are very hard to kill. The head is armoured and no amount of shooting  
it in the head will kill it. Ross met one one day and was only a number  
of rods away from it and shot it three times in the head with a rifle and  
it just trotted off and he was so dazed at it going off like this after  
being successfully shot, as he thought, that he lost the thing after all.  
The indians tell us you can only kill them by shooting them in the ribs.  
Every other part of the body is protected with a heavy coating of bricket  
and bullets lose their effect. The meat is very good. Quite like  
beef. We had steak for dinner. And a swiss steak is in the over  
for tomorrow dinner. There is a joint cooking for soup and there is  
a pot roast. We do not get meat every day and sometimes not every week  
so when we get it we make good use of it. We are too busy sometimes  
to go hunting and sometimes the Indians have no success and other times  
are not inclined to hunt.

We have only had real beef once in more than a year. It  
simply does not exist here. We have some cows but it is so hard to  
get them that we dare not kill them to eat. They are precious. A  
lovely big brown cow, the only one giving milk, died a week ago, now  
her little calf which would have grown into a milk cow has died also.  
Losses like this are hard on us because of it being so hard to replenish  
our stock. A cow must be bought days and days away from here and  
brought here in a canoe. Now think of transporting a cow in a canoe  
and you will see why we feel it a great deal when we lose a cow.

We like deer better than Sachavaca. Ross has killed 4 deer  
in that many weeks. This meat is delicious. We have a prize dog  
for hunting. We brought him in from Lima with us more than a year ago  
when he was a pup. He is part police. His mother is one of the most  
beautiful high spirited police dogs I have ever seen. He is a hunter.  
He goes into the forest and hunts a deer and brings it to the river above  
the house and makes it swim. Then he follows it into the water and  
brings it right down past the house and Ross shoots it. Laddie has  
brought all 4 of these out this way, and 3 more, 2 of which were shot  
by the Indians and brought in and the 7th was shot in the water and it  
sank and they lost it. We consider him a worth while dog. And Ross  
is a crack shot, so we have meat as a result.

One day Laddie got so excited following the deer in the water

and he got so close to it that he climbed right on its back and kept yelping every little bit when he could no longer restrain his excitement.

So much for the animal life now a bit about the Indians. We have started a day school for them. The Gospel will never be printed in the Campa tongue, nor in the Amuexa tongue, so the only way they will ever be able to read the Bible will be to teach them Spanish. Every Indian wants to learn Spanish as every contact they have with anyone outside their own tribe requires speaking in Spanish as that is the language of the country. We are doing them a service when we teach them Spanish. Many of the Indians speak some Spanish, but none of them can write or read. They don't know 'a' from 'b' or '1' from '2'. If we tell them that 2 and 2 are half a dozen or that 'cat' spells elephant they will believe it.

While we started the Mission here to work among the Indians of the Campa tribe we find we have about half and half Campas and Amuexas. The Amuexas are another tribe of Indians very different in some ways and quite like the Campas in others. Amuexa is pronounced as tho it were spelled 'a mu a sha'. Long 'A' where the accent falls. The other two a-s are like the 'a' in 'father'.

The Amuexa Indians fear the Campas. They know them to be fierce killers and much to be feared. But coming here to the Station they have no fear and as they believe that the fact that we are here makes even tribal customs different. For the benefit of the teaching they receive and the contact which works to their good they are willing to lay aside even some of their beliefs.

We can not start teaching all of them A B C and to spell and so on, but first some of them have to be taught to talk and understand Spanish and then reading and writing it will come later, so you see how very difficult school work is made. Nevertheless they will learn. They want to learn.

And the Sunday School is the crowning of all. They sing 6 Sunday School songs now and do it nicely. Campa Indians painted and wearing feathers and forest ornaments of many kinds sitting here singing Gospel songs. A year ago some of them had never heard the name of Jesus. Some had never seen a white man or woman.

They sit and listen to the Gospel and make strange exclamations of surprise and grief and delight as the things are told to them.

