



J. HERSEY LONGENECKER

MEMORIES OF CONGO

Introduction

Ch1 - First Term in Congo 1917 - 1921

Ch2 - First Term in Congo-Continued

Ch3 - Second Term in Congo-1922-1925

Ch4 - Second Term in Congo-Continued

Ch5 - Third Term in Congo-1926-1930

Ch6 - Fourth Term in Congo-1931-1936

Ch7 - Fifth Term in Congo-1937-1943

Ch8 - Fifth Term in Congo-Continued

Ch9 - Sixth and Last, Term in Congo

Ch10 - CONGO PAST AND PRESENT

*"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean
not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways
acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."*

--Proverbs 3:5-6



MEMORIES OF CONGO

*Tales of adventure and work
in the heart of Africa*

WITH A FINAL CHAPTER ON
CONGO—PAST AND PRESENT



By J. Hershey Longenecker

To MIGNON

Lovely Lady from Missouri, who
Besides doing an unbelievable
Amount of other work for Christ,
For 33 years made a happy home
In the heart of Africa for a
Pennsylvania Dutchman and
Our children.



A CLASS PROPHECY

"Longenecker, while performing missionary duties in Africa, was captured by cannibals. It is said that he made excellent soup."

So wrote Frank Flower, the class prophet, when we graduated from the Williamson Trade School, near Philadelphia, in 1910. You may find the words on page 56 of "The Mechanic," our annual for that year. When we left that wonderful school it was my full intention to become a building contractor, a wealthy one. I had not the slightest desire to be a preacher, or teacher, or missionary. In spite of my plans and against my wishes the Lord made of me a preacher, a mountain missionary, a suburban pastor, and finally a missionary to Africa. There, after working among other African tribes for 25 years, I was sent to itinerate in one of the few tribes that were really cannibals.

Sleeping alone in a Ford station wagon in the middle of one cannibal village after another for a period of weeks, I could not help but remember that class prophecy. Every day the cannibalism of these Basilu Mpasu people was being discussed on the road and around the evening fires all over that area. Here I was, all alone in my car. I had no firearms or weapons of any kind. Could it be possible that the remainder of Frank's prophecy might yet be fulfilled? I did not lose any sleep over that question, but I admit that once in a while it did pop into my mind. Negroes of other tribes traveling with me trembled with fear at the report that five miles from us a native woman had been stabbed to death and carried away to be eaten. They had reason to tremble. While the danger to a white man was remote, because his disappearance would immediately be known and investigated, a Negro of another tribe could be taken all too easily. So far as my own safety was concerned the Holy Spirit gave me words that have comforted me in numbers of dangerous places: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." So I slept in peace among cannibals.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The author wishes to acknowledge with gratitude his obligation to many whose support and encouragement and prayers have enabled us to carry on our life work in the Congo, especially the Presbyterian Church in Tazewell, Virginia, the First Presbyterian Church of Greenville, Mississippi, and the First Presbyterian Church of Charleston, West Virginia, as well as the Board of World Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S., under whose sponsorship we were sent out and supported.

To Royal Publishers, Inc., particularly Mr. Sam Moore, for publishing this book, and for editorial assistance in preparing the manuscript.

To Dr. C. Darby Fulton, and to Dr. M. O. Sommers, for valued counsel in important matters.
To Mr. and Mrs. Julian B. Culvern, whose insistence that these stories should be published, added to less persistent urging by others through many years, at last resulted in their publication.
To Mrs. John E. Helms, Jr., writer of Connie's Comer in the Morristown Gazette-Mail, for valuable advice and assistance.

To two institutions which had much to do with my preparation for my work in Congo: The Louisville Presbyterian Theological Seminary, and The Williamson Free School of Mechanical Trades. I am grateful to both.

To an anonymous donor through whose help and interest this publication of my lifetime, *MEMORIES OF CONGO*, was made available.

Above all, our thanksgivings and praise go out to that Dearest Friend who through all these years on land and sea and in the air has fulfilled His promise, "Lo, I am with you always."

THE AUTHOR INTRODUCES HIMSELF

Born into the family of John E. Longenecker, at Landisville, Pennsylvania, May 23, 1889, I was given Mother's family name, Hershey. Seven of us eight children lived to grow up. Our parents, and so far as known the ancestry for many generations, were consecrated Christians. There were prayers at meals, family prayers, regular attendance at Sunday School, Christian Endeavor Society and two preaching services on Sundays, and prayer meeting on Wednesday nights. Father and Mother were totally devoted to God, to each other, and to us children.



During vacations and outside of school hours we were kept busy much of the time with housework, cutting and carrying firewood, feeding and watering cows and horses, caring for chickens and pigs, helping Father with his work. We assisted with truck gardening. Helping Father in a small green grocery business, we learned something of getting along with people. But parents also believed in recreation for children, so we had time to read books from the Sunday School library, and time for indoor games, skating, fishing and shooting, and croquet.

I made my profession of faith in Christ at fourteen, graduated from high school at sixteen. Then I left home, trying to sell aluminumware. But I was too timid to succeed as a salesman. Then Grandmother died. I was invited to Germantown to live with Grandfather Hershey and two aunts.

Grandfather was an earnest Christian, and he was lots of fun. In greeting visitors, he would say with a happy smile, "The Lord be with us." I would be away at work during the day but at supper on weekdays, and especially after a good Sunday dinner, he entertained us with the most amusing stories. Sometimes we laughed until our sides ached. As I read much fiction, Grandfather once asked me whether I had read the Bible through. I had not. While continuing to read non-fiction, I began to major on the Bible, and particularly the New Testament. That Bible reading enriched my whole life. The text for many a sermon has come to me in the hours of the night from the treasure house of memory.

While living there I received a gift that pleased me very much. It was the parts for a small electric motor, with instructions for assembling it. That experience interested me in simple electricity. At the Friends' Public Library I borrowed how-to-do-it books which helped me to make a number of simple electric gadgets. Like many things picked up in boyhood this introduction to electricity helped me when I worked at the Mission Press years later. The playthings of youth had considerable importance in the main work of my life.

Hoping to become an electrical engineer, I found a job in a large storage battery factory. But it proved to be a laborer's job painting tanks. When I found it was a dead end I got work in a large electric equipment factory. That was another dead end. However I learned at each place some lessons for later life. Then I became office boy and piecework timekeeper for the foreman in the upholstering department in a great car seat and furniture factory. Unknown to me at the time, this also proved to be part of a providential course of training for Congo.

One night I dreamed that I had entered the Williamson Trade School not far from Philadelphia. Father had once suggested this possibility, but the idea did not appeal to me. Now I wished to go there, and my parents agreed that I should apply. With only 70 openings, the chances were 9 to 1 against admission. Fortunate indeed were the successful applicants. I was one of them.

Williamson Free School of Mechanical Trades was founded by a Quaker bachelor merchant of Philadelphia. It was designed to give thorough trade training, plus a well-balanced English education, to poor boys, without cost. While on a schedule which required strict obedience and hard work and study, the student received tuition, board, lodging, and all needed clothing, for three years, as a gift. The excellent training received there has been of incalculable value to me in my work in Congo. In fact, that training is what took me to Africa. Because Jesus was a carpenter I chose His trade.

Earle Schaeffer, a Williamson alumnus, invited us to come to Flint, Michigan. My roommate, Elmer Kleinginna, and I started to work for building contractors there. He was a mason, I a carpenter. We planned to work as partners building houses for sale. So each bought a lot on the installment plan. In 1910 Flint had a terrible slump. People were laid off in thousands. Population dropped 50% in a few weeks. So we got jobs in Detroit. Later, friends invited me back to work for the Buick Motor Company as an automobile body maker, and I went. Elmer and I still planned to



Hershey Longenecker

build houses.

We had heard something of a home mission project in the mountains of the South. Elmer suggested that we volunteer for the work of the Soul Winners Society. We would receive no salary. Dr. Edward O. Guerrant, founder of the Society, distributed to the workers such funds as the Lord sent. He was a dynamic preacher who had left the pastorate of a large city Church to do this work.

Elmer's suggestion was not to my liking, but it came to me with the force of a call from God. I had to face it. A great battle raged within my soul. It seemed impossible to give up the desire for financial independence. At last the call was answered on my knees. I told the Lord I was willing to do whatever He wanted me to do. So Elmer and I started for Kentucky. Our first assignment was to erect a mission school building at Heidelberg, in the mountains of Lee County. After completing that job Elmer remained as principal of the Beechwood Seminary, and I was sent far back into the mountains of Breathitt County. Living alone in a shack on the mountainside near the Church, I taught a little school on weekdays and preached on Sundays. I cooked my own meals, without benefit of supermarkets.

As Dr. Guerrant was then 73, he was turning over his work to the denominations willing to take it. A minister friend advised me to enter the ministry, in the Methodist or the Presbyterian Church. After months of study I decided that I belonged in the Presbyterian Church. The Presbytery of Transylvania sent me to preach in a mining town at Steams, Kentucky, but insisted that I go to the Seminary for further preparation. They sent me to the Louisville Presbyterian Theological Seminary, assisting me with work and scholarships so I could complete the three years of study without debt. This training was of great value to me. During most of the course I was also preaching. In my middle year I began to preach at the Berry Boulevard Church in the suburbs of Louisville, and on graduation was ordained pastor of that Church.

The fact that half the world had not even heard the name of Jesus Christ impressed me greatly. What about those people who never had a chance to accept Him as their Saviour? I gave prayerful consideration to that question. Then I discussed it with Mignon, my fiancee, and we agreed to offer ourselves for service overseas.

First we proposed China or Japan or Korea. When our Board Secretary, Dr. Egbert Smith, learned of my earlier education, he urged that we volunteer for Africa, where my trade training was very much needed. At last our faces were turned to Africa. We were appointed in 1916. World War I delayed our going, but in 1917 we sailed for Congo, and the rest of the story is told in this book.

MY PARTNER IN CONGO

From the time I was sixteen I prayed that the Lord would prepare a life partner for me, though I never had a date until I was twenty-one. Elmer and I were two lonely bachelors in the village of Heidelberg, Kentucky, while we built the Beechwood Seminary.

One day the mail brought a letter and a packet from my Aunt Alice in Philadelphia. The packet looked like a photograph. Thinking it was a picture of her kindergarten I waited until we reached our room at the hotel to open the mail. Here I quote from my diary dated October 9, 1911 :



Elmer Kleinginna
room-mate of Hershey at Williamson

"What was my surprise upon opening the packet to find the picture of a beautiful young woman? I was not prepared to analyze my feelings, but as nearly as I can tell there were mingled a strong admiration and a hope that she was not an impossibility. The letter gave me a wonderful write-up of the qualities and accomplishments of this attractive young lady. Picture and letter together had quite an effect on me. I read the letter and looked at the picture time and again."

The lady was Miss Minnie C. Hauhart, from St. Louis, Missouri. After a visit with her sister on Long Island, there fell into her hands a call for a teacher in a school for Italians in Germantown. She answered and accepted the position. She boarded in the large beautiful home of Mrs. Beck, where my two aunts, my sister, and Grandfather lived. All of them admired and loved her, and she and Aunt Alice became close friends. At that time I was in Michigan. On her return to St. Louis she had sent this photograph to Aunt Alice.



Happening to visit there, my brother Martin saw the picture and went into raptures. He said he wished he were older. Aunt Alice told him he was too young, the lady was nearer Hershey's age. He just wished Hershey could meet her. She explained that with Hershey in Kentucky and Miss Hauhart in Missouri there seemed to be no hope of a meeting. He teased Aunt Alice into sending me the picture. Here was the result.

Next day I wrote a letter accusing Aunt Alice of cruelty to bachelors. To Aunt Anna I wrote a letter full of serious questions, and concluded by asking whether she thought I would have any chance of winning the young lady's hand. She answered in ways which indicated the highest esteem for Miss Hauhart, but to my final question she replied, "That is something you must find out for yourself."

At my request Aunt Alice sent me Miss Hauhart's address. As the two of them had discussed the possibility of volunteering for service in the Soul Winners Society I naturally supposed she would like to know more about it and my first letter offered to give her information direct from the field. I did not tell her I had her picture in my possession. Later I learned that she had been indignant at the idea of writing to a young man she had never met. Happily for me her sister from New York was visiting her home. She told Mignon she must not take things so seriously. She could reply, have a bit of fun, and break it off whenever she wished. So our correspondence began.



Alice May Hershey

Both of us were invited to Germantown for the Christmas holidays, but she was not told that I would be there. When I arrived I was quite let down to find she had not come. In reply to my letter expressing disappointment she wrote: "If I had been all

packed up to come, and had learned you were coming, I would have unpacked at once." It sounded hopeless! But she added, "However, the family has agreed that if you have occasion to pass through St. Louis on your way to Kentucky you might stop over for a day."

My prompt reply stated that I would make occasion to pass through St. Louis. (After all, it involved only 600 miles of extra travel, and my income was \$25.00 per month!) Mrs. Beck kindly paid my expenses, Kentucky to Philadelphia to St. Louis to Kentucky. So I went to Missouri. On a fine clear morning in January her brother met me at the train and drove me to the picturesque country home near Manchester. I can never forget our first meeting in the living room where Edward introduced me. She was even more beautiful than her picture.

But she did not receive me as a long-lost brother. The welcome was very formal. The atmosphere was so cool that she gave me not the slightest encouragement when I asked for a photograph take with me. It did not seem best to tell her that I had suitcase the one borrowed from Aunt Alice.

Her blind father and brothers and sisters were friendly. Her mother had died when she was a little girl, so the older sisters mothered her. The visit was so pleasant I wished to return. Next day I took my departure with a promise to correspond and an invitation to come back in May.

Returning to Kentucky, my next assignment was to Rousseau on Quicksand Creek, 16 miles from the railroad over a road that was passable only on horseback much of the winter. Living in a roughly built house beside the Church on the mountainside, I preached and taught a little school and visited the people. Cooking and housekeeping were necessary sidelines, so I had plenty of time that winter to think how fine it would be to have a helpmeet.

We exchanged letters. I wrote her about the daily experiences in the community and school. She learned that one of the pupils was 16 years old, and took advantage of the opportunity to tease me about the girl. I replied that there was only one girl in the world for me. It was real fun until her next letter came which was just a line to say that if that was the way I was going to talk she had no date to set for my next visit.

I was heartbroken. I had felt so sure that she was the answer to my prayers of seven years, and here we had come to the end of the road! I told the Lord of my disappointment, but was able to say, "Nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done." In spite of my earnest effort to accept whatever might be the Lord's will, my mind kept going over the problem day and night for several days.



Hauhart sisters - Minnie, Julia, Catherine, Annie, Mary

Then one night I saw a ray of hope. After all, she was a school teacher. Besides, she had started this by teasing me about that girl. I thought I saw a way out. I wrote: "You are a teacher. Now suppose you had made a rule for your pupils against throwing snowballs.

And suppose you forgot, and yourself threw a snowball at one of the boys, could you blame him very much if he threw one back?" That did it. She relented, and wrote to say that I might come in May as originally planned. Thus I went in May for a visit of about five days. From my point of view she was the girl whom the Lord had chosen, the answer to my prayers. I loved her, and needed her as homemaker and helper in my work. I could not afford trips to Missouri, and it seemed the time was ripe for a yes or no decision during that visit. It was intolerable to think of the possibility that in my absence someone else might woo and win her, just because I had failed to let her know I loved her, and wanted her to be my wife.



Martin Longenecker

Early in my visit, under the apple tree in that lovely yard, I brought her my proposal in the form of some verses I had composed for the occasion. Anxiously I waited four days to learn what she would do about my proposal. Then one night in the moonlight, in the open buggy slowly drawn by the old horse named Cleveland, I begged her to kiss me and say, "Yes." At last, and quite reluctantly, she agreed to marry me. My heart overflowed with joy.

My hope that we could be married in the fall was disappointed because Presbytery decided to send me to Seminary for three years. The engagement seemed awfully long. But in September 1915 we were married at her home in the presence of her father and all her brothers and sisters.

I brought her to my parishioners at Berry Boulevard Church, and all my people fell in love with her. Our life partnership had really begun.

Two years later we were on the way to Congo.



Hershey Minnie wedding

STOP AND GO

Delayed by War.

I graduated from Louisville Seminary with the class of 1916. We had applied for appointment to Africa, and had been accepted. But Kaiser Wilhelm's war was raging in Europe, and President Wilson was doing all he could to keep America out of it. The Atlantic was an ocean of sinking ships. Men could still pass through Europe en route to Africa, but passports were not issued for women to pass through the war zone. Thus the war delayed our departure more than a year. I was ordained and installed as pastor of the Berry Boulevard Church. We moved to the suburb known as Jacob's Addition, first to rented rooms. Then a man in the congregation was leaving the city, and offered to rent me his house if I would take it for at least a year. As there was no hope of going to

Africa during that period, we rented the house in the spring of 1917. I planted a wartime garden, as America had declared war. My garden flourished, and the work of the Church prospered. Then suddenly in midsummer we received a telegram asking whether we were willing to sail by way of South Africa with a party leaving in six weeks. We agreed to go. But we were worried because we had rented the house for the year, and felt obligated to pay the rent, yet were without money with which to pay. Our worry was brief. In a few days I received an apologetic letter from the house owner saying he was much embarrassed to ask it, but he was returning to the city and would like his house back. To us this was one of God's very distinct and gracious providences, relieving us of a debt of honor, and setting us free to go to Africa. The owner moved in the back door of the house the same day we were moving out the front door. Surely the Lord was directing our path!

Four-month Trip.

During those busy six weeks I had to secure release from my pastorate by the Presbytery, get an exemption from military service from the draft board, secure a passport, and sell all our furniture. We paid a visit to Mignon's home, and bought our outfits for three years in Africa. Then we arrived in New York for the sailing date. There we met our fellow passengers, including Reverend and Mrs. J. W. Allen, and Dr. and Mrs. Stixrud of our own Mission.

As the trip including delays was to stretch out to four months, the presence of the Allens, who had already served a term in the Congo, was of inestimable value. With the help of Grammar, Dictionary, and Exercise Book, Mr. Allen taught us the Tshiluba language on the way.

We cannot take space for the details of the voyage except to note that we stopped only at St. Lucia in the West Indies on the 29 day voyage from New York to Capetown. We sailed under sealed orders, a day at a time, to escape, if possible, from submarine and surface ships raiding the Atlantic. The evening before we reached Capetown we were instructed to keep our clothes on and sleep with our life preservers handy, as a ship of our line had been sunk some weeks before within sight of Capetown. In the early dawn we had our first thrilling glimpse of Africa, as we approached within view of Table Mountain. There were three weeks at Capetown; then a week sailing up the west coast on a Portuguese ship. Then we were delayed for a month at the Methodist Mission at St. Paul de Loanda, as there was a yellow fever quarantine at Matadi, our port of entry to the Belgian Congo.



Hauhart house

[RETURN TO INDEX](#)

[NEXT ->](#)



P. E. Chittman

914 Arch Street,
Philad'a.

1886 or 1887 - Sarah Rose Grier Beck



Herman and Mary Hauhart

MEMORIES OF CONGO

J. Hershey Longenecker

Chapter I



[RETURN TO INDEX](#)

FIRST TERM IN CONGO 1917-1921

The Lower River.

We entered the broad mouth of the Congo River a month later than expected. The little steamer Hirondelle had brought us, in two days and a night, from St. Paul de Loanda, a Portuguese port in Angola. We were more than twenty passengers on the open upper deck, and there was not a cabin of any sort for any of us. We sat in steamer chairs day and night, and had our meals right there on the deck. The lower deck was occupied by a herd of cattle, who made their presence known in several disagreeable ways. The surface of the ocean was smooth as glass, but the gentle swells rolled our little ship and made many of us seasick. We were happy indeed to see the waters of the great river. The low lying lands near the mouth of the Congo are too flat to make attractive scenery, yet the mere fact of being in Congo gave us much satisfaction. Deck weary as we were, we had great hopes of getting to the hotel at Boma and sleeping in beds for the night. But that was not to be. Many passengers from Belgium on the good ship Albertville had the same idea. They got there first, and took all the rooms. So we had no place to go but the station of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Some of their missionaries had traveled with us three months since we left New York, and they arranged for all but two of us to spend the night at their Mission. Since there was not enough room for our big party, the ladies and the two babies were given beds in the homes, and the men slept as best they could on the benches in the Church. How hard those benches were I do not know, for I was one of the two volunteers to stay on board ship and guard our baggage, which was all on the open deck. Mr. Allen and I fixed our steamer chairs with mosquito nets, and settled for the night. But an unexpected tropical rain came down, and we waked to find ourselves drenched and shivering. That was my first night in Congo.



Deck golf

The next day our steamer took us up river to Matadi, at the head of navigation for ocean ships. The scenery between Boma and Matadi was impressively beautiful, for the great, deep river, winds among high, rugged hills. One point in the river is called the Devil's Cauldron, an exceedingly dangerous whirlpool. Here ships inexpertly handled would turn every way, and could easily be wrecked. We passed the old British Baptist Underhill Station where our pioneer missionary Samuel N. Lapsley was buried after a very brief service for Christ in Congo. In his day Congo was known as the white man's grave. Even as we entered the country we had no hope of serving there as long as 33 years.

Railroad Journey.

Having landed at Matadi there was much to be done. Happily for our party Dr. Stixrud and Mr. Allen had

been in Congo before, and knew what must be done. They arranged about railway tickets and customs formalities. As all hotels were crowded they found rooms for us in a wretched old hotel annex. We had to be careful not to fall through the rotten porch.

Next day we started on the two-day train trip on the narrow gauge railroad, spending the night at Thysville, a mountain town. It should be explained that from Stanley Pool to Matadi the mighty Congo breaks through the mountains in a series of cataracts which make navigation impossible, and which long retarded the development of that magnificent country lying east of the mountains. It was opened to the world by the labors of David Livingstone and Stanley. Until this narrow-gauge railroad was built, access to the interior was next to impossible. The little railroad through the mountains was very important, for this was the bottleneck of the Congo. It was said that the annual dividend amounted to one hundred per cent of the original cost, which was very great. Bu years had passed, and the equipment was old. The stockholders cared more for dividends than for the comfort of the passengers, so the service was terrible. The dilapidated second-class coach in which we rode had seats for only twelve passengers. For those two days it carried fourteen adults and two babies, and was stacked with hand baggage and lunch boxes and drinking water and ice. The chairs when new had been good enough. Now they were old and worn-out, and by reason of the lurching of the train for many years had lost their moorings, so we were bounced around. It was hot for much of the way. The soot which came in the windows stuck to our sweaty faces until we were black. More drops of perspiration ran down our cheeks, leaving rivers of white which made us look like coal miners from a very warm mine. As the engine burned firewood, and often used forced draft, the trip was far from monotonous. As it chugged bravely up the steep grades, sparks poured from the smokestack and blew in at the car windows, and now and again somebody's clothes caught fire. No serious damage was done; only little holes in clothing here and there, and sometimes small burns on somebody's skin.

In spite of all the discomfort, we have kept with us the memory of many scenes that delighted us as new arrivals in Congo. Everything was novel and different. Here we unexpectedly crossed a bridge which commanded a view that was breathtakingly beautiful. There were lovely waterfalls, and along the way there was much of the tropical forest primeval. The hardships of the train trip faded when we were reminded that for years people had to enter Congo without a railroad. So our little train was glorified by the contrast. By comparison with earlier days we were traveling in the lap of luxury.

The Steamer Lapsley.

On the evening of the second day we were happy to reach the river village then called Kinshasa, now a part of the great city of Leopoldville (above 300,000 population). Here we found Stanley Pool, a lake of considerable size formed by the natural barriers in the Congo River before it makes its first leap of the hundreds of miles of cataracts on its way to the sea. Kinshasa in those days was little more than a busy junction point for the river steamers which sailed the upper Congo and its great tributaries, and the railroad which at that time was the only means of travel between the immense interior Congo basin and the outside world. Here we found our forty-ton Mission steamer, the Samuel N. Lapsley, waiting for us.



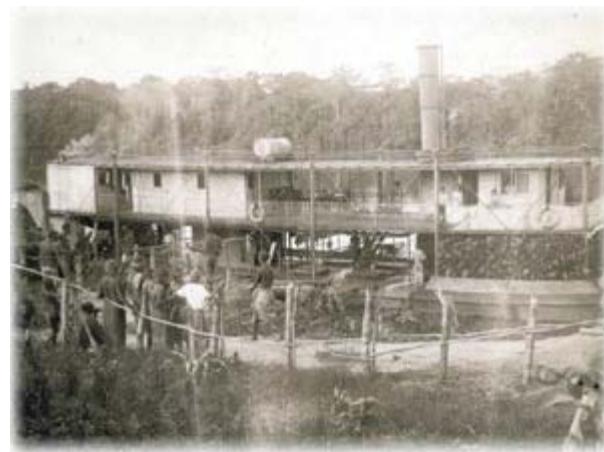
There were sixteen passengers, and that was a crowd. Nobody slept in the bathtub, but we did sleep nearly everywhere else. Some of us slept on cots on the deck. It was a happy party, and the sixteen days of the voyage passed pleasantly. We were at last among crew members whose maternal language we had been studying, and hearing them speak it was a great experience for us new missionaries.

It was a disappointment that we could not reach Luebo for Christmas. We were four days late. As a consolation an elephant brought her baby to the river for a Christmas morning bath, close to the course of the steamer. Those are the only elephants I have seen in all these years in Congo, though I crossed their tracks many times.

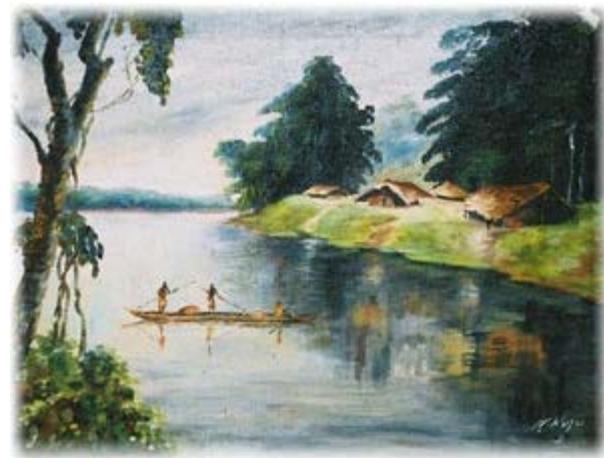
There were occasional villages of woodcutters on the forested banks of the Congo and Kasai Rivers, but it was cheaper to cut our own firewood for the steam boiler. Every evening when the steamer anchored for the night there was a great rush of woodcutters from the lower deck, hurrying into the forest to get their quotas of wood ready to be loaded in the morning. They worked into the night, and lying awake we could hear the sound of the axes far and near. After the wood was loaded early in the morning, cutters went to sleep for the day, while the Lapsley steamed the river.

Their sleep was sometimes broken by a call to man the row a large iron boat, which served in emergencies. The Kasai River at some points is very wide and comparatively shallow. Sandbars shift their positions and the river cuts new channels between them. Frequently steamers got stuck in the sand. Then an anchor was carried to some point, with a cable attached to the hand winch the ship. It was hard work in the burning sun cranking the winch until the steamer was pulled loose from the sand. These delays were hot for the passengers, but even hotter for the sweating crew. While the movement of the steamer provided a breeze when in motion, a stationary steamer can be a very hot spot. To avoid such experiences, sounders with bamboo rods sat at the front of the ship, testing the depth of the water and calling out their reports.

The views as one ascends the Congo and Kasai Rivers change constantly. Sometimes there are flat, grassy plains, and occasionally what look like swamps; but for the most part the river valleys are heavily forested, so that each turn brings new visions of tropical beauty. The forests take on added interest, for who knows when you may see monkeys playing in the trees, or brilliantly colored tropical birds. Sharp eyes would reveal crocodiles which to the casual passerby would not be visible. Often they would lie on logs, where it was hard to see the line between the log and its occupant. There were many hippopotami. Seeing them brought new thrills to the passengers. Occasionally there would be a village on the bank, but usually the people lived back from the rivers, hidden by the dense forests. We met few steamers, but canoes on the river were always an attraction, often of graceful shapes. They were hollowed out of big trees with prodigious labor. They showed careful workmanship and an eye for the beautiful. Such results from tools of primitive type indicated real talent and artistic taste. It was a delight to see how skillfully the paddlers maintained their balance in the canoes, often standing in such precarious positions that the observer felt sure they would fall into the river. They worked with perfect rhythm as they paddled together.



Loading steamer



Once in a while one saw an old shell of a canoe rotted to the water's edge, and wondered at the recklessness of those who risked their lives in such a boat. Even for strong swimmers there remained the appalling hazard of being caught by a crocodile. Years later we were aboard a large river steamer where two men had a fight on the lower deck. One pushed the other overboard. The powerful engines were stopped, and a lifeboat was sent to rescue the man swimming in the river. We almost held our breath while the lifeboat, now quite a distance behind us, drew nearer and nearer to the lone swimmer. Suddenly, before the rescuers reached him, the man disappeared, and though the search was continued for some time, he was never found. Probably a crocodile took him under, first drowning him, then taking him off to be eaten at leisure.

A daily thrill of life on the steamer was the hearing and learning of new words. We were traveling with many natives who spoke the Tshiluba language which we had been studying for some months. Learning a language from books is one thing. Absorbing it through the ears from people who speak nothing else is entirely different. So our language study had come to life, and the days passed quickly.

One day the other men were making a pastime of cutting each other's hair. Jim Allen had made a wreck of John Stockwell's hair. They called and asked me whether I could cut hair. Saying I never had, I went for a look, and decided it could not be made to look any worse. So I was persuaded to try. It was agreed I had improved it a little.

We left our Methodist passengers at the mouth of the Sankuru River, while we continued up the Kasai, then up the Lulua River. Excitement rose as we approached our destination.

Welcome to Luebo.

Colleagues at Luebo were anxiously awaiting our arrival. So when the Lapsley blew her whistle down river they and the native people were ready to welcome us. As the steamer came around the last bend of the river near sunset, we could see thousands of people on the riverbank. They were singing Christian hymns in their own language to welcome us. This to us was the sweetest music we had ever heard. Our journey of four months was at an end on December 29, 1917.

Hammock Travel.

The hammock was the only conveyance available at that time for travel on land. It was swung beneath a bamboo pole carried on the shoulders of two strong African men. There was not a vehicle of any kind in great areas of interior Africa. There were no roads except village streets and footpaths. Most of the latter were not even safe for a bicycle. They were narrow and crooked, and had unexpected holes and dangerous obstacles in the



Luebo River Valley near Luebo Mission

grass. So one could choose between traveling on his own feet and those of his African friends. For my part, I had just about decided in advance that I would travel on my own, for I did not like the idea of being carried. But it happened that the day we arrived I had not been well, so I did not argue when someone urged me into a hammock. The next thing I knew the husky porters were happily carrying me up the long high hill. This was the first of hundreds of miles spent in the hammock.

It was Saturday evening, and night had fallen before we reached the Mission station at the top of the hill. We were enthusiastically welcomed, and despite wartime shortages we were feasted and made to feel at home in these strange new surroundings.

Luebo Station.

We wakened to a beautiful Sabbath morning. We saw the missionary homes, built with sticks from the forest and plastered with mud, and roofed with palm leaves or long grass. The large station had an abundance of beautiful palms and lovely mango trees. On the west side was the hospital, where for 25 years our Dr. Stixrud and his wife did a magnificent work, evoking the gratitude of government officials, traders, diamond miners, and many thousands of the native people. Many years later when I mentioned his death to a Russian trader who had inquired about Dr. Stixrud, the man burst into tears. Dr. Stixrud still had most of his service before him.

At that time it was reported that Luebo had the largest Presbyterian Church in the world. Worship was held in a large pavilion covered with palm leaves and filled with backless benches seating two thousand worshippers. It was a great joy to attend our first service there. The people were as glad to see us as we were to see them. The order, for so great a crowd, was amazingly good, and in marked contrast with their behavior in the market, where they are exuberantly noisy. No doubt some of the difference was due to the presence of ushers with long bamboo shoots with which they could reach and gently tap on the head of anyone disposed to fidget.

Dr. William Morrison preached. We did not yet hear readily, and it would be some time before we could easily understand preaching. But just to sit there and feel that at last we had arrived was very satisfying. We were



Hammock Travel in high grass



Houses are built and roofed, and walls are plastered with mud.

introduced to the congregation, and said a few words of greeting.

For days and weeks we were being mentally photographed by thousands of eyes as we went about our various duties. Years later I had a sample of what that mental photography means to the native African. I took on a new boy at the Press. When I asked about his tribe I found he came from far back in the Bibanga territory. I told him that I had visited his tribe nine years before. He replied that I had visited his own village, that it was Wednesday evening, and that I was riding a motorcycle. Our Congo history is written in the memories of thousands of people. Sometimes they know more about us than we know about ourselves.

Dr. William Morrison.

It was our good fortune to arrive on the Mission during the lifetime of Dr. Morrison, one of the most notable missionaries Congo ever had. He had been on the field about 21 years, had written an excellent Grammar and Dictionary of the Buluba (now called Tshiluba) language, and translated large parts of the Bible into that tongue. He had also prepared a book called the Malesona, a series of lessons from the beginning to the end of the Bible, giving much space to the studies concerning Jesus and His teachings. This book was the only Bible the people had on our arrival. They now have the entire Bible in their language, largely as a result of Dr. Morrison's labors, supplemented by the able work of Dr. T. C. Vinson.

Dr. Morrison was not only grammarian, translator, and writer. He was in every sense the leader of the Mission, which at that time had about seventy missionaries. He was a man of prayer. He carried to the throne of grace not only his own problems, but those of the Mission as a whole, and the individual burdens of other missionaries as well. He was killed by overwork at the height of his usefulness, tropical dysentery being merely a contributory cause of his death. He was truly a great man with extraordinary gifts of vision, of sympathy, and of power. He loved people, and he was always helping others.

Good Advice.

Dr. Morrison helped us most by one little word of advice. He probably observed that Mignon and I had been brought up to look after ourselves and found it strange to have servants to help us. His advice was this: Never do anything yourself you can get a native to do. At first this sounded strange, but the more we considered it the more we realized the wisdom of his



Through a window at Luebo First Church

counsel. We built our lives on that foundation, and I have no doubt our usefulness in Africa has been multiplied for that reason. This released missionary time and energy for doing important things which were crying to be done, which otherwise would have remained undone.

Building a Cookstove.

It was wartime. Supplies were hard get. Those ordered from abroad were likely to be sent to the bottom of the sea by mines and submarines. There was no cook stove for us, and my first job was to design and build a stove of brick, mud and sheet iron.

Sugar Mill.

Sugar was practically unobtainable; but the native people raised some sugar cane and I was asked to design and build something that would squeeze out the juice. Wooden rollers were mounted between two slabs of wood planted in the ground. One roller had a crank at one end; the other a crank at the opposite end. With this we were able to extract the juice after the cane was partly chopped with machetes. We made very little sugar, but quite a bit of syrup which helped sweeten the life of the station.

Flour Substitutes.

Because of the climate, wheat does not grow in our part of Africa. During and after World War I it was hard get flour. Manioc was used in various ways. Flour was made also from sweet potatoes, millet, and whatever people could adapt to the purpose. Happily, eggs and chickens were plentiful and cheap, at that time. Milk had to be imported from Europe. There was not a cow within 100 miles of Luebo. Some fly carried a germ that killed cattle.

My New Work.

I had left the pastorate of a Church in Louisville to become a missionary. My purpose was to preach the Gospel of Christ to the Africans. But because I had been educated as a carpenter before preparing for the ministry the Mission asked me to major on the Industrial School and sawmill during Mr. Stegall's absence on furlough. I had four months to learn those two jobs.



The laundryman. His is a position of honor in the community



Ironing with a charcoal iron



Drying meal in the sun

First Preaching Efforts.

We were expecting to entertain the General Conference of Protestant Missions at our station in March, and the preparations took quite a bit of time. But I was determined to preach. The only time I had was on Sundays. So before four months were finished I started to go across two rivers, where there would be no missionaries to notice my linguistic errors, and preach as best I could in Tshiluba. I would read a Bible lesson from the Malesona book, then start to explain. When I got stuck for a word, I would stop and ask one of the hearers what I wanted to say. Then I resumed; a good way to build up a vocabulary in a strange language!

In Danger.

On one of these preaching trips I crossed the rivers in a large dugout canoe. To save time we went down the Lulua River, to its junction with the Luebo River, then up the Luebo to our landing. The canoe had a hole in the bottom that had been patched up with mud and grass. When we got into the swift current where the rivers met, the plug came out of the bottom of the boat, and a large stream of water began to rush in. The boatmen worked, hard to get us to the nearest bank before the boat could fill. I did not want to try swimming, for I really was not much of a swimmer. Besides a crocodile had killed and eaten about seven persons in that very neighborhood not too long before.



Dugout canoe

Poor Sick Man.

One Sunday, after preaching in a village, the chief told me he had a sick man in the community but that the boatmen refused to take him across to the hospital. This vexed me, as it seemed unmerciful to let a man suffer practically in sight of our Mission hospital. I asked to see the sick man. The chief and a large group of people started out to show me where he was. But the farther we went the more our group dwindled. Even the chief disappeared. At last I found myself at the far end of the village. My guide led me through the tall grass, then pointed me to a few people who were scrubbing a man with sand and water. He had white spots all over his black skin. It was the first case of smallpox I had ever seen. I stood at some distance and prayed for him, but I now understood why the boatmen refused to transport him.

General Conference.

The big General Conference of Protestant Missions in Congo came and went. It was a great occasion. The Belgian Congo enjoyed the best missionary cooperation in the world. Overlapping of missionary work was kept to a minimum. The Congo Protestant Council tries to allot territory in such a way that there is no competition between the various Protest Societies. Baptists work in one language, Presbyterians in another while Methodists, Mennonites, Disciples of Christ, and others, each have their own language areas. The 1918 Conference was greatest held up to that time. Missionaries from many societies and a number of different countries were present. Our own Dr. Morrison was outstanding among them, and this Conference, the high point of his remarkable career. Soon after the departure of our guests he went to be with Christ.

Dysentery Epidemic.

The death of Dr. Morrison brought great sorrow to missionaries and natives alike. He was loved and respected by all, and was a bulwark of strength to the whole Mission. The dysentery which took his life

also took many others. There was a veritable epidemic of the dreadful disease in the Bakuba kingdom around Bulape station, where our Mr. Washburn and Miss Fair did a marvelous work in stamping out the disease. After the disease entered his harem the king himself was stricken. The king's mother then had a blacksmith remove from the king's ankle the copper circle which is like the crown in that kingdom, and sent it to Mr. Washburn, thus making him temporarily king of the Bakuba. The Lukengu historically had held the power of life and death over his subjects, this gave Mr. Washburn all the power he needed to enforce sanitary laws and make treatment effective. He promulgated and put in operation a rigid code of sanitation which was enforced by heavy fines for those who refused to obey. Infected houses were burned, infected persons were placed in segregated camps for treatment, and so the epidemic was stayed, and thousands of lives were saved.

During that first year I helped make the coffins for Dr. Morrison and some native Church leaders, and some missionary children. I then had the feeling that few of us would live twenty years, and that five years might be the life expectancy in so deadly a country. We did not suppose we could possibly live 33 years. Tropical medicine has made great advances during these years, and many of our missionaries have already been there 25 or 30 years, some even more than 40 years. Yet Congo is not in any case a health resort, and those who go there must always be fighting tropical diseases.

Mail Service.

In those days we had only slow surface mail service to the outside world. Mail came and went only by ocean steamers, and these came at irregular intervals. Once we waited three months for our mail from America. Another time we received a letter which had traveled around six months before it reached us. We knew a British lady who said that when she received thirty letters at a time she opened one a day for thirty days to enjoy them more. But most of us were willing to enjoy them less and open them all the same day to find out what was going on in the world, and especially in America.

Industrial School.

While the primary objective of our Mission has always been to preach the Gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ, we recognize that temporal benefits also do "accompany and flow from salvation." We found the people sitting on the ground, eating on the ground, and many of them were sleeping on mats or beds made of sticks tied together in a very crude way. The huts had very rough and unsatisfactory makeshifts for doors, and usually they had no windows. The people were barefoot, and while shoes were not needed on account of cold, they were a help in protecting the feet against the burning hot sand of the paths at noonday. But the chief value of shoes is that they protect against injuries to the toes, and reduce the hazards of certain tropical diseases which enter the system through the feet. It was thought that the whole life of the people could be elevated and improved by having an Industrial School. Mr. Stegall, from Georgia Tech, was the founder of this institution. When I took over for the duration of his furlough the School had departments in shoemaking, tanning, tailoring, cabinetmaking, carpentry and bricklaying. Some of the early teachers came from the West Coast of Africa. The students who entered the School must already know how to read and write, and know something of arithmetic. But schooling was continued along with shop work and Bible instruction.



Sister of King of Bakuba

Because it will not come up elsewhere I may digress here to say that the results of our effort were different from what we had planned. Large corporations financed from Brussels, London and New York were coming into the country to mine diamonds and copper, produce palm oil, and build a railroad. All of the projects called for skilled labor. Recruiters scoured the country to hire every man who could drive a nail well, or saw or plane lumber. Good wages were offered. Instead of remaining in his home town to make beds and tables and chairs and doors and window shutters, our graduate was persuaded to go away, often far away, to work for corporations, or for traders who were opening trading posts throughout the country. This tendency was strengthened by the fact that while in the home town the graduate could find many customers for his products, it was usually difficult to collect from neighbors. If he worked for the white man he could expect regular pay for his work. So our well intended plan for improving village life through the Industrial School failed to accomplish its primary purpose.

In the late twenties circumstances necessitated the temporary closing of the School. Then came the financial depression of thirties, which deprived us of the means to reopen it. In view of the aforementioned conditions the closing then became permanent. When funds became available simpler and less costly courses were introduced to accomplish our original objective of improving living standards in the villages from which our students came. As part of the day school program this help could be given to a greater number of students.

Industrial School in Operation.

Mr. Stegall was gone before the School reopened after vacation. I was well fitted to teach cabinetmaking and carpentry. And Luhata, the first graduate the school, made a very good teacher. In shoemaking we had West Coast man as instructor. I too knew something about soling shoes, having learned before I went to the Kentucky mountains. Of tanning leather I knew only what Mr. Stegall had shown me. There were tanks in which hides were treated with the juice of the bark of certain trees from the forest. Our shoemaking suffered a handicap because tropical hides are not so thick and tough as those grown in cold climates. The leather therefore was not so strong I expected. With bricklaying I was not well acquainted, but we had a mason from the West Coast. If we had been working with lime or cement for mortar our brickwork would have been better. I planned and erected a school building using burned bricks with mud for mortar. The design was not strong enough for mud-mortar walls and pillars. So when a heavy tile roof was later put on the building it threatened to collapse, and happily was pulled down without injury to anyone. Of tailoring I was ignorant, so Mignon kindly took supervision of that department.

There was a heavy load of detail connected with the Industrial School. The purchase and cooking of food was part of the work. As about two days per week had to be given to the sawmill down in the forest, there was far too little time for all I had to do at the School.

One of our worries was termites. They are most prolific in Congo, and must constantly be reckoned with. A government officer was in urgent need of his shoes sent us for resoling. We did a rush job, and I had the shoes sent to my house, and set them at my bedside, so I would see and send them to the owner first thing



On the way to sell palmnuts to make soap



Katanga (Congo) village

in the morning. Picking them up to send them I found that the termites had come up through the mat from the dirt floor during the night, and eaten away a good part of the soles. The job had to be done over again.

Discipline.

While writing of the Industrial School I must mention the problem of discipline which faced me immediately after I took charge of the School. Before his departure Mr. Stegall sent the boys on vacation, with very strict orders about their return. On a certain afternoon they were to return to their dormitories, and report to me next morning. Staying in the village that night, was strictly forbidden. But many of the boys thought they would have some fun by staying out that night, and seeing what the new boss was made of. At my home and at Williamson School I was reared to obedience. At the latter place such behavior would have been followed by immediate expulsion. What some might have considered a boyish prank did not seem the least bit funny to me. My first problem was one of discipline, and it seemed certain that if I dealt lightly with the present insubordination, I would have constant trouble in future. To my mind disobedience to constituted authority was intolerable. It was not only inconvenient, but it would be bad for the souls of all who disobeyed. A battle had to be fought for law and order, and if the battle had been lost School would suffer permanent injury.



