

Friendly Endeavor

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(Quakers)

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The Friendly Endeavor

Volume 13, Number 5.

PORTLAND, OREGON

June, 1934.

"BUILDERS"

Walter P. Lee

(Given at the 11th annual Twin Rocks Conference Banquet April 28, 1934)

The honor of addressing a group of great architects and builders would not be beneath the dignity of the President of the United States. How profoundly our lives have been affected by the builders, men who build colossal mansions, men under whose direction the giant skyscrapers raise their lofty heads, men whose sense of beauty shapes the magnificent cathedrals.

Yet to my humble person has come the great honor of addressing a greater group of architects and builders in which there are those who will erect buildings more lofty than the Chrysler Building, more noble than the Rheims Cathedral. Each will build a man or a woman—a character.

Man's eyes cannot pierce the future, but great builders build for the crisis. Their structures must stand when the wind blows a gale, when the rains descend in torrents and when the very earth trembles.

Christ once told the secret for constructing such enduring edifices when He said, "A wise man built his house upon a rock; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the wind blew and beat upon that house; and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock. But a foolish man built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house and it fell; and great was the fall thereof." So the secret is the foundation.

Have you contemplated the future? Men look blindly and fearfully ahead. Ominous war clouds hover over, political and social unrest are everywhere, economic difficulties become more acute, and lawlessness is rampant. There is crisis in the future.

Yet you can build a life, a character so strong the screaming shells from the war guns will never shatter it, the floods of social and political unrest can never move it, and the shock of economic upheaval can never shake it down—if you build on the right foundation.

If you would stand securely, there is but one foundation, "For other foundation can no man lay than is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

But my friends, and I say this reverently, foundation alone does not make a beautiful building. I am thinking this evening of some people who built a fine basement, a good foundation for a splendid building, but they put a roof over it and started using the basement and they are still using it. They got the foundation and then quit building.

It is against the laws of reason for a contractor to gather together material for a modest dwelling and then expect to have a splendid temple when he has finished building. Neither can you expect the miraculous in your building of life.

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BOISE

Hello, everybody! Well, Boise is back in print again. We finally have decided to break our silence and remind you that Boise is still on the map. However, just because you have not heard from us does not mean we have not been doing anything. On the contrary, we have been more than busy this winter and spring.

As you probably know, Chester Hadley came over here April 13th, 14th and 15th, as the main speaker at our Capital District Christian Endeavor Convention. Because of that fact our Church and Christian Endeavor Society attended its sessions perhaps more regularly and eagerly.

Of course, Boise had a delegation at the Annual Conference Rally Banquet. It was held at Greenleaf this year which is the farthest Friends' Meeting from us in Boise Valley. But distance is nothing when such a treat is on hand.

Early in December the Christian Endeavor Society elected the following officers for the new year: President, Elizabeth Brown; Vice-President, Gertrude Zurcher; Secretary, Lowell Murphy; Treasurer, Margaret Rinard. The following committee chairmen were also elected: Prayer Meeting, Gladys Zurcher; Missionary, Ida Momberg; Look-out, Gertrude Zurcher; Social, Lois Emerson.

Since the first of the year we have had two young people's socials and one out-door picnic.

Even though we have a small society, we can bring home the bacon. Just recently we won a \$5.00 prize given by the Boise W. C. T. U. to the young people's organization having the highest per cent of representation at the Annual Young People's Temperance Banquet, held in Boise. We had a representation of 225 per cent of our total membership.



EDITOR'S NOTE

We had expected a report of the Quaker Hill Conference Banquet, but none has arrived. Sorry it has failed to reach us in time.

SNATCHES OF A MISSIONARY'S DIARY

(Continued from May issue)

November 28—Studied as usual. Pastora was half sick and I gave her some soda and in the evening some medicine for grippe. In the afternoon I visited the captain's wife awhile. (Every port has a captain to superintend the coming and going of the boats.) Had a good time of prayer this morning. Doctored the foot of the lady who brings milk. Have been doing so for several days. She stepped on glass, School class of Juniors who were eager to know all about it, with their teacher

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1934 ANNUAL BANQUET REPORT

I am sure none of the 345 Christian Endeavorers who attended the Conference Rally Banquet, April 28th, at the Sunnyside Friends Church left with a lack of enthusiasm, for interest in our coming Conference ran high throughout the whole evening. The program seemed planned to remind us of all the fun and enjoyment we have had at Conference, and with a renewal of these sweet memories came the old longing to go back again. But we will start at the first to tell how it all came about.

The announcement that supper was ready was a welcome one, and we all flocked downstairs and were soon seated about the tables. Each table held a clever centerpiece made of a red canoe filled with a bouquet of wine-red tulips. The lampshades were aquatic, too, showing an ocean scene. The food, however, was not aquatic, but was very deliciously "landlubberish"—mashed potatoes, gravy, chicken-veal, peas and jello salad.

Part of our attention was claimed by the songs from the different tables—"howdy do" and "stand up" songs and other familiar ones. Allen Hadley and Eugene Coffin were song leaders.

