

*SEEDS
IN
THE
WIND*

by
FRANK S. COOK

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IN
THE
WIND

*The Story of The Voice of the Andes,
Radio Station HCJB, Quito, Ecuador.*

by
FRANK S. COOK

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DEDICATED

*To those
who by their gifts and prayers
through the years have made possible
The World Radio Missionary Fellowship, Inc.*

Seeds In The Wind.....

The howling gale, the gentle breeze are God's instruments to perform many of His greatest works. They snatch the ripened seed from the painted maple and carry it to fertile ground, where, watered by refreshing rains, it bears fruit after its kind.

Similarly, the mighty winds of heaven have been snatching the good seed of the Word of God from the gaily painted towers of The Voice of the Andes, Radio Station HCJB. Carried to earth's remotest shores, it has found a lodging place in the fertile soil of human hearts, where, watered and nourished by the work of the Holy Spirit, it has borne fruit that remains for the honor and glory of our blessed Saviour.

As we complete these many years of Heralding Christ Jesus' Blessings, we praise God for His faithfulness, His unfailing goodness and His constant provision. We acknowledge our indebtedness to the thousands of faithful friends whose prayers and gifts have made this work possible. We rejoice over the many who have received the seed of God's Word and have been blessed by it in salvation and growth in grace.

May the record of these years, presented here for the honor and glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ, remind us all of our responsibility to pray and work, that the seed may still be sown and that God may continue to give the increase.

Quito, Ecuador

December 1961

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

“I, Paul, have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase.”

Thus, succinctly, can be written the story of how this book received its form and content. Information has been gathered from many sources. It has come from pamphlets and magazines published down through the years; from Dr. Jones' book, long out of print, “Radio—The New Missionary”; from form letters; from the official files of the organization; from the Minutes of the Board of Trustees; from personal letters and through conversations with those who were present when it happened.

It has been written by the lives of men and women, missionaries of The World Radio Ministry Fellowship, Inc. For the most part, their contribution to the task of Heralding Christ Jesus' Blessings remains anonymous in this book, for it is virtually impossible to name them all. Only in rare instances, and that only when a particular ministry revolved around a distinct personality, have names been mentioned. But God, whose annals are complete, has kept the record of them all.

Many staff members of HCJB have given unstintingly of time and effort to offer kind and timely criticisms and suggestions, to type and re-type the manuscript in its various formative stages, and to proofread the final presentation.

Now may God, who through these years has done “great and mighty things—not by might nor by power, but by His Spirit,” take it and bless it for His honor and glory!

CONTENTS

Acknowledgments

Foreword "Seeds in the Wind . . ."

PART ONE

"As if a man should cast seed into the ground . . ."

Chapter One Cataclysm!
Chapter Two Kaleidoscope

PART TWO

*" . . . and the seed should spring and grow up,
he knoweth not how . . ."*

Chapter Three God Chooses His men
Chapter Four God Chooses His Means
Chapter Five God Chooses a Place
Chapter Six God Gives a Blueprint

PART THREE

" . . . first the blade . . ."

Chapter Seven An Historic Meeting
Chapter Eight Birth pangs
Chapter Nine On the Air
Chapter Ten Consolidation

PART FOUR

" . . . then the ear . . ."

Chapter Eleven Ten Thousand Watts
Chapter Twelve Radio Circle
Chapter Thirteen Radio Rodante
Chapter Fourteen Postage Stamp Invasion

PART FIVE

" . . . after that the full corn in the ear . . ."

Chapter Fifteen The Watchword . . . Advance!
Chapter Sixteen The Countersign . . . Supply!
Chapter Seventeen The Ultimate Goal . . . Success!
Chapter Eighteen That They May Live!
Chapter Nineteen That They May Live Abundantly!
Chapter Twenty Before the Microphone
Chapter Twenty-one United They Serve
Chapter Twenty-two Television
Chapter Twenty-three Once Again . . . Forward!

PART SIX

“...some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred...”

Chapter Twenty-four	To the Glory of God
Chapter Twenty-five	And Some on Good Ground

PART SEVEN

“... and still it grows ...”

Chapter Twenty-six	More Than a Decade Later
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PART ONE

*“As if a man should cast
seed into the ground. . .”*

CHAPTER ONE

Cataclysm!

"It must be some place around here. . . It must be about here. . ." The speaker, a young man, seemed confused, somewhat dazed; his companion was greatly distressed.

"What should be about here?" enquired the missionary solicitously.

"Why, I was talking to this fellow's sister about five seconds before it happened. I was sitting in my car" and he pointed to a twisted and crushed heap that had once been an automobile. "I wasn't hurt. . . but she. . . I had just been talking to her, and she walked away when the quake hit. She, . . . she must be buried right about here. If I could only find the place."

A few hours earlier the HCJB Sound Bus with its portable electric generator and transmitter had been careening wildly down the Ambato road, sweeping round the tight corners and hairpin bends, rushing madly down the hills and grinding slowly up the steep inclines in an effort to keep up with the other vehicle from The Voice of the Andes, which carried its Station Director, staff physician and nurses and all the emergency equipment that could be crowded into the car; they were pressing to get to the scene of the disaster.

I

It was ten minutes after two on August 5th, 1949. A little group of missionaries stood outside the studio building on the HCJB compound talking about the strange feeling

they had just experienced. The windows had rattled loudly and the light fixtures had swung in a rather violent arc and they had felt somewhat giddy.

"Why it's nothing but another earthquake" said one of the older missionaries. "You'll get used to them after you have been here a few years."

"No doubt, but it seems to me that it must have been a hard one. Some place must have really felt it. I wonder where the most damage was done."

Having commented on the happenings, there being nothing else to say at the moment, the missionaries went back to work. About two hours later the telephone began to ring and reports began to arrive.

"The earthquake hit Ambato. It is completely destroyed. Thousands have been killed. Thousands are critically injured. Many more thousands are homeless. It's the worst disaster ever to hit Ecuador. It's the worst earthquake of the century!"

Of course such rumors had to be discounted, allowing for the natural inclination of men to exaggerate. However, there must be a grain of truth in it all, and undoubtedly there must be some way to find out about it. Then the phone rang, and from the Presidency came an urgent message. Could the Voice of the Andes help in this national catastrophe? Would they please send a portable transmitter to Ambato, to the earthquake area so as to establish reliable communications with the stricken city? Of course HCJB could and would. Was not this another opportunity to serve? Was not this another chance, God-given, to live before the Ecuadorian people the life of Christ?

Quickly all the resources of the Station were mobilized. Duties were assigned and reassigned. The Sound Bus was rolled out and the trailer with its generator was coupled up. The transmitter was checked out and found to be working properly. Everything that might be needed was stowed away inside the truck, while housewives scurried about preparing food and clothing. The medical staff were also feverishly preparing their emergency kits, trying to think of everything that they might need for this unprecedented emergency, trying to forget nothing that might be vital. Then, as the

shadows of the evening lengthened, they hurried off to the provinces to the south, to the epicenter of the worst earthquake of the century.

II

"Hello Ambato!...Hello Ambato!...This is Station HCJB in Quito calling its mobile unit in Ambato. Hello Ambato!...Hello Ambato!...Come on in, please. Hello Ambato!" The voice had a deep note of urgency in it and the face of the operator showed the strain under which he had been working most of the night. Could contact be established? What had happened to the mobile unit? Were they in danger? Had some accident occurred? Would the message never come from Ambato? "Hello Ambato!...Hello Ambato!...Come on in, please!"

"Hello Quito!...Hello Quito!...This is Station HCJB's mobile unit in Ambato calling HCJB Quito. Can you hear me?...Hello Quito!...Hello Quito!"

With a deep sigh of relief the operator answered. Finally contact was established with the stricken area. It was a dramatic moment. For not only was this to be a service to a country terribly wounded by disaster, it was also to be the means of presenting the Gospel of Jesus Christ to a people inclined to listen.

Quickly reports began to come in as to the extent and nature of the disaster, and in a few minutes the President of the Republic, His Excellency, Galo Plaza Lasso, came to the microphone. His quiet, measured voice as he spoke from Ambato gave reassurance to a people highly wrought up by wild rumors. But his words left no one in any doubt as to the gravity of the earthquake, or of the devastating result of the tremors. It was true! Thousands had been killed, many more were badly injured and thousands upon thousands were destitute and homeless. Even as he spoke over the facilities of HCJB, phone calls came in. "Can you find out if Mr. So and So is all right?" "Is there any way to communicate with my sister?" "Do you know if my family is alive?" Telephone calls, telegrams, cables were to come in unceasingly for days and weeks, and they would be relayed faithfully to the HCJB staff in Ambato. Through its efforts thousands of people in Ecuador and abroad were to receive

word of the whereabouts and physical condition of their friends and loved ones in the earthquake area.

Then came the call from the National Broadcasting Company in New York City. Could HCJB arrange for the President to speak on a coast to coast network? Could HCJB get some movies that could be used on NBC's television programs? Immediately two staff members went to Ambato to take the movies. Arrangements were made for the President to come to the studios of *The Voice of the Andes*. He came, weary from two days and nights of unceasing labor organizing personally the rescue work, somewhat disheveled from tramping over the ruins and unbelievably large piles of debris. His voice filled with the deepest emotion, he spoke to a sympathetic world. The three major networks of the United States of America rebroadcast the message and HCJB's international facilities carried the words to the four corners of the world.

"My country" he said, "has been the victim of a tragic occurrence, a major earthquake, which destroyed the city of Ambato and the towns of Guano, Pelileo, Pillaro, Patate and also some small villages in the Province of Tungurahua. . . . Just to give you an idea of the magnitude of the catastrophe, in one town of about 3,500 residents, only about 300 survived . . .

"My country has been putting up a courageous struggle to develop its resources, stabilize its politics and bring about a better life for our people. So you can imagine how serious a drawback this is. But we do not want to lose time in lamentation; we are already planning the future, dedicating all our strength and all our resources to rebuild.

"Our loss in millions of dollars cannot be estimated. Up to noon today several thousands of people have lost their lives, but we have not lost our courage, and we have dedicated all our will power, all our resources and all our devotion to help our suffering people."

III

The part played by *The Voice of the Andes* in this tragic drama was not without its significance and its rewards. The technical facilities of HCJB were placed unreservedly at the disposal of the government and the people in the hour of

crisis, facilities which brought reassurance to hundreds, perhaps thousands, throughout the world and brought up-to-the-minute factual reporting to millions. They were used to mobilize every resource in the country in a superhuman effort to meet the tragic circumstances. The medical staff was allowed the privilege of ministering to the physical needs of hundreds of survivors. All this was done gladly. But ever before the staff members was the spiritual challenge.

Working shoulder to shoulder with other missionary societies in Ecuador, HCJB did its part to minister to the spiritual needs of a people whose hearts, in many cases, were strangely responsive to the claims of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Christian friends in the homelands donated funds generously to meet the needs. With these funds five homes were built and taken to the stricken area. Five families were thus cared for. Later these homes, prefabricated of wood in Quito and transported into the earthquake zone, were to become a chapel in the village of Bolivar, and a clinic in the Salasaca Indian community. Souls saved during the crisis period now form the nucleus of the thriving evangelical group which worships in the little chapel formed by uniting two of these wooden houses.

Multiplied thousands of tracts and Gospels were distributed, as workers went from house to house, from tent to tent, from hovel to hovel, visiting the destitute people and offering what aid they could. At the request of the Government the HCJB sound bus was pressed into service in rehabilitation work, showing movies of an educational nature night after night, playing music, presenting programs aimed to help those whose minds had been so shaken by the terrible events of the earthquake. This proved to be a wonderful opportunity to preach the Gospel also, and night after night the missionaries availed themselves of the chance of speaking a good word for Jesus Christ.

It was a tragic disaster and to this day one cannot help but mourn the terrible loss in life and property. But it afforded the people of Ecuador a chance to know that The Voice of the Andes was an entity whose only desire was and is to serve its friends who had welcomed them, years before, and had given them the opportunity to Herald Christ Jesus' Blessings from the heart of the Andes mountains.

CHAPTER TWO

Kaleidoscope

I

The little ship was quietly riding the gentle swell of the Pacific. Under the broiling rays of the tropical sun her crew had laboured unceasingly to stow in her already full holds another six hundred tons of tuna fish. From the open hatches rose that reeking, offensive miasma which was enough to drive a man mad.

Finally the sun had set. The sweltering heat had given place to the gentle zephyrs which accompany the Humboldt current. Up in the radio room, Pete, the operator, sits alone with his thoughts; muddled, confused thoughts. . . .and his radio.

"For ten bucks, the least you can do is to continue reading this letter," he writes on the back of a ship to shore cablegram form. "I usually get that much for \$10."

"I'm sitting here tonight, listening to your broadcast, in which language I don't know, but that is all right, since it is only your voice to which I am listening. (In fact not one of the older voices which I remember so well, but the theme I recognize and love.)

"In the fall of 1946, if I remember right, I sailed from Portland, Oregon, for the Orient. The day we sailed I tried to pick up NPG, 12540 KCS (US Navy Radio, Mare Island, San Francisco, California) and had some difficulty because the signal was being attenuated, or enveloped by a beamed signal

from HCJB to the Philippines. Which is how I happened to first hear of HCJB. HCJB asked the receivers to please write them, describing how they were being received. For reasons which still escape me, (presumably merely electronic interest) I made a day by day record of their reception, including the difficulty from NPG, and mailed it to HCJB on my return to the States.

“Nine years, minus a few months, since that first day. In one eight month, 22 day period, I traveled in 56 foreign countries and 22 states of the union. During the last 9 years I have been to all countries of the world, except 5 smaller ones and one great one. In all these travels I have faithfully listened to your broadcast, although before long I forgot to record how it was being received.

“Bear with me a moment longer—I was reared as a Catholic, having one Jesuit brother, and myself attended Mt. St. Michaels in Spokane, Washington. It was during 1944 that the pendulum swung backward. Suppressed youth has many ways of striking back. In 1946 I didn't know what I was, for sure. In 1948, in the Caribbean, in the Gulf of Honduras, on the 4th of July, I got drunk, and . . . I fell overboard. The first half hour or two passed uneventfully, as I sobered up a little, and when the lights were gone in the distance, and there was nothing but the moon left, I finally had to face facts. Which was—I was in the water, and there wasn't a 1 to 1,000,000 chance I'd ever wind up elsewhere. . . I thought of the words of the act of contrition, knowing that these would be the last words of my life. But they refused to come. There was no chance of me ever being rescued, so the end had to be faced. And face it I did. I was fish bait. I had many hours to think about it, and I wound up with the conviction, I was fish bait. As far as I know today, I am still fish bait, and if I continue sailing, sooner or later (sooner, the way things have been going) I'll wind up as fish bait. I mean ultimate fish bait.

“As these years have passed, I married, and now have children in school. I am excommunicated from my first faith because I refused baptism or schooling for my children in the Catholic faith. The wife is Protestant, Methodist by choice, one of the few such exports from Honduras, C.A.

I can no more accept her "hell" fire and brimstone, than I could our Catholic's in Mt. St. Michaels. I have written books on Psychology and Sociology, which have given me a doctorship but which leave me eternally engulfed in a cloud of disbelief. And yet, despite all this proof, and reproof, I have continued to listen to HCJB.

"The man who used to direct this project, his wife used to have a very, very beautiful voice. . . No one could doubt but what she believed what she said. . . I have heard that voice for many years, but since my callousness has grown stronger, the times are fewer, and at last, 9 years later, I can no longer tell, within months or a year, when those I loved on the air, finally went to their glory, sobered up, as I do occasionally, or else got wise and chose a more financially profitable enterprise for their talents.

"I miss these voices, and when I occasionally hear one of my favorites, tears sometimes come to my eyes. It is easy now to pass over this, because the number of languages now being spoken over HCJB is so varied that no one knows for why I'm crying, truth is, I don't know myself. Except that somewhere, somehow, for some reason, God knows why, others have been allowed to keep their faith while He saw reason to destroy mine. Had I a million dollars today, and could either trade or not for the belief I once had, there would be no choice. Belief,—trust,—faith, whatever it is called, that would be my desire. One million—one billion, whatever the cost.

"So today, all these years later, fish bait is still not fish bait yet. He, that is—me, is still waiting for the time I'll be fish bait. And controversially, listening to HCJB.

"You may use any, or all, of this letter to show any or all of others like myself, which means all people, why they don't have faith. I don't, and I don't know why. Maybe you can tell others. . ."

II

There is the gentle rustle of starched uniforms. The muted footsteps of rubber soled shoes echo and re-echo quietly in the long corridors. In the distance, hushed voices, the hurried movement of a stretcher wheeled down the hall. And in a room of the TB sanitarium lies the wasted form

of a young man. In his eyes is a wonderful radiance and on his haggard face a smile as he listens entranced to the radio by his bedside and as he takes his pen in hand to write.

“I hope these lines will not cause too much trouble to you, but I couldn’t desist from writing this letter. This is to thank you with my whole heart for sending me through the air the words of the Gospel, for keeping me company in my utter spiritual loneliness, and above all, for comforting me in my hopeless and desperate situation. I spend all my time listening to your transmissions and though I cannot hear them in my own language, I have the good fortune to speak tolerably four other languages, and I do listen, too, to each program.

“I came as an immigrant to Venezuela about two years ago and though I am only 23 years old, I feel myself one of the most unfortunate men on earth. Now, after 15 months in this sanitarium, I am recovering from a grave bilateral tuberculosis. When I was already filled with hope for a new life and was steadily studying to be well prepared for it, I have been attacked by a sort of muscular dystrophy. As you probably know, our actual medical science is absolutely powerless with this mysterious illness and so I must see and feel my body being consumed by this malady without getting even the slightest help from the numerous doctors of this hospital. I had to resign to my inevitable destiny and await patiently the quickly coming end of my earthly life.

“Do you understand the state of mind I find myself actually in and what your broadcasting signifies to me now when I am without any relatives on this whole continent, without anybody who would care for me? Can you appreciate the value of consolation, faith and hope I am receiving from you, and how desperately I need them—I, who in all my life terribly feared death and loved life enthusiastically, even in the most unlucky moments?

“And when I think of the many, many unhappy and lonely souls to whom you bring hope and strength by the Gospel, I am sure your effort is very, very much more than worthwhile and your end is fully gained.

“Well, I must bid you farewell now, for though I’d like to free myself of the burden of my accumulated thoughts,

I'm afraid that I'm stealing away your precious time with my own personal worries. May our Lord Jesus Christ help you to carry on your blessed work successfully in the future. God bless you!

Your very thankful and very desperate Hungarian friend."

III

Mexico. Land of enchantment for the tourist. Old civilizations, romance, bull-fights, everything to enthrall the casual traveler. But down deep in the human heart are the same problems, the same temptations, the same sorrows, the same needs. And in the town of Cuajimalpa, a battle has been fought and won as a soul has found the Saviour.

"On Tuesday, November 1st, at seven p.m. Mexico time, I had the joy of hearing the great message from God given by His servant who speaks on that program from The Voice of the Andes.

"I have to confess with all sincerity that ever since I was able to listen to that program for the first time, which was approximately two weeks ago, God has been speaking to me continually.

"I am writing to you that you may know that your efforts are not in vain. I am sure, because of my own experience, that wherever that program of such great power is heard there will always be someone disposed to hear the message of salvation. If you receive no letters from such listeners, you will from me whom God in His great mercy has called to repentance through your message on "An Urgent Call," a message that so powerfully moved my heart.

"Above all else I should confess that I knew God before and for a long time I served in His ranks, but...some years ago, because of my neglect, my coldness and lack of prayer, I fell, defeated by the devil in battles with temptation. Since that time I have believed myself dead spiritually, thinking that my defeat would take me to the grave and to eternal punishment. I believed myself lost forever! No more salvation for me! But I thank God that according to the message I heard that night I know that there is salvation for me. God, that night, called me in His mercy to settle

accounts with Him and to make of my old wicked and filthy life a new life in Christ Jesus; to transform my corrupt, perverse and sinful self into a new being, purified and cleansed from all sin. Don't you believe it? I do, because since that night my sins have become as snow, even as wool. I thank God and praise His name for this message that has brought me into Christ's way.

"If you are interested in my soul and wish to help me, write me words of consolation, hope and encouragement for my new life. I need them!

Please remember me in your prayers."

IV

The secretaries in the office hold in their hands a delicately constructed kaleidoscope whose intricate and ever-changing pictures tell a story to melt and move the hardest heart. The coloured crystals fall into place assuming a variety of interesting shapes but the drama they portray is always the same.

Whether it be in a palatial home where the crowded ways of life cross, Buenos Aires, Lima, New York, London, or in a pitiful hovel far from the beaten track, men and women, day after day face the same problems, the same struggles, the same temptations. When day is done and they take stock of what has been accomplished, they rejoice over the same victories or sorrow over similar defeats. Often their hearts long and ache for someone with whom to speak. They want to talk over their problems, seeking an adequate solution; to speak about their temptations and failures, asking for help and encouragement; to chat about their victories, rejoicing together in the love and goodness of God. But their circumstances do not allow that to take place, except as they tune their radio to the spiritual oasis on the short wave band and listen to the message of the Gospel, of redeeming love, of joy in Christ as it goes out over the air in several different languages from Quito.

Letters come pouring in, and the picturesque stamps and seals reveal that they come

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand.

From every country in the world grateful listeners write to tell how they found Christ as Saviour through a broadcast, how they were enabled to defeat Satan as they listened to a program, how they were encouraged to go on with the Lord through some message, how they were lifted from despair by a song. And for the ones who write, there are hundreds, perhaps thousands who never lift a pen, but whose spiritual experiences as they listen to the radio are recorded in Heaven. What a glorious day that will be when we shall know what has been done through the mercy and grace of our loving Lord!

PART TWO

*“...and the seed should spring
and grow up, he knoweth not how...”*

CHAPTER THREE

God Chooses His Men

The history of Christian missions is largely the story of the lives of men and women whom God has chosen and commissioned, whom the Lord has endowed with gifts suitable to the accomplishment of the divinely appointed task. They are lives moulded and bent by home influences, tested and tried in the crucible of experience, animated by the love of God shed abroad in their hearts, empowered and led by the Holy Spirit. To read the story of their triumphs is to rejoice in the "great and mighty things" which God hath done; to read of their mistakes and failures is to recognize that "we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power might be of God and not of us."

I

"Son, this thing can't go on any longer. I'm tired of hearing about conversion and all that stuff. Now you've got to make up your mind; you either leave the Salvation Army once and for all, or you leave home, you can have your choice. Which is it going to be?"

It was a hard choice for a seventeen year old boy to make, but he did not hesitate. God's call was upon him.

"Dad, I'm sorry. I hate to leave you and mother. You've been so good to me...but Dad, I can't leave the Army. The Lord has saved me and I know He wants me to serve Him. And He has to have first place in my life. I guess I'll have to leave home...I must go where He leads."

And so George Jones left home and went into the old Princess Rink Training College of the Salvation Army in Chicago. It was a rigorous life which faced him, but that same determination which led him to leave home to follow Christ was to see him through many trials and temptations.

One day he was leading his own Corps, a few playing instruments and the Army lassies following behind. They were marching in an open air meeting parade, going down the middle of the street, carrying high the flags of the Army and of the United States. It was a brave sight. Suddenly the town brewer, a regular villain who hated the Army and all that it stood for, came along with his carriage and fancy team of horses. Determined to break up the meeting, he tried to drive his team right through the little group of Salvationists. George Jones, who knew his legal rights, reached up and grabbed the bridles of the horses. The infuriated brewer picked up his whip and lashed the officer again and again. The blood ran freely, but with a real British bulldog spirit and true Christian valor he held on till the last Army lass and soldier had passed. Finally he released the team and quietly said, "Now you may go on."

Then romance came and true love had its way with the young officer. One day a young woman stood on the street and watched an open air meeting. The officer was on his knees, playing his guitar and singing an invitation hymn. The sun was going down behind him, silhouetting him and making a very impressive sight. The young woman was deeply touched. Later her parents, who were very religious, took her to one of the Army meetings. As she walked in, one of the other officers said to George Jones, "George, there comes your wife." It was a prophetic sentence, for Emma Detbrenner felt challenged of the Lord to join the Army and went into training college. It took some time, but finally the young couple secured permission to be married.

Into this happy home, to these parents who had shown such admirable strength of character, such integrity, and such steadfastness of purpose, there was born, on December 15, 1900, Clarence Wesley Jones.

His childhood in Chicago was a normal one, but there were highlights for the youngster which he was never to forget. In the summer, visiting his maternal grandparents in Osh-

kosh, Wisconsin, he would sit entranced as his grandfather, a real Prussian, took out from under the bed the large book with the colored pictures of the Franco-Prussian war and with his cane pointed out to the admiring boy the many battle scenes. He felt sure that his grandfather, and he alone, had won all the battles! Then winter would come, and grandmother felt it her bounden duty to see that the grandchild was well fitted out to withstand the rigors of winter. With infinite patience, she knit long, black, woolen hose out of the coarsest yarn that ever scratched a boy's legs. Every year he and his brother Howard received a new pair of what they called "unholy casings" and they wore them because after all "Grandma put a lot of time and effort into those stockings."

Then young Clarence was twelve and his father took him to the first Salvation Army band practice. He was handed a little upright alto horn and was told to play it. Being rather ingenious he soon found out that by pushing certain valves he could make different tones, and more by instinct than anything else he found out how to play scales. One day the fellow who usually played the trombone didn't show up and Clarence asked if he could have a try at playing it. He told the band master that he had always had a hankering to play it. Of course he knew nothing about the instrument, but he bravely started out on the march for the open air. Dogged persistence prevailed, for when he got back to the hall he could make some very commendable sounds! It gave him a real taste for it, and soon he was devoting much time to practice, delightful work which was to make him a master of the instrument.

While Army life was on the whole pleasant to the boy, it sometimes presented real problems. "I can remember," he says now, "an open air meeting before I was saved, because I went all those years to the Army and never really had a personal experience of salvation. We were in one of those open air services where the band would form a ring and Dad, as Sergeant Major, would call on various ones for a testimony. Sometimes if there wasn't a quick and spontaneous response, he would start calling out names or say, 'Now we'll start in and go right around the circle.' Well, I didn't

have any testimony to give and I was scared stiff, but when my turn came, the only thing I could say in a sort of smart-alecky way was 'Ditto' to whatever the fellows ahead of me said, and pass on to the next."

The years went by in the usual humdrum way. There was always a round of activity, but never the quiet assurance that everything was right with his soul. Then God began to use a number of means to bring the young man into the place of blessing and usefulness. Let him tell us about it.

"I was glad the day came when the Lord spoke to my heart. It was in a meeting in the Moody Tabernacle on Clark Street and North Avenue near Lincoln Park in Chicago. I was eighteen and floundering around. I had been sick at home, and down on my bed of sickness had had a visit from an old Salvation Army Band Master, a friend of my Dad's, Richard J. Oliver, who lived not far from us. We were in Austin on the west side of the city of Chicago at that time.

"I remember that among other things he said, 'You play the trombone, don't you?'

"I said, 'Yes, a little.'

" 'Why don't you come and play in the band at Moody Church? I am director there!'

"So when I got well enough he sent his son over, Richard Oliver, who was a whiz on the piano, a marvelous musician, but a perfect sissy as far as I was concerned because he couldn't play baseball and didn't know any of the manly sports. But I went with him to the Church band. The thing that attracted me there was that they didn't just play religious music all the time, but they also played military marches, "The Stars and Stripes Forever" and things of that kind, and Paul Rader used his band and choir to attract the sinners to the big tabernacle that seated 5,000 people. I was attracted all right, though I didn't think that I was a sinner. Week after week after week went by and Paul Rader would preach, but I'd never hear anything he said because I was so delighted in the band. Then one night, Sunday night, October 27, 1918, the Lord really convicted me of sin and spoke to me of being a self-righteous sinner as bad as any bum on West Madison Street, where we used to hold our Salvation Army open air meetings.

"I went into the inquiry room, and I remember looking up into the face of Richard, who was the pianist, playing the big concert grand, and his face just beamed with joy because he had been praying for my salvation. Richard really knew the Lord. As I went into the inquiry room I remembered I had seen many people get down on their knees at what we called a penitent form in the Army, but it didn't take me thirty seconds to be up again and starting toward the door. I thought I knew all there was to know about that; I had seen it done many times, though I had never done it myself for myself. I'm glad that they had a great big fellow standing at the door as a sort of sentinel. He said, 'Where are you going?'

"'Oh, I'm going out.'

"'Why?' he asked.

"'Because I'm saved now,' I told him.

"'Well,' he said, 'How do you know you're saved?'

"'Oh,' I said, 'I feel better.'

"'What do you mean, you feel better? Suppose you have a toothache tomorrow, what about your salvation?' he asked.

"I had not thought about that. He was a wise soul winner and so he said, 'Come on, you'll need more than feeling, if you are going to last. Come on and let's get down on our knees again and I'll show you the Word of God.'

"He did and he gave me Scriptures that I could put my feet down on like solid rock. Next time I got up and started for the door he said, 'How about it?'

"I said, 'Well, I know I'm saved because God's Word says so.'"

After his salvation came his call to service. Just two weeks after his experience in the inquiry room, a missionary from Japan spoke to the young people. After a forceful and Spirit-filled message, he gave an appeal for those who would yield their lives for service for God. Up shot Clarence's hand. He was ready to go, whatever the cost. That was his first challenge to missions. And having called him, God laid the question of preparation on his heart and he enrolled at Moody Bible Institute. After three years of training under the great stalwarts of the faith, he graduated in 1921, as president of his class.

After graduation came a series of activities which used all his talents and further fitted him for the work that the Lord had chosen for him to do. Evangelistic work with R. E. Neighbour, playing in a brass quartet at the Chicago Gospel Tabernacle, organizing and carrying on the "Tabernacle Scouts" work, and a host of other duties large and small helped to form the warp and woof of his spiritual character, giving him stamina and spiritual backbone.

Then came radio! With characteristic zeal and vision for the Lord's work, Paul Rader jumped into the thing right from the start in 1922. He felt that this was the way to reach people in saloons, taverns and hotels, any place. He refused to be hemmed in by four walls. Radio grew by leaps and bounds and soon these young men were writing music, preparing programs, putting them on the air, having a great time and working their heads off getting the Gospel out to people. It was a great training ground. There was no school of radio to go to, no rules and regulations. They had to learn from their mistakes and go on. Soon this able group of musicians was putting on fourteen hours of Gospel programs on local stations on Sunday and one hour each day over the Columbia Broadcasting System. The Lord blessed the work and thousands of letters began pouring in, and on Sundays they had to have as many as twenty telephone operators answering the phone calls from listeners.

Without a doubt God had chosen one of his men, had saved him, had called him, and prepared him!

II

"Even if you have to take him to the gallows, save Gideon." Such a prayer, oft repeated in the lovely home on beautiful lake Vettern, in Sweden, is a revelation both of the character of the woman who prayed it and of her son.

Those were momentous days in that enchanting Scandinavian country. Fretting under the deadening influence of the cold and lifeless formality which characterized the services of the State Church, convinced of the fact that they that worship God must worship Him in spirit and in truth, many families were forsaking the churches where their fathers had worshipped, to form, within their own homes

what came to be known as "prayer houses." It was not a step to be taken lightly and without due consideration of the consequences, for by many it was thought of as an act of spiritual treason, the first step in the spiritual declension and fall of the faithless.

However, Grandfather and Grandmother Larson were made of that stern stuff that caused them to stand by their spiritual conviction regardless of the consequences; so it is not strange to find them among the first to withdraw from the State Church. Their home, spacious enough to house their thirteen children, became the rendezvous for many like-minded guests and itinerant preachers. Persecution was common enough, not violent but rather in the form of ridicule. The sobriquet of "readers" was given to them, because of their constant reading of the Scriptures, a name which was an honor and a testimony to their faithfulness to the revealed will of God in His Holy Word.

Gideon, despite the benign and loving influences of the Gospel in his home, despite the exhortations and counsel of his godly parents, was not prepared to take upon him the easy and gentle yoke of Christ. His restless spirit yearned for adventure, for new worlds to conquer. His mind was filled with thoughts of the New World, the land of promise, and no sooner had he reached his eighteenth birthday than he asked his father for help and permission to sail to America. These were granted, and not much later he arrived in Chicago. It was a world of enchantment and of temptation. The World's Fair, new and strange experiences, new and worldly friends tended to wean this lad from the memories of his Godly upbringing. Yet the promise was fulfilling itself: "Train up a child in the way he should go; when he is old he will not depart from it."

His wanderings brought him to northern Iowa. Here he met the Lord Jesus Christ and was gloriously saved. All his energy, talents and devotion were henceforth to be dedicated to the service of the One who had brought him up out of the miry clay of sin. His fine singing voice, his qualities of leadership soon were used by God, and he had the joy of seeing many coming to know the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour. Exceeding abundantly above that which she had

prayed, God answered his mother's prayer, for he was saved without having to go to the gallows!

In northern Iowa he also met the girl he wanted to marry. This Swedish girl was to be a true helpmeet to her husband and was to have a profound influence on the life and thinking of her firstborn son, Reuben Emmanuel. She was a true and devout Christian and next to her love for her Lord she had a heart that yearned for the salvation of the lost, for the salvation of her eighteen children, and for the millions across the seas who were lost in trespasses and sins without anyone to tell them of the One who had come to seek and to save them. Missionaries, as many as would come, were invited to stay in the home; and their visits did much to stimulate interest in the fields white unto harvest. However, interest was not enough. Something practical had to be done. Even though food was scarce for the large family, sixteen or seventeen bushels of Triumph potatoes were sold and the money realized from the sale was sent to China as an offering of the first fruits. Poultry was raised so that a Bible woman could be supported in India and a monthly missionary meeting was held in the home. Knowing only too well that the women who attended the meeting would follow her example in the matter of giving, at the first meeting held Reuben's mother gave far beyond her means, but willingly, a fifty cent silver piece. The women could do no less! Sacrificially they gave also, and the generous offerings were used for the support of the Rescue Home in Minneapolis.

The children that came to grace this happy home were brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Both in Swedish and in English they heard the message of Life, in church and in the home. Kindness and firmness went hand in hand, as the children were taught the rudiments of proper and Christian living. One cannot help but smile as one remembers that Father Larson once preached a sermon on the matter of bringing up children. He was very direct, explicit and firm in his assertions. As he warmed to his subject a woman angrily walked out, muttering audibly, "I bet he never had a kid of his own!" He had eighteen! And God heard his prayer and answered his promise: "Thou shalt be saved, and thy house."

With such an heritage, such an environment and under such godly influence Reuben Larson was brought up. And yet it was not until he was sixteen years old that he came to know the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. Revival meetings, the first ever to be held in English in that church, were being conducted. There had not been much visible result from the fervent preaching of the young evangelist. At the final meeting Mr. Johnston made an impassioned plea and God began working. Over against the wall, in a row of young fellows, stood Reuben. The Lord was speaking to his heart and yet it was a hard thing to do. Should he walk past his companions and go forward? God said, "Yes," and Reuben obeyed. As he sidled past his companions they pulled his coat tails but the step had been taken and he went forth to meet the Saviour.

The step taken was real and the salvation which God offered was received through faith. But there remained another step to be taken. The following year Pastor Wesley Armstrong, from Peterborough, Ontario came to town. As he presented the claims of Christ on the lives of His children, Reuben felt the call of God saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" and gladly he answered, "Here am I, send me." This decision changed the whole course of his life. It was to lead him along strange paths and into many wonderful experiences. But never was he to doubt God's evident call and leading in his life.

The following year the Lord led him to Boon Biblical College in Iowa. Soon he was immersed in his studies. However, the practical aspects were not to be overlooked and many opportunities were afforded the young student for witness. Sunday schools, evening services, week ends in mining camps, all gave him the opportunities to tell men and women, boys and girls of the Saviour. As the blessing of the Lord rested upon his ministry, the Iowa District Conference of the Evangelical Free Church appointed him as district evangelist, with the charge to visit churches which had no regular pastors and to hold special meetings in others.

After some time, feeling the need for further training for the Lord's work, he enrolled in the Swedish-English course of the Evangelical Free Church, held in connection with the

Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. There was much to take up his mind and his energies in the courses studied, but again the practical became the measure of all things, and a winter was spent as a sky pilot with the Shantymen's Christian Association in the lumber camps of Wisconsin. This was not an easy task, for the men were rough and indifferent, and preaching had to be done under the most adverse circumstances; but it was wonderful training for a prospective missionary.

Following the Lord's leading as He opened the way before him step by step, Reuben Larson enrolled in the St. Paul Bible Training School. This brought him into contact with the Christian and Missionary Alliance under whose auspices he was to work in Ecuador for many years. First it was itinerant evangelism that occupied his time, then pastoral work. Then again tent meetings were the order of the day.

It was during this time that two events took place that were to have a profound effect upon his life. First he met Grace Darling Richardson. Reuben Larson sat at the front of the hall and Grace occupied one of the back seats. As she looked upon the rows of heads in front of her, one attracted her attention. She fell in love with the back of his head! But one day, the owner of that head had a slight accident. A finger was cut and the aid of the nurse was sought. Grace, the nurse, had to bandage that finger, and romance was born. Of that time Reuben later wrote, "I had a deep desire to know her better." The friendship grew and matured, but the course of true love was not without its problems. Looming in front of them like Scylla and Charybdis, were two wills and two opposite desires: his, a burning urge to follow the Lord to the mission field, hers, a deep desire to be a pastor's wife in the homelands. Lest her desires be molested unduly, Grace, who had by this time gone to the Missionary Training Institute in Nyack, stayed away from all missionary meetings. She did not want to go to the mission field. But God has strange ways of dealing with His children and the day came when contritely she said, "Yes," to God and wrote to Reuben to tell him of her decision to serve the Lord on the mission field. God's timing, as always was perfect,

for her letter crossed one from him in which he stated categorically his irrevocable decision to go to the mission field. Now the two wills were one and it was not long before Reuben and Grace were married.