We have to go slowly with the teaching because they know absolutely nothing to start with. Even the primary teaching is advance work for them. We just tell them a little and then go over and over it to make them understand. But then they do understand and bit by bit they will know. Some do know now.

They are so wild. So very much the children of the Forest. But they were included with those for whom the Sacrifice at Calvary was made and the Holy Spirit is able to make known to them the Christ who died for their Salvation. It is a glorious thing to tell them this fact and to watch the Holy Spirit reveal the truth of it to them. We count on the salvation of many Indian souls because the Gospel is being taught.

We are well and very happy in our work.

*Ruth, Pozo + David*

Cahuapanas, via  
Pto. Bermudez y  
Lima, Peru, S. America.  
August 16th, 1929.

Dear Folks:

I am making a carbon of this for Willard, and Attica. Maybe you won't thank me for copies, but if it is not a copy it can't be anything this time as there seems to be a rush on in the Jungle and we are desperately busy. We are always busy and sometimes busier.

The adorable picture of little Zoe came and I want to grab her off that chair and hug her. How sweet she is.

Received the letters this mail from Renna and Ethel and the ones from Ivon and Bertha. Good letters all and we are so glad for letters from the family. Happy that you are all well and that everything goes well with all of you.

We could give the kiddies in the family a treat now if they were here. We have a dear baby in our chicken yard. That is a baby deer. A real live baby deer. Laddie and Fido and Pansy went hunting, they are our three best hunters, dogs all, and they brought the little deer out to the river and the two Indian boys we have here at the house took their gun and went but when they found it was a baby they did not shoot but took it alive. It was not hurt only its ears a little where the dogs kept grabbing it. They carried it up to the house in their arms and it screamed like a child, 'mah, mah, mah' for all the world like David calls me. It is just as pretty as can be. Still wild but we think it will tame, because the deers do get tame when you have them awhile and follow you about like a domestic animal you make a pet of.

Hunting is a splendid diversion here. Just a few days after we got the baby deer the dogs were barking in the woods which means they are bringing some animal to the river. We never know what it will be. This time it was a big deer. Maybe the father of the baby deer. The dogs brought it out on our side of the river and it started to swim for the other side. Roscoe and the boys got in a canoe and went across just after it landed they landed and Roscoe shot and hit it but did not kill it and it jumped back into the river. The Indians had stayed in the canoe and followed it out into the water. One of the dogs was right with it, grabbing it every minute and keeping it worried. I was in front of the house watching the whole performance thru the field glasses. David got just as excited as I did and was shouting everything I was shouting to the boys and to Ross. We just have a great time when there is a chase on. They have lost two deer by shooting them after they were in the water. They sink so quickly and do not come up for 2 1/2 hours, and sometimes they are carried away by the under current and we never see them again. So they did not shoot again, but the dogs brought it right to the canoe and the one Indian grabbed its hind legs and the other put a 'bijuca' (which is a vine that is like a rope) around its neck and got it into the canoe. This vine is the Indian's rope and he always has some of it in his canoe. It is used generally in all these forest parts just as we would use rope at home. Costs nothing and serves very well. Well we had fried steak for supper, swiss steak for the next day dinner, and a pot roast for the next day. I have eaten deer meat brought down from Canada, but never anything that tasted so good as this. Maybe because we do not have much meat and what we get is a treat, but anyway it is very good.

Ethel you say you often wonder how we do our work and what we have to do with. Well we have much more to do with than many missionaries. I suppose there is not another mission station that is quite so hard to get to. And certainly there is no other station any 'newer'. Three years ago this place was a spot of dense Jungle forest and what we have cleared away and built here is the only clearing and the only buildings of any kind within miles and miles and miles. And yet we have a great deal to do with and in a way have

things quite nice. Much sacrifice and denial is necessary on the Mission field but some missionaries think they should do without just as much as they can do without, even to the extent of suffering where it is not necessary absolutely.

