

Friendly Endeavor

Northwest Yearly Meeting of Friends Church
(Quakers)

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The Friendly Endeavor

Volume 10, Number 11.

PORTLAND, OREGON

November, 1931.

"WITH THANKSGIVING"

As the annual Thanksgiving season again crosses the path of life, many people will be saying, "There isn't much for which to give thanks this year."

The world is full of distress, famine, peril and sword. The foremost problem to many is that of securing food, clothing and shelter. In addition to this economic situation the moral picture is heart-breaking. Crime, unbelievable in its horror and uncounted in its variations, is the chief topic of the daily news. Surely the message of love and peace as brought by Jesus Christ does not occupy the heart and lives of the majority of people. But—Thanksgiving Day is here! What is the day to mean this year?

Everyone can give praise that conditions are no worse and that God's mercy is still extended in salvation to those who will believe. God's children should swell the sound of praise in acknowledgment of their Father's protecting and providing care in the midst of surrounding dangers. The gift of Jesus as the Savior of men, and the daily presence of the Holy Spirit is sufficient to call forth anthems of praise! Oregon Yearly Meeting of Friends surely owes much praise for God's blessing upon them, both in the homeland and in Bolivia. God has set His seal upon the program of the church and "when God is for us, who can be against us?"

While there are many reasons for thanksgiving, perhaps request seems uppermost in the hearts and minds of some. The cares of life have grown so complicated that it seems impossible to meet the demands of every day. The tendency is to spend so much time and attention in attempting to solve these problems that God and His willingness to aid is forgotten. "All things are possible with God."

For the Christian God's kingdom and its work comes FIRST. When time is filled with everyday duties and the stress of present-day living, there is real danger of forgetting this. Moreover, it is the devil's business to damage the memory as much as possible. Some leave the Lord's work until last; then, if there is time and money to spare this remnant is given to the Master. No wonder the pastors have a hard time to live and the missionary work is curbed. God's interests are the Christian's FIRST concern! Shall not the treasury of the church be kept full first and then use from the remainder for self? No doubt sacrifice will be the result, but God will honor and see that His children do not have to begin "begging bread."

"With thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." Phil. 4:6. In God's opinion thanksgiving and request are closely linked. In fact God often grants the desire of His children after listening to their voices of praise and before they have uttered the petition. At other times He waits to release His power until thanksgiving for the coming

answer is given as an offering of faith.

To those who are tempted to discouragement look up and "With thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." God is still on the throne and is the same God today that He has ever been. No condition is too hard for Him.

As a church and as a Christian Endeavor Union let us not experience the loss of God's blessing because we become too much concerned and anxious about the cares of life or fearful of giving some of what we have to the Lord. Let us as a united group give thanks to God for His abundant blessings to us and request that He help us as individuals and as a group to keep a clear vision, a steadfast faith and a persistent, sacrificial spirit that the work of the church, both at home and in Bolivia, may not suffer. God hears and answers prayer!

CAN YOU HELP?

Less than two months in 1931 finds The Friendly Endeavor sadly in need of funds to continue. There is not enough money in The Friendly Endeavor treasury to pay for printing the December issue. If your Society has not paid for The Friendly Endeavor this year, could not you get busy?

The following Societies are in arrears on the 1931 budget:

Greenleaf	\$20.00
Piedmont	17.00
Boise	14.00
Springbrook	12.00
Highland	6.00
Sherwood	4.00
Middleton	3.00

Total

\$76.00
We do not believe in running the paper on credit. **CASH or QUIT.**

Send money to Walter P. Lee, 1037 Hammond Avenue, Portland, Oregon.

WHAT GOD HATH PROMISED

God hath not promised
Skies always blue,
Flower-strewn pathways
All our lives through;
God hath not promised
Sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow
Peace without pain.

But God hath promised
Strength for the day,
Rest for the labor,
Light for the way,
Grace for the trials,
Help from above,
Unfailing sympathy,
Undying love.

—Annie Johnson Flint.

Many a rich blessing has been rejected and lost by us because we have refused the little thorn that comes with it.

FROM THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

At a recent meeting many of the questions which have been asked by societies concerning the goals of the chart were discussed. Following is a word about a few of them:

Concerning the study of six Quaker biographies, the committee decided to send to each society an outline to direct the study. The study is not to be very detailed, but rather general. These outlines will reach you within a very few weeks.

