

5-10-1955

Four Flats Correspondence

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here's




Word from Willcuts




This one goes to:

The Four Oriental Flats




"It isn't necessary to
endure this, write to:
May 10, 1955
Casilla 544,
La Paz, Bolivia"



Dear Gentlemen; (to use the term loosely)

Tell everybody I know in Okinawa, Japan, Phillipines, Goa, Tim-
buctoo - hello.


A promotional folder proclaiming the "The Crænt Calls" fell this
week into my possession with a carefully explained pbace to send con-
tributions. The picture looks vaguely familiar but the "B.D.'s, Th.B's,
M.Ree's, associate preachers, ^{these} and business managers and college sweethearts
and etc's!!... 'What meat hath/Cæsar's eaten that they have grown so
strong?!..Selah. I would have added a C.G. degree, (car gypo), C.R.
degree, (chicken raiser). But really now boys, I want you to know that
there is one humble, faraway voice in the hinterlands of S.A. that arose
from his easy chair upon hearing this news and shouted, "Gracias a Dios!".




My joy is tempered with fatherly concern for the "college sweet-
hearts" whome I presume will remain at the hearthside riding
herd on the 10 (or so) aggregated children sired by the musical
globetrotters. And then, while your out of the house, why under
the sun don't you hit S.America too? - Rio, B.A., Santiago, Mont-
evideo, Copajira, Lima, Havanna, Mexico Ciudad. Nothing would give me
greater joy than to work out a fast schedule at 12,000 ft. high piled,
in a jeep, crossing muddy rivers on muleback. And men, at this point
I know whereof I speak. I've been home only 3 days since April 1st, and
my appreciaation of native food, sleeping bags and Jeep travel has degen-
erated alarmingly. These Bolivian roads...I don't know how the Incas
ever made it around on them, and since then they've sort of been let run
down!



"Well, I guess that's all. . .
no, there's a little more"



But back to the Oriënt. Enclosed is a tiny check which happens
at the moment to be all the word and I have together for even such a
noble cause as this. But I suspect you are getting more advice than
money from a lot of other people too, so I shall close with just a word
of wisdom. My experience as a missionary and with missionaries has
revealed thäre is occasionally a wholesome lack of confidence on the

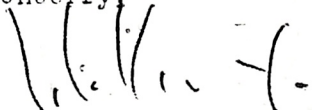


(over, men)

mission field (anywhere) for certain fly-by-night visitors who take a place by ~~sober~~, then return home with assurance that they are well-advised on all foreign problems, missionary life, how to save the world...eg. I know you fellows are too wise to fall into this error, but I might suggest~~d~~ that everywhere you visit ~~to~~ project yourselves into just what it would be like to spend the next 25 yrs or so in that spot...~~which~~ with your family, learn to know, love, and live with the people, and learn the language and etc. Having considered this little item a moment, I believe you can be even a greater blessing to the missionaries and workers you visit than just "somebody else to entertain". (It so happens a few Wheaton profs, Asburians and other varieties of "experts" have been entertained at times in our house and some are a real blessing and others...)

My good little wife and I would enjoy nothing better than receiving from time to time progress reports of your travels...this would break the monotony of just eating, sleeping and enjoying S. America.

Tenderly,


Jack L. Willcuts.