I believe we will not receive any reward whatever in this world or in Heaven for doing without things we can have if they do not cause other branches of the work to suffer, so when we can supply ourselves with a shower bath and a perfectly screened house, and a pump to draw water from a cement cistern, why we have those things. And we have them. Roscoe is mechanical down to his toes and we find he also is an iron worker, a tin worker, a cement worker and several other things and what we do not have or cannot get why he makes. Many of the convenient things we have to make life less of a drugery we have simply because we have the will and the practical and common sense to make them. This is not to say we live in luxury. We don't. For several months we were out of flour. Not because we had not ordered

in time but because there was none on the market. We buy from Iquitos which is on the Amizon River and there is no national flour in that part of the country. They get it from the U.S.A. and wait until it comes. This time what came was claimed by the bakers there and there was none for sale. Can you think of doing without FLOUR for 3 months? The sugar we have now is about one tenth part, dirt. The dirt being sand, bits of wood and flies and little bees. It must be reduced to liquid and strained before we can use it. These things do not make life more pleasant but we can stand them. These things we cannot avoid but there are certain things we can avoid and those we do avoid. We have a regular wood stove that is a marvel to those who see it. It is the only stove in hundreds of miles.

Everyone cooks on an open fire, the smoke from which nearly burns out their eyes. We have brought in cooking utensils and dishes and iron beds at a great expense, but the expense is not too much compared with the comfort these things give us. We send to Montgomery Ward for canned fruit and vegetables which come to us very high, but we have to have them. We also buy sugar from them for David. We could give dirty sugar to a baby when money can bring us decent food. So while it takes our allowance a merry chase to supply necessities we think it is well spent. David is well and robust and that is worth everything. There is much he misses and much we cannot give him, but we mean to give him everything we can, and we do. So you see more or less how we live. We live the greater part of our time within the walls of our bungalow. The gnats devour us when we step outside and the misery is more than can be born. When we go out, it means long sleeves, a cape of mosquito net, citronella oil, and a fan and with these you have more or less a degree of comfort. Only that is a blade of grass touches you you will have a hundred or more tiny insects which are invisible to the naked eye on you and they bite a bite that itches worse than anything you can think of. We must go out a great deal in our work with the Indians, but when it is not necessary our choice is to stay inside.

You ask if there are other missionaries near. Just now a couple have come to be with us here on this station, but until they came it had been just about exactly one year since I had seen a white woman, missionary or otherwise. We see only Indians. We are hundreds of miles of the most dreadful kind of traveling from any other white people. While we would about go wild with joy at the chance to visit with you folks or other civilized Christians, yet we cannot say we get lonely for people. We are so busy with our work. There are so many lines of service. So many things required to carry on a new big work like this. So many matters to settle, and problems to solve.

I am sure Helen Mae was darling as the pink rose bud. It will be a treat to us just to look at the little folks in the family when we get home.

You see living on a river and having the launch David really has to know something about being a sailor, therefore the enclosed pictures. I will put the one for Golda and Ivon in with the one home as they will read the letter that goes to them I suppose. Have run out of thin paper and three copies is all my machine will make. These are all taken right in front of our house. You will have the 18 months picture before you get this as I sent the film to my Mother and she will give it to you. It takes so long to get our negatives, send them back to Lima, get the prints back and then send them out again to be mailed to you. Sending the negative gets them to you about 2 months sooner.

Our dog Laddie is being nursed back to health just now. Day before yesterday he tried to conquer a small tiger and the tiger got the best of him. He has 4 nasty holes in his head and neck. Can't eat from his plate on the floor but it must be held up to him. It is hot inside but dare not let him out as the bats take advantage of the wounds and suck his blood and he cannot afford to lose any more. We are quite sure he will live tho. The first night we feared for him. My losing him would be a blow to us as he brings us most of the meat we ever get. He is the leader of the dogs that hunt. Without them we would have little game. Roscoe has little time to go into the woods to hunt, but the dogs bring the animals to the river or to the pasture back of the house and then all we need to do is to shoot them. So you see why we prize Laddie so greatly. The Indian that was hunting with Laddie saw the tiger and shot but did not get him. But as long as he saved Laddie's life that is better than even killing the tiger.