The second event which was of deep significance to his future ministry took place at a conference organized by Mr. Larson in the First Presbyterian Church in Duluth. One of the speakers was Dr. R. R. Brown. What a tremendous impression was made on the heart and thinking of the young evangelist as the older man spoke enthusiastically of the opportunity offered him to broadcast the Gospel over Radio Station WOW in Omaha! Then and there he purposed to grasp the opportunity if it ever presented itself to him. While the impression was still strong upon him, a popular preacher in the First Methodist Church in the same city spoke of the possible use of amplifying systems in reaching large masses of people in Africa, and this but served to impel his thinking along the lines of using the still young miracle of radio for evangelism.

Thus we see how God marvelously chose His man and prepared him for service. It was not long after this that Reuben and Grace Larson took leave of friends and loved ones and set out for the place of God's appointment—Ecuador!

CHAPTER FOU

God Chooses His Means

The mayor of the city of Chicago was in need of help. Radio had come to the city and the new radio station WHT needed some musicians to help in the programs. "Would Mr. Rader come and bring his brass quartet?" Mr. Rader would and did!

Radio at that time was such a fly-by-night foolish proposition that nobody believed in it, but it worked. The studio of WHT was an open air affair on the roof of the city hall. There they had some unfinished pine boards put together in a sort of square sentry box with a hole cut in the side. Mr. Rader and his four young men looked on with great interest.

"Get your instruments ready; we're going to have a radio program," they were told.

"But when...and how?"

"You just get ready and point your instruments at that hole there on the side of the box, and when we say play, you play."

Soon a voice said "Play" and out of the hole appeared an old telephone microphone. The quartet blew their heads off, Mr. Rader preached, people heard and there was a ready response. It wasn't much, but it was a beginning. That was in 1923.

Today we smile as we read of radio's infancy. We take it so much for granted that we have almost forgotten its birth-



Faith Turner, of the Bible Institute of the Air staff, indicates on the map the location of some of their thousands of students.



Above: Headquarters of the Bible Institute of the Air, on the HCJB grounds.

Below: Rev. Frank S. Cook, author of "Seeds in the Wind," directs the ministry of the B.I.A.





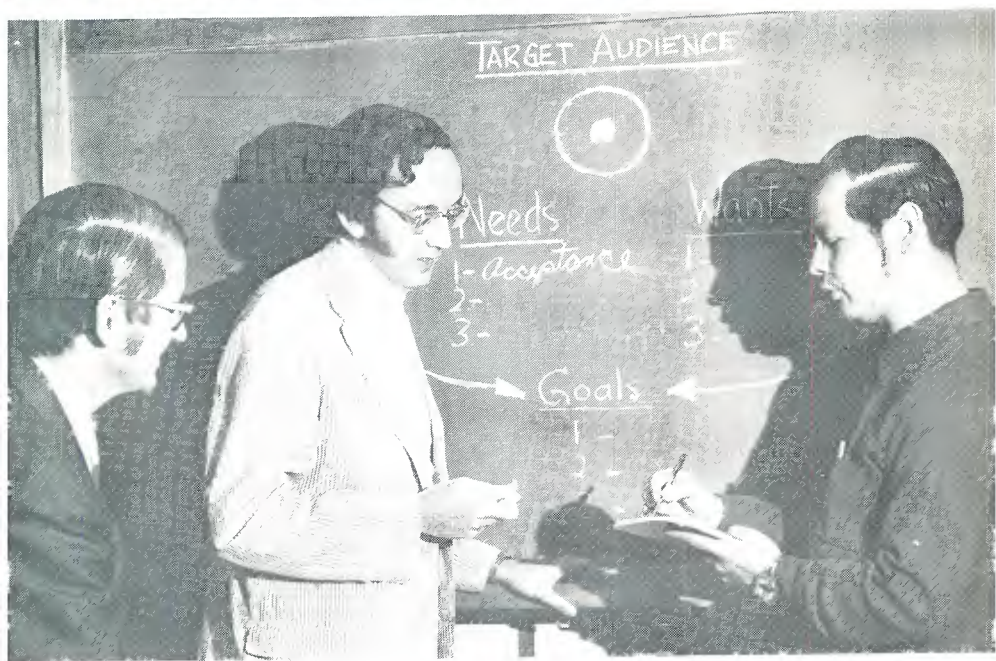
Dr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Jones



Dr. and Mrs. Reuben E. Larson



Top: Members of the Russian Department check a postmark from a listener's letter with their map of Russia.



Above: Staff members of television department formulate plans for production.



Top: HCJB musicians present program for television department.

Above: The Rimmer Memorial Hospital in Quito.



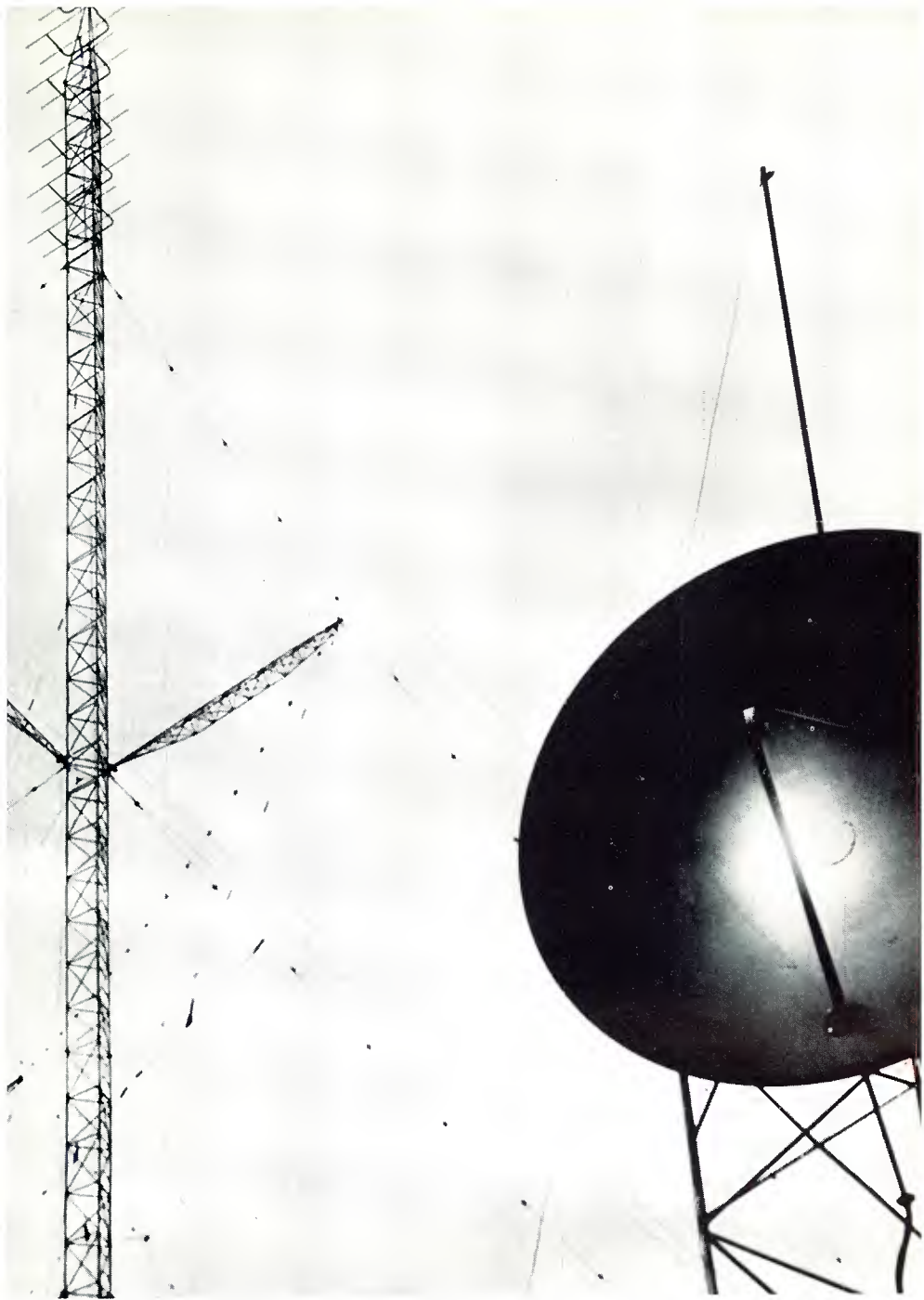
Top: Missionaries and Ecuadorians work together in the Rimmer Memorial Hospital.

Above: The J. B. Epp Memorial Hospital in Shell Mera.

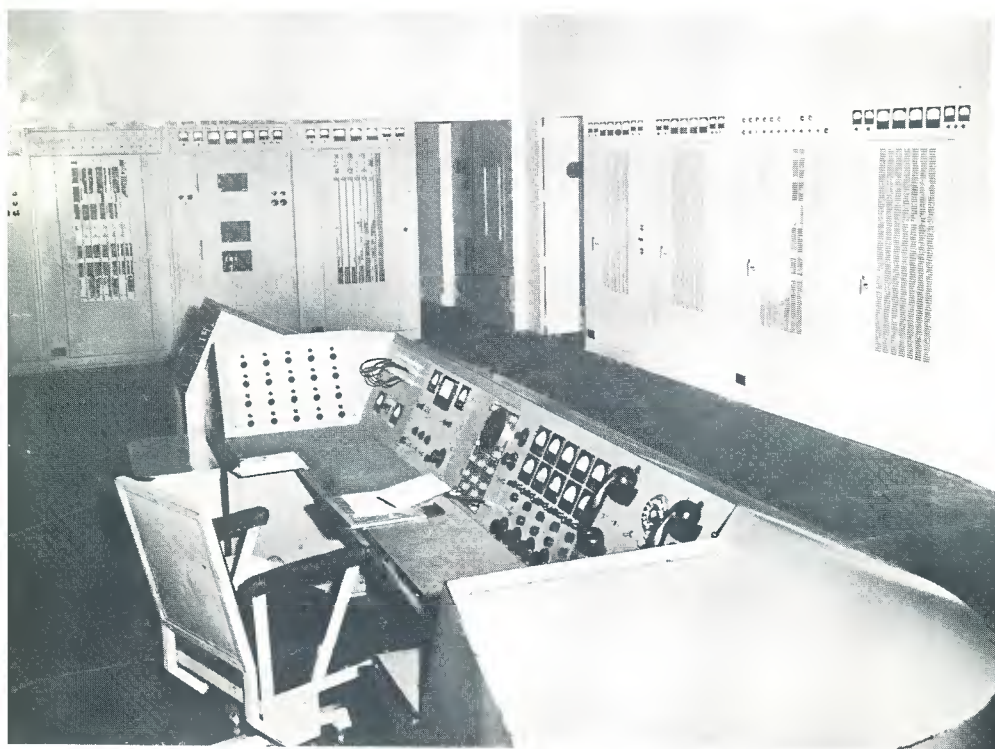


Top: From the J. B. Epp Memorial Hospital Dr. Everett Fuller consults with jungle missionaries on the Missionary Aviation Fellowship radio network.

Radio staff members present the HCJB Hour from the World Radio Chapel, Quito, Ecuador.

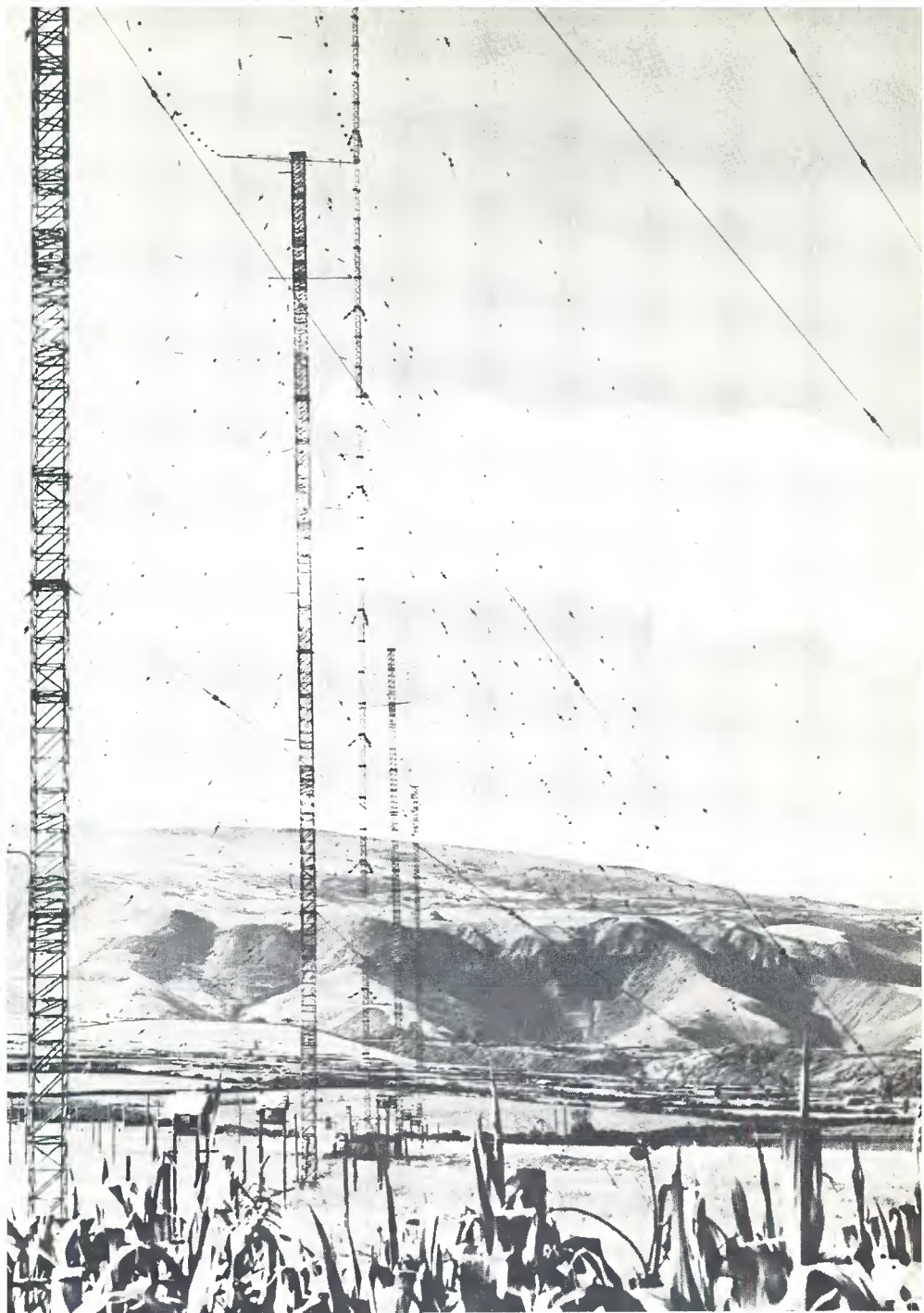


This microwave disk captures the radio signal from Quito and sends the message out through the transmitters and antennas at Pifo.



Top: This modern building on the Pifo compound houses the HCJB transmitters.

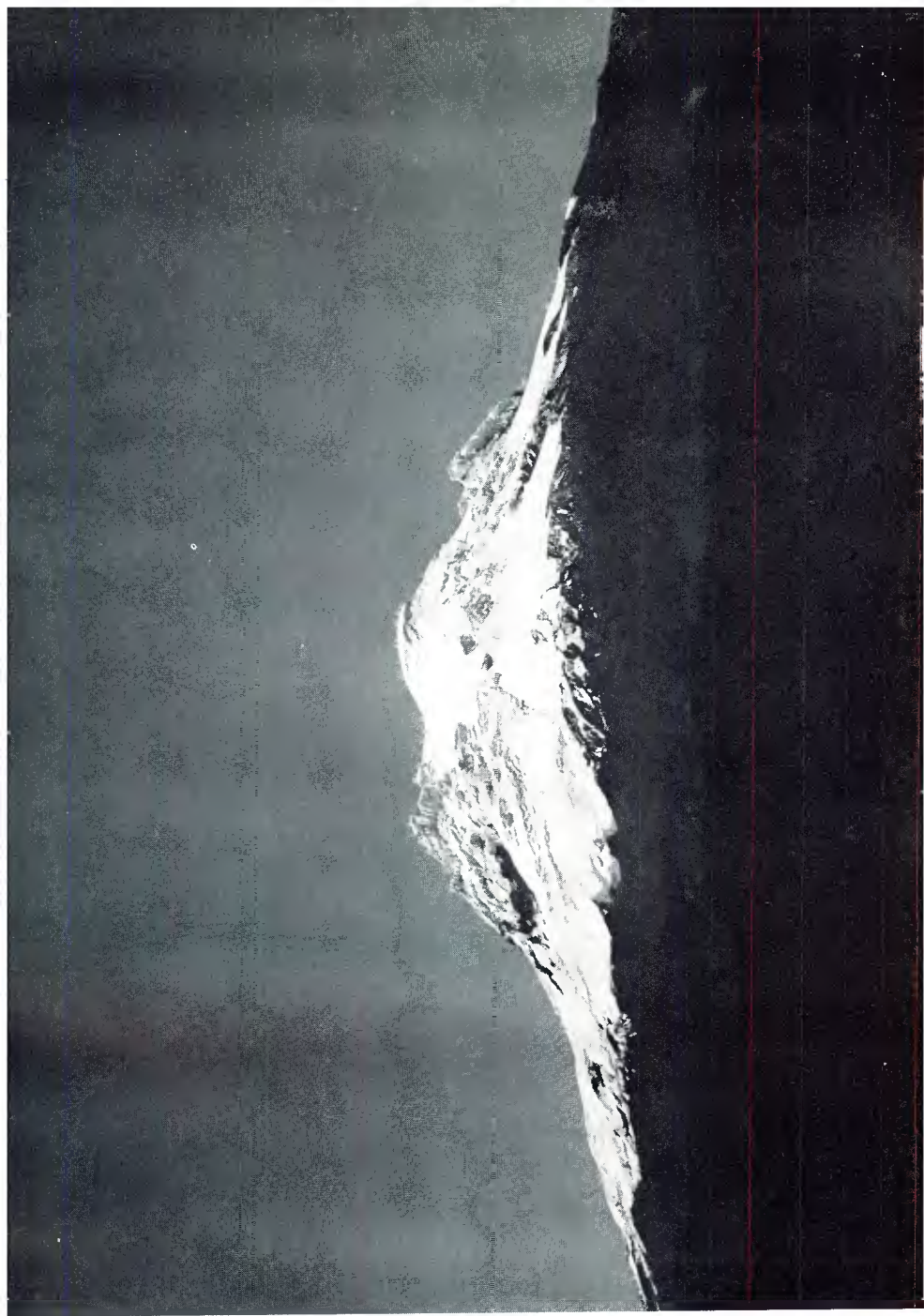
Above: The short wave, the long wave and the 49 meter transmitters are seen behind their steel doors with the transmitter console in the foreground.



The European and South Pacific curtain antenna system with the taller long wave tower are seen against the eastern sky.



Top: Co-founders Clarence Jones and Reuben Larson participate with Abe Van Der Puy in 40th anniversary program from HCJB.
Above: HCJB ensemble and orchestra, directed by Gene Jordan, present annual Christmas concert at the National Sucre Theatre in downtown Quito.



Mt. Antisana, one of Ecuador's many snow-capped peaks that approach 20,000 feet in altitude.



Above: Quito, Capital of Ecuador, lies in an Andean valley nearly 9,500 feet above sea level.

Below: The HCJB compound in Quito showing the studio building in the background, at the left the building housing the Accounting Office and the Bible Institute of the Air, at the right the Correspondence Building.





The missionary staff of the World Radio Missionary Fellowship gather in Quito for the Annual Members' Meeting.



Penstock leading to hydro-electric building where the power for HCJB's transmitters is generated in Papallacta, Ecuador.

pangs and struggle for existence. But at the turn of the century God had chosen His means for twentieth century evangelism and had given to His chosen vessels the vision and courage to seize the opportunity and to develop it.

I

It is indeed appropriate that to this twentieth century miracle of radio should be given the name of one of man's oldest activities, of spreading the seed upon the ground—broadcasting. It is even more appropriate when we apply it to the God-given task of disseminating the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The seed to be broadcast is the Word of God and the field is the world. But how may that be done, unless we are to utilize the greatest medium of mass communication ever discovered?

The year 1896, a year which was to be of great importance in the subsequent history of missionary radio, as we shall later observe, saw the issuing of the first British patent to Guglielmo Marconi for his invention in the field of wireless telegraphy. Development was rapid in this field and in 1901, radio telegraph signals were received across the Atlantic and in 1903, the first wireless message from the United States to Europe was transmitted, a message from President Roosevelt to King Edward VII.

There is, presumably, no clean line of demarcation between the time radiotelephony branched out from its point-to-point communication and the time it was commercially usable as a means of mass communication, as we know radio today. As early as 1915 David Sarnoff envisioned the possibilities of radio becoming a household utility, but his idea was even then considered altogether too visionary to be of any practical value. In spite of the lack of interest on the part of many, five years later broadcasting as a means of disseminating news became a reality, when on November 2, 1920, the returns of the Harding-Cox presidential election were announced to the nation by means of radio. This and other like experiments stirred the imagination of the public and provided the stimulus which soon brought it out of the experimental stage into that of a full fledged industry. It was not too long after this that there were over four hundred transmitters on the air.

When, therefore, in the early 1920's Christian men with vision and courage launched out into a plan to use radio as a means of propagating the Gospel of Jesus Christ, they were getting in on the ground floor, and we today must honor these who were willing to take such a revolutionary and daring step.

II

Man is very largely a creature of habit. That which has been tried and tested is all right, and anything new is likely to be looked upon with some misgivings, perhaps even fear. Is it then strange that radio broadcasting as a means for disseminating the Gospel should be looked upon with suspicion by some and should be denounced by others? Such a method, new and untried, would have to defend itself against the spurious and often invidious attacks of those whose faith was small and whose vision limited.

"How can God possibly bless this newfangled fad? It will soon be proved that it has no value. Then why invest money and time on such a foolish venture?"

"And besides," added another, "it is bound to be a failure as far as the Gospel is concerned because it operates in the very realm in which Satan is supreme. Is he not the prince of the power of the air?"

Against these and other subtle arguments, radio had to prove its worth. For us today it is easy to look back and say rather disdainfully perhaps, "Oh, ye of little faith." We, who today can see the full grown oak tree spreading its boughs in all its splendor, are hardly in the position where we can laugh at him who only saw the acorn. We see radio today in its full orb'd maturity. We not only have seen its vast accomplishments, but those very accomplishments have been the means of convincing us that even greater things may yet be in store. Now, nothing in radio seems to be an impossibility. But then, radio had no past achievements and the question could and was legitimately asked, "Has it any future?"

God had made no mistake. Radio had come and was here to stay. Its glorious future only God knew, and He who knew, was guiding, giving vision, giving courage to go forth by faith.

III

Who could have foreseen in the early 1920's the phenomenal growth in radio? Not only in number of transmitting stations; not only in power to cover larger and ever larger areas; but also in the number of listeners, has the original experiment grown.

Now it is a well known fact that figures may and often do convey an erroneous idea, but no thinking man would be willing to overlook statistics which so conclusively argue the case for radio, for Christian radio, for missionary radio. Over against the population explosion which poses such a tremendous problem for the earnest soul-winner can be placed the astounding fact that there are in the world today over two hundred million radio receivers. Half of these are to be found in North America and the rest scattered in the other continents. Sixty percent of these radios, exclusive of those in North America, are short wave receivers capable of picking up broadcasts at great distances and providing for the broadcaster a potential audience of millions of persons. And if radio provides the greatest potential audience, can we make a mistake if we seek to reach it by this modern miracle which God has placed in our hands?

These radios are scattered to the four winds of heaven. And while some of the audience slumbers, on the other side of the world men and women are awake. Mindful of the fact that time is running out, that "the night cometh when no man can work" and that we must make haste to witness to every creature, what better means can be used than radio, which enables us to reach a listening audience somewhere in the world all twenty-four hours of the day?

Considering the number of radios in the various language areas of the world and the relative importance of these languages, a radio station broadcasting regularly in English, German, French, Spanish and Russian can reach a potential audience that staggers the imagination. With an insistence and persistence that cannot be denied the message of life can be sent into homes and hearts of persons who may never otherwise hear.

No one could have foreseen in its inception the miraculous power of radio to penetrate the inaccessible places of the

world, a factor that the Christian must consider of utmost importance today. With the erection of the iron curtain, as well as the bamboo and purple curtains, some means has to be employed that will enable the message of the Gospel to reach the untold millions who in misery, darkness and despair die daily without the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. The rising tide of nationalism poses another problem for Christian missions, limiting their activities and threatening to put an end entirely to them, but no curtain, however high or thick, no tide of nationalism can raise an effective barrier to radio waves. Just as long as there are millions of receivers in the world, and just as long as men listen, radio is an effective means to get into their hearts and consciences with the glorious truth of God's Word.

There is no doubt about it. For this twentieth century, God has given to His Church a means and a method of disseminating the good seed of the Word, that of spreading it broadcast by means of radio. Through this means, the millions SHALL HEAR!

CHAPTER FIVE

God Chooses A Place

“The land, whither thou goest to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh of the water of the rain of heaven; a land which the Lord thy God careth for; the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year.”

I

There is no more beautiful land in all the world than Ecuador. Relatively small, it is an exquisite jewel set on the western hump of South America at Latitude 0. From the golden sands that are forever washed by the gentle swell of the blue Pacific, to the glistening white summits of the bizarre giants whose peaks pierce the azure skies, and down again to the emerald green fastness of the virgin forest, the amazed traveller may find everything to reward his indefatigable search for the interesting, the unusual and the romantic.

It is a land of great contrasts. Slow meandering rivers, like serpentine monsters, twist and turn in the alluvial plains, overflowing their banks in the almost below sea level rice paddies. Rushing, impetuous streams, mere trickles in the dry season, mad torrents in the wet season, sweep headlong down the sides of the massive Andean mountains, leaving in their wake a soil erosionist's paradise. To the east, the tortuous headwaters of the Amazon open a pathway through

the impenetrable jungles in their majestic sweep to the Atlantic. The steaming jungles, with their luxuriant growth of trees, vines and other tropical plants watered by more than two hundred inches of rainfall each year, the home of the once naked and savage Auca and numerous semi-civilized tribes, provide a suitable contrast to the frigid wastes of the high paramos, to the elevated plateaus whose barren expanse is unrelieved save by an occasional straw thatched hut, whose owner stands in the sun, wrapped in his thick wool poncho against the biting blast of the bitter wind. Both present a striking contrast to the growing, progressive cities of the sierra and those of the coast; Quito, the oldest capital of the new world, whose twisted, narrow streets, and the baroque architecture of its temples proclaim its antiquity and whose wide and sweeping avenues and modern multi-storied buildings tell a story of ambition and progress; Guayaquil, whose teeming streets and ceaseless activity, whose constant movement of ships in the harbor and never ending hub-bub tell the story of its commercial prosperity and advancement.

The more than fifteen active and extinct volcanoes, the greatest number of high peaks to be found anywhere in the world in such a small area, exhibit a skyline of unprecedented beauty as the sun strikes their eternal snows; mighty Chimborazo, the colossus of the Andes, and others towering from fifteen to twenty-two thousand feet above the sea. At the same time they hover over the land in a menacing gesture, manifesting an ever present threat of unparalleled disaster, demolition and death.

Contrasts, yes, on every hand. Contrasts in architecture: the long, oval house of chonta palm walls of the head-hunting Jivaros, the adobe walls and red-tiled roofs of the highland village home, the imposing and ponderous masonry of the sixteenth century temples and convents, and the ultra-modern reinforced concrete structures with their graceful lines. Contrasts in civilizations: the naked savage of the forest, the royal, but defeated descendants of the Incas in the highlands, and the proud and noble heirs of the Spanish conquistadores in the metropolis. Everything is here to enrapture the anthropologist, to thrill the archeologist, to delight the historian and to captivate the tourist.

II

"You say that your God came down to earth and was slain by men? Bah, what kind of a god is he? Mine," and here he proudly looked at the sun at its zenith, "mine is greater than yours." And with a disdainful look he tossed the Bible on the ground.

It must have been a remarkable scene indeed. The royal Inca, Atahualpa, bedecked with costly jewels, his bearing sedate and dignified, looked about him with an air of absolute composure, even in the midst of these strange, armed white men. Before him, attired in his black robes, stood Fray Vincente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, the Bible in one hand and the crucifix in the other. Through his interpreter, the priest had laboriously expounded the holy mystery of the Trinity, had run through the whole gamut of cant and dogma in terms as abstract as they were confused. It is doubtful if the Inca, intelligent as he was, understood any of the theological implications of the sermon, but there was no doubt that he comprehended that he was being asked to abdicate his crown and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

"I will be no man's tributary, for I am greater than any prince on earth," he proclaimed proudly, drawing himself to his full height.

Contemporary accounts give many details of this historic scene, but none of them omit the fact that the black-robed friar was filled with rage at the attitude of the proud monarch. In a fit of blind fury he rushed over to where Pizarro and the other leaders had waited while he had delivered his sermon.

"What are you waiting for? Set on them at once, for I absolve you!" he screamed.

We have to draw the curtain on the revoltingly cruel scene that followed. Such inhumanity is almost unbelievable. But the pattern had been set. The Roman Catholic religion was imposed upon the people at the point of the sword.

The scene changes. The years having rolled away, Ecuador had finally freed herself of the chains that had bound her to Spain. At the price of blood shed on the mountain sides and in the valleys, they had liberated themselves from the

tyranny of Iberian domination but not from the cruel shackles of Rome. Gabriel García Moreno, without a doubt one of the greatest personalities ever to appear on the stage of Ecuadorian and American history, dominated the political life of his country. He was a fanatical zealot who felt that it was his mission in life to take to heaven via the Roman Catholic Church, "either by persuasion or imposition" the soul of every Ecuadorian. Accordingly a new constitution was written, later to be known as the Black Bill, or the Bill of Slavery, in which among other things, no man could enjoy the rights of citizenship who was not a Roman Catholic, and in which the whole country was turned over to the supervision of the ecclesiastical authorities. A concordat was signed with Rome, turning over to the ecclesiastical party the supervision of all education, primary to university, and also the censoring of all literature imported or sold in the country.

His dictatorial methods, his inflexible intolerance, his absolute subservience to Papal Rome led many to hate him and plot his overthrow. Many others were content to continue in this servile state as vassals of Rome. Is it any wonder then that Ecuador was the last of the South American countries to open its doors to evangelical missionaries?

Obviously such an intolerable situation could not continue forever. After the cruel assassination of García Moreno in 1875, there were many years of unrest. One government was quickly succeeded by another, as the country sought a formula that would give them what they needed and what the majority wanted. Liberty, liberty to think, to act, to worship as they wanted. Liberalism was on the move and was destined to triumph. Under the able leadership of General Eloy Alfaro, the forces of liberty triumphed and a new constitution was written and enforced. By the sword, ably wielded by men of vision and courage, the darkness of the Middle Ages was dispelled and a new day dawned for Ecuador.

On July 7, 1896, the year so significant for radio, a new era began for this great little land. Three missionaries of the Cross of Christ, boldly set foot on Ecuadorian soil, bringing for the first time in its history, the message of Light and Life to a people who had for years sat in darkness and in the shadow of death.

III

This was the land that the Lord had prepared for the establishment of the Pioneer Missionary Radio Station, HCJB, The Voice of the Andes. But it wasn't without some misgivings that the founders took the initial step.

A liberal minded, generous, hospitable people said, "Come, and welcome!" But the voice of caution said, "Wait!"

"Listen, young man, if I were to do it, I would most certainly not put a radio station in Ecuador. Present information shows that the equator is a poor place from which to broadcast. Stay as far away from the equator as possible if you want to be successful. Try some other country, but stay away from the equator."

This advice could not be lightly discounted by the young missionary who had made a special trip to Washington, to the State Department, in order to cull from their voluminous files the latest and best information on radio broadcasting, especially as it referred to developments in Latin America. He therefore could not help but ask himself. "Is this the right place?"

He set out on his first trip to Ecuador. There, in company with his beloved colleagues in this new and mighty venture for Christ, he sought the answer to the perplexing question. In the midst of their investigations they came upon a new technical report recently prepared by the engineers of an outstanding United States manufacturer who was investigating broadcasting possibilities in Ecuador. Was their report favorable to the venture of faith of these radio-minded young men. No!

"Because of the large amount of mineral ore deposits in the mountains, it could be expected that any radio signal transmitted from such a point would be lost or seriously weakened by ground absorption." Thus read the report.

Did these missionaries dare to ignore such reports? Did they dare to go ahead in the face of such direct testimony against the advisability of establishing a broadcasting station in the mountains at the equator? Was it prudent to start upon an uncharted course against the advice of those who supposedly knew the way and reported the danger? Prudent or not, these young men both dared and did!

Quito, perched precariously on the lap of Pichincha, an extinct volcano, almost ten thousand feet up in the sierra and only ten miles south of the equator, was calling and beckoning to come. No! It was the Lord who had promised, "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee saying, This is the way, walk ye in it" who now spoke, with an insistence which could not be denied, in spite of technical reports, sage human advice, and the pull of many Christian friends in Ecuador's port of Guayaquil.

"Come up to the top of the mountain. Come up to the top... Come up!"

The Holy Spirit, faithful guide of those whose trust is in God, was leading them on. How could they doubt Him, when He had so wonderfully led them through all the problems that had so far confronted them? They could not and did not! Henceforth Quito was to be the home of the Pioneer Missionary Broadcasting Station, HCJB, The Voice of the Andes.

Subsequent history has proven beyond a shadow of a doubt, that man was wrong and God was right. The higher you go, and the closer to the equator you are, the better the signal!

CHAPTER SIX

God Gives A Blueprint

“The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord,” said the Psalmist, “and he delighteth in his way.” Was this to prove true in the lives of these young men who had dedicated themselves to the task of reaching the regions beyond by radio? Let’s take a look and see.

I

“Reuben, what are we going to call this station? It just isn’t possible to get started without a name. We’ve got to have some call letters. Maybe we can get some kind of a slogan like we had back there in Chicago at station WJBT, “Where Jesus Blesses Thousands.” What do you think?

“Well, Clarence, I’ve been thinking the same thing. But you know, I’ve been looking into the matter and it isn’t going to be as easy as it looks.”

“Why? Can’t we just think up our slogan and then take the first letter of each word and use them as our call letters?”

“I’m afraid not. The government won’t let us quite do that.”

“What do you mean? Are they going to be difficult?”

“Oh no! The other day I went to see the communications’ chief and no one could have been kinder or more understanding. He told me that since we were going to have the very first radio station in the country, we could choose whatever call letter combination we like and that that would be reserved and recognized for us.”

"Well, then, what's the problem? Why can't we go ahead and choose what we like?"

"Here's the catch, Clarence. The chief tells me that there is an international agreement by which each country is assigned certain characteristic letters which identify the country in the field of international radio. Ecuador has to abide by this agreement and the letter or letters, rather, assigned to Ecuador are H and C. Thus it appears that all call letters assigned to any radio station in Ecuador have to begin with these two HC. So we are limited. We may choose the other two."

"Hmm! Well, no doubt God's hand is in this as well, so I think we had better pray about it and see what He says."

"That's right! And say, why don't we ask the other missionaries who are here in Quito for their conference to pray also. That way we may be sure of God's leading."

"Good, let's do it."

Prayer was thus made without ceasing unto God for His direction in this very important matter. It was felt that the letters should be an expression of the purpose for which the new radio station had been established. Anything less than that would be insufficient and unworthy of the greatest task ever set before men, that of making known the unsearchable riches of Christ to a world lost in sin and shame. Finally, the letters HCJB were chosen.

"HCJB. That sounds pretty good. You have complied with the international agreement. But what does it mean? What do the letters JB stand for?"

"The four really give us a wonderful slogan. They express exactly what we want to do!"

"Fine, fine, but don't keep us waiting any longer. What do they stand for?"

"Heralding Christ Jesus' Blessings. What do you think of that?"

"Why, that's wonderful! But you know, that isn't going to make much sense to the man down there in the communications' office. Sí, sí, Señor, he'll say, but what do they mean in Spanish? Then what will you tell him?"

"Oh, that's easy. Didn't we say that God would lead us to the right letters? And He did! Listen, H for Hoy, C for Cristo, J for Jesús, and B for Bendice."

“Wonderful! Praise God! Today Christ Jesus Blesses! That will really show them we mean business.”

“What do you mean?”

“Why, you know as well as I do that this is the land of mañana, tomorrow. But it isn't tomorrow that God is going to bless. He wants to bless Today, and I'm sure He will.”

And He did! How graciously did He bless those early efforts. How tenderly He led them through the multitudinous problems that faced them.

II

With that important matter taken care of so beautifully, the radio missionaries next set themselves to the task of outlining the precise plan for the propagation of the Gospel. Again they dedicated themselves to prayer with the open Bible before them. It wasn't long before they were aware of the fact that God had drawn for them a clear blueprint of what He wanted them to do.