Some have thought the chart was asking a good deal to list two study classes (if the biographies were studied in a class). Please notice that the mission study class is only required for ten hours, so there will be time after that is over to have the one on Quaker biographies. A class of an hour for each person in the list would suffice for this, if the lessons are well planned.

Please be free to send in any other questions you have.

From the list of mission study books we recommend "The Land of the Golden Man" for Intermediates and the other two for Senior societies.

Mildred Hadley, Superintendent of Portland Quarter, is making a collection of helps for original meetings. When you have an especially successful meeting, write the plan and mail it to her at 1133 East Main Street, Portland. If one of the plans from the Lesson Helps is especially successful in your society mention that to her also. Any criticism or suggestion for improving them will also be greatly appreciated.

LET GOD BEAT TIME

We love the major melody in life's song, but wince when we come to a minor score. The "holds" and "rests" and "retards" trouble us not a little. How often do we disregard them. How slow we are to catch the heavenly rhythm.

We love sunshine, singing birds and fragrant flowers, smiling faces, laughter and rose-lined avenues. Crepe, the lily wreath and funeral train—with sob and falling clod and sighing pine—seem to make a discord. Yet, if we only knew, the heartbreaking notes of sorrow make the song all the sweeter and thus attracts the world's attention. God is writing the score. He knows exactly how low or how high you can sing. **WATCH THE BATON.** Let God beat time.

You may think the chorus incomplete unless your voice is heard. Not so. Mind the pauses. A "rest" will do you good. Listen awhile. **CATCH THE OTHER NOTES.** The harmony will go on even though you kneel beside a wreath-strewn grave. God has arranged your part. You are singing your part now. You need not miss a note. It may be "Father knows" in the bass, or "Amen, Jesus" in the treble; sing your part and let God beat time.

God sanctified you in order that He might get music out of your life. Do

The Friendly Endeavor

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not spoil the harmony trying to sing when He indicates a "rest." Keep still. How it must grieve saint and angel and the Master Himself when you strike the wrong note or ignore a pause. Watch the baton. Catch the tempo. Let God beat time; that means music.

God sanctified you that you might have part in the harmony; that you might make melody. The sighing pine and weeping willow sing in nature's chorus. If you will be quiet you may hear their melodies that assuage grief long borne for one laid beneath the trees. All nature is trying to teach you there is music in God's plan for you.

God knows how to write life's song. "The score" may seem difficult, but a holy heart shall learn to read it. Learn well the song in all of its marked variations on earth and you will fully understand life's "scores" when you play in the grand hallelujah rehearsal in the skies.—Sel.

A JUNE DAY

Dawn comes very early these summer days and with it activities. Not the activities that are usually carried on when it is not so hot, but there is some work which must be done and this work claims our time the cool part of the day, for you must remember this is the hot season in India.

From 5:00 o'clock in the morning or before there is a stir throughout our compound. Some of the boys from the orphanage scatter to begin their work that they may finish it before it becomes so hot. The fathers of the families begin to draw water for their homes, making the well a very busy place. We, too, feel it is good to get up and do something before the heat of the day, so we come out of our mosquito net covered bed to begin our day.

During the month of May we had some very hot nights, but this first week of June we have been able to sleep quite comfortably a good part of the night. Every one sleeps outside, not on porches, but right out in the open these days.

At 6:30 o'clock each morning we have prayers at which time all the men of our compound, the girls and boys from the orphanage, are supposed to be

present. At this meeting we sing a song, read the daily Bible readings from the Sunday School quarterly and have prayer. After this the work of the day starts for those who have not already begun. The work is finished at irregular hours because those who started early will, of course, finish sooner and the later ones will return later, but by 11:00 a. m. most all have come and are prepared for their food.

Many of the men are taking their vacations now, so much of the regular work is not being carried on.