The letter to Mr. Headquarters: is funny. We saw it also in the Pathfinder that came in the same mail as your letter Ivon.

No Bertha you are mistaken. We do not get used to doing without potatoes. You just plant some extra hills for 1930 because we want them mashed, fried, baked and every way there is to fix them. Brought up on potatoes like Ohio people are you don't ever get used to doing without them. We have substitutes, but we want potatoes.

You say you are glad Ross was better. He was better and now is all-in again. It is the heat I guess. He has had three attacks of the same kind. Always when he has been out in the hot sun. It is so scorching hot and I think that is what makes him sick. It may not be that, but we have no way of knowing. It is a great disadvantage being so far from civilization. He is not real sick but is not well. Can't sleep well at night, and is miserable all the time. It bothers me awfully but we trust he will soon be well again. He says now that tough time cannot come too soon for him. When you are well you think you can stay indefinitely when you see the work growing and prospering and Indians coming and hearing the Gospel and being brought from darkness into the light and given a chance of Eternal Life. But when you are miserable and half sick then you feel it is time to get a change from Jungle heat, and hard work for a while.

David is beginning to talk and it is so interesting to us. Every day he surprises us with something new and we get a lot of fun and joy from it. He talks English and Spanish and Campa. We talk Spanish to the Indians and they talk more Campa and we talk that some also. The Indians love David and talk to him and he uses their words as well as Spanish. Last night in his sleep he said "Da me" which is "Give it to me" in Spanish. Was having a little dream I guess. He says "banana" just as plainly as you can say it. He loves them and eats lots of them. They are so good. We had a bunch of them as tall as Ross. Beautiful big bananas. I will trade you a whole bunch like this for 1 apple. He left the sand pile and came to the door the other day saying "burdy, burdy" I had never heard him say 'bird' but it was plain that was what he meant and I looked up to see if there was a bird, because there are so many about. But he walked to the door of the wash room and there were two tiny baby chicks there. Sure enough they were birdies. The mother hen had been killed right in our chicken yard the night before by a little tiger and the babies had been brought to the laundry to have personal attention.

A balsa just came down river bringing 5 Campa Indians on it. 3 of them had been here before and returned to their forest home and now have returned with two new ones who have wanted to see these wonderful things they told them of. We are glad for new Indians. It means that many more to hear the Gospel and have a chance of salvation. And more than two because they always tell others also. A balsa is a raft made of balsa logs. They are very light wood, like material used in making parts of aeroplanes. Excuse. That is the Spanish spelling of it, but you know what I mean, one of the little vehicles like 'Lindy' used. When an Indian does not have a canoe he makes a balsa by trying these logs together with vines.

Love to all. Stalls.

Cahuapenas,

Via Pto. Bermudez y Lima,

Peru, S. A.

March 16, 1933.

Dear Folks:

You doubtlessly think the Jungle has grown us under - and it would if we did not keep fighting it all the time. The trees we cut 8 months ago are now replaced by from three to five healthy young trees that have come up from the roots. This Jungle will probably never really be conquered, the vegetable growth is constant and abounding. The same ground that is beautifully cleaned of all growth, even the grass becomes a solid young forest again in three years. To keep it open the same ground must be cleared every three months. So you see we would grow under if we just sat still.