Pupils and teacher

I decided not to penalize anybody for this first offense. So after duly considering the problem I called up the students and gave them a lecture on the necessity of obedience. I let them know I had come across the great waters to help them. But to help I must have obedience. If I could not get obedience I would rather return to my home country than to attempt to carry on. I lined up the hundred boys, and told them that each one who wished to remain in the School must come before me and promise, "I want to do what you want me to do." Those who gave the pledge go to my right hand, and remain in the School. Those who refused to promise would go to my left, and were to be sent back to their homes. They could not stay in the School without making the promise. I made it clear that this choice would be final, and the disobedient could never come back. Evidently they got my meaning.

The line began to move toward me. One made the promise, and went to my right. Another refused, and went to the left. And so the line kept dividing until we had about fifty on the right and nearly an equal number on the left. Then the stubborn ones were told that they had made their choice and were now out of School. I began to work with the ones who had promised to obey.

Now the sons of chiefs and evangelists and teachers who thought they would have some fun at the expense of the new missionary were on a spot. During the next few days my fellow missionaries were besieged by the boys and their parents and friends asking that they intercede with me, and reinstate the disobedient in the School. Mukelenge Kabemba (that was my name) simply could not do such a thing to people who were as important as they were. But I let the missionaries know that I had given my word, and I would rather leave the School than break a promise. As a result those who had stayed in realized that they were fortunate to have made a wise choice, so my problem of discipline was greatly simplified. Throughout my missionary life I had comparatively little trouble with discipline, as a result of this one painful experience which made my reputation.

The work of the School and sawmill went so well that on his return from furlough Mr. Stegall invited and urged me to stay with him in this work. While I recognized its importance I felt I should be engaged more directly in the evangelistic work, so I declined the kind invitation and asked the Mission Meeting for a new assignment.

Sawmill.

Concurrently with the work at the Industrial School Mr. Stegall operated a steam sawmill nearly four miles away in the great forest, down by the Lulua River. The equipment included an American steam boiler and engine such as are common with portable sawmills. There was good sawing equipment, using 48 inch circular saws, with removable teeth. There was also some good woodworking machinery: a bandsaw, a planer, and a combination woodworking machine. I had been trained to use planing mill equipment, but not to saw logs. Mr. Stegall instructed me in that. I was to spend two or three days a week at the sawmill.

Mr. Stegall had left an excellent organization. There were about 100 men in the gangs, most of them employed in the forest. They cut trees, made roads, and dragged logs to the mill. Most of the trees in the forest were not desirable for our work, so the logs we wanted often came quite a distance. Only man power was available for this slavishly heavy work. Part of the forest gangs also served as mill hands whenever the mill itself was in operation.

Disappointment.

The sawmill had a capable foreman. He was a tall, strong, handsome African, and he knew his job. One Sunday afternoon at Sunday School he came walking up the aisle with his wife, all dressed in white, looking quite distinguished. They were presenting their baby for baptism. I felt quite proud to have an assistant so good-looking and so capable. Imagine my extreme disappointment not long after, when I was told that this same man had been called before the Church Session and found guilty of selling spare parts of sawmill machinery to Bakuba blacksmiths. Of course the man had to be dismissed from his responsible position. That made the load of my own work much heavier.

The path to the sawmill lay through miles of primeval forest, thousands of great and beautiful trees and jungle plants. Heavy vines were swinging from the trees here and there. Riding down on a bicycle in the cool of the early morning was delightful. Monkeys played in the trees, birds sang, and altogether the tropical scene was a feast for the eyes. When I was tired with the day's work two men would tie a rope to the bicycle, and pull me up the long hill to the station.

When I worked at the mill Mignon sent me nice dinners to eat right on the job. I kept knife, fork and spoon, and a few dishes in the cupboard at the mill. The sentry was supposed to keep them clean. One day I was about to eat my dinner, and found a curly black hair in my fork. Table forks at that time were not common among the native people. The hair in the fork called for a little detective work. A fork was so much like an African comb that somebody had to try it in his hair.

But finding a hair in one's fork was not as bad as the experience of one of our missionaries who could not understand how his toothbrush stayed so wet. One day he got the answer when through mirror he happened to see his houseboy brushing his teeth with employer's toothbrush!!

Scared.

Twice at the sawmill we were scared by engine trouble. Once the belt of the governor which controls engine speed broke. As a result the engine out of control was driving the big saw at terrific speed, and the saw was shrieking furiously. Fortunately we got it stopped before serious damage was done. On another occasion a pulley broke. It was a wooden pulley in an idler arrangement which maintained the tension of the large, heavy belt which operated the saw. When the pulley broke and was thrown off, the shaft of the idler fell down on the belt. Each time the laced belt-joint passed under the shaft it made a terrible noise. The racket was fearful, and scores of heels showed as their owners ran for the tall timber. The engineer and I, both feeling responsible, ran for the throttle and reached it at the same time. So the machinery was stopped and nobody hurt.

Malaria Fever.

One day I set myself a task. I had selected certain number of logs, and cutting them into lumber was to be the day's work. Everything was running nicely. My working position was between the big saw and log carriage on my left, and the heavy belt going perhaps a mile a minute on my right. Suddenly my eyes blacked out. I stood clinging to the operating lever until I could stand again. If I had fallen to the right or to the left I would almost certainly have been killed instantly. It was impossible to finish my task. So we closed for the day. Mounting my bicycle I was pulled home, though I could hardly keep my balance. I felt very sick. When I got home I looked for Mignon and could not find her, so I decided to go to our bedroom and lie down. She was already in her bed and said, "You have come to a hospital." I replied, "That is what I need," and went to bed for a week. Both of us were extremely ill with bilious malaria fever. We were too ill to look after our baby daughter. So our colleagues nursed us both and baby Alice, through a very hard week. I tried to give enough orders to the various foremen and teachers to keep the School and sawmill in operation. But it was hard going. My fever reached 104 1/2 degrees.

Mr. McKinnon and Dr. Stixrud both had sawmill experience, and they helped me out by doing a lot of sawing while I was behind with my work.

Spanish Flu.

Some readers will remember the epidemic of the Spanish influenza which visited many countries during World War I. After the worst had passed in Europe and America it also swept Africa. It was a fearful scourge, and brought death to many in Congo. We were told that before our steamer Lapsley left Kinshasa on a trip up river, people were dying in such numbers that some lay unburied in the streets. On the trip up river four members of the crew died, and many others were ill. So before the steamer reached Luebo the captain sent a messenger overland to find Dr. Stixrud to warn him. He at once secured the help of the government to quarantine the steamer. It was anchored in the middle of the river, and soldiers with rifles were stationed on both sides of the river to enforce the quarantine. This proved to be most necessary, for relatives of the crew tried to swim the river to get to them, and had to be forcibly restrained. The Bakete people near Luebo were called on to furnish some of their portable prefabricated houses, which could be carried in sections and set up quickly. These were erected on an island, and the sick from the steamer were hospitalized there until they recovered. Then after a safe interval, the uninfected members of the crew could return to their homes.

Then a new problem arose. It was the custom to unload the steamer cargo on the riverbank. Hundreds of volunteers from the village came to carry the cases up the hill, where they were paid for their work. The warnings about the flu which had accompanied the quarantine were so effective that no volunteers showed up to carry the loads. The students in the Mission schools had to be called out of school to serve as porters.

It was really remarkable that this quarantine was 100% effective. For the native people have always been quick to believe false rumors, and if the disease had spread from the Lapsley and brought death to many, the Mission would have been blamed.

Through the goodness of God it did not spread at that time. But a month later another steamer brought the flu up the river, and another wave of infection reached us overland coming from the east. It took strong hold of



our population, and many foreigners and natives were very ill. We were thankful that at Luebo the death rate from flu was lower than elsewhere. Dr. Stixrud and the hospital staff worked day and night with the sick.

Happy Event.

Reference has been made to baby Alice. She was born in the midst of the flu epidemic. Dr. Stixrud officiated but his wife was unable to assist because she was ill with the flu. I was an untrained nurse assisting the doctor. A native woman nurse helped to take care of mother and baby daughter until flu invaded her own home. Some of the missionary ladies helped when they could. The flu was reported to be deadly for mothers and young babies. We were indeed thankful to God that our little family was spared from infection, though most of the helpers around the house had flu at one time or another.

However, the good Doctor was so busy with flu patients that he failed to give the usual attention to the baby's feeding. When he did check he found that little Alice was slowly starving. He at once arranged for change of feeding, and her life was saved.



Dr. Stixrud

[RETURN TO INDEX](#)

[NEXT ->](#)



Basket weaving



In the potters' village

MEMORIES OF CONGO

J. Hershey Longenecker

Chapter II



[RETURN TO INDEX](#)

FIRST TERM IN CONGO-Continued

Diamonds.

During our stay at Luebo we had a guest on the station, the most successful prospector employed by the diamond mining corporation, which held the concession for all diamonds and other minerals in the whole area. He was on our station for medical care, and occasionally had meals at our table. One morning he said he had something to show us if we would clear the dining table. When that was done, he produced a pickle jar half full of rough diamonds. He poured them on the tablecloth and let us examine them. It was really fun to play with hundreds of diamonds, observing the differences between the stones. Times have changed in Congo. That would not happen now.

Traveling through the country one sometimes thought of the diamonds which might be all around. At first it rather annoyed me to think that even if I were to find a diamond I could not keep it. But thinking it over I realized that if finders of diamonds could keep them, the country would soon be filled with the dregs of mankind, who would make the state of the heathen people even worse. So I no longer worry about diamonds.

1918 Armistice.

We were at Luebo when the First World War ended. But we didn't hear about the Armistice until a week later. We did not yet have telegraph, telephone, or wireless at Luebo. The news reached Lusambo by wireless, and was brought to Luebo by foot messenger. It was the most welcome kind of news to all of us foreigners so far away from the outside world.

Job Lukumuenu.

One of the happy memories of our first stay at Luebo was our acquaintance with Job Lukumuenu, the crippled boy. He could not walk. But his little hut by the wayside



Hershey and baby Alice

was a magnet attracting many people, both American and African. Job was a patient sufferer, and one of the most radiant Christians I have ever known. He was a wonderful influence for Christ among the young people of Luebo, and an encouragement to the missionaries. He died during our first year on the Mission. It could be said of him as of Abel of old, that "he, being dead, yet speaketh."

Lusambo Trip.

A year after I took charge of the Industrial School the students were given a vacation of three months, and was sent for a short stay at Lusambo. This was a transit point up the Sankuru River, for freight coming up River for the Methodist Mission to the north, and two

Presbyterian stations south. So the station had to be kept open. Mr. Stilz, of the Methodist Mission had been sent there. But that was outside of his language area. He

needed help from someone who spoke the Tshiluba

language. Therefore I was sent for a stay of two months at Lusambo, leaving Mignon and baby Alice at Luebo. I made the long trip overland by hammock. The trip took about 11 days, besides a stopover at our station at Mutoto. The doctor provided me with potassium permanganate for snakebite, with instructions for its use if one of my porters should be bitten. I dreaded giving anyone the heroic treatment prescribed, so I was thankful that on that long trip of about 800 miles before I saw Luebo again, none of my men was bitten. In fact, in all the years I never had to treat a case of snake bite.

Monkey and Ants.

I have never been much of a hunter, but took a shotgun with me on this trip. On a bright, sunny morning was being carried through a magnificent, beautiful forest, when the man ahead called that there was an animal nearby. I dismounted and followed the men away from the footpath, where they pointed to a monkey way up in a tree, framed by a circle of foliage, like round window. Africans are quite fond of monkey meat, and as neither they nor I claimed any relationship to the monkeys, I hat no objection to shooting one if I could. Taking good aim, I fired. The monkey fell to the ground with a thud. But suddenly I found myself with other and more urgent business. While looking up I had stepped into an army of the dreaded driver ants. They were attacking in force. I had to remove my trousers to pick off those pestiferous invaders. The men had monkey meat that afternoon and were happy.

More about Hammocks.

Nowadays it is almost impossible to find men strong enough, or willing, to carry a hammock. Men who are strong enough for that are likely to go off to work in the mines. But in those days strong men thought it an honor to be on the hammock line, and there was quite an esprit de corps among them. They could travel from 20 to 30 miles a day, and in an emergency they might do 40 miles. Twenty-five miles was a good day.



Natives while away many hours with the 'tshisanji' for harp



Hammock travel

There were four pairs of men for the hammock, two men carrying at a time, and professionals were so skillful that they could change porters almost imperceptibly as they ran. Men who had carried hammock a long time developed a kind of muscular cushions on both shoulders. It was good entertainment for the villagers when a white man came riding through the town in a hammock, and crowds ran alongside the hammock singing songs. Sometimes my men would sing, "Owner of chickens, look out for your chickens, Kabemba is coming." My Congo name is Kabemba, a species of swift flying chicken hawk, perhaps a kind of falcon, which swoops down to steal a chicken, and is gone before the owner can stop him.

Sometimes village men begged the privilege of helping to carry the hammock. Then they would race along joyfully to show off to the other villagers. On a few occasions my hammock has been dropped by these hammock-happy volunteers, but in each case I escaped injury. I knew of one missionary who suffered a spine injury from such a fall.

Camera Trouble.

I had bought a good camera from Mr. Crane for \$25.00. That was a lot of money to a missionary in those days. But I did want pictures. I had taken some on this trip. When we arrived at Mutoto station I arranged to develop a roll of film. When I was all set for development I opened the camera to remove the roll, and found both camera and film watersoaked. All was ruined. At first I could not understand. Then I remembered that we had crossed the Muazangombe the day before. That small river was out of its banks, and the men had to wade through water waist deep before we reached the little bridge. The camera carrier had it tied to his waist, but said not a word about the soaking. It was a painful disappointment to lose both pictures and camera. I received three dollars in trade for my \$25.00 camera at Willoughbys in New York.

Baptism at Mutoto.

The visit with my fellow-missionaries at Mutoto over the weekend was a pleasure. On this occasion I assisted in a baptismal service. There were about fifty candidates for baptism. Mr. Crane was in charge of the service. But he was overworked and tired. The baptismal formula is something like this: "Ndi nkubatiza mu dina dia Nzambi tatu, ne dia Yesu Kilistc muan'andi, ne dia Nyuma Muimpe." Saying over the same formula 25 times was wearying to the tongue. It seemed to me that Mr. Crane's tongue was on the verge of slipping, and if he made a mistake somebody would laugh, and spoil the solemnity of the service. So I moved to his side and offered to take over. I baptized the other 25 converts.

On to Lusambo.

Next day I resumed my journey to Lusambo. One night I slept in the guest house in a village recently troubled by leopards. My men were afraid to camp on the verandah, as some of them usually did. They left me alone in my house, advising me to close doors and windows tight on account of the leopard. I could not sleep without air, so I piled up some trunks before the open door, and left the upper half open,

hoping the leopard would not find me. He didn't. I was happy when I reached my destination. Mr. Stilz and I were bachelors together for two months. I was lonely for Mignon and our little daughter Alice. The evangelistic work of Lusambo station was in my charge while I was there, teaching Bible classes, preaching, and generally looking after the work of the station.

Eclipse.

One day in mid-afternoon I was teaching a Bible class in the grass-roofed chapel. The roof was rather low at the edges, so most of our light was reflected from the ground. It grew darker and darker, until we could not see to read. I told the students we had better get home before the storm broke. We stepped outside, but to our great surprise there was no storm. But it continued to grow darker and darker. There was a total eclipse of the sun. Mr. Stilz got a photograph showing a perfect corona. Some days later I started on my homeward journey, but I was to go out of my way to visit Bibanga station. I arrived there in four or five days. A few days out from Lusambo a village chief asked me in all seriousness whether it was true, as he had heard, that a white man reached up his hand, and covered the sun.

Bad Guess.

The men had the laugh on me the day we were to arrive at Bibanga. About ten o'clock in the morning they pointed out Bibanga on a high hill in the distance, across the Lubilashi River. It did not look far, so I said we would hurry in so I could have lunch with my friends at Bibanga. They laughed at me. There was the river to cross and long hills to climb. I did not know at that time that Bibanga is nearly 1000 feet higher than the river. So I told the men I could walk in. I walked and walked. We crossed the river in a canoe. The sun was hot, and I started climbing hills. I kept walking until I was too tired for words. Noon passed, and I was hungry, but I kept on walking. Somewhere near two o'clock the men came running with the hammock and said we were nearing the station. They must carry me in with hammock songs. If I walked in they would have plenty of shame. I figured that shame was exactly what they deserved. But I was too tired to argue, so I dropped into the hammock, and they carried me up the last little slope to the station. I spent a few happy days with the McKees and the Kellersbergers and then resumed my long journey, headed now for Luebo via Luluabourg, a distance of 325 miles.



Lubilashi River Valley

Homeward Bound.

On the way I visited Dr. Motte Martin, of Luebo station, who was out on a long itineration. He fed me well. Incidentally, he had a first-class cook (our cooks are always men), who cooked for him for about 40 years.

Big Chief.

In the course of this journey I called on Kabengele Dibue, chief of the Bakwa Kalonji tribe. Some of our best teachers and preachers had come from his tribe, and I wanted to get acquainted. He was a big, strong man,

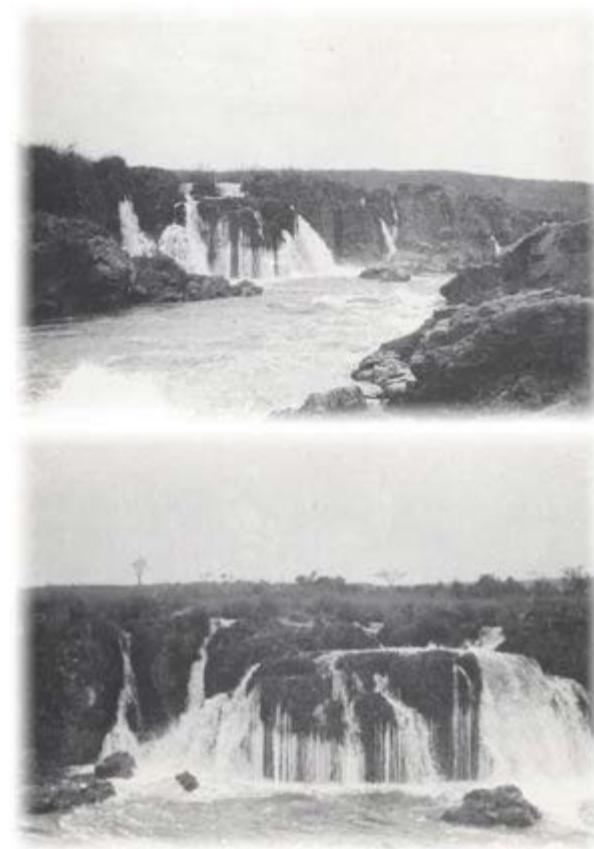
living in the kind of large compound common to African chiefs, in which there were many huts where his wives lived with their children. There is a division of opinion as to how many wives he actually did have. Someone said he had 300 wives. Someone else said he paid tax on 300, but that he was cheating the government, that he really had 700. I do not know. But I do remember asking one of his sons how many sons the chief had. He said he had 200 sons, but that the chief himself did not know how many daughters he had. On the way I would stop when I could in villages where we had evangelist-teachers. I liked to get acquainted with them and the Christians in the villages. By and by I reached Luebo and Mignon and baby Alice, who was now five months old. Those three months were the longest I ever spent.

Again Luebo.

It seemed good to be on a larger station again. Missionaries argue as to the relative merits of large or small stations. We have lived happily on both kinds. But certainly the large station gives one the benefit of fellowship and counsel with his colleagues which he misses on the small station.

Our first term was the beginning of friendships which have endured through the many years of our missionary life, and into the evening of our retirement. Being so far away from blood relatives, our missionary group became one great family, bound together by ties of love for Christ and His service. Children recognized this close relationship in the great family of the Mission by calling other missionaries "Uncle" and "Aunt." So through the years we have been known as "Uncle Hershey and Aunt Minnie" by many children of the Mission, and our own children have many "Uncles" and "Aunts" in this happy relationship, which continues through life.

Wrong Word.



A small part of Tshala Falls of the Lubilashi River



We held some night services at various points away from the station in the big Luebo village. On one of these occasions I was preaching in the dark. On the way home somebody told me I had used the wrong word in my sermon. My text was, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." The correct word for treasure chest was "tshibutshilu." But instead of that I used "tshishihelu" which means altar. Preaching in the dark, my memory slipped.

Lusambo Again.

In December 1919 Mr. Stegall returned to take over the Industrial School. The Mission assigned us to Lusambo for the remaining year of our first term, substituting for the Bedingers, who were on furlough. It was decided that the steamer Lapsley would take us around to Lusambo, which meant sailing down the Lulua and Kasai Rivers to the junction, then up the Sankuru River to Lusambo. Our station was on the riverbank two miles east of Lusambo.

First Motorcycles.

Messrs. Stegall and McElroy had brought two heavy motorcycles back with them from furlough. We saw these come up the hill at Luebo. They were a great marvel to the people, who had seen no vehicle more wonderful than a bicycle. So they followed in shouting, laughing crowds, whenever the motorcycles were started. The McElroys, their children, and one motorcycle accompanied us to Lusambo on the Lapsley. Then they made the long journey to Bibanga as best they could. Paths were very poor, and hills very high and steep. It was a great undertaking to get a motorcycle over those rugged paths.

Mutual Aid.

Except for occasional visitors, we lived alone on Lusambo station that year, which was eventful and crowded with activity. The Commissaire of the District was friendly. He knew some English, having been a liaison officer with the British army in Egypt during the war. It was agreed that he would write me letters in English, and I would write to him in French, and we would correct each other's letters. This would have been very helpful to my small knowledge of French. But we did not get far before he was sent into the interior with an expedition to subdue a cannibal tribe who had the playful habit of shooting with poisoned arrows at white men on passing steamers. I think they had killed one state officer.

Then We Were Four.

In March our daughter Dorothy Anne appeared in our home. The Italian doctor from Lusambo was in town and came to help us, and Miss Hutchinson, a British missionary nurse and trained midwife, also came to stay with us. The Edmistsons of our own Mission, going on furlough, stayed with us while waiting for a steamer. Mrs. Edmiston took charge of the housekeeping, and everything connected with the important event went off perfectly. At three o'clock one afternoon some guests to tea left us by canoe. Before five-thirty our baby daughter was safe in bed. We were so thankful to our loving Heavenly Father for His tender care. That baby girl has become a missionary mother in a much disturbed Korea. We might worry for her safety, and for her family. But as we recall how graciously the Lord cared for her then, we are sure He will protect her still.

Scottish Friend.

One day at Lusambo we had three callers. The district manager of the SEDEC, a large merchandising corporation, called to introduce two new agents. One of these was Mr. John Morrison, of Glasgow, with whom we became great friends. He later joined our Mission.

For 35 years he did great service on our Mission, first as a businessman, later as a minister and educator. He used to come on Sunday afternoons to tea, and we had worship together, and sang hymns. These visits were very refreshing.



Rev. John Morrison and Luebo School teachers

Coffin Story.

Once while Mignon was ill with fever we heard of the death of an American lady who was visiting on the British Mission 18 miles down river. Mr. Morrison took Europeans from Lusambo to the funeral on the SEDEC steamer. I could not go. When they returned they reported that Mr. Nixon, an old English missionary, was so ill with blackwater fever that in violent chills he shook his whole bed. It seemed certain that he would die. Because I was the only male missionary within a hundred miles, it gave me great concern. Was it not my responsibility to see that he was decently buried? Travel by canoe or on foot was so slow that if I waited for notice of his death I could not get a coffin made and have the burial within 24 hours, as our climatic conditions required. So in my third-rate French I wrote to the manager of the LaCourt Plantation asking whether, in the event of Mr. Nixon's death, they could provide a coffin. They may not have understood exactly what I wanted to say. They at once began to make the coffin. To the surprise of everybody, Mr. Nixon got well. The plantation presented him with his coffin. He kept it for years, but never used it, as he died years later in England.

Interpreter Wanted.

At Lusambo I was busy enough before the storm which destroyed the Church. I had been preaching and teaching, and had supervision of the outstation work, besides a dispensary with a medical assistant in charge. Then there was transport for the Methodist Mission, as well as Bibanga and Mutoto stations of our own Mission. Caravans of 20 to 100 men would come in to be loaded with boxes of merchandise which I had previously moved from the steamer landing at Lusambo. Then came the storm which blew down the chapel. As Mr. Bedinger, who would soon be back to take over his work, was not a builder, I felt I must build a new chapel before we left for furlough. So I was very, very busy. One day I took a lot of porters to Lusambo to get some freight for the Methodist Mission that had arrived by steamer. But the Administrator of the Territory, in those days of scarce personnel, was loaded with more work than he could possibly do. When I found him sweating under his impossible load, I sent our porters home empty rather than to trouble him while he was checking cargo from the steamer. But as stated before I was too busy. I did not send for the boxes for two weeks. I received notice that I owed demurrage on the cargo because it stayed in the warehouse too long. I was worried, for I had no source of money to pay such a bill. And I was vexed at the injustice of it, when I paid my men to return empty just to help out the overworked Administrator. Feeling as I did, I feared that my poor French might involve me in unpleasantness. I went to see our friend, Mr. Morrison, to ask him to interpret for me, and explain the situation to the Administrator. To my great disappointment Mr. Morrison was out of town. There was no choice. The matter must be handled at once, so I went to the Transport office and did the best I could. The affair was amicably arranged, and I was excused from making payment. But imagine my surprise, before I left town, to be called back to this same Administrator's office. He asked whether I could interpret for him and an American prospector.

It happened that the American was sent by a mining syndicate to explore some territory on which their option was nearing expiration. That section was dangerous because the natives were in revolt, and the government was unwilling to assume any responsibility for the safety of strangers wandering in those parts. This had to be interpreted to the American. He decided to go at his own risk. Never having heard

anything more about him, I presume that he survived the hazardous journey. But I am always amused when I think of my having sought an interpreter, then having been asked to serve in the same capacity.

Clothing Shortage.

While I was building the chapel, two Methodist missionaries, Messrs. Lynn and Davis, arrived on the way from America to their Mission. They stayed with us a night or two, then went on to Wembo Nyama. They had to leave their trunks, and we had loads for a hundred porters besides. They took pains to explain that when a caravan of carriers came, the first things to send were the trunks from their bedroom. I understood perfectly, but being too busy I forgot. I loaded the caravan with other things. Some days later more men came with the urgent plea, "Please send us our trunks or we may have to dress in barrels."

Exchange Problems.

To folks who stay in their homeland the fluctuations of international exchange may not seem important, but they were one of my real worries all our years in Congo. Ever since the close of the First World War the value of the Belgian franc, as well as many other currencies, has been changing from time to time. During our first few years in Africa, the value of a franc was 19.3 cents, as it used to be given in the dictionaries.

Roughly we figured that a franc was about 20 cents of American money. In those days a workman was paid theoretically 9 francs per month, food allowance included, but practically it was 8 yards of excellent quality white cotton cloth, woven to order, and known as "tshilulu tshia Mission," that is, cloth of the Mission. This was far superior to the shoddy stuff

sometimes sold by traders. The people were not working for money. They were working for cloth or salt or soap, or lye for making their own soap. Suddenly the franc began to drop. In a short time its value dropped from 20 cents to 2 1/2 cents, and prices of cloth began to rise sharply. When the fluctuation began we did not understand it, and we supposed nobody else in Congo did either. Far from our other missionaries Mignon and I were alone with the problem. I explained to our people that I supposed the rise in price of cloth was only temporary. But when a man who had been bringing his family eight yards of good cloth per month came home on pay day with only four yards of the same, there was bitterness and complaining in many places. The pastor and elders of the Church kept coming to me for relief for themselves, and for the evangelists and teachers they represented. I lay awake nights, worrying about it. The fact that we had a tablecloth and napkins, and curtains at our windows when the Lord's poor people could not clothe their children, made me miserable. I tried to make the best explanations possible. The words were not cloth. They were not good enough. By and by I was desperate. So when the leaders came one more time, I broke down and wept. I told them it was not in my power to help them but I did feel for them in their trouble. And to show my sympathy explained that practically all my earthly possessions were right in that house. They could come and take everything we had. That was the limit of what I could do. They were deeply touched by my suffering, and said they would not bother me any more about it. They did not want my things, and took nothing from me. And they kept their word. I suffered still. For I knew that the trouble in their homes was still there. I looked with unhappiness on every bit of cloth we had around the house.



Cotton Market



Baskets of cotton

And all through the years, whenever the exchange rate has been altered in the money markets of the world, it has given me pain. Whoever gained through those transactions was doing so at the expense of our poor Africans.

Healed in Answer to Prayer.

One of our experiences while alone at Lusambo lingers in memory as an illustration of the simple faith of African Christians and God's response to their prayers. Little Alice was quite ill. We did the best we could in the way of treatment, but did wish that our Mission doctors had been within reach to give us advice. But Alice grew worse, and Mignon and I knew that her condition was critical. So as I was leaving for the sunrise prayer meeting Mignon suggested that I call on the group at the meeting to pray for Alice. I presented the request, and the people prayed for her recovery. When I returned to the house Mignon told me there was a sudden change in Alice's condition. At first she thought the child might be dying. Soon it became clear that it was a change for the better, and at once she was on her way to recovery. Later Alice was a missionary nurse in Congo, then the wife of a minister in Missouri. We are sure she is living and serving in answer to the prayers of our African friends.



Dorothy's Baptism.

At Lusambo we had as a co-worker the pastor Musonguela. He was a fine Christian. So it was a joy to us to have him baptize our baby daughter Dorothy Anne, called Konkolonka by the native people. This was one more tie binding us to the people to whom we ministered in the name of Christ.

Crocodile Victim.

Our station near Lusambo was just a good stone's throw from the river, near the junction of the Sankuru and Lubi Rivers. One day a man was carried up on the station, the worst wounded person I ever saw. He had about twenty wounds on his body, some of them just large holes, others gashes as much as six inches long. His throat had been torn open, so when he breathed the air gurgled out of his windpipe. He looked like a hopeless case. I asked our dispensary boy what we could do. He said to call the pastor Musonguela, who had been a hospital assistant before he entered the ministry. The pastor looked the man over, then advised me not to touch him. His reason was that we did not have what was necessary for the proper stitching of the wounds. It was highly probable the man would die anyhow, and if he did, I would be blamed for his death. Musonguela advised me to send him to the government doctor at Lusambo Hospital. I did so, and was surprised and pleased to learn that the patient recovered. He had enough wounds to kill five white men.

We were told he had been swimming in the Lubi River, where the crocodile had caught him. His friends had intervened a clubbed the crocodile until it let the man go.

Used to Save a Life.

Because Mignon twice had bacillary dysentery, Dr. Stixrud gave me a vial of Pasteur treatment for that deadly disease if she should again be infected. Though I had never given an injection he instructed me so I could give it if necessary. By and by the wife of one of the deacons became exceedingly ill with the same disease. It was clear that her days were few if she were not treated. I was concerned for Mignon's safety. But we talked it over and she decided that it would be best to trust the Lord for our own future, and use this medicine to save this Christian woman's life. I followed the instructions and gave the

injection to this wife and mother who were in desperate need. It was promptly effective and without doubt saved a life. We were so thankful we made that decision, for Mignon was spared from any more dysentery of that type.

Furlough Time.

I got the chapel built, then it was time to go on furlough. We were looking for the return of the Bedingers. But we had no news. Finally it seemed we might have to leave before they arrived. That would have presented great difficulties, but we prepared for that eventuality. But they happened to come up river on the same steamer which was to take us down.

Those were busy days for all, specially for the ladies. We had some Methodist missionaries as guests, waiting for the same steamer with us. Mignon had to be hostess to everybody the first two days, then pack up our things the latter two days. Mrs. Bedinger was unpacking the first two days, then she was hostess the latter two days. I had to turn over all the station affairs to Mr. Bedinger. Then we started for our first furlough.

Danger to the Children.

During our year at Lusambo two of our missionary families had lost children by tropical diseases as they passed through lower Congo. So there naturally was a question whether our dear little girls would get out of Congo with their lives. Mignon was sure that if we ever got them safely out of Congo she would never bring them back to such a dangerous country. She would leave them with relatives in America. Indeed, it was then the common practice for missionaries from Europe and America to leave their children in the homeland when they returned after furlough. But before we were past Belgium on the way home their mother was already writing down reasons why we should bring the girls back with us to Congo. And they did return, and they are still alive, thank God! !



River Voyage.

The trip down river was not particularly enjoyable. We did have the agreeable company of friends from the Methodist Mission. But the redheaded river captain was not a man after our own hearts. He was very rough with his crew, and did not seem at all friendly to us. We had as a fellow passenger the wife of a businessman, who stayed on his job while she went to Belgium. Once I had reason to see the captain on the bridge, and found him sitting there with this young woman in his lap. Nothing was said about this unusual form of caring for passengers. She told us later that the captain was just like a father to her. We were thoroughly disgusted.

Fight on the Riverbank.

The captain's roughness brought us trouble the last night of the voyage. The steamer was tied up for the night at a large plantation bordering the Congo River. This was also a refueling post, and there were long stacks of firewood for sale. Some of it was brought on board,



A Kasai River steamer

while the 70 unarmed soldiers who were lower-deck passengers, and other native passengers, installed themselves around campfires on shore. As the next day would be a busy one, I retired soon after dinner. Mignon waked me to say there was trouble on shore. I took a look, and saw a great fight going on; possibly 150 men, or even more, were bombarding each other with chunks of firewood, and with burning brands from the campfires. The flying firebrands against the dark sky made it look like a Fourth of July celebration. Then someone threw a firebrand on the thatched roof of a large warehouse, and suddenly the whole scene was brightly illuminated as the roof blazed furiously. It was evident that if one man were killed it would mean the death of many before morning, and the whole area could become involved. So I rushed out as I was, barefoot, dressed in white pajamas, to try to stop the fight before blood was shed. Along the deck and down the stairs I ran, across the gangplank and into the midst of the fighters. The people knew I was a missionary, and that missionaries were their friends. None of them would willingly hurt me. I did not know the languages of these tribes. I motioned the fighters away from each other as I ran back and forth, trying to get the fighters out of the melee. Finally I got the sides separated, and motioned for all the people from the ship to go back on board. Then I shooed the local people back to the village. All the while the captain had been blowing his shrill call whistle. Nobody paid any attention to him. He had completely lost control of the situation. At long last things got quiet. Knowing how furiously angry the people were, I placed a sentry at each end of the gangplank, and decided to sit on the upper deck overlooking the gangplank all night long to make sure the fighting had not resumed. By that time I felt sure that our own safety, and that of the ship, would be threatened if the fighting broke out again, and the population of surrounding villages also became involved.

Before settling for the night on a steamer chair, I went in to bathe my muddy bare feet. By this time I was aware that I probably had two fractured ribs. It felt like that when I drew breath for about two weeks. When I washed my feet I found blisters from the burning coals of the campfires. In the excitement I had not felt them as long as the burns were covered with mud.

At dawn I felt that my task was done, and went to get some rest. The captain and a few passengers with the plantation owners drew up legal documents about the damage caused by the warehouse fire. We never knew who paid the reported loss of \$2000.00.

When the cables were being loosed for our departure, a woman ran out from behind a hut and struck one of the steamer's workmen with a club, leaving a gash on his neck that required about a half dozen stitches.

The best we could learn about the origin of the fight was that a quarrel started between our captain and the foreman of the fire wood cutters from on shore. The captain became angry and threw the foreman downstairs. The latter returned and threw a brick at the captain, injuring his foot. Then members of the crew put him off the boat, and the fight started.

Strangely enough the captain never said a word to me about the fight. I did not wish to embarrass him by speaking of it. But when we reached our destination at Kinshasa, we could find no hotel accommodations. He kindly allowed our party of missionaries to stay on board ship for the night, taking us on to Leopoldville, the next stop. Next morning when I could not get porters to transfer our baggage to the

railroad station he went further and allowed the ship's crew to help move it. This, I took it, was his mute way of expressing gratitude to me for pacifying the angry mob.

Railroad Trip.

At that time the railway trip to Matadi still took two days. The night between was spent at Thysville. When we were safely aboard the train I thought our troubles were over. But in the afternoon our train was stopped because of a freight wreck ahead. We learned we must spend the night on the train out there in the jungle. Our second-class coach was crowded and dirty with smoke and soot. We knew the crying of our children would keep the other passengers awake. I went to the conductor, a West African coastman, asking to pay the difference in fare and transfer to first class. He said it could not be done. The day in the hot, smoky, dirty train had left me looking very disreputable. So I was both embarrassed and surprised to be called by a gentleman in a private car. He was the Director of the Banque du Congo Belge, the foremost banker in the Congo. Accompanied by a physician, he was taking his wife to Matadi to board the ship for Belgium. They had overheard me talking to the conductor. Recognizing our unfortunate plight, they generously offered that my wife and babies might occupy places in their private car for the night. Never was help in need more appreciated than that generous offer. We had with us screened beds for the children, and I set them up in one end of the banker's car, so Mignon and the little girls got some rest. Other passengers in our car, and I, also got more rest than would otherwise have been possible. Instead of reaching Thysville Friday evening we arrived on Saturday morning at ten o'clock. By that time Mignon had a fever. The Methodist missionaries helped nurse her and the children over the weekend. Monday morning the train resumed its journey to Matadi.

Congo Boy Hero.

In those days it was necessary to carry with us much money for the long journey. I had the money and important papers in a briefcase. To make sure I would not forget it, I set it between my foot and the leg of the table at breakfast. It was a hurried meal, for we had to eat, then rush downhill to the train to make sure of seats. But the events of the past days had wearied me. We ate. With handbags, one convalescent wife and two small children I was off for the train. Halfway down the hill a Negro boy caught up with me, held out the briefcase, and asked, "Is it yours?" Without prompt and honest action by that boy we would have had much trouble and expense, besides the loss of all that money. We would have missed our steamer at Matadi, thus having a delay of three weeks there with great danger to the children's health, and many other inconveniences. The boy was a hero. He will never know how much good he accomplished by a prompt use of his head and feet. What reward I gave him I cannot recall, but I hope it was enough.

We reached Matadi and again found no hotel room. We were given space for the night upstairs in a gloomy, dirty warehouse. But there was reason to be grateful even for that. It was far better than spending the night on the street. Matadi is one of the earth's hotspots. Its name means rocks. It is really a great deep bowl of rocks right under the tropical sun, and rarely has a breeze down near the docks. It gets hot all day and stays hot all night. We spent a very uncomfortable night. In the morning we were happy to get aboard ship and sail for Belgium. It was the end of our first term in Congo. Five more were to follow.

[RETURN TO INDEX](#)

[NEXT ->](#)



MEMORIES OF CONGO

J. Hershey Longenecker

Chapter III



[RETURN TO INDEX](#)

SECOND TERM IN CONGO-1922-1925

We Change Train and Steamer.

Returning to Congo after our first furlough, we landed at Matadi. Our two little girls, Alice and Dorothy, did return with us. We spent a day or two with Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Clark at the American Baptist Mission. Dr. Clark knew lots of good Congo stories. He had a beard. After sitting on his knee little Alice came to whisper, "That man has fur on his face."

Our travel agent told us we were booked for Monday's train, to Kinshasa. I told him we wished to go Friday. He said there was some technicality about the tickets, and the change could not be arranged. However, by means of quiet insistence I got the booking changed, and we did leave on Friday's train. We arrived at Kinshasa Saturday instead of the following Tuesday. Mr. Cleveland, our Mission Treasurer at the time, had come down river with our Mission steamer Lapsley, to make the arrangements to put her in dry dock for repairs. He had expected to sail with us on the steamer Aruwimi. When he heard that we would arrive Saturday instead of Tuesday, he changed our bookings to the Reine Elizabeth, which was to sail some days earlier. Just why I felt so positive we must leave Matadi on the Friday train was not clear to me at the time. We might have had a very happy weekend with the Clarks. But the reason was clear enough some months later, when we learned that the steamer Aruwimi on that particular voyage up river, was bummed up with the loss of a number of lives. She had a cargo of gasoline. If we had sailed on her this is probably what would have happened: At the Basongo landing we three men would almost certainly have gone ashore for a walk. Mignon and the children, with Mrs. Allen, would just as certainly have stayed on board ship, and would probably have been burned to death. To us such things do not happen by chance. We believe definitely in the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and we are confident that it was He who led me to get a change of bookings at Matadi, without my knowing just why.

Our trip up river on the Reine Elizabeth was not specially noteworthy, except that we had quite a bit of fun. Mr. Cleveland and the Allens were good company. On April 1 we played some jokes on each other.



Longeneckers - Early 1920's

Mr. Cleveland came and asked me whether I wanted the native passengers to play with my new motorcycle on the lower deck. Naturally I rushed downstairs, only to be told it was the first of April. The rest of us sent Mr. Cleveland a letter which contained only blank paper.

The Reine Elizabeth did not have enough cabins for all the passengers. A few of us had to sleep on camp cots on the deck. My own cot was set up near the family's cabin, under a large water pipe which curved over it like the handle of an umbrella. Next morning I jumped out of bed in shocked surprise when a stream of cold water hit me right in the middle. Crewmen had turned on water for washing the decks, and someone had left this faucet open. In those days there were few white children in Congo, so most ships were not safeguarded as they are now. Two cables stretched around the upper decks were the only guard rails, so small children had plenty of chances to fall overboard. Two open stairways also were dangerous. In addition to these two serious hazards, the rudder chains passed along the decks, and where they passed over rollers little hands or feet could very easily be caught and crushed. One day baby Dot stood looking at the cables at deck's edge, and said, "NO!" Next she faced to two stairways and said, "NO!" Then she went and paid her respects to the steering chains and said,

"NO!" She had grown weary of hearing that word every time she turned around.

Their aunt Catherine had given the children a brightly colored rubber ball about a foot in diameter. They loved it. It was a sad day when it rolled along the upper deck, bounced down the stairs and off the lower deck into the river. We could see the beautiful, thing floating, mostly above water, as we left it farther and farther behind, a pretty plaything for crocodiles and hippos.

New Assignment.

At Luebo we learned that our family had been assigned to Bibanga station, which was 325 miles of native footpaths southeast from Luebo. I had a motorcycle, a light one. But Mignon and the little girls had to travel by hammock. We had a two weeks journey before us. After things were packed each morning and the caravan started, I could pass them and go ahead to the next village where we were to spend the night, and get things ready for their coming. A guest house could be cleaned and swept 1 and the dust settled before the porters arrived with cooking utensils, table and beds. We could also make sure of food for our porters, and better arrangements all around than if we had all arrived together. However it was a long, tiresome trip. Those who travel in Congo nowadays can hardly realize what it meant then to travel over the long, hot miles. Often high grass and weeds scratched one's cheeks. The sun beat down from the sky. The hammock men sang more and more lustily as they grew more and more tired. "Dumba Tuya, Dumba Tuya, Dumba Tay, Dumba Tay," these and other nonsense rhymes were sung mile after mile, until they became wearisome to the passengers. But the villagers in every village were glad to see us. The coming of a white man was still a great event. But the coming of a white lady, with white children, that was something to be remembered and talked of around the evening fires for a long, long time. The motorcycle was not less notable. At that time there were very few motorcycles in Congo. So the people crowded around in wide-eyed astonishment at one more marvel produced by the white man in his foreign country. They could not realize what such things cost in the way of ingenuity and hard labor and



Alice and Dot

teamwork. Of cloth and many other things we had, it was said that white men brought these things up out of the ocean. I could hear them discussing the motorcycle. Someone pointed out that the tires were just like a snake. It was fun showing off my new toy to the people. In one village a great crowd gathered to watch me. I had a powerful klaxon on the motorcycle, so waited until all was comparatively quiet, then suddenly sounded off. The crowd backed away so quickly that the mass of the people on one side broke the roof of a hut as they backed up against it. After that motorcycle was worn out I put the same klaxon on a bicycle. One of the missionaries said I jacked up the klaxon and put a bicycle under it. Anyway it was a strong voice for a bicycle. Many times I honked behind a line of natives in a narrow footpath and they jumped aside, and then burst into shouts of laughter, or at least broad grins, as they saw it was only a bicycle.)

One of the problems of the long journey was food for the necessarily large caravan. It takes all the joy out of life to arrive in a village, eat your own food, then feel that your men who have borne the burden and heat of the day must go to bed hungry. So goodbye hammock travel. I shall never mourn your going!

Lost in the Plain.