From noon until 2:00 p. m. most everyone is in his home, closed in from the heat and resting. Everything is still except the wind, which sounds like a cold March wind at home blowing at a terrific speed, but this wind is anything but cold, rather like a breath from a furnace. From 2:00 to 3:00 o'clock the orphanage boys begin to wake up and stir about. We know because our house is a part of the orphanage wall. Even though it is still hot they begin their play. As evening approaches more people are out and about and we venture out after four if a necessity arises, if not then we stay in until later, but we are glad to get out when the hot wind ceases to blow and evening comes on bringing with it relief from the hot sun.

By 9:00 or 10:00 and sometimes later we again crawl inside our net-covered bed and thus another day has taken its flight and we are left to think, to pray or to sleep as the need may be or as the weather may permit.

GENEVA BOLITHO, Nowgong, India.
A member at Melba, Idaho.

TOPICS FOR DECEMBER

December 6—How Jesus Reveals God's Love. John 14:1-11. (Consecration Meeting.)

December 13—Making Christmas Christian. Micah 4:1-5.

December 20—The Meaning of Christmas to the World Today. Luke 2:8-14, 25-32.

December 27—Should We Learn from the Experiences of Others? Why? How? Hebrews 11:32-40; 12:1-2.

Aunt Cora's Column

THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS

It was the evening of the annual Christian Endeavor banquet given on the week before Thanksgiving, and the long table was full of good things to eat and surrounded by a clean group of happy young people. Aunt Cora, as guest of honor, was seated at the head of the table. At present, she was listening to the bits of conversation that drifted her way.

"Life certainly isn't worth living unless you have money to live well," she heard Tom Benton say discontentedly.

"Why, Tom," Betty said in surprise, "I think life is jolly well worth living. There's something wonderful happening all the time."

"It's all right while you are young," another chimed in, "but I can't see what old people have to be thankful for, especially if you have lost friends and health."

"As long as one has somebody to love, one could be thankful," Lucille said.

"I would say as long as one loves God

and humanity," Bob said after some hesitation.

There was silence for a moment and Aunt Cora seized the opportunity.

"Agnes," she said, calling to a girl about half way down the table, "I wish you would tell these folks what you told me yesterday when I asked you what you had to be thankful for this year."

Agnes flushed as all eyes turned in her direction. They all knew Agnes was alone in the world and had to work hard for her living. Of all present her's was perhaps the hardest life.

"I said that every day I think steadily for five minutes of the causes I have for joy and thankfulness," she said.

"If you don't mind, I wish you would tell them just what you told me you had found in that day," Aunt Cora said kindly.

"Of course I don't mind," Agnes smiled. "In the first place, when I awoke the sun was shining in my window. To have a sunny room is wonderful, don't you think?"

"Then I had a delightful walk downtown. I happened to meet a girl I love and hadn't seen for a long time and we had the nicest visit. She promised to lend me a book I had been especially eager to read and when I got home the book was there. Besides the boss praised a bit of work I did and one of the girls in the office took me to an entertainment in the evening. Wasn't that a thankful day? And every day is just as thankful."

"Thank you, Agnes," Aunt Cora said. "And don't you think, young people," she continued, looking earnestly at the thoughtful faces before her, "that that is the true spirit of Thanksgiving? Every day is a wonderful adventure no matter how old we are if we cultivate that spirit. Each day has some pleasant feature if we look for it. Money, position, prestige are not the chief goals of this life. I wish I could make you young people see that this life is only a beginning if we serve Jesus. The discouragements and disappointments you meet here will some day be seen as stepping stones on the upward path. It is wonderful to be alive and doing your bit towards winning the war against wrong and sin. To be given a chance to help in God's work is a great honor."

WHY HE WAS PROMOTED

He was always on time.
He did not watch the clock.
He put his heart in his work.
He was not always grumbling.
He learned from his blunders.
He acted on his own judgment.
He was ready for the next step.
He did not ask too many questions.
He thought it worth while to learn how.

He chose his friends among his superiors.

He did not ruin his ability by half doing things.

He imitated the habits of men who could accomplish more than he could.

He learned that the best part of his salary was not in his pay envelope.

—Kirk and Waesche.

If witnessing a play tends to make me get used to sin and so think lightly of it or to make impurity less repugnant to me or to loosen to any degree my hold upon the highest ideals of life, it is not good, and so it is positively bad.—Sel.