“You know, I think this is the answer to our question. Just read this verse from Acts, chapter one.

“Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.”

“It sets a pretty clear pattern, doesn't it? We are to start right here at Jerusalem, right here in Quito. We've got to make sure that the folk here in the city hear the Gospel first.”

“Well, we can do it all right, because ours is a long wave transmitter on a good wave length. It isn't as big a transmitter as we'd like to see, but it's a start.”

Yes, it was a wonderful start, and what a joy it was to send the message over that transmitter knowing that thus they were fulfilling the first step in the plan of God for radio station HCJB!

The blueprint called for further development. The message was to be taken next to Judea, which translated into terms applicable to the situation that faced the radio missionaries, was the rest of Ecuador and the neighboring republics. Now this was something for which they were not yet ready. They had to prove their mettle on the first job, before they could adequately tackle a new proposition. But the vision was there,

and the will to go ahead, keeping pace with God's leading. It is not therefore too surprising to learn that in due course, a medium wave transmitter was added to the first, in order to comply with the second step outlined in the plan of God.

Was that the final challenge? No, for as the radio workers prayed and laboured, God laid on their hearts the third step—"Unto Samaria." This meant all of Latin America. But how to reach them with the facilities they had? It seemed an impossible task, that is, humanly speaking. But God is the God of the impossible, and after several years of toil, sweat and tears, the new 1000 watt transmitter was ready on 31 meters, ready to send the glorious message of the Gospel of Jesus Christ from Tierra del Fuego to Alaska.

Then almost ten years went by before Radio Station HCJB was able to fulfill in a more or less adequate way the requirements of the fourth step in the divine plan. Christ had said "unto the uttermost part of the earth." The millions of earth in this generation have a right to hear and we have a duty to tell them. What a joy it was then to put on the air on Easter of 1940 the new ten thousand watt short wave transmitter. But we are anticipating what came later. Sufficient to say that the pattern given by God for radio broadcasting was being followed by the founders of The Voice of the Andes.

III

Tact and courtesy are by-products of the effectual working of the Gospel in the heart and life of a man. It was therefore not strange that the principles that would display these virtues should be woven into the warp and woof of the plans for the missionary radio station. Let's look at the particular problems that faced the young men as they looked into the future of the work.

Politics and religion are two matters which claim the ardent and enthusiastic attention of most people in Ecuador and it was this that challenged the attention of Reuben Larson and Clarence Jones. It would take a world of wisdom to handle the delicate situations caused by the meteoric rise and fall of successive governments, by the intense and sometimes violent feelings of minorities. It would take a world of tact to deal adequately with a people who had for over four

hundred years accepted blindly the rule and faith of the Roman Catholic Church. Such wisdom was to be had, of course, for they were mindful of the fact that the promise had been given, "If any man lacks wisdom, let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not." This wisdom they earnestly sought, and the subsequent history of *The Voice of the Andes* shows that they received it.

Two basic principles of operation were suggested and were quickly adopted as a rule for action down through the years. In the matter of religion, the approach was to be positive at all times. Never was it to descend to the negative, to attacking other faiths or the beliefs of others. A grand and glorious message had been given by the Lord to preach, of salvation full and free through the merits of the shed blood of Jesus Christ. And as Paul, they were determined that they and all their associates through the years would preach and glory in nothing but the Cross of Christ. Thus staying away from all controversial issues, the listener would be directed at all times to Him who came "to seek and to save that which was lost." Then in the realm of politics, absolute and perfect neutrality was to be observed at all times. Without compromising Christian principles and evangelical beliefs, the government in power was to be respected and obeyed, but at all times, complete impartiality and lack of political bias was to be observed in the action of Radio Station HCJB and its personnel.

That God was leading them as they laid down these two basic principles of operation has been evident down through the years and has done much, under God, to maintain the favor of governments and the good will of men, without which, humanly speaking, much of the work of the Gospel would have been impossible.

IV

Such a tremendous program, that of *Heralding Christ Jesus' Blessings*, starting at Quito and reaching to the uttermost part of the earth, could not be carried out; indeed, it could not be started unless it were firmly grounded upon Jesus Christ Himself and anchored to the sure promises of the Almighty.

How inspiring it is to read in the story of God's work how "when He putteth forth his own sheep He goeth before"; how when He calls, He also empowers; how He always undergirds not only with His powerful arms, but with His un-failing promises. It was so in the case of the men who had dedicated themselves, their lives and talents to the overwhelming task of starting a radio station on foreign soil to broadcast to the whole world the message of God's redeeming love.

Two verses were given by God to His devoted servants: Jeremiah 33:3, "Call unto me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not." How often during the next thirty years were God's radio missionaries to call on Him, in their extremity, in their need; and how often would they see this precious promise fulfilled in great and mighty things which they had not known or dreamed were possible. Why were they possible? Because of the truth of the second verse given to these stalwarts of the faith. Zechariah 4:6, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Or as the Spanish version says, "Not by an army" not by many workers, "nor by power," radio power in efficient transmitters, "but by my Spirit," the efficacious and gracious working of the Holy Spirit of God in the lives of His servants, yielded, heart and life to Him.

PART THREE

“...first the blade...”

CHAPTER SEVEN

An Historic Meeting

I

"Failures, Grace, that's what we are, failures. There's no other word for it. Here we've been at this work for all this time, and what do we have to show for it? Nothing! We came all the way to Dos Rios to reach the Indians, and where are they? Not here, that's sure!"

"I'm inclined to agree with you, Reu dear, but . . . but I shouldn't. After all, dear, we've prayed about all this and the Lord says that . . ."

"Yes, Grace, we've prayed, but not nearly enough. Dear, let's drop everything and stay before the Lord until we hear what He has to say to us."

That was on Sunday. The young missionary couple, in their desperate desire to reach the lost Indians of the forest, gave themselves without ceasing to prayer in their bamboo house built in the clearing carved painstakingly out of the dense jungle. Their burden was real, and their God, gracious!

Monday morning broke bright and clear and down the barely-cleared, muddy trail, the Indians came. By mid-day, more than thirty of them had come, seeking work, asking aid: Indians to whom they could witness, to whom they could tell the glorious story of God's love. The crisis passed, and the work begun then in the hearts of the missionaries and in the hearts and lives of the jungle Indians never stopped.

The story is a thrilling one. Reuben Larson and his

young and charming wife had left home and loved ones to bear the Good News of the Gospel to the Quechua speaking Indians of the Ecuadorian Oriente. His dynamic personality, his drive and endless enthusiasm led him to attempt great things for God. He was not content with routine progress. He wanted all to hear immediately. He wanted the work to prosper marvelously and all his powers and talents were engaged to this end. But as we have said, the time came when he considered himself and the work in which they were engaged an utter failure, which was God's way of showing him a more excellent way; "Not by might, nor by power but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

Soon after the crisis, government officials began to make their way to his door. They had heard of the manner in which the young missionary had found a way into the hearts of the red man of the jungle, and they were most anxious to avail themselves of all his excellent contacts. The government had enacted some fine laws on behalf of the forgotten inhabitants of the jungle, but they had few people who were willing and eager to put them into effect.

"Would Señor Larson be interested in helping the government build roads into the interior of the Oriente? Perhaps he would even be willing to become the superintendent of such a project."

"Would Señor Larson like to become the supervisor of all the new schools that the government is planning in the forest regions?"

"Would Señor Larson undertake the distribution of the salt for the Oriente, inasmuch as this is a government monopoly and we need someone to take care of it?"

"Would Señor Larson care to establish a meteorological station down in the jungle and send periodic and detailed reports to Quito?"

"Would Señor Larson collect the gold gathered by the Indians and see to it that it got to the Banco Central in proper form?"

What a challenge to a man of vision! Work? Yes, lots of it. However these official offers did not spell work and responsibility, they spelled opportunity. Opportunity to make new contacts, to meet Indians who would come to his house for work, for supplies, for leadership and direction.

Some there were, of course, who were critical of the young missionary's attitude. They thought that he should have devoted all his time and talents to preaching the Gospel. They could not see the virtue of working hand in glove with the government in such mundane projects. Reuben Larson, however, saw in all this the hand of the Lord opening a door before him, a door into the hearts and lives of the Indians and into the hearts and lives of government officials. That he was right, was soon proved by the rapid growth spiritually of the work at Dos Rios, and by the invitation of the President, Dr. Isidro Ayora, to visit him that he might thank him personally for the wonderful work done on behalf of the Indians of Ecuador's Oriente.

However, in the heart of the young missionary couple there was no peace. There was progress, to be sure, but ever before them was a vision of myriads of souls without Christ, millions who had never had the chance of hearing the Gospel. How could they be reached quickly, while there was yet time, while it was yet day, before eternal night closed in on them? There seemed to be but one answer that kept ringing in his heart and mind. Radio spelled out a possible solution to the problem.

Before leaving for Ecuador on their first term of service, Reuben Larson and his young wife had heard about radio as a means for disseminating the Gospel, for in a limited way, it was being used for this great purpose. Their interest was aroused, and although they had no immediate use for it, the seeds had been sown in fertile ground, seeds which would later be watered and nurtured by the vision of the great need of the world without Christ. In God's own time and in His own wonderful way, He would cause that seed to germinate, spring up and bear fruit in the establishment in Ecuador of a radio station that would reach to the uttermost parts of the earth with the Gospel.

II

In the meantime, Clarence Jones, along with a dedicated group of young people was busy in the task of evangelism by means of radio. He was happy in his work and in his home, along with his wife Katherine and his two small children. He felt that he was where God wanted him and he was content and secure.

He was in the center of God's will, but God had other plans for this talented young couple. The challenge came at the Lake Harbor Summer Conference Grounds.

On the conference schedule were two consecrated missionaries who were soon to return to their field of labor in Tibet. Clarence Jones listened with keen interest as night after night these servants of God gave their message of devotion to the Lord and real sacrifice for Him. One evening they told of travelling from their station to the coast of China, a journey of some forty-two days. It was a rugged trip, and a never to be forgotten one. En route, first one and then the other of their two children sickened and died and was buried. Even as they spoke of the tragic events, great tears of joy coursed down their cheeks as they rejoiced in the privilege that was theirs to serve the risen Lord. Such devotion on the part of Rev. and Mrs. C. Edwin Carlson made a deep impression on Clarence Jones. As he heard God speak to his own heart, he gladly answered "Here am I, send me."

What Mrs. Jones would say was a matter of deep concern to the young man who had said, "yes," to God. She had never felt the call of God to such service and was delighted that her husband was in evangelistic work in the States. Would she demur, when she heard of his decision? Would she oppose it, or accept it? How would she feel about his call of God?

God has strange and wonderful ways of doing things. For while He was speaking to Clarence in the meeting of the summer conference grounds, He was also speaking to Katherine back home, looking after the children. He had prepared her heart to say, "yes," to the greatest challenge of all. So the call came simultaneously to them both, and their reaction was similar. How delighted the young husband was to find, when he returned home, that his wife was of the same heart and mind. There was never any doubt in their minds from that day on that missionary work, through the medium of radio, was God's plan and purpose for their lives.

Although few people at the time were enthusiastic about it, South America seemed to be the place to which God was leading them as a center for their work. So convinced were they of this, that they asked for leave of absence from the Tabernacle in order to take a survey trip to Venezuela. In

fact they were so sure of God's leading that they approached the Scandinavian Alliance Mission and were accepted as candidates for service in that field.

It was February 1928 when Mr. Jones set out to explore the possibilities for radio in Venezuela. His trip, in terms of spiritual blessing was a success; but in terms of open doors for radio broadcasting, it was a miserable failure. The door was definitely closed. The Government would not even dream of Protestant missionaries going on the air to broadcast the Gospel. So he sadly returned to the States. On the way home he investigated the possibilities in Colombia, Panama and Cuba. Everywhere the answer was the same. A tightly closed door. Was he then mistaken in his vision? Had he misunderstood God's leading?

Back in the States he tried to find God's will in the matter, and he sought the counsel of godly men whom he felt should be able to guide and clarify his thinking. He found little encouragement anywhere, and when he looked for aid from his own spiritual father, Paul Rader, it was to be upset even more. For Mr. Rader tried to interest him in missionary work in India, assuring him of his help, were he to undertake such a task. It was a great spiritual crisis for the young man when he had to resist and turn away from the invitation of the man who had meant so much to him in his spiritual life. It was a maturing process which God allowed in his life to wean him away from the influence of men, no matter how dear and precious, to seek only God's will.

Naturally there were some who did not try to dissuade the young man, but who rather encouraged him in his vision to use radio on the mission field. They had some misgivings with regards to the Christian public, wondering how they would receive such a novel idea, but that did not hinder them in their wholehearted prayer help.

Among the men who stood behind Clarence Jones at that time was Luke Rader. On one occasion he wrote: "Among Mr. Jones' many talents, the one which to me commends him most highly is the unswerving tenacity with which he persists in any task assigned him until that task is completed to perfect satisfaction." Never was this tenacity more in evidence than when, with faltering faith and much prayer, he took the first steps in the direction in which he knew

God was leading him. Such conviction was catching, and one by one, men of God began to stand behind him. Such men as Dr. R. R. Brown and Dr. Walter Turnbull of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, Dr. Howard W. Ferrin of Providence Bible Institute, Dr. James M. Gray of Moody Bible Institute, Paul Rader and Dr. Gerald Winrod began to see the possibilities of the work of radio and so were ready to endorse the plan presented by Clarence Jones.

III

Two streams were flowing in the same direction, streams that were to carry blessings to many. It remained for God to bring those two streams into the same channel in order that their combined flow might be used of the Lord in a greater and more bountiful manner to bring life to a world dead in trespasses and sin.

The phrase "in the providence of God" has often been used to refer to the apparently casual encounter of Reuben E. Larson and Clarence W. Jones. As we have already seen, God had been preparing them both for a great and mighty task in world evangelism, and now the hour had come in which God was to bring them together to work out the plans for what was to be known as Radio Station HCJB. Let us trace the wonderful workings of God in His wise providence.

Before there were any other Christian secondary schools in the country, Paul Rader, trying to take advantage of another means of winning young people to Christ, had established the High School Academy in Chicago. Clarence Jones was one of the teachers, Ruth Miller was another. As time went on, Ruth Miller went to Nyack, N.Y. to prepare herself for serving the Lord more effectively. There she met John D. Clark, fell in love with him and was married. Then the young couple set sail for Ecuador under the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Clarence Jones had lost track of them until they returned on furlough just about the time that he was returning from his survey trip to Venezuela.

When they heard of his plans, and of his apparent failure to find a place in which to establish his work, they said, "Why not come to Ecuador?" It was a revolutionary idea to Mr. Jones, for he had not thought in terms of the west coast of

South America. Thus he was not easily convinced, but Ruth and John did not give up easily either.

"You just wait till you meet Reuben Larson. He'll be able to sell you on the whole project," they said.

The months went by and in 1929 Reuben Larson was scheduled to speak at a Youth Rally in Lincoln, Nebraska, a rally sponsored by Dr. R. R. Brown. Mr. Larson, because of other engagements could not be there, but Grace, his wife was to take his place. For her, it was rather an embarrassing position, to speak when her husband had been advertised as the special speaker, but undaunted she went on with it. That same evening, a young couple were motoring to the west. Because of their friendship with Dr. Brown, they stopped to visit; and Clarence Jones was asked to sit on the platform. As the message was brought to a close, a message that God signally blessed to the hearts of the young people gathered there, Grace Larson turned to Clarence Jones and asked him if he would kindly give the altar call. He rose and humbly told the youth present that he was inviting them to join him at the altar where he wished to be the first to kneel.

Was it any wonder that after the meeting, these three young people should be found sitting at a table enjoying a malted milk and talking about the way the Lord had blessed? As they conversed, they expressed their own intimate desires to be used more wonderfully of God in carrying God's message to the ends of the earth. Then the magic word "Radio" was mentioned. What a flood was loosed at that moment! Mutual desires and aspirations were uttered in almost breathless excitement. Was God thus beginning to bring His own purpose to pass?

It was not long after this that Reuben Larson and Clarence Jones met in the Jones' apartment in Chicago. With what wonder they found out the astounding similarity of their visions and dreams. As they prayed and discussed their God-given aims and ambitions, they could not fail to realize that although God had led them each far along the path traced out for them, and although they each had done much to further the work that God had placed before them, it remained for them to pool their ideas, resources, talents, in a word, all that they had, in order that He might bring to full

fruition that which He had purposed through missionary radio.

The hearts of these two young men were knit together in prayer and a common purpose, and they pledged faithfully that under God they would do that which was necessary to make their vision a reality. Like Abraham of old, who saw a city whose builder and maker was God and so went out, not knowing whither he went, so these two men, seeing by faith a radio station in Ecuador, built by the faithfulness and goodness of God, went forth, and they hardly knew where they were going.

How could they know, when no one had been that way before? There were no maps, no blueprints, no signposts along the way. It was an uncharted course. Humanly speaking, it was a mad venture, but they knew that the Holy Spirit would lead them faithfully step by step along the arduous trail that would lead to ultimate success for God.

When the time came for them to part, as Reuben Larson and his wife returned to Ecuador, certain plans had been made. Clarence Jones was to remain in the States to procure the equipment necessary to the establishment of a radio station and the means to finance it. Reuben Larson was to solicit from the government of Ecuador a permit and license to operate a radio station. Both tasks were necessary; both jobs difficult. They knew, however, "that faithful is He that hath called you, who also will do it," and with this promise ringing in their hearts, they set to work; and God, as He always does, blessed their vision and rewarded their faith.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Birth Pangs

Such enterprise and enthusiasm as went to make up the very beings of these two men who had dedicated themselves to the task of establishing a radio station in Ecuador could result only in action. Anything less than decisive action would be shunned. Accordingly it was not too long before plans were formulated to make the first overtures to the Ecuadorian government in an official way. Carefully and with great pains they put down in written form the aim and purpose of the broadcasting project in order that the authorities might know precisely what was wanted. One cannot help but rejoice to read the uncompromising setting forth of the aims, and looking back over the years, to be thrilled, that much of what was purposed has become a reality through the goodness of God. Let us look at a few excerpts from this historic document.

“Through your good offices, we desire to present this offer to your esteemed President and the people of Ecuador . . .

“We desire to join forces with Mr. Larson and his associates for a larger and more efficient spreading of the Gospel in Ecuador by means of a radio broadcasting station to be erected, with your permission, by us at Quito or some satisfactory place.

“While we desire to install this station primarily for Gospel purposes, there are other advantages that will come through it to Ecuador. Here are a few . . . it will pioneer the

way for later systems of communication . . . it will open vast sections of Ecuador's interior to world news and happenings . . . it will allow for regular instruction classes in the language and history of Ecuador to educate the poorer classes in the villages and inaccessible mountain districts . . . it will allow broadcasting of the Presidential messages . . . most important of all, it will at once bring Ecuador further into the march of world progress which other South American governments have already entered . . ."

"We propose to carry out, with your permission, the following plan for Gospel radio broadcasting in Ecuador: . . . to erect a modern, thoroughly equipped radio broadcasting transmitter for Gospel broadcasting; and to place receiving sets (free of cost) at convenient places throughout the country to receive the Gospel messages we broadcast."

Then follows a detailed list of specifications regarding the construction of the transmitters, a list of personnel and some general information. It closes with this statement, which is the key to the success of the whole venture:

"May we remind you that our whole objective in presenting this offer is the unselfish motive of every true Missionary who desires to further the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the blessing of Ecuador, spiritually and economically."

I

The task that confronted Reuben Larson as he and his little family returned to Ecuador was a staggering one. Not only was he to resume the work that he had undertaken in the jungles at the Christian and Missionary Alliance station at Dos Rios, but he had also pledged himself to procure from the government of Ecuador a contract to establish a missionary radio station in the heart of the Andes mountains. A casual glance at the facts and factors of the case was not too reassuring.

Quite naturally he was impatient to get the job done. Up in the States his partner was waiting to begin the task of getting the necessary equipment and raising the funds to transport it to Quito, and he did not want to hinder that process from getting under way. But this land was the land of *mañana*! He had seen it before. Why be in a hurry? There's all tomorrow untouched! It was perhaps a natural character-

istic based on solid fact, but one calculated to fill with impatience the young man who was trying to get a contract signed.

Why should these officials be in a hurry to grant a permit or license for a radio station to be owned and operated by foreigners? Put yourself in their place and you will see that it was only natural for them to weigh the matter carefully and to deliberate a long time before rushing into a position that could well jeopardize their national welfare. They knew so little about radio, for radio was still in its infancy. What would tomorrow reveal about this new-fangled invention? It was worth while looking into the matter carefully. Furthermore, the men who wanted this license were strangers and foreigners. Why did they want a radio station in Ecuador? Were their motives open and above board, or did they have some hidden, selfish reason for their proposal?

The matter of religion also entered the picture. The popular religion was and had been for several centuries the Roman Catholic faith. This Church was firmly entrenched both in the political life and in the lives of individuals. But now, deliberately and quite frankly, these foreigners were asking for a radio station to propagate the truths of the Gospel. These were protestants, evangelicals—heretics! Would it be right to grant them permission to carry on their work by this new means whose power might well be unlimited? It was not merely a matter of personal prejudice. To many a sincere and devout Roman Catholic, this was a matter of conscience. Was it right before God to do this?

These were but some of the many problems that faced Reuben Larson and his willing companion and helper, D. Stuart Clark, Field Chairman of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in Ecuador. But they were not daunted, for their confidence was not in man but in God, who said, "Call unto me, and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not."

It is a wonderful thing to walk in step with God, not running ahead of Him, but fitting into His perfect timing for His work. As these two men went into the offices of the men involved, they discovered that God had indeed done things well. In the first place, these government officials with

whom they had to deal were men of vast culture and had sympathetic natures. They were men of vision who could look into the future and see the advantages that would accrue to the nation if such a forward step should be taken. They were not fanatical bigots, but liberal minded, willing to grant to every man the right to believe and practice what he would. Thus it was that their ears were ready to hear the impassioned plea of Reuben Larson. But that was not all.

Reuben Larson found that the work that he had done in the jungle fastness had not been in vain. Discounting for a moment the spiritual value of the work done, forgetting momentarily the eternal value of the souls won to Christ from darkness and superstition, the work done in the years of pioneering was bearing practical fruit in government offices. Who was this foreigner who came seeking a radio license? Was not this the man who had opened a new road into the Orient? Had not this man been in charge of the salt distribution? Was he not the supervisor of schools? The record of work nobly and efficiently done had preceded him to the men who were in key government positions, and they were not only willing but eager to listen and to help. Thus it was that just a few months after the first overtures were made to the Ministry of Education, Fine Arts, Post Office and Telegraphs, the signed contract was in the hands of these eager young men. With hearts overflowing with joy they cabled their colleague in the States.

The historic document, dated August 15, 1930, a contract that was later to be ratified by an act of Congress, is one that leaves no doubt in anyone's mind regarding the leading and blessing of God upon this great venture of faith. One has to marvel at the vision and foresight, the tolerance and generosity of the men who were involved in granting this license. It was for a period of twenty-five years from the time that the transmitters should go into operation. After a description of the proposed equipment was given in the first clause, the second stated that, "This wireless installation shall be used by the contractors for the reception and transmission of matters of a scientific, literary, artistic and religious nature." There were no hindrances placed in the way of propagating fully the message of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

For its services to the country, comprising four hours weekly granted to the Government for official programs in keeping with the aims and purposes of the Station, the Station was to have free import rights for all radio equipment.

This was the legal document which Reuben Larson had pledged himself to get with the blessing of God a few months earlier in the Jones' apartment in Chicago. Now at last the ways were clear legally to go ahead with the project. The Larsons could go back to their jungle station to await further developments, to wait for God in His goodness to provide the transmitter and the funds to finance it.

II

In the meantime, with no less zeal, Clarence Jones had been busy getting the project under way in the States. Just as soon as the cable came from Ecuador, telling him that the permit had been secured, he set out to travel to Ecuador to confer with his colleagues and to make final plans. It was a blessed trip in which much was accomplished towards the laying of sure and solid foundations for the work. The wise and sympathetic advice of other missionaries helped to start them on lines of action which have been the warp and woof of Radio Station HCJB's policy down through the years.

It was on that trip that the faith of these pioneers was tested to the limit, and they began to see just what it meant to launch such a project in the early 1930's, the great depression years. To read the correspondence of those days, to peek into the account books, is to see how they were plunged into the depths by the failure of men and lifted to the clouds by the faithfulness of God.

"Upon receipt of your letter . . . I cabled you our very serious financial situation. We cannot send you the money immediately," writes their representative at home. "No doubt others have told you of the Lakeside Bank and other similar happenings. So we must encourage our hearts in the Lord, praying and believing that He will help us out. Your South American account is greatly overdrawn and there is very little coming in on the pledges."

Then later came another letter. "I wired you yesterday the good news that I got a thousand dollars on your South American radio account . . . this balances your account."

This condition was to prevail for several years; and in the crucible of adversity the faith of these men was to be forged, strong and enduring to stand even greater tests in the days to come. One cannot help but rejoice to see the way God has abundantly blessed through the years, but we must remember some of the difficulties that faced them. In the early records of the financial affairs we come across such statements as this:

Weekly Statement—Radio Station HCJB		
I	Balance on hand last statement dated September 11, 1931	\$31.16
II	Receipts	
	Sept. 15, 1931	\$2.00
	Sept. 18, 1931	0.00
	Total receipts on hand	\$33.16
III	Disbursements None	
IV	Balance now on hand	\$33.16
V	Bills payable (None on hand)	
	(Just twenty-five cents was received in today's mail so am holding it for Tuesday's banking)	

Out of the large gifts and the widow's mite the Lord provided for the work which He had started, and the prayer and faith of these men and a host of others who saw in this venture the good hand of the Lord was abundantly rewarded.

We have seen how men of God were led to stand behind this venture of faith, and many were the letters written and the articles published in Christian periodicals all over the land. The secular press became interested. The Chicago Daily News carried the news item: "A high-powered radio station, to be designated as HCJB, will be erected and operated in Quito, capital of Ecuador, S. A., according to officials of the Chicago Gospel Tabernacle. Arrangements for the erection of the station have been made . . . after securing a permit from the government of Ecuador for twenty-five year's operation of the station." Another magazine reported that this project "seems to have stolen a march on other foreign missionaries . . . having gained a twenty-five year permit for a powerful station HCJB at Quito, Ecuador's capital. Programs will be evangelical and educational. A concession to the Ecuadorian gov-

ernment: four hours a week for agricultural data, weather reports, political news."

With the project thus under way spiritually, politically, financially and propaganda-wise, it became necessary to do something technically. Here once again we see the hand of the Lord leading surely and well. For some time, the CBS had been assigning routinely a young engineer to control the programs produced by Mr. Rader and his group at the Tabernacle in Chicago. He was a man with a future in radio. He was also a cynic. However, no man can sit and listen to the Gospel story without being profoundly influenced by it, either to accept or reject it; and the time came, when Eric Williams came under deep conviction and was led to the Lord by Clarence Jones. It was not long before the Lord laid on his heart this new radio missionary project, and he was prepared to do whatever the Lord wanted him to do. As plans began to take shape, he gave up his job in order to dedicate his time and his talents to the design and construction of the transmitter. His garage was made into a workshop and actual construction started.

Going on the principle, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained," they drew up an imposing list of equipment labelled "Radio Station — Mechanical Requirements for South America." There were eight major divisions to this list, detailing all that would accompany the main item, a one Kilo-watt transmitter built either on a Western Electric or RCA type. To say the least, it was an ambitious project. However, going on the principle of adjusting disbursements to receipts, some modifications were made in the plans.

The plans were drawn according to the latest designs in circuits and the very best parts were purchased. The transmitter was made just as large and powerful as money would allow. It was a 200 watt transmitter. Technically speaking, it was a mere toy, but to those men who had dedicated themselves to the task, it was the most magnificent piece of machinery in all the world. With what joy and pride they looked upon their handiwork and with how much faith they asked God to use it for His glory!

Finally the day came when the finished transmitter was carried to the Chicago Gospel Tabernacle and was arranged

on the platform. That night a farewell service was to be conducted for the radio missionaries. The call letters of HCJB shone brightly on the new transmitter panel, announcing to all the purpose of the group to Herald Christ Jesus' Blessings to the world. No one can adequately express the emotions that filled the breasts of these young people who had pledged themselves to bring about the realization of a vision, nor can one imagine how great was the responsibility felt by them as they saw completed another step in this absolutely new undertaking in missionary endeavor.

Once the meeting was over, the precious equipment was lovingly and painstakingly packed into boxes. Would such delicate equipment stand the long and difficult trip to Ecuador? Could they pack it well enough to stand the rough treatment meted out by stevedores as they loaded and unloaded it some fifteen times en route to Quito? Their hearts were filled with misgivings and prayerfully they committed the cargo to God, asking Him to deliver it safely in Quito. From train to ship; from ship to lighter in the Guayas River; from lighter to train; up, up the tortuous track that scales the Devil's Nose in its hazardous way to Quito; from train to truck and to its destination in Ecuador's capital. With trembling hands the lids are pried off the boxes and crates. What will the examination reveal? It revealed again the faithfulness and goodness of God, for the delicate equipment had arrived without damage except of a superficial nature that could quickly and easily be repaired.

Then the small group of radio missionaries gathered round the boxes; the Doxology was sung and a prayer of thanksgiving was offered to God who had done and was doing and would do the great and mighty things which He had promised.

CHAPTER NINE

On The Air

“What colossal conceit” would have been the comment of many a person who looked into the little living room, transformed into a radio station.

“Broadcast your program, if you will. Send out your message to a non-existent audience, if you must. But don’t stand there by the phone expecting anyone to tell you that he listened. That’s too much to expect!”

Conceit may be the worldling’s name for it, but to the group of young radio missionaries gathered together for the inauguration, it was faith. This was the long awaited moment, the fulfillment of a dream, the answering of a prayer. They had no doubts as to the efficacy of the method they were about to employ and they were sure that God would reward them abundantly. And He did!

I

Many months had slipped by since that eventful day when the crates and boxes had been safely unloaded at their final destination. It was one thing to say, “They have arrived safely” and yet another to say, “The transmitter is ready to operate.” Between those two statements there is much that the uninitiated cannot understand.

The nontechnically minded person looks on uncomprehendingly as the components are pointed out to him. He sees the glowing tubes, the large and small transformers;

he observes the neat array of condensers and capacitors with their gay colored stripes; he sees the carefully laced cables of many wires. It all looks so easy that he may say, "Why does it take so long to get it into operation?"

The days wore on and lengthened into weeks, and as the weeks became months the patience of the engineers was tried to the limit. What exasperating delays there were; what setbacks, what hindrances! Nothing however was to be allowed to dampen their spirits or to discourage them, for they had a job to do for the Lord and it had to be done. They were conscious of the Lord's help and enabling, and they were confident that He which had begun the good work would perfect it also. So the transmitter was lovingly put together and was tested meticulously. Nothing was left undone that they could do to assure a perfect performance for the first program. They could confidently ask the Lord to bless them, for they had done the best they could.

While the technical preparations were being made, other work had to be undertaken also. The transmitter house had to be adapted. Back of the house that had been rented for a missionary residence was an old sheep shed and tannery. It was an altogether unpretentious building, and perhaps, due to the nature of it, was not too inviting. But to the missionaries it became a parable and an apt illustration of the work they were undertaking for the Lord. He had come to this world as the Lamb of God to be slain, to shed His blood as a ransom for many. What better place, therefore, to preach the message of the Lamb of God, than a remodeled sheep shed? Thus the broom and mop, the whitewash pail and brush came into play, and the sheep-shed became a transmitter house.

Then the studio and control room had to be made. The living room of the missionary's house was to be the studio. There was neither fiberglass nor accoustical tile to be had. Indeed, if it had been available, there were no funds to buy it. But no studio, however up-to-date and modern, ever received more loving care and attention than this one, for in it was to be produced the very first radio program ever broadcast from a missionary radio station. Off to one side of the living room was a small sun porch and this became the control room. A small window was made, just large enough to see through conveniently, which was fitted with double glass in order to make

it more or less sound proof. It was a far cry from the modern appurtenances of Radio City, but to the eyes of those whose dream was coming true, it was the most beautiful studio and control room ever designed and fitted out.

Finally all was in readiness, and the first radio program from Radio Station HCJB was scheduled to be broadcast on Christmas Day, 1931, at 4:00 p.m.

II

With an air of great expectancy, tense with excitement, the little band of radio missionaries took their appointed places. Out in the transmitter, Eric Williams, the engineer who had built the equipment in Chicago and had put it together in Quito, signalled that he was ready. The equipment was working fine! In the control room, Anne Williams took her place at the console, ready to control the program that on the stroke of four would be sent out from the studio. Close beside her, John and Ruth Clark took their stations, ready to answer the phone, should anyone of the listeners decide to communicate with the brand new radio station. It was not an unnecessary measure and they were not disappointed. Scarcely was the broadcast over when several families in Quito phoned to extend their congratulations to the newly inaugurated "Voice of the Andes."

In the studio Clarence Jones took a last look at his script, picked up his trombone and blew a few nervous notes on it. Edna Figg, at the small pump organ, made sure that her music was all in order. Reuben Larson and D. S. Clark looked over their messages, one in English and one in Spanish. Then, with a word of prayer they were ready for their first broadcast. Over to one side, Grace Larson and Erma Clark prayed quietly that the Lord would richly bless this venture that finally was becoming a glorious reality.

"Esta es la Voz de los Andes, Radiodifusora HCJB. This is The Voice of the Andes, Radio Station HCJB," said the announcer in measured tones, fraught with deep emotion. No one will ever know the feelings that filled the breasts of these pioneers in missionary radio. This was not just another station and another broadcast. This was a dramatic and historic occasion. For years they had prayed and worked, believ-

ing that God had a plan which He had revealed to them for reaching the regions beyond by radio. Now, after months of weary toil, after travailing in prayer, after delays and setbacks, the message was going out to the unseen audience by the miracle of radio. Is it any wonder then that Edna Figg lifted her voice to sing the testimony of all of them?

Great is Thy faithfulness, Oh God my Father
There is no shadow of turning with thee.
Thou changest not, Thy compassions they fail not,
As Thou hast been Thou forever wilt be.

Great is Thy faithfulness, Great is Thy faithfulness
Morning by morning new mercies I see;
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided,
Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord unto me.

The first program lasted for about an hour. The timing was no problem, for there was no program to follow. So it was that they took their time. Music was played, and the songs were sung. From hearts overflowing with joy and love Reuben Larson and D. S. Clark gave their testimony to the faithfulness of God, spoke of the aims and purposes of the Station then being inaugurated, made known clearly the unsearchable riches of Christ. As the program came to a close, they were deeply conscious of the fact that God had done "great and mighty things" and their heartfelt prayer was, "Lord, not by might, nor by power, but by Thy Spirit."

III

Skeptical friends in the homelands, when they heard of the plan to broadcast the Gospel by radio, had asked a very pertinent question.

"It's all very well to talk about broadcasting, but who is going to listen to you in Ecuador?"

The question was a legitimate one, for a rather cursory survey had revealed that there were very few radio receivers in the country. Of the few there were, how many of them would tune in? Of course, the matter of the uniqueness of the situation would be in their favor, and as there were no other stations in Ecuador to listen to, curiosity might cause them

to tune at least once to see what it was all about. Their faith, though sorely tried in this respect, never wavered and soon they were to see fruit for their labors.

Bread that is cast upon the waters shall be found after many days; seed that is taken forth with weeping shall be brought back as sheaves with rejoicing. How true that was with the programs of HCJB. No one knows how many tears were shed as the young pioneers labored to get their programs on the air. But they knew that the promises of God were sure, and that the seed would come back in the form of abundant fruit. As time went by God did fulfill His promises. Their faith was not in vain.

The years passed all too quickly. Then one day a chance meeting at the evangelical bookstore became the harvest of the first fruits. Carmela Ochoa, deeply tried by unfavorable family circumstances, was crying to God that He would somehow help her. She did not have the peace that she longed for, nor did she know where she should go to find it. She was like the Ethiopian eunuch, waiting for someone to tell her. In such circumstances, God sent D. S. Clark to meet her in the bookstore.

The story of her life and of her conversion is a thrilling one. She had been born into a good home in the city of Cuenca in the South of Ecuador. It is a city whose vast culture and deep interest in arts and letters have made it the Athens of this country. It is also the centre of a large Quechua Indian district. Early in life she became interested in these downtrodden people, and through the instrumentality of an aged relative she began to learn their language and culture. Daily she was in contact with them and assiduously she studied their language.

One day she moved to Quito, and there for the first time she came in contact with the Gospel. She was not unappreciative of its message, but neither did she accept it. Then off and on over a period of years she had contact with the evangelicals, but these sporadic encounters with the messengers of Christ did not as yet have any effect upon her. She married and settled down to an uneventful life.

Then after an absence the little family returned to Quito. The economic conditions were extremely unfavorable, for

her husband was out of work. However, they, with many others at that time, had become interested in radio because of the activities of the newly founded radio station HCJB. Unaccountably some agent lent her a radio on a trial basis for a limited time. When she could not pay for it, it was removed from her home. From other agencies she got a second and then a third receiver so that she was able to continue her listening to the Gospel. She got in touch with the radio missionaries and they sent her a New Testament, which she read with keen delight. Thus God was preparing the ground. The seed was being sown. All that was lacking was the harvest. That came as a result of a message given over the air by Reuben Larson followed by her talk with Stuart Clark.