On this motorcycle trip to Bibanga I had the curious experience of being lost in the middle of a great grassy plain in broad daylight. So long as there is only one path one can only go forward. But where six paths converge and there is no signpost one can be seriously puzzled. I came to such a point when alone on my motorcycle far ahead of the caravan. Some distance away I saw a few people. Unfortunately they were scared by the funny machine that said "tuka-tuka-tuka-tuka" all the time. The more I called them the faster they ran. They ran through the grass, not on the paths where I might have overtaken them. Soon I was all alone with the sun overhead and a half dozen paths at my feet. Praying for guidance I took what seemed to be the right path. By and by I reached the distant village. This plain was uninhabited for many miles in every direction, for the lake in the middle of it was supposed to be the dwelling place of spirits, and people were afraid to live there. (Years later our missionaries began going to this beautiful Lake Munkamba for vacations, and later numbers of white men and Congolese had homes on its delightful shores. It has no crocodiles or hippos. It is fine for swimming.)



Lake Munkamba

Bibanga.

High on the hills to the east of the Lubilashi River one can see Bibanga station long before he reaches it, as I learned to the amusement of my hammockmen on my first visit. We were most heartily welcomed to the station by the McKees and the McElroys and Miss Rogers.

Dr. Kellersberger.

My assignment from the Mission was to build a hospital for the work of Dr. E. R. Kellersberger (who served on our Mission for 24 years, then became Secretary of the American Leprosy Missions). He had served one term with pitifully inadequate equipment. So I was sent to build a hospital for him. Dr. Kellersberger is now deservedly famous. I recall that we once had a visit by the Commissaire de District. Dr. Kellersberger was showing him the spots on a leper's back, insensitive to the prick of a pin. The official drew back in horror, saying, "Doctor, do you touch them?"

My New Task.

The missionaries showed me where the new hospital was to be built. It was on a gentle slope draining away from the station. The foreign material resources were pointed out: A rough shed contained metal roofing, nails, tiles for the operating room, a hand-operated brick press, a limited quantity of cement, tools for masons and carpenters, and some pitsaws and crosscut saws. It was explained that there had been some carpenters, masons, and pit sawyers. But most of these had gotten jobs at the diamond and copper mines, or elsewhere. The lumber for the doors, windows, ceiling and roof framing was still in trees scattered around the landscape. The bricks were still to be made. Was there good brick clay? No, not very good. It was hoped I could make the bricks out of two or three gigantic termite hills down in the valley some distance away. The wood for burning the brick was still in the scrub trees scattered around the hills. There was no vehicle for transporting anything. All transport had to be done on human shoulders. There were two good masons to help me. It was necessary to train crews of carpenters, masons, brick-makers, firewood cutters, and sawyers. The work at the Industrial School had given me good experience in organizing workmen to get things done. I had learned from Dr. Morrison one little secret which helped me a great deal, in employing African labor. He said, "If I were to send two men to cut grass, I would make one of them kapita (foreman) over the other." Unless there is someone on whom to fix responsibility things will not go right. So through a system of responsible kapitas the work began to progress. Just as largely as possible a quota system was used, for the individual or for the group. Giving each man a task for the day always gave us the best results.



Hammock and termite mound

Nyoka, the Crook.

(Nyoka means snake.) Much firewood had to be cut for brickburning, and had to be carried quite a distance. Wood was not plentiful in the high grass country around Bibanga; firewood was scarce. However there were scrub trees scattered in the grass, and these would do for brickbuming. Our firewood kapita was named Nyoka. He was well named, for I soon found that he was a crook. He somehow coerced his men into working his little farm, somewhere down a valley, in addition to their other work, or in place of it. When Nyoka learned that I had found out the facts about him he suddenly took his departure and I have not seen him since.

Extortion.

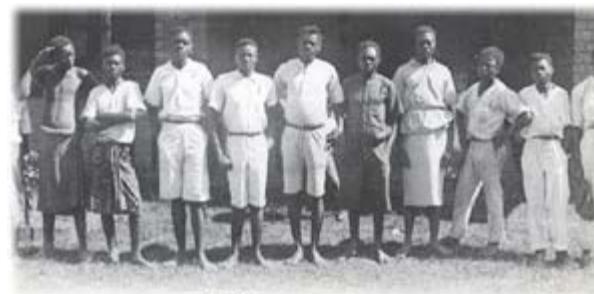
Mention might be made of an itineration among the Bena Kalambai. I wanted to see the chief of the village where I was to spend the night. He was reported absent. Questions brought out the facts. The old chief who was overlord of many villages kept this village chief in constant fear. Repeatedly and inexcusably he imprisoned this sub-chief, and by cruelty forced the sub-chief to pay him goats and chickens, or more women to add to his large harem. People living in a free country can hardly imagine the forms of extortion invented by hard-hearted, greedy chiefs. I am not an advocate of colonialism, as developed through the centuries, for it was motivated too largely by self-interest. But something could be said for colonial administration if it were solidly built on the motto of one Governor-General: "Dominer a servir," that is, Govern in order to serve.

The missionary interest is not in governing the people, but in the salvation of their souls. Even if the people had had a perfect animal happiness, still we must take them the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ to satisfy the need of their souls. For the eternal, loving God who created all men, has not created Africans to live and die like beasts. Jesus sent us with His good tidings to all men unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

You Are Only a Black Man.

One time a hut was needed as a lodging for somebody. I had no time to look after building it. So I picked a man from the workline, and said, "You are the kapita. I want you to gather the materials and build a hut at such and such a place. Pick out five men. You are the boss. Go build the hut." By and by he returned and told me the men refused to work for him. He explained, "They tell me, 'You are only a black man like we are. We will not work for you. We came here to work for a white man.' "

Most of the men were so ignorant of ordinary mechanical ideas that they had to learn everything from scratch. Even a simple door knob was too much for them. It was amusing to see a raw fellow from the hills go after a job like turning the crank on a drill press. He did not understand the principle, therefore he fought the handle when it turned to come back at him. The untrained native has no idea of a right angle. So while many of their huts are four sided, they are hardly ever rectangular unless the builders have had some training. Native villages were rarely laid out in squares. The houses stood higgledy-piggledy, rarely, if ever, in line. Therefore getting skilled masons, carpenters, cabinetmakers and sawyers, meant training men from the ground up. They had plenty of native talent, but it had to be educated in the skills we required. Here my experience at the Industrial School encouraged me to go forward with what might have seemed a hopeless task. Our trouble was that other white men also needed skilled help. It was easier for them to hire my skilled men than to train their own. As they had more money than we had, it was necessary to train many more men than I was able to keep.



Baluba carpenters

Again I profited from my experience by sending to the Industrial School at Luebo for a graduate to come to Bibanga to train carpenters. Misikabo and I understood each other, and he was able to teach and supervise the carpenter shop, so he saved me much valuable time.

Lumber Problem.

I needed lumber. It was a far cry from the steam sawmill at Luebo to cutting lumber by hand at Bibanga. I wished for a sawmill. But even if Luebo station had donated theirs to the cause, we could not have moved it 325 miles over footpaths to Bibanga. I was compelled to employ the pitsaw method which was common in many places in Congo. Trees were scarce. True, there were small clusters of forest trees down some deep valleys, but the lumber was not usable because the termites destroyed it so readily. Furniture or roof framing could soon be turned by them into empty shells that would break down. At Luebo I had gotten acquainted with nsanga trees. These trees are practically termite proof. But they are scarce. Scouting around we found there were some nsanga trees scattered over the plains. Usually the tree was found alone, or in very small groups.



Baluba-sawyers—pitsaw

But nsanga trees cannot saw themselves into boards. There were only a few sawyers left, and they had little skill or experience. I had no knowledge whatever of pitsawing. I could not be satisfied with anything less than good lumber. Sometimes on journeys I saw first-class lumber that had been sawed by hand. I reasoned that if other men could get good boards by the pitsaw method we could too. I felt blue when the

sawyers brought me boards that were twisted and otherwise showed poor workmanship. These less-than-half-trained sawyers couldn't even appreciate the difference between a straight board and a crooked one. Investigation showed that in marking the long lines on the log with a snapline and charcoal dust the long lines were straight and parallel. But by carelessly marking the lines on the ends of logs they gave a twist to each finished board. A little thing like that meant nothing to primitive people, accustomed to building crooked huts with crooked trees from the forest. They thought these boards were just fine. But for me with a trade school training they were a headache.

After some time a man came to ask for a job as a pitsawyer. He claimed to understand the work. Our saws were in bad shape, so I gave him an old and apparently hopeless pitsaw to file. If he could properly file that saw it would prove beyond all doubt that he knew the trade. He turned out a fine job, and I was delighted to put him in charge of the sawing.

The men were told that instead of paying them by the month I would pay them by the board. They did not want piecework. I assured them that while one of my objectives was to increase production, another was to increase their pay. Still they didn't want piecework. But I told them it was piecework or nothing. They yielded. They were surprised to see how much more they could earn that way. But in being greedy for gain they became careless of quality, and began to bring in lumber that was poorly sawed. When I came back from a journey and checked the lumber, it was clear that an object lesson was absolutely necessary.

They were reminded that I had promised them a certain amount for each board, only on condition that it was a good board. After figuring the value of so many good boards, I counted out the metal money in stacks on the table. They saw all this money almost within their grasp. Then I explained that I simply could not pay all that good money for the poor boards they had sawed. I raked half of the money back into the cash box, and divided the rest among them. That severe lesson was effective. They recognized the justice of it. They realized that I meant what I said, and from then on I got good lumber. More than that, after they found that they were being well paid for good work, they stayed with me. I soon had enough sawyers to cut the lumber needed for our work, provided I could find enough good trees.

For those unfamiliar with the system of pitsawing it may be explained that the tree is cut down with axes, or a crosscut saw. Then logs are cut, according to the length of boards required. A pit is dug, perhaps ten feet in length, deep enough to give a man plenty of standing room while working on the under side of the log. Beams are laid across the pit, and the log rolled onto them. It is then flattened on two sides with axes or adzes, and these flat sides are lined for sawing. Then one man stands on top of the log, and his companion stands beneath it. The top man pulls the saw up, the under man pulls it down. And so they rip out the boards. It is slow work. But working in gangs they can take turns, and keep the saw going even while the men rest. Generally speaking, we were delighted with the quality and quantity of lumber they produced, and they were happy with their earnings.

Two Big Trees.

Nsanga trees were few and far between. Most of those within five miles of Bibanga were soon cut down. So George McKee suggested that we mount our motorcycles and go scouting for such trees as we might find. We started eastward on the winding footpath. We had to ride slowly for fear of being thrown from the motorcycles. About six miles east George said, "Hershey, there is a lusanga tree over there in the middle of the plain. You had better get that one." I made a mental note of the location. The tree stood all alone. Seen from where we were it looked as if it might be two feet in diameter. But every lusanga tree



Porters carrying lumber seven miles to build a hospital.

was valuable, and we were glad to see one more.

By and by I went out to examine the tree. The motorcycle had to be left in the footpath, which was quite a distance from the tree. Wading through the grass, every step increased the size of the tree. Having mistaken the distance, I had totally misjudged the size of the tree. What from a distance looked like a tree two feet in diameter, proved to be three times as large. Some simple calculations showed that it was seventy feet from the ground to the first branches. I looked and looked, for the tree seemed impossibly big, something like looking for a cow and finding an elephant. There was not only a solid diameter of six feet, but for some way from the ground upward there were heavy buttresses which supported the lone tree against storms. The section near the ground, including the buttresses, was so large that four men could just touch fingertips around it. It looked as if that tremendous tree could not possibly be cut down and turned into lumber with the tools we had at Bibanga.

By this time our lumber hunger was so great that I knew we must not pass up such a wonderful prospect of hundreds of good boards needed for Dr. Kellersberger's hospital. The Lord had prepared this magnificent tree for us, and we must, simply must, cut it into lumber. The task seemed impossible to me, but to our God all things are possible. It was decided to undertake the impossible task.

Calling the four men who usually cut down trees for the sawyers, I told them to go out to the plain some distance from Bakwa Tshinene and cut down that tree. It seemed best not to mention the difficulties involved. The men went, and being very busy with other tasks, I did not check for a few days. It was my hope that after three days they would have gotten a good start. Then it was told me that the axeman had not even laid axe to the tree. This was vexatious. A messenger was sent to warn the choppers to get busy, or there would be trouble.

The reply to that message came in unexpected fashion. Next morning the houseboy told me that four axes were lying at my door. "Four axes at the door? Whose axes are they, and what are they doing here?" I anxiously inquired.

"They are the axes of the choppers you sent to Bakwa Tshinene. They have quit work."

"Why have they quit work?" "They say they are afraid to cut down that tree. The chief of the Bakwa Tshinene village called them over to drink corn beer with him. He told them that if the white chief had sent them to cut down the tree, of course they must do it. But something dreadful was bound to happen if the tree was cut down."

You may well imagine that I was deeply troubled. It seemed there must be some native superstition about the tree. But I was deep into this problem. It was impossible to stop. The hospital needed that precious lumber. My hope lay in another gang of choppers, the men who cut firewood for brickburning. The kapita Mbelai was sent for, and the following conversation ensued:

"Muoyo, Mbelai, are you strong?"

"Yes, I am strong like a tree."

"And your men, are they strong?"

"Yes, they are strong like stones."

"Good. Mbelai, there is a big tree out at the Bakwa Tshinene. We must cut it down to get boards for the hospital. Can you and your men cut it down?"

"Certainly, Chief Kabemba, we will show you how it's done." "Very well, Mbelai, come here tomorrow morning with all your men, and I will give you salt to buy food. Then you can go and stay in the Bakwa Tshinene village until you have finished cutting down the tree."

Next morning Mbelai appeared at my door. "Well, Mbelai, where are your men?"

"They haven't come."

"Why not?"

"They're afraid."

"What are they afraid of?"

"Mihongo. They say the tree is full of Mihongo."

Mihongo are supposed to be some kind of evil spirits. Perhaps devils or demons would come nearer to describing them than any other English words.

"But you yourself can go, Mbelai?" "No, Chief, I can't go." "Why not?"

"I am afraid. Why, Chief Kabemba, that tree is full of Mihongo. That tree has a word. It talks. The witch doctors go out and ask questions of that tree, and it answers them. I am afraid to cut it down."

"Mbelai, last night I learned that you are not a Christian, that you have two wives, and that in other things too you are doing just like a heathen. Mbelai, you have a great deal more to fear than what that tree can do to you. You had better turn to Jesus Christ, and then you would not need to fear Mihongo."

Mbelai would not be persuaded. He was really afraid. He was sure he would not touch that tree.



Lusanga tree said to be filled with Mihongo (evil spirits)

Now I was in deep trouble. If the strong men accustomed to handling the axe were afraid to cut down the tree, how could one expect inexperienced men to cut it down?

A conference was arranged. The pastor of the Church and the elders, the four axemen and the six firewood choppers, and two missionaries, were to be present. As we sat in a circle on the grass, we explained that there really were no Mihongo in that tree. The idea of Mihongo was pure delusion. Then we showed that Nzambi, Nvidi Mukulu, the Creator of all things, had put that tree there for the express purpose of building a hospital at Bibanga for helping their sick friends. Therefore the missionaries were determined to get that tree, and we would certainly do it, even if we had to cut it down with our own hands. We also pointed out that if we missionaries did cut down the tree because they were afraid to do it, they would become the laughingstock of all the villages, because the missionaries had done what they did not have the courage to do. After long persuasion, the ten men agreed that they would cut down the tree. It was arranged that the native pastor and I were to accompany them to the tree the first morning, and open the work with prayer.

Consequently, on a morning soon after this, one missionary and one native pastor and ten heathen men with axes went out through the high grass to a tall tree that dominated the landscape for miles around.

With the men in a group near the tree, the pastor and I led in prayer. We thanked Nzambi for putting the tree there for building the hospital, and asked His protection for the men while they pursued their task. Then I took an axe and began to chop.

Church officers took turns staying with the men every day while they chopped, to strengthen their hearts.

Day after day they chopped, until the tree was ready to fall. The tree was hard. Sometimes the axes would strike into lumps of petrified sap. Nothing stopped them, and at last I was happy to see the giant lusanga fall with a mighty crash to the ground.

Now, I thought jubilantly, the victory is won. With glad heart I gave directions for the work of the choppers and sawyers who were to turn that huge tree into lumber for the carpenters. They were told to cut a ten-foot length of the trunk up near the branches, where the diameter was only four feet. Other men dug a pit over which the log must be placed for sawing. Others cut a few of the branches to be used as beams across the pit. I left word that when the log was cut it was to be rolled onto the pit, where the choppers could square it for the sawyers. Then I left to attend to other work. Later a messenger came to tell me that twenty men had tried to roll the log toward the pit, and could not budge it. They wanted 30 more men to help them. So I hastened back to the tree to see what could be done. I pointed out that there was no room for any more men around the log. However, it seemed to me that the present problem could easily be solved. It seemed that by doing a little headwork I could impress these men from the long grass with the value of know-how.

But pride goeth before destruction, and sometimes before grievous disappointment. Some men were sent to dig a trench at a given distance from the log, while others cut a small log to lay in the trench. Meanwhile I returned to Bibanga and sent blocks and 1 tackle out to the job. When I arrived I had one tackle block attached by a rope to the log in the trench, the other one to a piece of rope carried over the big log. This was fastened to a plug driven into the far side of the log. When the men pulled on the rope between the tackle blocks, I expected the big log to begin to roll. But alas for the best laid plans! The men pulled heartily, too heartily, in fact, for a tackle block broke. I hastened off on the motorcycle and returned with another tackle block. It was put in place of the broken one. The men pulled. This time the rope broke! ! I rushed back to the station and got a stronger rope. But it was a bit too large for the tackle blocks. Here was a new problem. Confidence in my ability was apt to drop a good deal below par now. I must find a way. The next try was a crude windlass -just two posts in the ground, with a long, thin log behind them. Holes had been bored into the thin log so that pieces of pipe could be inserted as levers for turning the windlass. The pipes were moved from hole to hole as the turning progressed. Everything moved according to plan until the rope became taut. Just at the moment when the log was about to move the rope snapped. All our hopes snapped with it. You will recognize that our situation had now become extremely serious. Best I knew the nearest hardware store was a thousand miles down river. It would take months to get anything from there. There was no hope of help. Returning for a look around the station, I was surprised to find an old log chain. When this was fastened to the windlass hope went soaring. Again something went wrong. Link after link was bursting open. Soon the log chain lay useless on the ground.

Now I was face to face with failure -bleak, hopeless failure. First of all, failure would mean that my employees would think that I could not carry out my plans. It would also mean the loss of thousands of board feet of valuable lumber that was desperately needed for the hospital. It would even mean much more than that. Around the evening fires all over the country it would be said that these white men who had come to tell them about God the Creator, about Jesus the Saviour, had come in conflict with the Mihongo, and that the Mihongo had overcome them. The Mihongo had permitted the tree to be cut down, then had shown their power in refusing these presumptuous white men the benefits they had expected from their hard labor.

Knowing that matters of eternal consequence were at stake, I was praying most earnestly on the way back to the station. I was hoping against hope that some way could be found to move that log. Having already looked all over the hilltop, I persisted in searching for I knew not what. As well look for icebergs at the equator as to look for more equipment on that hill. But at last my eyes rested on some rolls of barbed wire fencing. Why not use that? Putting two stakes in the ground the necessary distance apart, we stretched strand after strand of the barbed wire between them, and finally twisted the strands into a cable. With all those barbs it was an awfully rough cable. It looked as strong as it was rough.

Arrived once more on the scene of action, I had the wondering men put the barbed wire cable on the

crude windlass. Again they pulled with a will. The cable began to tighten. It became taut. Still they pulled. Now something *must* happen, somehow. Happen it did. At last, little by little, the big log began to turn. It moved very, very slowly. The men kept turning the windlass, and finally that heavy log was rolled onto the pit. I calculated that it weighed at least four tons. And did I feel like singing Glory Hallelujah! ! !

There was a second big lusanga tree. (Singular is lusanga, plural nsanga.) It was a little larger than the first. It was clearly visible across the 300 feet deep Mutuayi valley, from Bibanga station. In my explorations I had visited that tree. That visit now ensnared me.

Because some of the workers were unskilled men, and there were serious dangers in handling big trees, the chances were ten to one that somebody would be hurt during so long an operation, and that the devils in the tree would be given credit for the accident. When our first tree was nearly finished, I was satisfied that one big tree was enough, and we must content ourselves with sawing smaller trees farther away. The Lord had given us wonderful answers to prayer in helping us handle the first tree, and in protecting all our men so that nobody was hurt in the whole hazardous job. The men knew that I had considered cutting down the Bena Nshimba tree after we had disposed of the Bakwa Tshinene tree. Instead of following that plan I was sending them to cut smaller trees farther away. Why was this? Then a disturbing report reached me. It was said that the people in the heathen villages were saying that the white men had cut down the Bakwa Tshinene tree, but that the Bena Nshimba tree had more Mihongo in it. These Mihongo were more powerful than those in the first big tree. Therefore it was said that the missionaries were afraid of the Bena Nshimba tree. My grandfather was killed by a falling tree being cut down by his own sons. So I had a real dread of a falling tree hurting some of the men. But the report then current was liable to do damage to the basic purpose of all our work. It was as if the people had said, "This man claims to be the servant of the Almighty God, yet he is afraid of the devils in the Bena Nshimba tree." Here was a challenge which could not be evaded. Everybody knew the lumber was much needed at the hospital. A refusal to cut it down when it stood right across the valley looking at me seemed like cowardice and lack of faith. I felt a sense of compulsion to complete what I had so innocently started -a contest with imaginary devils supposed to be living in trees. One might suppose that the men who had successfully cut down one big tree would not fear the second. So I called the kapita Mbelai. "Mbelai, when you cut down that tree at Bakwa Tshinene, did you see any Mihongo?" "Not one." "When the sawyers cut the tree into small boards, did they see any Mihongo?"

"No."

"Well, there were no Mihongo in it, just as we told you. Now there is a big tree over across the Mutuayi. You know the tree. It is the only big tree on that hill. It is the largest tree in this section of the country. "

"Oh, yes, I know the tree well."

"Mbelai, there are no Mihongo in that tree either. I want you to go with your men tomorrow morning to cut it down. First come, all of you, to my house. We shall have prayer there. Then go over and cut down the tree."

Next morning Mbelai and all the men reported at my house. I led them in prayer for their protection, and sent them on to their work. Half an hour later Mbelai appeared again at the house.

"Well, Mbelai, what is it now?"

"We want you to come over and pray right beside that tree."

There was nothing to do but start for the tree, big, tall, black Mbelai, heathen woodchopper, and I, a missionary of Christ. Down, down, down we went into the deep valley of the Mutuayi, then up, up the steep hill on the

other side, through the high grass until we reached the tree at the top. There the choppers waited for a prayer to assure their safety, before they touched the tree.

There with bowed heads they stood, while I prayed for them. This was no formal prayer, but a heartfelt petition for divine protection for all these men, from all danger. Then I took an axe and began to chop with all my might.

"Did you hear what that woman said?" asked one of the husky axemen, as I paused for a moment of rest.

"No, what did she say?" I asked, as the woman passed on in the winding path through the tall grass along the top of the hills.

"She said that the person who started to cut down this tree would die before night." Since I was the man who started the chopping, this news item held more than passing interest for me.

"So then, if I live until tonight, you will know that is a lie, will you not?"

But these men had been with me for months. They liked me and had a concern for my safety.

"Yes, but, Chief Kabemba, if you don't die tonight, you will die sometime."

"So will the rest of you," I said, and went on chopping. Having chopped enough to assume all the risks myself, I turned over the axe, and the men did all the rest of the work themselves. After about five days of hard work the tree fell.

Those earnest prayers for the protection of the men were answered. It was not uncommon in ordinary cutting and sawing for a man to be hurt once in a while, either by carelessness or by unavoidable accident. I count it nothing less than a wonderful answer to prayer that in the eleven months required to cut those two great nsanga trees into lumber none of those men were injured. For it is quite clear that the heathen people would have credited any serious mishap to the terrible vindictive power of the devils.



Buluba sawyers - The planks are nearly ready for the carpenters.



Mission Hospital at Bibanga

[RETURN TO INDEX](#)

[NEXT ->](#)



Big tree cut into lumber

MEMORIES OF CONGO

J. Hershey Longenecker

Chapter IV



[RETURN TO INDEX](#)

SECOND TERM IN CONGO-Continued

Forced Labor and the Cart.

The labor situation in Congo was difficult during our term at Bibanga. International exchange had played havoc with the value of money. Industry had not yet adjusted to it. The men who wished to work for the foreigners had all the jobs they wanted. But there were not enough men to meet the demands. The government put into effect what amounted to a rationing of labor. Foreign employers asked for the help they needed, and government officers called on chiefs to provide the needed men. A case in point will show what happened.

Bibanga station had at Lusambo, 160 miles of footpath away, enough of metal roofing to load 400 men. I was not allowed to hire them myself. They had to be asked from the Administrator. He sent to certain chiefs, who sent men to me, and I sent them to Lusambo. I provided them with money to buy food, and paid them for their work when they returned. Some went willingly, others were obliged to go, whether they liked it or not. I was especially unhappy about it because some of the men became ill on the way. One died en route, another returned with smallpox. The whole business was most distressing. I told my fellow missionaries that I could not return to Congo after furlough if I must use forced labor. I was willing to return to preach the Gospel, but not to employ workmen unless employment was one hundred per cent voluntary. While sometimes for certain reasons obligatory recruiting was necessary for other enterprises, in general the Mission has had all the help it needed on a voluntary basis.

But the foregoing experience forced me to think deeply on the subject of transportation. Roads were being built. However, I knew that the Mission could not afford to use trucks for our transport. With American chauffeurs, I was told, the lifetime of a Model T Ford truck was figured at 8 months. We could not afford trucks at that rate. On the other hand we could not afford missionary time for truck driving. I wondered how our problem could be solved.

One of the marks of the backwardness of Central Africa before the coming of the white man was that, so far as is known, the people had never learned to use the wheel as an implement for their work. Not even a wheelbarrow was in use among them. And they had no beasts of burden, neither horse, mule, donkey, ox nor camel. When I saw porters returning from a journey with heavy loads, on shoulders sometimes raw, I lay awake at night and worried over the problem.

These loads must be taken off men's shoulders and put on wheels. But how? I designed a two-wheel cart for experimental work by removing and using the wheels of my motorcycle. The cart worked, but was too light to stand the shocks which careless men would be sure to give it. Some of the missionaries helped out with the money to buy a front axle and pair of wheels of a Model

T Ford car. By using triangular bracing to lock these wheels in position, it was possible to build a substantial cart. Because the hills were steep and dangerous we needed a strong brake. My design of a very crude brake was not much for looks. But with it one man behind the cart could lift the loaded cart off the ground. This brake served as a drag on the ground, and served us until Mr. Wharton invented a better one.

A friend of ours, an American mining engineer, to whom I had gone for information about needed Ford parts, told me the cart would not work. He said the natives simply did not have sense enough to operate a cart. The diamond mines had tried one, and found their men unloaded it and carried both the cart and the load over a hill. But we knew better. Our experiment worked, and while it took a great load off the shoulders of the porters, it also took a great load off my mind.

Pounds and Kilograms.

After the cart had made a successful trip to Luebo, 325 miles away, with four cartmen hauling as much as eight porters would have carried, the men came asking for increased allowance for buying food for the next trip. I told them I was going to pay them by the pound, then they could spend as much of their money for food as they wished. The bigger the load the more money they would receive. They said they didn't want that. They wanted a monthly salary, and increased food allowances. I answered that I would pay only by the pound. A strange misunderstanding put the idea across with a bang. Mr. John Morrison, formerly with the SEDEC at Lusambo, had now come to Luebo as associate Mission Treasurer. From long experience he thought in kilograms, while I thought in pounds. Sending four men with the cart, I asked for a load of 400 pounds. I had set a pound rate which would give the men a little more per pound than our previous costs. If they worked well they could increase their earnings. Mr. Morrison read 400 pounds, but he was thinking 400 kilograms, which is 880 pounds, so that is what he gave them. These men came back to Bibanga after a month's absence, and were they angry? It looked as if our transport project was shot. Then I figured their earnings for the trip, and the men were amazed at what they earned. By arranging it so that a man could go on a trip for a month, and stay at home for a month, we soon had all the cartmen we could use. For years this system of transport was used on our stations. The only thing needed to make it work was one change from pounds to kilos, dramatically to prove its advantages to the workmen.

Wagon.

When we built the cart, only dugout canoes were available for crossing the Lubilashi and other rivers. But when ferries were put there for automobiles, I designed a wagon, using Ford front wheels and axles both front and rear. The wheels at the rear were rigidly fixed, while the front wheels turned for guiding the wagon. The man running in front did nothing but lead the wagon. Men at back and sides furnished motive power. As the men's principal food was manioc, these wagons could well have been called manioc motors. When this type of



Road through Congo forest

wagon was widely used it gave much satisfaction to those of us who sponsored it.

Preaching.

It should be remembered that my primary object in going to Africa was to preach the good news of salvation through a crucified Saviour. Though other necessary activities consumed much of my time, they were secondary in importance. Throughout the years I preached as much as I could. In fact the preaching on Sundays was a tonic in my life, and without the recreation of preaching Christ I could never have stayed in Africa. The years at Bibanga gave Sundays free for preaching, and as far as possible I visited a number of villages each Sunday on the motorcycle.

Though it was hard to get away from my many employees on weekdays, I did manage at least three itineration trips during the three years, two of them accompanied by our family.

Hunting Hippos.

When I was leaving on an itineration without the family, Frank McElroy suggested that I stop at the river crossing to shoot a hippopotamus, sending the meat back home for use in a conference of evangelists. I agreed to try. At the crossing we asked the boatmen whether there were any hippos around. They told us to listen. We could hear the hippos bellowing beyond the bend of the river. So we left the loads and the motorcycle at the crossing, rented canoes, and started up river. As we rounded the bend we could see a number of hippos, as many as seven or eight at a time, swimming in the river, spouting and playing around. I told the boatmen to put me ashore at a place where the dried clay showed the footprints of many hippos. Sitting down on the dry clay I ate lunch and planned strategy. My rifle was too light for hippos. As the hippos were all playing on the other side of the river I decided to get nearer to them. We paddled up river, left the canoes, and walked down the far bank behind the hippos. Look! When we got there the only hippos in sight were right over there where I had eaten lunch. They were playing hide and seek with me. It seemed best to go back to the canoes and float down the river, thus being within shooting range of any hippo I



Luebo man with pet mongooses

might see. A hippo came up, I fired at him, and registered a hit. He went under, but as we floated along showed up, so I shot him again. Suddenly we had a scare, for a half-grown hippo bobbed up close to our canoes. The men were frightened, and lay down in the canoes. The hippo was scared too, and ducked under the water. Then the men began to laugh at the frightened hippo. Really, it was no laughing matter. We were in danger. Anyone of dozens of hippos might come under us and dump us in the deep river, and kill us with their tusks, or watch us drown. However, we kept floating down river, and the wounded hippo did the same. I shot whenever I saw him. Arriving at the crossing the men were all for continuing the chase. As sunset was approaching and a motorcycle could not travel those crooked paths in the dark, we were obliged to leave our hippo. It was reported that villagers twelve miles farther down feasted on him a few days later. Reluctantly the porters went with me, mourning for hundreds of pounds of good meat floating down river.

Mixed-up Marriages.

One subject of discussion among missionaries had always puzzled me. It was the question about a man marrying his deceased brother's wife. Sometimes this amounted to marrying the widow as if she were a slave, without her consent. Because it was commonly practiced in some tribes, the subject kept coming up again and again. But an inheritance that was even worse, and never debatable, was the case of a man marrying his father's widow. Why he would want to do that I could not see. But imagine my thoughts when on itineration I happened upon this case of a candidate for baptism. Up to this point his answers had been satisfactory. Then I asked him, "Are you married?" He said he was. I asked, "Do you have any children?" His reply was peculiar, "She has two children." I was a little irked at the seeming evasion. I asked then, "Have *you* any children?" He answered, "I have one child." So I inquired, "Whose is the other child?" He said, "It is the child of my grandfather. She was formerly my grandfather's wife." If you can figure out all the several relationships of those two children, you must be adept in such matters.

Holding up the Rain.

For building purposes I was rather partial to the four or five months of dry season. Rains can greatly hinder the making and drying of bricks, and all masonry construction, especially when mud is employed for mortar, as was then common practice. We were surprised in the middle of a rainy season, when an unseasonable dry spell was threatening future famine, to be told that out in the heathen villages people said that Kabemba (that was I) was holding up the rain, to facilitate his building program. Of course I wouldn't have done that even if I could. I was worried that people should believe such a thing. Next day was Sunday. I was in charge of the afternoon Sunday School.

There I called on two of the elders to pray for rain. Within 24 hours it poured. Just what the heathen said then I do not know.

Saddest Time of All.

Some time later Mignon was seriously ill. Dr. Kellersberger was on furlough, so Dr. King of Mutoto station, about 120 miles away, was supposed to care for us. He came, and took charge of the case right through, even though there was illness in his own home.

Wife's condition was extremely serious. Our baby Roberta was born, and it seemed as if there was no hope of saving the life of either mother or daughter. As I knelt by Mignon's bedside, thinking she was gone, I felt absolutely desolate. To be left at a little, station in Central Africa, ten thousand miles from home, a bereaved husband with three small daughters, was a darkness that could indeed be felt. Through many long hours while her life lay in the balance, Dr. King devotedly did everything that could be done to save her life. Slowly she began to get back a little strength. Miss Farmer, our nurse, and Mrs. McKee did

all they could in the way of nursing. But part of the night nursing necessarily fell to me. The next six weeks were hard weeks. It was rainy season. I had unroofed a brick house to replace the grass roof with a metal one. Not covered, the mud-mortar walls would soon wash away. I had to work very hard during the day, and help nurse wife and baby at night. At the end of six weeks it seemed as if the worst was over. Baby was gaining, and Mignon was able to walk again. But one night I was so fatigued that I forgot to set the alarm clock for the baby's two o'clock feeding. We have always been so thankful to God that we waked up at two o'clock without the alarm. While Mignon was making little Roberta comfortable, and I was preparing her bottle, Mignon called me to say that the baby was gone. She was alive when we waked, and died while her mother was caring for her. Oh, how we did thank the Lord that we were spared from sleeping through that hour!

Basket for a Coffin.

For a very special reason we buried baby Roberta in a neat native-made basket. It was a question of conscience. Before foreigners came the natives of most tribes buried their dead in mats woven of reeds. After the people saw missionaries and their children buried in wooden coffins covered with cloth, they wished to imitate the foreign method of burial. But they lacked the boards, and often the cloth too. At Luebo this had become a problem. Our sawmill production was needed for so many other purposes that we could not afford to build up an ever growing business as unpaid undertakers. I had helped to make coffins for two Christian leaders there. But when relatives kept coming with requests for coffins to bury all who died in a village of ten thousand souls it was quite another matter. I suggested that they could continue to bury as they had always done, or if they really wanted wooden coffins individuals could saw lumber as it was done elsewhere, and sell it to the public. I did sympathize with them. I told Mignon that when I died I wished to be buried in mats after the native custom, just to show that there was no special value in wooden coffins. We had not forgotten this when little Roberta died. We decided to bury her in a native-made basket, in a grave lined with native mats. This helped us with good conscience to say no to the frequent requests for boxes for the burial of their dead.

Buffalo at Bibanga.

One morning at breakfast we were all excited by a message saying that there was a buffalo on the station. So we got our guns and went after it. It was killed. I knew that I had not done the killing, for the shells of the ancient Martini-Henri rifle I used never went off.



Rainbow at Night.

One evening I happened to be on the front porch of our house, overlooking the beautiful Lubilashi valley far below. Something new appeared, and I could hardly believe my eyes. There in the distance was a rainbow by moonlight. Hurriedly I called Mignon to see it, for I feared folks would think I dreamed. Then I looked up the subject of rainbows in an old encyclopedia, and found them described as phenomena appearing by sunlight or moonlight.



Masked men of the Babindi



Babindi tribal costume and dance

Depraved People.

We were traveling among a depraved people. Their customs were of the vilest. Examination of candidates for baptism, and of Church members before communion, in some cases brought out facts which were altogether sickening.

One of the customs I remember was that young boys and girls were paired off in childhood by their parents as "friends." This was not even a pretence of marriage, nor trial marriage. These children lived together in sexual union. When they grew up, the girl was married off to another man, the boy took another woman as his wife. They might go to live far apart in distant villages. But when there was a funeral in the old home town, they returned for the days or weeks of wailing. For the duration of the long funeral these "friends" of childhood lived together again in sexual union. Afterward they returned to their regular marriage partners. Thinking of such things in connection with the breakdown of sex standards in America, one marvels at the patience of Almighty God. Why should He let our nation survive until we all reach the level of the Babindi?

Work among these people was so difficult that none of our evangelists wished to live among them, nor rear their own children there. Many years later some of those evangelists still looked back with horror to the days when they were assigned to serve there.

When they wished to describe a section as of the very lowest, they likened it to the Babindi country.

Hill Country.

That Babindi country is just about as hilly as any country could be, for most of the path was uphill, which was bad, and the rest of it was downhill, which was worse. Our family was supposed to be traveling by hammock. But the paths were so much uphill and downhill that we really traveled on our own shoeleather

much of the time. In fact, two feet were sometimes not sufficient for the steep climbing. Occasionally we had to use both hands and both feet for getting over the steepest places.

New Village Every Night.

If you have ever traveled six hours per day for three weeks, and slept in a new place every night, you may understand this itineration by our family. In 21 days we lived in 18 huts, moving every day except Sundays.

Probably you have never broken up housekeeping eighteen times in three weeks. Early every morning we rose for a new journey. The cook and houseboy prepared breakfast while we had our private devotions. Then while we ate breakfast, cots and mosquito nets and sheets and blankets were quickly packed up. Pots, pans, and dishes were washed. Then the table and chairs and boxes were gotten in readiness. The porters bustled about getting their loads. The boxmen and hammockmen were all gathered at roll call. A hymn was sung and prayer offered. Then through the long wet grass of the early morning, or through forest paths, the long caravan started off for the next village where the Mission had a teacher-evangelist.

Arrival in a Village.

About noon or later the village might be reached. There was a rush of preparation. Our dinner must be prepared and served. Beds had to be set up, mosquito nets hung, table and chairs made ready, water for cooking and drinking boiled to kill the abundant germs, and everything put in order for the afternoon and night. This of course was not done without observation. A crowd flocked around mentally photographing every object we had and every move we made. Obviously the observers could not be permitted inside the hut where we stayed. But they came as far as the sentry would permit, and sometimes farther.

Mignon's Part.

Mignon was free to meet groups of women, and to get acquainted with the wives of the preachers, work she dearly loved. She also had to keep an eye on our little girls, as there are all kinds of health hazards in ordinary village life, flies, jiggers, and parasites. She was specially interested in getting girls and women to see that school and books were meant for them as well as for the boys and men. In some places parents did not want their girls to attend school, as they were needed to work at home or in the gardens, or babysit while their mothers worked. Mignon also liked to teach them to sing.

Candidates for Baptism.

The Congolese children memorized readily. All who professed faith in Jesus were expected to learn a Tshiluba language catechism. This was a basis for explanation of the things of Christ. Some of these catechumens were ready for examination, to see whether they were sound in their faith, and faithful in their living. Such as were found ready would be baptized at the preaching service, which was usually held



A village guest house provided for use of white visitors.



Mignon's Sunday School class at Luebo

in the afternoon.

Check-up for Church Members.



Following the preaching service individual members of the Church would appear before the elder and missionary and evangelist for questioning before coming to the Lord's table. Were they really living for Christ? Usually some would be found faithful, but some would have backslidden. Sometimes the sin was polygamy, other times stealing, drunkenness, adultery, the worship of spirits, or other sins. While the outward symptoms differ, sin is essentially the same through the ages, being "any want of conformity unto, or transgression of the law of God." Often the sinners were penitent, sometimes they were not. They were dealt with according to their attitudes; sometimes temporarily suspended from communion, or where they were altogether hardened in sin they were excommunicated. Then there was the examination of those previously disciplined, and restoration to Church fellowship of those who seemed to be really penitent. I

One of the most hopeful aspects of our work has always been that many of those who have gone astray have come back in true repentance to their Saviour.

Communion Service.

Whenever there were communicants the Lord's Supper was observed, at night. At the Lord's table would be gathered a little company of those saved out of the night of heathenism by the bright shining of Jesus, the Light of the World. What these people had been saved from I had opportunity to observe in the examination of catechumens. Often tears came to my eyes at the communion service as I thought of the dark past and the glorious future of these fellow Christians gathered around the simple table with the elements representing His body broken for us, and the blood of the new covenant, shed for the forgiveness of sins. And in my heart I was glad I was a missionary.

Mukumbule, Village of Fetishes.

One day our party reached Mukumbule, one of the many places "where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." The village was built in a magnificent grove of palms. The huts were not much to boast of - Congo huts, having thatched roofs, are usually in a state of decay. While the huts were second-rate, and even poor, the village had an unusually large number of fetishes, in a country where fetishes are common.

Through the long, winding village street, one could never get out of sight of one or another of the big ones. Each was made of a conical mound of earth, flattened on the top, with a lot of bushes stuck in the middle, and the whole mound gaily decorated in bright colors. These mounds were neatly made, and were given the places of prominence in the street. Throughout the village there were also large numbers of a different kind of fetish - bottles brightly decorated with colors, with feathers in the corks and who-knows-what on the inside. Most of the houses would have at least one of these bottles near the door. Some huts had as many as four or six.

Having arrived in the village somewhat after noon, I preached as was my custom. But there were no candidates for baptism. In the evening there was a communion service. Few from Mukumbule took part.

Most of the communicants came from other villages. The outlook was not bright.

Two villages were to be visited next day, so I retired soon after the communion service. Early next morning the party arose, had breakfast, and packed up for the journey.

Mignon and the little girls had gone ahead in their hammocks. The boxmen had hurried off with their loads. My own men stood ready with the hammock, wishing to get into the path before the sun became too hot. After completing such arrangements as had to be made. I was just about to get into my hammock, when the pastor and elder who traveled with me came, looking troubled.

The Witch Doctor.

(My friend the anthropologist says that witch doctor is not the correct name. But it will convey the idea better than some other term, so I let it stand. On this trip among the Babindi I had my only important experience with a witch doctor.)

"We have a matter to talk over with you before you leave here," said the elder. So I turned back for a conference before leaving Mukumbule.

"We sat up late last night considering the state of the Lord's work in this village," said the pastor, "and we find it to be very serious."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"There is a witch doctor here who is hindering the work with every means at his command. If he merely followed his own business that would be bad enough. You can see all the fetishes he sells to these poor people



A village fetish



at scandalous prices, thus keeping them wretchedly poor. Besides that he deliberately interferes with those who wish to worship God here. He intimidates them with threats."

A very common Congo fetish erected to the spirits of ancestors

"Tell me more about him."

"He lives in this village. He made all the fetishes you saw, the big ones at every turning of the village street, and all the small ones you saw at the doors of the people's huts, those bottles. For all of these they paid him big sums of money."

"Is that all he does?"

"Oh, no! He makes charms to put on people's necks. He claims that he can make it rain when he wants to, and can prevent it from raining. He says he can make sick people well and well people sick. He says he can make charms that will cause people to die."

"But how does he interfere with our work here?"

"That is what we wanted to talk about. You know that the Government promises us religious liberty. But this man tells the people that he has investigated the white man's God, and found him to be of no account. They need not worry about that God. However, he says that if they do not obey him, the witch doctor, he will make them suffer for it. He says the people must not send their children to school or Church or catechism class at such times as he forbids it. If they send them at such times and it breaks his charms, he will beat the children, and what he will do to the parents will be enough."

"Do the children really mind him?"

"Truly, they are very much afraid of him, and that is what makes the situation so very bad. Because of that one man's threats the work of the Lord in this village is almost dead."

"What do you want me to do about it?"

"We want you to write a letter to the Bula Matadi (name for a state officer or for the Government) at Panyi Mutombo, asking him to order the witch doctor to stop interfering with the work of the Gospel."

"Do you think that would cure the trouble?"

"Oh, yes, the Bula Matadi could stop the whole thing." "But it seems to me there is a difficulty in the way. Suppose I do send a note to Bula Matadi, what will happen then? He will call for witnesses. Then if our evangelist goes to tell what he did, the witch doctor will threaten and frighten a hundred people into going as his witnesses to say the charges are not true. What can Bula Matadi do but decide in favor of so

many witnesses? Then you will return, and the people will laugh at the evangelist and the Gospel, and even at God Himself."