THE HOME BASE

This expression, "The Home Base," has been used until it is nearly "threadbare." I wish I could find a better word to use, a new one that would attract your attention and hold it until there registered a message of significance and importance. I'm going to risk the old term and pray that God will attract your attention and register the significance. If He does it, terms dwindle away and realities stand out.

Oregon Yearly Meeting has undertaken a real task in South America. The romance and immediate interest in that far-away land may have a tendency to make us forget that we have a REAL TASK here in North America and particularly in Oregon, Washington and Idaho. It is to this need I would direct your attention now. If work yonder is carried on as it should be the "home base" must be in good shape.

When I was asked to visit the various meetings and acquaint them with the work of the Yearly Meeting, I took time to ask some very pointed questions, not to anyone, but to myself. I believe that one must be "sold" before he can "sell." I asked why we were here in the Northwest. I asked if we should consider "merging" with some other stronger denomination. I asked just what our message contained that made it imperative that we should remain in the field of religious endeavor. I asked "why the Quaker Church anyway?"

Prayerfully I tried to find the answer to each of the above questions and I came away from that inquiry room with deep conviction that we should not "merge," that we had a distinctive message peculiar to Friends that was needed in this trying time and that the Quaker Church was as necessary now as when we came into being nearly 400 years ago. Will you make such inquiry? Will you honestly face these and other important questions regarding our responsibility to this great Northwest? If you will, I fear no trouble in "carrying on" for the future.

Depression and fear stalk through the land today. Men's hearts fail as they think of the future. Retrenchments are being made on all sides. Inflation of values has come to an end. We are groping in the dark for some way out. Now of all times is when the Church should stand true. If we must lose material things, if values must be "wrung dry" of spurious attractions, how necessary that some real values be left us when it is all over. The story is told of a fine, Christian business man who learned of the failure of some of his best investments. An appeal was being made at the time for help for the work of his church. Reaching for his pen he made out a check of unusual size and handed it to the solicitor. When surprise and gratitude was expressed for the gift the business man replied that if he was to lose all he had he wanted something left of eternal values.

Can we look at the work of our Church in the same light? It represents real effort on the part of sacrificial pastors who labor gladly at financial sacrifice. It represents real love and devotion on the part of a loyal membership. I have been in your midst, I know your struggles financially. I know, too, some of your heartaches as you have unburdened to me while in your meetings. Surely our Church is "worth the effort."

This afternoon I can see every meeting, I know most of the 3000 members somewhat personally. I know what it means for you to carry on the work in your own field. I dare to say that not one of the meetings but what is able to help to some degree in the work that we are trying to do. Will you respond? Will you urge your meeting to face its share of our Yearly Meeting Budget? I know you will. I have faith to believe that Oregon Yearly Meeting will "weather" this storm and come out ahead.

I close with this suggestion: Pastors, please urge your finance committee to face their share of the Quarterly Meeting Budget and get it started on its way to Newberg right away. The bulk of this money is used to support needy fields in the Yearly Meeting. Every penny is used to advance the kingdom and in the interest of the church.

C. A. H.

Missionary News

NEW DOORS

The following excerpts from a letter from Carroll Tamplin again remind us of our wide-open field for labor in Bolivia. Oregon Yearly Meeting must not fail. "Thursday, August 24, I set out for Corocoro alone. I got the "first-class" seat with the driver and two women. The rest of the passengers stacked themselves around over the boxes, etc., in the back of the truck. The fare was 3 Bolivianos (a little over \$1.00). Our driver drank much, stopping every once in a while to get out and drink and give his lady friend a drink. Consequently we traveled slowly and wobbled all over the road. Most of our way lay along the railroad to Arica. It was interesting to go back over that way. There were many little lakes that must be skirted. The road was all that I had expected it to be—rough, rocky, narrow. Some places there was barely room for the truck to pass over a rough road hewn out of solid rock on the face of a cliff. In some places the sand was so deep that the men had to help push the truck through. Rivers must be forded. For 15 or 20 miles our way lay right in the dry bed of a river course. The river was practically dry, but we crossed and recrossed it and ran directly up it for great distances at a time. I was glad that it did not rain. In one place the road narrowed down to cross