Was the preaching of the Gospel by radio worthwhile? Who would listen in a land of so few receivers? God had the answer. About ten years after the first broadcast, Mrs. Ochoa, now saved through the instrumentality of the radio ministry, began to broadcast the Gospel over *The Voice of the Andes* in that language which she had learned as a child. Daily broadcasts in Quechua have been used greatly in this land. As one little boy expressed it, "I cannot explain it, but I feel like I want to be a better person after listening to her."

CHAPTER TEN

Consolidation

“Here’s the mail!” It was the signal to drop everything and run to open the letters. One never knew in those early days of HCJB’s history what the opening of those letters might reveal. It was always a time of excitement and expectation.

“A man came in the other day with your allowance check for January, and mine also” read the letter from Eric Williams down in Guayaquil. “He said the bank had failed in Chicago and asked if you would cover yours. Our December check was returned. Insufficient funds!”

This was not the first time that this had happened, nor would it be the last. Those early days were trying ones financially, but somehow God had a way of seeing them through the most difficult times. The trials came, but with the trials, God’s abundant grace was manifest on every hand, and the little group that had pledged itself to see this ministry through to its completion, persistently carried on. Their faith was in God who had graciously promised to supply every need according to His riches in glory by Jesus Christ. He never failed!

I

As the months passed quickly and full of activity the little acorn which had been planted and which God had watered was growing rapidly into a healthy young tree. Even before the transmitter was shipped from the States it became evident

to those who were so vitally connected with this venture that some steps would have to be taken legally to insure the continuity of the work and to safeguard all its interests. Accordingly, a group of Christian friends and supporters of the work met with a Christian lawyer in Lima, Ohio, to draw up the papers of incorporation. In keeping with the wide vision that had been given to them, and according to the great faith granted, they boldly spelled out the title, "The World Radio Missionary Fellowship, Inc."

It was a bold title, for even the most sanguine knew that two hundred watts of power would never reach the world. What further expectation did they have? Through lack of funds they had had to change their plans, whittling down the transmitter from an ambitious one thousand watts to a mere two hundred. To the ears of the skeptical it was altogether too ambitious, but to the eyes of faith it was in keeping with the aims of the One who said, "Go ye into all the world." The blueprint was quite clear; they were to begin at Jerusalem, and for that, the transmitter was adequate. The title however expressed their aim and desire to reach Judea and the uttermost parts of the earth.

The first message had been given to their Jerusalem audience, and now they were faced with the task of continuing this ministry. It is one thing to get a transmitter on the air, and it is quite another to keep it there. One reads the reports of those early days and marvels at the endurance of the missionaries and at the faithfulness of God. They had technical problems, physical problems, financial problems. For every one of them God had the answer, and as they triumphed over one and another difficulty God enlarged their vision and their keen desire to serve. Sensing that their location was not the most adequate for reaching the people, they sought and found a place in the downtown area which would serve as a central studio and office. This brought them into direct contact with the people, but it also increased the difficulties of operation.

One cannot help but marvel at the courage and faith, at the dogged perseverance of these men in the face of almost overwhelming difficulties. Just twenty months after they had started their broadcasting they issued a pamphlet entitled:

H C J B CALLING!

"An emergency has arisen! We stand to gain or lose all we have. To continue at all, we have been forced to mortgage our radio transmitter,—the heart of our work—to hold our place. . . ."

"We have one year to redeem our mortgage. . . We believe that God has inspired and will prosper HCJB—call letters that spell South America's greatest chance to hear the Gospel in this generation.

"We started out with God's promise, Jeremiah 33:3. It has proved to be a sure basis, a solid foundation."

Their faith in the promises of God was not in vain, for He supplied their need through the generous gifts of friends in the homelands.

As it became better known, in harmony with the contract that had been signed with the government, Station HCJB was called upon more and more to help on festive occasions with the public address systems and with portable broadcasting equipment. A wonderful opportunity was thus afforded them of becoming well-known to the public and of proclaiming directly and indirectly the message of the Gospel. It was in 1933, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Quito-Guayaquil railroad, that they were asked for a strange service. The officials wanted a portable transmitter and public address system installed in the anniversary train. It was to be an impressive affair, a sort of travelling exposition of industry, agriculture and commerce. In return for services thus rendered, the radio missionaries would be allowed to preach the Gospel every day at every stop. They would have the opportunity to sell Scriptures. It was an opportunity to be grasped eagerly.

What a box car that was! Counters and boxes full of Scriptures; folding organ and trombone; a shining array of electronic equipment; and two missionaries who knew how to make the most of the opportunity thus afforded them. To say that the thing was a success is to resort to an understatement. Crowds came and stood and listened with open mouths and open hearts. It was almost a greater attraction than the exposition train. If the authorities repented of their bargain, it was then too late; but Clarence Jones and D. S. Clark rejoiced that God had given them, through the use of radio and

other electronic equipment, a never to be forgotten opportunity to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

II

"The time has come," said Clarence Jones, "When HCJB must have a new transmitter to replace 'Old Faithful,' which has been functioning night after night for four years. Due to these uninterrupted years of transmission service, breakdowns and tube burnouts which have been occurring with increasing frequency recently, prove conclusively that a new transmitter must be had at once if HCJB is to continue its God given ministry of giving the Gospel by radio to Latin America."

The conviction thus expressed by Clarence Jones was held by all his associates, but there were some matters that required their attention. How large a transmitter should be built? What frequency should it operate on?

The answer to the second question was the easier of the two to answer. With their eyes focused on the Judea field, it was unanimously thought that it should be built to operate somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty-six metres. The answer to the first question was a little more complex. Undoubtedly there is no limit to what one could wish for, but certain considerations, not the least of which was the budget, had to be kept in mind.

"To reach all Spanish speaking peoples in South and Central America, including Mexico, Cuba and Spain, HCJB should operate with at least one kilowatt of power," insisted C. W. Jones. Of course it should! But the question was, how can we do it? And how long will it take? These questions were asked in December 1935.

As in the previous experience, the weeks rolled quickly away and so did the months with no diminution of speed. Gifts came in and work proceeded. Then June 1937 came and the news was flashed to the world:

"New 1 KW Transmitter completed and testing!"

"By God's grace," wrote the editor of the Radiogram, "Victory has crowned the faithfulness of His stewards who have given so generously to make possible this new and more powerful Voice of the Andes... First envisioned on our Fourth Anniversary in 1935, the realization of the new HCJB

1 KW Transmitter of modern design and construction marks a new and a reaching forward step in Missionary Broadcasting. . . . Dear Friends, many of you have sacrificed in giving to make the new, more powerful transmitter possible. Now, please pray behind the broadcasts of HCJB to furnish the all important spiritual power and unction on the Gospel messages. You have responded to help us with increased electrical and radio power. We count on your prayer help for increased spiritual power also."

There were still a couple of months' work to do, testing and ironing out all the difficulties. As the days went by, reports began to come in from Argentina in the south, from Portugal, United States and England in the North. From as far away as Honolulu word came indicating the far-reaching scope of this new transmitter. So then, when the happy day of inauguration came, in September, it was with hearts full of gratitude that they listened as Rev. Alfred Snead, Foreign Secretary of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, dedicated the new 1 KW Transmitter to the glory of God and the salvation of men.

III

During these crucial and trying years of consolidation and forward moving, God had raised many wonderful friends and helpers. Some of them, not so well known as the two co-founders, Clarence Jones and Reuben Larson, were none the less of vital importance to the work and must be considered as part of the foundation of the wonderful structure that is Radio Station HCJB!

Such a one was D. Stuart Clark. He was a real pioneer in missionary work, and the spirit which had led him through many wonderful experiences in the jungles of Brazil and Ecuador led him to take a keen interest in the Pioneer Missionary Broadcaster. Born in Jamaica, Mr. Clark was educated in Switzerland and England. As a young man he went to America, to the Missionary Training Institute at Nyack. In 1922 with his wife he went to Para, Brazil to open the work in company with his brother John and his cousin Ray. It was a great experience, and the Lord blessed them as they worked and explored new regions up the Amazon, including

Bananal Island, the largest fluvial island in the world. Then in 1924 he was transferred to Ecuador.

As chairman of the Christian and Missionary Alliance work in Ecuador his work was largely in the capital, Quito. There he soon became acquainted with leading personalities and authorities, a fact that was to serve him greatly as he sought to help establish the work of the new broadcasting station, HCJB. His work also took him over the trails into jungle stations, and today there are few parts of Ecuador that he has not visited or explored. He it was who led Clarence Jones over the trail into Dos Rios when he came down to get together with Reuben Larson to plan for the establishment of the radio station.

From that time forward every spare moment was spent in labor for the Lord on behalf of HCJB. His interest deepened and his vision enlarged. Only eternity will reveal how much he did for The Voice of the Andes in those early formative years. His godly life, his unflagging zeal, his earnest capabilities were all devoted to God's cause.

Two other men who also helped immeasurably with their quiet counsel, encouragement and enthusiasm were John Clark and Paul Young. Both these men were missionaries with the Christian and Missionary Alliance in Ecuador. Their work was fruitful and blessed, and they always found time to help in times of need.

Then there was Mr. Francisco J. Cruz. Born into a fine Ecuadorian family, Mr. Cruz had been educated in England and in Belgium. At the time that HCJB was getting its start in Ecuador, Mr. Cruz was a well-known professor in Quito's Central University, a man held in the highest esteem in government and education circles.

While in Europe Mr. Cruz had learned the basic principles of tolerance and he was determined that in his own land he would do whatsoever he could to foment and encourage the principles of liberty and tolerance. Thus it was that he gravitated toward the work of this new radio station. Soon every ounce of strength and energy was thrown behind the effort and he became one of the station's most invaluable and indefatigable workers. As he learned he was given more and more responsibility until he was able to assume the im-

portant post of "Gerente," a valuable liaison between the foreigner and the authorities.

Not the least among those whose help was invaluable to the station was Dr. Manuel Garrido Aldama. Born in Spain into a devout Roman Catholic family, he had early in life been destined for the priesthood. He was trained and educated to that end, and although his heart was filled with many a doubt he finally was ordained a priest. After a few years he was in London. Doubts and fears still assailed his heart, and finally he felt led to leave the Roman Catholic Church. Then, some time after this important step, he found the Lord as his own personal Saviour.

After his conversion Dr. Aldama went to Scotland to attend the Bible Training Institute in Glasgow, and thence, after graduation, to serve the Lord in Peru under the auspices of the Evangelical Union of South America. But he was not always to remain there, for God had other plans for him.

In the fulness of time God led Dr. Aldama to Quito and to HCJB. His religious background, his knowledge of the language of the people, and his magnetic radio personality were assets that could not be overlooked. Year after year his ministry was used of God to attract many listeners and through the working of the Holy Spirit many of the listeners accepted Christ as Saviour.

With such men as these, and always with the blessing of God, not with an army nor by great power, but always by the Spirit of God, were great and mighty things accomplished in those early years.

PART FOUR

“...then the ear...”

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Ten Thousand Watts

"We are happy to send you this word of greeting to let you know that the new HCJB 10 KW transmitter toward which you so generously helped will be inaugurated by appropriate ceremonies on Easter Sunday, March 24, 1940. We are expecting a great day of victory with special dedication programs 'pointed' by the directional antennas toward different parts of the world.

"It is expected that the President of Ecuador and the United States Minister to Ecuador will take part in the official 'switch-throwing' at 3:00 p.m. along with other high government officials. Beginning at 6:00 p.m. E. S. T. there will be English and Spanish programs throughout the evening.

"The dedication of the 'Voice of the Andes' comes as a culmination of the Lord's rich blessings on the ministry of HCJB down through the years of its existence, and no year has brought such distinct manifestations of His pleasure as the last. We are sure that you, who are distinctly linked with HCJB by prayer and interest, will rejoice in this new and more powerful 'Voice of the Andes' reaching untold thousands with the saving message of the Gospel."

This succinct announcement can scarcely do justice to the drama, the suspense, the absolute wonder of God's working in making possible the acquisition of this new and powerful transmitter. The story is a thrilling one.

I

"If you want to see me before sailing, come." This cryptic telegram was to spell the difference between failure and success, although the one who received it hardly knew what to think.

For many months the directors of HCJB had been dreaming of the day when they could advance beyond the I kilowatt of power stage and put on the air a transmitter which would peal loudly the gospel bells. Always on the lookout for some means of furthering the work, they heard one day of a five thousand watt transmitter for sale. It was a real bargain. Only ten thousand dollars! If you said it quickly enough it did not seem too much, but only too well did the directors know that they did not have that sum of money, nor indeed any fraction of it. But that faith which had carried them forward for eight years through the crucial depression period was not to fail them now. They believed that God could do it, and that He expected them to work to that end.

Accordingly, at the close of a meeting in a Bible Conference near Cape Cod, Massachusetts, Clarence Jones brought the matter before a sympathetic audience. Keeping in mind the five kilowatt bargain transmitter back in Chicago he drew his message to a close:

"Is there anyone in this congregation who has faith enough to believe with us for a 5000 watt station for HCJB?" Perhaps it was a rhetorical question, but it brought immediate results, for an elderly lady stood up and with enthusiasm said, "I have, and here's five dollars to start it off." Five dollars, cash—the rest by faith!

Was their faith to be rewarded? Knowing only too well that "faith without works is dead" Clarence Jones dedicated himself to raise the needed dollars to make the purchase that they felt God would have them make. The months rolled by, however, and he was making very little progress. Soon the furlough year was almost over and as yet the gifts had not exceeded three thousand dollars. Where would the rest come from?

Then came the telegram. He hardly knew what it meant, but believing that God was in it, he went to see this well-known business man. His briefcase was full of facts and figures.

Much to his dismay, the business man was little inclined to talk about the matter nearest to Jones' heart. He had other ideas, ideas about another radio station in the Orient. He was prepared to pay all the bills, provide all the capital. To say that the offer wasn't inviting would be to strain the truth. What could be more interesting to a man dedicated to preach the Gospel by radio than to be offered another broadcasting station—with all expenses paid? However, he knew what God wanted of him at that moment, and the offer made to him was not it.

True to his convictions and to the leading of the Lord, he declined to accept the offer, and closing his briefcase he prepared to say goodbye. Then it was that God honored his obedience. The business man gave him a check. Could he believe his eyes? Yes, it was for seven thousand dollars! God had provided the money that was needed to purchase the 5000 watt transmitter in Chicago. Now all that was left to do was to close the deal, pack it in boxes and send it to Quito. The dream of the HCJB directors was coming true.

II

The investment of ten thousand dollars of the Lord's money is not something that should be done lightly and without due consideration of all the facts. Neither should a transmitter be purchased without knowing fully what kind of equipment it is. Thus everything that could be done was done to make sure that they were making no mistake. Humanly speaking it was merely a matter of time before the transmitter would be purchased, but God had other plans. Their dream was to be shattered, and in its place a new and greater vision was to be given.

The world probably would call it a series of coincidences, a set of fortuitous occurrences, but to the Mennonite preacher-engineer they spelled, in an absolutely unmistakable way, the wonderful leading of the Lord.

Was it a mere coincidence that since the day was cold and bleak Clarence Moore should have decided that it was a good time to leave his regular duties to tinker with his radio equipment? Was it pure chance that he tuned his radio to WMBI and that the speaker should be Clarence Jones? What

fate decreed that the speaker should mention the technical problems of radio broadcasting on the mission field, a subject that was sure to attract the attention of a radio engineer? Was it just a random thought that occurred to Clarence Moore, a busy man, when he felt an irresistible urge to travel to Chicago, although there was no apparent reason for making such a trip in such inclement weather? Was it a fortuitous circumstance that he was related to Uncle John Meredith, one of the men in charge of purchasing the transmitter for HCJB? Was it a sheer accident that not knowing where to go or what to do, he should go his relative's house and ask, "Why am I here?"

One cannot but marvel at the astonishing way that God was working out His plan, far more gloriously than the directors of HCJB dreamed. Clarence Moore could say, "I being in the way, the Lord led me," and those directly concerned with the project had to recognize that fact.

On the advice of this consecrated engineer the plan to purchase the secondhand transmitter in Chicago was abandoned. A new and more modern transmitter was projected and immediate steps were taken to expedite the matter. Clarence Moore got leave of absence from his work to devote his full time and all his talents to the construction of the new broadcasting equipment. The Christian business man who had donated so generously for the purchase of the 5000 watt transmitter made room in his factory for the construction job. Tools and equipment were made available, and work started in real earnest. It was hoped that before very long the job would be completed and the equipment would be sent on its way to Quito.

"Does Moore's proposition increasing transmitter to 10,000 watts at 5000 dollars additional expense meet your approval and fit your contract or would this money accomplish more for other developments of your radio equipment."

Immediately the whole Field Council met together to consider prayerfully the generous proposal received and to come to some definite decision, one of the most far-reaching ones that they had ever been called upon to make. However, as they waited before the Lord, He revealed His mind to them and a letter was quickly sent to the generous donor.

"We are in perfect sympathy," the letter read in part, "with the enthusiastic opinion expressed by Clarence Moore, our radio engineer in charge of constructing the 5000 watt transmitter, and we share completely the joy of knowing what a further increase of power to 10,000 wats would do for expanding the ministry of HCJB. Frankly, it is nothing less than staggering to comprehend exactly the meaning of such a proposition, and we are humbled before our Heavenly Father in gratitude that He would put it upon your heart to place us in such a favorable position of unparalleled opportunity to make Christ known by providing the necessary equipment instrumental to the realization of the work."

So the work began in real earnest on the new 10,000 watt transmitter. It was slow, meticulous work, but little by little it was put together. The new rotary-beam antenna was built and tested. Then in September 1939 word was sent to the States:

"You will be glad to know that the full shipment of the materials has arrived in Quito with comparatively little damage done during the trip, and that we are expecting the arrival of Mr. Moore and Mr. Hoeflinger and their families on the boat tomorrow. All of my brethren of the Field Council join me again in sending you a word of sincerest appreciation for all that you have done under God for the Pioneer Missionary Broadcaster, and we know that you feel that these investments will bring forth eternal fruit for His glory in the salvation of precious souls."

III

"It is Easter Sunday afternoon, March 24, 1940. The sun is glowing brilliantly in this peaceful valley cradled by lofty peaks in the heart of the Andes. Clouds have threatened a downpour all morning, but as if remembering that this glad Resurrection Day is the inaugural celebration of 'The Voice of the Andes,' new highpowered transmitter, the skies clear and the banners of Ecuador and the United States flutter gaily at their mastheads.

"In a little building to the north of Quito, all sparkling with paint and its chromium letters, HCJB, another thrilling episode in modern missions is about to occur. The President

of Ecuador arrives. Along with military men and others gathered to witness the event, he stands at attention while a band plays the national anthem. The highest executives of the land have come to honor the Pioneer Missionary Broadcaster on this glad occasion.

"The President throws the master switch and pushes the control button that officially places the station in operation. Mighty waves of power surge invisibly outward from this mountain capital carrying messages of goodwill and the Gospel.

"His Excellency, Dr. Andrés F. Córdova says, 'I am thankful to the Voice of the Andes that the opportunity has been given me to put into operation its machinery, closing the electric switch that gives it life. And upon declaring this new station officially inaugurated, I repeat my felicitations to its directors, and give my best wishes that this enterprise, so highly respected in this country, shall continue to reap its abundant and well-earned rewards.' "

The succinct news report can scarcely convey adequately the feelings of those who stood there that afternoon. Remembering the small beginnings, a 200 watt transmitter, and the gracious blessing of God that had followed in the trying years of growth and consolidation, the staff of HCJB could raise its voice in praise and gratitude to God, who had again proved overwhelmingly that He who had begun a good work was able also to perform it.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Radio Circle

"This coupon is worth fifty sucres . . . a magnificent opportunity that we afford to everyone without exception." This was the caption on an advertisement of the Quito Radio Agency. To the uninitiated, this was merely propaganda of a new firm trying to capitalize on the newly awakened interest in radio caused by the inauguration of Radio Station HCJB. However, if they had inquired further, they would have learned that this was merely a camouflage to hide the efforts of the radio missionaries to ensure themselves of an audience.

They were keenly aware of the fact that a survey had revealed the dearth of receivers in Ecuador. They knew that only a handful of families had the magic box that would allow them to listen to the programs so painstakingly prepared and produced at the new studio. They were convinced that people would listen if they had a receiver, that they would get a receiver if they had a chance. So, why not give them the opportunity of buying one?

I

"Do you remember, Mr. Clark, that I was one of the first persons in Quito to buy a radio receiver?"

"I'm sorry, but I frankly do not remember."

"Well, I was, and to this day I really don't know what got into me. I paid three thousand sucres for the apparatus. That was an awful lot of money in those days and I don't know

what possessed me to spend it on a radio. Of course it was a good one. You know, a fancy console model, with lots of gingerbread decoration. The works were good too, because the receiver still operates efficiently, after more than twenty years."

Like Mr. Alarcón, there were many in Quito who became interested in this new thing that had come to the country. They too wanted to have the opportunity of listening to these programs. But where to get the receivers? Commercial houses had not yet seen the opportunities for making something good out of it. It was evident that someone would have to take the initiative, and that someone would have to be the missionaries themselves. There were some merchants who like the Reed brothers, two fine Christian young men who had established a commercial house of quite a lot of prestige, sized the situation up and set themselves to help; but for the most part there was quite a lot of indifference.

The missionaries therefore took upon themselves the task of making radios available commercially, thus providing the public with the means to listen. It was not too profitable a business, but it did assure them of an audience.

There was another way of doing it also, whose possibilities and advantages the keen minded missionaries were quick to see. Would it not be much more practical to import radios and lend them to key persons with the understanding that these persons would invite others in to listen to the programs also? If HCJB owned the radios, they could exercise some control over them and demand certain listening habits from those who had them in their homes. Accordingly, HCJB went into the business of getting radios to form what was to be known as the Radio Circle. Friends at home became interested in the idea and were willing to donate the money to purchase a new receiver, or donate old receivers which still could prove serviceable on the mission field.

Of course it was not altogether a gamble, for there were several human tendencies which would assure the success of the idea. One could be sure that whoever had a radio in his possession, even if on loan and subject to recall without notice, would be inordinately proud of it. He would want all the world to know he had a radio (he didn't have to tell them it was not his!) and what better way than to invite people in to listen. Then there was the strange fact that so many

people believe that the volume control is superfluous on a receiver. All you have to do is turn it on full blast. Why the need of a control to modulate the sound? Hence the proud possessor of a radio receiver would be sure to turn the volume on full, and the street in front of his shop or house would be full of people just as long as a sound continued to come from the loudspeaker.

After the first enthusiasm was passed and commercial houses, seeing that it was a profitable business, began importing radios, there was a lull and a lapse in the Radio Circle. It wasn't because the directors had lost interest or were convinced that it was not necessary, but simply because they were immersed in matters more important. They were engaged in consolidating the work and coping with the million and one problems that arose technically and financially. They still believed in the efficacy of the Radio Circle, but personnel was lacking to carry the thing through successfully and efficiently.

God, however, had plans for its future development, and one day there came into the organization the man who had both the knowledge and the patience to do it and do it well. Marion Krekler came and brought to the field a heart of love for his fellow man. No work was too hard, too long, or too painstaking, as long as it helped someone, and as long as it afforded opportunity to witness to the saving power of Jesus Christ. He went home on furlough burdened with the vision and with the need; and suiting action to the idea, immediately he bought parts to make a large number of crystal sets which would be capable of picking up our local broadcast band programs. The materials thus bought were sent to the New York office of HCJB and were shipped to Ecuador. But something happened, we know not what, and the parts did not reach their destination for over two years. In the meantime, so as not to waste time, work was begun on the bases for the numerous earphone crystal receivers. It was a humble beginning, but when God is in a thing, delays can be discounted, for His timing is always perfect.

The work began in the Krekler's dining room. Lovingly the parts were assembled, and later each receiver was placed carefully in a home where it was sure to be appreciated and where the listeners would be sympathetic to the Gospel mes-

sage. Soon more and more people became interested and there was an increasing demand for these simple receivers. Help had to be drafted in order to satisfy those who desired to have a set of their own. The dining room became too small; and as God was so evidently blessing this project, the Directors of HCJB decided to incorporate it as a permanent department of the work, assigning it a workshop on the station grounds.

It was not a pretentious building, just a small wooden structure along one wall of the station compound. Soon every inch of space was crowded with parts and components, and there was scarcely enough room for the workers who were busy assembling the sets. How many sets? Hundreds of them.

II

There is no doubt at all in the minds of those who have been able to observe the work at close hand that it is a singularly effective way of getting the Gospel out, and that God has been pleased to bless abundantly the efforts of these mechanical missionaries.

One day a young man presented himself at the home of one of the missionaries. He was evidently aware of what was being done at HCJB, for he spoke intelligently about the activities. After the usual South American amenities had been taken care of and a suitable time had been taken in polite conversation, he came to the point.

"Would it be possible for me to have a radio set?"

"Where do you live? And how does it happen that you want a radio receiver?"

"I live, señor, in the town of Checa."

"Checa? Why, that's a long way away. You will never be able to pick up the station's broadcast on a crystal set."

"Oh yes I will! You see, señor, one of the other school teachers has one already, and he listens regularly. He has let me listen on one earphone while he listened on the other, and I know we can hear perfectly. Please let me have one. It isn't right that one school teacher should have one and the other one should not."

So the crystal set was given to this fine young school teacher. The thing was contagious, and soon the other school teachers came and other residents of the community until there were more than a dozen sets in the town.

Then one Saturday, the young school teacher came to visit the missionary again. It was a most cordial visit, and with that uninhibited frankness that grows upon one in the mission field, the missionary said, "And what brings you to Quito on Saturday afternoon?"

"Why, señor, I came today because tomorrow I want to go to church."

"What church do you want to attend?"

"Why señor, the evangelical one, of course."

"And why the evangelical one?"

"Because, señor, I want to walk down to the front and receive the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour."

You may well imagine what floods of joy swept over the heart of that missionary as he realized the power of the Gospel as it went into the hearts and lives of men and women through the efficacious working of the little crystal sets. Surely it was not "by might nor by power," but by the Spirit of the living God!

The story however was not to end there, for this young fellow was but the first fruits of the work. Today there is a handful of faithful believers in that little town perched on the side of a mountain. Regular services are now held each Sunday and little by little an impact is being made on the lives of others in the community.

As one thinks of this modern miracle brought about by radio, one cannot help but wonder how many more were won to Christ through the many hundreds of little sets which were sent out. As the work grew and expanded many new innovations were added to the ministry of the Radio Circle. The crystal sets were replaced by more efficient receivers with loudspeakers, which greatly augmented the number of persons that could listen at one time. These of course were pre-tuned and fixed-tuned to HCJB, so that it was impossible to listen to any other station on them. There were three types of electric sets which operated on the regular 110 volt alternating current. These were installed in towns all over the republic where there was good electric light service. Then with the widespread use of transistors, the scope of HCJB's ministry through the Radio Circle grew larger. Two, three, four and five transistor receivers were built and taken into remote areas, where for the first time men and women were able to hear the good news of salvation by radio. Even deep in the jungle vastness Indians

were able to hear the message of the gospel preached to them in their own tongue. Later in a new building with expanded facilities the Radio Circle began to turn out about two hundred radio receivers a month, with the result that soon almost six thousand of these sets were faithfully doing their duty in all parts of Ecuador.

III

It is a poor fisherman who does not keep the line taut when the fish has taken the bait in his mouth. This is true spiritually.

A little receiver, be it an electric or a transistor set, is attractive bait for almost anyone. The waiting list grew to hundreds. There was a constant stream of persons coming to the office and workshop of the Radio Circle begging that a set be reserved for them. They came weekly, sometimes daily, to see if by chance their set might be ready at last. Every time they put in an appearance there was an opportunity afforded the missionary and the national believers who worked in the shop to preach Christ to them.

Then the time came for the proud recipient to take the set away. Was he then cast off and forgotten? No! Constant visits were the order of the day. Repairs had to be made, or perhaps the set needed to be inspected. There were many legitimate excuses for going to visit the home. Then a word of testimony, a tract, a prayer was offered. God marvelously did the rest, and the Radio Circle became not merely a circle of listening friends. It became a circle of brothers and sisters in Christ.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Radio Rodante

“Would you just look at those people run! Say, I bet they’re going over to Bolivar. I’m sure that’s the foot trail over the mountain to Bolivar and at the rate they’re travelling they’ll get there before we do.”

“Well if that’s so we’d better plan our strategy pretty carefully, otherwise they’ll mob us. You know how excited they were in that last town.”

“Okay, let’s do it this way. Paul can get out and start lining the people up while I get the packages ready. You stay in the driver’s seat, and whatever you do, keep the motor running. Then when everything’s ready I’ll open the back door, hand out the packages to Paul. When the last one has received his package I’ll yell and you drive like mad. It’ll take them by surprise and we’ll be able to get away without their mobbing us.”

“That sounds good to me. Let’s just stop and have a word of prayer. Then we’ll be ready for action.”

Thus the missionaries working with The Voice of the Andes Sound Bus, as they gave out packages of food to the earthquake victims, faced another one of the many and exciting experiences which have formed the history of the ministry of the Rolling Radio!

I

It all began in 1936 when The Voice of the Andes received a gift to be used in the evangelization of Ecuador. How could it be used better than by investing it in a Gospel

Sound Bus, a radio station on wheels? It would have several advantages. Those men who had formed the party who travelled with the Twenty-fifth Anniversary Exposition train had learned the great value of the public address system, the music, the educational movies and the message of the Gospel preached through the medium of the loudspeakers. With a sound truck they would be more mobile than with the train, being able to get into towns and villages that were accessible only by road. They would be able to maneuver into positions more favorable to their needs, giving them better opportunities to sell Scriptures, show pictures and preach the Gospel.

An International truck was accordingly purchased and a body, especially designed for the purpose, was made. Then into that body went all the paraphernalia required for the varied work. Into the neatly arranged boxes and compartments went Bibles, Testaments, Gospels and tracts. Cooking utensils, food and bedding went into other boxes. A generator took its place in one corner, a radio transmitter in another spot. The public address system, with its awkward bell shaped loudspeakers had to be stowed away, as did the movie projector and the reels of film. What an assortment of equipment. It rivaled a gypsy's wagon. But its aim and purpose was different.

Into the highways and byways it went and the reception was always different. In those early days it was not uncommon for a hostile spirit to be shown in some quarters. Being wise as serpents and harmless as doves the missionaries resorted to a little trick that paid dividends. Taking advantage of the innate pride and patriotism of the people, as the Radio Rodante rolled to a stop in the main plaza of the town, from the lusty throats of the loudspeakers would blare the martial notes of the National Anthem. Could anyone show a hostile attitude to those who came playing such music. Of course not!

Music hath charms, they say, so music in large doses was used as a prelude to the more important things to follow. Then came the gospel service and the selling of Scriptures and the giving out of tracts. How wonderfully worthwhile it was! It was not surprising therefore that the directors should write, "Convinced of the tremendous value and importance of traversing Ecuador's highways and byways with the Gospel, the HCJB staff is trusting the Lord for two new, completely equip-

ped Gospel Sound Busses.”

II

The paramos, the high plateaus of Ecuador, are not very choice places to be marooned with engine trouble. Being destitute of any vegetation, they afford the traveler little shelter from the bitterly cold blasts that sweep down from the snow capped peaks. One starts out on a trip trusting that there will be no engine trouble, certainly not on the paramos.

The new HCJB Sound Bus, Maranatha II, a war surplus sound truck, complete with ten kilowatt generator and large transmitter started out for a tour of duty in the lowlands of Ecuador. To get there, however, it becomes necessary to climb to the high passes that divide the sierra from the plains. It started without trouble and everything seemed to be progressing well until they reached the topmost part of the trip. Then the motor spluttered and failed. It was getting late and the trouble could not be located. There was nothing to do but crawl into blankets and try to keep warm. That happened the first night. The second was spent no less miserably. Not the cold this time, but the treacherous waters of the river were the culpable ones. “O sí, señor, it’s easy. Just get yourself a guide who knows the river and he will get you across.” Will he? That was not the experience of the radio missionaries as they were stranded in deep water at the river’s edge. Nothing to do but crawl out and go and seek aid, for should the water level rise in the night it could be most dangerous! Finally a tractor was found, then the driver, and the sound bus was pulled out safe and sound.

These were but the hardships. Balanced over against these in the 2000 miles travelled were the more than 100 Bibles, nearly 300 Testaments and more than 2500 gospel portions sold. But best of all was the growing conviction that the people of Ecuador were losing their antagonism to the truths of the blessed Gospel and were more and more ready to listen.

III

Then came Maranatha III. A Whyte truck with a specially prepared body, it gave promise of being serviceable. Carefully all the parts needed for an extended trip were stowed away in the special cupboards. The new and shiny equipment was checked by the engineers. Then the two radio missionaries

and their national helper were ready to take off.

This trip, like all of them, was a hard one. The cobblestone roads are not conducive to smooth riding. The backs of the passengers were getting pretty tender as the hours passed by. After stopping to have pleasant fellowship with believers along the way, a family in the old and now abandoned gold mine site of Macuchi, another living in a little house on stilts hidden in a banana grove, they reached the town of Quevedo where the first meetings were to be held.

The believers in this town were overjoyed to see them arrive, especially one, the town barber who had been saved through the ministry of the sound bus on a previous occasion a couple of years before. The authorities were acquainted with our presence there and permission was sought to have open air meetings. The officials were shown the documents that had been issued by the Ministry of Government, granting in accordance with the Constitution, the right to carry on the Sound Bus ministry. Then the screen was hung on a convenient wall of split bamboo; the public address system was set up; and everything was in readiness.

The meeting was without incident, inasmuch as the audience was extremely interested in the colored slides on the life of John the Baptist. The national pastor who had accompanied the missionaries was a past master at open air work, and he held his audience spellbound. Music was played and the Scriptures were offered for sale, and many bought the little booklets with the message of life. Then an invitation was given to attend the service in the local meeting hall. A goodly number came, and when the invitation was given at the close of the service, some remained to have prayer and to accept the Lord as Saviour.

This pattern of procedure was used again and again by the radio missionaries as they traveled into the towns and villages of Ecuador. Working hand in hand with the missionaries of other societies in a cooperative venture for Christ, they had the joy of strengthening the hands of those who week after week labor in the hard and isolated places, helping over the difficult places, and helping to reap where the seed had been faithfully sown. Now, however, the pattern has changed, and the Sound Bus ministry has given place to the Department of Evangelism. But that is material for another chapter.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Postage Stamp Invasion

"Do you think you can save his arms, Doctor? Are there any new drugs that will help? What can I do?"

"I don't know. I shall do all I can, of course. But whatever possessed him to do such a thing? You say he put live coals on his arms and deliberately allowed them to burn through the flesh, right down to the bone? Was he out of his mind?"

Little by little the story of José Rodríguez came out. It sounds almost too fantastic to be true.

José was a priest in one of the Roman Catholic Churches in the city of Barcelona. As he ministered before the altar day after day, he was deeply troubled by a consciousness of his own unworthiness and his great sin. He realized that his life was not holy, as it should be, that he was living in sin. How could he, so full of sin, offer the sacrifice of the Mass for the sins of others? How could he absolve those who came to whisper in his ear in the secrecy of the confessional the tale of their sin?

Vainly he tried to stifle the voice of conscience; unsuccessfully he sought a way to find spiritual relief. But his religion offered no lasting remedy, no peace for his soul, no pardon for his sin. Thus it was that in a moment of frenzy, standing before the altar, he took live coals upon his arms, seeking by such means to purge himself from the domination of the flesh and thus overcome the desires that led him into sin. But such sacrifices were in vain.

Then one day in his quest for spiritual release from the bondage of sin, José entered an evangelical church. He thought that he would find nothing but communists. To his surprise he found Christ! How wonderful to find out that it was not through penance or flagellations, or sufferings, but through the perfect sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ on the cross of Calvary that salvation was to be had, that eternal life was to be obtained, that peace with God was to be found. He believed and thus was gloriously saved.

José Rodríguez, erstwhile priest of Rome, now a child of God through faith in Christ, wrote to HCJB in Quito. "I want to know the Lord better through His Word, I want to know how to lead others to my Saviour. Can you help me?" Yes they could, for the Bible Institute of the Air had the answer.

I

"Where, Señor, may we Christians find a solid, scriptural Bible course in Spanish to study? We cannot all go to Bible schools—they are too far away; we are too poor. But oh, how we would love to know more about the Bible so that we can tell others! Is there no one who can help us?"

Time and again this sentiment was expressed to Clarence Jones as he was making a radio survey trip through Latin America. Everywhere the need was apparent, but no one seemed to be taking the initiative to meet the almost desperate situation. Thus was borne in on his thinking the conviction that The World Radio Missionary Fellowship should do something. The question was this, "Is such an idea compatible with our norms and aims as a radio station?"

It did not take much imagination to see that it was. What better way was there to teach those who were isolated than by using radio, and what better way of correlating the lessons than by correspondence? Thus, before long, the Bible Institute of the Air, or as it is far more widely known, "La Academia Cristiana del Aire," came into existence.

Immediately missionaries of long experience in Latin America set about the arduous task of preparing material that could be used as textbooks, for it was early seen that no adequate material was to be found in Spanish. The aim was not to translate books already extant in English but to prepare courses directly in Spanish, with a Latin American approach,

suiting to the needs of Latin Americans. It was a herculean task that confronted them, for requests came in so quickly in answer to the first advertisements, that sufficient courses were never available to meet the demands.