"What then can be done?" I sent a man to call the witch doctor, another to call the head man of the village, and a third to bring his Tshiluba Bible. I opened the Bible to Acts 13.6-12.

The witch doctor came, rubbing his eyes, for he had just gotten out of bed. The head men of the village also arrived. First I turned to the head men.

"You people in this village are very foolish. You have in the village this witch doctor, and poor as you are you pay him large sums of money for making his medicines, and they can do you no good at all. This man has no power. He can do none of those things he claims to have power to do. Yet you fear him and waste your good money by paying him for these worthless fetishes."

Then I took the open Bible, and turning to the witch doctor I explained to him some of the background of Acts 13, then began reading at verse 6, in Tshiluba (herewith I quote the English version) :

"And when they had gone through the isle unto Paphos, they found a certain sorcerer, a false prophet, a Jew, whose name was Bar-Jesus: Which was with the deputy of the country, Sergius Paulus, a prudent man; who called for Barnabas and Saul, and desired to hear the Word of God. But Elymas the sorcerer (for so is his name by interpretation) withstood them, seeking to turn away the deputy from the faith. Then Saul, who is also called Paul,) filled with the Holy Ghost, set his eyes on him, and said, O full of an subtlety and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord? And now behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a season. And immediately there fell on him a mist and a darkness; and he went about seeking some to lead him by the hand. Then the deputy, when he saw what was done, believed, being astonished at the doctrine of the Lord."

Then I continued to speak to our witch doctor: "Now you have heard what happened long ago to Elymas the sorcerer. I am here to tell you that you are just the kind of person Elymas was. You are a child of the devil, an enemy of all righteousness, and you pervert the right ways of the Lord. You have withstood the work of the Lord just as Elymas did when he tried to turn the deputy away from the faith. You have blasphemed the name of God by saying the people need not fear Him."

"Chief, I never did those things. I never blasphemed God's name. I never interfered with the worship. I have done none of those things."

"Now, see here! You cannot deceive me, and you cannot deceive these people. All the people of the village know what you have done and said. Hush! do not add any more lies. You are a wicked man. And now, to show these people that you have no power, and that you cannot do what you claim, I challenge you to kill me with your charms during the next thirty days. You say you can make charms that will cause people to die. Very well, make all the charms you like for the next thirty days and see whether they will kill me."

"No, no, Chief, I do not want to kill you."

"But you couldn't if you did want to."

I continued, "On the other hand, you have told the people they need not fear the God of the missionaries. You said He has no power. The God of the missionaries is the Creator of heaven and earth, Nvidi Mukulu. He is the one who created all men. He created you and me. A long time ago He sent this man Paul, of whom I have just read, to preach His Gospel. Now He has sent me to preach the same good news. Elymas the sorcerer withstood Paul. God laid His hand on Elymas and he became blind. Now you have withstood the Gospel here. Right now this little group of Christians can pray to God to lay His hand on you. We can pray to Him right now, and then we shall see how long it takes Him to lay His hand on

you and make you blind."

The witch doctor was scared. "Oh, Chief, don't do it. They have told you lies. I never did those things they."

"Hush! hush! Do not add any more lies. You know and these people know that you have talked against God, and said He has no power. Now let us try Him and see whether He has any power."

"No! No! Chief, do not do that." After the witch doctor had begged sufficiently to show the village chiefs and all the people just how much he feared the God against whom he had spoken so bravely, I turned to them and said, "Now you can see what kind of man this witch doctor really is. I am not afraid of his medicine, but he is afraid of this God whom he has been talking against."

Turning to the witch doctor, I said, "We shall not do this thing at present. We will not pray God to hurt you. We are your friends, not your enemies. We have come to help you, not to hurt you. I hope you will truly turn to Christ, and preach His Gospel instead of withholding it."

Shaking hands with the witch doctor, I said, "Now goodbye. I shall be praying for you to be converted. But I warn you in any case to stop interfering with the work of the Lord. Wherever I may be, whether off in other villages on this journey, or yonder at Bibanga, or far away on the great waters, or even in the distant foreign country, the word can reach me. If word comes that you have resumed your evil ways of threatening people who wish to worship God, at that time we will have a prayer meeting and ask God to lay His hand on you as He did on Elymas the sorcerer long ago. Then we shall see how long it takes Him to answer prayer. Then we shall see whether He is a God to be feared or not."

Bidding goodbye to the headmen of the village, I got into my hammock, and the strong hammockmen hurried off with me in pursuit of the rest of our party.

Later I heard that after our departure the witch doctor stepped up to the chief of the village and said, "You went and told the white man tales about me."

"No," said the chief, "I did not tell him anything about you." "I told the white man about you," said the evangelist. "What do you have to say about it? Do you want me to call the white man back?"

Three months later it was reported that the witch doctor had lost all his influence in the village of Mukumbule, as people no longer feared him.

Lumo Loa Bena Kasai.

By the end of our first term in Congo two ideas were fixed in my mind. One was that there ought to be a cotton mill to produce cloth for the native people at a reasonable price. That first idea was voted down by the Mission after I had investigated the matter, because of the high initial cost.

The second idea was that we ought to publish a monthly periodical in the Tshiluba language to provide mental and spiritual food for the teachers we had placed in hundreds of villages, as well as for the pupils in our schools. This was no new idea. There had been some sort of periodical before the First World War. It was a casualty of that terrible conflict. I felt so strongly that there should be a regular monthly Church paper that I continued to agitate for it through our second term. The Mission agreed that the objective was desirable, but saw no way to accomplish it. When I secured a mimeograph, Mr. V. A. Anderson and I were made editors. We published a little paper every three months, calling it the LUMU LUA BENA KASAI, that is, News of the People of the Kasai. While we were busy with other assignments, we were planning how we might bring messages of cheer and hope to lonely workers in heathen villages. Every year at Mission Meeting I would urge that the paper be printed every month at the Mission Press at Luebo. By and by the Mission agreed to print it at the Mission Press every *three* months.

Strange Noises in the Mailbag.

Bibanga station got its foreign mail by foot messenger from the post office at Kabinda, fifty miles to the east. Our little girls received from America a gift of two crying dolls. They came by mail. It was a much puzzled messenger who arrived at Bibanga after traveling two days with that mail sack on his head or shoulder. All along the way he heard the funniest noises coming out of the mail bag.

The life of children on a Mission station often takes on some local color. After Dr. Kellersberger returned from furlough there was constant talk of operations being performed at the hospital. Frank was the surgeon, and the girls were nurses. The patient was one of the crying dolls. The surgeon cut out the part that cried.

Rain Gauge.

Africans and foreigners often failed to understand each other. An Administrator of our Territory once had instructions to erect some rain gauges for scientific purposes. He fastened one to a post near the house of a chief, leaving orders that it must not be touched. When he returned to the village after some time to check the rainfall he found his gauge perfectly safe. The chief had had his workmen build a roof over the gauge to protect it!



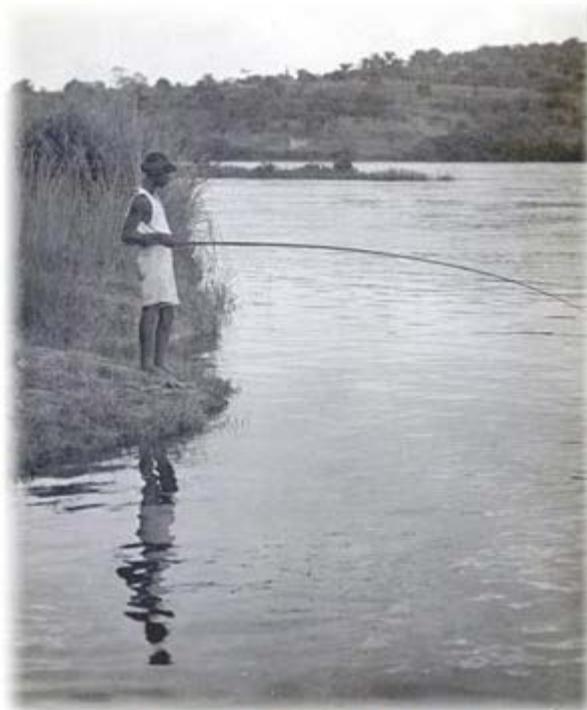
We got dollies

[RETURN TO INDEX](#)

[NEXT ->](#)



Original type of Baluba house



Young man fishing at Luebo

MEMORIES OF CONGO

J. Hershey Longenecker

Chapter V



[RETURN TO INDEX](#)

THIRD TERM IN CONGO-1926-1930

A Tragedy.

On our third trip into the Congo we again entered through Matadi and Leopoldville. We went up river on our own Mission steamer Lapsley. A sad but memorable experience of the river trip must be mentioned. As we were passing the little post of, a Danish trader on the Kasai River, he signaled to our captain to come to shore. So Mr. Wilds anchored near his place. The trader came aboard and explained that he lived alone with his native help. The day before a Belgian had been hunting upstream. He wounded a hippo, which then attacked and destroyed his canoe, and killed the hunter. The employees of this Belgian carried their master's corpse to the Danish trader's post, then ran away, leaving the problem of burial to him. But his own workmen were superstitious, and would not lift a hand to help him. He could not bury the man alone. Would Captain Wilds kindly lend him the steamer's crew for the interment? So our journey was interrupted. A rude coffin was quickly made, and neatly covered with cloth. It was draped in a Belgian flag, and one of the missionaries conducted a funeral service. As a comfort to the family of the deceased in Belgium I took a photograph of the coffin and grave, and sent it through a local official to the man's parents. In due time I received a nice letter of appreciation. By the time for the burial, news had gotten around, and quite a number of white people gathered. Someone counted that the deceased was the only Belgian present, but that there were people of six other nationalities. He was a Roman Catholic, but Protestants conducted his funeral. Congo, then under the Belgian flag, had quite a cosmopolitan population.

Bakete Villages.

While awaiting my assignment by the Mission I did some itineration. It was an enlightening experience. Three things I had previously heard about the Bakete tribe. One was that their marriage customs were very bad. A second was that when the Mission started its work among them many years before, they had responded so poorly to the call of Christ that the work grew away from them. Their language was dropped, and the Mission adopted the Luba-Lulua tongue which is now called Tshiluba. The third was that the Bakete were a lazy people who did not like to work. My visits to their villages proved that they were not so lazy as I thought. True, they did not care to work for white men. But living their own lives they were quite industrious. They were skilful weavers of raffia cloth. They raised raffia palms around their villages, cut the fibers and prepared them, then wove them on crude little looms into squares of cloth. This cloth could be beaten into something much softer than ordinary palm fiber cloth. Sometimes it was woven into beautiful patterns, with or



Making native cloth from palm leaf fiber

without color, and sewed into long rolls which the men most carefully draped around their persons. It took a Mukete man many minutes to put on his ceremonial dress. Their arts were similar to those of the Bakuba people to whose king Lukengu they paid tribute. They not only made cloth. Their blacksmiths and coppersmiths were very skilful in making swords, spears and arrows of graceful designs, beautifully decorated. They wove neat little conical brimless hats which the men wore with cute homemade metal hatpins. I was told that a young man was not allowed to marry until he had learned to weave cloth, and to build him a house. These huts were different from those of most tribes. Both the sides and the roof were of a woven sectional construction, made in five or six parts, one for each side, and one or two for the roof. They were quickly set up, being tied to posts in the ground, then tied together at the corners, and the roof was tied on. They were even more quickly taken down. More than once I have gone to a Bakete village, and found it was not there. Where was it? It could be found across the road, or some distance away. Moving a Bakete village is only a matter of days. If they get tired of one site they move to another. So my itineration greatly increased my respect for the industry and skill of the Bakete. Also I was glad to learn that more of the Bakete were accepting Christ. Later I found that when they became Christians they were often more liberal in their giving than were other tribes. My visits among them brought me no respect for their marriage customs. Most other tribes had a system of marriage dowries which were designed to stabilize marriages. When a man paid 15 or 20 goats as dowry to the wife's family he would not hastily abandon her and lose his valuable goats. On the other hand the bride's people would not favor her running away from her husband, for they would have to repay all those goats. Among those other tribes the man was the head of the house, and the possessor of the children, who were lost to the mother if she deserted her husband. But not so the Bakete.

Among the Bakete practically no dowry was paid. Women did very much as they pleased. Marriages were quickly made and quickly broken. In this matter Hollywood is merely following the Bakete. Often it was the woman who broke the marriage. If a Bakete marriage was broken she took the children. Many women would have been ashamed to admit that they had lived a whole lifetime with the same husband.

On this same trip, while we examined the professing Christians before communion, we learned that two men, by consent of the four persons involved, had agreed to swap wives, and it was done. After some time they decided to swap back again. So husband number one was living with wife number one, and husband number two was living with wife number two, as in the beginning. But trouble had arisen. Husband number one found that husband number two had given a gift to wife number one, and he was jealous. He thought perhaps they were not living straight. The ensuing



Mukete man trimming man's hat



Coppersmith and Blacksmith from dbanji

quarrel brought out the ugly facts.

Our Mission Organization.

Perhaps it is in order to say a few words about our Mission organization. Mission government usually has its roots in the form of government of the sending Church. That is not always so. We have heard of missions sent out by Churches of the independent type, where the government on the field was almost autocratic. But as our government at home is Presbyterian, and all our missionaries on the field are on a basis of equality, the decisions are made by vote of the majority in the annual Mission Meeting. Local station matters are decided by vote of the majority of station members. We have no superior officer. Chairmanship of the Mission changes each year. Much work is done by committees, which bring recommendations to the Mission for acceptance or rejection by majority vote.

My Future Work.

My work assignment had to wait until the annual meeting at Bulape. For years I had overtured each annual Mission Meeting to make the Lumu Lua Bena Kasai a monthly instead of a quarterly publication. Because I so keenly felt the importance of this matter the Mission assigned me to the Mission Press to accomplish what I believed in. I was told we could publish the paper monthly as soon as we finished printing a stack of manuscripts that had been accumulating for some time.

All I knew about printing was what I had learned as a boy playing around with a 3 x 5 inch hand press and a small quantity of type. I did not receive any instruction. When I took over the Press it appeared that the little I did know was all wrong so I based my plans on what they already knew. Occasionally through the years the Press had been in charge of real printers, so about five of the men knew more about printing than I did. It was clear that I need not set type nor feed presses myself. The whole problem was one of management. As my education had included cost analysis and estimating, I set to work to find a way of increasing production without raising unit costs. The other missionaries cooperated in persuading a few former employees who knew the work to return to the Press. Dr. Motte Martin was very helpful in this. For the time being I continued to pay the men as they had been paid, by weekly food allowance plus monthly salary.

I took my time checking things over. One serious blunder could wreck all my plans. After much careful calculation I found ways by which we could have an adaptable piece work system. Then the men were told that we would begin paying them according to work accomplished. Our objective was two-fold: To increase their earnings, and to speed up production. The men did not want it. They wanted more salary but not on those terms. It took insistence upon the new plan to get it started. But after it was in effect individual earnings picked up so decidedly that in a short while jobs at the Mission Press were in demand. We had more capable applicants for jobs than we could use.

It took us six months to clear up the waiting manuscripts, then we were ready for monthly publication of



Press employees



A talented helper, sewing

the Luma Lua Bena Kasai. That was a red letter day in my life, for that had been my object in taking over the Press.

New Building.

Space at the old Press building was entirely inadequate. There was money for a new building, but no one available to build it. So I was persuaded as a sideline to make bricks, and manage the masons and carpenters for erecting the new building. Men with experience could be found in the village, so building was much easier than it had been at Bibanga. Nevertheless this sideline gave me more work than I should have attempted to carry in the tropics. The Lord helped me get the job done without a breakdown.

Moving In.

When the new building was finished we had to move. Moving the old flat-bed hand-operated press was not easy. We had to take it apart, move the pieces, and reassemble it in the new building. We had a distinguished visitor at the time. He found me under the machine with my shirt off, all black and greasy.



Mission Press, Luebo

New Press.

There was a new press already on the ground, in its original packing cases. That, too, had to be assembled. I knew nothing about this press, but I did know how to read blueprints and instructions for assembling, which came with the press. Those helped me very much. Handling the heavy pieces and assembling them was a big job. By and by the new press was ready for work. After that we had to install the gasoline engine and a line shaft for operating the new press and a job press too.

Then We Were Five.

In the midst of our busy years our son Hershey James was born. We were happy to have a son in the family. He was baptized by the pastor Kalombo, a fine old man who had preached many years at Luebo. We were pleased when the people named our son Kalombo after the good old minister. Before the baptism Kalombo told me he felt like John the Baptist must have felt before he baptized Jesus.

A Truck for Itineration.

Expecting to be reassigned to Bibanga I had brought out a truck chassis for evangelistic itineration, and materials for building the truck body. At the beginning of this term I built it. It had room for baggage at the back, and two seats all the way across for us and our passengers. At night the backs could be laid flat to make a double bed, with the seats. I greatly desired to preach in other villages, but it was hard to get away from my



Longeneckers - 1929

work at the Press. Whenever I could get away I arranged week-end trips, going out on Saturday afternoon, and returning Sunday night or Monday morning. Quite a number of times I visited the village of Mweka, on the new railroad, some forty miles from Luebo. It seemed destined to become a large town, as people of many tribes moved in to work there. Some of them were Christians, and they were glad for visits of their missionary. As the truck was enclosed for sleeping, I could camp anywhere. Government regulations forbade a white man sleeping within the native people's part of the town, which was designated as a "circumscription urbaine." So in the evening I went elsewhere, and returned in the morning. One night I spent in my car by the roadside, some distance from any town. Though alone there, I did not think I was in any danger. Shortly afterwards I learned that while I slept there alone, the corpse of a murdered Negro lay in the forest nearby. If I had known that I would not have slept so well.

Angels Unawares.

One year we went for a vacation trip to Bibanga, where I preached during the conference for evangelists. This was the kind of work I really wanted to do, and I enjoyed it. Also it brought me in touch with distant readers of the Lumu Lua Bena Kasai.

On the return trip we had a memorable experience. We were about halfway between Bibanga and Lubondai stations when the truck rolled to the side of the road, and stopped. A front wheel had come off, the king bolt having broken. Unless I could find some way to replace the bolt we might be there for days. At that time automobiles were few, and it might be days before another car passed that way. Miss Larson was with us. She suggested that I might cut off a piece of an iron rod at the end of a seat. Fortunately I had a hacksaw, a flat file, and a small vise. Cutting the rod to proper length, I began to file it down to size. The car could not be moved out of the hot sun. The ladies and children found a bit of shade under a tree. But the vise had to be attached to the back of the truck, so I had to work in hot sun. There I filed from two o'clock until six. My job was nearing completion. A little more filing, and I could insert my substitute for a king bolt, and drive our truck very slowly 60 miles to Lubondai. There would be some risk of a breakdown.

Then someone saw a car in the distance, and we were in suspense to see whether it might be a Ford. It was. We asked the strangers whether they happened to have a spare king bolt, though it seemed unlikely. They said they were sorry not to have one. They were on their way to Dibaya, on another road. If they found a bolt there they would send it back by foot messenger. As that would take two hours or more, I stopped filing, and we prepared to eat supper. I was tired of filing anyway. Before we finished supper we heard a car, then the men arrived. They had gone to Dibaya, found a bolt, and without getting their own supper they came to help me fix the car. We were filled with gratitude to these strange men for help so graciously given. They certainly were angels unawares. About midnight we pulled in to Lubondai station.

Truck Raised on Milk.

We once received a request for help from Mutoto station. They had some babies who were fed on tinned milk. A lot of milk had arrived at Luebo. Would somebody bring it as far as Luluabourg, where their



Alice, Dot and Jimmy

porters could get it? So I loaded our truck with cases of tinned milk. The Luebo ferry had no cable at that time, so it was a hard job crossing the river and sometimes took an hour. I wished to reach Luluabourg before dark next day, so decided to put the loaded truck across the river, in the afternoon, come home for the night, cross the river in a canoe before daybreak, take the truck and go to Luluabourg. The ferry was nothing but four dugout canoes with a platform built over them. Two heavy planks served for driving the car onto the ferry. A rope tied the ferry to a post on shore. But as I was driving onto the ferry one of the planks cracked, and a back corner of the truck body nearly touched the water. Quick action was imperative. The fastening of the ferry was precarious. If I returned to the station for planks and help I might find the truck in the, river and the ferry lost when I returned. It would have been an awfully hard job to get that truck out of the river. Best thing I could think of was to take cases of milk out of the truck, and use them for. a base for jacking up the broken plank. That work must be done in the water, and both the wooden cases and I would be soaked. But if the truck fell in, all the cases would be wet. Presuming that no crocodile would bother us, we set about our task. It took two hours work in the water before I finally had the truck safe on the ferry. The ferrymen poled and paddled the ferry across. I returned home for the night, and next day made the trip as per schedule.



The ferry on which we cross the river is a platform built on dugout canoes.

We See the King and Queen.



In 1928 the long awaited railroad from Port Francqui to Elisabethville was completed. It linked our part of the world with the Cape-to-Cairo system projected by Cecil Rhodes. This great event was celebrated by inauguration ceremonies honored by a visit from King Albert and Queen Elisabeth of Belgium. There were two special trains, one carrying the King and Queen, and their retinue. The other train carried invited dignitaries and journalists. Our Legal Representative was invited. Dr. Motte Martin had returned from furlough, and while he kindly urged me to go as representative of our Mission, we all knew that he should go, and he did. But the rest of us were invited to see the King and Queen when the royal train stopped at Domiongo. The King of the Belgians was to visit one of his subject rulers, Lukengu, King of

the Bakuba. This was a noteworthy occasion.

The Bakuba people are one of the remarkable tribes of Africa. It is probable that no African tribe south of Egypt has such highly developed and such distinctive native arts. Many fine samples of their work are to be found in the museum at Terveuren near Brussels, and in the British Museum in London. They do magnificent raffia work, and very fine bead work, make a unique type of mats, and their smiths do wonderful designs in iron and copper. Each succeeding Lukengu has his individual pattern which is woven into his mats and raffia cloth and tapestries. It is also wrought into his metal work. One Lukengu had chosen a pattern found on the treads of one brand of American automobile tires. From the time the new Lukengu ascends the throne until the time of his death, hundreds of the women in his harem, and many skilled men, work upon priceless tapestries and costumes for his burial. When the king dies he is buried in a great grave perhaps sixteen feet square and sixteen feet deep. He is seated in all his finery in the middle of an immense coffin richly decorated, and the coffin is surrounded by many cases and bundles of the finest products of the kingdom, including large tusks of ivory. All of these are visible during the ten-day funeral, then are buried with the king. The general public is never admitted into the great harem nor to the private quarters of the king where these art treasures are kept, nor yet to the royal funeral. So only favored persons, including missionaries, ever get to see these things.

The coming of King Albert and the Queen was something unprecedented, so the custom of the years was broken, and King Lukengu appeared in all the finery prepared for his burial. Three large pavilions had been erected, one for the royal couple from Belgium, another for Lukengu and his courtiers, and a third for the guests of honor from the second train. The rest of us were just observers on the side lines. The Bakuba were all decked out in their finest native regalia. It was absolutely forbidden them to wear a single stitch of foreign clothing on that day. Nearly all the white visitors were dressed in white.

King Lukengu was paralyzed, and could not walk at all. So he sat in state in his royal pavilion where his sovereigns from Belgium went to call on him. Royal gifts were exchanged. I have forgotten what King Albert gave Lukengu. Among other precious things, Lukengu presented King Albert with the biggest mats I ever saw. After the royal greetings the King and Queen returned to their pavilion. Then began the most spectacular dances I have ever seen. To the music of Bakuba drums the elite of the kingdom danced for the King and Queen. It was a day to be remembered.

Royal Funeral.

This might be a good place to say that some years later a number of us missionaries were privileged to attend the funeral of this same King Lukengu. We saw the corpse lying in state, the great coffin and the gigantic grave, and the bundles and bundles and bundles of things that were to be buried with the king, many of them doubtless the same art treasures which had been exhibited at the royal meeting at Domiongo. Any great museum in the world would pay a fortune for the magnificent finery that was buried with Lukengu.



Bakuba dancers performed before King Albert and Queen Elizabeth when they visited Congo in 1928.



King Albert visit 1928

Railroad Brings Changes.

But we mentioned the inauguration of the railroad. Since that time it has brought great changes to the Kasai region. The seat of government of the Province of Kasai was moved from Lusambo to Luluabourg. What within my own memory was a cornfield has become an important city, with railroad service, a network of bus lines connecting it with cities of the province, and an airport from which one could fly to Johannesburg, Elisabethville, Leopoldville, Brussels or New York. There were passenger trains in two directions twice a week, and telegraphic communication with the outside world. The railroad has connections at Port Francqui with steamers for Leopoldville, on Stanley Pool. The railroad brought in many foreign products, including automobiles, trucks, tractors, and gasoline. It exported cotton, corn, peanuts, cooking oil, palm nuts, beef, copper and diamonds.

Working All Night.

A telegram announced that Dr. and Mrs. Cousar of our Lubondai station with their baby daughter would arrive at Port Francqui Friday. So it was decided that I would meet them with my truck. It was nearly a one-day trip. When I arrived I went to the steamship office for the latest information. They said the steamer I named was not coming up the Kasai River at all, as it had gone up the main Congo River. This was most puzzling. Certainly Dr. Cousar would not have called us up there without reason. I said so. The man then told me that even if the steamer were coming to Port Francqui, it could not possibly get there before Monday. This was Thursday evening. As I did not wish to travel Sunday, there was no use in going to Luebo Friday, and returning Saturday. I might as well stay at Port Francqui and wait, though I hated to waste three days. At that time there was a Ford agency at Port Francqui. I went there and asked whether they had a certain differential gear which I wanted to put on my truck to step up the gear ratio. They had the gear I wanted, and offered me working space to make the change-over. So Friday morning I began to disassemble the differential housing under the truck. I began jacking the truck up as high as possible, I worked on a tarpaulin underneath. By sunset I had it all apart, and was ready for the new piece.

After supper there was nothing to do, so I went to sleep in the truck. Just as I was nearly asleep I heard a boy calling me. He said the doctor was at the steamer. I jumped up and asked permission to work all night in the garage. Then I got ready for work. About that time Dr. Cousar arrived. It seemed they must leave the steamer next morning, and there was no place to go but Luebo. Dr. Cousar offered to help me with the truck. Port Francqui is a warm spot. Also it has a reputation for its fine crop of mosquitoes. We worked through the night under the car without our shirts. We slapped mosquitoes all night with our greasy



The great great grandfather of the Brooklyn bridge



Forest road near Bulape

hands. Long before morning we looked as if the Black Hand society had been working all over us. About 10 o'clock we had the car assembled. It was not a perfect job. The housing joint would not close perfectly. After we got to Luebo we took it apart and found we had overlooked a tiny lug that should have fitted into a particular hole. But the truck would run, so we loaded it and had lunch.

At one o'clock we were on our way. It will be noted that it was now Saturday afternoon, and we had had no sleep since Friday morning. We thought that by relieving each other at the wheel we could drive through to Luebo before midnight. But parts of the road were new, and far from good. Once we hit a sandy place where I was unable to hold the truck in the road. Deep sand on one side pulled us into the ditch. To get out of the ditch we had to unload a ton of baggage. We did that, got the truck back on the road, reloaded, and started again for Luebo. We had to drive carefully to avoid being ditched again. We were awfully sleepy. But there was no place to lie down, and we couldn't sleep sitting up. So one of us would rest half awake, and the other would drive half asleep. All Mrs. Cousar and baby daughter could do was to put in the time. It must have been a terribly long night for them. We drove slowly all night, and reached Luebo at eight o'clock Sunday morning. I went to bed for the day.

A Big Python.

While attending our annual mission meeting at Bulape, Mignon and I slept in an unscreened house with the windows wide open. We thought nothing of this until we waked one morning to be told that a big snake had stolen a baby goat out of the back yard during the night. This would be a real thrill, so all the missionaries were called, and with native guides we followed the trail of the snake to an old anthill. These anthills when broken open reveal a good-sized cave beneath, from which the termites removed the earth to build the superstructure. There was a hole at the side, and the big snake had gotten part way in. The hole was too small for the bulge made by the baby goat. So the rear half of the snake was still outside. The men made a noose out of a strong vine and slipped it over the tail. Some of us pulled with all our might while others were belaboring the python with clubs, and still others were digging with picks and spades. Little by little he was pulled out, until his whole length was exposed, with a big lump in the middle. The python was 13 feet long, the largest I have ever seen. Dr. Chapman of Bulape later shot one in the nearby forest that was more than 19 feet long.

Road Like a Ploughed Field.

Once we were on a trip to Lake Munkamba with our family. The Model T truck did not have a water pump. But I had bought and installed one. On this trip we happened on a five-mile strip of new road that



Cave made by white ants under a verandah. There were three such caves each large enough for a man to hide in..



was like a ploughed field. Running on low gear the motor became very hot. The hose which came with the pump burst, all the water ran out of the radiator, and we were grounded. I called for a foot messenger to run to Mutoto station to borrow a piece of hose. He could probably get back in 36 to 48 hours. In the meantime we were parked out in the tall grass a mile from a village. A great crowd came out from the village to see the show. I asked some of them to bring us water and firewood, so we could cook our supper and camp for the night. But nobody stirred. If they went hunting wood and water they would miss the show: one white man, one white lady, three white children. I expected and offered to pay for help received but there were no volunteers. I do not mind being looked at, but did not like to go to bed hungry while they watched us. So I called the chief and told him he was responsible to make his people help us.

If he failed to do so I would report him to the government. Certainly the government would not tolerate such a situation as this. This was effective, and with the assurance that they could watch the proceedings when they came back the people scattered, and soon we had a pile of firewood, by and by the needed water.

Meanwhile I had beaten my brains to see whether there might possibly be some way to repair that badly broken hose. I did have some tools. An empty oil tin was found, and a shears with which I could cut a piece of tin. This I washed well, rolled it into a tube, soldered it, put it inside the broken hose, and wired it together. In this way we were able to drive on to Munkamba without the new hose from Mutoto.

The Bridge Broke Down.

Daughter Dot thought it wasn't much fun to go on a trip unless something exciting happened. She was with us on a trip to Bulape station. Having heard that the bridge over the Lekedi River was getting weak, I asked Mr. Washburn about it. He said it would hold the truck if I drove slowly. I did just that. Also I played safe by having the family walk ahead to the other side. But when the truck was two-thirds across there was a crash, and the back wheels had broken through the bridge. I called a lot of men from a nearby village. They cut timbers for use in prying up the rear of the truck. We worked four hours, and finally at sunset I was able to drive off the bridge. While I was examining the bridge in mid-afternoon another timber had broken. I dropped six feet to a sitting position in six inches of water. Mignon asked Dot what had happened. She replied, "Oh, it was only Daddy."

Unused Rifle.

During our second furlough Dr. Huston St. Clair had given me a fine new Winchester rifle and a thousand rounds of ammunition selected for use with various kinds of big game. This would have served me well if we had gone back to Bibanga. But at Luebo there is little game for hunters. One evening we had Dr. Motte Martin to dinner. He told us some interesting experiences, including the story of a hippo hunt by moonlight, right down the hill between us and the river. It had taken place years before. The climax of the story was that when he was ready to shoot the beast charged and nearly outran him. He escaped with his



Lake and sailboat



Jimmy, Alice and Dot

life, but carried away no glory from that encounter. He was a notable hunter of monkeys.

Mignon was much impressed by this hippo story. She also recalled my hippo hunt at Bibanga. Then there was also the memory of the Belgian hunter who was killed by a wounded hippo, the one we had helped to bury as we came up river. You will see that this combination scored against me as a hunter.

Strangely enough, it was just a few days later that natives came to beg me to shoot the hippos which had begun to destroy their cornfields near the river. Here was the big chance to use my rifle. But just at that time Mignon had her mind all set against hippo hunting. She had two unanswerable arguments. One was that the Church had sent me out at great expense to do missionary work. Secondly, I was a husband and father with responsibilities, and had no right to take risks with my life. She won the argument, so I decided to give away the gun and ammunition. My work at the Press so occupied my time and thought that I wouldn't get to hunt much anyway. Our good friend Roy Cleveland made a wonderful record with that gun. In the course of time the stock was lined with rows of notches, some for antelope, some for hippos, some for crocodiles and some for buffalo. He lived in game country, did much itinerating, and anyway he was a much better hunter than I ever could have been.

Midnight Crossing.

On a trip from Lake Munkamba to Luebo we decided to travel at night, so the kiddies would not get so hot. I rarely permitted passengers to remain in my car when driving on or off ferries, as there is always some risk. But on this night as we were about to cross the Miao River, which had one of the best ferries, the baby was asleep. So we decided that the girls and our Congolese passengers would get out of the truck and ride on the ferry platform, then get off ahead of the truck on the far side. Mignon and baby Jimmy would stay with me in the closed truck. When we reached the other shore and the girls were safely on land, the boatmen placed the planks before the wheels, and I started the truck. The front wheels went up the planks. But plunk! The back of the truck bumped and stuck. I almost screamed to Mignon to hand me the baby, and come. I stepped off the ferry -it was dark -onto what I thought was solid ground. I fell down, standing, into a lot of tree roots where the ground had washed out. I tore my trousers and hurt my knee, but was happy the baby was not hurt. When Mother and son were safe ashore with the girls I checked up to see what had happened. We had a close call. The boat must have shifted position as I drove off. Front wheels were safe on the planks, but the rear wheels were astraddle of one of the planks, hung on the differential housing. The supporting plank hung on the ferry by just 2 inches, and was not fastened at all. The only thing that saved the truck from dropping into ten feet of water was that the plank sloped toward the ferry, not away from it.

Here was a chance for some engineering. What a job it was! For the first hour the boatmen nearly exhausted my patience by making counter suggestions to nearly everything I tried to do. Having tried some of their ideas only to fail, I decided it was better to follow my own plans. By faith and works we at last had the truck on solid ground, and we were indeed grateful to our merciful Heavenly Father that Mignon and baby and I had not been drowned, leaving two young orphans on a riverbank a hundred miles from home.



Sightseeing. Congo villagers on the riverbank watching the white men put an automobile across the Lubilashi River on a ferry made out of native dugout canoes.



Car ferry and canoers on river

We started for Luebo about two A.M. By and by we broke a front spring. We had a spare, and set to work making the change. It was still night. Something or other slipped, so that when the spring was in place the radiator hose connection was broken. So that had to be fixed. All this happened in the dark, with the unsatisfactory light of a kerosene lantern. Mignon was worried because we could hear a leopard down in the valley.

The Term's Work.

These various experiences were merely brief interludes to a lot of hard and absorbing work at the Mission Press, which was the compelling interest of my life. The Lumu Lua Bena Kasai was being printed every month. The Sunday School lessons by Mr. Allen were reaching all our hundreds of villages. Our output of other printed matter for the schools, the hospitals, and the evangelistic department was satisfactory to the Mission. As our furlough approached it was arranged that Mr. McMurray would take over my duties during furlough, with some help from other missionaries with such mechanical problems as might arise. We were ready to start on our third furlough. The Ford truck had been given to one of the stations. I did not like it to stand idle, nor for the Lord's money to be wasted.

My opportunity to preach had been given me right there at Luebo. While I did preach elsewhere too, I had begun to preach at Luebo First Church every other Sunday morning, alternating with my good friend the pastor Kalombo, previously mentioned. He was a most worthy Christian and a real pastor. This was the largest congregation on the Mission. There were two other congregations in Luebo, but we still had an attendance at First Church of from 700 to 1500 worshippers. Communion service was held every two months. It was always a heart-touching experience to me. Admission had to be limited to Christians in good standing, but even so the big Church would be crowded to the doors. Sometimes communion was given to groups outdoors for whom there was not room in the Church.

It must be understood that the pastoral work for so large a congregation was very heavy. That had to be left to



Luebo First Church where Hershey preached

my fellow missionaries and the pastors and elders, as I was busy six long days per week at the Press. But my own soul was refreshed by the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me. Refreshing also was the attendant Bible study as I prepared my sermons.

I have always believed in preaching, and while I had not in the beginning desired to be a preacher, it is also true that after the first few years in the ministry I loved to preach. But I was convinced that my greatest opportunity for spreading the Gospel lay in the printed page, and my editorial work in encouraging other preachers in their ministry.

We had reached the end of our third term.

[RETURN TO INDEX](#)

[NEXT ->](#)



Jimmy was named after the Pastor Kalombo.
Hershey occupied the pulpit with him rotating Sundays at Luebo.



Man in hat weaving nice mat



Mukete archer near Bulape

MEMORIES OF CONGO

J. Hershey Longenecker

Chapter VI



[RETURN TO INDEX](#)

FOURTH TERM IN CONGO-1931-1936

Returning to Congo this time I knew where I was to go and what I was to do. I was very happy to return to my work. Things at the Press were in fine shape. Mr. McMurray had done excellent work in editing the Lumu Lua Bena Kasai, and in the general printing for the Mission. The printers were there, ready for work. We faced a great opportunity.

Depression Years.

These were the years of the world-wide financial depression. They were very difficult years in the work of the Mission as a whole. Appropriations from America were reduced time after time, while the economic situation of the Congo became extremely bad. During the rushing twenties traders had opened up many small trading posts throughout the country. Though some of the traders were not a good moral influence, they were a financial help to our people who could sell them native produce and buy from them cloth and other needed articles. As world markets declined, most of these small traders had to fold up and leave the country. Numbers of these small places stood empty, with grass growing high where there had been busy trade before.

People who had gone away to work in the mines and other places came back to the country to live. The labor shortage eased up. Men who previously would have spurned our small Mission salaries would now have been glad to work for us.

But our appropriations for the support of hospitals, schools and evangelistic work were just a fraction of what they had been before. The annual Mission Meeting decided how the appropriations were to be distributed to the stations. Then the station meeting, held at least once a month, had to decide how to divide its share of funds. As missionaries were so busy during the day these business meetings were often held at night. For years money was so scarce that the division of funds between departments was most painful. Shall teachers' salaries be cut again, or the preachers', or the workers' at the





hospital? Ought we to close down part of the great school, or cut down on the orders for medicines so urgently needed? Such practical problems had to be faced. Many times I returned home after station meeting and lay awake half the night worrying over the financial problems of the Lord's work. Our own salaries as missionaries were separate from the working budget. They were supposed to provide a living something like that of school teachers in America, just a modest living. But these salaries were reduced time and again. Yet out of their reduced incomes, inadequate for their own needs, many missionaries took money time after time to keep going the work they loved.

There was also the problem of missionary personnel. Our Board was unable to send out the new missionaries who wished to come, and were so very much needed. After some years of this, when some new missionaries began to arrive, someone compared the mission to a college without a sophomore class.

To save money on travel expense each missionary was asked to defer his furlough for one year, thus giving us a five-year term instead of four, though our doctors were agreed that four years in the tropics was enough.

Throughout this term we worried with financial problems. I wrestled with the question of proper salaries for evangelists. These men were unordained preachers and teachers, maintaining our schools in hundreds of villages. The Mission wished for the native Church to contribute enough money to support all their preachers. Money was scarce, and while substantial sums were contributed by the Christians, yet the total was never sufficient. Various schemes were proposed to the Mission, and some of these were adopted. Sadly for our work the shifting sand of international exchange with jumping of prices came in to break up the best of plans.

It will be seen that the financial jugglings of New York and London and Brussels affected poor people right into the heart of Africa. Financial worries spoiled some of the fun of what was otherwise a happy term for us. Even though salaries were cut repeatedly, the missionaries in general worried much less about their own needs than about the needs of the work.



Photo-Engraving Laboratory.

During our third term I had gotten a start in photo-engraving with the crudest sort of equipment. With limited time and too little knowledge, meeting all kinds of obstacles including what someone has called "the total depravity of inanimate objects," I had produced some usable pictures for printing. I felt that I needed a better camera than the one I had made out of corrugated roofing. During the furlough I was

looking for a photo-engraving camera that would really fill our needs. In Chicago I found what was called a darkroom camera. Instead of an overgrown camera with a large leather bellows, which invited destruction by tropical insects, a whole room was made into a camera, and the operator worked inside it. There had to be a small vestibule with double doors for a light trap, and tracks for moving the plate holder and focusing screen. The lens was mounted in a lens board fitted into the wall. The photograph or other copy to be reproduced was mounted on a copy board outside the camera. Movable arc lights completed the camera equipment.

This idea commended itself to me. At a minimum of cost I could build this darkroom camera, and for our purpose it was much better than a bellows camera. Insects could not injure it. So I had brought the necessary materials with me, and as soon as time permitted we added two little rooms to the engraving shop. One room was the darkroom camera, the other the space for copy board and arc lamps.

Dr. Stixrud let me put an extension line from the hospital generator to provide the current I needed for the arc lamps. Our darkroom camera had another feature that made it unique, not another like it in the world. As sunlight on clear days would cost nothing, and electric current would not always be available, I made the camera reversible. Lens windows were put in front and back walls. When the lens faced outdoors I could use sunlight. When it faced indoors we could use the arc lamps. This camera would have seemed crude to professionals, but to us it seemed wonderful, for it enabled me to do at least some of the work I wanted to do. What I failed to accomplish was due to time limitations, not due to the camera.

Fast for Africa.

Knowing that in America photography and engraving were so co-ordinated that a news event could be photographed and appear in the papers the same day, I wondered how long it would take us to produce a printing press picture. When the Congo Protestant Council met on our station I took a picture of the Council group in the morning, developed the negative, dried it as quickly as possible, made an enlargement and from that a half tone negative. Drying that quickly, I made the print on an enameled copper plate, and etched out the halftone picture. I had this printed on the printing press and showed it to the councillors before night. This accomplishment was lots of fun. Central Africa was going places and doing things.

African Photo-Engraver.

There were so many things to do and so little time. It became clear that I simply must train a boy to do part of the engraving work. Because the negative making involved the use of potassium cyanide, a deadly poison, I had somewhat feared to try this. But with plenty of warning about the danger I finally took a man into the laboratory. The most dangerous work I did with my own hands. But some of the time-consuming work I began to share wherever possible.

The man learned to do line etching, but his eyesight failed, so he was replaced by a younger man of twenty. This man Kabongo became a line etcher.

As the details of the zinc etching process are very complicated I have decided to omit them, as they would weary most readers. Suffice it to say that Kabongo's labors saved me much time, and helped us to use more illustrations in the monthly paper and in school books, and even, later, in Pilgrim's Progress.

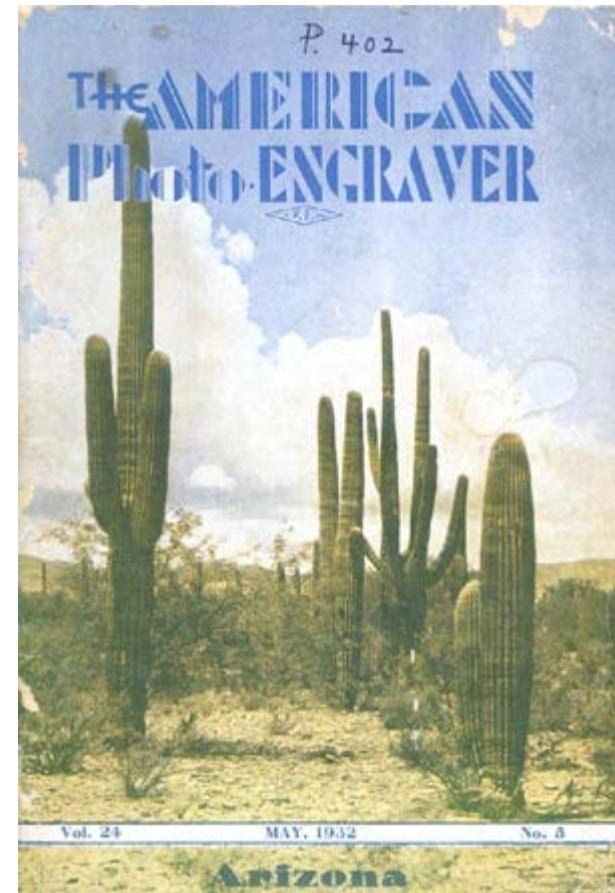
When the etching on the zinc plate was completed, with the drawing covering the ridges an over it, it was turned over to our mechanic, Ndibu, to be trimmed and nailed to a wooden block just the right height for use in the printing press. Shepati and his pressmen could then take over and print a hundred or ten thousand copies in a very short time.