a stone bridge. We were going down-grade at a rapid pace and wobbling. The driver swerved too near the edge and the rear wheel very nearly slipped over the edge. God protected us in spite of the driver, however. He was so busy talking with the woman he could not watch the road. We arrived in Corocoro at about 8 p. m. and, since there was no one to meet me and I was a stranger in town, I went to a hotel, the Continental. I was the only guest. I was ushered into an immense room with three beds in it and was shown to mine. I ate a lunch of bread and cheese, read my Bible and prayed and turned in for I was very weary from the nervous strain of eight hours' travel with a drunken driver. It is cold in Corocoro, which has an elevation of some 14,000 feet, but my bed had plenty of Indian blankets. I slept nearly like a dead man until sunrise. Then I awoke, arose and cleaned up a little. Breakfast of black coffee and drybread was served in my room and I supplemented it with some of my lunch. Then I struck out to find some of the believers, which I finally succeeded in doing—one Mariano Choque. He had not received my telegram and so was not expecting me. He soon got word around and we held a little preliminary service in the house of one Sr. Ordenez. We had a good talk and then announced service for evening.

After dinner we walked up a high mountain to view the land and get some pictures. Corocoro is a "has-been" mining city. The reductions of prices of metals in the world markets has practically closed the mines. They are still running part time. But this section is rich with every kind of metal except gold. They showed me ore rich in five distinct kinds of metal, all in one vein. I entered a mine through the long, low, dark tunnel, lighted by a little paraffin lamp and saw the shafts, the machinery, the dump carts and drank clear mineral water that was being pumped out of the shaft through a four-inch hose. Had a good service with the brethren that night and they insisted that we take them under our wing. They were much discouraged and wanted us to take them in for they said, "Yours is a Salvation Church!" I told them we could do only three things for them—recognize them, preach the full gospel to them from time to time on our occasional two months visit and send them literature with much prayer for their help. That was all they wanted. I helped them organize, naming one of their own number as "head" and appointing a council of elders consisting of five members and told them to keep up their meetings and send out little evangelizing groups to the villages about them each Sunday. They were much encouraged.

"I wanted to come back to La Paz Saturday, but there was no truck, so I hiked five miles over the mountain to a farm known as Santo Tomas, where a young man has two schools. It was late when we arrived and so about the

first thing we did was eat—old frozen dried potatoes and fried eggs. The wind blew frightfully and it was cold, cold! Three Indian men came in and we started a meeting with them, singing many hymns and speaking to them a bit, singing some more, there in that little mud hut with straw roof. God blessed us and the Indians were happy. At 11 p. m. I dismissed them. They tried every way they knew to make me stay several days with them, but I felt I should get back as soon as possible, so finally prevailed on them to let me go only by promising to make them a five-day visit in October. I hiked back to Corocoro after having passed a miserably cold night. I found a truck with a good driver and set out for home, arriving here just as the meeting was over and the folks were leaving. But, my, what a needy and hungry field over there!"

THE MOTORCYCLE A REALITY

While speaking in Melba I made an appeal for information about a good second-hand motorcycle. I specified just what kind we must have. It must be a Harley-Davidson 74 heavy duty, suitable for side car. It must be a 1931 model and must be in good repair. The next morning I was handed an advertisement in the Idaho Statesman of just such a machine in Vale, Oregon. As Mrs. Hadley and I were there with our auto, I decided to go home by the John Day Highway and look at the cycle. I found it to be all that the advertisement stated and that there was a fair sidecar included in the deal. The price was \$200. I came home and reported to the committee and Emmett Gulley, who is a member, said he had a brother living in Vale and that he would write and find out about the machine and also what his lowest price for the car would be. The answer came in a few days that if we would give \$150 cash for it we could have it. I went over on the train and met Clark Smith and Clayton Brown, members of the committee from Idaho, and together we drove to Vale and gave the cycle a close inspection. It seemed to be all right and after trying it out a while we purchased it and then "guaranteed" among ourselves to see which one of us would ride it first on the trip from Vale to Greenleaf, Idaho. Clayton, by virtue of immediate possession, settled the question by riding on ahead, leaving us to follow as best we could in his own car. Clark Smith piloted the car after him and by the time we had come to Nyssa Clayton was satisfied. He recommended the purchase of a pair of goggles, however, for the next rider as he was kept busy picking bugs out of his eyes. Clark mounted the "critter" next and rode it right manfully for several miles. He finally stopped and offered me an opportunity to prove my prowess with the "brute," so with flying colors I sailed, or perhaps galloped is best, into Greenleaf where the news quickly spread that the motorcycle was on exhibition.