Combining eye and ear gates, the new correspondence courses were at once made part of the daily radio curriculum of HCJB, making it possible for the students to get additional help through the medium of the radio programs. These of course not only served to help the student, they also served to create interest on the part of many listeners who began writing to ask for courses. During the first year of operation, the Bible Institute of the Air produced more than five hundred live broadcasts, all of them correlated to the courses already sent out to the students and to those in preparation.

The phenomenal growth of the venture was almost unbelievable. In the first six months of the Institute's existence close to two thousand had enrolled in the school. Many of these had already completed the Preliminary Course, "Becoming Acquainted with the Bible," and had successfully passed the first examinations. One would have thought perhaps that if the growth was meteoric, it would just as quickly decline, but through the years the growth has been steady and thousands upon thousands of courses have been sent out.

The courses offered by the Institute, which when all are prepared will number more than twenty, are designed to meet adequately the spiritual needs of the students, answering their questions and giving them material which they can use practically. More than one missionary has written to tell us of the profit that these courses have been to their believers and national helpers. The influence is quickly felt in the preaching of these young men and women, for the material written in the courses and broadcast through the programs invariably finds its way into the sermons and testimonies of those engaged in the grand and glorious work of making known the Gospel of God's Grace.

II

"I am infinitely grateful to Christian brethren in the United States of America for giving their spiritual and material support, in order that we in Spain may receive these courses and thus increase our knowledge of the Bible, otherwise impossible to obtain, for the Roman Church which rules

Spain will not permit evangelical schools. We parents suffer the shame of having to send our children to government schools that are taught by Roman teachers and priests. Thanks again to those who have made possible evangelical teachings to the Spanish people."

This is but one of the many letters received from the Institute's students in Spain. Realizing what a great need and opportunity presented itself in Spain, and recognizing in a measure something of the responsibility, the Institute's directors got in touch with evangelical leaders in Spain and offered the courses free to anyone who wanted to enroll. Of course, because of the political situation in Spain, the venture was fraught with difficulties. Today however there are hundreds of young men and women in Spain who thank God and The Voice of the Andes for the theological training which they have received. As a tribute to the effectiveness of the system, candidates for ordination in some of the evangelical churches in Spain are now required to have completed the courses currently offered by the Bible Institute of the Air.

A similar situation existed in Colombia where, for many years, intense persecution by the Roman Catholic Church had been suffered by the evangelicals. We thank God that the situation has now changed for the better. Some day schools and Bible Institutes had been closed, but no matter how great the persecution, the hunger for the Word of God had not been wiped out. With increasing difficulties, the Church of Jesus Christ had grown and matured and had been strengthened; and in the hearts of many had grown the yearning desire to serve their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It was difficult to restrain the tears when on opening the mail one read: "Last night our home was attacked. We had to flee for our lives, leaving everything we had in the hands of the furious mob. All our belongings were destroyed and our books burned. Brethren, among the things burned was my Bible and my Institute of the Air courses. Would you please send me a new set to this new address so that I may continue to study and prepare myself to serve the Lord!"

If nothing else were accomplished than helping these stalwart young heroes of the faith, all the hours spent in preparation of the courses, in correcting exams, in handling the correspondence, in keeping the records; all the dollars

spent in printing and sending out the courses would be infinitely worthwhile.

III

Not only are individuals helped by these courses. There is a growing demand for them as textbooks in Bible Institutes and Seminaries everywhere in Latin America. Missionaries throughout the continent, engaged in educational work have long felt the need for adequate material for teaching their students. Systematic study materials, evangelical in theology, with a Latin American point of view are extremely hard to find. Is it any wonder then that when these courses appeared there should be an immediate demand for them? Each course comprises twenty-two lessons of carefully prepared material. They are a hundred to a hundred and twenty pages in length, nicely bound and finished 8½ by 11 inches in size. The preparatory course, "Becoming Acquainted with the Bible," which was originally written in Spanish, has now been translated into English, Portuguese, Russian and French. It has also been issued in Braille for blind students.

In order to handle the increasing demands for radio program material, the Bible Institute of the Air has its own recording studios.

In Quito, where these courses are prepared, other missionary organizations and the local churches co-operated in setting up a night school under the direction of the Bible Institute of the Air. God has blessed this work which has been carried on consistently for a number of years, and it has now become an indigenous work, carried on by the national brethren of the different churches in the city. From the group that attends regularly have come some fine workers who have become valuable assets to their local churches.

It is not the aim of the Institute to make a preacher out of every student; they number now in excess of ten thousand. Many of these will become pastors and leaders in their Christian communities. Others will become lay workers, exceedingly more effective because of their training. It is the hope and prayer of everyone connected with the work that many thousands more shall have their hunger for the Word of God satisfied by consistent, methodical and systematic Bible study under the direction of the Bible Institute of the Air.

PART FIVE

“...after that the full corn in the ear...”

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The Watchword—Advance!

Two men sat at the dinner table in a hotel: one a busy young executive of a flourishing industrial concern, the other a missionary. The men were talking “shop” and an animated conversation was in progress regarding future post-war developments in the business world. When the missionary expressed some interest in the manner in which equipment became obsolete so quickly, the young man said: “The idea that anything is so good it doesn’t have to improve is sure death to progress.”

That thought kept ringing in the missionary’s mind through the evening hours and on through the night. He could not sleep, and he was challenged anew with the great responsibility that the Lord had entrusted in his hands. The next morning, after a night of deep heart searching, the missionary, the President of the World Radio Missionary Fellowship, wrote to his colleagues in Quito:

“This has been a great sermon to me on what we need to watch out for at HCJB. If we go stale and don’t keep progressing, our work is bound to fail and fall without a doubt. We have got to keep our men and methods moving ahead all the time. Let us forever learn from modern industry this lesson which is truly applicable to the Lord’s work. . . .”

“Here are two facts which stand out in my thinking about planning and building for a better HCJB in the future: 1. HCJB must go forward. I’m sure we’re agreed that we dare not rest upon our past blessings or consider ourselves as having ‘arrived’ in any sense. Paul said it right in Philip-

pians 3:13, 'forgetting those things which are behind.' 2. HCJB will only go forward if we pray and plan for progress. We must not fail in our advantage and special opportunities which seemingly no other group of Christians on earth has at the present time. We must keep 'reaching forth unto those things which are before . . . pressing toward the mark.'

"We do not need to fail, and we won't if we search our hearts now and determine to make the most of our God-given field and method as well as our God-sent staff to advance along the line of His will for His glory!"

I

Twelve years had passed since missionary broadcasting began its career in the remodeled sheep shed. They had been glorious days, but days full of grave problems and difficulties. God had tried His missionaries in the crucible of adversity and had found them true and had blessed them beyond their utmost expectations. They had been days of progress, and the small initial transmitter had been replaced by others until God had given them ten thousand watts of power. They had been days of testing, as the missionaries traveled an unmapped road and gained experience and knowledge.

Now it was time to take inventory, to examine frankly and fearlessly the assets and liabilities of the growing organization, to ask God to lead definitely in the new steps that should be taken towards building a bigger and better HCJB. On the whole it was a pleasant picture, for God had been extremely gracious. However, the contemplation of what God had done did not make them unmindful of the fatal consequences of complacency. Therefore, as the year 1943 waned, the radio missionaries set as their goal a new transmitter on short wave rated at fifty thousand watts of power. Such a transmitter would reach the world; but they again reminded themselves, "We need more power for long wave and local listeners. Our first obligation in any advance is to the Ecuadorian listeners."

The plans were made and an estimated budget of over one hundred and sixty thousand dollars was drawn up. It was an ambitious project for such a time, for war time regulations and restrictions would undoubtedly hinder its realization. Perhaps the best thing to do was to pray and see how

God would lead. To pray, however, and sit idle was not in keeping with the character of these missionaries, who immediately drew up an alternate plan to be put into effect during the following two years, and until such a time as the Lord would open the way for the completion of the larger plan. Facing realities, they proposed to dedicate themselves wholly to the developing to the fullest extent the equipment which God had already given them, bringing the transmitters up to full operating capacity, perfecting the antenna system, and installing the band-switching mechanism to make the equipment more flexible for broadcasting.

The years slipped quickly away, but ever in the minds of the missionaries was the idea of expansion, in order that the Gospel message could be sent farther and clearer and more consistently to reach the millions who had not as yet heard. Little by little the Lord was revealing His way. It became increasingly evident as they prayed and planned, that the first step in any advance in power, would be the acquisition of a new property. While the site of the Station at the north end of the city was adequate for immediate needs, several factors had to be taken into consideration. For instance, the social factor was one to be reckoned with. More than one of the neighbors were complaining that they were unable to hear any other station than HCJB because of the intensity of its radio signal. Moreover, it was disconcerting, they said, to turn out the lights at night, only to have some of the bulbs light up again due to the effects of radio frequency. To propose increasing the power from ten to fifty thousand watts was unthinkable in the present location, as it was extremely doubtful that the City Council would grant such a permit. Then there was the power factor. The city was expanding rapidly and more and more demands were being made on the Quito Light and Power Co. They could not keep pace with the expansion, and it was perfectly clear that power to operate new and bigger transmitters would be unavailable. It was also necessary to have more room for new antenna installations. In the march of progress in radio broadcasting, new antenna systems were being devised and the HCJB engineering department, keeping in mind the advantages, felt that the existing antennae would not be commensurate with the new transmitters. These and other reasons were given as

the co-directors and the engineers met early in 1945 and placed first in the "Outline Schedule of steps to be taken toward the accomplishment of the advance expansion for Station HCJB" the purchase of a new property.

Logically, the next question was, where can this property be obtained? This presented quite a problem. In the first place, land in Ecuador is one of the most precious possessions. It is a stable, worthwhile investment with which few are willing to part, except because of urgent necessity. Thus to think of buying fifty to a hundred acres of reasonably flat land to accommodate the rhombic antenna system then contemplated presented the grave difficulties not only of where to find it, but also of how to pay for it. While they were considering the problem, God was in a measure working it out for them. Writing to Reuben Larson about the matter, Clarence Jones said: "I am wondering if we really need to buy as much as fifty to a hundred acres as had been planned? Perhaps by this time you have the paper of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation which the Chief Engineer sent me from Canada. The newest type of antennae, which are more modern and effective than the rhombic type (which take so much ground and for which we are planning in our new place), are the 'curtain' type, developed during the war. They take much less ground and do a better job. I think our technical men ought to think in terms of curtain antennae for HCJB . . . I have an idea that we could do with 25 to 50 acres . . . and be further ahead at much less cost."

Besides availability and size, there were some other considerations. Preferably the property should be in the center of a wide valley so that no mountains would stand in the way of the radio signal. As they studied the situation, the engineers felt that the angle to the horizon should at no place be greater than five degrees; it would be better if the angle were not more than two degrees. This would ensure the maximum efficiency in the radiation. It would also make the land that much more difficult to find. Then, to add to the problem, it would have to have an adequate water supply to care for the cooling of the Diesel equipment which would be necessary to provide electric power. Finally, it had to be on or near good roads, to allow for transportation of the heavy equipment.

II

"Well, this place is a lot easier to get to than many of the ones that we have seen. No hard hills to climb, no rough roads to go over. What do you say, fellows? Does this property fulfill the requirements of the engineering department?"

"Yes, I think it does. It's a little dry. We could do with more moisture in the ground for the long wave antenna, but it will do. If the water supply that comes in through that pipe is constant, it should be enough for the cooling systems."

"It should be okay. He has his own pipe line up to the fountain on the side of Pichincha. I don't think anyone will tamper with it!"

"I'll approve the place. Certainly being this close to the Pan-American Highway is a boon, and it only took us a half hour to get here from the Station."

After thorough consultation, the directors approved the purchase of that piece of property of approximately forty acres. The Station lawyer was called in, and after studying all the factors involved, a contract was drawn up.

"Here you are, Señores; here are all the papers ready. I have arranged with the notary so that you can go and sign the papers and pay for the land. All the taxes and dues are listed there, so you will know just what has to be paid."

The day for the signing of the contract came, but at the last moment the owner was unwilling to go through with it. He stood to forfeit a large sum of money which had been stipulated as a guarantee that both parties would go through with the arrangements. He was prepared to lose that; he was prepared to lose friendships of long standing; but he was not prepared to sign. Little by little the story came out. He himself was willing to sell, in fact, anxious to do so, but pressure from fanatical relatives was so great that he simply had to bow to the inevitable, as far as he was concerned. He would not sell.

Once again the engineers and directors set about the wearisome task of visiting properties to the north, south, east and west. It was tiresome work, made the more so by the fact that almost without exception the properties were absolutely unsuitable to the needs. Then one day, following a lead, they went out through Guápulo, passed into the Tumbaco Valley, following the route taken to the discovery of the Amazon.

Several places were looked at, and some gave promise of being suitable. Once again, as the papers were being drawn up to purchase one of them, the influence of relatives intervened to stop the transaction. Discouraged, the missionaries looked again, and prayed that God would do the impossible. Then it was that their attention was drawn to a piece of land that had been up for sale for some considerable time. It had been a part of a huge farm that had been subdivided and sold. This piece of land, however was not suitable for farming and hence had not been sold along with the other parts. Because it was not suitable for farming, it was also cheaper.

The directors and engineers went to look at it. From every point of view it was ideal. They could not ask for anything better. So they walked over the whole place, and then drawing aside on the east end of the property they formed a circle, removed their hats and prayed: "Lord, if this is the property that Thou dost want us to have, remove every barrier and every obstacle and expedite the purchase."

Back to Quito went the men and sought an interview with the manager of the largest bank in Quito. He was the man who held the power of attorney to sell the property, which belonged to an Ecuadorian gentleman who was living abroad. The whole problem was explained to him, telling him quite frankly the difficulties that had been encountered previously. "Don't worry," he said, "I'll see that everything is done quickly so that no one will be able to block your purchasing this piece of land." He was as good as his word. Three days afterwards, the papers were complete and signed and the property was registered in the name of The World Radio Missionary Fellowship, Inc.

Not long after, a cavalcade of cars left Quito to travel to Pifo. On the edge of this little town was the new HCJB compound. Standing in the middle of a ploughed field from which protruded yet the dried stalks of the previous year's corn harvest, under the brilliant blue sky and the blazing tropical sun, the HCJB missionaries sang the Doxology. Then, one and another led in prayer, dedicating the property to the honor and glory of God, asking that it might be a place from which in all its power and simplicity the Gospel might go to the ends of the earth, as from the new base the missionaries continued *Heralding Christ Jesus' Blessings*. Thus, the first step

in the Advance Program was successfully completed.

III

The advance which was contemplated by The World Radio Missionary Fellowship would necessarily be subject to certain well defined stipulations. The Ecuadorian government had most graciously given the original contract for the establishment of a Gospel radio station in Quito. During the years they had shown every consideration and had in every way been most gracious. Now the question that arose was: "Will they extend the contract for another period of time?" The question was a valid one. It was inconceivable that such a heavy investment should be made, for such a short period of time, for already more than half of the first twenty-five years had ended.

It was therefore with much prayer that the missionaries went to the authorities with a petition to have the original contract extended for another twenty-five year period on the basis that they desired to increase the power of HCJB to a staggering total of one hundred thousand watts. They need not have wondered about it, for the promise with which the station was started was still operative: "Call unto me and I will answer thee and shew thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." God had already prepared the way, and now without delay the extension was granted, making the contract between the Ecuadorian Government and the World Radio Missionary Fellowship effective until 1980. At the same time they were assured of the Government's willingness to have them increase the power to 100,000 watts.

As though to add a further seal of approval upon the plans of the organization, the President of the country awarded HCJB one of its highest decorations, the Decoration of the National Order of Merit, in the degree of Knight. It was an impressive ceremony, as the gold medallion was pinned on the lapel of the Station Director. Representing the President, the Minister of Public Works and Communications made the award. He concluded his presentation speech as he said:

"I am sure that this award will encourage the station to continue working with enthusiasm and to improve its programs by continually infusing them with the spirit of truth and the highest order of patriotism."

This was enough to give assurance to the directors that

the Lord was opening the door for advance. So with renewed energy and zeal, and with increased prayer that the Lord would fit them spiritually for such a forward step, they moved toward their goal. Looking ahead they saw the huge financial burden that they were assuming. Even the most conservative estimate told them that it would cost three dollars for every watt. One hundred thousand watts of power meant a budget of three hundred thousand dollars. Where could such a sum of money be found? It was a challenge, but no greater than that which they had faced many times before. God, who held the silver and gold of the world in His powerful hand, could and would supply, if they did but trust. Mindful however that faith without works is dead, they sought means and ways of procuring the necessary funds.

As the program hesitatingly got under way in 1946, a total of one hundred and forty-two dollars was received for the Advance Program. Not much to start with, to be sure. But little is much, if God be in it. The next year saw that figure grow to almost a thousand dollars. After two years, they still had to raise 299,000 dollars! During the next couple of years the giving towards the program increased, but yet the goal seemed so far off, almost impossible to gain.

In order to coordinate the work and to make the Christian public aware of the great step that was being taken in missionary radio, Dr. Larson opened the Advance Program Office of the W.R.M.F. in Wheaton, Illinois. Soon from the desks flowed a stream of letters, brochures, leaflets and advertisements of different kinds. Like the ebb and flow of the ocean tides, the returning mail brought just as endless a flow of letters with gifts, great and small. How wonderfully the Lord touched the hearts of the Christian public to give of their substance. As the years went by, the money rolled in, until finally the longed for figure of three hundred thousand dollars had come in. There was no money, however, in the treasury! As the gifts came in, God was making it possible to purchase the needed supplies, and in a slow but steady stream they were being shipped to Quito. That, however, is material for another chapter. God, who had begun a good work, was perfecting it; He who had started them on the road, was faithfully leading them; He who had said, "Advance," was giving them the means.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The Countersign—Supply!

Three miles to the north of the HCJB compound at Pifo lies the little railway station of the Quito-San Lorenzo Railway. Four times a day, with a hustle and a bustle, the autocarril, a glorified bus on wheels, clatters through the station on its way to and from the city of Ibarra. Twice a day, with a huffin' and puffin' the train goes through, following the same route. It is a picturesque scene which never ceases to fill the onlooker with intense delight. The small engine, blowing huge clouds of black smoke drags behind a couple of small box cars, an oil tanker, a couple of flatcars and one passenger coach. They are all small, for it is a narrow gauge railway. The one passenger coach, divided into first and second class sections, is always crowded to capacity, and the excess passengers have to find room for themselves, hanging precariously to the roofs of the boxcars, and on available space on the flatcars. That station was destined to see sights it never had contemplated, for HCJB's Advance Program was now well on its way and gaining momentum from day to day.

I

One morning the Directors received word that the following day's train would be unloading a special cargo for HCJB in Pifo. Would the Directors please see that there was someone at the station to receive the shipment, see that it was unloaded immediately so that the return train in the afternoon could bring back the empty flatcars to Quito. The railway

people were assured that the matter would be taken care of at once.

Early the next morning two trucks left Quito with a crew of missionaries and nationals, bound for the railway station at Pifo. About nine o'clock the train whistle was heard and the train steamed onto the siding, leaving there three flatcars loaded with long boxes. Some of these had fallen to pieces, and it was quite evident that they contained tower sections. This was the end of quite a story.

A number of months before, the W.R.M.F.'s efficient staff in the States had located in Louisville, Kentucky just what was needed for our new antennae in Pifo. There were 23 sections of radar antenna, war surplus, but in excellent condition. The price was right, and they were exactly what was needed, so they were bought and sent on their way to Quito. Unexplainably, the flatcars were sidetracked somewhere so that they were lost completely for a number of weeks. In the meantime, other equipment bought at the same time arrived in Quito. The towers, however, were lost. Then in the process of time they arrived in New Orleans and were placed at the end of a pier, awaiting the arrival of the export permit from Washington. This, of course, was delayed.

One day HCJB's business manager received an urgent long distance call from New Orleans. There had been an accident. A freighter had gotten out of control and had sheared in two the pier on which the tower sections were stored. They were in danger, and it was imperative that they be moved within seventy-two hours. To move them by tug and barge to another pier would cost several hundred dollars. Could they be moved directly to a freighter for export? Not without the export license.

It was then time to call in the services of Dr. Clyde Taylor of the Evangelical Foreign Missions Association. Could he help in this emergency? Seventy-two hours was the time granted, and already twenty-four had expired. He would have to move fast. What could he do, when ordinarily it would take four to six weeks to clear the export permit?

Nothing daunted, Dr. Taylor called a friend of his in the Department of Commerce's Export Division. Could he please lend a hand and expedite the matter? This was a mammoth order. In his office, the man said, were ten thousand licenses

waiting to be expedited. Who had time or inclination to leaf through them all trying to find one export license for some little missionary society? There was nothing to be done about it. They would just have to plan to move them somewhere else in the meantime and wait for the wheels of the machinery to grind slowly but inevitably to the end.

What man can't do, God can. Thus it was that prayer was made to God about this matter, both in the E.F.M.A. offices in Washington and in the HCJB offices in New York. So it was no surprise to Dr. Taylor when the phone rang the next morning and his friend said: "You know, Dr. Taylor, I set a girl to looking for that export permit, and it just happened to be on the top of the pile. We have taken care of it. You may telephone to the port authorities the number of the permit and you can move your tower sections to the freighter."

It was with mingled feelings that the missionary crew looked at those towers. After they had left New Orleans, they had been transferred from ship to lighter in Guayaquil and from lighter to train. From one train in Quito they had been transferred to another. Now they were here. As soon as possible they were unloaded onto the ground, thus releasing the flatcars. Then slowly and laboriously they were loaded on the trucks and taken the three miles to the compound.

Still a great deal of work had to be done before these towers of testimony would be standing erect and ready to send forth the Gospel message. They had to be scraped and painted, and this was a long job after the months of exposure to the weather to which they had been subject. Some adaptations had to be made, for most of them had not been designed for broadcasting purposes, but for radar work. Then came the task of erecting them. This was the number one problem, for there were no steeple jacks on the staff, nor anyone with experience in this kind of work. Electrical and radio engineers, yes, but no experts in tower raising. That matter was made the subject of much prayer and the whole project was entrusted to God. This was dangerous work for inexperienced men. How should the work be done? Should one section be raised at a time, or should a number of sections be bolted together and then stood upright in one single operation? After much deliberation, this latter method was used. Then came the exact mathematical calculations to measure the precise

length of all the guy wires, so that they would neither be too tight nor too loose at any time during the operation, especially at the last crucial moment when the tower was perpendicular. Could it be done? Could it be done safely? Yes, for God again was graciously guiding and helping. Soon, nine steel towers stood proudly erect on the Pifo grounds of HCJB, the tallest of them being two hundred and eighty-six feet high. They became a monument to the goodness of God and a means to fling out the good seed of the Word to the uttermost parts of the earth.

II

“Señores, tomorrow’s train has three flatcars and a box car loaded with quipment for you. Can you unload them right away? We need the cars.”

That was a big order, for on each of those flatcars was one box weighing at least nine tons. Who could move such equipment without cranes and other associated machinery? The HCJB engineers had to figure out a way immediately, for no machinery was available, and the boxes had to be moved.

It was a long and dangerous job that awaited the missionary crew the next day, but they set to work with enthusiasm and real joy in their hearts. These Diesel motors that they were unloading had come as a definite answer to prayer. They had been built a few years earlier for the U.S. Government and had been used in Panama to raise, fire and lower the sixteen inch coastal defense guns. Now they were no longer needed for war; they had become available for the propagation of the Message of Peace. In spite of the joy in their hearts, however, the missionaries knew that there were long hours of toil ahead. Inch by inch on rollers and by means of jacks, the boxes were moved from the flatcars to the truck, and thence to the ground. The first one was moved in about five hours. The second one was not so easy. About two o’clock in the afternoon it began to rain, making the venture more hazardous and increasing the difficulties. The rain continued with no let up as the men worked on. Night came on and still they worked. The missionary wives prepared coffee and sandwiches and the men ate as they snatched a few minutes of respite. Finally, at eleven that night, the second box was safely on the ground. Tired, soaked to the skin, cold and shivering

in the raw mountain air, the men went home, to snatch a few hours of sleep before they went back to move the third box.

It was hard work, but through it all there was much rejoicing, for the heavy equipment was finally moved without damage, and without any accident. Truly the Lord's hand was upon them as they worked.

III

God has wonderful ways to supply the means for carrying out His commands. When He clearly shows the way, then He surely provides that which is needed to arrive at the final goal. It was so, certainly, in the story of the Advance Program.

The most expensive items in a transmitter are the transformers and in a transmitter of the size projected in the Advance Program, it was something to wonder about. Where could they be found, for there were several that were needed? Would God supply as He had always done? One day the alert staff in the States learned about some audio transformers that were up for sale. They had been built to be exported to Russia for use in the communist controlled radio stations of that country. However, an embargo had been placed upon the export and they were now for sale, at a very reduced price. Would they be suitable? They consisted of three pairs of audio transformers with a fifty thousand watt output rating. Immediately our engineers saw that here was the answer to their prayers, and the transformers were bought. A few months later, still bearing their original labels, the transformers arrived in Quito. Who could help but rejoice and thank God that the equipment built to disseminate the deadening poison of communism, was now to be used to propagate the life-giving Word of the Gospel?

In another part of the States God was preparing more equipment. When one of the nation's largest makers of electronic equipment stopped making parts for broadcast transmitters, another firm bought out their patents and much of their stock. However, as the parts they had purchased were not usable in the work that they were doing, a great mass of materials were put away in storage in one of the Eastern States. One of the directors of this firm, a fine Christian man, hearing of the plans that HCJB had purposed in his heart that this equipment should become available to HCJB. Was

it needed? Could it be used? What was it? Two very large water cooling units that would be used in the cooling processes of a fifty thousand watt transmitter; plate transformers, also suitable for a fifty thousand watt transmitter; numerous transmitter cabinets and so on. How much would they cost? Almost nothing! It was an appealing offer to a missionary society, for was not God thus supplying a need?

Nor was God through. In the Midwest, a Christian radio station was closing down. It had much excellent equipment which could be sold on the open market for a considerable amount of money. But the Christian men who owned it felt that they would much rather see it used for the Gospel than in any other kind of service. So one day a letter was received by the HCJB directors. Could they use the equipment, an FM transmitter and antenna with much valuable studio equipment? Even before the radio missionaries had called, God had answered, as this fine equipment became available to HCJB at a fraction of its cost.

IV

Much electronic material was needed to carry forward the Advance Program. Bricks and stone, and mortar and cement were also needed. When the property at Pifo had been purchased it was a cornfield and there was not a building of any sort on it. Thus it was necessary to think of erecting a transmitter house, a power house and residences for the missionaries and national personnel.

In Quito, the HCJB carpenter was quickly put to work along with other help to build a small prefab wooden house. Just as soon as it was ready, it was loaded on a truck and taken out to Pifo where it was soon erected and ready for occupancy by the first missionary couple. They would be somewhat lonely there, but only at night, for in the day time, the whole place hummed with activity. Bricklayers, carpenters, stonemasons, swarmed all over the place as the new buildings were erected. The problem of course was to keep them supplied with materials.

Now it was well known at that time that cement was almost nonexistent. The factory that made it was taxed to the limit and the building boom was taking all that it could produce. So it was with dismay that one of the missionaries

heard the request one day that he go downtown to the office of the general manager of the cement works to buy cement for the operations in Pifo. When he arrived at the office, he took his place in the long line of people who were waiting to be attended. He was about tenth in line.

"What is it that you want?"

"Señor, I want some cement!"

"What's it for, and how much do you want?"

"Well, Señor, I am repairing my house and I need five bags."

"Go and see the city engineer and get him to give you an order for five bags of cement. Then come back to me and I'll see what I can do for you."

With failing heart the missionary listened, as time and time again the same procedure was repeated. Standing there in line he breathed a prayer to God that He would graciously undertake for him. Then with quiet calm, he waited as others presented themselves. Right in front of him were two Roman Catholic priests. With great interest he waited to see how they would be cared for.

"What do you want, Father?"

"We need forty bags of cement to fix the monastery."

"Will you please go to the city engineer and explain your needs to him and ask him for authorization to buy forty bags of cement. If he gives you the permit, come back to me and I'll see what I can do for you. But I promise nothing, for cement is scarce and I don't know if I'll have enough."

Then it was the missionary's turn. How would he fare?

"Sir, I am from The Voice of the Andes, HCJB, and we are now in the process of erecting our new buildings in Pifo. I need some cement."

"How much do you need?"

"I need two thousand bags!"

"Fine, fine. If you will bring me the check this afternoon, I'll see that you get the first five hundred bags tomorrow. Next week you will get the rest."

With a, "Thank you," to the man, and a prayer of thankfulness to God, the missionary went back to his office rejoicing. Truly God was doing wonderful things. He had ordered the advance. He would bring it to a successful conclusion.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Ultimate Goal.... Success!

The tricolor of Ecuador and the Stars and Stripes fluttered gaily at the masthead, vivid splashes of color against the brilliant blue of the tropical sky, as the cars and busses drove through the main gate of the HCJB compound at Pifo. It was a gala occasion to which had been invited Ecuador's leading citizens and friends of The Voice of the Andes. Inside the main building everything was in readiness. The gay bunting, the multi-hued flags of the American republics added brilliance to the blue-grey coloring of the equipment. Under the dazzling light of the many photoflood bulbs and spotlights were the silk flags of the United States of America and Ecuador, framing beautifully and fittingly the new fifty thousand watt transmitter, pride and joy of the engineers and of all the staff of HCJB, dedicated to the service of God and humanity and to the propagation of the Gospel.

Once the guests had taken their places, the HCJB ensemble filled the transmitter building with sound and with emotion, as they sang the national anthems of the two countries who had joined effort and hospitality to make possible the mighty Voice of the Andes, Radio Station HCJB.

I

Little could those present guess of the hours of toil, of sweat and tears which had gone into building that new transmitter. They saw the lighted meters, with their gently oscillat-

ing needles; the purple glow of the rectifier tubes; the light of the large and costly final tubes. They saw the shining copper of the buss-work; the miles of multicolored wires; the brightly shining signal lights. They felt the throb of power; they heard the hum of the cooling fans; they heard the sound of the broadcast program. They could never know all that preceded the glorious moment when the switch was thrown to put all the precious equipment into operation for the Lord.

Preceding all that met the wondering gaze of the uninitiated were years of study, training and practical experience, as young men, wholly dedicated to the cause of Christ prepared themselves for a life of usefulness in missionary radio. Hours, weeks and months were spent in diligent research, as ways were sought to make the most of what God had so graciously given. Schematics were drawn, only to be scrapped and redrawn. Plans were made, to be rejected as new ones were formulated. Unceasing reading of the current literature on the subject kept bringing to light new discoveries and trends which would make the transmitter more efficient. The plans had to be drawn sufficiently flexible to incorporate all the latest innovations in technological advance. Nothing but the best would do for God. Therefore many, many changes were made, as He made available more knowledge of what was best.

The advance program had been launched with broad aims. One hundred thousand watts of power was its goal. However, it had never been clearly defined at the outset what the particular distribution of that power would be. There were too many factors involved, too much time would elapse before the work would be completed, too many variables came into the picture for too fine a distinction to be drawn. Rather was it left to the Lord to guide step by step. As the years went by, certain well defined events took place which set the pattern that was to be followed. The acquisition of the materials and equipment mentioned in a previous chapter established the fact that the transmitter unit would have to be of fifty thousand watts or less. As they were looking for maximum and not minimum effectiveness, the engineers determined that the first unit should be of fifty kilowatt output.

Again the learning and resourcefulness of the engineering staff was taxed to the limit. They were not content to build

a simple transmitter whose service would be limited because of its very simplicity. They wanted the utmost of flexibility that would enable them to make the most of the hours, the times and seasons. Certain frequencies are better for daylight operation, others for night work. The season of the year also has much to do with the choice of frequency. Would a fifty thousand watt transmitter operating on one frequency alone be adequate to meet the requirements of HCJB's global ministry on twenty-four hour operation? Again the answer was "No!" The transmitter had to be made multi-band-switching, capable of as many frequency combinations as possible. Out of the hours of study and research came the plans for the new transmitter. It was capable of transmitting fifty thousand watts of power on any one of four frequencies in the 16, 19, 25 and 31 meter bands. However, by a clever combination of two RF (radio frequency) units coupled to a common modulator and power supply, it was possible to transmit on two frequencies at the same time with thirty kilowatts of power on each frequency. Because this combination gave a greater total power of sixty thousand watts, and because it thus became more versatile and adaptable to the world-wide, year-round continuous operation of The Voice of the Andes, it was usually used in this way.

Before the new transmitter could be completed there were agonizing delays as parts ordered with a good deal of anticipation failed to appear on schedule. The engineers at times were engulfed by an utter sense of frustration as parts arrived badly damaged or broken. All the resourcefulness of which they were capable was demanded as component parts on hand had to be adapted for new work, as transformers had to be rewound to make use of cores and wire already on hand (without the needless expenditure of money). Cabinet work had to be done, calling for skillful tool-craft on the part of talented national technicians. Hours had to be spent tracing, then checking, the intricate circuits. For all this work the Lord had raised up a consecrated band of radio engineers and national technicians, had prepared them and had made them willing to serve. Finally their concerted efforts produced that for which so many had prayed and planned for so long. A new, modern and powerful transmitter was on the air for the Gospel.

II

"Ladies and gentlemen." There was a hush in the building, broken only by the muffled roar of the Diesel engines in the other building, as the well modulated voice and the measured cadence of the words of Galo Plaza Lasso, ex-President of Ecuador and First Citizen of the Americas, fell upon the attentive ears of the wholly sympathetic audience. With evident sincerity he spoke of what HCJB had meant to him personally and what it meant to his fellow-countrymen. Briefly he mentioned some of the outstanding contributions of The Voice of the Andes to civic and national celebrations and to the dissemination of all that was worth-while to the culture of the people. Then with a voice, vibrant with emotion, he said:

"You are here, at least we so desire, to remain with us forever. This, I am sure, is the heartfelt wish of all Ecuadorians."

Then Dr. Reuben E. Larson, Co-founder with Dr. Clarence Jones of The Voice of the Andes, stepped up to the microphone. In ringing terms he expressed the deep thankfulness to God and to the people of Ecuador for all that He and they had done for HCJB during the twenty-five years of its existence. The Presidents, Ministers and other high ranking government officials merited the undying gratitude of all, because they had opened the doors of the country, affording gracious hospitality to the World Radio Missionary Fellowship with its desire to help the people of Ecuador and of the world, bringing to them the glorious message of the Gospel of Christ. Having briefly delineated some of the marvelous advances in the world of science, he said:

"I affirm that it is lack of faith in the God of love, the omnipotent, the omniscient and omnipresent One that is causing the vacuum that so many hearts feel, in spite of all the scientific advances of this age.

"It is in order to help fill that vacuum that HCJB has purposed not only to serve Ecuador and the world with programs of human interest. . . but also, with special emphasis, to proclaim the message of the God of love and His plan for the redemption of mankind.

"The Christian faith, based on the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, is the bearer of a new life of peace and tranquility and hope, renewing fellowship between God and

man. This is the supreme miracle which is at the disposal of all who will receive the message of God. And the inspiration which comes from this faith has caused these engineers who constructed this transmitter to work with zeal and devotion. This same faith has stimulated thousands of persons to give of their material possessions, many times at great personal sacrifice. Therefore, to God, to the people of Ecuador, to all our friends... Many thanks!"

The inauguration ceremony of the new transmitter was made to coincide with the celebration of the 422nd anniversary of the founding of the city of Quito. It was done with the purpose of honoring the city in whose heart *The Voice of the Andes* had begun its ministry and had continued its labors for twenty-five years. It was fitting therefore, that Dr. Carlos Andrade Marin, the Mayor of the City of Quito, a loyal and devoted friend of the Station for many years, one of the members of the Advisory Council of the W.R.M.F.'s Rimmer Memorial Hospital, should be asked to throw the switch that officially set in operation the new and powerful transmitting equipment.

"This ceremony to which we have been invited," he said, "which consists in the inauguration of this magnificent 50 kilowatt transmitter... should be celebrated by all Ecuadorians and especially by the residents of Quito, and should remain for ever in the memory of our city and of our nation..."

"I am to have the honor, in the name of our City, to place in operation this great transmitter and thus officially inaugurate it. May the years that are past serve as a stimulus for the great advances which in the future this Station shall make, advances which shall be in tune with all that we can desire for our city and for our country."

The switches were thrown by the mayor, and with a surge of power, the program went out to the uttermost parts of the earth. No program of inauguration, however, could be complete without a dedicatory prayer. D. Stuart Clark, who had from the beginning of the work given unstintingly of his time and efforts to the Station, asked the people to stand, as he led in prayer asking that God would bless that which He had given; would prosper that which He had provided; would use it to bring salvation and blessing to countless thousands in all parts of the world.

As the choir sang the Hymn of Quito, everyone rejoiced in the culmination of a long and arduous task. The transmitter was now officially on the air.

III

In the meantime, in Quito work had proceeded at a feverish pace in order to make the deadline. For a number of years the program department had been hampered and hindered in the production of some of the programs by the very limited space, even in the largest of the existing studios. Large choral groups plus the different instruments just did not fit into the space available, and it was not an infrequent thing to have someone inadvertently knock over a microphone stand or some other piece of equipment in an effort to move about the crowded quarters.