Mr. Walter Johnson, of the Chattanooga News, was an officer of the Southern Newspaper Publishers Association. Through a mutual friend he asked for information about our little engraving experiment. I wrote him in full detail about our crude little shop, with two results that came as a total surprise. First, a three-page article entitled, "Photo-Engraving in the Interior of Africa," appeared on pages [402-404 of THE AMERICAN PHOTO-ENGRAVER](#) for May, 1932. That was the official journal of the International Photo-Engravers' Union of North America. With a short introduction, the whole of my letter to Mr. Johnson was given in the article.

The second result grew out of the first. Some cartoonist for a syndicate, familiar with photo-engraving, made a fantastic cartoon of a bearded African at the etching sink examining a large zinc etching. The caption gave a brief but correct description of our work at Luebo. People in a number of states clipped the cartoon from their newspapers and sent them to me at Luebo. We enjoyed this recognition of our labors in Congo.

Encouraging Report.

During this term a visitor from America reported an incident in her voyage up river. She said that their steamer stopped for the night at a



DID YOU KNOW? --- By R. J. Scott



small settlement. They went for a walk ashore, and as they met native people they saw a man and his wife who seemed different from the rest. She saw that they had a book, and she was interested. Some person who knew both French and English interpreted for her. She learned that the man was a brick mason, that he worked at Kinshasa. His employers had sent him up river to do some work. He and his wife were both Christians from Luebo. They had a Tshiluba Bible and a hymnbook, also copies of the Lumu Lua Bena Kasai. They gathered people together on Sundays and as best they could they told the Gospel story, and sang hymns. The woman said she cared so much for the Lumu Lua Bena Kasai that she slept with it under her pillow. We were much thrilled by this story. Many of our papers went to out-of-the-way places. The firm assurance that those printed pages were witnessing to the saving grace of Jesus Christ enabled me to carry on through long and weary hours of work, through fair weather and foul.

African Artist.

One of the ladies at Mutoto station told me about a boy there who could draw. He had been given a photograph of some missionary children, and made a drawing that was so good that the father recognized the likeness of his own children. I told Miss Edwards that we would very much like to have him at the Mission Press. She said he was too young to leave home. I urged that she help him as much as possible so as to prepare him to come to us later. She did this, and when she left Mrs. Miller continued to help him. Some time later he came to the Press as the artist on our staff. Tumba took criticism well, and it was a pleasure to have him around. He started making line drawings for Bible pictures, also other drawings, for the Lumu Lua Bena Kasai. I made negatives, and the engraver made zinc plates for printing the pictures.

Course in Photography.

I believed in using pictures. I had made some pictures for use during our furloughs. But we wanted better pictures for the Lumu Lua Bena Kasai. Once I looked at a photo of Luebo Church made by Mr. Robertson, and wondered why it looked so much better than mine. The

explanation was that his pictorial composition was so much better. When I read of a correspondence course in journalistic photography, I felt I needed it. Though we could not afford it I paid the price and took the course. It proved to be a good investment, helping me in a number of ways. From that time on my pictures were in demand at our home office, as well as on the field. Numbers of my photographs appeared in our Church papers through the years. But the course also developed my appreciation of what I saw around me.

What I saw round about me kept changing. For years our home was at such distance from the Press that I had a nice walk six times a day. For a few years I was noticing what I privately labeled my palm tree gardens. Oil palms flourished in the Luebo soil. These beautiful palms lined the paths on my way to work. I enjoyed the palms themselves (that reminds me that our Africans do not think of the palm as a tree). Wind and weather deposited rich soil between the old leafstems and the trunk. The wind or the birds planted seeds, so that beautiful ferns and tiny flowering plants of various kinds brightened the sides of the palms. In the course of months I had much pleasure in observing these tiny gardens, which seemed to be put there for my personal enjoyment. Then for many months I was watching the clouds. There are many beautiful clouds in the tropics, ever changing, and they fascinated me for a long time, and still do. With beautiful trees and flowers and clouds my mind was often refreshed as I took my little walks, largely as a result of some training in photography.

Hymnbook.

During my first term at the Press we began a project which took us ten years. It was the production of a Tshiluba hymnbook with music. Gospel singing is one of the most effective methods of spreading the Word of Life. For many years the Press had been printing hymnbooks in word editions, adding new hymns from time to time. These hymns were being sung by thousands of people in hundreds of villages all over the country. They were taught on the stations and in the Bible School, then in the village schools. But the ladies who played the organs in our Churches had a hard time keeping up with the various hymnbooks containing the music. Often they had to carry a Tshiluba hymnbook with words, and from one to three hymnbooks with music, when they went to Church. Some had their own rather clumsy scrapbooks with hymns clipped from hymnals, and Tshiluba words pasted in. All of these were unsatisfactory. I wanted to do something to help them. As a sort of hobby I started to make photo-engravings of hymns with music and the Tshiluba words. It was understood that during



Luebo First Church where Hershey preached



Little plants growing in palm bark

furlough I would try to improve my knowledge of photoengraving. So after I was in America I received a letter asking whether, while practicing, I could etch some hymns that could be used on the field. Mr. McMurray took more than 200 hours of his precious time to make drawings of 32 hymns, with Tshiluba words printed in, all done double size for reduction in making the negatives. These reached me in due time. My good friend Mr. Raymer agreed for me to work in his own little shop near his house. I had just started work on the hymns, and one night left the suitcase containing the music drawings in his shop when I went to my lodgings. When I rose in the morning my landlady said she had bad news. Mr. Raymer's shop had burned down that night. I was very sorry for his sake and for mine, and also for losing all that painstaking work Mr. McMurray had done. I went to the shop to look things over. The frame building was destroyed, with much of the equipment. Looking for the suitcase we found the steel frame with the ashes in the bottom. Stirring in the ashes with a stick, I was surprised that many of the cards with hymn drawings had not been burned. Some were entirely burned, some in part. But sixteen hymns were intact, though burned around the margins. It was decided to have these done at a professional engraving shop before anything else happened, and this was done. So half of Mr. McMurray's work was salvaged.

On our return to Luebo we tried to get on with the job of making the drawings and producing our own plates. It will be recalled that these were depression years, and money was very scarce. We were pinched for funds in all departments. So if we wanted a music hymnal we had to do it at Luebo.

It was found that our artist Tumba, who also had musical talent, had learned to play both organ and piano. He could make music drawings, and thus save much missionary time. Besides his work as Press artist, he was employed making these drawings of the music. The printers set up and printed the words to be pasted between the lines of music, then ready to be photographed. By this time Kabongo had a helper in line etching. I made the music negatives, they printed them on zinc and etched them. Our work went very slowly because I had so many other irons in the fire. By working as best we could for ten years we finally printed 240 hymns with music in our hymnbook. The book has been reprinted a few times. We feel rewarded for all our efforts because hundreds of natives have learned to sing by note, and are able to teach others. Many Africans have wonderful voices and love to sing. Under the talented instruction of Mr. McMurray at the Bible School there has been great improvement in hymn singing throughout the Mission. Dr. Fulton is reported to have said, "Many of these Africans will sing, themselves into the Kingdom."

More about Tumba.,

Having again mentioned our artist I might as well tell the rest of his story, some of it going beyond our fourth term and into the fifth. He was with the Press, I suppose, eight or ten years. More and more I depended on him for drawings to be used in the Lumu Lua Bena Kasai, in school books, and, in other ways, besides the music drawing which was slow and exacting work. Mr. McKee had translated Pilgrim's Progress into Tshiluba. He had found a Swiss translation which carried many small illustrations. We obtained permission to adapt these for our own use. In this way Pilgrim's Progress was illustrated with drawings of African characters throughout. John Bunyan might have been surprised to see what some of his characters looked like.

Other drawings by Tumba have been used through the years, and I suppose are still in use. He rendered a service of permanent value.

But Tumba, while he was one of my best helpers and one of my best friends, was also my greatest worry. He came from a Christian home, was highly talented, and had refined sensibilities. His personality compared to the average of his people somewhat as a spirited Arabian race horse might compare to a Belgian dray horse. But he was temperamental, as artistic people sometimes are. Here was my problem. He and I got along just fine, and understood each other. But he often got in trouble with other natives. I think it was partly that they recognized that he was gifted above their class, and were jealous of his superior talents. Whatever the reason, he got into trouble here and there. I highly appreciated his skill, and did not want to lose him. But things reached such a state for some years, that when I sat at home reading

in the evening, and heard a quiet cough on the porch, I feared it must be Tumba come to tell me he was in trouble again. I shall enumerate only a few of his many troubles. Once a boy attacked him with a knife. Tumba had been giving music lessons to a mulatto girl, and sat on the same bench with her at the piano. The brother of Tumba's assailant was engaged to this girl, so he felt it was his brotherly duty to get rid of Tumba. Most other scrapes were less serious, but always they worried me, and took some of my time and energy. Once it was reported that a man nearly shot Tumba, when he found him staring into the family bedroom at midnight. Tumba claimed that he just happened to pass by on his way home. But it took real begging to save himself from the wrath of the man with the gun.

We found an assistant artist who had much talent, and was a great help. He died later with tuberculosis. A third talented boy was found, and Mrs. Wilds gave him some art lessons. When he reached the stage where I could employ him, I sent him to the hospital for a physical check-up. Dr. Stixrud in looking at some of the boy's papers found that he had been practicing quite skilfully to forge the signatures of some of the missionaries. So it seemed unwise to employ him. So Tumba remained our mainstay in the art department, and I feared lest one palaver too many would take him from us. Finally it came. Tumba had married, had a new hut, and a baby came to bless their home. I had hoped his troubles were over. But I was mistaken.

One day Dr. Martin told me that either my man Tumba was a bad man, or he was crazy. He reported that the night before there had been excitement in the village. A man had been seen lurking in the shadows of some palm trees a mile from Tumba's home, staring at a hut occupied by three unmarried girls. It was bright moonlight. Someone challenged the peeping Tom, and he jumped out of the shadows and ran for his life. A wild chase ensued, and as the pursuers were passing through the street of the Bakwa Kalonshi, the man was caught. It was none other than our Press artist Tumba.

The thing must stop.

The Press could not compromise its good name even for a skilled artist. So I let Tumba go, with great sorrow in my heart. We never found his equal, so our work suffered accordingly.

New Building.

Our work was growing. I needed a better office for my own work, and for our shipping department. We also needed a large termite-proof room for storing books and paper. So the money was secured and a new building planned. Mr. Hugh Wilds kindly agreed to make the bricks and erect the building. There was to be a roomy office for me, away from the noise of the presses, also an office for our copyist and shipping clerk Mukendi, and a shipping room. The large stock room was to have a cement floor. All book and paper stocks were to be stored on shelves suspended from heavy overhead beams. There was to be eight-inch clearance between all shelves and the side walls. With the clear floor space and clear side walls one could inspect the whole large room in three minutes to make sure the termites were not starting anything. So far as I know none of the stock in that room has ever been touched by termites. And if you know your African termites, and their appetite for paper, you will know that is remarkable. (One of the missionaries told me that termites started on his commentaries and ate right along until they came to the doctrine of predestination. That was too much for them.)

Central School.

During these years our daughters were at our school for children of missionaries at Lubondai, about 180 miles from Luebo. Those unfamiliar with the history of Congo Missions can hardly appreciate what that school meant to us. When we went to Congo it was the common practice for missionaries to leave their children in the

homeland on the first furlough after their birth. On some Congo Missions that is still the custom. But our missionaries felt strongly that they were responsible for the rearing of their children, and must keep in touch with them. So a small school was started, and grew to about fifty students from fourth grade through high school. All faculty members are college graduates, and most of them volunteer for one three-year term. An excellent succession of consecrated teachers has been an inspiration to our children and a great comfort to their parents. The school is integrated with the American school system so that children can spend the furlough year in their proper grade in America, and return to fit into their own class at Lubondai. When they graduate from Central School they are ready for college in America. No family has profited more from the establishment of this school than we have. Our three children received their basic education there, and loved it. Both by teaching the children and by releasing their mothers for other forms of missionary work the Central School teachers have made a very important contribution to the Lord's work in Congo.

It should be explained that the first three grades are taught on their home stations, usually by their mothers, but sometimes by others. Mignon, having been a teacher before our marriage, taught our own children these three grades, and also taught children of other families so the mothers could be released for other work.

The school year at Lubondai consisted of two terms of 4 months each, with six-week vacations. Thus the parents could be with their children twice a year. We rarely saw our children except at vacation time. During one of the vacations of Central School, we usually took our one-month vacation with them at Lake Munkamba, a beautiful lake in the heart of our Mission's territory.

Here our children, like most of the children of the Mission, learned to swim well, and spent much time in the water. Most Congo waters have hippos and crocodiles to make bathing hazardous. But Munkamba is a safe and quiet place, and the water is free of the germs of tropical diseases which are all too common in Central Africa.

Car on Fire.

Once we were returning with the girls from Central School in a Model A Ford sedan. The road was very dry. We came to a place in the forest about 100 miles from



Dot and Alice - 1934



Jim, Alice and Dot on bicycles

home where the road up a steep grade had been dug up, and was little more than a deep bed of sand. Running into the sand, the motor stalled. Trying to start I must have flooded the carburetor. Time after time I tried and failed to start. With embarrassment I agreed for Mignon and the girls to get out and push. As she got out Mignon announced that there was fire under the hood. Cutting off the gasoline flow from tank to carburetor, I got out and opened the hood. Sure enough, the carburetor was burning. It has been my only experience of the sort, and I didn't know what to do. As nothing else was available we threw handfuls of sand on the fire and put it out. I have been told since that we could have found nothing better. We looked around and found a small underbrush fire in the dry forest, close to the car. We concluded that when the carburetor flooded, fumes of our gasoline had connected with the forest fire which then flashed back to the carburetor. We were so thankful none of us was bummed. However I feared the car would not run, with home a hundred miles away. To our great surprise and delight the motor started, and when we got out of the sand we drove right on home.

But furlough time came, and our girls had to say goodbye to Central School and to Congo. They loved the land of their birth and would have wished they could get their college education at Lubondai.

End of Fourth Term.

The five years were tilled with hard but rewarding work. The output of hymnbooks, catechisms, Bible commentaries, school books and periodicals was growing, and it was quite clear that we needed more equipment. The Mission authorized me to try to find the money and buy this equipment during furlough. So we left for America with high hopes.

[RETURN TO INDEX](#)



Puzzle - Find Jimmy's monkey in the tree - notice the papayas



Longeneckers - mid 1930s

[NEXT ->](#)



One view of our home.
We have beautiful views of clouds during the 8 months of rainy season.



Just as they are here - near the mission printing office

MEMORIES OF CONGO

J. Hershey Longenecker

Chapter VII



[RETURN TO INDEX](#)

FIFTH TERM IN CONGO-1937-1943

Returning from America by way of England and Belgium, we finally arrived at Luebo, and I had before me the most exciting period of my life.

Furlough.

Our fourth furlough in America had been a very busy time. We needed another press, a first-class typecasting machine, additional equipment for photo-engraving, and numbers of lesser items. All of this equipment must be carefully selected, and the money found, before any purchases could be made. At last all this was done, and now we were back, waiting for the shipments to arrive.



Pony Miehle Press.

Money was still scarce, and I did not want to spend one cent more than was actually needed. It was just as important that we should not spend one cent less. A factory rebuilt press could be bought for much less than a new one. Therefore a rebuilt Pony Miehle Press was selected. Some people recommended automatic presses. Such presses are complicated and costly. Since our labor in those days was very cheap, and our editions not very large, I decided on a hand fed press. This proved to be quite satisfactory.

Monotype Typecasting Machine.

Careful study showed that nothing less than Monotype quality type would meet our needs. This machine was costly, but I believed the Lord would provide the money needed. To make sure this was the machine we needed I spent a week in the Monotype school in Philadelphia, learning to operate the typecaster, take it apart and reassemble it. Some may not know that the Monotype outfit employs two units. One is the typecasting machine proper, with many costly accessories, which casts the type, one letter at a time. The other has a keyboard like a typewriter which perforates long paper rolls something like those used on player pianos, only narrower. The keyboard operator copies the manuscript in the form of holes punched in the roll of paper. This roll is transferred to the typecasting machine, and controls its operation. It turns out type already set, and needs no typesetters. My week in the school convinced me that for the time being we needed only the typecaster, not the composing equipment. I had been taught that it is not wise to put all your eggs in one basket. If we had depended on one operator, and he became ill, the Press would be tied up. The situation would be even worse if the machine broke down, for at that time there was no other Monotype machine in the whole of the Belgian Congo. So I insisted that what we needed was the typecasting machine. To save money, for these things cost thousands of dollars, I wanted to get a factory

rebuilt typecaster. But I wanted a full equipment of brand new matrices to make exactly the type that primitive people needed for learning to read.

Our next problem had been to find the money. We were in the mid-thirties, and money was hard to find. Our principal donors were Mr. and Mrs. George W. St. Clair, of Tazewell, Virginia, and their children. Other donors helped, but they were far the largest contributors. Some years later Mr. St. Clair told me that he had worked in his father's printing office as a boy. It was not easy to convince him about the Monotype machine. I learned that someone who did not understand our Congo conditions tried to persuade him that we needed a Linotype machine rather than a Monotype. My observations at the Monotype school convinced him, and the family helped us with thousands of dollars.

When the time came to order our machine I wished to place the order in Philadelphia. They said they could not sell to Africa, only to North and South America. I must buy in London. Because the British-made machine was different in some details, it was necessary for us to return by way of London. There I selected the typefaces, learned to operate the British machine, and bought it. I spent a week in the London School. Much more time was desirable, but I was needed at Luebo. I was most grateful for a set of instruction books on the operation of the typecaster, which helped me out of many a tight place.

Boiler, Engine, and Generator.

A steam boiler, engine and generator had been bought in America. Installing all of these while editing the Lumu Lua Bena Kasai, doing much proofreading, and managing the Press in general, was enough to challenge any man's mettle. The equipment did not all arrive at the same time, so the installation took a number of months. The boiler was a return tube cylinder, and we had to build the firebox to hold the grates, and the whole enclosing structure, of brick. This we could do from the blueprints furnished by the boiler maker, but it was a new experience. Working with native helpers, and without the equipment so readily available for such jobs in America, it called for some homemade engineering to set up the outfit. When the boiler was in place and all built in, it was a question how we should erect the 30-foot smokestack on top of it. We laid it flat at the level of its base, anchored it sideways so the lower end of the stack could not escape, tied a steel cable at the bottom, and led it inside of the stack to the top. (The idea here was to be able to release this cable when the job was finished without climbing to the top of the stack.) The cable coming out of the top was then carried over a vertical ladder some distance away, so as to give an upward pull. Permanent guy wires were then fastened from points on the side of the stack, to points at right angles to the stack and in line with the base. When the men, all on the ground, pulled on the long cable over the top of the ladder, the top of the stack would rise high enough to permit straight pulling to bring the stack to its vertical position. A third guy wire at the rear would protect the stack from going beyond the vertical point and falling. Working with men untrained in such work was always a strain for me, for if there is a wrong way to do a thing somebody in a group is almost sure to find it. Under such circumstances the best planned operation is potentially dangerous. Therefore I thanked God that everything went according to plan. The stack stood there for many years, until it finally rusted through. It gave a wonderful draught, and the boiler worked just fine.

Next we had to install the steam engine, my first job of that kind. We had enough tools for the job, and soon it was ready for work.

Next came the electric generator. I had never installed one. It seemed that if every Tom, Dick and Harry could make a generator work on an automobile, the basic principles being the same, I ought to be able to make one work in a stationary position. Also I derived a certain comfort and confidence from the fact that Mr. Shive and Dr. Stixrud on our station would make excellent consultants if needed. Both were very busy and I would not call them unless it became necessary. Yet I knew that if I got into a jam they could help me out. Finally the generator was in operation, but I came near losing an eye while fixing up a switchboard. Somehow I shortcircuited the current on the switchboard, melting some copper which flew straight towards my eye. It struck one lens of my spectacles, melting a bit of the glass, and that saved my eye. Again I had cause to thank God.

Typecasting.

The electric current was now available, so we could proceed to install the Monotype machine. The plan was to set it up in our little typecasting shop. It was too large for the door, so we had to break a hole through the wall, move the machine in, and rebuild the wall.

We assembled the machine, and thought we were ready to cast type. I put metal into the melting pot, turned on the current, and melted it. At that point I had to stop, and turned off the current. Before the generator was set up I occasionally had visitors, to whom I proudly showed our new Monotype. This included cranking the melting pot in and out of position. Then another visitor came, and forgetting the cold and solid metal now in the melting pot I began to crank the pot out of position. BANG!! went the machine. I had broken our precious Monotype before we cast a single character. London and a new part were about 6000 miles away. Self disgust was mingled with bitterest disappointment.

Checking the damage, I found I had broken one of the levers supporting the pump in the melting pot. I supposed it would cost me \$10.00 postage to get the part by air mail. It must be ordered at once. It arrived in a month, and the postage was \$19.50, enough to take away my breath.

Long before the new part came my patience had worn out, and I did a job of blacksmithing and machine work with a piece of angle iron, a hacksaw, a drill press, a forge and an anvil. I was neither a blacksmith nor a machinist, but in my desperation I made a piece that did the work. I was casting type a few weeks before the new piece arrived. Some years later I explained to the Monotype agent in Capetown what I had done. He found it hard to believe that I accomplished it, for it was a difficult piece to fit, and worked within narrow limits. I have heard it said that the Lord helps fools and little children. Certainly He has helped me in many a hard place. He knew I was doing it for Him.

Now We Were Happy!!! We were all set, and ready to go! Only those who know and love a perfect instrument can appreciate the joy I got out of the work of that Monotype machine. We had suffered so much from unsatisfactory type for so many years, and now at last we were getting exactly what we wanted. I felt like singing the Doxology all day long! I was used to working overtime just because my work was so fascinating. Now I worked over-overtime. The men loved the new type, and we had a wonderful time. The electric current provided for the Monotype machine also supplied the needs of the little photo-engraving laboratory: the arc lamps, the enlarger, etc.

Assembling Press.

Assembling the Pony Miehle Press was also quite a job. It was a heavy machine and came in heavy cases. Un-loading these from the river steamer without the help of the lifting machinery ordinarily used on ships was quite difficult. The steamer landed on the far side of the river, and I went across with a lot of men from the Press to unload the cases. Down there in the hot sun we slaved and sweated. By and by it was noon, and the sun straight overhead. Mignon thoughtfully sent me a nice lunch. But my men had no food, and I wanted to do something about it. It was market day, so I sent a man to the market to see what he could find. He returned with a woman who had a basket of peanuts for sale. I asked the price. She said half a franc a cup. I said I would take them all. I measured them out, carefully counting the cupfuls, then counted out the money. She refused it. She named a considerably higher price for the lot as a whole. Instead of a reduced price for wholesale quantities, the ordinary commercial system was exactly reversed.

We at last got the new press up to its new home, and

with a great deal of hard labor had at last assembled it. It was a used press. So a new hose-like cover was sent for one of the iron rollers. The hose had apparently shrunk, and the simple operation of placing that piece of hose on a roller became an impossible task. We tried and tried to force the hose over the roller, but it simply refused to go.

Elsewhere I have mentioned what a writer has called the "total depravity of inanimate objects." This case topped them all. By and by we quit trying, and proceeded with other work, all the while trying to think of some way to do this pestiferous little job. One day I had a new idea. Getting a bit of talcum powder I poured some into the hose, and rubbed some on the roller. Then with I very little effort the roller slipped into the hose, and the press was ready for work.

Surprised Visitor.

People visiting Luebo station usually found the Press an interesting place to see. Once a new Administrator had arrived at Luebo, and came across river to make his courtesy call. He was brought to see the Press. He was altogether astonished by what he saw. At that time we still had our artist. After being shown the typecasting, typesetting, presswork, bookbinding, drawing and photo-engraving all being done by Africans, he was amazed. He said, "Why, I have been working with Negroes in Congo for nine years, and I never dreamed that they would be capable of doing work like this." He returned next day with a colleague, to show him what wonderful things Africans were doing. We were delighted to see his very evident appreciation of what was being done.

Proofreading.

For years I had done all the proofreading myself. Mr. Washburn suggested that I should have African proof readers to carry most of the load. I followed his suggestion. I tried to get manuscripts in such shape that I could hold the printer responsible to reproduce them as they were written. Printers in general would agree that is hard to do. But we worked on that basis. We had two proofreaders working as a team. One was to read the manuscript letter by letter, indicating punctuation and spaces. The other was to check the proof as the first man read. That is an awfully monotonous job, but it was the price of getting good printing, and we followed the system as long as I was at the Press. It was particularly useful when the men were printing in languages they did not know. We did some printing in English and in French. The



Luebo Market



Bookbinders at Mission Press

bulk of our work was in Tshiluba. We also printed in Bushongo, and a little in Kipende and some other language. Printing and proofreading letter by letter made it possible to reproduce these correctly. The proofreaders were paid a straight salary so they would not be tempted to rush things through to increase their own earnings. Sometimes the printers fussed at the proofreaders for slowing down production. When the job was supposed to be ready for the pressmen, I always had the final word. I actually read many pages of the proof myself, to check any tendency to carelessness on the part of proofreaders or printers. The hardest job we ever had was the printing of a Grammar and Dictionary of the Bushonga language, by Mrs. Edmiston. I knew the English, but not the Bushonga. But the printers and proofreaders knew neither. As it was a book of 500 pages we sweated weeks and months over that exacting job.

Pasting Up the Dummies.

I made up practically all dummies for everything we printed. That is, after the typesetters had set up the type in their composing sticks, and transferred it to the type galley (trays) they would print what we called a galley proof of it. All the proofs of all the type for a certain job were turned over to me, and I clipped and pasted them as they were to be located on the pages. Then the shop foreman took over and had the type forms locked up in chases. Finally they made proofs for the proofreaders.

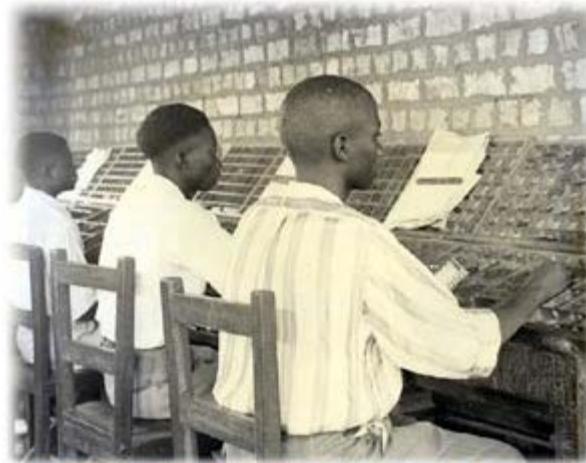
Shapete and Kabamba.

Our shop foreman, Stephen Shapete, has already been mentioned. He was a consecrated Christian. He and his wife came from Christian homes. He was a capable printer, able to do all the operations around the Press, which I myself was not able to do. He made a good shop foreman, and besides he was my friend. Without his help it would have been hard for me to organize the work of our Press. I had known him and a number of other boys who became useful in the Lord's work, for a long time. One of them was Kabamba, who became Dr. Stixrud's efficient helper at Luebo Hospital.

Shapete and Kabamba were next-door neighbors in the village. Both were deacons in the Church. Kabamba was found to have a serious case of diabetes. While Kabamba was being treated for that, Shapete became ill with influenza. He recovered slowly, and when he returned to the Press he was able to do little work, spending most of his time sitting near the boiler. By and by I was told that Kabamba was dying. The day before his death he sent me word that our mutual friend Shapete was suffering from tuberculosis, and I ought to have him examined. Shapete and others had the strange notion that to have tuberculosis was some sort of disgrace.

Kabamba on his death bed thought it necessary to warn me about Shapete's condition.

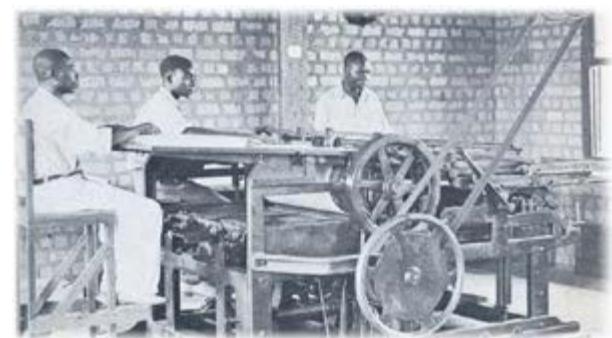
I sent Shapete to the doctor for examination. The report came back that he had a serious case of tuberculosis; he must stop work at once and be put on a special diet. We went as far as we could possibly afford to feed him and



Native Typesetters at Mission Press, trained by Hershey



Correcting type forms for mission literature



Operating a Flatbed Press - The man at right is Shapete, shop foreman.

support his large family. But after a time he began to weaken, then died. Later his wife and three of his eight children died of the same disease. It seemed that the hope of curing this disease among our Africans was small. They are easy prey to all pulmonary infections.

The new drugs for pneumonia are proving a great blessing and saving many lives.

War and Censorship.

Hitler invaded Belgium in 1940. That invasion affected the Congo in many ways. There was of course the danger that Hitler might take over all of Africa, including Congo. At the time of the fall of Paris it seemed as if the Congo might fall in a matter of days. De Gaulle's resistance in the French colonies made all the difference for the Belgian Congo.

There were many wartime inconveniences, including censorship. That was one of the most wearing experiences of all the years. We were required to submit all published matter to the censor, but specially the Lumu Lua Bena Kasai. Instead of sending the original manuscripts to the censor, it seemed it would be easier for him and for us to compose the edition, and send proofs of the final form to the censor. Very little of our material was ever rejected by the censor, as I edited it very carefully. The difficulty lay in the slowness of the censoring process. We had limited supplies of chases and press furniture, so the delays were a real hardship for us, and quite a strain on the nerves. I sent the copy to the Administrator, he sent it to Lusambo, which probably took a week. Then it would require a week for the trip back. Sometimes the copy was held a number of weeks at Lusambo. It was a monthly paper. Often the succeeding copy was ready for the censor before the earlier one came back for printing. This meant that two sets of chases were tied up with the LLBK instead of one set, and this slowed down our other work. All this was a great trial to me, but nothing could be done about it. The government officers were overworked, and I suppose the censorship vexed them as much as it worried me.

Pictures for the Government.

The Congo government was doing all it could to help the war effort. While Belgium itself was in the hands of the Germans, the Cabinet in Exile was functioning in England, and the Governor General in Congo was doing everything possible to mobilize all available resources to aid in an Allied victory. It is well known that the Congo supplies of copper, industrial diamonds, palm oil, rubber and uranium were important contributions to the ultimate victory. In addition to preparing for a possible invasion that never came, Congo even sent expeditionary forces of native troops and Europeans to help in active theaters of war in northeastern Africa.

I received a letter from Dr. Coxill, Secretary of the Congo Protestant Council at Leopoldville, saying that the Commander in Chief of the Congo Army had heard that I had a camera for making pictures for use in newspapers. This was to announce that the Commandant at Luebo would call on me in regard to making some pictures of native troops for use in newspapers in



Visitors in large rubber plantation on Kasai River

Congo. The Commandant came to call on me, and an interesting friendship began. I explained that as it was wartime my supplies were very low. But I was glad to do what I could to help the war effort, and would out of my little stock make ten copperplate halftones for the use of the government. If he would bring me the photographs I would make the halftones and return the original photographs. But he understood nothing of the complicated process. He supposed I had a camera which produced the pictures ready for the printing press. I explained that we must have photographs before I could start making halftones. He said it would be necessary to make the photographs. I told him I was extremely busy, and it would be hard to spare the time for a trip across river to take the pictures. He gladly offered to bring the soldiers to me to take their pictures. This was a thrilling experience for the Press employees. The Commandant and another officer drove up in a car, and a group of soldiers came marching up the hill. These were posed in various formations, and I took the pictures. All of this was fascinating to a crowd of visitors who came to see the show. A tense moment came when a soldier was posed with his rifle aimed just beside my right ear. To my native friends it looked as if I were to be shot, and for a few minutes they were somewhat concerned for my safety. The photographs turned out well, and I made ten excellent copperplate halftone pictures ready for the newspapers, which were sent to the military headquarters and were duly appreciated.

Motive of All My Work.

It should always be understood that while much of this story relates to earthly things, the entire motivation of my life was the desire to bring the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and Him crucified, to these African people. No matter what else I did, if I failed in that my life would be a complete failure. I am in total disagreement with those who say, as one writer did, that the missionaries should first heal and educate, and let soulsaving come later. These Africans were no worse off in heathenism than they would be with a Christless education. So the primary objective of all my work was to print the things which would spread the knowledge of Christ among the people. I loved to preach, and did preach whenever I could. But I profoundly believed that I could reach more people through the printed page and its readers, than I could by preaching only with my own lips. This burning conviction carried me through many a hard day, when, though weary of proofreading with sheets of paper sticking to my perspiring arms, I tried to get the Lumu Lua Bena Kasai and Sunday School lessons through the presses at the proper time.

Printing Press Rollers.

One of the problems of printing in the tropics relates to the condition of the ink rollers. Many improvements have been made in the intervening years, but in those years printers had real trouble. There are in Congo many types of microorganisms which feed on many things. But their preferred luxury is printing press rollers. They roughen the roller surface, so it is difficult or impossible to get perfect ink distribution. There is also the question of hardness and softness of rollers. They do the best work when they have what is known as a tacky surface, which sticks a little to the ink and to the type. If the roller is too dry or too hard, the printing will not be good. Heat and humidity, on the other hand, tend to melt and destroy the roller and gum up the typeforms with a gluey liquid. A roller might seem just right in the

morning, but by reason of heat or humidity be altogether unsatisfactory by noon.

We had roller moulds for casting our own rollers, and this had to be done whenever rollers were not working properly. Casting rollers and keeping them in condition is an art in itself. In America it is done by specialists. In Congo you do it yourself.

Snakes in the Type Room.

Our Monotype operator had become quite proficient in actually running the machine. That saved me much time, but I did most of the fine adjustments myself. I was in and out of the typecasting shop every little while when the machine was operating. One day I was working on the machine when they told me, "There is a snake in the type room." That meant he was just a few feet behind me. I turned and saw the snake as he ran down a hole in the wall by the doorframe. I hate snakes. It gave me the creeps to think of working with the constant threat of having the snake come out behind me. We decided the best thing to do was to blow flame down into his hole with a blowtorch. We did this. The snake came rushing out, and we killed it. Then we began work again. Somebody said, "There is another snake." It ran furiously out of the hot hole, and tried to run straight up the wall in an effort to escape. We killed that one too, then sealed up the hole with cement.

Editorial Work in Tshiluba.

The editing of the LLBK was a never-ending job. It was not a large paper, just from 16 to 32 pages per month. Mignon wrote some material for women and children. I wrote some for other readers. We tried to get contributions from other missionaries, but never got enough. But there was a constant flow of material from African contributors, and this varied greatly in quality. The hardest part of my work was editing this native material. Nearly everything in the paper was in Tshiluba, with a little French now and then. Wading through three times as much material as we could print, sifting the wheat from the chaff, was really hard labor. Sometimes I grew very weary of it.

Copying Manuscripts.

After some years of reading handwritten manuscripts, sometimes done in an almost illegible scribble, I arranged for our shipping clerk Mukendi to copy all handwritten manuscripts on the typewriter, double spaced, before I read them. Then I could edit much more rapidly, tearing up what could not be used, blue pencil here and there, interline a few words where needed, and sometimes have Mukendi recopy edited articles for the assistance of the typesetters and proofreaders.

Compensation.

My reward for all this labor came here and there in letters showing that the paper was helping lonely Christian workers to carry on their labors for their Lord. One of the most encouraging letters came from an evangelist of another Mission, hundreds of miles away, a man of a different language. He had learned Tshiluba so he could read our literature. He told how he had been working for years in a very difficult village. The people were hardhearted, there seemed to be no results of his preaching and teaching work. He was on the verge of quitting his work in discouragement, to take a much better paid job as a sales clerk for a white trader. However, he remembered the things he had read in the Luma Lua Bena Kasai, so he decided to continue his work. Now he reported that everything had changed in that village. They now had a group of Christians there, he was happy in his work, and gave credit to the Luma Lua Bena Kasai for the fact that he was still working for the Lord.

Once I met a man who had been in prison far from home for manslaughter. He had found his wife in the arms of another man, and in sudden anger had killed him. For this he was sent to prison. He had now completed his sentence of six years. He came to see me, and reported that the LLBK had been his

encouragement all those years in prison. He and other prisoners, having no other religious instruction, found food for their souls in our little paper which somehow got to him.

Perhaps it was David Livingstone who said he stood where he could see the smoke of a thousand villages where the name of Christ was not known. Part of my satisfaction as I toiled at my desk whether I felt like it or not, was in thinking that the Lumu Lua Bena Kasai was being read in a thousand villages where it was witnessing for Christ.

Once I was told of two incidents which had occurred years before. As they were similar, I relate only one. A Portuguese trader came to a Mission station to inquire about a paper called the Lumu Lua Bena Kasai. He said he had an employee who was quite different from the other natives he employed. He had wondered why. He found that this man was a reader of the LLBK.

It seems reasonable to hope that by and by in a better country I may have the joy of meeting hundreds and thousands of Africans who have been helped in their journey to the Celestial City by reading the little monthly Tshiluba language paper which represented the cream of the work of my lifetime.

Our Daughters.

During this term our daughters Alice and Dorothy were at Queens College at Charlotte, North Carolina.

Counting on a four-year term, we expected to see them about the time they finished college. But war conditions stretched our absence to six years and eight months, so Alice finished her nurse's training at Johns Hopkins, and Dorothy finished her course at the Assembly's Training School at Richmond before we saw them again. Once Dorothy wrote that it was hard for the family to be so widely separated, but there were compensations. For instance, though thousands of miles apart from each other, our family was really closer together than some families living under the same roof in America. Mignon maintained correspondence from our end, and the girls were very good about writing to us.



The Longenecker family reunited in Richmond, Virginia after a wartime separation of 6 years and 8 months. The girls in college, the rest in Congo.

[RETURN TO INDEX](#)

[NEXT ->](#)

MEMORIES OF CONGO

J. Hershey Longenecker

Chapter VIII



[RETURN TO INDEX](#)

FIFTH TERM IN CONGO-Continued

Sinking of the Zam-Zam.

It might seem that Hitler's sinking of an Egyptian steamer in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean had nothing to do with an American missionary couple in Central Africa, especially because at that time America was not at war. But the sinking of the Zam-Zam by a German raider changed the whole course of our lives.

We were tired, and needed the furlough which was due. Then too we wished to see those girls in America. Mr. Kirk Morrison, who had handled my work so well during our previous furlough, was selected to carry on when we went on furlough in 1941. But in the midst of our preparations we heard on the radio that the Egyptian steamer Zam-Zam had been sunk by the Germans. A number of our missionaries, including the Kirk Morrison family, were aboard that ship. We listened anxiously for further news, but it was slow coming. It was some weeks before we learned that the passengers on the Zam-Zam had been rescued by the attackers and carried to a port in France. Still later we learned that our people, instead of coming out to help us, as they wished to do, were being returned by Government order to the United States. Then, when we were all packed up for furlough, with bookings all made from Congo to Capetown to New York, and we were actually within four days of departure with other families of our Mission, we received a cablegram reporting that no missionaries were coming out for an indefinite period.

We were faced with the necessity for a sudden decision. We were free to go on a much-needed furlough. But we were sure that "if we left it would mean real damage to the work of the Press. Some missionary who already had too much work would have to take over the Press as a sideline, the skilled men would become discontented and go to accept jobs where they could readily multiply their income, and from which I could not lure them back after furlough. I had put the best of my life into that Press organization. If it broke up I could not rebuild it in ten years. So it was my opinion that if we left it would set the Press back by ten years, which would be a great loss to the cause of Christian literature."

We asked the advice of the missionary group, but they were not willing to assume the responsibility of



Eleanora and Kirk Morrison

advising us either to go or to stay. The decision must be strictly our own. We prayed earnestly for guidance and carefully faced the alternatives. If we went on furlough, we were risking the future of the Press. If we stayed, we were risking our own health, for we were very tired. We loved that Press, and Mignon loyally stayed with me in the decision to remain with the Press and do what we could as long as we could, and leave our personal future in the hands of the Lord.

Then came Pearl Harbor, and America was in the war. By and by we might have gone on furlough, but it was impossible to secure ocean passage. The years added to that term did indeed leave their mark on our health, so after two additional years at the Press, it was necessary to give up the work we loved. After one more term in Congo doing other work, we had to be retired from the work in Africa by the Mission Board's physician. All that was a result of the sinking of an Egyptian steamer in mid-Atlantic. But in spite of the disappointing consequences to ourselves, we have always been glad we stayed at our work in 1941, for the Lord raised up capable help to take over, and the Press was saved.

Vacation.

It was decided that we must take a little vacation before we resumed our work. So we decided to visit our neighbors of the Congo Inland Mission, which had a number of stations beyond the Kasai River. We had often had their missionaries in our home, but had always been too busy to visit them. We borrowed a car and started off for a series of visits which we have always remembered with pleasure.

On one of those stations we met two unmarried ladies who lived together, and were very much devoted to each other. One day in conversation we were told that they were very much of one mind. They never had a difference of opinion but could be settled in one of three ways: either by the Bible, or the dictionary, or the Montgomery Ward catalogue.

Our itinerary took us through the diamond mining capital Of Tshikapa. We had known many of their people, but had never visited this place in all our years in Congo. We had friends there with whom we spent the night. It was a neat town with many modern conveniences. One thing that interested us was that at a number of places the streets of beautiful screened gravel were being dug up. We learned that this fine gravel had come years before from the diamond mines, after being picked over for diamonds. Now a new process recovered the diamonds more efficiently. So they were running the gravel through the new process. It was profitable, for they could count on a fair number of diamonds for every cubic yard of gravel handled. I had long looked forward to walking the streets of gold in a better world, but never dreamed of walking on diamond streets in this world.

Back to Work.

We returned somewhat refreshed to our home at Luebo, to unpack our things and resume our work. We had lived in that brick, cement-floored, metal-roofed house four years, and had not been troubled by termites. But when we brought down our trunks from the garret we found that termites had gone upstairs through the mud mortar of the cement-pointed brick walls, and made inroads on the contents of our trunks. If the things had stayed there through a year's absence much damage would have been done.

Welcome Help.

We carried on our work until the November Mission Meeting, which was held that year at Luebo. Winifred, older daughter of Dr. Kellersberger, was now Mrs. Lachlan Vass.

One day she told me she believed her husband would like the work at the Mission Press. As he was in bed with a bad fever we could not ask him at once. As he recovered we learned that he would be glad to come, so the Mission appointed him to come to help with the Press.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Vass are highly talented people. He learned the work at the Press in a surprisingly short time. This greatly pleased me because I was too tired mentally and physically to give him the assistance he should have had. He did so well that in the spring of 1942, when it was impossible to get passage to America, it was decided to send us to Johannesburg, South Africa. Mignon needed some X-ray work which could not be had in Congo at that time.

The Vasses were second generation missionaries. Her father was Dr. Kellersberger, whose hospital I built during our second term. Mr. Vass' father had served a number of years on the Mission long ago, was captain of the Mission steamer Lapsley, and when on the station he was in charge of the then little Mission Press. One of his employees there was the elder Mandungu, who helped me all my years at the Press, and was still there as a link between the Vasses, father and son, over the years, when Lachlan Junior took over from me.

South Africa.

We started on the long railroad journey via Elisabethville, Buluwayo, and Mafeking, to Johannesburg. We learned that we could stay at Brook House, Pretoria, a notable rest home for missionaries, and commute to Johannesburg when necessary.

X-rays showed that Mignon's ulcer was already beginning to heal. She was put on a diet. We were to spend three months in South Africa. We stayed two months very happily at Brook House, meeting missionaries from a number of African countries who were unable to take regular furloughs on account of the war.

Those were dark days for South Africa. During those few months Tobruk (on the Mediterranean) fell to the Germans, and it seemed as if the whole of Africa might fall into the hands of Hitler. Husbands, sons and brothers of our friends had been in Tobruk, and now it was not known whether they were dead or alive. The future of all missionary work in Africa was at stake.

Robbery.

Apart from the war, the only unpleasant thing about our stay in Pretoria was that we were robbed. One night the robber came right into the room where we both slept, and stole most of our possessions, to a value of about \$250.00. As it was cold, it was specially inconvenient that he took all our winter clothes. He got my briefcase containing money, passport, and our return tickets for the long journey back to Congo. Christian friends in Pretoria helped us out, showing that the people of Christ are even now experiencing the answer to His prayer, "that they all may be one." Fortunately the thief did not want anything that could incriminate him, so all our papers, including passport and railroad tickets, were found in the garden. Detectives checked on the case, but the rest of our things were never found.