Just as we had begun to think that the air service was safe for the jungle down came three planes. Two of them fell in the forest destroying the planes completely and killing everyone in both planes. The third one came down on a stone island in the Palcasa river which empties into our river below us. The pilot and two passengers were safe. The Pilot Barrera is the second Air Chief in this section and he did a great work in landing his plane as he did. Another plane searching for him located him and saw the people were walking about so they returned each day for three days taking food and dropping it from the air, afraid to attempt a landing as the island is covered with good sized rocks. The fourth and fifth day the storms were so bad and the clouds so heavy that they could not locate them. The sixth day the Pilot arrived here at our place and asked the loan of our outboard motor and tools with which to take his plane apart. It was not badly wrecked but beyond use until extensive repairs can be made. With our motor he and a crew of helpers went up the branch river and dismantled the plane putting it on a raft they made of balsa logs and got it floating. This way they brought it down river and took it on down to the next air port for repairs. The motor came back to us O. K. A storm had caused the emergency landing out here. They have a very long trip from the Jungle landing field out over the Andes to the port on the otherside. This day Barrera got caught in a storm and fought the clouds for three hours trying to clear himself and make his way over the mountains but he finally knew he was going to run out of gas before he could reach the port and not caring to mash up on top of the mountains he followed the river searching for a possible landing place and was forced down on this stone island. He landed with one solid jolt and his plane stayed right there.

The war below us is making it difficult for us to get supplies and some things are just not to be had. The thing we miss most is sugar. It comes from the east and that river is the battle ground now so we just do without sugar. We dare not think of complaint however as we are still enjoying safety and the lack of supplies can be taken joyfully.

While I write Ross is outside where the cement shovels are busy. He has begun work on the new school room and is as busy as can be.

The indians have stayed right through the rainy season this year and we have from 50 to 70 under teaching every day. We have 16 meetings each week beside the constant contact with this number in the manual labor and the doctoring of the sick.

We are busy from morning till night. We would love to see you all and it is just as well we have no time to think too much about it.

Lovingly,

Walter & All.

Cahuapamas, Peru, South America.  
June 15, 1953.

Rushed to the Hospital from the Jungle.

When a child I had a certain nightmare in which a great need for speed was suppressed by a maddening slowness of motion, and 'rushing' anywhere from the Jungle is something like that.

Monday morning as I put on my sun hat to go out for my morning's work I gave thanks to God for the full vigor and health I felt in my body -- even after having been more than two years in the Jungle heat and service without a day of change. I felt easily equal to another year. The day was spent as all Mondays are spent with household duties, family activities, visiting with some indians and doctoring others, the noon meeting and the afternoon childrens' meeting, and finally sunset with bedtime stories, prayers and bed. In the night I suffered an acute attack of appendicitis. The following day was spent in agony which was relieved somewhat in the early hours of the night which was doubtlessly the time that the appendix ruptured.

Being in the Jungle we reckoned operations as impossible for us because of our isolation and the great distance from doctors and hospitals, and as we read of others needing and having operations we believed God would keep us from that need. But He woke us from that quiet restful believing to the startling experience of being delivered in the time of such a need. What a God is Ours! For what is He preparing us? May the violence and desperation of these times arouse us to the realization of the power of the mighty God we constantly limit by expecting so little of Him and by staying for so long a time on the same level of believing. My painful experience has acquainted me with a marvel working God to Whom an emergency is no surprise and with Whom -nothing- is impossible. I have quietly believed that for a long time but the way I believe it now is different.

We knew I must be taken to a hospital and my husband and Mr. Roffe began making a stretcher. Trinidad, our cook, began setting down buttons to make the little suits, in which David left the States two and a half years ago, long enough to cover him for the trip. There was no time for making new garments

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and in the Jungle we wear only the thinnest of summer clothing, while our trip out was to take us to the cold height of more than 16000 feet. Trunks we had not expected to open for another year were searched and enough woolen things were found to outfit the family - after a fashion, not 1933.