Folks came from far and near and as the battery had to be charged it was inspected by the whole membership during the next day. Inquiring as to the freight rate for shipping it over to Portland we found that it would cost nearly \$50. This seemed prohibitive, so it was decided that I should ride it over. So on Wednesday morning I started out in

the face of a brisk cold wind on a 485-mile ride. The first day was pleasant and thoroughly enjoyable. I have always wanted to stop overnight at Hermiton, so timed my driving, or riding, whichever is correct, so as to get there by dark.

Starting out the next morning I encountered a severe head wind which the paper said was over 95 miles an hour. I believe it was, too. At The Dalles I inquired as to the weather and learned that it was raining on down the Columbia gorge. Not having had experience enough to warrant riding in a storm, I decided to go on to Hood River and leave the machine there. At Mosier I struck the rain and fought on until I was within one-half mile of the garage when I struck a pocket of oil and my faithful steed slid over into the fence and "your's truly" just went on over the fence. The cycle did not overturn, but started down the road with me after it. I laugh now at the picture. It was no laughing matter then. It finally turned into the bank and stopped. The front wheel was too bent to use it, so I went on into Hood River and in a few minutes had it towed into the garage where I had intended to leave it. I came on home on the train and went back after it with the auto and side car. The damage to the cycle was nominal, together with other things which had to be done anyway, the bill was only \$12.50.

We will soon have it crated and on its way to Bolivia. Now to the meetings that have not made a contribution to this Christmas gift let me say: We have not received enough as yet to pay freight and duties so we must not "lay down" on the job now. Send in your offering to Hervey Hoskins and mark it "for the motorcycle fund" so he will be able to use it for that purpose.

If you have not had the pictures of Bolivia yet, write to me for a date and I will try and arrange to show them for you. God has surely blessed the work, and letters from Carroll tell how precious souls have been led to the Savior. We must "carry on" for Him.

Yours in Him,
CHESTER A. HADLEY.

GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Monday evening, October 19th, a large group of friends in the church and community gathered at the Star church to congratulate William and Martha Hadley on the eve of their Golden Wedding Day. An interesting program consisting of instrumental music, songs, talks and, of special interest, an original poem by Mrs. Laura Roberts, telling of her acquaintance with the honored guests for almost fifty years. A gift of gold money was presented on behalf of the community. The following day about thirty-five relatives and friends were invited to join in their wedding dinner. An unexpected guest was Chester A. Hadley, who arrived via motorcycle. It was greatly regretted that William Hadley's sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Hibbs, of Greenleaf, who celebrated their fiftieth anniversary a year ago, were both in the hospital and unable to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. Hadley were married in Monrovia, Indiana, October 20th, 1881. Many tributes were given to them concerning their long record of service to the Lord and to the people of the com-

munities in which they have lived. They came here from North Branch, Kansas, in the spring of 1905, and have gained the deepest respect of people, both in and outside the church.

Brother Hadley has served as pastor of the Star church a number of times for short periods, and his support has always been felt and greatly appreciated by our regular pastors. He has also conducted services in various school-houses in outlying districts. His wife has remained faithfully by him in all activities which her home duties would permit.

Two children, Arthur Hadley and Mrs. Pearl H. Reed, and six grandchildren live here at Star. One son, Walter, lives at Bonners' Ferry, Idaho, and a daughter, Mrs. Gilbert Hoskins, lives near Pleasant Plain, Iowa. Neither were able to be present.

Mrs. Hadley said at the reception, "I could live with Will for fifty more years, if it were possible." We truly wish them many more years of happiness and usefulness together.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

The following article, "On the Threshold of a Continent," was prepared by Carroll Tamplin before he left for Bolivia. It has been held waiting his release and now it will appear in serial form in the Friendly Endeavor from month to month. It is suitable for Mission Class work and if space permits, enough will be printed each month for such use. Following its completion, it will be reprinted in booklet form and sold to cover the expense of printing. Read it carefully; it contains interesting and valuable information about the field of our missionary endeavor.

