

OUR TRIP TO AFRICA

by Mr. Stora Emmett

Ed. Note: The following article is the first of a series, written by Mr. Stora Emmett, Old Town, Maine, giving a review of Brother and Sister Emmett's trip to our African Mission Fields last summer. We appreciate the high quality of these articles, prepared at the request of Rev. A. D. Cann, Foreign Mission Board President. Brother Emmett is the father of Dr. Storer Emmett, resident doctor at Bethesda Mission Station, Livingstone Southern Rhodesia. Dear Highway Readers:

I have been asked to submit an article to you regarding some of our observations and experiences gained during our recent trip to the Rhodesias and The Republic of South Africa last summer. We have a two-fold purpose in writing this article to you. One is to relate to you some of our experiences and the other is to acquaint you with our missionary work, as we saw it while there.

Our trip covered in the vicinity of 25,000 miles and we were away a little over eight weeks. We flew all the way. Our flights included Northeast Airlines from Bangor to New York; Pan American Airways from New York to Johannesburg, South Africa; and Central African Airways from Johannesburg to Livingstone, N. Rhodesia. Our trip from Livingstone to Bethesda Mission in S. Rhodesia was made by car, as was our traveling while down in the Republic of South Africa.

Traveling itself was a real experience. Just imagine flying above the clouds at an elevation of 35,000 feet at a speed of 600 miles an hour. The clouds really look different when you are up above them looking down on them. One of our big thrills came when what seemed like a short distance out of New York. We had just eaten our suppers and had gotten settled down in our pillows and blankets to get some sleep when we were suddenly awakened to the most beautiful sunrise over Africa. Of course, we had gained about six hours in the time change. We stopped five times going down the west coast of Africa, the last being at Leopoldville, before arriving at Johannesburg. We had buised ourselves an hour or two filling out sheets of immigration and declaration forms. As Pan American ended its flight at Johannesburg, we were forced to stay there for the remainder of the night, having gotten through customs at about 2:30 in the morning.

We left Johannesburg at about 10:00 that morning and arrived in Livingstone at about 1:00 in the afternoon. It was on our way up to Livingstone that we got our first view of the magnificent Victoria Falls. The pilot announced our approach to it and, as is the custom, dipped the wings in salute to it as we passed over.

We were met by a royal committee at the airport in Livingstone. There were the Harold Kierstead's family; Glendon Kierstead; Storer's family; and Bessie, Bethany and Esther's nanny. Imagine our anxiety when we could only see them through the fence around the airport and had to spend nearly an hour going through customs before we could really meet them.

We were rushed off to Victoria Falls where we were served a lovely meal at Harold and Shirley's before starting the thirty-mile trip to Bethesda Mission. Things began to really look backwoods because there was neither a house nor a person to be seen during our trip out. We hardly knew what to expect next as we traveled along the "strip-road" highway, but soon we were on a good piece of road again. Things began to look a little brighter as I began to relax my hold on the side of the car, but soon without warning Storer said, "This is where we turn off," and we were all of a sudden churning up the sand on our last four miles to the Mission. (I know that my fingerprints are impressed indelibly into the sides of Storer's old

The King's Highway

SALVATION ARMY ELECTS NEW GENERAL

The Salvation Army elected Scottish-born Commissioner Frederick Coutts as its new general, at Sunbury-on-Thames, England, Oct. 1. His selection was announced after 2 hours of voting. He succeeds General Wilfred Kitching. Coutts, 64, will be the eighth person to head the Salvation Army since its founding in 1865. Previous generals have been English, except for one Australian.

ALCOHOLICS ARE IMMATURE

"Mature persons don't turn into alcoholics," says Dr. Stephan Seymour, medical director of the Seymour Hospital and Clinic for Alcoholics in Los Angeles, in an interview reported by U.P.I. on October 9, 1963. Dr. Seymour stated that:

"I don't feel alcoholism is a disease. It is an illness only when a person is suffering from acute alcoholism; that is, when he has been poisoned by alcohol. But chronic alcoholism is an expression of a person's inability to think.

"By saying alcoholism is a disease, we have put it into a very convenient light so that it becomes excusable and understandable. Saying it is a disease is a wonderful out. The alcoholic says, 'Don't blame me for having a disease.'"

"The alcoholic doesn't drink for the pleasure of it," Seymour said. "He uses alcohol to forget his problems and the necessity to solve them. The basic reason an alcoholic drinks is that he is emotionally immature. Mature persons don't turn into alcoholics."

Seymour criticized the research now being done in the field, saying it is concentrated in two areas — study of alcohol and study of emotions.

"The word 'thinking' is never discussed," he complained. "A person can find out the cause of his fears, but that doesn't teach him how to handle new problems and new people."

—The American Issue

Landrover as I never could get used to that four-mile stretch of sand-rutted road. I would just pray and grip the sides of the old car a little harder). We were soon at the Mission, "The little City" the natives call it. A thrill came over us as we viewed the Mission for the first time. It truly is a hallowed spot. We met Uta, Cheryl, Betty, and the children and were soon a happy family as we all gathered at Storer and Wilma's house for a communal affair as we partook of the bountiful meal that was prepared for us. The next morning, we were introduced to many of the Africans who live or work at the mission in one capacity or another. Just to mention a few of them, there was Preacher Nyoni, the hospital evangelist; teachers Matonga, Moyo, and Ngwenya; the nurses at the hospital; the several workers at the hospital in various capacities; as well as some of the patients. With these formalities out of the way, we were turned loose to roam, take pictures, and to get a general perspective of things as best we could. The missionaries settled back into their routine as nearly as it could approach routine, busy about their many duties which are always present at the Mission, passing like ships in the night.

We were Very happy to be there for the first weekend because it was the closing of the two-week Refresher Courses for some of our African workers which were being given by Glendon Kierstead and Miss Mina Nkosi who had come up from the Republic at our Bible School at Altona to teach these courses. We were privileged to be present at what constituted their Baccalaureate and graduation exercises combined. It was here that we first saw and participated in an African communion service. It was more impressive than words can tell.

(To be Continued)