The outboard motor was put in the little boat and while a silent crowd of red men and families stood on the river's bank we started our slow trip up river leaving Mr. Roffe to continue the work of winning souls from heathenism. How God has blessed the ministry of His Word in the Jungle. The Sunday before we left the station ten more red men and women were baptized in testimony of their love for the Lord Jesus and their pledge to follow and serve Him. Mr. Stull managed the motor while I lay on the stretcher in the little boat which was only slightly wider than the stretcher itself. David, 5 1/2 years old and Marilyn 3, fit in along the edges and Trinidad went along to the end of the river journey to shake up klm and pass crackers, for the motor did not dare stop as every hour counted. In a time of extreme pain Marilyn asked me "Mother you crying?" I told her -- "No." Then "You happy?" I told her "yes". Then she assured me "You going to get well". Every condition was hopeless, but every heart was trusting. The heat was terrific and my face was burned deeply and painfully as I lay facing the sky, the only position I could take. My face was covered, but jungle sun meeting river water is not robbed of its power by coverings. Night came and our little craft was tied up at the river's edge where unbroken forest meets water, and where we passed the hours of darkness in the same little boat. It rained and as big drops splashed from the narrow covering onto Marilyn's face she covered her eyes with her two baby hands and tried to sleep. No one made a sound of complaint - for mother was still living. The night with the sounds from jungle beasts and falling rain finally wore away and with the first light of dawn we were on our way again, mingling our praises with the songs of early birds for we were a united family beginning a new day on earth, a day that would bring us nearer the help we so needed. The motor got hot and stopped as we were trying to force our way through an ugly whirlpool.

The three red men who were with us for just such an emergency skillfully paddled and polxed us to safety. At the river's edge the motor was again started. This same difficulty was experienced a number of times as the river was high and swift. During one such time as the anchor was dropped its chain wrapped around a snag at the bottom of the river and a few dangerous moments were experienced when the motor started us off and the anchor refused to release. While these experiences cause but little concern to those who are managing, they are a bit of a strain on a sick and helpless mother with the safety of two little children utmost in her mind, and yet a restful peace attended every hour of the journey.

In the afternoon of this second day a bearing loosened in the motor and it was rendered useless. We tied up at the river's edge in the burning sun and among swarming flies and waited while the three indians sought help. How long would we have to wait? No one knew and no one asked. An unearthly peace was among and in us. Trinidad waded through the mud up the bank and hung rain soaked blankets and clothing in the sun to dry. She broke dry branches from a fallen tree and making a fire cooked some rice and oatmeal, opened the sugar can, shook up some klm and we had a feast while each unoccupied hand fanned away the flies. Meal time was one time that I was no trouble as I took no food, had not taken any for days as it caused suffering too much to bear. After a while a large canoe, unexpected but sent by God, came up river. It was from the mail launch we had met and passed some hours down river and was returning with the Captain of the regiment of soldiers on board as he was returning to look for a canoe load of soldiers that had failed to arrive at the launch. The Captain offered to take us on to the end of our river journey and we accepted his kindness as we gave thanks to God for making this provision for us. They lifted me, stretcher and all from the little boat to the canoe and from evening until well past midnight we paddled up river, through strong currents, striking snags and in an almost constant rain. The canoe was too narrow for anyone to be beside me and so low that I lay well above the sides which I gripped by reaching down when the canoe would strike a snag in the darkness throwing it suddenly on one side. Mr. Stall sat at my feet holding one sleeping child, managing an umbrella and trying to keep one arm along

the side of the canoe to protect me. The whirlpools were difficult and dangerous in the darkness and upon reaching the end of our canoe trip found one such had caused the delay of the other canoe load of soldiers, the canoe having struck a snag which overturned it. Two of the soldiers were disabled, one having his leg broken, and two others were drowned. Solemn praise arose to God as we thanked Him there at the water's edge for having brought us through seven hours of paddling in the darkness up that same river. In every such time of crisis and triumph these assuring words sounded in my ears and appeared over me like a banner "The LORD He is God", - "The LORD He is God". So much so that at times it came as my breath, and became as a foundation firmer than that of the world, and did away with the seeming possibility of anything really going wrong, or any need not being provided for. Dangers lost their fright, questions needed no answer, pain was robbed of its torture, plans that apparently were going wrong seemed right under the ever returning assurance "The LORD He is God".