With their eyes on the future needs of the Station, the directors planned a new and commodious studio. An architect was consulted and the drawings were made. However, work was long delayed because of the lack of adequate funds to proceed with the venture. Finally the foundations were laid and construction was begun. Like mushrooms the walls shot up to roof level and the intricate scaffolding was installed to support the forms for the concrete roof. It was to be a very large span so a massive structure of reinforcing steel had to be laid in the forms before the concrete could be poured. Then one Monday morning things began to hum and soon were moving forward at full speed. A concrete mixer loaned to HCJB roared and rattled as bag after bag of cement went into the hopper and as bucketful after bucketful of concrete was hauled up to the roof. Hour after hour the crews worked without letup, on and on through the night, for having started to pour the concrete they could not stop until the whole had been completed.

Then the work began on the interior of the studio. An intricate web of wires and cables had to be installed and the accoustical treatment had to be done. It was slow, tedious work, work whose tempo had to be increased as the hour drew near for the inauguration ceremony. Would they be done? Would the work be completed? Yes, and with a little time to spare!

The Back Home Hour previous to Christmas day was

chosen as the time for the dedication and inauguration ceremony. Friends, many of whom had come long distances for the occasion, gathered in the studio. Every available inch of space was crowded with guests and the observation gallery was also filled to capacity.

The program presented that night was one to be remembered. The ensemble, the soloists, all sang as though inspired. Then as speaker after speaker stood before the microphone to give his impression of what God had done to make this studio, called The World Radio Chapel, a reality, hearts were filled with praise and joy. God had again done marvelous things and had provided more adequate means to facilitate the task of *Heralding Christ Jesus' Blessings*.

IV

The excitement had died; the lights had been taken down; the decorations had been put away. The transmitter house had regained its usual look and things were back to normal.

In the office the engineers gathered about the drawing board. As facts and figures were discussed in terms unintelligible to the layman, we peeped over their shoulders. . .

On the drawing board were the plans for another fifty thousand watt transmitter designed to serve more adequately our gracious friends and hosts, the people of Ecuador.

Once again, keeping in mind the complex needs presented by our global broadcasting aims, the engineers designed a multi-band-switching transmitter. One of the RF units was to be used on the local standard broadcast band, while the other RF unit was to be used either on the 31 or 49 meter band. The months passed quickly and the work progressed steadily. One year and a few days after the inauguration of the first fifty thousand watt transmitter, the first unit of the second one was tested and put on the air.

Again it was a festive and joyous occasion when Dr. Carlos Andrade Marin and a host of friends made the trip to the HCJB compound at Pifo, on December 22nd, 1957. Once again the choir sang the national anthems of Ecuador and the United States of America. Once again our hearts thrilled as Dr. Andrade Marin, Mayor of the city of Quito, threw the main switch that put the new transmitter officially into use.

Then once again, as the programs went out with new power, a prayer of dedication was offered, committing the new equipment into the Lord's keeping, and asking that He bless it for His honor and glory.

The engineers, although taxed almost to the limit with the thousand and one details of operating and maintaining the existing equipment, set themselves with new determination to build a further RF unit that would operate on the 31 and 49 meter bands. There were to be endless delays and many setbacks, but finally on November 29, 1960, it was completed and put on the air. This gave the Voice of the Andes another thirty thousand watts of power with which to Herald Christ Jesus' Blessings.

In the meantime, the Diesel department was having its troubles. The Diesel generators that had been purchased in Panama began showing signs of decrepitude and were quickly getting to the place where, not only were they a maintenance problem, but they could not, under the best of circumstances, produce the energy to run the new transmitters. A new generating unit was needed, and as always, the Lord had His way of supplying it. What a glorious day that was when the new and shining "Caterpillar" was uncrated and moved smoothly to the new concrete base. Soon it was purring smoothly, providing power to run the vital broadcasting equipment in the transmitter house. Then three years later, just a few weeks before the new transmitter was put into operation, another "Cat" was added to the Diesel house, thus ensuring adequate electrical energy for broadcasting needs.

V

Not to be outdone by their brethren in Pifo, the engineers in Quito were constantly striving to improve the existing studio equipment. The broadcasting aims of The World Radio Missionary Fellowship pose many problems to the engineering staff and provide a situation that is almost unique in radio stations. The five studios in Quito are joined to the transmitters in Pifo by three radio links, which make it possible for three different programs to be broadcast simultaneously.

In order to be able to broadcast all the programs and to record the ones that are transmitted during the night hours, five control rooms are in almost constant operation. These control rooms are all completely independent one from the other, and yet are linked together by special remote control equipment which ensures smoother inter-action and co-ordination of all the different broadcasting operations.

Thus it is that with increased facilities in the studios, more modern and efficient equipment in the controls and more powerful and versatile transmitters in Pifo, the work of *Heralding Christ Jesus' Blessings* goes on twenty-four hours each day, every day of the year.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

That They May Live!

“Doctor! . . . Doctor! . . . will someone please call the doctor? . . . Hurry, please!”

The frenzied father, with his two year old daughter closely held in his arms rushed in the emergency entrance of the “Hospital Vozandes,” begging in his alarm that his child be cared for immediately.

With the unhurried calm of the well trained professional, the doctor looked sympathetically at the sick girl. It was not too pleasant a sight, for the child was in convulsions, but then, it appeared not to be too serious a situation in a child of her age. The routine treatment was immediately started by the doctor, deftly aided by a couple of nurses. However it soon became evident that this was an unusual case, and that something was seriously wrong with the child, for she did not at all respond to the treatment that they were giving her. The breathing, though shallow was very rapid, and her heart beat was 180 to the minute. Because of the froth accumulating in her mouth, the suction machine was started and oxygen was administered. Still the child got worse. Another missionary doctor was called in, and the father, one of the finest Ecuadorian evangelists on the HCJB staff, slipped out of the room and across to the HCJB compound. Could the missionaries meet at once and pray for the recovery of his little daughter? Of course, and immediately the call went out for

all available missionaries to meet in the Quonset chapel for prayer.

In the meantime, in the hospital, the child got worse and worse. The family was beside itself and the medical staff bent every effort, using every means known to their science to help the little girl. It soon became evident that there was some bleeding into the child's lungs and the heart beat began to get slower. It went from 180 to 70, and then to 30 and finally they could no longer feel any pulse. With the stethoscope they could hear the heart beating very irregularly and very faintly. Her breathing which had been very rapid, became slower and slower, until finally they were only short gasps, about five a minute. She looked like a child that was dead or about to die. Feeling that the case was now hopeless, the missionaries called the family and explained the situation to them, wanting them to be present for the child's last minutes in this world. It was a heart moving scene.

"Then, to our utter amazement," Dr. Roberts wrote later, "the child suddenly took a long deep breath, and in just a few seconds she began to breathe more or less normally. In a few minutes her heart beat was more or less normal and she seemed to be quite strong. I looked at my watch just then, and later found out that it was just before this miracle happened that the missionaries at HCJB had begun to pray. Now I want to give my testimony as a doctor. I have never seen anything like this before in my life and Dr. Johnston and the nurses said the same thing. As far as medical science was concerned the case was hopeless, and from all that we could find as we watched the child, she had died. Then, miraculously, and in the space of a few seconds, her breathing and heart beat returned to normal. From the standpoint of medical science, and purely as a doctor, I must admit that a miracle occurred, and God raised her up."

Three days later, on Sunday morning, the happy father, José Andrade, gave his testimony in ringing terms. Then he called the little child to the front, and as a testimony to the goodness and faithfulness of God, dedicated her little life again to God. There was not a dry eye in the building, as the Christians realized anew how much they owed to the One who loved them and had given Himself for them.

I

Back in January of 1946, the President of the W.R.M.F. wrote a long letter to the Trustees, entitled, "Plan for Prayer and Action looking toward Building a Better HCJB." It was a challenging and ambitious presentation of needs and desires. As we come to the end of the third closely typed page we read:

"Needed: Doctor or nurse for Quito. With our staff numbering from 50 to 75 persons in Quito, it is time that we had an adequate medical supervision for our HCJB family, both national and foreign. In addition to regularly overseeing the health of the family, he or she could have charge of an Indian Hostel to accommodate the Indians travelling the Pan-American road to market; there could be supervised recreation programs for all the staff, with outings, etc.; there could be regular hygiene classes on the air; such a person could assist with the Sound Bus program."

Along with the vision came the action, and it was not long before a group of Christians became interested in such a project. Dr. Harry Rimmer became responsible for raising the funds to purchase a piece of land on the Pan-American Highway that would be suitable for the erection on it of an Indian Hostel Clinic. Soon the property was found and arrangements were made to purchase it, and as regularly as clockwork the payments were made with the money raised and sent down to Quito by Dr. Rimmer. The property was to be used for other things before it became an Indian Hostel, but the start had been made.

Then in April of that same year, Dr. Jones wrote Dr. Larson and said: "Thinking of the need and desire for our own medical staff in Quito. . . I have been asking the Lord to guide us as to any plans He may have along this line. It has occurred to me that in addition to our own registered nurse, we really need to have a resident doctor who could validate his diploma with the Ecuadorian government and be able to practice among our own staff, etc. . . It appears to me that having a medical minister would add a much needed safeguard to HCJB in Quito for our own staff, and be completely in line with the main and auxiliary efforts of our radio works. . . There is a young man just finishing his medical training in the next year or two in Toronto who has an inclination toward this type of work with HCJB."

As plans were made and as the Directors waited upon God for His leading, the property on the Pan-American Highway was put to good use. Sensing the urgent need for a day school for the children of national believers, an extremely competent teacher was secured and classes were begun. Miss Arboleda, a fine and devoted Christian, became the teacher and director of the first Christian day school in the Highlands of Ecuador, a school that was later taken over by the Evangelical Mission Covenant and became the nucleus of their fine educational work.

With characteristic zeal and enthusiasm, Dr. Rimmer set about enlisting the aid of his friends for the Indian Hostel Clinic. During the month of February of 1947, he was the speaker on the Morning Cheer hour, a gospel broadcast in Philadelphia directed by Dr. George Palmer. The warmth and unction with which he spoke about this project was soon communicated to his friend, who in turn became as enthusiastic as he about this new missionary venture. It is not surprising therefore to read in a letter from Dr. Rimmer to Clarence Jones in Quito: "I had a grand time in Philly, and George Palmer has become very much interested in the Indian Hostel. . . George promised definitely to come to Quito with me; I went out on a limb and exceeded my authority (if any!) by telling him he could broadcast every day and be a radio missionary; and he is quite certain that it will be a grand idea to turn the Morning Cheer resources almost entirely over to foreign mission propaganda and support. As we talked it over, he was quite assured in his own mind that within three years we could build up the income to a point where the program could raise a hundred thousand dollars a year for missions all over the world. I shall spend the month of February there next year, D.V., and will try to raise ten thousand for the start of a building for an adequate Indian Hostel. He seems very much assured that we can do that."

The project moved surely but slowly, and it was more than two years later that the "Albergue y Dispensario Indígena" was officially inaugurated. It was a small beginning. The original building was left as it was. The large room at the entrance was left to be used as a meeting hall for the embryonic "Iñaquito Church." The rooms to the rear were used

for examinations, dispensary and for the Indian couple who would care for the needs of those admitted to the Hostel Clinic. At the back of the building were erected several small frame houses. Two of these, divided into two rooms each had eight double-deck beds to accommodate the patients and the members of the family who inevitably and always accompany the infirm. When everything was in readiness, on April 28, 1950, the Minister of Social Welfare, the American Ambassador, leading doctors in Quito and numerous interested friends met together to declare the Indian Hostel Clinic of HCJB officially inaugurated.

II

A need so great as that which met the missionaries from day to day continued to be a mighty challenge to the directors of the W.R.M.F. and to its Medical Department. Plans were made accordingly to erect a hospital which would be a monument to the goodness and greatness of God, a memorial to Dr. Harry Rimmer, whose zeal and enthusiasm had been instrumental in making the first dream a reality, and a center of evangelism, caring for the souls of men and women as the practice of medicine was carried out.

Demonstrating that same openhearted generosity and zeal which had been so evident in his early support of the Indian Hostel Clinic, Dr. George Palmer immediately threw all the resources of his Morning Cheer broadcast behind this new and almost overwhelming venture of faith. Dr. Paul Roberts was asked to speak on the broadcast during the month of February for several consecutive years. Under the blessing of God, this ministry was to provide the funds for the erection and outfitting of a modern missionary hospital. What a joy, and what an answer to the prayer of God's people, to see the thousands of gifts come in as a response to the impassioned plea of God's servants. Through the Morning Cheer broadcast most of the funds were received for the erection of the Rimmer Memorial Hospital in Quito. At the same time, many friends in other parts of the States and Canada gave generously of their substance that the work might be carried on to completion as quickly as possible.

It is difficult for us to realize how many difficulties, setbacks and delays had to be overcome in the building of this

modern, well equipped hospital, but little by little the building took shape and form. The land had been broken on October 4, 1953, as a large crowd gathered together to sing the Doxology for what the Lord had done and to invoke His help for the new steps to be taken. Two more years were to elapse before the hospital would be inaugurated. The foundations of stone and mortar were laid, the walls of burnt brick were erected, and the floors of reinforced concrete were poured. Nine months later, on June 16, 1954, in an impressive ceremony in which leading dignitaries of the Ecuadorian government took part, a commemorative marble plaque was unveiled at the main entrance, bearing this inscription: "To the glory of God, in the service of Ecuador, in memory of Dr. Harry Rimmer."

The building is in the shape of a "T" and comprises three stories, only two of which were to be completed at the time of the official inauguration. On the first floor are the business offices, the out-patient department and the various hospital services. The second floor is devoted entirely to in-patients. At the east end are the operating room, the central sterilizing room, and the labor and delivery rooms for obstetrics. The west end is the separate maternity wing, with its nursery for the newborn babies, formula room, and so forth. There are private and semi-private rooms and wards, making it possible to accommodate thirty patients, plus fifteen babies in the nursery.

Finally the great and glorious day of the inauguration dawned. The sky was a little cloudy in the morning, but before the time set for the ceremony the clouds had broken and the beautiful blue of the Ecuadorian sky made a canopy fit for the occasion. There was still much to be done at the last minute, as thousands of sandwiches and cookies were laid out in orderly array, as fifty gallons of punch were prepared, as the floors were given a last shine, as the beds were straightened out. One by one the government officials, doctors and friends gathered for the ceremony which was scheduled for ten o'clock. Dr. Palmer and his wife, Mrs. Rimmer and other friends from North America were on hand for the occasion. It was a simple service, but one that gave ample opportunity to testify to the goodness and faithfulness of God

who had so graciously provided and led every step of the way and to present the claims of the Gospel as the hospital was opened to care for both the bodies and the souls of those who came seeking help. It was a weary missionary staff that gathered after the thousands of interested friends had been taken through the new building, but it was a rejoicing and triumphant staff, for God had again done the "great and mighty things" which He had promised and vouchsafed to the W.R.M.F. in its long years of *Heralding Christ Jesus' Blessings*. Now a new avenue of service was open and God was calling for service, and service had to be given.

Out-patient work had been going on for about three weeks before the staff felt that they were ready to admit the first in-patient. When he came, the doctors and nurses were almost sorry that they had said that he could come in. He arrived at 5:30 in the afternoon, and even a superficial examination showed that the case would be both difficult and lengthy. He was an old man, in severe pain and distress and the doctors knew that he would require surgery that very night if they were to save his life. He was taken upstairs and prepared for surgery. In the meantime the operating room was prepared for its first action. How much was yet missing! Missionaries rushed from store-room to store-room gathering up that which was needed and that which might be needed. After about two hours of frantic work, things were more or less complete and the patient was wheeled in. The operation began, and soon it was evident that not all was in readiness. One person was kept pretty busy running for more supplies. But finally after midnight, the operation was finished and Mr. Cordova was taken back to his bed.

This first operation was not to cure his condition, but rather an emergency to save his life, so that later a new operation might be performed in order that his condition could be cared for thoroughly. That treatment took place a couple of weeks later, and after a very serious operation Mr. Cordova was on his way to complete health and strength. However, the surgical part of the affair was the least important. Right from the first, as the Hospital chaplain visited him he showed real interest in the message of the Gospel, and it was not many days later that he humbly and sincerely accepted the Lord

Jesus Christ as his Saviour. Thus it was that the first patient admitted to the Hospital went away, healed physically and, more important yet, healed spiritually. Was this but a foretaste of what God was going to do? Yes, for during the first year, as more than sixteen thousand patients were cared for in the out-patient and in-patient departments, many men, women and children found the Lord as their own personal Saviour.

It soon became evident that more room was needed to accommodate the patients who came seeking medical attention. However a number of years were to elapse before the third floor was opened for service providing beds for thirty-two adults and thirteen in pediatrics. This brought the total up to seventy-five beds plus the nursery.

In the meantime the Nursing Education building was completed at the rear of the main Hospital building. This provided accommodation for the student nurses and the house mother. It also provided classrooms, office, a large conference room, and the employee's dining room. In the basement was housed the hospital maintenance department and the storerooms.

III

It had been a hot, humid day, and the medical staff at the Shell Mera clinic had been busy. A procession of minor ailments common to the area had been cared for in the routine way. As the time came to close the clinic for another day, a little girl of ten was brought in. She had been cared for previously when she had had a severe case of pneumonia, but now she came with evident signs of an intestinal obstruction that made an emergency operation imperative. She was not a good risk, owing to her previous medical history, but she had to be operated on if her life were to be saved.

The very reduced staff immediately prepared for action and the patient was made ready for surgery. After a spinal anesthetic the incision was made and then a condition was found which the doctor had never seen in his training back in the States. It took surgical training of an order far beyond that acquired in the six months' general surgical residency training. The nearest able surgical consultant was one hundred and fifty miles away in Quito. So the missionary surgeon consulted 'with Him who never fails. Bowing his head, he

prayed: "Lord, this case is beyond my ability; much of the progress of the medical work depends upon the successful outcome of this case. You will have to take over." At once the Lord gave calmness and judgment and skill, and today the little girl walks about the streets of Shell Mera, a living testimony to the Lord's faithfulness in answering prayer, and to the benefits received at the "J. B. Epp Memorial Hospital".

The story of this outreach of the Medical Department of The World Radio Missionary Fellowship goes back quite a number of years. Nate Saint had come to Ecuador to establish the services of Missionary Aviation Fellowship, making his base at Shell Mera on the fringes of Ecuador's eastern jungle, or of the Oriente, as it is called there. With indefatigable zeal and a loving heart he carried on his ministry of flying missionaries and supplies into the isolated jungle stations. However, each trip served to impress upon him the tremendous need for medical help, for the missionaries as well as for the dwellers of the forest. His heart was heavy as he saw how much should be done and how little could be done. The missionaries with their limited knowledge and scarce medical supplies, did what they could, but what was it, compared to the great need? He therefore gave himself to prayer, that the Lord would somehow raise a doctor to care for the physical needs of the infirm in the Oriente.

In June of 1950, Dr. Paul Roberts and Dr. Ev Fuller of the HCJB medical staff set out for a trip to Shell Mera in order to make a medical survey of the area. As the two men stood by the hangar and surveyed the vast expanse of jungles, they were impressed also with the need. The impression made on Dr. Fuller, however, became a God-given obsession. "This people must be helped—and by God's help I'll do it."

The idea had to remain dormant for quite a period, for several major events had to take place. First Dr. Roberts and Dr. Fuller had to have their titles conferred by the University. This entailed the writing of a full medical thesis in Spanish, plus written and oral exams, also in Spanish. With a will they set to work to overcome this barrier to effective work, and what a joy it was when these titles were conferred "cum laude". Then as the medical work became well established in Quito, news was received of the coming of a third doctor to Quito,

Dr. A. Johnston. With this news, the desire to work in the Oriente again flourished in the hearts of Dr. and Mrs. Fuller, and plans were made to expedite the matter.

Many factors combined to make the hospital in Shell Mera a necessity. The need was there. Scattered over the eastern jungles were 65,000 people, whites and Indians, all isolated from civilization by days of travel over treacherous and terrible jungle trails and by a day by truck over the tortuous, tiring road. There was no one near by and no place adequate to help them in their distress. It is true, that by means of the jungle radio network linking the missionary stations with the base at Shell Mera and with the doctor's home in Quito much had been done. Consultations were carried on and prescriptions were made by long range diagnosis. More than once, however, in deep despair, completely frustrated by the inadequacy of the method, Dr. Fuller would pray: "Lord, this type of case cannot be handled from Quito—give us a hospital in Shell Mera, there right at the hub of things. By means of Missionary Aviation Fellowship planes we can reach these people in a half hour, to help and heal."

Missionary fellowship and co-operation was forthcoming also in this great venture. When the Shell Oil Company had retired from Ecuador a few years earlier, Nate Saint, with foresight born of a real vision of the need to reach the lost, had acquired some land, over and above that bought for the Missionary Aviation Fellowship and for the Gospel Missionary Union. Now these two missions were well established, the one with its houses, hangars and workshop, the other with its thriving Bible Institute. The other piece of land was still vacant. With that altruistic attitude which was so characteristic of Nate, he signed all the papers and deeded the property for the Shell Mera Hospital. The Gospel Missionary Union, pledged its help. A nurse was made available immediately, and Roger Youderian, an able construction man, was ready to go to work on the building. The Christian and Missionary Alliance offered its help, and the services of its men and machinery in Tena and Dos Rios were made available immediately to prepare doors and windows. Ed McCully and Jim Elliot, of the Plymouth Brethren, pledged their help. It was a wonderful demonstration of a united effort to get a much need-

ed job done. This same spirit which was so evident in this endeavor to establish a hospital in Shell Mera, led four of these young men, along with Peter Fleming, to launch the heroic attempt to reach the savage Auca tribe, an attempt in which they lost their lives, so entering into the Lord's presence "through pearly gates of splendor".

The need was there and the co-operation was present, but the financial means were not as yet available. Then one day, Rev. G. Christian Weiss, the director of missions of The Back to the Bible Broadcast, in Lincoln, Nebraska, visited Ecuador. He had formerly been the president of the Gospel Missionary Union. As he visited the G.M.U. stations in the Oriente, he too, got a vision of the need, and as he talked with Dr. Fuller he became an enthusiastic supporter of the project. Back in the States he met with the Board of Directors of the Back to the Bible Broadcast. He then wrote to Dr. Fuller as follows: "We had a meeting of our Missions' Committee yesterday, and I presented the hospital project. I am personally glad to inform you that the action of the Committee was favorable. We will, by the grace of God, endeavour to supply \$10,000.00 for this hospital project as soon as possible."

With such backing, the building was started. Once again our Medical Department was to contend with endless difficulties and problems. As the five men laid down their lives on the banks of the Curaray River, deep in the Auca territory, help that had been so unstintingly given was lost. But God raised others from the missions in that area, The Gospel Missionary Union, The Missionary Aviation Fellowship, the Christian and Missionary Alliance, the Plymouth Brethren and the Wycliffe Translators. Time and time again the Back to the Bible Broadcast rallied behind the project raising the needed financial help for the construction. Acknowledging therefore this generous help, the hospital was called "The J. B. Epp Memorial Hospital," in memory of the father of the Director of the Back to the Bible Broadcast.

The completed building, with its dependencies, provided beds and adequate care for eighteen in-patients. In another building adjacent to the main hospital building, out-patients were cared for in great numbers. The whole operation served as a base for medical work throughout the whole jungle area, as radio and

aviation combine to make an effective medical activity possible.

A simple yet impressive ceremony in which Dr. Theodore Epp participated inaugurated this hospital on May 10, 1958.

Much has been done for which we thank God, but there remains much more to be done in that needy area of the virgin, tropical jungle.

IV

When the first missionaries of the Gospel penetrated into the northern jungles of Ecuador, many years ago, they followed the route that had been found by Francisco de Orellana, when he became the discoverer of the mighty Amazon river, and the first white man to sail its waters. Little did they imagine then, as they followed this historic route, that some day, on that same road, at the little town where they made their first stop after a weary day of travelling, the stately towers of The Voice of the Andes would stand, casting to the four winds of heaven the good seed of the Word.

Soon after the property was purchased in Pifo, the engineers and builders launched an all out effort to get the buildings erected, so that the transmitters could be installed. In order to expedite the work, the special body on the Sound Bus was removed and in exchange a flat bed was put on the chassis. Over on one side of the property, stood the Sound Bus body, seemingly abandoned. It was not to remain idle for long.

In the area of Pifo, as indeed in so many rural areas, medical assistance was nonexistent and superstition took the place of knowledge in the care of the sick. Soon after the missionaries became established in the HCJB compound in Pifo, a stream of sick men, women and children began to find its way to the place seeking some kind of aid. What could the missionaries do? They were not doctors or nurses. Thus it became imperative that doctors from our Quito work make regular, periodic visits to Pifo, to treat the sick, and to train the missionaries there in elementary nursing and medical techniques. The doctors looked around and found a ready-made clinic, the old Sound Bus body. There many folk were examined, treated and sent home rejoicing. Some benches were placed outside so that the waiting public could sit in comfort, while the Medical Department's evangelist preached the Gospel to them and did personal work among them.

Admittedly the old Sound Bus body was not ideal. It was not large enough, nor was it high enough. The doctors could not quite stand erect, so that they finished their work with a rather stiff neck. The missionaries on the HCJB compound in Pifo, thankful for the wonderful work done by the Medical Department, undertook to furnish a better place. They banded together, pooled their financial and material resources and gave of their time and knowledge. After a time a small but serviceable clinic was built. It was to become the stage for many remarkable scenes.

One day an old woman came for examination. She was in poor condition and it was evident that she was in need of major surgery. As the Rimmer Memorial Hospital was not yet complete, she was urged to go at once to one of the other hospitals in Quito, but this she would not do. The old fear that to go to a hospital was to receive the sentence of death had its grip upon her. The doctors pondered the case, and then decided that perhaps the operation could be performed in the tiny clinic right there in Pifo. As the woman had some pulmonary disturbance, it was thought advisable to perform the operation under local anesthesia. So the day and hour were set, and the question arose: "Would she come at the appointed time?"

Somewhat to the amazement of the staff, she did come. When she was asked whether or not she were afraid, she told a story of how her friends and relatives had tried by every means at their disposal to dissuade her from going through with the operation. The picture they painted was not a nice one, calculated to discourage the most sanguine.

"Am I afraid? No, I'm not. I know that this is the 'Casa de Dios' (God's house) and I will be perfectly safe. I want you to go ahead and operate."

The operation proceeded normally and was a complete success. After a few days she was taken in the station car back to her little room in town. Her friends and neighbours, knowing that she was coming, were on hand to see the arrival of the one who was supposedly going to die. Imagine their surprise, and the delight of the old woman, as she alighted from the car and walked into the room, hale and healthy once again. What a testimony to the goodness and mercy of God!

As the Lord continued to bless the ministry of medicine in Pifo, a full time nurse moved out to the HCJB compound in order to care for the many out-patients. In an average month, five hundred of them would come for aid. The little building became too small, so that in time it was also enlarged to provide room for two or three beds where the more seriously ill could be treated. Constant and close contact was maintained by radio-phone with the Rimmer Memorial Hospital in Quito, and the patients who require surgical attention were quickly conveyed there.

V

The question has often been asked, and with some reason: "What is the connection between Radio and Medicine? What justification is there for a radio station to have as part of its ministry not one but two hospitals and a clinic?"

The answer is a simple one that should be self-evident. The whole thrust of the Gospel message is that by any and all means men and women should come to the knowledge of Christ as Saviour. Radio is a wonderful and modern means of disseminating the seed of the Word, but the whole world-wide radio ministry of HCJB is dependent on a strong base in Quito. What better way to help to strengthen those ties that bind us to the country of Ecuador and its people than by helping them in their distress? Medicine, as one of the HCJB doctors has said, is a magnet to draw men to Christ. That is the reason why The World Radio Missionary Fellowship gives thanks to Almighty God for the Medical Department which under His beneficent blessing has prospered and has brought healing of body and soul to so many.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

That They May Live Abundantly!

It is the part of wisdom to examine one's motives quite frequently, for by so doing we may avoid many of the snares and traps which Satan lays in the pathway of those who would go forward for God. Fully aware of the dangers inherent in the progress being made every year, the directors, time and time again candidly and analytically examined the World Radio Missionary Fellowship's reasons for desiring larger and more modern transmitters, more commodious studios, well-equipped and efficient hospitals both in Quito and Shell Mera. Through the years there was no deviation from the firmly established principle that what God had given should be used for the greater glory of God and for the salvation of precious souls.

The same spirit which motivated the actions of the directors and staff of HCJB in their radio ministry, inspired them in many activities which were beyond the call of duty. While they were cognizant of the fact that the Lord had called them specifically to a radio ministry, the tremendous need all about them led them into a round of activities which the Lord was pleased to bless to the salvation of souls. Concentrated in Quito were many talented musicians and preachers, and more and more calls came for their help in evangelistic campaigns, not only in Ecuador but in many other Latin American countries. The story of what has been done in these extra-curricular activities is a thrilling one.

I

Someone has well said that when God is going to do something wonderful He starts with a difficulty, and when He plans to do something exceedingly wonderful He starts with an impossibility. That is precisely what happened time and time again in the work of evangelism carried on by HCJB staff members.

Where should a campaign be conducted in Quito? Nothing but the biggest and best would do for a series of meetings sponsored by Youth for Christ and manned almost exclusively by HCJB men and women. The question, however, was how to get the place—the Sucre Theatre. It not only looked difficult; it was almost out of the question even to think about it. Yet, going on the principle that nothing attempted is nothing gained, suitable overtures were made to the Minister of Education, under whose supervision came the Theatre. Owing to the good will which God had built up for HCJB through the years of broadcasting and to the generosity of the Minister, the necessary permit was secured for a three-day campaign. The auditorium had seating room for a thousand persons, but that was not sufficient to accommodate the crowds who desired to enter. Thus it was that night after night three or four hundred stood in the aisles and every nook and corner available. As Dr. Aldama preached and the musicians sang and played their instruments, the Holy Spirit worked in the hearts of the many present. The emphasis was directed to the young people, but young and old responded to the invitation to accept Christ as Saviour.

Inasmuch as the Sucre Theatre could not accommodate the crowds, the next effort was held in the Plaza Belmonte, Quito's old and popular bull ring. Instead of the stirring music that excites the senses, could be heard the music that moves the soul. Instead of the frenzied cries of "ole! ole!" could be heard the singing of Gospel songs. Thousands streamed into the stands, not to witness the sadistic, cruel slaughter of the bulls, but to hear of the One who had come to give His life a ransom for many. As the meetings continued for five days, the Spirit of the Lord again moved on the hearts of many. How wonderful it is to see the Lord take over and do that which man cannot do, convincing men of sin, giving repentance and

faith, transforming lives by the regenerating power of His Holy Spirit.

What happened then in Quito was repeated many times in other cities of Ecuador. Then calls came for meetings outside of Ecuador. What a blessed joy to answer the appeals for help in the task of soul winning. Into Colombia, the land so cruelly rent and torn by the fierce and heartless persecution, teams went time and time again. Difficulties were great, but the Lord's blessing was abundant. The missionaries who had braved the opposition alone for months and years rejoiced at the help received, the boost to the morale, the help in time of need. Above all, however, they rejoiced in the decisions made for Christ. Into Bolivia, went another team for city-wide campaigns. How wonderful to see the unity of purpose as the missionary societies joined hearts and effort in these meetings! The weeks of preparation and prayer were amply rewarded by God's gracious intervention. The opposition as usual was keen, but God, who is greater than all those who oppose Him, gave victory and joy. Today there is hardly a country in Latin America that has not been visited by staff members of HCJB in evangelistic meetings, and everywhere they have rejoiced at the cooperation by individual missionaries and missionary societies, and by the evident blessing of God on their ministry.

II

Such evangelistic activity in Quito presented a real problem. One of the directors wrote: "What are we to do with the local fruits of our labors? We cannot, dare not, go on awakening and encouraging interest in the Gospel among the people locally, unless somehow we can also nourish and preserve the results. To do less is to be guilty of the grossest injustice and inefficiency." The other missionary societies working in Quito were willing and anxious to do what they could but were hampered in their desire by the lack of personnel and adequate facilities. It was therefore up to HCJB to do something, although it meant getting into a work which was not directly radio work.

The new converts were gathered together and met in the large front room of the Indian Hostel Clinic. The accommodation was not ideal, but served the purpose until

something better could be arranged. Soon the hall was crowded to capacity and it became more and more evident that something would have to be done and done quickly if the most was to be made of the gains that God had given.

As the need became known at home, one and another began to give towards the purchase of ground and the erection of a new evangelical church in Quito. Through the efforts of Dr. H. H. Savage, the friends at the Maranatha Bible Conference gave and pledged almost ten thousand dollars. A physician and his wife, living in New Orleans, Dr. and Mrs. Bell gave five thousand dollars. Soon sufficient was on hand for work to go ahead. After a great deal of searching, a suitable lot was found. It was situated on the corner opposite the newest and most modern high school, served by several bus lines and within walking distance for thousands of families. On December 11th, 1949, the location was dedicated in a simple ceremony and work was commenced the following day. Soon the foundations, good strong ones of rock and lime, were in, and on January 22, 1950, the cornerstone of the church was laid. It was a glorious occasion and the believers glowed with joy and pride as they envisioned their "House of God." They had chosen a name for the new church—"The Church of the Divine Redeemer." It was intended to convey the purpose of the work: that men and women might hear there of the One who is mighty to save. However, more commonly it became known as "The Second Church" thus recognizing the great work carried on by the Christian and Missionary Alliance, which for many years had been the only Gospel lighthouse in Quito.

While the majority of the Christians moved from the small hall in the Indian Hostel Clinic to the new location, a few were left to form the nucleus of a new work. It was difficult at first, but little by little the work grew. Once again the hall became filled to capacity and plans were made for expansion. The Sunday School was so crowded that classes had to be held outside on the lawn. This was fine, until the rainy season came around and then the difficulties were more than could be handled. Soon they began a special building fund, augmented by gifts from interested friends in North America, and by the gifts of the English Fellowship Church, another work carried on under the auspices of HCJB to care

for the spiritual needs of the English speaking community in Quito. A lot was purchased next door to the grounds of the Rimmer Memorial Hospital and a beautiful building was erected, and was dedicated to Him for His service.

Some of the HCJB staff members gathered in a few national believers and took them out every Sunday afternoon for open air meetings in the new and crowded district behind the Railway Station at the south end of the city. The Lord blessed the efforts and interest grew. A number of the folk who attended regularly insisted that a hall should be obtained in order that a work of a permanent nature might be started. A believer who lived in that district persuaded her husband to make available a couple of rooms in their house and after some alterations had been effected, a suitable meeting hall was opened and regular meetings began. There was a good deal of opposition, but God continued to bless and a permanent work was thus established. Shortly after this, as the staff member who had started the work was going on furlough, the Evangelical Mission Covenant group took over and have continued this thriving little work in a very needy section of Quito.

The challenge of the city of Quito is a great one to the heart of a missionary. There is ample room for more work to be done and the HCJB staff has risen to meet the claims made upon their time and efforts to reach the lost with the message of the Gospel. Sunday schools have been started in various parts of the city; Bible classes are held; and new churches have been organized under the blessing of God.

Round about the city are a great number of small towns and villages and these also have been visited, some sporadically, others in a more permanent way. Shortly after the transmitters were moved to the new site in the town of Pifo, meetings were begun on a small scale. As more and more personnel were moved there, and a nucleus of Christian technicians went to live in the town, meetings were held in the homes of the national believers. However, opposition became increasingly more bitter, and acts of violence were committed more than once. It was thought prudent therefore, to move the meetings right to the HCJB compound, where no one could molest. The many adversaries are still present, but God has continued to bless. Through the generous gifts of the

believers and other interested friends, a building was erected which serves as church and school—a Christian day school for the children of HCJB's national workers.

III

"Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven," said the Saviour, and that same desire to help the little folk has burned in the hearts of staff workers down through the years. Surrounding the HCJB compound are many, many homes, and children of all ages and social conditions are found by the hundreds. Most of them are friendly youngsters and wait only for a kind word to show a quick and open-hearted response.

Through the years an active work has been carried on among these kiddies. It is not always easy. On some streets it has been impossible to get suitable premises for the class and so they have been carried on in the open air. The distractions, however, are great, and when a few drops of water fall, the crowd of youngsters quickly vanishes. On other streets there has been active opposition on the part of some of the more fanatical parents. But through it all, there has been a wonderful response and God has abundantly blessed. It is a delight to see, every Saturday morning and afternoon, the HCJB staff members walking down the neighbourhood streets, like the Pied Piper of old, with a crowd of youngsters trailing along behind. Whither bound? To the Child Evangelism Class!

In the center of a large patio stood a water fountain. It could have been a very beautiful thing, but it was not. The whole place was bleak and bare—no flowers or plants, just the stone walks and the fountain with its trickle of water flowing into the small circular pool. To a few persons, however, it was the most beautiful place on earth. As they gathered there at the fountain, a group of curious men approached to see what was going on.

The scene was in the National Penitentiary in Quito. The occasion was the first baptismal service ever held behind the high walls and locked doors of this state institution for criminals. What a glorious day that was! Several of the in-

mates were gathered to give their testimony of faith in Christ and of a desire to walk in newness of life before their fellow prisoners... Here was a man who had committed murder. He had been a recluse for almost twelve years, his heart full of bitterness and despair. Now, however, he stood before his fellow men, head erect, a look of joy on his countenance as he told what God had done for him. The others also gave ringing testimonies of their new found faith and trust in Christ. Then one by one they stepped into the small, shallow pool and were lowered into the waters of baptism.