C. A. H.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF A CONTINENT— BOLIVIA

"A great door and effectual is opened unto me and there are many adversaries." St. Paul.

The day of great Missionary activities and attainments is not past. It shall not pass until the Great Commission ceases to be in force. The onward and upward growth of the indigenous church, will undoubtedly necessitate a change of missionary policies in many instances and a change of relationships in all between the "home" and "native" churches from that of parent and child to that of brethren. It is only natural and should be expected and prepared for, that the child should grow to maturity so that it might pursue a relative and helpful though independent existence. Wise is the parent who understands and directs carefully during this transitional period.

While in many lands missionary endeavor has been carried on for many years to the extent that the native leadership is able largely to carry on, there is still much land to be possessed; there are many frontiers for missionary conquest; there are many millions who have not yet heard the Gospel of Christ. The pioneer must move onward. Until the command to "Go and Preach" be fulfilled or revoked by Him who issued it, there is no time for His friends to sling their hammocks and swing themselves to sleep.

Paul said, by the Spirit of Prophecy, regarding his trip to Jerusalem to take the offerings of the Gentile churches to the poor saints of that city, "A great door and effectual is opened to me and there are many adversaries." A brief interpretation of those words might be worded thus, "A large and laborious service is laid out before me and there are many difficulties." It was a service born of the groanings of those suffering saints, nurtured by the tender heart of the Heavenly Father, and assumed by the willing servants of the Lord. Necessity was laid upon Paul and he went. He encountered the adversaries, Ignorance, Idolatry, Robbery, Sickness, Weariness, Wicked Men, Evil Spirits, and even Satan himself. But undaunted he flung himself into the fray. With what eternal effect we may ourselves witness.

And now, to Oregon Yearly Meeting a large and laborious service is opened and there are many adversaries. The groans of the Aymaras of Bolivia have reached the ears of the Heavenly Father. His tender heart was touched. Praying, trusting servants awaited His direction, and as they waited, Behold! A great door and effectual was opened unto them into the heart of a continent. Let us stand on the threshold of that open doorway and view the task that lies before us.

(To be continued)

Whatever impairs the tenderness of your conscience.

Whatever obscures your sense of God. Whatever takes off your relish for spiritual things.

Whatever increases the authority of your body over your mind.

That thing to you is sin.

Leadership is a difficult but fascinating task and depends in great measure on vision, sense of humor and belief in people.

The difference between success and failure usually lies in one's ability or lack of ability to hold himself to uninspiring details.—Sel.

Society Notes

BOISE

Our pastor has been conducting revival meetings at Melba the past two weeks, and while we have missed him very much, yet we feel the church has been well provided for in the way of speakers for the various services during his absence.

We appreciated very much having Chester Hadley with us the evening of September 27th and enjoyed his report of the work in Bolivia. He returned on October 5th and showed the pictures and told more of the field and its needs. An offering was taken for the motorcycle fund.

We had a fine attendance and good Rally Day program October 4th. Our Sunday School orchestra made its first appearance and was greatly enjoyed by all.

Ivan Peterson, Sunday School Missionary, spoke to us in the evening October 4th. We are glad to have a share in this fine work.

On October 11th the services were in charge of two of the older Friends, both of them much loved by our meeting. Anson Cox, of Greenleaf, now 87 years old, came to us for the morning service. His happy face and unbounded enthusiasm is an inspiration to all. William Brown, father of our pastor, spoke to us in the evening on the subject of "Light." We are sorry more did not hear this fine message.

On October 3rd a little lady arrived to bless the home of August and Rose Koch. We miss Rose from our Christian Endeavor meetings and church services and will be glad to welcome her and Affia Rose.

ENTIAT

The following officers were installed at the September business meeting: President, Lois Morrill; Vice-President, Elaine Bradley; Secretary, Verlan Osborn; Prayermeeting Committee, Alice Hadley; Missionary Committee, Doris Wilcox; Lookout Committee, May Sherman; Social Committee, Bernetta Miller.

Our Christian Endeavor Society has been divided. The alumni members meet in the basement and the Senior Society meets in the auditorium.

Our monthly business meeting was held October 2nd at the Sherman home.