Then we were in Bermudez where we must have a plane - or go eight days by mule. One cannot be taken on a stretcher by mule over that narrow mountain trail. But Peru was at war and planes do not accept civil passengers, and anyway, they told us, the large planes could not land at the Bermudez field. What could we do? Things looked difficult but before leaving our station I had been given this assurance - "I will cause you to fly as the eagles". So I lay under the leaf roof of the 'hotel' and Mr. Stull standing outside sighted a large plane coming in the direction of Bermudez and he prayed that God would "cloud it down". It continued in its flight past Bermudez. Disappeared. Was gone twenty minutes. Returned and landed. The Pilot explained that he had gotten into 'clouds' and knowing he was just about out of gas did not dare to try to make it to the next landing field. Seeing my condition he said he would take us when he could go but would have to wire for gas to be brought to him and it might take three days as wiring from that point is done in its own jungle way. About an hour and a half later another plane was heard coming from the other direction and they saw it pass and then it returned and landed. The pilot explained that seeing the big plane down at Bermudez he knew it must be in trouble and not being

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in a hurry returned to get details. Upon finding that the need was for gas and knowing of my need, he drained his own tank of gas and put it into the tank of the big plane and in 45 minutes we were in San Ramon. Having made the trip it would have taken eight days to do by mule. The trip was pleasant to all and David looked down 6000 feet watching the mule trail he had been carried over 5 1/2 years ago when we first entered the Jungle.

All these provisions were made for us through men who had no interest in us as individuals and certainly not as missionaries. Dare anyone say that the powers of this world are out of the reach of the hand of the Lord?

A wire had gone to Lima asking Mr. Clark to meet us in San Ramon. Mr. Stull was traveling with a helpless wife and two small children alone now, and did not know what conditions might be at this point of the journey. Mr. Clark met us and as traffic goes only one way on these narrow mountain roads we had to stay there until the next day, so I was carried from plane to hotel and the next day from hotel to auto. At the edge of town we were stopped and told that two truck loads of soldiers that were reported on the road down the mountain had not arrived and that no car could leave until they came in off the one way road. We waited while two hours passed and it seemed it would be necessary to carry me back up the steps to the hotel room again and lose another night there, but remembering the Captain's canoe, the big plane and the plane with the gas, we decided to wait and trust and as in every other case the Lord opened the road and in a little while we were on our way - rejoicing, - over a bumpy mountain road half way up the mountain side to the next place where the night must be spent. And from there another auto trip like it to the train. But there threatened to be no train, as the president of Peru was shot the day we were traveling by auto. When we heard that a special train was being made up it was no surprise as it just seemed natural by this time that the Lord Who is God would provide a way. Then it was all day until evening on the train. They took me from the train to the hospital where the operation showed conditions that could not be understood by the exceptionally splendid surgeon who operated. The appendix, ruptured long before, was coated with gangrene. I had traveled a full

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week in this condition and yet was living. The appendix was sent away to be examined and was returned to the hospital with "no explanation". There will never be an explanation except that God worked as it pleased Him to do. I know that death's door opened before me and the Lord came down and closed it.

I tell all this for His glory. I feel I am living an extended life and I wish it to be used in exact accordance with His will. Now I thank Him for the anointing with oil; for effectual prayer at my bedside; for the continued prayers of those in the homeland who KEEP us before God so that when an emergency arises we are already there. We are reminded again that the enemy of those who seek to win the souls of Jungle red men has not withdrawn from activity.

Now I am recuperating at headquarters in Lima. My Recovery is a bit slow as I was very weak before the operation, infection had done damage and the change in the climate from the Jungle to the altitudes and on to the coast together with the great length of time I was under the ether prepared the easy way for the pneumonia that followed the operation, and the phlebitis which is opposing my recovery. However with all the complications great progress has been made, and the Lord Who has saved my life is altogether able to again give me perfect health and make it possible for us to quickly return to the work of His Kingdom in the Jungle.

"The LORD He is God".

Lovingly,

Paul