Few who witnessed that spectacle will ever forget it. It was the culmination of a work that had been carried on faithfully during a long time by HCJB staff members. Every Saturday they had gone down and held open air meetings in the main patio. The prison authorities were most gracious in allowing this. Then on Sunday mornings another meeting was held, a quiet Bible study. Some of the men who at first came only out of curiosity, to while away the time, soon became intensely interested as the Holy Spirit had a chance to work in them. The interest finally became an ardent desire to know more and more about the Bible and what it has to say about men. Then came the day when they accepted Christ as Saviour. After a time of testing and trying, they were ready for their public testimony. Through the faithful work of God's children, a church had been founded in the Quito prison.

Thus, through the extra-curricular activities of HCJB staff members, many have learned the blessed truth of the Gospel: "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

CHAPTER TWENTY

Before The Microphone

“You are tuned to Radio Station HCJB, The Voice of the Andes, at Quito, Ecuador, South America. The Voice of the Andes broadcasts the Gospel daily in many different languages: French, German, English, Spanish, Swedish and Rubbish.” It was an unfortunate slip of the tongue and the poor announcer was confused and chagrined, and those participating in the program had a hard time to contain their laughter. To clarify the situation, a statement had to be made, for programs are broadcast daily in Russian, but no rubbish is put on the air.

It is a fine art to keep listeners listening. Many persons idly turn the dials of their radios, sampling the programs that they hear, listening only to the ones that arouse their curiosity. Others listen for a while, but they are somewhat indifferent to it all and soon look for something new and different. Others have no interest whatsoever in the Gospel, and an approach through direct evangelism fails to reach them. In spite of these propensities in the average radio listener, HCJB has an immense audience scattered even to the remotest parts of the world, evidence of which is not wanting in the thousands of letters received from grateful men and women who have written to tell of blessings received and of the gift of salvation accepted through faith in Jesus Christ.

No one can deny the supernatural blessing of God upon the ministry of The Voice of the Andes. God has manifested

that the lasting work accomplished has not been "by might or by power" but always through the mighty workings of His Holy Spirit. On the human side, however, much of the success of the broadcasts has been due to wise programming, interspersing cultural programs among the direct and forceful Gospel programs, in order that the unsaved may be interested and caused to listen.

I

There was the sharp sound of musketry and an occasional deep-throated roar of an old-fashioned cannon. Puffs of smoke could be seen here and there on the sides of Mount Pichincha and men running and falling in crumpled heaps on the green sward. People stopped and looked wonderingly. Was it a new revolution? The informed man who had diligently read his newspaper could affirm categorically: "No, it's not a revolution. It is the re-enactment of the historic Battle of Pichincha." Many years before, on the 24th of May, 1822, the patriots had decisively beaten the forces of Spain in the great war of liberation. There on the rough and steep slopes of Pichincha, men had become heroes as the ground grew red with the blood shed freely for the cause of liberty. Their resolute stand for freedom and their courageous exploits had been sung by many a bard, had been written in history books, and had been told by father to son. Now it remained for the Ecuadorian Army to re-enact the glorious battle so that the present generation could appreciate at what great cost and sacrifice the liberty that they enjoyed had been bought. In the midst of the mock battle carried on with zest and enthusiasm by the officers and men, in the very centre of the fray, HCJB had its portable transmitter for an "on-the-spot" broadcast.

Across a small intervening valley and directly opposite the site of the conflict stood the Panecillo. Whether the enormous ovaloid mound of earth were a natural topographical conformation, or whether it had been built by the Incas to form a bastion in their defenses against marauding enemies was of little importance to the seven or eight thousand persons who had found a seat on its verdant slopes. To them it was a natural grandstand from which to view comfortably the scene that was being re-enacted. On the summit of the hill, the President and his cabinet and other government officials

surveyed the unfolding drama with keen interest, listening attentively to the narration by the official army commentator. He was in the centre of the battle on Pichincha, broadcasting over the HCJB portable transmitter, but the HCJB Sound Bus with its fine public address system was relaying the narration to the thousands of spectators.

When the shouting and tumult died and the soldiers had returned to their barracks and the last of the spectators had gone home, the tape recording of the whole dramatic incident was broadcast over the entire facilities of The Voice of the Andes. Hardly had the program ended when the phone began to ring insistently and excited voices asked again and again, "When will you repeat this program?". Letters poured in from as far away as Spain, and by popular request, the recording was played many times that year and on succeeding anniversaries of the epic battle.

Programs of this nature serve to arouse great public interest. No less effective, however, are the programs which from day to day are broadcast to capture the attention of the radio audience. Such simple things as telling the time regularly and accurately, giving the news clearly without sensationalism or exaggeration, broadcasting the daily sessions of Congress have endeared the Voice of the Andes to the people of Ecuador.

One day one of the HCJB missionaries was visiting in one of the downtown offices. As he sat talking to the owner of the large printing establishment, an army captain came in on business. After the usual formalities had been attended to, conversation was resumed, a conversation which now included the captain. He had been of great service to some missionaries a few weeks previously, so that good-naturedly he was chided for his actions. Was he, by any chance, thinking of becoming a protestant, enquired the business man? How else could he justify his actions?

Rather emphatically, but with no rancour, he replied: "My friend, I am a Roman Catholic. I was born one and I intend to die one."

"Tell us, Captain," asked the business man, "do you ever listen to the programs of HCJB?"

"Why of course I do. Every morning, the first thing I do after I wake up is to turn the radio on and tune in HCJB. I

listen for the time signal so that I will not be late getting to my office. Then I listen to the news. I don't bother to read the newspapers. I just listen to HCJB. I know that what I hear there is true and reliable and the latest news available."

"That's wonderful, Captain," said the missionary. "But please tell us, do you ever listen to the religious programs?"

"Sometimes. You realize, of course, that I am a Roman Catholic and I am not interested in your Gospel. But, like most men, I am a little bit lazy at times. I turn my radio on to listen to the news. Then I get busy doing this and that, and I can't be bothered turning the thing off, so I end up by listening to your religious broadcasts."

"Do you mind, Captain, telling us what you think of them? Are they really as bad as people are led to believe?"

"Of course not! I have listened enough to know that there is absolutely nothing wrong with them." Then he added, a little sheepishly: "And the fact of the matter is, Señores, as I have listened, I have really learned to like them."

Here is a man, an intelligent leader of men, who by his own emphatic assertion has no inclination whatsoever to change his religion. He listens to HCJB because he likes the cultural programs presented each day. By his own confession also, he has learned to like the Gospel programs. The wise programing of the HCJB staff has won and kept a listener. Then the Holy Spirit can do His work in the heart of this man.

II

There is an infinite variety of ways to make the Gospel programs attractive to the unsaved listener. While the basic message is the same and unchanging at all times, the outward adornments of that message may be changed from day to day.

The mail bag tells a story which merits the attention of one who would be wise in saving souls. Here is a man who is attracted to the Gospel by the symphonic music that is played every day. The charms of music have mellowed him and made him receptive to the music of the heart. Here is a woman who listens to the program, "Household of Faith" because she likes the recipes and delights to hear the other domestic matters discussed. Mixed, however, with the ingredients of home economics are the eternal truths of the Gospel. Here is a

young person, yes, and many an old one too, who likes to listen to "Tiny Treasures" and is captivated by the direct and often startling presentation of the Gospel by youngsters who are free from adult prejudices and inhibitions. Here is a person whose musical inclinations cause him to delight in the superb choral arrangements and presentations on the daily staff feature, "The Call of the Andes." There is a program to suit the taste of everyone. The lilting rhythms of the Latin American choruses and songs, the staid and dignified church hymns, the modern harmony of the Gospel songs, all lend their cadence to attract the men and women sitting by the radio. By such music their hearts are prepared to hear the message of truth in an infinite variety of presentations, explaining the way of salvation and the secret of a happy, useful Christian life.

The radio staff at the Voice of the Andes has learned the secret of being wise as serpents but harmless as doves in the art of program presentation. They are always conscious of the fact that it is God the Holy Spirit who must do the work of lasting worth in the hearts of men and women. Thus they gather in the daily prayer meeting; thus every program is committed to God for His blessing. Then from the north and the south, the east and the west, come the letters which tell of souls blessed and won for all eternity.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

United They Serve

Even a self-supporting tower of moderate height, in a land where earthquakes are common, needs to have the support and safeguards of many strong and carefully designed guy wires. In the complex system of curtain antennae erected on the new property in Pifo, as the slender and graceful towers went up, each guy wire was prepared with mathematical precision to care for the stress and strain to which each section would be subjected and was cut to the proper length between insulators so that it would not become resonant and hinder the radiations from the antenna. Hundreds of single strands of wire were cut to the proper dimensions and twisted into the cables that give stability to the antenna system.

Which things are a parable. . . .

I

When in 1931 God called into being Radio Station HCJB, He began erecting a tower, tall and straight, for the glory of His Name and the proclamation of the Gospel. Two men and a handful of loyal and devoted friends were welded into a structure that was to be subjected to unusual strain and stress and be buffeted by storms of exceptional intensity. The time was not propitious. Those were years of financial stringency, when men of wealth became paupers from one day to the next. Those were years when criticisms of a new and untried method were rampant, and distrust was created by

ill-advised though sincere comments. Those were years when these relatively young men were striving for recognition, not that they might be known, but that God's work, which He had begun, might be appreciated, might be backed by the prayers of God's people and supported by their generous gifts.

No one will ever be able to estimate the worth of the many stalwart individuals who gave generously of their time and effort to make the Voice of the Andes a reality. It soon became evident, however, that single strands, however strong they might be, would not be able to hold in the times of testing. Cables, tightly bound together, united by a common purpose and desire were needed to carry out the idea expressed in the full title of the organization "The World Radio Missionary Fellowship, Inc."

A few years after the inception of the work, the directors felt led to weave into the sustaining structure of the organization a group of men at home in the States, men of unquestioned faith and integrity, of wide experience in Christian work and of great prestige in church and missionary life. The question, however, was whether these men would be willing to endorse and back this neophyte in missionary activity? Would they be willing to allow their names to be used in connection with such an untried venture?

One by one, a group of some twenty-five Christian leaders in the homelands: ministers, missionary executives, educators and Bible teachers were visited and the plan and purpose of The World Radio Missionary Fellowship was presented to them. They were made to see what the Lord had done. They were told of mistakes and failures in the past, of dreams and expectations for the future. One by one, in their deep concern for missions, realizing the strategic place which radio could and would take in this century's global missionary program, they gave their unreserved endorsement and help. Thus, the Home Advisory Council was established. No one will ever be able to know how much their spiritual, moral and material help meant in those crucial years, nor how valuable has been their contribution down through the years. God, who rewards each man according to His wisdom and grace, will recompense eternally their labor of love.

To this small group of Christian statesmen who so won-

derfully helped, must be added innumerable friends throughout all of Christendom who have graciously, sacrificially and faithfully stood with *The Voice of the Andes*. Gifts, large and small, from the abundance and from the poverty of the donors, have poured into God's treasury at HCJB, making possible the acquisition of the needed equipment and the sustaining of the work. Not alone, however, can their help be counted in dollars and cents. The fact that they upheld weary hands in time of crisis; that they prayed the message out in power; that they fellowshiped with the joys of the the radio missionaries is something for which God must be praised. Strands are they, which bound together with the others, have strengthened and held the work of the World Radio Missionary Fellowship down through the years of its existence.

II

When missionary radio was in its infancy, there were those who laughed when they heard the imposing name: "The World Radio Missionary Fellowship." It was not without reason that they should do so, for who could imagine a world ministry with a transmitter of only two-hundred watts? It seemed conceited, to some. Yet no one could laugh at the "fellowship" part of the title, for the desire for good understanding and intimate spiritual relationships with others of like faith and practice has been one of the salient characteristics of the directors and staff of HCJB.

This has been true especially in local relationships. When the station was started, the work of evangelical missions was well established in Ecuador. Before the turn of the century, the Christian and Missionary Alliance and the Gospel Missionary Union had sent workers into the country. Right from the first, the C. & M. A had helped enormously through their personnel, for practically all those who took an active part in the early work of the new radio station in Ecuador were from this mission. With such valuable help the work forged ahead, and never was there any thought in the minds of cofounders that the radio station should be run in competition to existing works. Rather it was to be an helpmeet, another means to further the same end. The beautiful relationship that then existed has been fostered and nurtured down through the years as other missionary societies have begun

work in this land of Ecuador, and the Lord has blessed the efforts of co-operation.

This same fellowship extends far beyond the boundaries of a local ministry. As the years went by and the original prejudices born of lack of adequate knowledge disappeared and as God so signally set his mark of approval on the ministry of radio as a means for disseminating the seed of the Gospel, more and more the vital roll that radio can and must play in God's plan for world evangelization became evident. As missionary leaders indulged in what some contemptuously would have classified as wishful thinking, the founders of HCJB were quick to fan the slightest spark of interest into a healthy flame. No effort was spared to acquaint men and women of what could be done, not only through radio in Ecuador, but through radio stations located in strategic places and countries throughout the world. A word of encouragement here, a helping hand there, ever and always at the service of the work of the Lord, seeking, by fellowship to co-operate in the task of evangelizing the world.

What forms could such fellowship take? One looks through the files and marvels at the ways that could be found. Early in 1946, the President of the W.R.M.F. wrote to many missionary societies in accordance with instructions given to him by the members of the organization.

"Having had with others the privilege of entering early into missionary broadcasting using *The Voice of the Andes* in Quito, Ecuador," he wrote, "the World Radio Missionary Fellowship, Inc., welcomes and watches with joy the entrance of other stations and individual broadcasters into this fruitful field of modern missions.

"At the present time scores of missionaries and native pastors on foreign and home mission fields are 'on the air' in individual programs, while at least 10 to 20 societies are actively planning to put up their own missionary radio stations. Personal conversations and correspondence have shown that there is a growing community of interest and problems among all those who are seeking to promote a common objective in 'reaching the regions beyond by radio.'

"For instance, government relations and contracts, technical and programming details, the securing of personnel and equipment, introducing follow-up procedures, etc., are but a few of the many related items that confront each one of us sooner or later in

this type of work. In addition, our various home constituencies are becoming more and more 'radio minded' in their prayer and gift interests and are ready for an outlet in radio-missions. Then, too, young people and missionary candidates are seeking guidance in this particular sphere. These, along with individual broadcasters on the field, sense a need for something like a central radio office or organization toward which they can turn with confidence for information and counsel, for help in purchasing supplies, for new program ideas, etc., to strengthen their programs.

"Therefore, as a measure for solidifying the thinking of many along this line, it has been suggested that The World Radio Missionary Fellowship might well serve as this central clearing house and channel for other 'radio missionaries' everywhere, since it has been primarily interested in the radio aspect of missionary endeavor for 15 years, and because it is a non-denominational 'fellowship' seeking to assist all other evangelically minded groups.

"After much prayerful consideration of this possibility of servicing our comrades in missionary broadcasting, we come to you in the spirit of Christian co-operation with a definite suggestion, feeling assured in our hearts that co-ordination of our combined efforts in missionary broadcasting should be our mutual goal for the Lord's glory and the success of the work as a whole."

The spirit evidenced in this letter has been the moving principle in all inter-mission and inter-organizational enterprise. At the very same time that such a letter was being addressed to missionary societies, a Summer School of Christian Radio was planned in Providence, Rhode Island, where the Bible Institute had graciously opened its doors and placed its facilities at the disposal of the W.R.M.F. for such a project. The purpose of such a school was "to train pastors, missionary candidates and others in the essentials of Gospel broadcasting at home and on the foreign field." Such a venture could not help but be followed by others of similar nature held at Moody Bible Institute in Chicago and Biola in Los Angeles. With the blessing of God, many received valuable help and training which has been put to good use in the four corners of the earth.

Such a spirit has also led to full time participation and active and aggressive interest in the World Conference on Missionary Radio. Drawing together all those of like mind in this modern way

of proclaiming the Gospel, this conference has become an entity whose potential for effective work will become evident in succeeding years. Its publication, *Foreign Missionary Radio*, tells what God has done and shows how from a small beginning, the missionary radio enterprise has developed to a full grown tree.

III

No story of inter-mission fellowship and co-operation would be complete without the inclusion of the story of HOXO.

At the crossroads of the world, in the busy and populous Canal Zone and in Panama, some Christian laymen of vision and a keen desire to seek the lost saw the possibilities of radio. A local broadcasting station dedicated wholly to the propagation of the Gospel hour after hour, day after day, could reach the teeming multitudes who were without Christ in that area. As they prayed and planned, the Lord opened the way for them to see their dream become a reality, for it became possible one day to purchase a station. Thus, Radio Station HOXO, the Voice of the Isthmus, came into being. As the years went by, the Lord continued to bless abundantly this work of faith and labor of love.

The men who owned and operated the station, however, learned, even as others had learned, that such a work cannot continue and grow without the help and stability which come from fellowship with others. They found that spiritual guy wires of many strands needed to be bound together with a common purpose and resolve. So it was that early in 1954 the owners of the station offered to turn it over to two missions—The World Radio Missionary Fellowship, Inc., and The Latin American Mission, Inc. These two missions were already engaged in radio missionary work and they had the experience and the trained personnel, but could such a co-operative venture succeed? One mission was in South America, the other in Central America; the two boards were separated by time and space. Would it be possible for them to operate efficiently? Nothing like it had been attempted before. However, it seemed to be God who was calling them, and here indeed was an opportunity to probe what could be done in a cooperative effort and missionary fellowship.

From the very start, God's blessing was very evident upon this unique effort. Problems were there in abundance; difficulties of many kinds had to be overcome. But then, had not the God who had set before His children an open door promised that there

would also be “many adversaries”? So the problems and difficulties were met on spiritual grounds and God graciously undertook and blessed. Hours of broadcasting were increased both in English and Spanish. To meet the requirements, new personnel had to be sought, and God had the men and women of His choice to send, men and women who could care for the administrative and program needs. As the programs were multiplied, more persons were reached and encouraging reports were received from grateful listeners.

Such blessing as was experienced by station HOXO and the two missionary societies who have jointly sponsored the work led inevitably to plans for advance. They had seen what a blessing the station had been in Panama and surrounding countries. How much more could be done, if the transmitter could be raised in power to five kilowatts! Adding faith to the vision, plans for an advance program were drawn up. For such a small station, it was an ambitious plan that called for the purchase of new land for a transmitter and antenna site, the construction of a new, modern and powerful transmitter, and the acquisition of new studio equipment. If God were in it, they reasoned logically, God would supply. And God did. In His unchanging faithfulness, He who had given the vision, supplied the means to make the vision a reality. Soon Panama and the whole Caribbean area were hearing a more powerful Voice of the Isthmus, sending forth the message of life.

The Apostle Paul speaks of the “fellowship of the Gospel.” Nowhere is it more evident than in the missionary radio enterprise, in those closely knit bonds which bind those who are engaged in “reaching the regions beyond by radio.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Television

The succinct phrases of the official minutes of the Board of Trustees cannot adequately describe the dramatic incidents, the prayer and thinking that preceded the launching of the television ministry of The World Radio Missionary Fellowship. "It was moved and seconded that . . . we go on record . . . favoring a policy . . . of doing everything possible to embark upon a television ministry on the mission field."

For twenty-five years HCJB had been proving the efficacy of radio as a means of scattering the precious Seed. Now God had raised up a new medium, combining audio and visual components, which surpasses greatly the effectiveness of radio as a means of mass communication. Could the W.R.M.F. ignore its challenge? Could it do less than endeavour by every means to embark upon such a ministry?

While the Trustees were fully aware of the advantages and the possibilities of this ministry, they were not unaware of the many problems that it presented, the criticisms and prejudices that would have to be overcome and the financial obligations to be assumed. But none of these things deterred them, and with great faith in the One who had done "great and mighty things" they dared to take the initial step, a step that was made possible by a dramatic sequence of events.

I

"G. E.'s best scrap customer" was the nickname given to Giff Hartwell in Syracuse, New York. It was applied not without good reason.

Just a little over two and a half years after his conversion, Giff was challenged by the message of a missionary home on furlough from Costa Rica. Heeding God's call, he dedicated his life to His service and laid his talents as a radio and television technician-engineer on the altar. It was natural that he should think in terms of TV as a means of getting out the Gospel, but the tremendous cost of such equipment and the many problems involved discouraged him and he did little about his dream of missionary TV. Then one day he heard that a couple of TV stations had gone bankrupt and that the equipment had been returned to General Electric to be disposed of as scrap. Could this be God's answer to his dedication, God's supply of the necessary equipment? Much prayer was needed for direct guidance and provision.

Then said Giff, "I found myself in the office of the manager of the Technical Products Department of G. E. asking if these pieces of equipment that were being scrapped could be made available for me to use to build a foreign missionary TV station. He very graciously consented but pointed out that I would have to negotiate the price with the company's salvage department myself. On faith two of us lugged the pieces of equipment over to the scales on the factory floor and found that it all weighed several thousand pounds. Well, at ten cents a pound, this came to several hundred dollars, which we did not have. . . . we were given until the following Monday to buy it. . . . so we looked to the Lord to supply the money for this equipment.

"We shared this with several Christians over the week end but when Monday came we still did not have the money. I was advised that we could have one more day. However, when I woke up Tuesday morning I still did not have the money, and so I felt that the Lord did not want me to build a TV station. Just as I was leaving the house, though, the chairman of the Missionary Committee at the North Syracuse Baptist Church called and said that the Missionary Committee had met and decided to allot me \$125.00 to buy

scrap parts for the mission field, and he had the check over at his house, if I wanted to pick it up. Praising the Lord, I picked it up on the way to work and then attempted to negotiate the entire batch of equipment for \$125.00. The salvage man was not interested in giving me a bargain and told me to take \$125.00 worth and let him have the rest to peddle. But I felt that we needed all the parts as there were all the basic parts for a TV studio, including the cameras. On faith I had arranged to have one of the women in the church wait outside the plant with a pickup truck and pray along with three other Christians in the plant. As I tried to swing the deal I finally said, 'What about \$200.00?' My heart pounded when he said, 'All right, let's get the stuff out of here.' But I only had \$125.00! I wrote a check for \$200.00 and went to the bank to see how long I would have to get a deposit in and was advised that it would be about ten days. The following Saturday I received an Income Tax rebate for \$80.00, and so it was covered. Upon checking with a Christian friend who lived next door, I discovered that he had received his only a couple of days before, but had mailed his in three weeks ahead of me. We knew then that the Lord was in it, and so started building the transmitter and assembling the rest of the camera chains, etc., that go with a TV station."

Two thousand spare time work hours later, thousands of parts had been fitted together, and the complex job of assembling the TV cameras, controls, transmitters, switching gear and monitors was complete. But these laconic statements hardly do justice to the miracle that was being enacted.

Expert advice for the project came from some of the nation's top broadcast engineers at General Electric, and the company graciously allowed him to use their drawings to build the transmitter. He was allowed to use the shop's machinery during lunch hours. He was given a special gate pass to go in and out of the plant.

Other sources were tapped as the Lord touched hearts and opened the way. Five different manufacturing companies made and donated special transformers. Two other manufacturers donated several thousand dollars' worth of tubes. Others donated crystals, intercom sets, an oscilloscope, capaci-

tors, and so on. Friends tipped Giff off concerning scrap materials that would become available.

So graciously did the Lord provide and so wonderfully did He enable, that finally the TV station, worth approximately \$150,000.00 was complete—at a total cash outlay of \$1,100.00! In the meantime, sufficient parts had been collected to put together a second TV station—for only \$700.00 more!

Now Giff had to learn another lesson. God had given the vision and the challenge. To meet that challenge He had also supplied the necessary component parts. The TV stations were given to The World Radio Missionary Fellowship. Now Giff had to learn that it was not sufficient to give what he had made; he had to give himself also. Thus the engineer-builder applied to the mission to go to Ecuador and set up the first missionary TV station.

This was part of the dramatic sequence of events that led to the decision of the Trustees to endeavour to do everything possible toward a television ministry on the field.

III

“Entre dicho y hecho hay mucho trecho” runs the Spanish proverb. Little did the Trustees realize how much truth this saying expresses, “There is a great distance between saying and doing.” In January 1956 the decisive action had been taken that launched the W.R.M.F. on a television ministry, but between the passing of that resolution and the realization of it there was indeed a great distance.

Plans were begun to present a petition to the government for a permit to operate a television station. Unfortunately, however, the time was not really favorable for such a transaction to be effected, for the government term was coming to a close and already the political forces were planning their campaigns for the forthcoming elections. It was only natural that a relatively unimportant matter such as granting a TV contract to a missionary society should be set aside in favour of more weighty matters that demanded immediate attention.

The months went by, the government changes took place, and in October the Trustees met again and took another long, hard look at the situation. No progress had been made towards procuring the license. Was the Lord still leading? Was

it His will that we go forward? Had we missed His directive? Once again we read the terse words of official minutes:

“After prayerfully considering and discussing this subject at length once again, it was moved and seconded . . . that we reaffirm the action of minute . . . of doing everything possible to embark upon a TV ministry on the mission field . . . that we present a new ‘solicitud’ to the newly elected Ecuadorian authorities seeking a TV permit for Quito with possibilities for one in Guayaquil.”

In the ensuing months little progress was made in the legal actions necessary to the procurement of a permit. Again the doubts rose and the Trustees again considered all the different possibilities and aspects of the project. As we look into the official archives we find the following heart searching statement:

“In considering an undertaking of such momentous import and consequence, as never before we should be absolutely positive that the Lord God Himself is urging and demanding us to assume this responsibility. Our approach should not be ‘Oh God, here is something that we would like to embark upon and thus we pray that Thou wilt permit us to do so.’ Rather it should be, ‘Oh God, here is something that in the natural is far beyond our capacity. It is something that appears foolhardy for us to undertake, but if Thou, in Thy desire to more effectively reach unsaved souls with the Gospel wouldst demand that we do this, then do it we must. But we would run from it unless Thou dost give us unmistakable signs and evidences that this project has originated not in our hearts but in Thine!’”

At that time some broad principles were laid down to govern the station in negotiating a contract for a television station. Such a contract was to guarantee liberation of import duties on all equipment needed for the installation and running of the station; it should also be for a period of twenty-five years. For our own guidance, and in keeping with the established policy of the W.R.M.F., it was reaffirmed that the project would not move forward until the funds were provided for such a move. As they looked at the details of the “fleece” which they had laid before the Lord, the Trustees were frank to admit that they were asking for and expecting a miracle.

Two long years were to elapse in which no progress could be reported as far as the permit to operate a TV station was concerned. Then late in 1958 permission was granted to import the TV equipment with complete liberation of duties. Here was the first "go ahead" sign from the Lord. In a wonderful way the Lord provided for the transportation of the equipment to Miami and from there to Quito, and in January 1959 the miscellaneous assortment of boxes arrived on the HCJB compound.

Again the months seemed to drag by with little appreciable indication that the license would be granted. In April, the National Press Association approached the Directors asking HCJB to put on a TV demonstration at the Fair that they were sponsoring. For twenty days we would demonstrate TV with live telecasts. They undertook to procure the necessary permit to operate the TV station during that time.

Immediately all the resources available were thrown in to get everything ready for the 10th of August when the first TV program would be televised. The quarters assigned to them were cramped and totally inadequate. The equipment, because of the nature of the situation, was prone to act up more than was expected. But withal it was a successful beginning of the television ministry in Ecuador and was the first telecast ever presented in Quito.

While this first effort was received favourably by the general public, it served to show the TV staff the weaknesses both in the equipment and in the production of programs. So, while the legal processes were slowly and painstakingly pushed through office after office, the engineering and program personnel dedicated themselves to perfecting the video transmitters and their telecasting techniques.

The delays were at times exasperating, and time and time again the question was asked: "Does God really want us to have TV in Quito?" However it was felt that since there was no definite refusal anywhere to grant a TV license, we could not turn back.

Finally a provisional permit was granted to telecast test programs three times a week. With zeal and enthusiasm the staff set to work and began to gain experience in this difficult field of audio-visual communications. As the programs

were presented phone calls began to come in from viewers and the staff soon had a fairly good idea of the number of TV receivers in the city. It was an amazing thing to realize that there were already over two hundred receivers in the city, even though officially there was no permit given to operate a TV station other than on a test program basis.

Five years and a couple of months after the first document soliciting the granting of a TV license was presented to the Ecuadorian government, the Minister of Public Works signed the official contract that allowed the W.R.M.F. to own and operate a TV station in Quito, and later in Guayaquil also. With the same good will and openhanded generosity that characterized the government's attitude at the signing of the first radio contract in 1931, the government of Ecuador had signed a contract whose clauses manifest the mutual esteem and good faith of the Voice of the Andes and the people of Ecuador.

With the signing of the television contract on May 18, 1961, a dream became a reality. Years of effort finally brought success, and a new era began for Christian missions.

III

There is no need to defend the case for television, for its potential for good and evil are well known, but some have asked: "Why TV on the mission field? Do results warrant the great expense and effort? Do you reach enough people to make it worth while?"

While the Trustees of the W.R.M.F. recognized the problems of expensive programing and the high cost of receivers for the public, they felt that television was definitely worth while because of the class of people it would serve. Persons who might not hear through any other medium, men and women of influence and of high social position would be reached with the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Christian TV is in its formative stages yet, but already it has proved its worth as a medium for reaching new and important audiences. As the seed is sown through this new medium, God will, as He always does, give an abundant harvest.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Once Again Forward!

The year was 1957. One of the Trustees of the W.R.M.F. sat before the typewriter deep in thought. Then he wrote:

“As far as HCJB is concerned, we are approaching the end of an epoch. As we look back over the years we cannot do anything else but sing the praises of our wonderful God who took ‘vessels of clay’ and with them has done something for His glory. Truly ‘His compassions fail not, they are new every morning!’ Great, exceedingly great, is His faithfulness!

“A contemplation of the past, however, must not in any way blind our eyes to the challenge of the future. We must recognize that even greater opportunities for service lie before us if our blessed Lord shall tarry in His coming. The very best of our efforts must therefore be engaged for the future of His work at HCJB. We must be alert, eager and ready for what God has for us. . . . What then should we plan to do next? Do we rest on our laurels, or do we plan another advance? Are we content with what we have or do we long for bigger and better things for the glory of God? The answer to these questions is clear. Therefore it only remains for us to formulate plans, plans in keeping with God’s highest purposes, plans in keeping with a sane appraisal of our qualifications and abilities. Then, as Dr. Larson is so fond of saying: ‘Hats off to the past, coats off to the future’ ”.

As was always true in the contemplation of any advance, the original blueprint for service was kept in mind by the

Trustees. "Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

I

Jerusalem. As work proceeded on the building of the new high power transmitters, it became increasingly clear that soon there would have to be some decisive steps taken to produce the electrical energy needed. Such power obviously could come from only two sources: by purchasing more Diesel-electric sets, or by installing a hydro-electric plant.

The first of these two alternatives was not too appealing. Diesel oil had never been easy to obtain, and the motors had a voracious appetite that consumed hundreds of gallons each day. As the Trustees considered the increased budget item that would be entailed, they looked with greater favour upon the installation of a hydro-electric plant.

A team was set up to explore the possibilities of such a project. It was a task that quickly took on gigantic proportions, for the precise site for its installation would not be easy to determine, the legal matters pertaining to it would undoubtedly be difficult and involved, and the financial outlay would be great. However, the men enthusiastically commenced their survey.

When they finished it, there was hardly a gully, stream or river between Cayambe in the north and Cotopaxi in the south that had not been looked at carefully, either from the air or on the ground. Several aerial surveys were made to determine the location of possible water sources. Trips by the dozen on horseback were undertaken. They climbed the mountains to heights of 14,000 feet or more, where the hazards were great and the cold intense. They dipped down into valleys, forded streams and waded through marshy lands. All sorts of measurements were taken, some of them over periods of months to determine whether or not there was sufficient water for the project.

From the mass of accumulated data it finally became clear that the Papallacta River flowing to the east and forming part of the headwaters of the Amazon River, presented the best possibilities. Immediately the engineers started a detailed

survey. It was evident that although the site was a long way from the Pifo transmitter installation, it was an excellent place in which to develop our hydro project.

At the same time that our engineers were making the technical survey, others were delving into the legal aspects. The government officials were once again most generous and kind in their treatment of the Voice of the Andes. It was, admittedly, a slow process, but eventually the papers were complete and the W.R.M.F. was conceded the right to use all the water in the Papallacta River for the purpose of developing a hydro-electric plant.

That God was leading them in this work no one could doubt. He was opening doors and solving problems. It remained to be seen how He would provide for the financing of such a venture, whose cost would probably run close to a quarter of a million dollars.

His timing is always perfect! Just as funds were needed for the purchase of land and equipment to start the development of the project, God sent a legacy to the W.R.M.F. which was designated by the Trustees for this purpose and which covered in a large measure the total cost of the entire installation.

God was enabling the W.R.M.F. to strengthen its Jerusalem base.

II

Judea. While the transmitters of HCJB had for many years been serving the people of Quito on the broadcast band, the Directors were not at all satisfied that they were doing an adequate job of ministering to the "Judea" audience. The rugged terrain, the high mountain barriers made it impossible for many, especially those living in the coastal areas, to hear consistently well.

At the same time that the Directors realized the difficulties in trying to reach the large audiences in other parts of Ecuador, they knew that there were over a hundred commercial radio stations, of varying degrees of efficiency and power, scattered in the different cities of the Republic. Could their facilities be used to reach the ear of a new audience? It was worth while investigating.

The result of the inquiry was the establishment of the All Ecuador Gospel Network. The strategy to be used was simple and straightforward. Relying on the fact that most of the stations were always looking for good programs, it was decided to offer them package programs, thirty minutes of good material in exchange for air time. These programs would consist of a fifteen minute cultural program and a fifteen minute Gospel program. Thus, while we helped them with programs of good quality they helped us by broadcasting the Gospel program.

Offices were opened in Guayaquil, and a small recording studio was set up. Soon a steady stream of tapes flowed in and out. Some of the programs were produced in the Guayaquil studio. Others came from the central studios in Quito. They all were sent out, in increasing numbers, to the more than twenty-five co-operating stations.

In this manner, in a new and effective way, the W.R.M.F. is reaching its Judea with the message of the Lord Jesus Christ.

III

Samaria. In January 1959, the President of the W.R.M.F. challenged the Trustees with another project. "As a natural projection of the two steps outlined in Acts 1:8 and in view of God's blessings upon both our current Jerusalem and Judea phases of the work, should we not now face and examine the possibility and challenge of the next potential step, 'Samaria'? For the W.R.M.F. this could well mean the establishment, under God, of a series of recording studios and/or transmitters in other Latin American cities outside of Ecuador."

As plans had been made for the President to make a survey trip throughout Latin America at the end of the year, he was commissioned to make the initial studies of possible places in which to commence this ministry, seeking God's seal by contacts and open doors as to government permits, frequencies available, audience prospects and local support.

For almost two years there was little progress to report in the "Samaria Project." Then a new survey was begun, and the W.R.M.F. representative was authorized to move ahead

with plans for the establishment of a radio station in the place to which he thought the Lord was leading—Montevideo, Uruguay. There an enthusiastic group was found to back the venture. Not only was there enthusiasm, but also a firm conviction on the part of national pastors and missionaries that this thing was of the Lord. Would He set His seal of approval on it? Would He make it possible to obtain a frequency? Would He undertake in the legal matters? Would He provide financially?

These questions were all valid and demanded an answer. And God was willing to show His favour. A radio station was for sale and suitable terms were arranged for its purchase. This would at once provide equipment, but more important, it would give the needed frequency on which to operate. Legal matters were attended to by a Christian lawyer in Montevideo, and a committee to represent the World Radio Missionary Fellowship in Uruguay was set up.

In the homelands, intensive deputation work was begun to raise the needed prayer and financial support. While it is a relatively small venture, yet it has great possibilities and God will supply, and God will lead, until the Samaria project becomes a reality, not only in Montevideo, but in other key cities in South America. God has given the vision. He will also bring it to pass.

IV

The uttermost part of the earth. "Enclosed is a report on a Radio project in Europe" wrote the President of the W.R.M. F. in June, 1956. "This project is the largest in every respect ever to be placed before our Board of Trustees for consideration. Its very 'giant-size' proportions and possibilities for good stagger the imagination! . . . While my first impulse was almost to laugh at the stupendous demands such a European radio project could make upon us, if the W.R.M.F. were to accept its sponsorship, my own heart has been deeply and desperately challenged by the soundness and potentials of the project as outlined by Mr. Van Broekhoven. . . It has such elements of the 'impossible' in it as have often faced our mission, only to see God marvelously overrule."

Harold Van Broekhoven, successful missionary to Cen-

tral America, had plenty of experience in radio broadcasting, for under his dynamic leadership Radio Station TGNA had come into being in Guatemala. Now the Lord had caused him to lift his eyes and see new fields—fields where the seed of the Gospel had been only sparsely sown. The Far East, Africa, and South and Central America, all had their Gospel radio stations, but what of Europe?

“We praise God,” wrote Van Broekhoven, “for this wonderful picture of Missionary radio, and yet we look into the vast continent of Europe and the Middle East and do not see such a testimony. There must be considered the tremendous potentialities of Europe. In Europe, which constitutes eight per cent of the world’s territory, we have nearly twenty-five per cent of the world’s population or approximately 550,000,000 people living. Europe with its centuries of culture, higher learning, strong colonial powers, vast empires, is also the place where Evangelical and Protestant Christianity had its spiritual birth. Yet Europe has turned to socialism, materialistic philosophy, communism, and in the field of Protestantism, to neo-orthodoxy, liberalism, and modernism in all forms. . . Europe must be considered not only as a mission field, but as one of the MOST STRATEGIC of all mission fields of the world today.”