Johannesburg.

Our visits to Johannesburg were most enlightening. We had not realized that Africa held so modern a city. Pretoria too was more of a city than we had expected to see. But it is much more South African than is Johannesburg, which in some sections might almost have been transplanted from New York.

Back to Congo.

After a month spent at Port Edward, a country place south of Durban on the east coast, we were ready to return to Luebo. On arrival there I resumed work with Mr. Vass until Mission Meeting. At that time there was need of a matron for Central School. So Mignon volunteered to become matron there for six months. The Mission accepted her offer. The Mission appointed me, while making my home base with her at Lubondai, to itinerate as much as possible in the territory of our new station at Moma, among the

reputedly cannibal Basilu Mpasu tribe.

Working Among Cannibals.

The territory of the Basilu Mpasu had but recently been added to the responsibilities of our Mission. There were slightly trained teachers in something more than twenty villages, one station school, and one good sized regional school, in the area. I was to visit and encourage these workers, and to preach the Gospel. I traveled in a Ford station wagon, sleeping alone in the car at night. In the daytime I was always accompanied by my cook (our house servants were always men) and by an elder who was familiar with the territory and knew the workers.

The automobile roads were for the most part good, but narrow. The tall grass stood like solid walls on both sides. On these narrow roads one often met flocks of goats and sheep which obstructed travel. The car could not pass through the flocks, and the animals refused to leave the roads. As a result we lost much time following sheep and goats for as much as a half mile at a time. In view of the meat shortage among Kasai people generally, I felt like congratulating the Basilu Mpasu upon being able to eat all the meat they wanted. I was quite let down when I was told that public sentiment against killing these animals was so strong that a man was afraid to kill and eat his own goat. They said they were used for marriage dowries. But what use are they to the man who gets them? Why should anyone bother to keep sheep and goats if he cannot eat his own meat? Then they explained that the animals were kept for use at funerals. When a man died his livestock was killed and buried with him. It was so great a disgrace to be buried without any of these animals that men were known to trade off their own children into slavery to acquire sheep or goats for their own funerals.

A school teacher wanted me to take legal action to compel a father to return to the school his son, whom he had traded off to another village to get some livestock. It sounded as if that sort of thing were commonly done. But sometimes it is impossible to prove in a court of law what everybody knows to be true. It seemed quite certain that nothing could be accomplished by law against this horrible custom until a greater number of people were Christians and some public sentiment was raised against such practices.

Hearing how careful they were to preserve their animals for their funerals I was concerned lest I should accidentally kill a sheep or a goat of the flocks blocking the roads, and thus invite an owner to take vengeance on me. So I drove very carefully. One day I mentioned this to the elder. He laughed and said the owner of a goat would be grateful to me for killing it. In that way he could feast on his own meat and yet escape blame for killing it.

It was said that even a poor man ought to have three animals buried with him, and a well-to-do man no less than thirty. A chief might be accompanied to another world by as many as 300 goats and sheep. Such wasteful slaughter among a people so meat hungry seemed almost tragic. So I made more inquiries. It was admitted that nowadays the mourners did actually eat as much as half of the animals killed; formerly all of the meat was buried.

The Basilu Mpasu wore very little clothing, and seemed to be proud of it. The women wore less than the men. While often adorned with beautiful strings of colored beads, the women as a rule wore only the merest fragment of cloth hung from a string, or string of beads, tied around the waist.

The people love to dance away into the night. I was staying in one of the villages for a few days. The chief was complaining that the government was always calling on his village for soldiers, or for men to work the roads, sometimes to recruit labor for distant mines. He had so few people left, and they were



Warrior chief and wives - possibly former cannibal

tired. I asked him whether he had ever reflected on what the state officer might be thinking when he spent a night in the rest house I was occupying. I had listened away into the night to the sounds of drums and dancing. It seemed that any state officer, staying in the same place, would feel sure that there remained plenty of people, and that they were not tired. People who could dance like that until late at night must have plenty of strength left. He looked thoughtful, and said he had not thought of that.

Turume Market.

The big market at Turume is a very interesting place. Here the people come in crowds to buy and sell. Here we saw what I supposed was primitive crap shooting. Down on the ground the men squatted, and they were so fascinated by their game that even the unusual presence of a white man did not divert their attention.

In the same market I saw what looked like mesmerism or hypnotism. Two men sat on the ground facing each other. The one was looking the other right in the eyes, with fixed attention, while the other looked at him just as fixedly, and was going through a seemingly endless series of incantations. No doubt the second had been handsomely paid by the other to cure him of some malady or other, and he was not going to lose the power of his cure by looking around at anybody.

It was commonly reported that years ago human flesh was regularly sold in this Turume market. But the good old days were gone, and the white man's government now frowned on cannibalism, so such transactions must now be carried on in secret. But that they are still practiced secretly one cannot doubt if he travels long among these people. Day after day, night after night, we heard tales of cannibalism. Other tribes had heard so many of these stories that while men made long journeys alone in other parts of the Kasai, a stranger was dreadfully afraid to travel alone among those villages. One man who had traveled alone told that he had been attacked at dusk and knocked down and left for dead. His assailants had discussed his case, saying that it was so wonderful that today the creator had sent their meat so close to the village. They went off to get help to carry home their human game. But he crawled off into the forest, and recovered enough strength to get to a safe distance by morning. By keeping out of sight and avoiding the paths he finally escaped from their country.

Killed by Cannibals.

The cannibalism was not mere talk. Some months later Mignon joined me at our station among these people, bringing our houseboy who did the laundry. The Carper family also had a few boys from other tribes. One day this group came to us excited and frightened. They told us that five miles down the road a strange woman from a distant tribe was visiting a relative. A passerby saw her lying alone in a field bleeding to death from a stab wound in her back. He ran to call help, but when they returned the corpse was gone, presumably carried off into the dark forest to be eaten.

White Men's Wars.

One day I was talking to an intelligent chief of one of their villages. He had learned to read, and bought a Bible from me. He said, "Years ago we used to have wars with other villages. But the white men made us stop those wars. Now we hear that the white men themselves are having a much bigger war than we ever had. Do you think it might be all right for us to begin again having our wars just like we used to have?" Well might a missionary blush as he thinks upon the implications of that question.



A part of a native market. The sellers seat themselves as closely as possible on the ground and the buyers get around among them as best they can.

Those primitive people, way back in the remote wilds of Africa, did suffer a great deal by reason of the white man's wars. Back in the most distant villages we would call for the group of catechumens, only to be told that most of the people had left their homes and the cultivation of their food crops, and gone off to camp for days and weeks in the forest, to get up their quotas of rubber demanded by the government to help the war effort.

Each able-bodied man was given a card on which was recorded whatever he had produced and sold to help with the war. The man who did not have a satisfactory report on his card was subject to penalties. This of course was happening while the people of Belgium were under Hitler's yoke, and people all over the world were suffering inconvenience and hardship. These people could not understand what it was all about.

It was said that in a certain village which I visited the chief had called up all the able-bodied men of his chefferie to present their production cards. This time a European recruiting officer appeared, lined up the men, and picked certain ones for military service. This was the draft carried to the uttermost part of the earth. One man was chosen and sent away to be a soldier. His brother was so violently angry he determined to kill the chief in revenge. Someone warned the chief, so he stayed hidden in his house and did not show himself. After the killer had lain in ambush a long time and failed to see his quarry, he killed the chief's mother in order to get rid of the anger in his heart.

War Dance.

These people had formerly been fierce fighters. Mr. Stegall wanted to get some pictures of their war dances and get a recording of their war cries as used when they went into battle. He told us about it soon after he made the recording, which was made without the knowledge of the warriors who put on the program for pictures. After the show was over the men were gathered in a large group near the tape recorder. Without announcement Mr. Stegall turned on the machine, suddenly breaking forth with the wild, loud, blood-curdling battle cries which these same men had demonstrated just a few minutes ago. In terror they ran for their lives. It was all very amusing when they learned that they had been frightened by their own wild yells, which sounded as if some enemy village had made a surprise attack.

A Small Language Group.

The Basilu Mpasu are a comparatively small tribe and less closely integrated than some other tribes. The language and customs varied from village to village, so it would be almost impossible to produce a literature that would satisfy them all. In this and other small tribes there is a turning to the Tshiluba, a much superior language which is spoken by as many as two million people. Our school teaching is done largely in Tshiluba, in which we now have a considerable literature including the entire Bible. It was translated and has since been revised. It is published by the American Bible Society.

Overdue Furlough.

Mr. and Mrs. Vass were doing excellent work at the Press. They were due a furlough. They offered to go to South Africa for a six-month furlough if we would relieve them at the Press for that length of time. So we returned to Luebo to take over the work. They had already rented an apartment in South Africa, and the time of their departure was near. Then, just a few weeks before they were to go, I reached a state of nerves where I was continually on the verge of tears. It was clear that I was too much worn out to handle the job, so the Ad-Interim Committee decided that we must go on furlough, and leave shortly.

This was the price we had to pay for our decision to stay on in 1941. But we did not regret the decision, for the Press organization had been saved. When we packed up to leave I felt sure I would never see Africa again. In fact, I was so nervous that I did not want to see Africa again, ever. I had taken anti-malaria drugs so long I felt that I could endure no more of them. We started for America by way of

Capetown. But it was wartime.

[RETURN TO INDEX](#)

[NEXT ->](#)

MEMORIES OF CONGO

J. Hershey Longenecker

Chapter IX



[RETURN TO INDEX](#)

SIXTH, AND LAST, TERM IN CONGO

1945-1950

When we left Congo I thought I would never return. But after an extended furlough we did go back. When I left the Press I asked our colleagues to proceed just as they must have done if I had dropped dead. I knew that the Mission greatly overestimated my capacity for work. It would be injurious to the cause of literature in future, if they depended on me and failed to make the proper alternative arrangements. So on my insistence they reluctantly agreed to release me from the work which had been my very life for seventeen years, and find some other work for me. I hoped this would be to itinerate in the villages just as much as my strength would permit.

A Few Words about Our Fifth Furlough.

This volume does not have room for stories of our furloughs, which in themselves would fill a book. But our last furlough was so unusual that I must say a few words about it. It was wartime. We were sent to Capetown, South Africa, with bookings to the Argentine. But our ship never came. After two months we had to cross South Africa, and sail from Durban round the Cape of Good Hope and across to Buenos Aires on an armed refrigerator ship. Then we flew five days by Pan-American Airways to Rio de Janeiro, Recife, Belem, and Trinidad to Miami. At Richmond our daughters met us after a separation of six years and eight months. The girls had not seen their brother from age nine until age sixteen. Leaving him and Dorothy (Mrs. Joe B. Hopper, headed for Korea) in America, we started with daughter Alice, returning as a nurse to Congo, and others. To get to Africa we had to sail by army transport to Egypt. We flew from Cairo to Lagos on the west coast, then to Brazzaville in French Congo. By motorboat we crossed Stanley Pool to Leopoldville, then up river to Port Francqui, and on to Luebo.

On to Kasha Station.

The Mission assigned us to Kasha, the southeastern station of our Mission, some three hundred odd miles from Luebo. Kasha was just a few hundred yards from the railroad line from Port Francqui to Elisabethville, but the railroad station was five miles away at Luputa.

In opening new stations our Mission usually chose open country in the area to be evangelized, then built a station. Native people would move in, as permitted, to vacant land. Thus the local situation presented fewer problems. Because of schools, Church, and medical help the people liked to live near the Mission. Such people,



These farm laborers bring fruit to our house nearly every day

together with the employees necessary for carrying on our work, would need building sites and garden space. If we had located in an established village there would be much conflict of interest, and many quarrels for missionaries to settle.

Mr. McKee started Kasha station on vacant land, after securing permission of the local chief, and of the Belgian government. It was his intention to keep the local population down to the absolute minimum, leaving the missionary free for itineration. But when we arrived there we found Kasha village already had as many as 300 residents, many of these being pupils in the school.

We lived at Kasha four years. Our duties were to preach the Gospel, and together with other missionaries supervise the outstation work, the school and the dispensary. When there were no other missionaries all the responsibilities fell on Mignon and me. At first Mr. and Mrs. Holmes Smith were with us a short time. Miss Margaret Moore also had the dispensary for a while. About half the time Mrs. Stixrud (then a widow) was in charge of the flourishing dispensary. For some time Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt Miller were there to help us. But much of the time we were alone, just Mignon and I, with our African helpers. Some of these helpers were quite capable in their departments, having been trained on older stations.

When we reached Kasha there were about 250 pupils in the station school, and it grew to 500 before we left. Without the able help of Kazadi Alexander, Mignon could not have handled it. In addition there were sixty-odd outstation schools, all calling for oversight, and, if possible, visitation.

During recent years the Congo government had been organizing its educational work throughout the colony. This was a burdensome undertaking. Education had been almost entirely in the hands of the missions, Roman Catholics and Protestant. In earlier years large subsidies were given to Roman Catholic schools, while the support for the Protestant schools principally came from Churches in other lands. More recently the government agreed to give subsidies to Protestant schools that qualified under the regulations. Our years at Kasha were in a period during which this process of organization was going on, and it made the school work far more difficult than it had been before. While most of the school work fell to Mignon, it also brought me many time-consuming duties, cutting down on time available for other work.

Kazadi Alexander (left) principal, and his staff of teachers
of the Kasha school, 500 pupils. Mignon was superintendent.

My Own Duties.

My responsibilities were many. First of course was preaching, and teaching the Sunday School teachers. Preaching was not only done on Sundays. Five mornings a week we had a sunrise prayer meeting. Part of the year it was a little before sunrise, part a little after sunrise. Much of the time the sun rose while we were in Church. Some of the time I gave a short Bible talk, the other part it was given by the elder Muamba.

There was also preaching on the outstations. However, when we were alone on the station my responsibilities tied me down so I could not itinerate very much. People in all our sixty villages wished for visits by the missionaries. When there is so much more than one can do he has to do what he can and commit the rest to the Lord.

The Christian people are taught to contribute to the support of native preachers (never to the support of the missionaries). The assembling of these offerings, and distribution of the money, together with such financial help as is available from America, requires much work. This fell to me, and much other paper work, so my office duties called for much time.

It was surprising how many French notes were needed in a year's time. With sixty families widely scattered, besides a local population of 300 persons, and hundreds of school pupils, many certificates of all kinds had to be written.

Once a year there was the Mission Meeting at which all Mission problems were discussed, and decisions made by vote of the majority. This takes time. But it also gives lonely missionaries fellowship both social and spiritual, so it is worth all the time it takes. The night meetings were usually given over to preaching and Bible teaching, which is needed by those who are so constantly giving out to others.

Spitting Cobra in Mission Meeting.



The missionary group, with children, at an annual mission meeting.

At the last Mission Meeting we attended I had an experience which might have ended badly. The meetings were held in a sun-dried brick chapel, with grass roof. There were no doors, no windows, just open spaces in the walls.

One afternoon Mignon said her usual seat in the corner beside me was too hot, and moved to the middle of the room. I kept my seat next to her corner. As I expected to take part in the discussion, I prepared my papers on a briefcase on the bench where she had been sitting. Some of them fell to the floor, behind the seat. I reached for them, and heard a strange sound, a sort of "whoosh." I could see nothing unusual. I had to reach down a second time, and again heard the sound, and felt drops of liquid on my bald head, and on my shoulder. I was puzzled, for the roof did not leak, and there had not been any rain. I kept looking around for some explanation as the business of the Mission went on. Finally I saw a snake down in the corner behind the seat Mignon usually occupied. I told the others, and with a stick and an umbrella some of them killed the snake. It was more than a yard in length. Dr. Rule identified it as the spitting cobra, a very deadly snake. It usually tries to blind its victim by blasting venom into his eyes. This produces temporary or permanent blindness. I presume he then bites the victim to kill him.

This was a close call for both Mignon and me. Had she had stayed in her seat that afternoon it is quite probable that she would have lost her life. We were so thankful she escaped.

Not having known anything about these cobras before, I hastened to look them up in an old encyclopedia when I got home. Shortly after that I killed a small one of the same species which stood up on the coil of its tail and distended its black hood just as the encyclopedia described it. It kept darting out its tongue very fast. It was just about thirty feet from our kitchen door at Kasha.

One other snake experience must be mentioned. I had fixed up a photographic darkroom at Kasha. One afternoon I was printing some pictures. I was in the darkroom with doors closed for an hour or two. Next morning I returned to get something. Observing some rubber cuttings lying in a corner, I decided to throw them out. Reaching for the second handful I suddenly saw that the remainder was not rubber, but two good-sized snakes coiled there. As it was dry season when the people burn off the grass on great areas of the plains, snakes seek refuge where they can find it. Almost certainly those snakes had been right there with me in the darkroom while I made the pictures.

Hyena Caught.

The sentry pointed out animal tracks in our yard. He and others wanted to set a trap, and I agreed. Next day they showed me that an animal had come and chewed off the rawhide strap they used to tie the trap, without getting caught. Again they set the trap and later reported that the trap was gone. They followed the trail, and out in the grass they killed the ugly hyena which had been caught and gone off with the trap. They were very proud of their catch.

An Elder Tried by Presbytery.

Our system of Church government is Presbyterian. That means that all elders or bishops have equal authority and equal responsibility before God. That is the theory. But in the educational stage of developing the Church, the missionary by reason of longer training and greater experience must carry a disproportionate load. Our Kasha Presbytery met twice a year, during which meetings the work of all our evangelist teachers was reviewed, new workers were approved, unfaithful ones were disciplined, and in general decisions were made for the next six months. These meetings should have been a joy to me. For fellowship among Christians is an enjoyable experience, though the Christians are of different races. Sometimes I was privileged to have another missionary with me, but most of the time I was alone in the Presbytery with my African brethren.

But the joy of some of these meetings was marred by tensions which were hard to understand until in the course of time the secret sins of a few false brethren came to light. One man greatly tried us by keeping things on edge for about two years, before he finally admitted that he had married a second wife. He was removed from office, and his name stricken from the Church roll. The term in their language is to kill, or to extinguish, his name. But during the time he was with us he created many problems involving other people.

We had another brother who wasted Presbytery's time by talking so much without saying anything worth while. Without discipline he was finally persuaded to resign his office.

Among the group as a whole there was sometimes a sensitive spirit, readily offended, and sometimes there were sharp clashes of opinion. But generally speaking it seems that our African brethren cool off more quickly from such differences than would some of other races, and forgive and forget quickly. That does not include those whose hearts are unhappy by reason of hidden sin.

But problems of discipline were always with us. Members of the Church would fall into sin. Some repented and some did not. One of the encouragements of our missionary work lay in the fact that so many of the backsliders returned and asked to be reinstated in the communion of the Church. But I make no secret of the fact that many a Church member goes astray, causing sorrow to the missionaries and the faithful members of the Church. However, it is worth considering that in general Church discipline is much more faithfully practiced in Mission lands than in the homeland.



Hyena killed in Hershey's yard

The native Church officers sometimes shift onto the missionary more than his proper share of responsibility for discipline, and for that reason he must carry a heavier load than the theory of our system calls for. During most of my years in Congo I was so occupied with other things that the load of discipline fell mostly to other missionaries and the native Church officers. But during our stay at Kasha I felt greatly burdened over matters of Church discipline, and that took away some of the happiness of my last term's work.

During our first year at Kasha I went through the most painful experience of my life. It concerned the discipline of an African elder (not a minister) whom we shall call Kampanda. He was overseer of our most distant section, looking after the work in nine faraway villages. An evangelist-teacher had been sent to work in his section, whom we shall call evangelist Kansanga.

This man came to me with a very strange story. He said that months before, when he went to that section, elder Kampanda, according to Kansanga's wife, had seduced her. They were guests at the elder's house. Kansanga left his wife there while he went to his new village to arrange for a house. On his return his wife told him about it.

Naturally I wondered why he had let this dreadful thing remain a secret for months. He explained that the elder bribed him not to tell, and at the same time threatened him with dire consequences if he did tell. So he kept silence, he said, until his conscience compelled him to come to me to reveal the truth.

The story as a whole had a number of details that seemed hard to understand, and difficult to believe. But the charge was so very serious that I felt obliged to call a meeting of Presbytery to judge the matter.

This meeting lasted four days, and was a time of heartache such as can be understood by those who carry in their hearts a real love for the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ. It was intensely dramatic, but no one could enjoy the drama.

I was the only missionary present. All sixteen pastors and elders came. One of them was elected moderator of the meeting. The evangelist Kansanga was present, and his wife, the accuser. The accused elder Kampanda was there, also his wife, who was a fine Christian woman, totally loyal to her husband. She refused to believe the charges against him. Both of the women were mothers of large families.

All the charges were brought before Presbytery, and none of the vile details were omitted. Elder Kampanda, in the presence of God, solemnly declared he was not guilty. There was endless questioning and wrangling.

The debate and questioning went on for four days; oh, what painful days they were. At the time we still had within the Presbytery a few men whose later history showed that they were living wrong, and therefore did not have the peace of God within their own hearts. Their nervousness and unreasonableness, added to that of the three parties immediately concerned, were what caused most of our trouble in solving the problem.

I tried to keep myself within the limits of the Presbyterian system, which means that I was sitting only as a member of the court, and not as a ruler over my African brethren. Besides that, I knew very well that the Africans were much better judges of the guilt or innocence of the accused than I was. So I sat and listened hour after hour, day after day, though it was almost too much for me to take.



Christian Women's Circle -Bible and Hymnbooks on heads

Personally, I would not have been willing to be convicted on such evidence as was presented. For the woman who brought the accusation was admittedly an adulteress. I thought upon the case of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, who accused Joseph falsely. On the other hand, if the story were untrue, it was hard to see why the woman would incriminate herself by saying anything about it. No one else was accusing her.

In fact, she did try to throw the initial responsibility upon the elder Kampanda by a tale which I found it impossible to believe.

Before these charges against elder Kampanda came to my attention I had heard that he had previously been accused of other misdoings of various sorts, but always managed to wiggle out and get himself cleared. That had made me doubt him.

Another of the elders (he was later proved to be living wrong himself) at one point in the discussions became so furiously angry that he said to one who argued against his views, "If I were not a Christian, and in this place, I would kill you."

What we needed was to get a decision, guilty or not guilty, and to end a meeting that was doing nothing but increasing bitterness among them. But I was only one member of Presbytery, and I failed dismally in all my efforts to bring the matter to a vote.

After recess one morning Kansanga's wife walked into the meeting with a piece of rope over her shoulder. When the meeting was called to order she rushed across the room and threw herself prostrate at the feet of the elder Kampanda, with the rope over her shoulder. She said, "You know that in our tribe (they were of the same tribe) this is a matter of life and death. I dare you, according to the customs of our tribe, to step across my body and say you did not commit adultery with me."

We refused to permit heathen custom to be used as a means of settling a problem in the Church of Jesus Christ, so we obliged her to return to her seat. But the atmosphere was electric and I feared that physical violence might result before she was gotten back to her seat. Quiet was restored, and the meeting went on.

But as soon as the discussion started, she again rushed across the room, threw herself into the lap of the elder Kampanda with her arms around his neck, and said, "You promised me that if our affair ever became public you would marry me."

It was very hard to get her away from him. She was determined to stay there. At last she was quieted and persuaded to return to her seat.

Feeling that I myself would not be willing to be convicted on the little evidence as presented, though there might be truth in the charges, I made a motion stating that it was the judgment of the majority of the Presbytery that the charges had not been proved. When put to a vote this motion failed to pass. Since that meant that a majority believed the man was guilty, I finally succeeded in getting a vote on the opposite idea. It was the judgment of a majority of this Presbytery that elder Kampnda was guilty, and with great sorrow we were obliged to remove him from his office. The motion carried. That was followed by adjournment.

When the meeting closed I was physically and mentally and spiritually exhausted.

(About two years later ex-elder Kampanda admitted to me that he had repeatedly sinned with Kansanga's wife, but he said that part of her testimony had been false. He claimed that it was she who led him astray. Both Kansanga and his wife later led such lives as to indicate that both of them belonged to the followers of Judas rather than the followers of Christ. But oh, what damage had been done to the Lord's work in that section.)

Bad Malaria Fever.

The last day of Presbytery I had some temperature. When we adjourned I went home to bed with a bad malaria fever. I had not been so ill for many years. We were alone on the station, so Mignon treated me for malaria. I took both atabrine and quinine. By and by the fever was broken. But I was unable to sleep day or night.

Miss McDonald happened to come to Kasha and wished to go to Bibanga. As she was an excellent driver it was agreed she would drive us in our station car to Bibanga, where two of our Mission doctors had gone for other reasons. They took us on to Mutoto so Dr. Smith might have time to check me over, as it seemed possible I might have African sleeping sickness.

As I could not sleep without sedatives it seemed I might have to be sent to America on emergency furlough. But after some days my nervousness subsided, and it was agreed I could return to my work.

For the rest of our stay in Africa, another three years, I discontinued the use of both atabrine and quinine, fearing the effect on my nerves. I switched to one of the newer drugs, called aralen, which seemed to prevent malaria without side effects.

Monkeys and Elephants.

The supervision of the work in the villages presented numbers of problems. One of them was food for the families of the evangelist-teachers. Many times they came to see me and reported that their families were hungry. The chief complaint, when I asked why they did not cultivate fields, was that they did plant fields of corn and manioc; but elephants came and destroyed their fields, or monkeys came and stole their corn, or wild hogs came and uprooted their crops. In the whole four years at Kasha I never saw an elephant. But I saw trees they had broken, and footprints around a pool of water some miles away, and definite footpaths they had made through the high grass which elephants may have used for a long, long time.



Borrowed glory - Elephant skull

As for the monkeys, it might be asked why the people did not kill them, for natives like monkey meat. By killing them they could increase their meat supply, and at the same time be preserving their other foodstuffs. But it is very difficult to kill monkeys with bow and arrow, and even with a shotgun it takes clever hunting to kill them. Gunpowder was costly, and could be bought only in limited quantities with a permit, and many of the available guns were not always good.

In the Idol's Temple.

It was not really a temple. It was the porch of the chief's house, where he held court and made decisions about the affairs of his people. There he sat on a leopard skin when he held court. And close beside him was a small idol of carved stone which I suppose he trusted to help him. It looked like a very old idol, and was of better sculpture than other idols I had seen.

We went there on an Easter morning to preach the gospel of the Christ who rose from the dead. Parking the car outside we were led into the harem where lived the old chief with his many wives and children. Muamba, the elder who was with me, was a nephew of the chief. In fact Muamba's father had been the former chief of this tribe.

We talked a bit.

The old chief was also an old beggar. He began to tell me about the cough that has since taken his life. He wanted medicine, and I promised to send him some, which I did. He also begged for a dispensary for his village. He said the chief across the river had a dispensary. I told him our Mission dispensary was in his territory. But he wanted one in his own village, near his home. I suppose this was partly a matter of health, but also a question of prestige. Then he begged for shotgun shells. My escape from this was the fact that I had no gun, and did not keep shells.

Then we began to have Christian worship right there in what was for practical purposes the idol's temple. Nearby was the lifeless, powerless idol. It did not see us. It did not hear the joyous Easter hymns, nor the resurrection message reached by the chiefs nephew. Soon the service was over, and we came away.

The old chief has died since then. Where has he gone? God knows. I am glad that the eternal destiny of souls is in the hands of a God who is omniscient and merciful. If before he left this world old chief Kabue believed in the resurrected Christ, we will still meet him in heaven. But if a merciful and just God was compelled to send chief Kabue to that awful place prepared for the devil and his angels, I am thankful that we at least tried to bring to him and to his people the message of life eternal through Jesus Christ.

Tribal Animosities.

Tribal jealousies and hatreds between Africans have been problems for our missionaries through the years. Just as in the early Church there was conflict between Greek and Jew, so today there is bitter opposition between African groups, just because of tribal animosities.

At Kasha the animosity became evident between the Bena Kanyoka who were historically the owners of that section of territory and the people of outside tribes who came there to live. Once it flared up badly. Somebody placed an anonymous letter on the Church door. It started fussing and quarreling between the tribes in our Mission village. I was disposed to ignore the matter. But it grew worse, until the elders came to tell me that unless I did something about it, and promptly, blood would flow in the streets of Kasha village, and it would be my fault. So I called up three tribal groups separately, and talked to them. I tried to let them see that in the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ we were one new tribe, and must not hate each other. For the time being the feeling quieted down and nothing serious happened. But from time to time I could sense that the tribal animosity was still there, and might break forth at some future time.



New Dispensary at Kasha - waiting room

Building Work.

When we took over Kasha station work from, Mr. and Mrs. Earl King he showed me the foundation trenches for building a new station Church, which was much needed. Money was available, but not a builder. Mr. King had been too busy to build it, and I also would be too busy with other things. The work had been started months before by Mr. Hoyt Miller. So we were very happy when Mr. and Mrs. Miller were temporarily located on our station. He was interested in building the Church. We were delighted, and he erected the building to our great satisfaction. I had some responsibilities in connection with this work, but he did nearly all of it.

When he got through with the Church he was looking around for other worlds to conquer, as he had his gang of builders organized. We had money for building a

greatly needed dispensary, for the old mud and stick dispensary was far from good enough for treating the 90 patients a day who came there. Mrs. Stixrud and Kasongo had quite a reputation around those parts.

So Mr. Miller went ahead with the job, and was getting along fine, when his new work at Kakinda called him away; so the building work fell to me. I tried hard to complete the building before leaving for furlough, and nearly succeeded. It was in use soon after we left.

Our House Trailer.

Earlier in the term some friends in the First Presbyterian Church in Greenville, Mississippi, gave me a used automobile chassis and sent it to Congo. On this I built a house trailer for use in itineration. We liked it very much and enjoyed itinerating in it.

When we left for furlough we were looking forward to having more missionaries on the station after our return, and we hoped to be able to use our trailer much more, in visiting our workers in the widely scattered villages.

Busy to the last minute, we turned over our duties to Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, who were sent to relieve us, and started for what we expected to be our last furlough. We hoped after one year to be back at Kasha for one long last term before our retirement at the end of forty years of service.

Farewell.

It would have been hard to say a final farewell to all our friends and to all our work, but as a year is not very long, we could say goodbye rather cheerfully. So we started for America.

The routine medical examination was made on arrival in Nashville. I thought I was in good shape and had passed the examination. So the report of the doctor surprised me very much. My condition was reported to be such that I must not return to Africa. With the proper medical care and necessary dieting, I might live and work for years in America. But our life in Congo had ended. It was a great disappointment.

We started our Christian service with the verses: Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy path (Proverbs 3:5-6). We trust Him now to direct us in our retirement.



New Dispensary at Kasha - April 1950



[RETURN TO INDEX](#)

[NEXT ->](#)



MEMORIES OF CONGO

J. Hershey Longenecker

Chapter X



[RETURN TO INDEX](#)

CONGO PAST AND PRESENT

Before 1885 Congo was a vast country of numerous tribes with many languages and customs all different from each other. David Livingstone, great Protestant missionary and explorer, supposed to be lost in Central Africa, was found by Henry M. Stanley. This contact resulted in world interest in the Congo country. Stanley looked for some government to develop the strange land. He found nobody who cared except King Leopold II of Belgium, who wanted a colony. He and others in 1885 organized the Congo Free State which in reality became a tremendous private domain with Leopold as sovereign.

As the years passed and exports from the Free State grew, news reached the outside world that all was not well with the Congo. There was world-wide criticism of Leopold's regime. It was then decided that Belgium should take over jurisdiction in Congo, and what had been the Congo Free State became a colony of the Belgian nation. A Charte Coloniale was given the Congo by the government of Belgium in 1908. That Charter created the colony to be known for 52 years as the Belgian Congo.

Under stress of international pressures from without, and some Congolese leaders from within, Belgium in 1960 surprised the world by granting independence to its former colony. Most of the Congolese people, and many people in Belgium also, were surprised. No battle was fought to win independence. Belgium voluntarily gave freedom to the peoples of Congo to avoid a long and bloody struggle such as preceded independence in some other lands.

But the independence came suddenly to a people who were not prepared for it. Elections were quickly arranged for multitudes of people who had never voted in their lives. A hastily organized nation came into being. The takeover was peaceable, but in a few weeks the army mutinied, and intertribal wars began which



Native chief - father had 150 wives



A delegation of Bene Kasenga women. Note the unique haircuts.

horrified the world. The United Nations with an international military force intervened. Some of that force still remains in Congo as this is written.

It is more than three years since Congo Belge became the REPUBLIQUE DU CONGO. Its brief history has been troubled by the efforts of some provinces to secede from the Central Government. The secessions have been prevented by action of the United Nations. As a result the Republique du Congo is still in control of a sort over the whole great land.

The conflicts between the Province of Katanga on one side, and the United Nations and the Leopoldville government on the other, plus numbers of intertribal wars in many areas, did great damage. They resulted in the destruction of many of the physical benefits brought to Congo by the Belgians. Railroad property suffered tremendous losses. Important bridges were blown up. River ferries were put out of commission. Railroad service was disorganized or stopped entirely. Highways built at great expense were made impassable. Many villages were burned and hundreds, probably thousands, of people were massacred. Many of the foreigners left the country in terror.

The business sections and some of the residence sections of prosperous cities became virtual ghost towns. In some places there was wholesale looting of mercantile establishments and private residences. Thousands of automobiles abandoned by Europeans were appropriated by natives who drove them until gas ran out or the cars were wrecked. Robbery was common. Breakdown of communications and transport and finance left thousands of people hungry, and many starving. Foreign organizations, including the United Nations and Red Cross and some Church organizations, imported food for the hungry refugees by any means available.

The well-organized medical services of the government and missionary organizations nearly ceased to function. In some places this was due to the evacuation of the foreign staff and the expulsion of trained medical assistants who came from distant tribes.

The number of displaced persons multiplied into thousands and thousands as well-established and profitably employed people were forced to leave their homes and flee to their ancestral areas. Often they found no place to go as their old homes and sometimes the whole towns they originally came from had disappeared entirely.



Husband and wife going to market



Women with tithes of corn at the church



Trading post at Luluabourg

From some of these fearful experiences the Congo cannot recover for many years, even under the most favorable circumstances. Villages built of temporary materials can in some places be constructed in weeks or months, if the seasons are favorable. But replacing bridges and ferries, boats, and permanent buildings costs money, and the destruction of so many other things has indeed "killed the goose that laid the golden eggs." What was in days or weeks or months destroyed may not be entirely replaced in the lifetime of anyone now living. Poverty is still the lot of most of the people, hunger is common, and the discouragement resulting from all the aforesaid events prevents all too many people from using the resources still remaining to improve their pitiful condition.

We were missionaries, sent to Congo by the American Presbyterian Congo Mission, which began its work back in 1891 in the days of the Congo Free State. It continued from 1908 until 1960 under the jurisdiction of the Belgian Congo. After a brief evacuation in July 1960 it has continued its work under the Republique du Congo. More of that will be considered later.

It is to be understood that our Mission never interfered in the politics of the Belgians or of the Congolese. Its work has been entirely a mission of mercy under the Great Commission left by Jesus Christ to His Church, to heal and to teach and preach the Gospel. In its educational, medical, and evangelistic work it has pursued its course, recognizing the "powers that be" as being ordained of God. We have conformed to the lawful authority of the government in power as best we could. We taught the people to pay their taxes, to respect and obey the government, both their own chiefs and the foreigners recognized as rulers over the chiefs.

There is a parallel to all this in the New Testament. Jesus Christ Himself, coming with a message from God to the Jewish people, found them a subject nation, under the control of the Romans as we found the Congolese under the control of Belgium. So we felt justified in keeping hands off political matters as He did in His day. We had no commission from our God nor from His Church to liberate the Congolese peoples from a colonial government. Our duty clearly was, "submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake."

But for the limitations and prohibitions of our commission it might have been natural for Americans to have educated Congolese people for republican government such as we believed in. If we had done that, Congo might not have found itself short of men trained for government office when the time of need so surprisingly and so suddenly arose. But if we had disobeyed our own commission and engaged in such activities we would certainly and without delay have



Luebo Market Crowd



Grasshoppers, ants and salt for sale

been expelled from the colony. Thus we would have lost our opportunity to preach the Gospel to the Congo people. In being loyal to the Belgian Colonial Government we were without a doubt doing our duty.

The Abdication of King Baudouin.

June 30, 1960, was set as the great day for the inauguration of independence. A formal ceremonial was arranged at Leopoldville where Baudouin officially handed over his authority as King of Belgian Congo to Patrice Lumumba, the new Prime Minister representing the people of the former colony.

Independence was a time of joyful celebration which the people welcomed, but which most of them did not understand. Multitudes throughout Congo shouted for independence without knowing what it meant.

But peace and joy were not for long. Before the new republic could settle down to enjoy independence the army mutinied, and nearly destroyed the new nation. Struggles for power began involving personal, and also tribal, grasping for the reins of authority over the nation's people and the nation's wealth.

Powerful leaders arose supported by financial and political power from outside of Congo. Both Lumumba and his enemies had support from mighty interests within and outside of the United Nations. Congo came all too close to falling into the total control of atheistic communist nations, which would have terminated missionary work within the country.

The United Nations, sharply divided between communist and free nations, intervened in Congo to end the tribal wars which threatened to destroy everything worth while in the land. For about three years soldiers of the United Nations, from many countries, have been stationed in Congo, and have even fought in Congo, to secure peace. It is not yet clear when or whether this military occupation will end.

Evacuation by Missionaries.

Within a month after Independence Day, fighting within the Congo became so fierce that the American State Department, under whose passport protection Americans were present in Congo, ordered the evacuation of American missionaries. This seemed impossible. Roads were closed in many areas, and our missionaries were cut off from avenues of escape. United States transport planes could reach a few large airfields in Congo. But most of our people were trapped on their own stations. Prompt action by two missionaries with light airplanes succeeded in carrying all missionaries to points where they could embark in large American planes for Rhodesia, south of the Congo. There was great confusion within the Congo, and nobody could predict what would happen.

From the time of their arrival in Rhodesia the missionaries began to study the possibilities of return to the people and the work they loved. Seven men were back in Congo very soon, scouting by plane to find out when it would be wise to return. Soon other missionaries began to return -not all, but many of them.

After Independence.



The missionaries returned to a new Congo. They had lived previously in a Belgian Colony. They were now returning to the Republique du Congo, no longer a colony, but a liberated people. Instead of dealing with Belgian Colonial Territorial Agents, Administrators, District Commissioners, Provincial Governors, and a supreme Governor General, they found all of these replaced by Congolese officials.

In many places there was chaos because of intertribal wars and personal struggles for power. There have been wars and rumors of wars between provinces and the Central Government. There has been international intrigue. There have been massacres and wholesale migrations. Oftentimes communications have been cut off. Railroad tracks have been torn up or blocked. Radio communications have been forbidden. Private transmitters were confiscated. Automobile roads were made impassable. Travel across tribal boundaries practically came to a stop.

This is not intended to be a history of Congo after independence. Our interest in these matters is strictly missionary. We write of wars, political matters, and the economic situation, simply as background of the picture of missionary affairs. Mignon and I gave the best of our lives to the work of Christ in the Belgian Congo from 1917 to 1950 and now we look back. What has happened to the work of Missions since? Has the missionary work of all the years been destroyed by the coming of independence to Congo?

Our Work for Christ Has Not Been Destroyed.

Even during the period of evacuation by the missionaries, some of the work continued. Worship services were kept up by Christians in many places. Schools continued in many sections. On some stations hospital assistants carried on as much healing work as limited supplies and personnel permitted. Church leaders carried on as best they could. Reports we have heard indicate that Mission property has received better treatment than might have been expected. We understand that in general churches and chapels have been respected even where villages have been devastated.



A New Look at Mission Work.

The sudden removal of scores of missionaries gave the Congolese people an opportunity to decide whether mission work was helpful or harmful to them. Here were mission stations. The heart had gone out to them. When the passions of the moment born of tribal conflict gave the people any time for reflection they could consider what missionaries had done, and had not done. They had not engaged in commerce. They had not held government offices. They had lived in modest comfort, but not in luxury. Why had they been there? They had ministered to the sick. They had taught many useful things besides reading, writing, and arithmetic. They had brought the people the whole Bible in the Tshiluba language. They had taught them beautiful hymns and Gospel songs. As a part of their Gospel of salvation they had taught people honesty and fair dealing with one another. They had been the friends of the people. Now they were gone.

If the work of Christian missions had been a failure, here was the opportunity of a lifetime for Congo's people to get rid of missionaries and missions. Everything would now be different. Government was now in their own hands. Congolese held all government offices from territorial agent to Prime Minister of Congo. Now by refusing re-entry to the evacuated missionaries the work of missions could have been ended. But it did not happen.

The latest figure available reports that more than seventy missionaries are now on the field. Others are on

furlough. Work has been resumed on most of the stations.

The Congolese People Want the Missionaries.



The missionaries are back again because the people want them back. Without doubt the ministries of healing have a share in this. A great medical work had been done on our stations. As people in Judea and Galilee long ago flocked around Jesus to obtain His healing touch, so people still come to our hospitals to be healed. The medical work has suffered by the tribal strife which followed independence. A hospital organization is not built in a day. It is a team formed by long years of training people in various skills which fit together for doing all sorts of things from washing and dressing sores to the most serious surgical operations. These groups of workers came from various tribes, which have recently been in deadly conflict. Many of these workers had to leave their homes and mission stations and flee with their families to their own tribal areas. Some of them are lost to the medical work. It takes time to rebuild such organizations. Some local experienced workers have remained. New help is being trained. The work goes on. The people have learned in a new way to appreciate what Mission doctors and nurses mean to them.

Mission schools have a great share in this new evaluation. Education is appreciated more than ever. Many little schools in scores of villages kept going even while the missionaries were gone. Thousands of refugees found themselves in totally new circumstances and communities. Some of these were students, others were teachers. Before the smoke of tribal battles had blown away, efforts to establish schools were already in evidence. Some tribes had more refugee teachers than other tribes had, therefore were able to organize schools more quickly and effectively. All of them began to feel more than ever the need for missionary help in education. Missionaries were surprised and pleased to find how much of teaching would have continued even if the evacuation of foreigners had been permanent.

Admittedly things are much disorganized since the coming of independence. Under the Republique financial matters have not yet been stabilized. School teachers sometimes go for months without pay. Yet teaching continues as best it can. There is sound reason to hope that as things settle down under the new government school work will be better and better organized.

Our medical work has been a vehicle for the Gospel of Jesus. Our educational work has been another. Just suppose that these might have gone on by themselves, healing and teaching, but with the total elimination of Jesus Christ from the whole program, then what? Without the love of Jesus to give warmth and motivation, both healing and teaching would have lost their value. The very heart of all our missionary work has been the preaching and teaching of the Gospel of Jesus. Its inspiration came from Him. Our commission came from Him. The question is, has the planting of the Gospel seed during the whole period of the existence of the Belgian colony left any deposit of spiritual values? Are there any real Christians among the Congolese? If the missionaries had not returned, would Jesus Christ and His salvation have been forgotten?

Many Christians in Congo.

In fact there are many real Christians in Congo. There is a Christian fellowship that reaches across tribal boundaries and loves people of enemy tribes just because they are fellow Christians. During the days of tribal wars and forced evacuation and the loss of all earthly possessions this Christian love has been under a terrific strain. Sometimes it has seemed to disappear. But beneath all of the stresses there still remains a love for Christ and for His people.

Christians are only a fraction of the Congolese people. Outside of the Christian fellowship there remains bitter tribal hatred creating a poisoned atmosphere which to some extent affects even the Christians. Yet in spite of it all there still exists that Christian love for the brethren that reaches across the walls of separation and is at work to rebuild the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ. Outside forces have torn up our Church organization and our Mission work in various ways. It will take time to rebuild much that was torn down, but the healing of the Church continues.

A New Relationship.

The whole situation of our Mission in Congo is greatly changed. When the work was begun in 1891, and until 1908, our missionaries had to adjust to life under the Congo Free State. From 1908 until 1960 we had to adjust to life in a colony, among a subject people. This affected our operations in many ways. Now all that has changed. The Congo is governed by Congolese. They are no longer a subject people. In some respects there is a removal of restraints, which permits more freedom of action. No longer is there conformity to rulings of a colonial administration at Leopoldville which in turn was subject to Brussels. Now there are new adjustments to entirely different conditions. So many changes are taking place. Work of the past decades has raised up a generation of teachers capable of taking over the administration and teaching of primary schools. But the missionaries are still imperatively needed for high school and college and professional education. All these matters call for time and patience and love. The work of the missionaries during these days of reorganization is not easy. And the work of the Congolese Church leaders is not easy.