And then came the ice-cream! In the center of a square of vanilla ice-cream, done in chocolate, were our old friends, the Twin Rocks! A Twin Rocks special, as Chester Hadley had announced.

As had been announced in the Friendly Endeavor, an essay contest was to be held, with all Christian Endeavorers of grade and high school age eligible. The culmination of this contest was to be at the Banquet, where the four best essays were to be given orally. These four essays were then to be judged, and the one rating highest would get first prize—free board and room at Conference, and the second prize, half of this. All four contestants were to receive free Banquet tickets. Chester Hadley announced that they had changed their minds, however, and were giving to the third and fourth places two days free board and room at Conference, beside the Banquet tickets.

So now had come the time for these to be given, and we all were eager to hear these prize-winning essays about Conference. The first name drawn was Marie Ellis, of Sunnyside, on "Why I Like to Go to Conference," telling about a typical day at Conference. Dorothy Choate, of Lents, was next, on the same subject, contrasting her early surroundings on the plains of Kansas with the beautiful scenery to be seen at Twin Rocks, also telling how Conference is a social and spiritual help to her. Keith Macy was third, with the topic of "Why a Spiritual and Recreational Combination is Desirable." He proved that only this combination would make a real vacation for a Christian group of people. The fourth essay was given by Thelma Rose, of Rosedale, on the general topic of "Conference," giving us a little glimpse into a Sunday

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during the Christian Endeavor hour on April 27th. These young people have given this program at several different churches this spring, and it has been greatly appreciated.

Lois Fouts and Alberta Swanson are both home again after operations, and both are getting along fine.

Mr. and Mrs. Long have returned home after spending the winter in California.

Snatches from a Missionary's Diary

(Continued from page 1)

then walked about ten miles the next day, then the next day told me about it, and of course it was swollen by that time. Poor woman could not take time to take the treatment I wanted to give of soaking her foot in hot water, for her husband scolds her and wants her to get to the field right away. He does not like her coming here either.

November 29—Pastora is better. The wife of the owner of the house who had brought me the letter for me to read for her, came this morning to have me write two letters for her. I had to talk through Pastora to know what she wanted to say and then write it. (This writing of letters is a frequent request.) She had been very angry with her son when she received the letter, but after thinking about it for several days she was ready to write in a different manner. Her husband, too, was grieving for him, rather than in a rage. We invited her to meeting again and talked of the gospel. With the various interruptions we did not have dinner until 2:00 p. m.

November 30—Thanksgiving Day. The first I have spent alone, but Jesus is precious, and one of the things I am very thankful for is that I can be here. I took a vacation from studying and wrote letters. There was no market here, as it is a Catholic fiesta, and they had a gathering about a mile away. They had mass by a priest, market, and then many got drunk and danced the latter part of the day. How much I have to be thankful for! How marvelously God has brought things to pass! How much responsibility rests upon me to be faithful to Him and to His work!

December 3—We had two visitors from another mission in the services. The grown daughter of Mama Francisca and Tata Sebastian was not here. She had gone to another town to a market to do some buying, but left word that she wants to confess her sins and be saved next Sunday. It seems she has never really been saved, although I thought she had been, just from hearsay, but she has been quitting some of her sinning, a good sign of repentance.

The Lord blessed in the services. In the evening about 6:00 o'clock Pastora, Florentina and I were singing just for the joy of it. The door was open. Soon some children began to gather about the door. The boys would laugh and try to annoy us but it did not have any effect, so they were baffled. They listened and soon we left the Spanish singing and went Aymara, so they would be sure to understand. We sang for an hour, giving them the gospel in this way. Some of them have such a fear of getting close, and one boy who likes to tease would pull off the caps of some of the others and throw them inside the door, in order to tease them. One little fellow cried, for he was afraid to come in and get it, but a bigger boy who has overcome some of his fear stepped in and picked it up. Finally someone returned the favor to the fellow who started it. By singing to them and using every little opportunity possible the Lord is helping break down their prejudice. It rained hard part of the day, a welcome rain for the fields.

December 4—More rain and cold all day. The lady who brings milk is getting so she likes to talk awhile when she is here. She seems to sort of rest when she can be here. She is anxious that her son should learn to read. I told her to have him come in the evening before dark and I would help him. He has been afraid, but Sunday evening he suddenly stepped into the house as though it had taken a lot of courage. He is afraid someone will see him and call him "evangelista." I told him to come on Monday evening. He said he did not know whether his father would let him or not. But he came. He is fairly bright, it seems, and can learn quickly. I think. First he scolded also about the gospel some months ago, but now has interest. How we pray that the father may remove his objections and let them come to meeting without beating them for it. In the afternoon Mama Francisca came with a letter to be read. Her other brother is to go to Chaco and he was charging her as the eldest daughter to care well for their mother. I am expecting Tamplins home almost any day now. Will be glad to see them again. I will soon be returning to La Paz then, and making the final preparations for the opening of school in January.

HELEN CAMMACK.

"The Bible is not such a book as man would have made if he could; nor could have made if he would."—Henry Rogers.

"I would rather dwell in the dim of superstition than in air rarified to nothing by the air pump of unbelief."—Richter.

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