Plans are being made for a Hallowe'en party for the Christian Endeavor.

Paul and Wilma Mills, Theo Tuning, Evert Tuning, Mr. Scotten, Mr. Staum and Wilbur Presonal are working in the apple harvest. We appreciate the help they are giving us in our meetings.

SECOND FRIENDS

The Endeavor business meeting and social for October was held with our pastor and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Choate. Miss Dorothy Choate was welcomed into the Endeavor.

We have a very active social committee—at least one might have thought so if they had passed the parsonage during the social hour.

While driving across the intersection E. 47th and Burnside, Floyd Collver and family had the misfortune to be struck by another car traveling at a high rate of speed. Mrs. Collver and Mary received lacerations about the face and hands and all were quite badly bruised. The car was wrecked, probably beyond repair.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bohl are the proud parents of a son born October 27th.

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HIGHLAND

On Friday, September 25th, the Senior Christian Endeavor held its business meeting and social in the church basement. We decided to have a football contest starting September 27th and ending November 22nd. Genevieve Beckett was chosen leader of the Beavers and Milo Ross leader of the Webfeet. The losing team will entertain the winners.

Our Sunday School contest came to an end with the side representing the "racer" being winners over the "air-planes." A potluck supper was held in their honor. There were about eighty present to enjoy the supper and the games that followed.

For some time we have enjoyed a Junior Choir in our Sunday School. It is conducted by Genevieve Beckett.

The Bemvoe Class of boys is building and furnishing a new Sunday School room in the balcony of the church. They have recently organized a football team.

The regular all-day meeting of the Marion County Holiness Association was held at our church Tuesday, October 13th.

We are glad to have Calvin Thomas with us again after his serious illness. We believe that God heard and answered prayer in his behalf. Mrs. K. Thomas came from Pasadena, California, to be with Calvin during his illness.

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Herta Louise Torlle and Myrl Jackson on September 26th.

Bill Lindstrom is attending San Bernardino Junior College.

Varley Ennor has returned to Oregon State College where he will complete his course in electrical engineering.

NEWBERG

Now that the college year has started once more, the Newberg Senior Endeavor has revived and is pushing full steam ahead. The attendance has been large and an enthusiastic spirit has been manifested. The Intermediates also report good meetings.

Work on the chart is well under way. A Bolivian Prayer Group meets for half an hour each Sunday evening prior to the regular Christian Endeavor service. Matters of membership, tithing and quiet hour are also receiving attention in the society.

Several of our young people have been doing evangelistic work in the smaller towns of this vicinity. Groups go out at least once every Sunday and sometimes twice. The society lends its hearty support to these worth while efforts.

Au revoir. We'll do our best to keep Newberg on the map for the next few months.

PIEDMONT

The regular business meeting was held at the home of our pastors and the following officers were elected for the coming term: President, Hazel Thomas; Vice-President, Margaret Merz; Secretary, Alice Kimble; Treasurer, Francis Perry; Prayer Meeting Chairman, Robert Mott; Missionary Chairman, Mildred Raymond; Lookout Chairman, Miller Porter; Pastor's Aid Chairman, Minnie Perry; Social Chairman, Louis Perry; Refreshments Chairman, Majorie Burns; Song Leader, Miller Porter; Reporter, Helen Ritter; Pianist, Helen Ritter.

As is the custom at the beginning of every school year, a series of evangelistic services were held with the result that a number of our members have been definitely helped and all who attended have been blessed and strengthened for His service. Rev. W. E. Cox was the evangelist.

STAR

Rev. Howard Smith, a missionary of the American Sunday School Union, spoke at our church the evening of October 4th, giving some very interesting accounts of his experiences.

Rev. Ezra G. Pearson, at one time our pastor, preached for us morning and evening October 11th.

October 9th our Christian Endeavor, in the garb of "hobos," went hiking until we found a campfire by the river where we had weiners, buns and marshmallows. More than fifty were present. Laura Peed was judged the best "hobo."

Our Sunday School is conducting a drive for a 25 per cent increase in membership by Thanksgiving.

Will you pray for our revival which is to begin November 1st. Our pastor, William Murphy, will conduct it in the form of a Song Revival. We are looking forward to a season of rich blessing and are trusting God for the salvation of many.

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