All of these arduous labors of reorganization and readjustment in Church and school, it must be remembered, are proceeding in a country where the government itself is being reorganized. It might have been supposed that the new government would continue with the same territories and districts and provinces which existed in the Colony. But all of the colonial organization was imposed by outsiders, and the dividing lines in many cases cut right across tribal boundaries. Thus the units were largely artificial.



Typical Congo Christian family

Since taking over power the new government has redivided the whole Congo into 21 Provinces instead of the former 6. When we remember that in the United States with one language it has taken decades for some states to redistrict themselves for representation in the state legislatures, according to their own constitutions, we can realize that the problem of redividing the Congo with scores of tribes and dozens of language groups to deal with, must be tremendous. We can see that all of the problems of Church organization are made yet more complex by the political complications which surround the religious and educational work of the Mission.

Tribal War at Luebo.

After independence the tribal war between the great Baluba and Lulua tribes reached Luebo. During the years since 1891 a town of 10,000 people had grown up around the Mission station. Most of the people belonged to various branches of those two tribes. The town was split wide open. There was fearful fighting. Whole sections of the town were burned. Horrible things happened. Neither of those tribes owned the land, which had belonged to the Bakete. The Baluba outnumbered and outfought the Lulus, and drove them across the Lulua River.

Luebo remained a depleted town, those remaining being Baluba or their friends. Many Baluba who had been scattered in the Lulua country fled to Luebo. The town was filled with refugees. Following the evacuation of missionaries from the Congo in 1960, the Luebo missionary group scattered. After their return to Congo the station sometimes had one missionary, sometimes none. Now, three years later, there are six.

Mission Press Closed.

For some time the Press was closed entirely. Sometimes a group of Congolese printers did some printing. But the Press was in a sad state. It seemed as if its history of many years of useful work had come to an end.

The Mission Press Comes to Life.

Before independence the women of our Church in America had designated a large share of their Annual Birthday Gift for the Mission Press, and for literature for the Congo Mission. Providentially the ladies went on with the project in spite of the disturbances in Congo. So even when the Press had reached its lowest ebb, the offerings in America were collected, and a large sum of money became available for an institution that was almost dead.

The Vasses Return to the Press.

Mignon and I were delighted to hear that Lach and Winnie Vass, whose coming to Luebo saved the Press from going to pieces in 1942, had returned to Luebo twenty years later, to save the Press again. They have returned with the benefit of all their many talents, plus sixteen years experience in printing and publishing, boundless enthusiasm for the cause of literature, and the money needed for expansion.

The New Literature Program.

The feeling of the Mission in regard to literature and the present situation is shown by this quotation from a letter of Mr. William Pruitt:

"Our literature program, boosted by the Women's Birthday Offering of 1961, is booming. It is carried on in conjunction with neighboring missions who also use the Tshiluba language. A Scotch couple are now at the Bookstore and book warehouse in Luluabourg. A Mennonite is in charge of distribution, driving the

big bookmobile throughout the countryside, restocking the various rural outlets operated by Congolese. Lach and Winnie Vass are at the Press, busy with production and editing. Even so we cannot fully meet the increasing demand for Christian literature."

Letter from Mrs. Vass.

A recent letter from Winnie Vass, and the Mission's recently published Annual Report for 1962, which she also wrote, give additional information from which we quote:

"You would have to be here at Luebo these days to know the fulness of joy and satisfaction in our work. All of the new Press equipment which the 1961 Birthday Gift of the Women of the Church purchased last year is operating except one piece. You should see the crowds of fascinated folk pressing around the doors and windows of the Press these days, their mouths agape with wonder as they watch the positively uncanny working of the various pieces of machinery. One window looks on the paper folder, where the pages pass through untouched, folded and folded again, down to single page size. The automatic paper cutter just slices down through a foot of paper with ease. The Heidelberg Job Press sucks each paper up with little red suction cups, feeds it to the proper spot and presses the plate down and stacks the forms up on the other side -no hand touching them. After years and years (over sixty now) of all our equipment being handset, hand fed, and hand operated, this is quite an innovation and a thrill! Lach comes home to lunch at noon just elated with the work that is being turned out. The one piece of equipment which is still not functioning is our Monotype Compositor, which will set type automatically. We are still waiting on our order for Monotype metal. When it finally does come, then we will be setting the type by machine.

"The Protestant Bookstore of the Kasai, now known all over the Congo, has seen phenomenal growth. Total monthly sales until January, 1962, never passed \$300.00. By November of that year, average monthly sales were well over the \$3,000.00 mark. [One U.S. dollar = about 50 Congo francs.]

"The new edition of the hymnal, 20,000 of them, is almost completed, with a supplement of 100 new hymns."

Successor to the Lomo Loa Bena Kasai.

"One of the biggest thrills this past month was the completion of the first issue of our new Tshiluba periodical, called 'Where Are We Going?' It is 'Tuyaya Kunyi?' in Tshiluba, a catchy title. The first issue turned out beautifully, with colored cover and all and we are really proud of it.

"The Congolese editor of Tuyaya Kunyi, this new monthly magazine, has proven his writing ability by authoring and publishing the first complete book by a Kasai Christian."

CONCLUSION

Our romance has not yet ended. Mignon and I are now in our mid-seventies, living in quiet retirement at Morristown, Tennessee. We have just celebrated our 48th wedding anniversary. The lovely lady from Missouri still makes a happy home for me in the evening of our life.

Last month we had a pleasant surprise. Our nephew, living in Washington, D.C., on August 11, 1963, wrote to his mother, who passed the word on to us:



"The other day I brought a group of students to the President's Press Conference. In front of us several colored visitors were speaking French. I leaned over and asked them where they were from. One of them answered, 'From Belgian Congo.' I asked him if he was from near Luebo, and he answered that was his home town. I told him my uncle was a missionary in the Congo, and when I gave him his name he smiled and said, 'He is a wonderful printer. He has printed many books for us. My father is a minister and knows Mr. Longenecker well.' He gave his name to me: Kalongi. Uncle Hershey might like to know this."

It is twenty years since we left the Mission Press at Luebo, thirteen years since we left Congo. We old missionaries are human enough to be thrilled by the assurance coming in this roundabout way that we are not yet forgotten in Congo.

One morning last week I waked with the conviction that in closing this book there should be mention of something very important. All the years in Congo we have lived in the hope of the Second Coming of our Lord Jesus. So we would remind our readers of what Jesus said (see Acts 1.8-11 RSV) : "You shall receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; and you shall be my witnesses in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria and to the end of the earth." And when He had said this, as they were looking on, He was lifted up, and a cloud took Him out of their sight.

Behold, two men stood by them in white robes, and said, "Men of Galilee, why do you stand looking into heaven? This Jesus, who was taken from you into heaven, will come in the same way as you saw Him go into heaven."

Jesus is coming again! ! Are you willing to be His witness, right where you are, or anywhere on earth He may choose to send you?

In my boyhood, before I desired or planned to be a missionary, we sang words which may have helped to send us to Congo:

"It may not be on the mountain height, Or over the stormy sea,

It may not be at the battle front

My Lord will have need of me;

But if, by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where You want me to go."

[RETURN TO INDEX](#)





Hershey Longenecker



Elmer Kleinginna
room-mate of Hershey at Williamson

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Alice May Hershey





Anna Hershey



Hauhart sisters - Minnie, Julia, Catherine, Annie, Mary

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Martin Longenecker



Hershey Minnie wedding



Hauhart house



P.S. Chilman

914 Arch Street,
Philad'a.

1886 or 1887 - Sarah Rose Grier Beck



Herman and Mary Hauhart

A. L. Schaeffer,

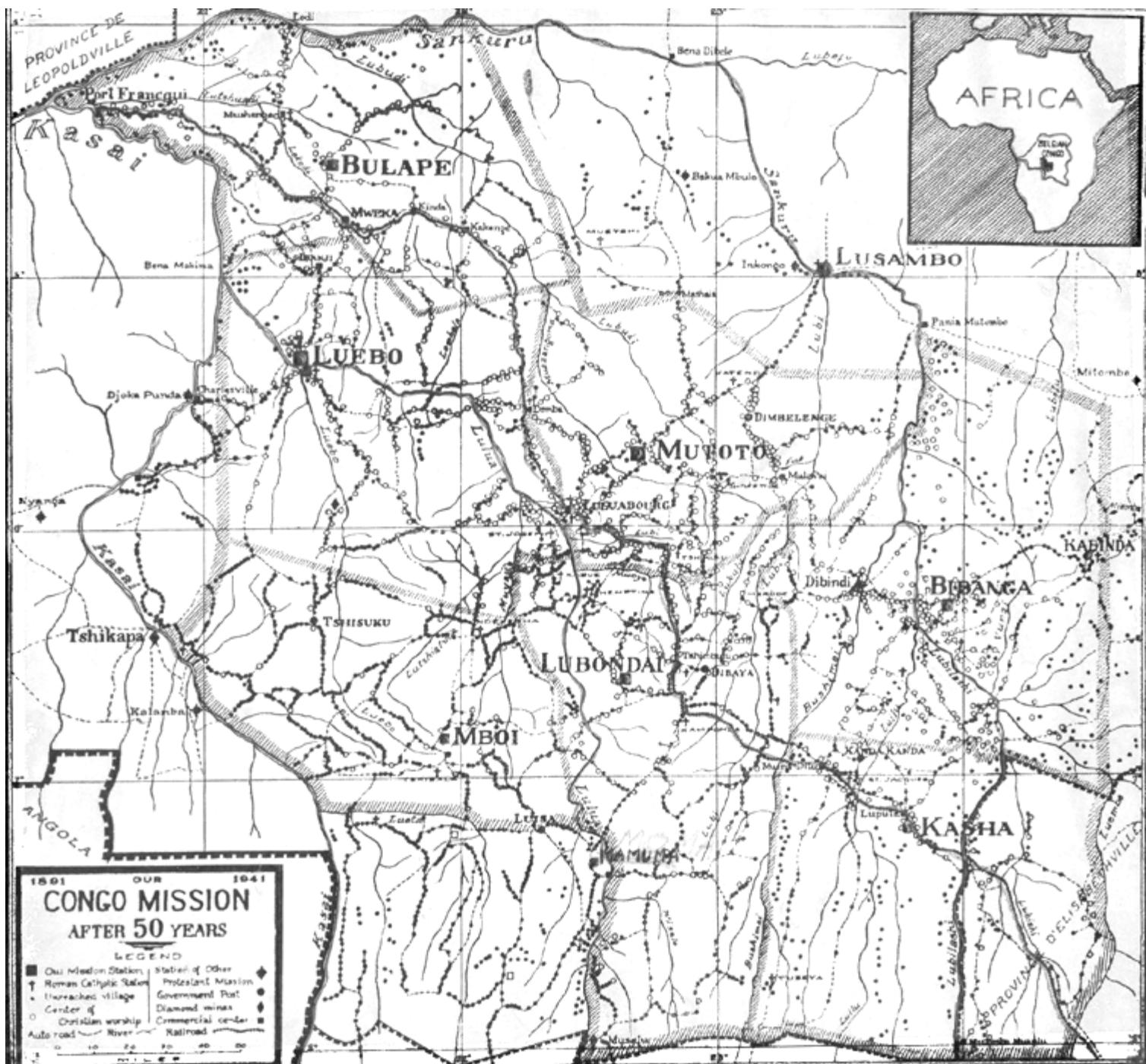
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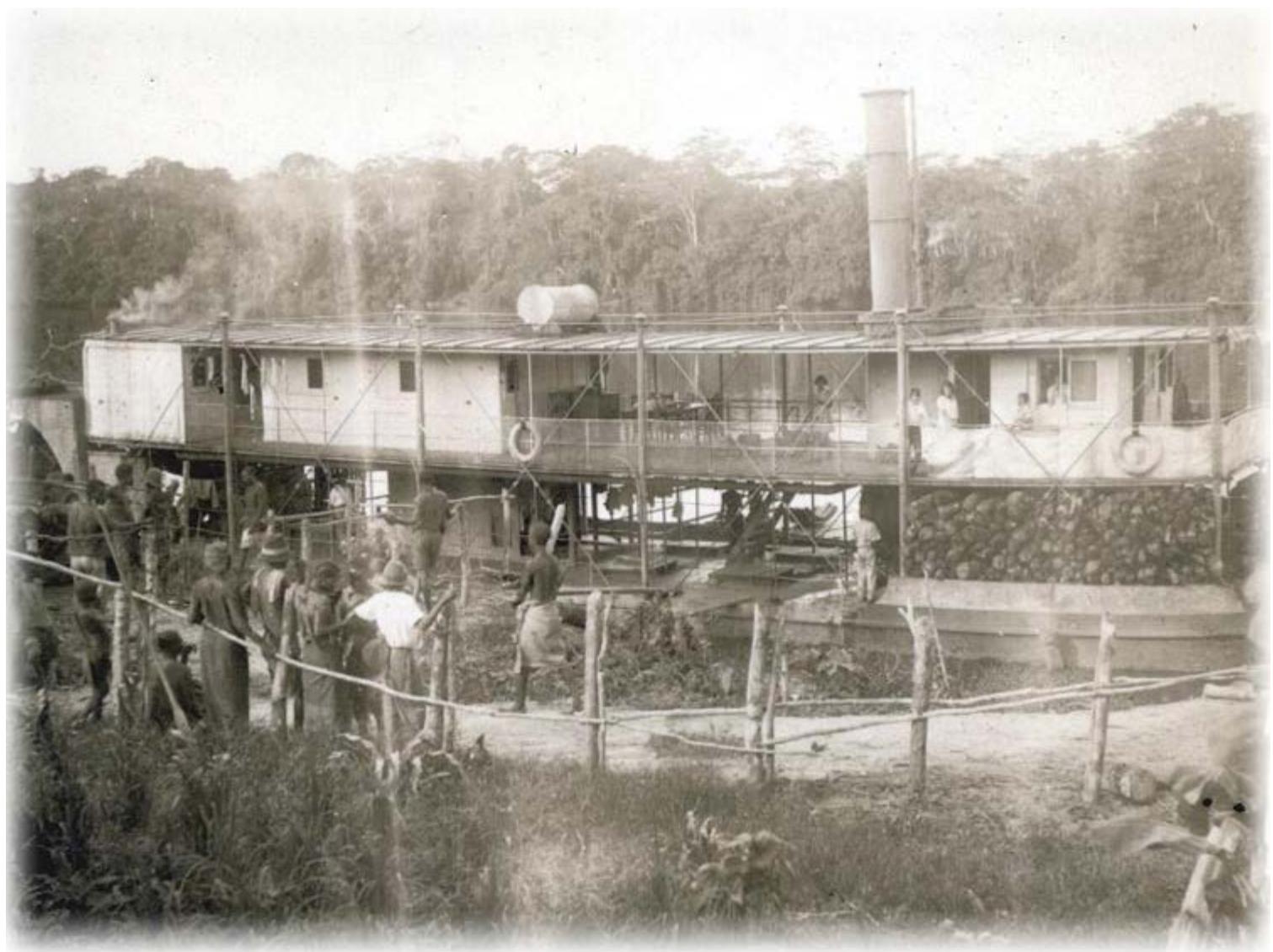
Deck golf



Train day at Luputa







Loading steamer





Luebo River Valley near Luebo Mission



Hammock Travel in high grass



Houses are built and roofed, and walls are plastered with mud.



Through a window at Luebo First Church



The laundryman. His is a position of honor in the community



Ironing with a charcoal iron



Drying meal in the sun



Dugout canoe



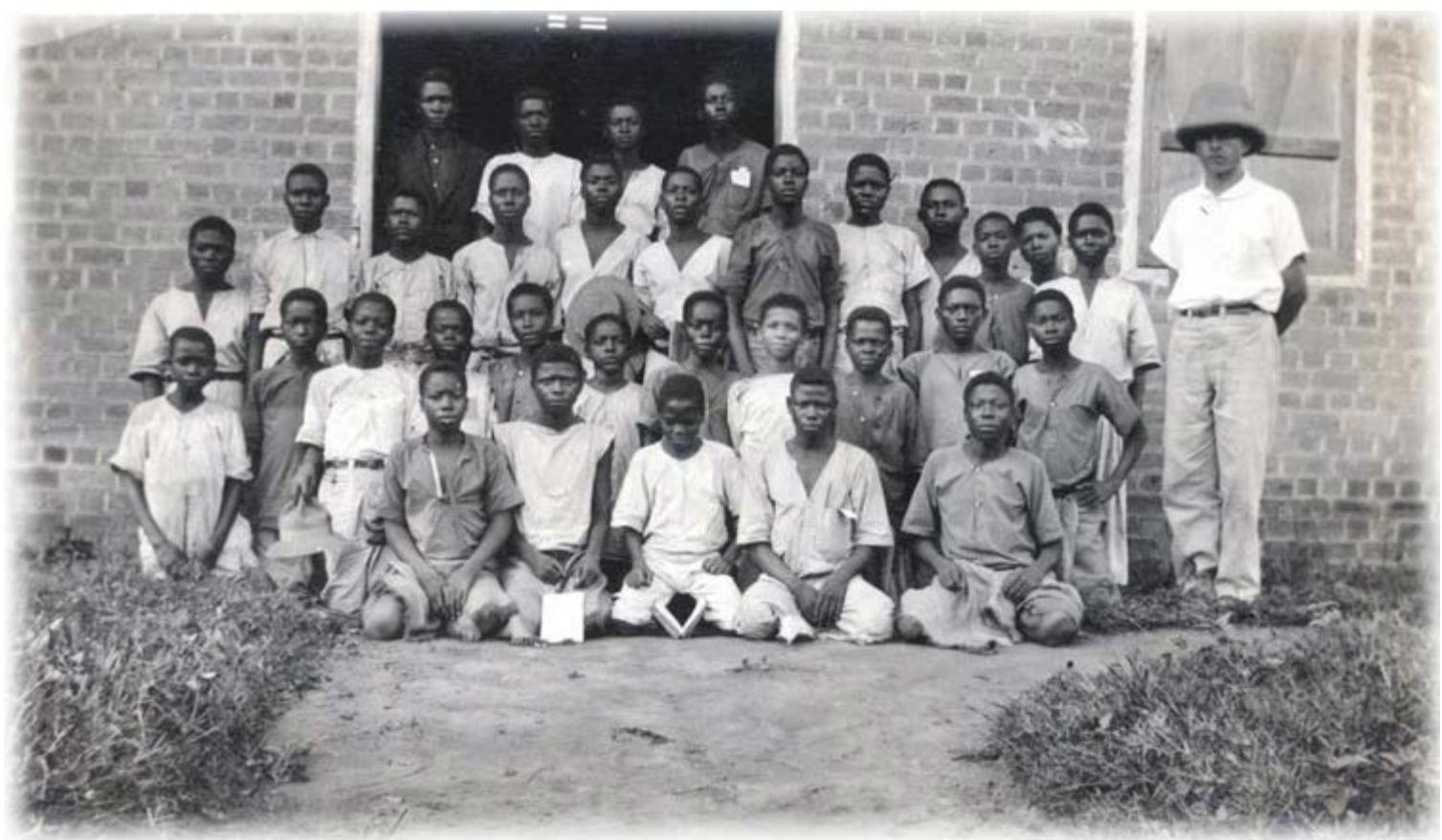
Sister of King of Bakuba



On the way to sell palmnuts to make soap



Katanga (Congo) village



Pupils and teacher





Dr. Stixrud



Basket weaving



In the potters' village



Hershey and baby Alice



Natives while away many hours with the 'tshisanji' for harp



Hammock travel



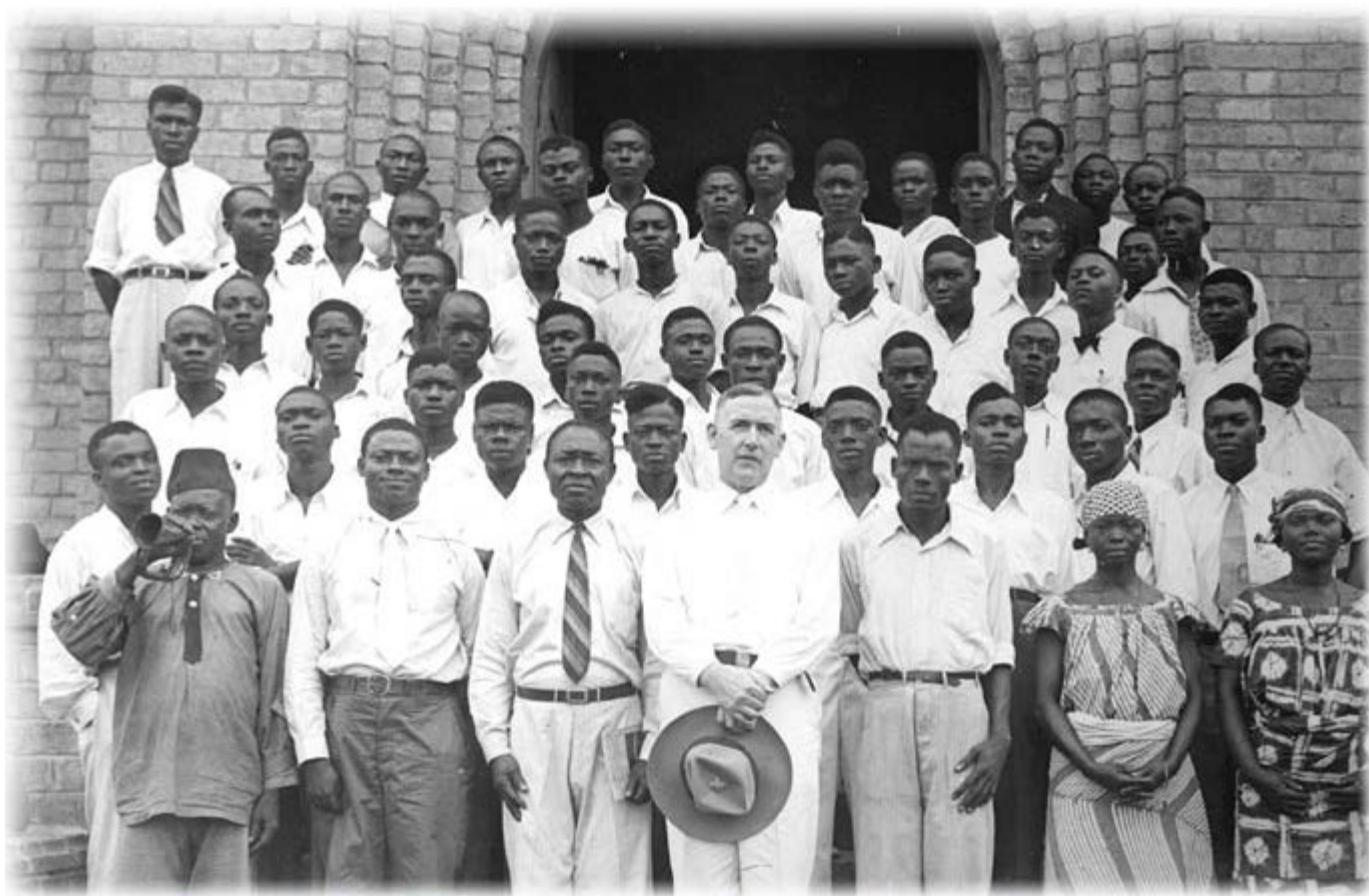
Lubilashi River Valley





A small part of Tshala Falls of the Lubilashi River





Rev. John Morrison and Luebo School teachers



Cotton Market



Baskets of cotton







A Kasai River steamer







Longeneckers - Early 1920's



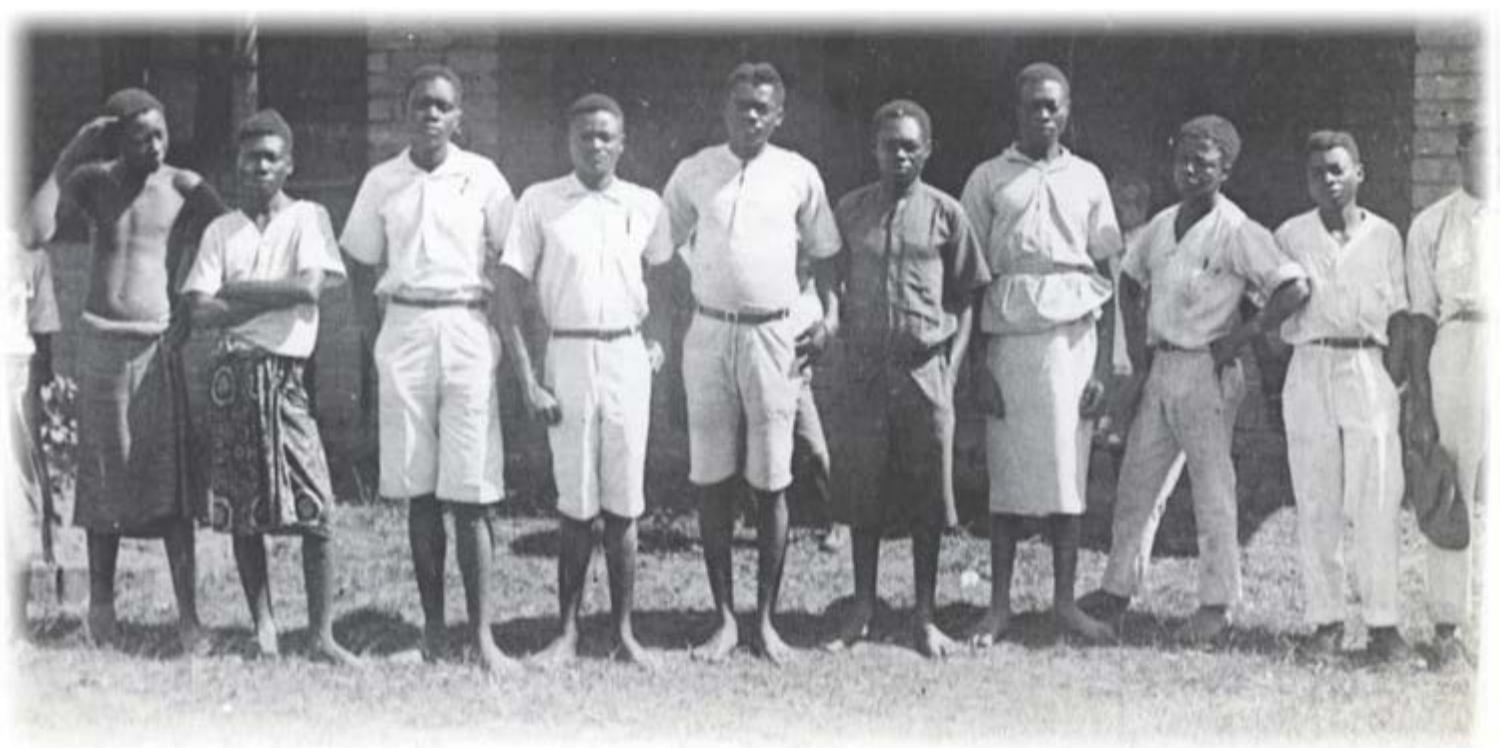
Alice and Dot



Lake Munkamba



Hammock and termite mound

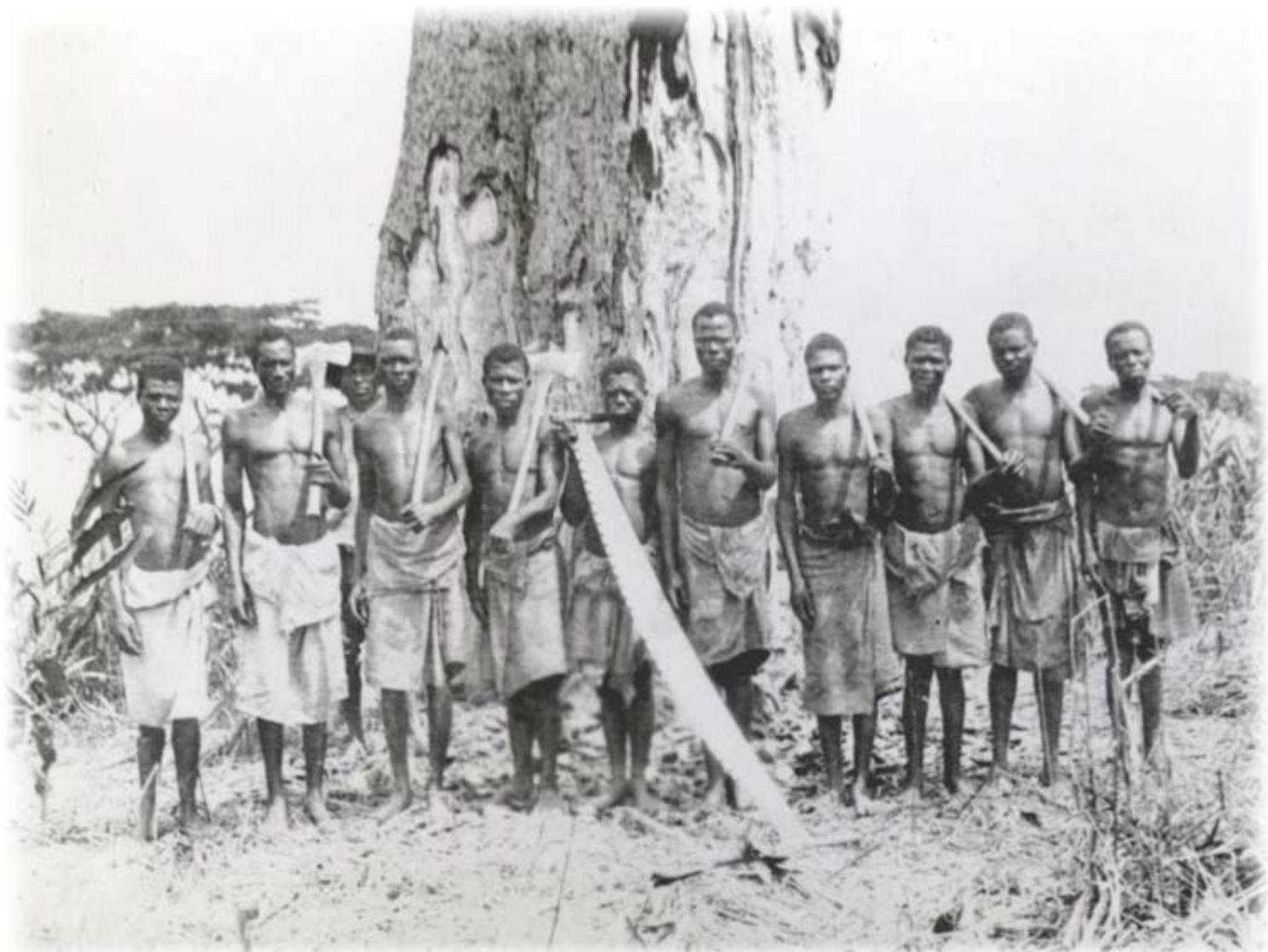




Baluba-sawyers---pitsaw



Porters carrying lumber seven miles to build a hospital.



Lusanga tree said to be filled with Mihongo (evil spirits)



Buluba sawyers - The planks are nearly ready for the carpenters.



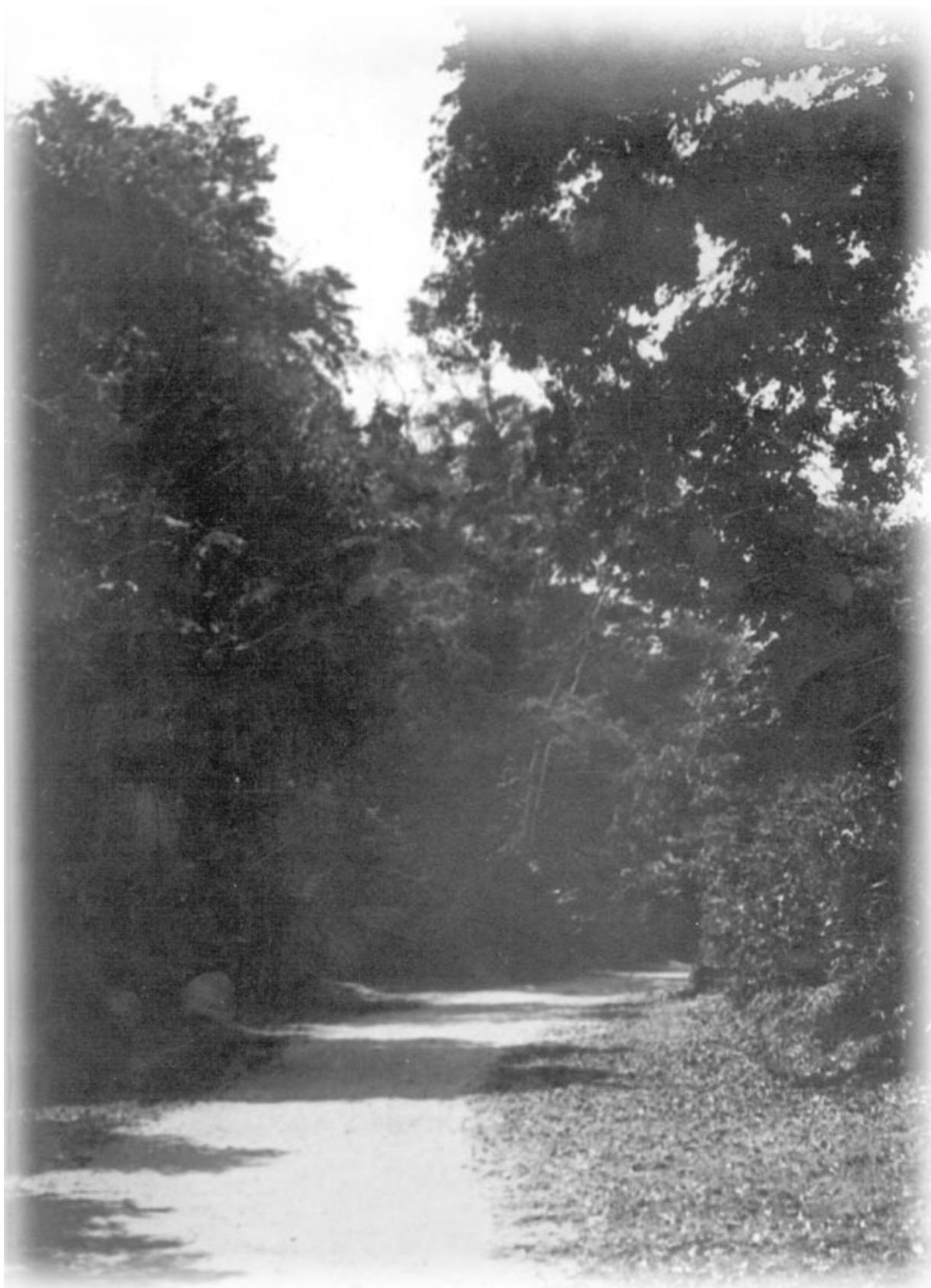
Mission Hospital at Bibanga



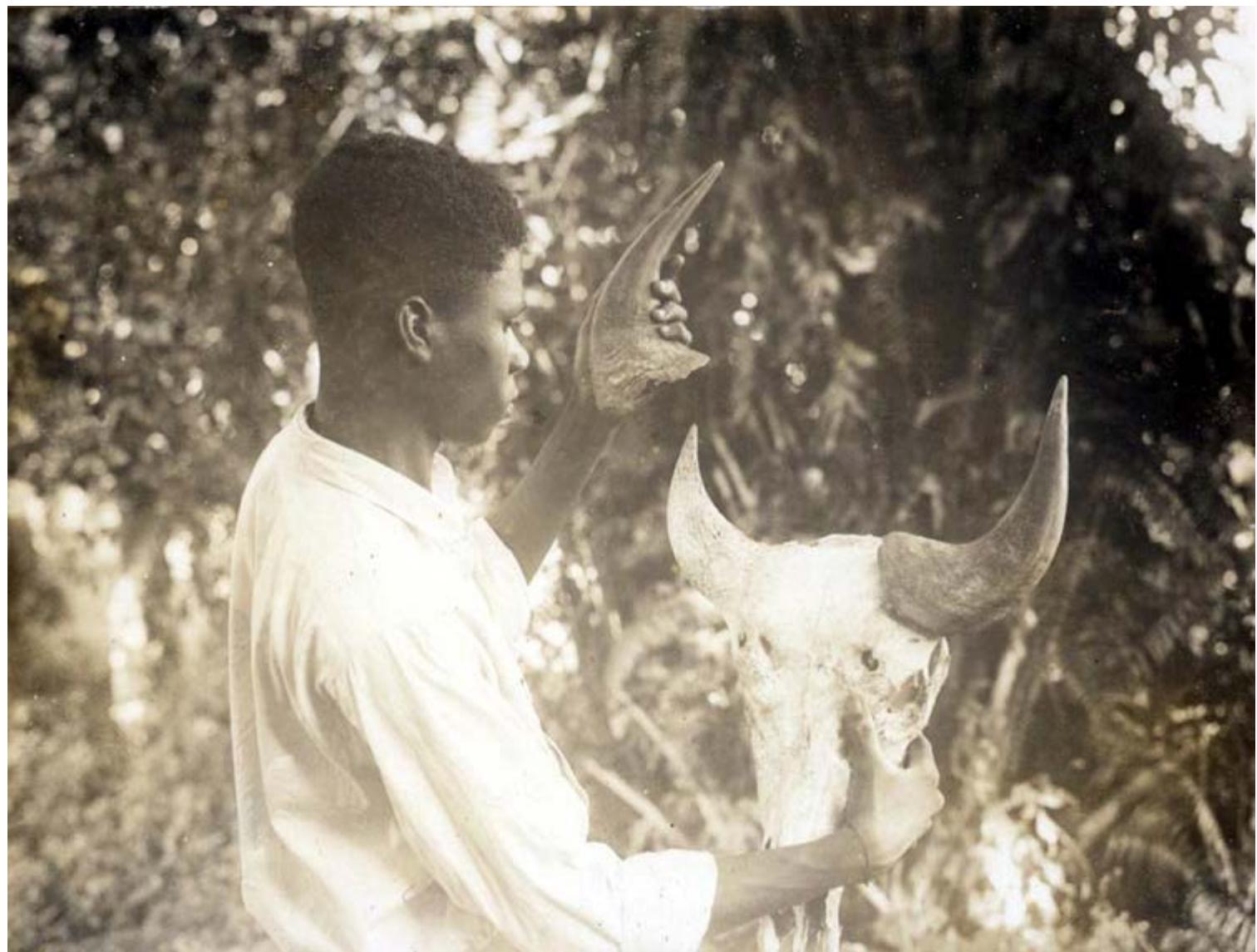
Road through Congo forest



Luebo man with pet mongooses



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Masked men of the Babindi



Babindi tribal costume and dance



A village guest house provided for use of white visitors.

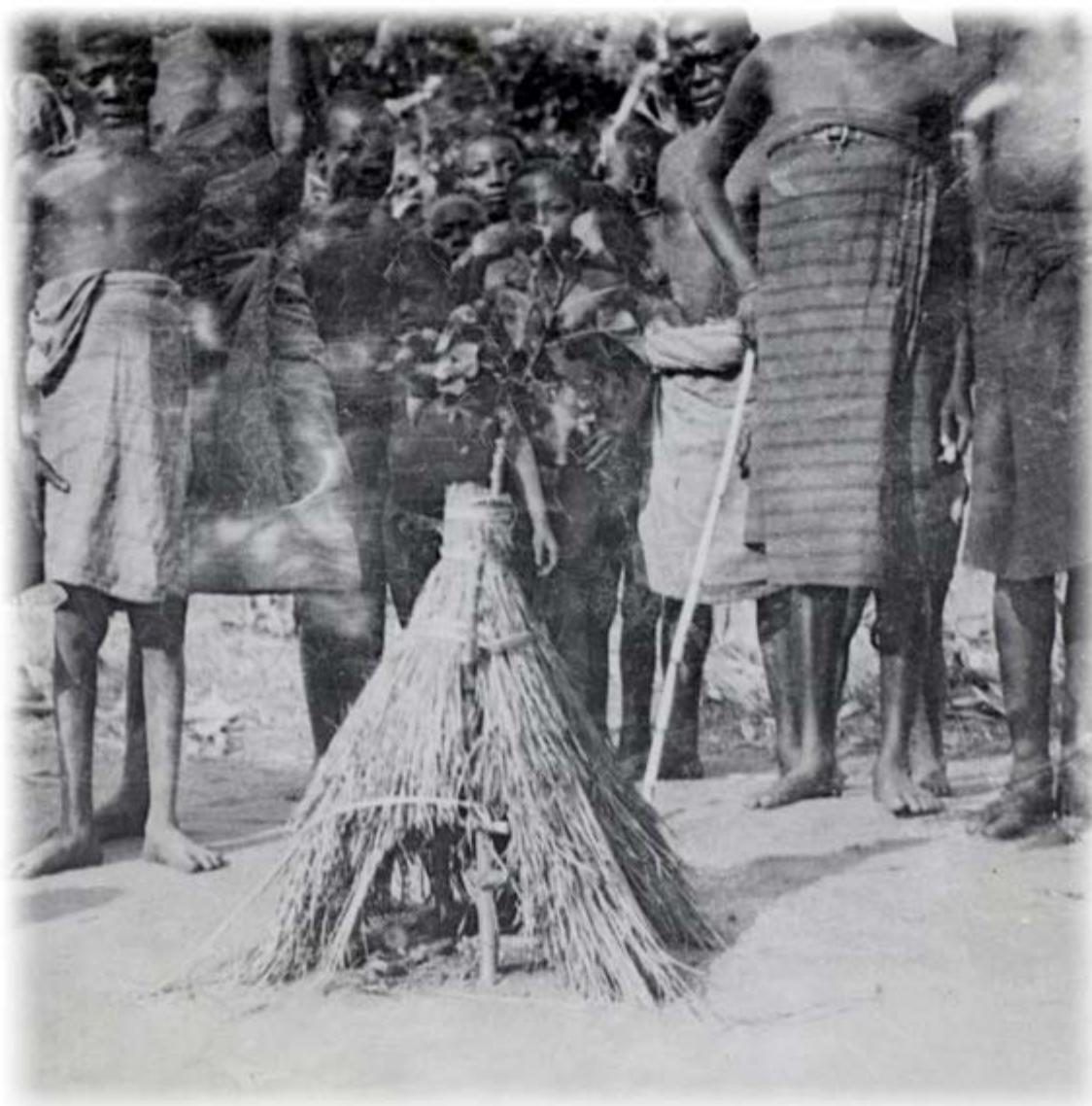


Mignon's Sunday School class at Luebo





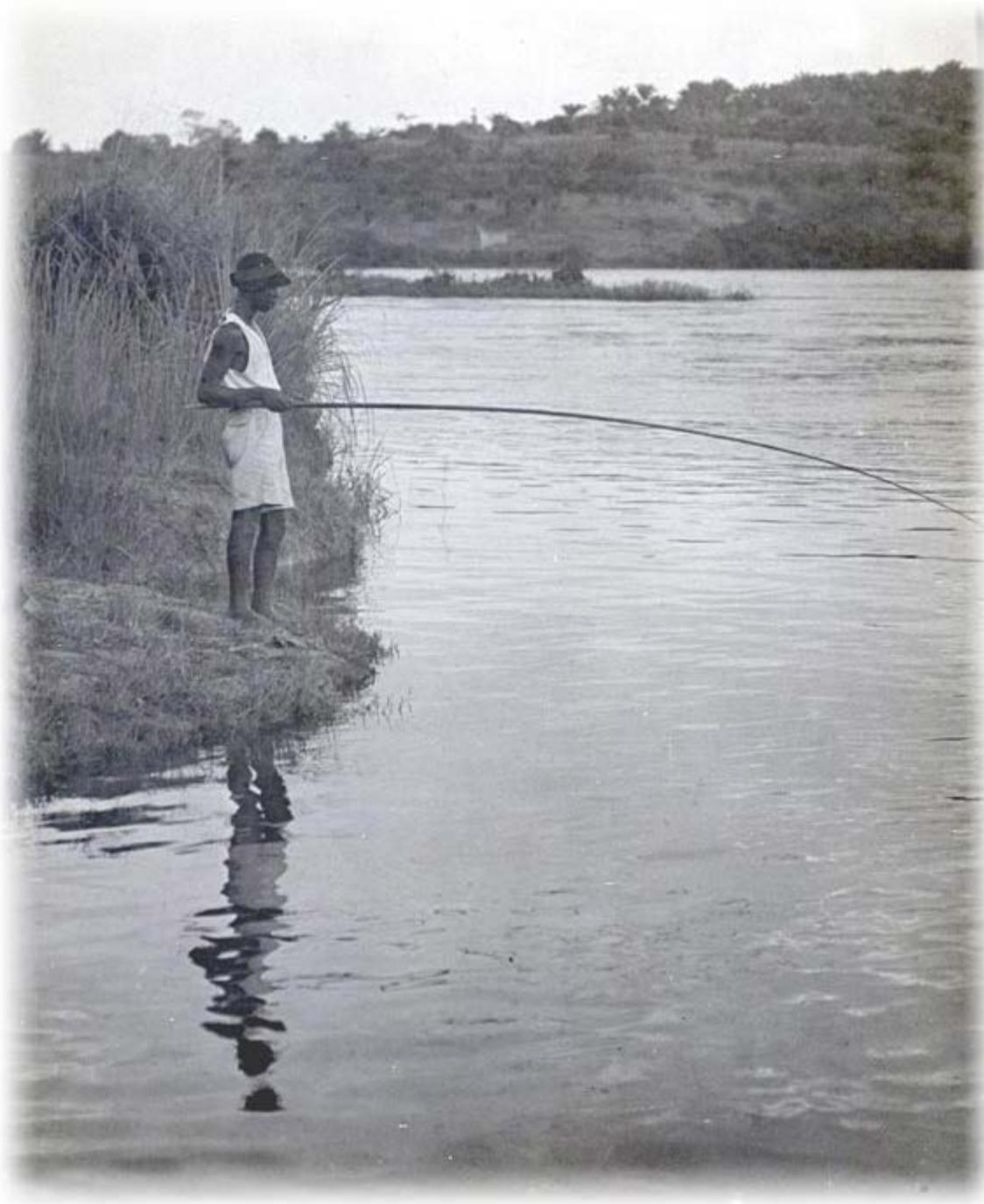
A village fetish



A very common Congo fetish erected to the spirits of ancestors



Original type of Baluba house



Young man fishing at Luebo



We got dollies



Making native cloth from palm leaf fiber



Mukete man trimming man's hat

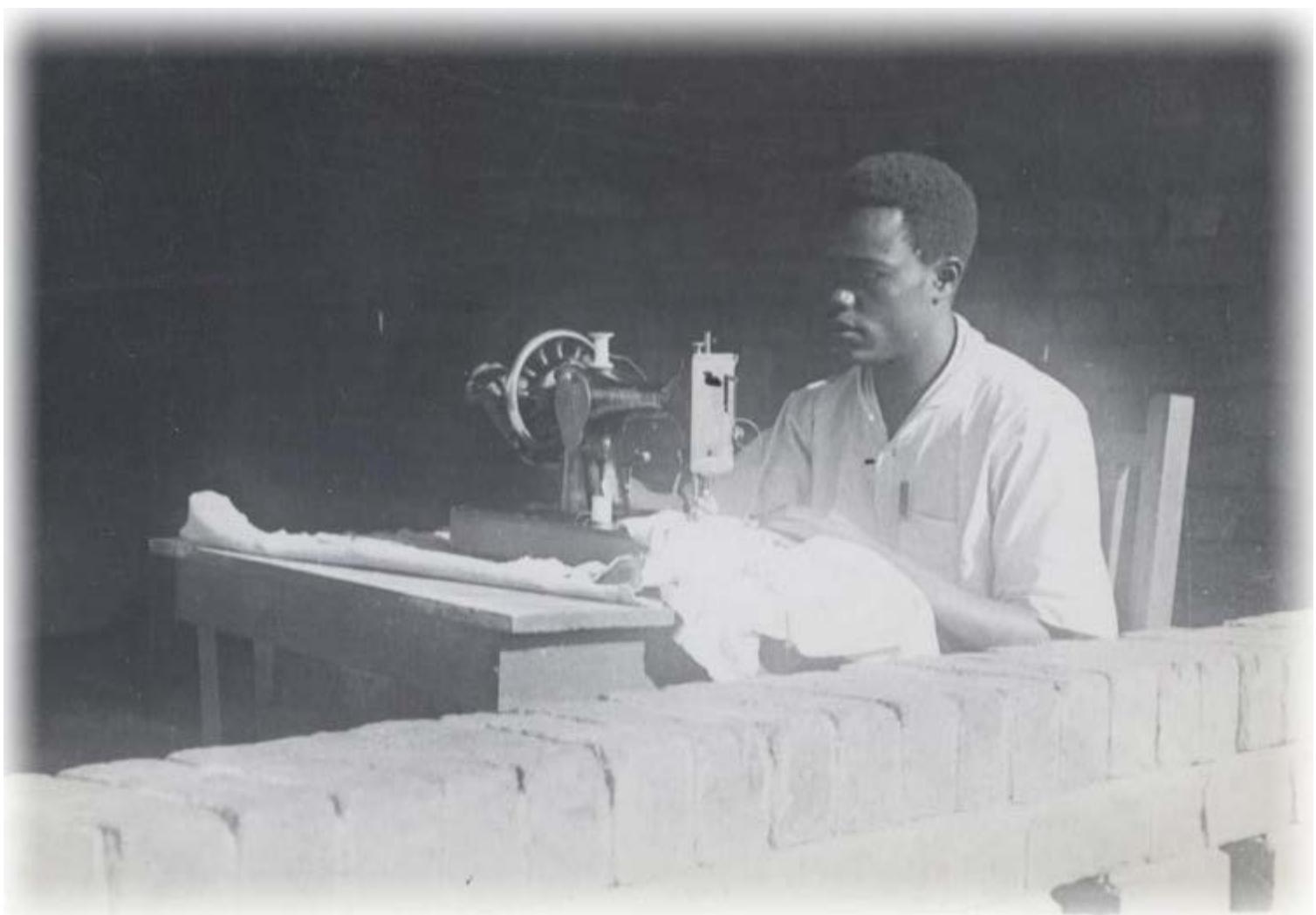


Coppersmith and Blacksmith from dbanji



This group of Press employees includes type-setters, press operators, bookbinders,
photo-engraver, artist and Monotype operator.

5



A talented helper, sewing



Mission Press, Luebo



Longeneckers - 1929



Alice, Dot and Jimmy



The ferry on which we cross the river is a platform built on dugout canoes.





Bakuba dancers performed before King Albert and Queen Elizabeth when they visited Congo in 1928.



King Albert visit 1928



The great great grandfather of the Brooklyn bridge



Forest road near Bulape



Cave made by white ants under a verandah. There were three such caves each large enough for a man to hide in..



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Lake and sailboat



Jimmy, Alice and Dot



Sightseeing. Congo villagers on the riverbank watching the white men put an automobile across the Lubilashi River on a ferry made out of native dugout canoes.



Car ferry and canoers on river



Luebo First Church where Hershey preached



Man in hat weaving nice mat



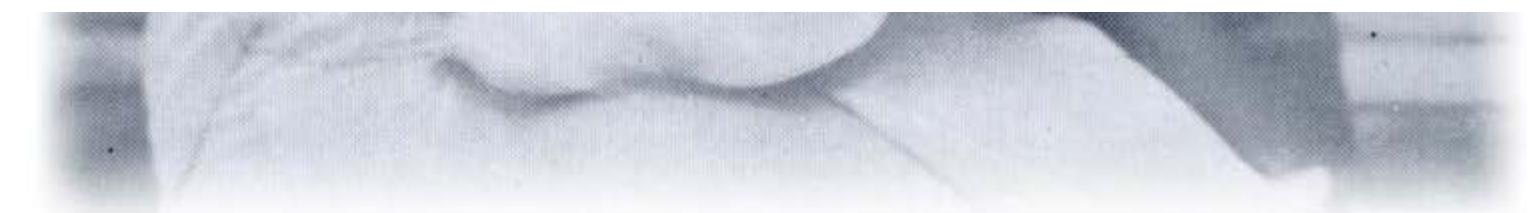
Mukete archer near Bulape

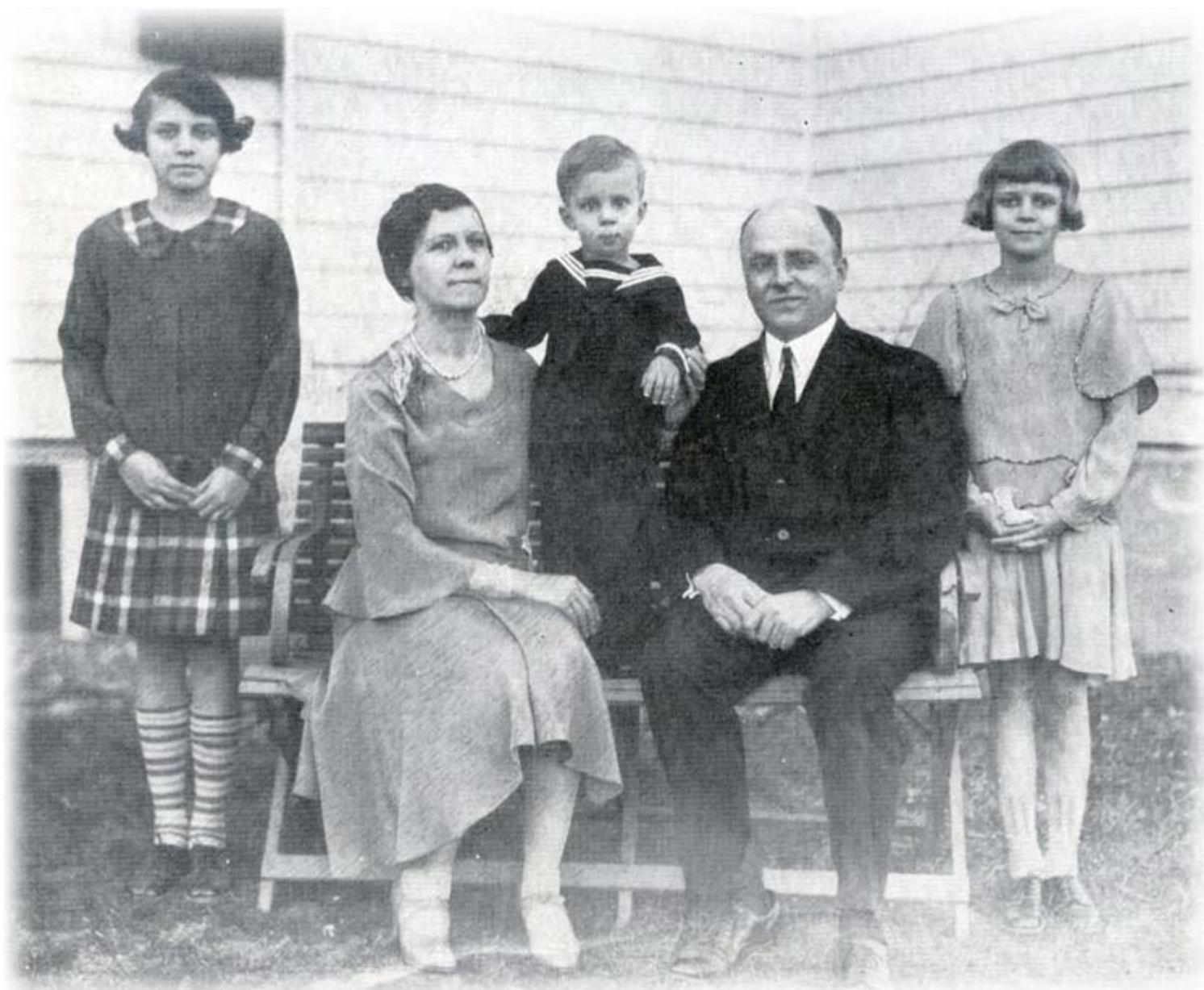


**Jimmy was named after the Pastor Kalombo.
Hershey occupied the pulpit with him rotating Sundays at Luebo.**



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Jim Allen, Mrs Deland, Gilbert Moore, Mrs. McKinnon, Mr. McKinnon, Mr. McElory

Bill Anderson, Mrs. Shive, Mr. Shive, Katie Smith, Plumer Smith, Earl King, Celia King,

Miss Ida Black, Mr. Day Carper, Bessie Carper, Sarah Stegall, Carroll Stegall

Glenn and Mrs. Murray, Hoyt Miller, Miss Holladay, Virginia Allen, J.H. Longenecker

Roy & Lenoir Cleveland, Hezzy & Lilly Washburn, Merle Miller, Minnie Longenecker

Mrs. McKee, Miss Miller

Marietta Stixrud, Mr. Craig, Ira Moore, George McKee, Dr. Stixrud, Mrs. Jane McElroy

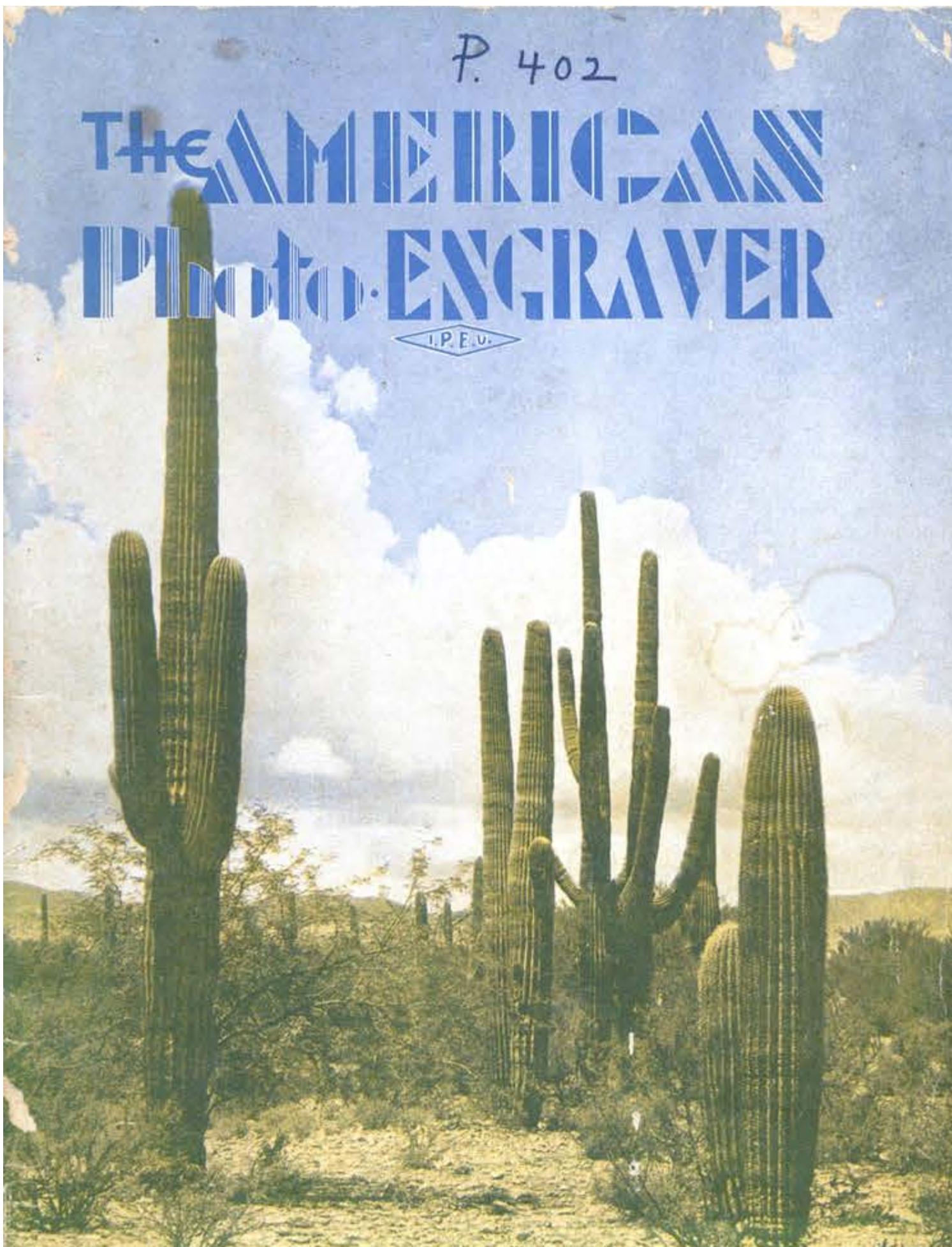
Dr. Motte Martin, Lachlan & Winnie Vass, Merle Mille

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P. 402

The AMERICAN Photo·ENGRAVER

I.P.E.U.





Arizona

Photo-Engraving in the Interior of Africa

THE recent receipt of a half-tone proof made by a missionary in the interior of Africa caused an inquiry to be made of the Treasurer of the American Presbyterian Congo Mission as to the man responsible for the engraving and information as to the equipment with which the work was performed.

The story is told in a letter addressed to Mr. Walter C. Johnson of the Chattanooga News. A remarkable feature is that Mr. J. H. Longenecker who writes the letter is engaged in evangelistic work in the A. P. C. M. and engraving is a side line with him. His story of the only engraving plant in a country as big as the section of the United States east of the Mississippi and located within five degrees of the Equator will prove interesting, especially to those with any technical knowledge of photo-engraving.

American Presbyterian Congo Mission

Editeurs Du Lumu Lua Bena Kasai
Luebo, Congo Belge
My dear Mr. Johnson:

Mr. Craig kindly showed me your letter which he received the other day, and it pleased me very much. Most of our friends (A. P. C. M.) in the States know nothing of the photo-engraving process, and so are not prepared to appreciate the thrill of our little adventure in photo-engraving

French, Buluba and Bushonga, books, booklets, etc. We have a bookbinding department, and do our own type-casting. I am the final proofreader, handle the make-up of our paper and all books, the correspondence, piece-work payrolls, and am the trouble man when a press needs repairs or the motor breaks down, and must make the decisions in all sorts of details around the works. Also I am a minister and preach some, and have some share in the evangelistic work of the Mission. I mention the above matters so you will see what I mean when I say the engraving is a sideline with me.

But you asked about our equipment. We now have a little brick shop with metal roof, which suits us very well.

Water System. A gasoline drum, some pipe, two faucets, and an African man with two pails who carries our water supply up a hill 300 feet high from a spring a half mile away.

Whirling and Burning in Outfit. Small gasoline stove (designed to heat a coffee urn) with the tank of an old gasoline lamp for pressure tank. Whirler is a home-made clamp of copper strips hung from a bicycle hub.

Lens. Hunter-Penrose 15-inch engraving lens, with prism.

Screen. Levy 11x14 inch 100-line half-tone screen.

Camera. A darkroom camera of

work out here.

Our experiment in engraving here is my hobby. If engraving were anything but a side-line with me I might hope to become proficient in the art. But I am editor of our monthly paper in the Buluba language, and have full responsibility for the work of this Press, where we print in English,

my own design, probably the only one of its kind in the world. White ants, borers and other insects, and rats, are all of them enemies of a leather bellows. So when I saw a mention of custombuilt darkroom cameras in Ostrander-Seymour catalogue, I knew that a darkroom camera was the very thing, and would

—102—

THE AMERICAN PHOTO-ENGRAVER

save us a few hundred dollars besides. We built a small brick-walled darkroom, with a home-made sink in a corner. A wooden rail extends across the room a few inches above the floor. A camera stand on three wheels travels the length of this rail, which serves as a guide to keep the plate parallel to the copy-board. The camera stand is not large, so I can walk all around it in the darkroom. For work by daylight there is an opening for the copy-board in the outside wall. For work by arc light there is an opening in the opposite wall. The screenholder and plate holder are both adjustable and reversible, rather crude home-made things, but they do the work. I am very happy about the way this camera idea has worked out.

Bath Holder. I use trays for my silver bath, as they are much cheaper than a regular bath.

Copy-board holders both vertical and horizontal are home-made.

Arc Lamps. We have a pair of good arc lamps for use at such rare times as electric current is available.

For **Copper-Plate** half-tones one needs but little equipment. We have a home-made printing frame and a pitch-lined box for the perchloride.

Line Etching Machine. This is a good little trick learned from Mr. Raymer. It is made of box boards, brass rod, shoe sole composition, a

ates in carpentry at the Industrial School.

Our greatest need in the line of equipment is constant electric current, and that is something we cannot hope for for a long time to come. However, sunlight helps a lot. The chief difficulty is that the light is so irregular, so the timing of exposures for half-tones often gives one trouble. If I worked at half-tone operating with sunlight all the time I could become somewhat skillful in judging light values. As it is, I lose some of my plates when there are fleeting clouds, which is so frequently the case here.

This business has all the thrill of a great adventure for me. For although I did not know it then, the chances were about 99 to 1 against me when I started, but happily I did not know it. And, anyway, there is lots of fun in doing impossible things. One thing that helped was the fact that the first treatise I read on engraving was a little French book written by a Roman Catholic Abbe in Paris. He claimed to have become more proficient than the artisans of Paris. I figured if he could learn engraving I just had to. What with that and having the National Geographic Magazine as a goal to work towards, we have plugged along. I figure I have run up against every problem in photo-engraving except frozen water pipes and competition. We are not

pane of glass, pitch, a bit of composition belting, flywheel from an old dental outfit, the crank from an old anvil and vise combination, a pulley from goodness-knows-where, etc.

Bench Router and Typehigh. A nice little thing gotten out by the Challenge Machinery Co.

Hack Saw is used for cutting metal, and a crude hand tool for beveling. Blocking, beveling and routing are done by our general mechanic Ndibu, who was one of Mr. Stegall's gradu-

troubled with either of these. Here is a country as big as the United States east of the Mississippi, and mine the only engraving establishment, unless I am much mistaken.

But here is the thrill. I came back with enough of supplies to last me four years and as I expected would have to do all the operating and etching. But it was suggested that I might try our sentry here. He seemed to be the laziest man in the world. But he has actually learned to take

THE AMERICAN PHOTO-ENGRAVER

my line negative when I have made it, and polish and sensitize his own plate, make the print, ink it up, develop, powder and burn it in, etch the thing, doing his four-way powdering all the way through. This opens wonderful possibilities for us. But the trouble is, my supplies will be finished in less than a year, and not a cent in sight to buy more.

There is another thrill. A boy at Mutoto showed a talent for drawing, and after some instruction has now come to us, and I am amazed at what he can do.

One thing remains. I spent the last week or so on three-color half-tone work. Unless the Lord shows me there is something wrong about it that I cannot now see, it is my purpose to do some three-color half-tone work here. I am counting on my artist boy to do the re-etching, and all handwork on the copper-plates. In fact, if he shows any talent along that line I mean to try him on half-tone operating. And if he gets that, then he can make half-tones from the color-separation positives. If the Lord provides enough of funds to carry out my experiments, I hope to work along the line of developing all the native skill possible for the benefit of their

We reason something like this. God has used color most generously in nature. Why should we not use color in spreading the Gospel of His grace? We cannot believe that He means for color to be used only for selling automobiles and toothpaste and soap and cigarettes. We feel it must be right to use color in spreading the Gospel among a primitive people. And we will use it if we can. So that is our next great adventure.

This photo-engraving business is a straight-out donation to the cause of Gospel literature out here. Our line etcher gets a bit better than \$2 per month and our artist about \$3 per month, and my time is not counted.

But supplies and the salaries of these workers and the water man cost money. And if you see anybody who wants to put a dollar or five hundred dollars into the most interesting photo-engraving experiment in the world today, just tell him to send me a check. But for goodness sake, do not let him reduce his missionary gift elsewhere to do this.

Yours in His service,
J. HERSEY LONGENECKER
American Presbyterian Congo
Mission

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people.

Luebo, Belgian Congo, Africa

THE FINDLAY COURIER—SATURDAY, MAY 21, 19

DID YOU KNOW? --- By R. J. Scott



Copyright, 1932, by Central Press Association, Inc.





Little plants growing in palm bark



Dot and Alice - 1934



Jim, Alice and Dot on bicycles



Puzzle - Find Jimmy's monkey in the tree - notice the papayas



Longeneckers - mid 1930s



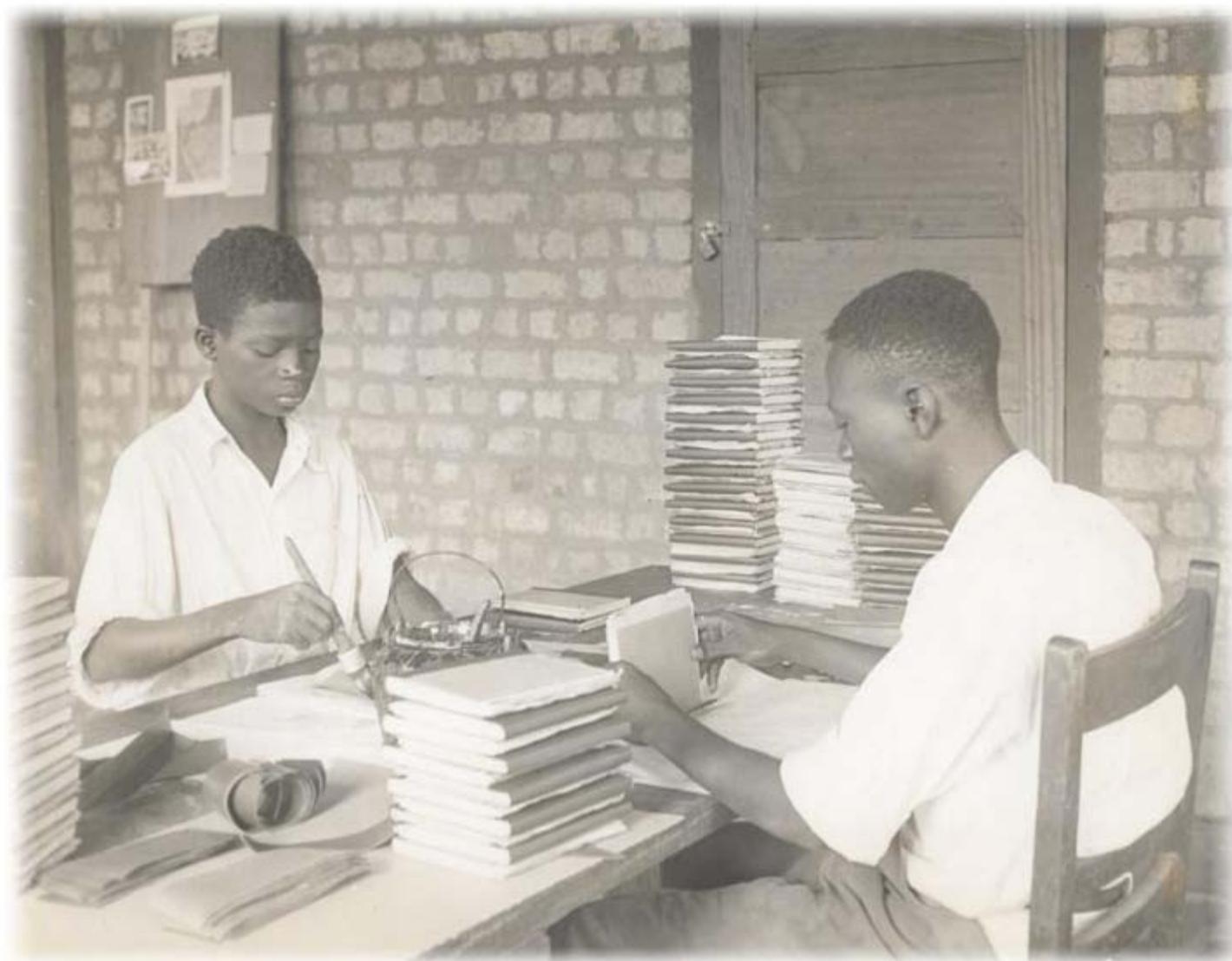
One view of our home.

We have beautiful views of clouds during the 8 months of rainy season.



Just as they are here - near the mission printing office





Bookbinders at Mission Press



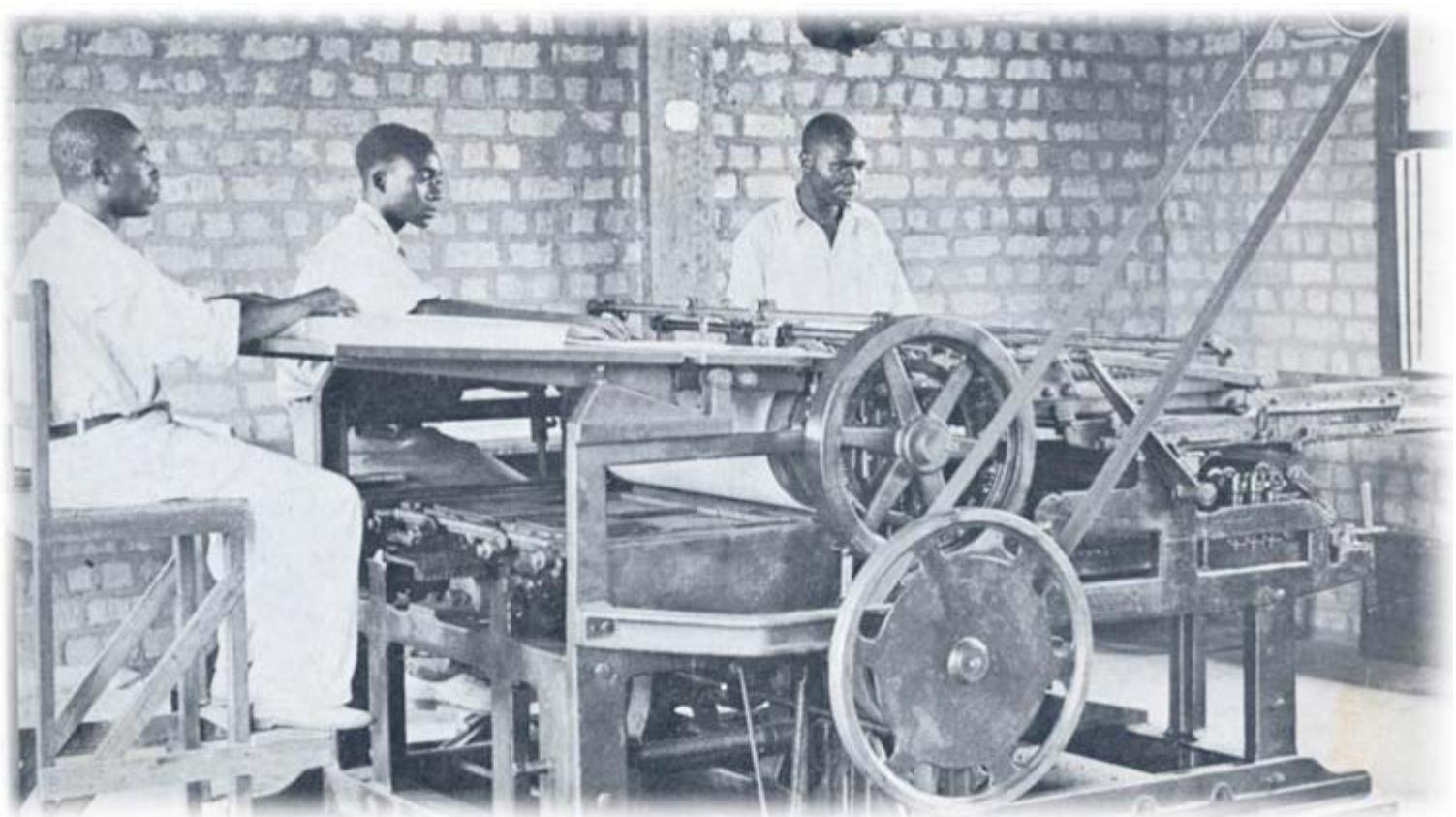
Luebo Market



Native Typesetters at Mission Press, trained by Hershey



Correcting type forms for mission literature



Operating a Flatbed Press - The man at right is Shapete, shop foreman.



Visitors in large rubber plantation on Kasai River



The Longenecker family reunited in Richmond, Virginia after a wartime separation of 6 years and 8 months. The girls in college, the rest in Congo.



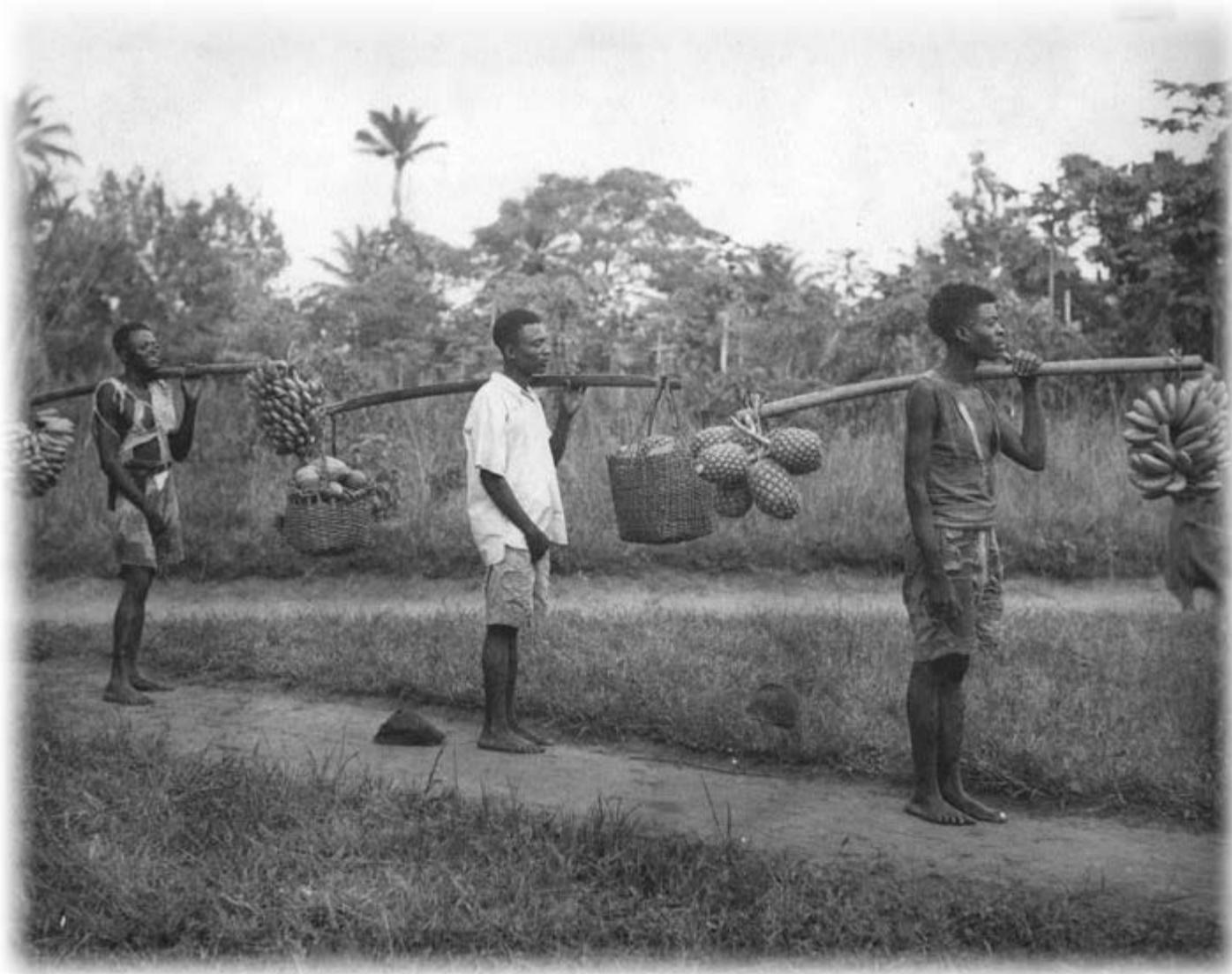
Eleanora and Kirk Morrison



Warrior chief and wives - possibly former cannibal



A part of a native market. The sellers seat themselves as closely as possible on the ground and the buyers get around among them as best they can.



These farm laborers bring fruit to our house nearly every day



Kazadi Alexander (left) principal, and his staff of teachers
of the Kasha school, 500 pupils. Mignon was superintendent.



The missionary group, with children, at an annual mission meeting.



Hyena killed in Hershey's yard



Christian Women's Circle -Bible and Hymnbooks on heads



Borrowed glory - Elephant skull

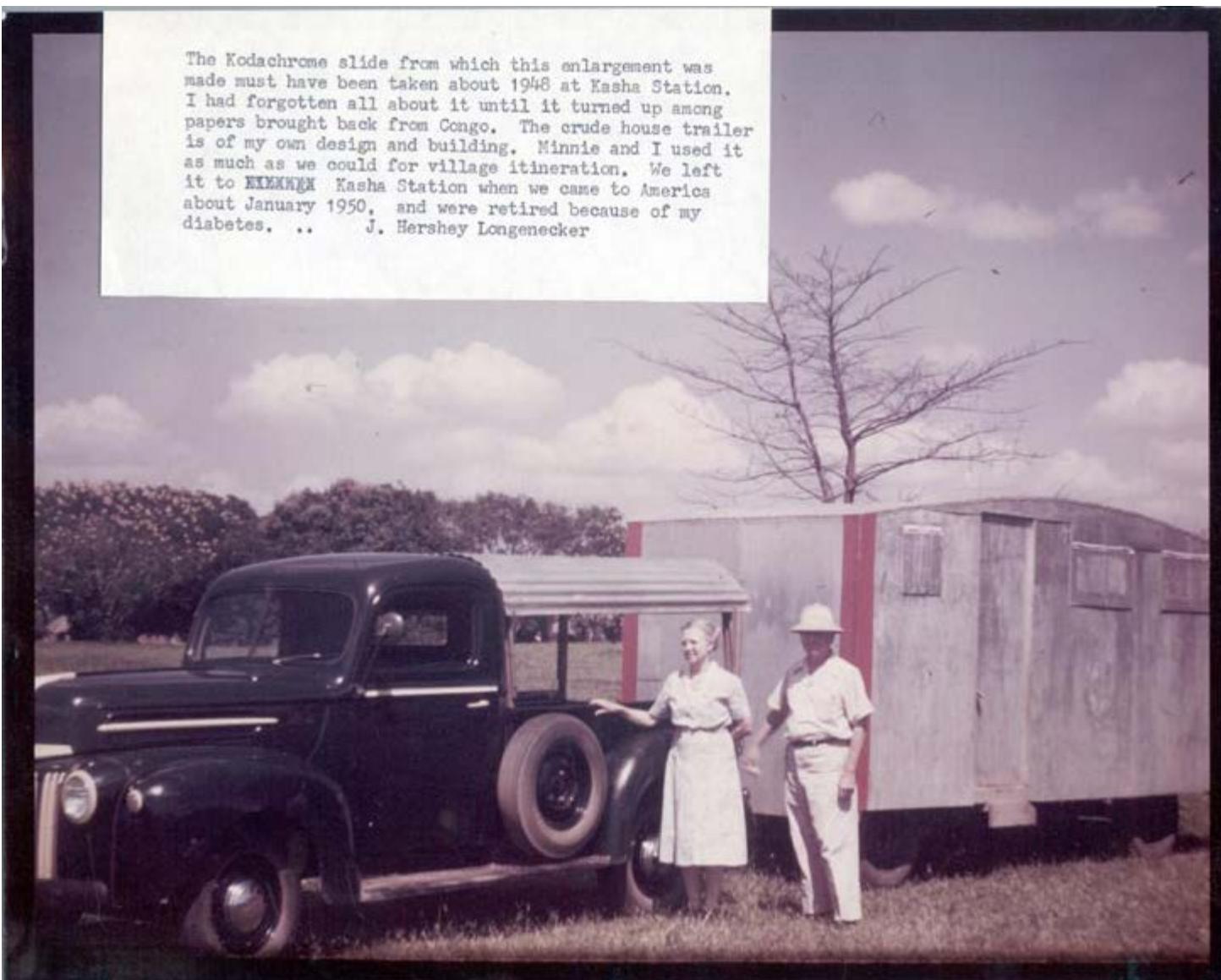


New Dispensery at Kasha - waiting room



New Dispensery at Kasha - April 1950

The Kodachrome slide from which this enlargement was made must have been taken about 1948 at Kasha Station. I had forgotten all about it until it turned up among papers brought back from Congo. The crude house trailer is of my own design and building. Minnie and I used it as much as we could for village itineration. We left it to ~~KENYA~~ Kasha Station when we came to America about January 1950, and were retired because of my diabetes. ... J. Hershey Longenecker





Native chief - father had 150 wives



A delegation of Bene Kasenga women. Note the unique haircuts.



Husband and wife going to market



Women with tithes of corn at the church



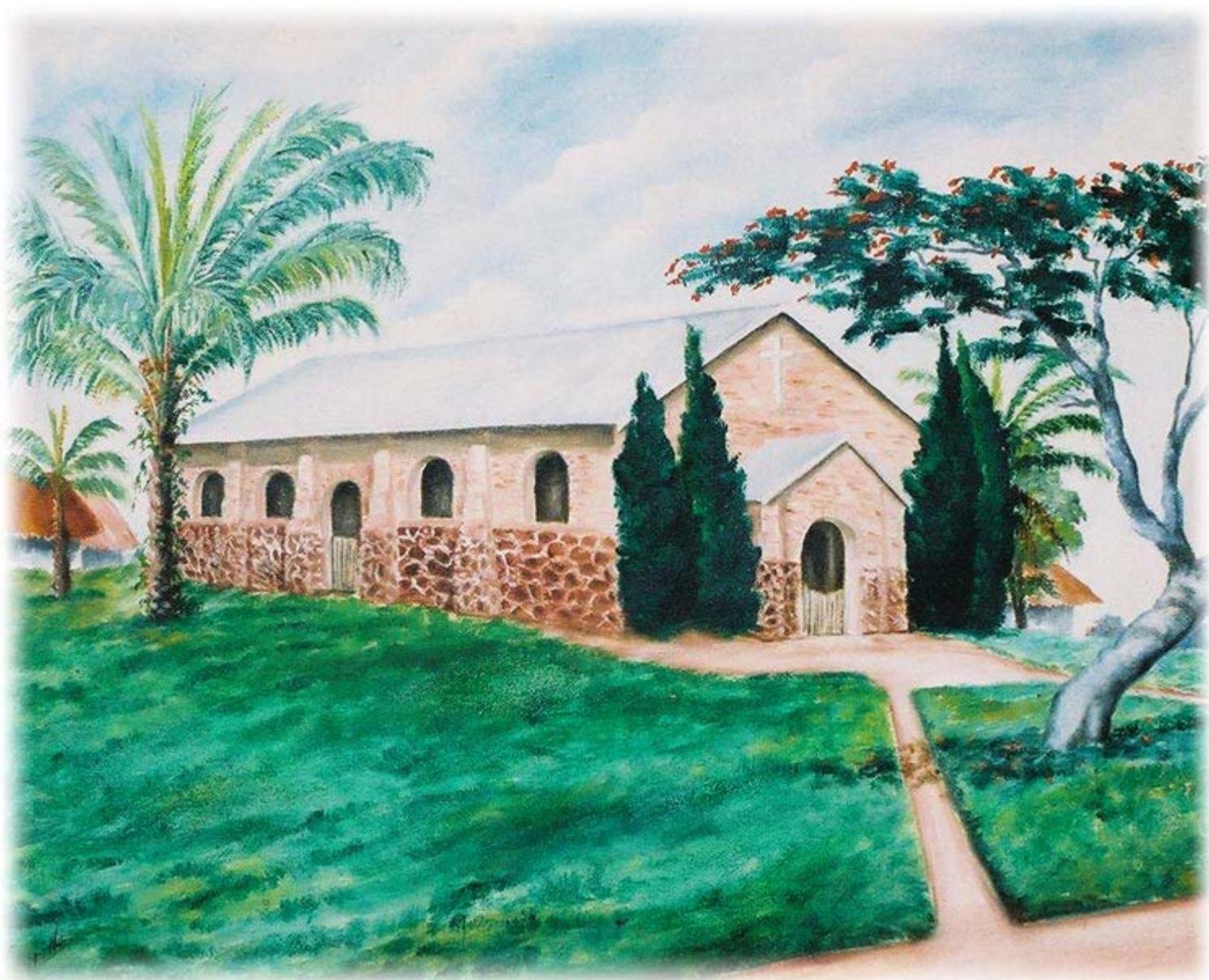
Trading post at Luluabourg



Luebo Market Crowd



Grasshoppers, ants and salt for sale





Typical Congo Christian family

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