With such a vision burning in his heart, he asked for leave of absence from his mission to undertake a survey of Europe and the Near East with a view to starting a radio station in that great area. He thought that he would seek the backing of Christian leaders in the field of radio in North America.

This he did, and great was his surprise and interest when they all, without exception, agreed to back the project on the condition that the W.R.M.F. sponsor it. The prestige of the W.R.M.F. and its long years of experience made it the logical mission to undertake such a tremendous plan. Thus Harold Van Broekhoven was led to approach the World Radio Missionary Fellowship and present to them his plan.

After diligent and prayerful consideration of the long memo and the accompanying letters, the Board of Trustees made the following statement:

“Recognizing in this proposal the manifest call of the

Lord to lift up our eyes to behold the need and challenge in yet another part of God's harvest field, a call which we cannot lightly ignore, . . . and recognizing that many of the outstanding Christian leaders and organizations which have been approached have so clearly desired that the W.R.M.F. should assume the leadership in this great venture, it was moved and seconded and unanimously carried that we appoint Harold Van Broekhoven to be the official representative of the W.R.M.F. to make a survey of Europe which we trust under the blessing of God shall be for the securing of a permit to establish a long wave and/or medium wave radio station for the propagation of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ."

The Board then outlined a long list of detailed directives regarding inter-mission polity, procedures and policies for the carrying out of the survey. They felt the challenge, but they also sensed the almost overwhelming problems that had to be faced boldly, yet with utter dependence upon the Lord to guide, bless and bring to fruition this vast plan for furthering the work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Indefatigably Harold Van Broekhoven carried out the commission given to him. Hundreds of thousands of miles were travelled; thousands upon thousands of people were visited; letters, petitions and official documents of one kind and another were written. His visits led him to royalty, the Crown Prince of Holland, and King Hussein; to leading statesmen such as Archbishop Makarios of Cyprus; to churchmen and business men. No one who might be of any help was neglected in trip after trip across Europe and the Near East.

The years have slipped by, and as yet the problems have not been solved nor the barriers swept away. The vision is still keen and the challenge remains. Not discouraged, and waiting upon God, we press on to meet the spiritual need of the world's greatest mission field.

IV

And then . . . ? Surely God has many more "great and mighty things" for the W.R.M.F. to do in this glorious day of seed sowing and harvest. May it be done, "not by might nor by power" but by the Spirit of the Living God. Lord, keep the vision bright, the courage high!

PART SIX

*“...Some thirty, some sixty, some
an hundredfold...”*

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

To The Glory of God

“Sesión solemne.” This small Spanish phrase used to describe occasions of very great importance, became almost a by-word around The Voice of the Andes, as the time approached for the Radio Station to celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary. Honors from men both of high degree and low estate, from at home and abroad were heaped upon this broadcasting station which through a quarter of a century of labor in the Gospel had received abundant blessings from on high. Such honors were gratefully received with profound thankfulness to God for what He had done and with a prayer that it all might redound to His honor and glory.

I

The World Radio Missionary Fellowship had enjoyed the favor of men right from its earliest beginnings. Many were the factors that contributed to this state of affairs. But whatever the reasons, the directors and staff of HCJB were happy to bask in the warm sunshine of popular approval and admiration, praying always that it might be true of them that men and women would “see their good works and glorify their Father in heaven.”

Where should one begin to recite the long list of citations given for meritorious work? Is it sufficient to say, as we have already done, that the Government of Ecuador, recognizing the value of HCJB's contribution to radio broadcasting in

Ecuador, pinned on the breast of its director the medal of the National Order of Merit in the degree of Knight? That was a solemn occasion and it rejoiced the hearts of all that the government should realize what God was doing through His servants. But from abroad also came a recognition of HCJB's valuable contribution, especially in those difficult and critical years in which the democratic principles were assailed and the free world had to fight to maintain its liberty. The National Broadcasting Company and the British Broadcasting Corporation, each acknowledged in suitable and permanent form The Voice of the Andes' part in making the free world cognizant of the true state of affairs and in appealing for the establishment of a world in which righteousness would reign supreme.

Once again, as the country lay torn and bleeding in the midst of the desolation and ruin caused by the devastating earthquake in 1949, HCJB, moved with compassion and by the urgency of the situation, gave unhesitatingly of its men and means to help in the national catastrophe. A grateful people, individually expressed their heartfelt thanks and admiration for benefits received. The government, in recognition of services rendered beyond the call of duty, and of the Spirit of Christ manifested in the deeds done, pinned on the breast of the field director another medal, also of the National Order of Merit and also in the degree of Knight.

A few years later, the compound of The Voice of the Andes was made ready for the arrival of a very special and distinguished guest. The Ambassador of Sweden to Colombia had come to Quito with a special commission. For many years HCJB had been broadcasting programs in the Swedish language. Mrs. Campaña, a Swedish lady and a warmhearted Christian living in Quito, had done a superb job of weaving into the Gospel story a wealth of interesting material regarding Ecuador. The programs were winsome in their presentation of the Gospel truths and faithful to the eternal verities of the faith. But into the warp and woof of her programs Mrs. Campaña had interlaced a beautiful presentation of the grandeur and magnificence of the country of Ecuador; of the legends and historical facts; of the customs and traditions of its people. As a result of her programs, no people on the face of the earth were better acquainted with all that Ecuador is

than the radio listeners in Sweden. The story of this remarkable program reached the ears of the royal family and one day the order was given, that the highest decoration ever accorded a woman, should be given to Mrs. Ellen Campaña in Quito, for her magnificent effort to bring together the peoples and cultures of two great nations.

II

For many days there had been a great deal of activity around the main entrances both of the studio building and the office building. The stone-mason had been busy carving out a space in the plaster of the wall. With many a furtive look something had been placed carefully behind a bank of flags—the flags of Ecuador and the United States of America and the Christian flag. No one was really unaware of what was going on, but the right and proper time had to be set for the unveiling of the plaque.

For many months the national employees of HCJB, some of whom had been with the Station for more than twenty years, and many of them for more than ten years, had been busy in multiplied conferences and discussions. The theme of the meeting was always the same. What can we do to show our appreciation to the Voice of the Andes on the occasion of her twenty-fifth anniversary? It was not a mere formality that they were complying with, but a real desire to express in a tangible way what they really felt in their hearts. It should be something of lasting worth, a testimony which day after day would pay tribute to the Station which God had founded and blessed in Quito.

It was a gala occasion, and the solemn moment of dedication was preceded by games of a competitive nature amongst the nationals and foreigners. Then at a given signal, the group moved over and gathered in front of the entrance to the studio building. One and another of the faithful employees spoke of what the Station had meant to them and to their companions. Then the Christian flag was removed to display a bronze plaque, gratefully given by the national personnel on the occasion of the 25th Anniversary. It was a touching ceremony, though extremely simple, touching because it showed what God had done in the hearts and lives of these men and women, most of whom had come into the organization without

a knowledge of Christ as Saviour, but who had come to put their trust in Him during their years of service.

On the other building was another plaque. It was also unveiled in a ceremony of great importance. The National Association of Evangelical Churches in Ecuador, recognizing the help and encouragement received by thousands of persons in Ecuador and beyond the borders of their fair country, recognizing the friendship and co-operation that had been manifest down through the years, paid lasting tribute to the years of evangelical activity in a white marble plaque of singular beauty and worth.

Then Studio A became the scene of a pleasant ceremony. A group of Indian boys and girls, dressed in their distinctive and colorful garb, sang a plaintive Indian song to the accompaniment of two guitars. Speeches, not flowery, but sincerely spoken from the heart, told of the mission upon which they had come. A parchment scroll was unrolled and its beautifully illuminated message was read. The Christian community to the north of the city of Quito, under the auspices of the Church of the Brethren Mission, had done their part to celebrate a quarter of a century of work in Christian missionary endeavor in Ecuador.

III

Two trucks had drawn to a halt outside the gates of The Voice of the Andes. Quickly the passengers alighted, and grasping their musical instruments, hurried in to take their appointed places by the entrance to the studio building. The band of the city of Quito was now ready for the grand occasion.

They did not have long to wait, for promptly at the appointed hour the mayor and his entourage made their appearance. Briskly they made their way down the walks to where the field director of HCJB and others stood ready to welcome them. Then together they made their way to the largest of HCJB's studios, the newly inaugurated World Radio Chapel, as the band played the martial notes of the Hymn of Quito. Soon the amenities had been cared for, and all the preparations for the recording of the ceremony had been made. The dignitaries were seated in the place of honor and

a large group of the staff and friends occupied every available seat in the studio. Then according to the pre-arranged plan, the announcer took in his hands the exquisitely drawn illuminated scroll of parchment, and in measured tones read the resolution which the City Council had passed on behalf of Radio Station HCJB.

“Whereas Radio Station HCJB, The Voice of the Andes, will celebrate its Silver Anniversary on the 25th of December of this year, twenty-five years of serving the cultural and spiritual interests of Ecuador and especially of Quito; and

“Whereas The Voice of the Andes, during the Peruvian invasion of Ecuadorian territory in 1941, vigorously defended the national interests and its inalienable rights and distributed abroad more than 15,000 maps of Ecuador with bilingual explanations of the border dispute; and

“Whereas in all national emergencies, especially in the great earthquake of August 1949, the Voice of the Andes, spontaneously, and in a spirit of self-denial and altruism gave to the people of Tungurahua and to the country in general its manifold help by means of portable transmitters, technicians, doctors and nurses; and

“Whereas the Voice of the Andes has effected a widespread social work, having established the Indian Hostel Clinic and having initiated in 1955 the medical work in Shell Mera; and

“Whereas on October 12, 1955, this worthy institution inaugurated the modern Rimmer Memorial Hospital, thus meeting adequately the health needs of the citizens of Quito; and

“Whereas on December 7, they will inaugurate officially the new fifty kilowatt transmitter in Pifo which will be at the service of the world, of Ecuador and Quito; and

“Whereas the Government has on former occasions decorated The Voice of the Andes with the National Order of Merit in different degrees, recognizing the multiplied ways in which this organization has helped the Ecuadorian people and that it is a debt on the part of the Worthy City Council to recognize and encourage the patriotic and unselfish work that The Voice of the Andes has given to Quito;

Resolves that:

“It shall confer on Radio Station HCJB, The Voice of the

Andes, in the person of its director Abraham Van Der Puy, the Municipal Decoration, "Sebastian de Benalcazar" in the degree of Knight; and

"It shall commend to the gratitude and love of the people of Ecuador the Co-Founders, Clarence W. Jones, Reuben E. Larson and Francisco Cruz, and also all the personnel of this worthy institution."

After reading this document, the mayor of the city of Quito, Dr. Carlos Andrade Marín, made a speech in which he eulogized the work of the Station, not only in its social and cultural aspects but in its spiritual worth, and then pinned on the lapel of the field director the beautiful gold medallion. It was a scene that few who were present will ever forget.

IV

Official recognition has come to The Voice of the Andes from many sources. Personal greetings, cables and letters have been received in abundance. Such praise from men has but caused the staff of The Voice of the Andes to sing a mighty anthem of praise to God for all that He has done. He has done marvelous things and to Him and Him alone belong the praise and the honor and the glory.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

And Some . . . On Good Ground

I

It was an unusual scene. The preacher sat in a ship and the congregation stood on the seashore. With that power and authority that no one dared to challenge, the Lord Jesus Christ spoke a simple parable. He described the sower making his way across the ploughed field, dipping his hand into a bag hung at his waist then scattering broadcast the precious seed which in due time under the blessing of the loving Heavenly Father would bring forth fruit after its kind. As he worked, "some seeds fell by the way side, and the fowls came and devoured them up; some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth: and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth: and when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up and choked them; but other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundred-fold, some sixty-fold, some thirty-fold."

Since 1931 The World Radio Missionary Fellowship, Inc., through the facilities of its radio station, The Voice of the Andes, has been scattering broadcast the good seed of the Word of the kingdom. The mighty winds of heaven at all times of the day have snatched the words from the tall towers and have carried them with the speed of light to places near and far. Quite naturally the kinds of earth upon which the seeds have fallen have been entirely different. Some of the ground has been indifferent to the

truths of the Gospel. Some has been antagonistic. Unfortunately, much of the seed, from all that can be seen from the human point of view has been lost. Always, however, God has given the gracious assurance that of the seed sown by broadcasting the Gospel, "some fell on good ground."

Through the unchanging faithfulness of God whose compassions fail not, we have seen the little, toy-like radio station inaugurated on Christmas Day, 1931, grow and develop to become the mighty station of the mighty Christ. Limited by its size and power and by the paucity of radio receivers and consequently of potential listeners in its early years, Radio Station HCJB could not speak of copious harvests, of sheaves of ripened grain. God, who will not allow His word to return to Him void, but causes it to accomplish that which He pleases, has kept an accurate record of the harvest in heaven and while the files of the Station may be deficient in their records of results in the first years of its existence, God knows the kind of harvest reaped in individual lives.

Today things have changed considerably. The Voice of the Andes now takes its place unashamedly among the greatest radio stations in the world. Led unerringly by God it occupies a strategic place for global broadcasting from the line of the Equator and from the heart of the Andes Mountains. Blessed by God in the acquisition of powerful transmitters, modern studios and all the related equipment, it sends a steady, consistent signal to the ends of the earth. That which the Psalmist said of the message of the heavens, can truthfully be said of Radio Station HCJB, for "there is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth and their words to the end of the world." In increasing numbers, listeners, who are proverbially slow in writing letters, have sent in reports of the blessing that the programs have been to them personally and to others of their friends. By the thousands they come from Africa, Europe, Asia, Australia, the Islands of the seas, North and South America. Not yet by thousands, but in increasing numbers they come from the countries behind the Iron Curtain! God is using radio to penetrate to the places where the missionary cannot go, and the prayer of the staff continues to be that God may save untold multitudes by the miracle of radio.

II

A man sat by his typewriter in his home in South Australia. With heart brimful of blessing and joy in spite of physical handicaps, he wrote to The Voice of the Andes.

"Several months ago a ten year old boy wrote to your programme 'Tiny Treasures' at the suggestion of his dad, saying in that letter that dad would write very soon . . . and here is dad, writing after all that time . . .

"It added something to our family circle to hear that letter acknowledged in the 'Tiny Treasures' session while listening that Monday night and the children were thrilled at that and also with the gift of the Indian doll which arrived later and for which we thank you sincerely.

"Shortly before, I had purchased an old second hand radio set, heard your station, and then because the set was defective within a fortnight disposed of it and purchased a new set. I had been a semi-shut-in for about five years and couldn't really afford to buy that radio, but now say that I couldn't afford not to buy it!

"I had become an ardent listener to all the programmes that you were broadcasting, and being unable to work, had the pleasure of hearing all of your "Southern Cross Salute" every day, except Tuesday from 4 p.m. to 7:30 p.m. our time. My word, there seemed to be something missing on Tuesdays! There was also something missing in me! I was thirsty and yet seemed not able to drink. I was longing for that which I seemed not able to find, and although I enjoyed all your programmes, both those by the station staff and those recorded, I could not find the answer . . .

"At last it came one Sunday evening . . . When the invitation to come forward was made, I knelt by my radio, and I am not afraid to admit the tears in my eyes for having denied Him so long.

"I shall never regret the day I accepted Jesus Christ as my own personal Saviour, and that on my knees I have prayed and dedicated my life to Him. I find that I just have not been able to contain within me the wonderful feeling in my heart.

"I shall never know how to show my personal gratitude to all at HCJB for showing me the way that I may accept

Christ and have eternal life, but rest in the thought that the saving of another being for Him must be a rich reward in itself.

“I think of all the years that HCJB has been operating and feel that if I had been the only one saved as a direct result of all your works it would have been worth it. However, I am sure that there are many others.”

Yes, thank God, there have been many others, and they too have written. A listener in Czechoslovakia writes . . .

“Today I would like to tell you that I have been a pastor of a church for six years. However, I cannot preach the Gospel like you. After my wife and I were divorced I wanted to leave this occupation and look for other work. This was an important decision and I did not know what to do. But I believe I have passed the crisis of my life and you have played not a little part in it. Your ministry has drawn me closer to the Lord Jesus. Since listening to your programs and corresponding with you I have accepted forgiveness of sins and eternal life from the Lord’s hand. Now I anticipate the work in His vineyard with great joy. Your messages, literature and most of all your kind letters so full of Christian love, give new life to my ministry and inspire me to be a true servant and lead many souls to the Saviour.”

Meanwhile, from an Army Base in the United States we received another letter that floods the soul with joy.

“Dear friends. . . I just wanted to tell you all of the benefit your programs bring to me. Let me start at the beginning and tell you what happened. Since I have to go to work early in the morning (usually 3 a.m.) I get to bed early, but listen to the radio for a while before going to sleep. One night I started to have a strong desire to listen to religious programs, I did not know the reason why. I started listening to stateside broadcasts and HCJB. The second night something inside of me kept urging me to ‘Get up—fall upon your knees—ask forgiveness and accept Christ.’ But you know—I wouldn’t listen!

“The following day, apparently for no reason, I quit smoking. I lit a cigarette, took about two puffs and threw it to the ground, stamped it out, and thought to myself ‘How rotten that tastes!’ I had given up the habit of about 18-20 years. (I know now that God had me quit) .

“The third day, or rather night, I was listening to an evangelistic program and my heart was so full of remorse—I immediately got out of bed, upon my knees and asked Jesus to receive me, a sinner, forgive me, and please show me the way out of the darkness into the light—It’s really difficult to put this occurrence into words. But God and Jesus know what I am trying to say. And I sincerely thank the Lord that He called unto me more than once and did not reject me when I would not heed His call at first. Ever since this I have had an inner peace I never had before in all my 35 years of life.

“I know now I never really lived before. I used to sit in my room in the barracks and get the blues, but not any more. I read the Bible every day and also devotional type literature. And now my heart seems to hunger to find out everything possible out of the Bible. I have wasted so much time—there’s so much to make up and catch up on. I always believed in God and the Saviour, but not with the strong conviction I have now. I am praying every day—upon arising, during the day, and before going to bed. Words used to come hard, but each successive time it is less and less difficult. He lets me know what to say and how. I hadn’t prayed since I was a small boy, either. And my prayers go out to you, for having helped me, another lost soul, to find the way to Jesus.”

Then comes a letter from Soviet Russia:

“Four years ago I was standing at the cross roads. There were two pulls. My tired and broken soul was longing for peace. I felt like a bird in a cage. I longed for freedom but some force was holding me back.

“Unexpectedly, one beautiful morning I heard a firm and tender voice, the call of Christ saying to me, ‘Fear not, oh sinner, I will receive you.’ The Holy Spirit was speaking those words to my heart through your mouth, dear sister H. Z. My heart was broken. In tears and in sincere repentance I fell before the Lord. Praise, oh praise the Lord that He has called, that He forgave me and made me His own. From that time I long to count every earthly thing as dung that I may live for Christ.

“How precious are the minutes spent with you around the Word of God. I try not to miss one opportunity of fellow-

ship with you . . . though I do not have my own receiver. These minutes are of great price to me and I value them very much. I know you all by your voices. You are dear to me. I am praying for your ministry.

“P. S. Having finished this letter I hurried to hear you again. With tears of joy we listened to your special 20th anniversary program. (That is, the 20th anniversary of Russian broadcasts over HCJB.) How much joy, comfort and instruction I received from the Lord . . . when back home I fell on my knees and thanked the Lord for the great work which He is accomplishing through you. Loving greetings and best wishes to all who took part on this special program.

“May the Lord help you to labour much and long for Him in His vineyard.

Your loving sister in Christ.”

Yes, when in that day the Lord of the harvest shall gather up the precious sheaves into His eternal storehouse, the harvest will be greater because the seed sown with prayer and carried on the winds of heaven, fell on good ground.

III

The years have come and gone. Years of Heralding Christ Jesus' Blessings from the mountain top studios at The Voice of the Andes. During all those years God has shown the great and mighty things which He promised to those who would call upon His name. He has shown what He, by His Holy Spirit could do.

No one, however, can rest content with the blessings of yesterday, great as those may be. No one can be at ease in Zion, when the future lies before, bright with the innumerable promises of blessings from on high. If the Lord of the harvest tarries, there is much seed to be sown and a great harvest to be reaped. Science has not come to a standstill, but new technological discoveries are widening the margins of service and pleasure in the field of radio. Will the Church of Jesus Christ lag behind? Can God's radio missionaries do less than take advantage of all the means that God places at our disposal? Of course not! We must rise to the challenge thus presented.

With that same vision and courage that has characterized the directors and staff from the beginning of its ministry, The World Radio Missionary Fellowship, Inc., looks ahead and sees by faith what God can do. If God leads, if He shows the way, if He provides, the World Radio Missionary Fellowship, Inc., is ready to go with Him, whithersoever He may desire.

And as we look at the past with deep thanksgiving, and as we glimpse the future with joyful anticipation, we are reminded "that we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power might be of God and not of us."

PART SEVEN

“ . . . and still it grows . . . ”

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

More Than a Decade Later

As we drew chapter twenty-three to a close we did so with both a question and a prayer. "And then . . . ? Surely God has many more 'great and mighty things' for the W.R.M.F. to do in this glorious day of seed sowing and harvest. May it be done, 'not by might nor by power' but by the Spirit of the Living God. Lord, keep the vision bright, the courage high!"

This chapter, then, is the story of how the Lord has kept the "vision bright" and "the courage high" and how He has done "great and mighty things," all in the span of one brief decade.

I

It was on May 18, 1961 that the Ecuadorian Government granted the W.R.M.F. a contract to operate our Television Station, HCJB-TV. Thus a dream came true and a prayer was answered. Then the directors and staff were to face a series of problems that were to challenge their courage and force them to draw on all the resources of their versatility and imagination. At the same time their deep faith in the Omnipotent God would be tried and tested before they saw Him do the "great and mighty things" which He had promised.

One of the first problems that had to be faced resolutely was that of programs. Where in the whole wide world were they going to find sufficient programs to satisfy the demands of the thousands who were buying television receivers because HCJB-TV was on the air? And they were demanding. Witness the fact

that one evening, when HCJB was not on the air because of technical difficulties, the Quito telephone company registered more than three thousand calls made to enquire why the station was not telecasting.

While the staff had lots of experience in presenting radio programs, they were short on knowledge of the problems of audio-visual presentations. They were suddenly called upon to invent, adapt and create "sets" and backdrops. They were to sew costumes. They were to furnish the thousand and one things that go to make a good television "show." Letter after letter was written to film producers seeking films that would meet the ethical and religious norms of the station and at the same time fit into the very limited budget of the W.R.M.F.

Channel 4 started functioning in the radio studios but it very soon became evident that the largest studio of the "Voice of the Andes" was too small for the presentations of "the Window of the Andes" as the television station soon was called. The urgent need for a large enough studio that would adequately care for the needs peculiar to a television ministry, plus adequate control rooms, projection rooms, dressing rooms, storage space for scenery, sets and other gear, made it imperative to think in terms of a separate building for Channel 4. Quite a long time would elapse before this became a reality, but on May 18, 1969 the Television Center, "Clarence W. Jones" was officially dedicated to the glory of God and the blessing of thousands of television viewers.

It became necessary also to erect a higher antenna in order to reach more effectively the growing number of viewers in the provinces to the north and south of Quito. Consequently a plot of land was purchased on the slopes of Mount Pichincha, some two thousand feet above the city of Quito. Linked effectively with the studios by microwave, the programs reached out into the five inter-andean provinces. To the south they were picked up by our repeater station Channel 5 to blanket Ambato, the third largest city in the country.

Cultural and information programs, sports and civic events and educational presentations assured us of a large audience day after day. It is this audience that daily also received the good seed of the Word of God. They are the ones who phoned to tell us that they had received Christ as Saviour, had received spiritual help, had formed new congregations in remote places. It is these viewers who have seen for the first time how an evangelistic campaign is held in the Gymnasium of the Alliance Academy. Convicted of

their spiritual need by the Holy Spirit, they have sought counseling in personal contacts with the evangelist. Only eternity will reveal what God has done through the "Window of the Andes," Television Channel 4 in Quito.

As the first decade of telecasting on Channel 4 drew to a close, the World Radio Missionary Fellowship was to face grave problems and many hours were spent in prayer and deliberation by the Trustees and by the staff as a whole. Some of these problems were based on the fact that the equipment that had been used for so many years would have to be replaced. This would involve us in very heavy expenses. Also, it was becoming increasingly evident that program materials that would be acceptable were almost unavailable within the range of our limited budget. Then, too, the government of Ecuador had recently made new laws and regulations regarding the management and operation of television stations and Channel 4 would have to negotiate a new contract. The government agencies were, as usual, most kind and sympathetic to our particular problems, but there did not seem to be any category in the new system where we would fit comfortably.

In the light of all this, every option was considered carefully and the alternatives were narrowed down to four, none of which would solve all the problems. Finally the decision was made and on April 27, 1972 the following news item was released to the general public:

"Dr. Abe C. Van Der Puy, President of The World Radio Missionary Fellowship, Inc., has announced a new plan to increase HCJB's gospel television ministry in Ecuador, South America. HCJB has transferred the rights of its television station in the city of Quito to a prominent and respected businessman of that locality. Repeater stations will be located throughout Ecuador to reach a significantly larger number of television viewers. Among other considerations, HCJB will be given daily gospel programming on these stations in prime viewing time.

"In harmony with previous goals, HCJB-TV will utilize its C. W. Jones Television Center to produce gospel programs for TV in Spanish. It is intended that these productions will have extensive distribution in the Spanish-speaking world.

"HCJB-TV, Channel 4, The Window of the Andes, was the first missionary television station in the world. Also, it has the distinction of being Ecuador's first TV station. It began telecasting officially in May, 1961. The new and larger TV station is

planning to initiate its activities in October of this year.”

Quite obviously not all the terms of the agreement can be reproduced here. However, we can rejoice in that we believe the Lord has led in such a manner that will bring glory to His name and blessing to many viewers. The new Channel 4 will be the first color TV station in Ecuador, thus commanding, without a doubt, the largest audience.

To reach this audience for Christ we will have, for the next ten years, a daily Gospel program within the hours of 7:00 and 10:00 p.m.

Thus, as we bring to a close one phase in the history of missionary Television ministry, we look confidently for the Lord to do “great and mighty things” in the second and different phase of missionary endeavor.

II

Back a few chapters, we were talking about fellowship. How blessed it is to walk and work with those of “like precious faith”! How wonderfully was this fellowship exemplified in the close collaboration for more than nine years at HOXO by the Latin America Mission, the World Radio Missionary Fellowship and the Asociacion Tropical de Radiodifusion, the legal holding entity required by Panamanian law. However, in order to operate more efficiently, in 1963 the decision was made by mutual consent that in the future the WRMF and the Asociacion Tropical would assume the sole responsibility of the management of Radio Station HOXO.

Then, in 1969 a small brochure was published under the title “HOXO Advance Project Plans”:

“For some time we have been studying and praying about the future of HOXO. What should be our goals for the immediate and long range ministry? Grow we must for in the fast moving field of communications, those who stand still find themselves moving backwards.

“In thinking of immediate goals, we have become convinced that this would be an excellent time to install a service on the FM band with stereo programming designed to reach the better class homes throughout the Republic of Panama (including the Canal Zone). Investigation reveals that there are already many large stereo record player consoles in the better homes. These usually have FM tuners. . . .

“Our programming will feature good music, news and ‘Good

News.' There will be a strong emphasis on stereo music to attract an audience, and then short, well-prepared gospel messages will be inserted throughout the day. We will use both English and Spanish for news and gospel presentations with a bilingual format."

Suiting action to the plans, the project was launched immediately, and although it did not move very quickly, it moved steadily. Funds came in for the purchase of the component parts and the engineers worked long hours to assemble it all and put it on the air. As usual, in such an undertaking there were agonizing frustrations: a lost crate . . . delays in finishing the tower . . . defective oscilloscope . . . no instructions with the antenna . . . etc., especially etc.!

Then on November 13, 1971 at 11:00 a.m., the chief engineer said quietly, "Everything checks out o.k. Put some music on it" and LIFE RADIO STEREO 105 went on the air. What an encouragement to the weary staff were the 107 phone calls received that first weekend from FM listeners who had discovered the new stereo station! These and subsequent calls revealed the almost complete coverage of the city and its environs and also confirmed the conviction that there was a large FM audience waiting to be reached with the Gospel through this new medium.

Regular transmissions of 18 hours daily were begun on November 22nd and continuous sampling of the audience reaction showed clearly that HOXO was now reaching an almost completely new audience of teachers, businessmen, housewives and in general people who like music.

Then came the historic day, December 29, 1971, when Dr. Clarence W. Jones cut the tri-color ribbon on the transmitter and officially inaugurated RADIO VIDA (LIFE RADIO) STEREO 105. The station is dedicated "To the glory of God and to honor Dr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Jones and their son Richard W. Jones." (Dick Jones was the director of HOXO when he was killed in an automobile accident in 1966.) It was a day to be long remembered, not as the end of a project, but as the beginning of a new and fruitful ministry at the crossroads of the Americas.

III

Hydro project . . . Loreto project . . . these names conjure up visions of hard work, grave problems and the abundant and often miraculous provision of the Lord. But let us go back a few years.

By 1957 it had become evident that if the WRMF was to

increase its ministry by the addition of new high power transmitters it would have to find a source of hydro electric energy to operate them. As we have already seen, a team was set up to explore the eastern ranges of the Andes in order to locate a site for the hydro installation. When the Lord made it clear that Papallacta was the ideal spot, a formal request was made to the Ministry of Public Works for permission to use the water of the Papallacta River. The engineers who were designated to make the necessary inspection were frank to express their doubts as to the feasibility of the project. However, when they saw the site and the plans submitted by the WRMF engineers, they became enthusiastic and gave a very positive report. The Minister, in turn, granted the necessary permit.

Then came the tedious job of acquiring the land on which to install the reservoir, the penstock and the generator, as well as procuring the right of way for the twenty mile long transmission line. The Lord was to provide the patience needed as the days became weeks and weeks became months of slow legal negotiations with the owners of large tracts of land and the owners of very small plots of land which they had acquired as squatters years before.

While this was taking place an investigation was being made in the United States and Canada to locate a plant which would supply the needed energy. There were many available, but not at the price we could afford to pay. Then the Lord used Christian friends in Seattle, Washington to locate a plant belonging to the Seattle Light and Power Company which had been out of service for a number of years. While it had been installed in 1911, it had had very little use and was in excellent condition. It fulfilled all our technical requirements and best of all, it fit our budget. Again, through the intervention of these same friends, the owners of the plant accepted our offer—an almost ridiculous offer of \$2,500.00. Then the Lord gave us grace in the eyes of the Seattle owners and a lot of needed equipment was given us at “scrap” prices. As a further token of His blessings upon the venture. He supplied all the insulators that we would need for the transmission line completely free of cost. So it was that in September of 1962, all the needed equipment was purchased and started on its long ocean, train and truck travel to Papallacta.

Of course, much work had to be done in Pifo and Papallacta before the generator arrived. Land had to be cleared and levelled. Access roads had to be carved out of the mountains. Heavy earth

moving equipment had to be found, and so here was another way in which the Lord helped. When the Shell Oil Co. left Ecuador, they left a number of trailer and flatbed trucks. Our engineers looked them over and decided that by cannibalizing they could make two or three good trucks out of the abandoned vehicles. Then they heard that on a bleak mountainside, a bulldozer had been abandoned as unserviceable. They went and had a look and found that with very little work it could be put into service once again. So it was bought and soon gave yeoman service all along the transmission light right-of-way. Thus God used men's discards for His work and His glory.

Then on April 10, 1965, the hydro-plant, the transmission line and all the associated equipment was inaugurated in the presence of government dignitaries and many, many friends. But this was not all.

While the level of the water of the Papallacta river was more than adequate during the rainy season, it was felt that measures should be taken to guarantee the same level throughout the whole year. At the head of the river is a perfect jewel of a lake set in a wide basin high in the mountains. The engineers felt that a small dam at the outlet would raise the level of the lake and thus ensure an even flow of water to our hydro plant even during the driest month of the year.

It all sounds so easy now, but who can evaluate the blood, sweat and tears shed in such an undertaking. The only access road was a mule trail which crosses the continental divide at 15,000 feet. Over that trail the muleteers carried over 110 tons of supplies. Twenty-six men on a never to be forgotten twelve hour day carried in the one bag cement mixer. Over a hundred men toiled for eleven months to build the dam that is twenty-three feet high and 136 feet long. In all, over 250 men were engaged in this venture which culminated in the dedication service held on March 22, 1971.

On the face of the dam one can read the inscription: "Water for the glory of God" Rev. 22: 17. How true that is, but before the dam was finished 143 men had drunk deeply of the Water of Life and found in the Lord Jesus Christ the answer to their spiritual needs.

IV

Ever since HCJB started broadcasting the Gospel, the directors of the Mission have been conscious of their God-given mandate to preach the Gospel first in Jerusalem, then in Judea, then

Samaria and to the uttermost parts of the world. Looming largely in their vision was Guayaquil, the largest city of Ecuador. During the 1940's a medium wave repeater transmitter was set up in Guayaquil, but because of technical difficulties it was decided to take it off the air.

At a later date, in the 1950's, the All Ecuador Gospel Network was started, and as we mentioned in a previous chapter, the Lord blessed the venture in a remarkable way as gospel programs were broadcast over more than a score of commercial stations in the coastal provinces. However, the vision of a powerful gospel radio station in Guayaquil never lost its lustre and prayer was made to God without ceasing that somehow, some day, the Lord would allow the vision to become a reality.

Then the prayed for opportunity came. For many years, the Broadcast Department had been considering the matter of FM-Stereo to cover the fast developing metropolitan and urban areas and thus reach a new audience. The great success of HOXO's FM-Stereo station in Panama was a challenge to HCJB to get moving into this new area of broadcasting with its unique format of music and a minimum of the spoken word. So an application was made to the Department of Telecommunications for two frequencies on the FM band; one for Quito and one for Guayaquil. It was supposed that the first frequency to be granted would be for Quito, the capital of Ecuador. Thus, we had quite a bit of equipment for Quito and had already started work on the new FM control panels. Then in March of 1971 the first FM frequency was granted for the station in Guayaquil. There was one condition attached: HCJB-FM was to be on the air by November 1.

Many years before, one of the directors had made a statement that was to be prophetic. As he tried to look into the future and make long range plans he wrote: "If in the providence of God the permit be granted for a station in Guayaquil, this will at once take precedence over other lesser projects. It will demand immediately the deploying of personnel to this area for handling the construction and maintenance of the transmitter and studio equipment."

So now, fulfilling the prophecy, the Quito Engineering Department shifted direction and moved into high gear. A frequency had been given and a deadline had been set. God had opened the way for a Gospel station to be established in the most densely populated area of Ecuador.

Studio facilities were already available at the AEGN's head-

quarters which would, with a few alterations, be adequate for the FM program productions. But land was needed, a site for the transmitter and an antenna which would meet all engineering requirements and whose price would fit into the contemplated budget. The first estimates of cost placed the figure at \$48,000, a sum which was completely out of reach. Then a piece of land was located which would cost \$15,000 but the budget did not reach to that either. What a blessing that was, for the Lord had something bigger and better to give us. Dr. Reuben Larson, now retired but still very active, found it. It was a large property that was to be cut up into lots, sandy salt flats which would provide the finest propagation possibilities. How much would it cost? We bought it in July for \$6,000!

Before construction could begin and the tower could be erected the land would have to be cleared. The estimated cost for this work was \$800 but the Lord, answering the prayers of His children, changed that figure also. The former owner of the land offered his equipment, and the job was done for \$120. (Here it may be said that the construction was done with an eye to the future, when, in the providence of God, an AM frequency would be granted for a medium wave transmitter and funds would become available to build it.)

Not all was smooth sailing and many problems presented themselves. The director of the project said, "At one stage we were caught in a deadlock between the Port Authority and the power company. The line to supply the power for the transmitter had to cross a canal used for shipping. The power company decided they could not risk putting a high tension line under the canal as first planned. It must go over, they said. The Port Authority refused permission for this. It must go under. I was frustrated as I was sent from one to the other, completely helpless in the situation. Then as I called on the Lord I saw the attitude of the Port Authority dramatically changed. The Rear Admiral gave his permission for the line to be installed over the canal. Then the Lord gave us this added blessing: the amount of the deposit required by the power company was changed from \$10,000 to \$1,600."

While the men worked long hours getting the construction finished and the studio readied, the engineers and technicians in Quito were putting the finishing touches to the transmitter and those in Pifo were welding the sections of the 100 meter long antenna tower. Now the question arose as to how the long tower

sections would be transported from Pifo to Guayaquil. One trucking company quoted the figure \$320, but that was not good enough for the Lord. He had other plans. A good friend of the station, owner of one of Ecuador's largest road building companies, offered to transport the tower on one of his trucks for nothing. Could anyone doubt that the good hand of the Lord was on this venture of faith?

Lest anyone should become discouraged facing the problems that arose, the Lord undertook to perform a series of miracles. Take for instance the matter of the microwave frequency for the link between studio and transmitter. The difficulty was that the frequency assigned to us fell in the band assigned to the telephone company. This could have been an expensive problem, but God worked and the telephone company promptly granted us a permit to use that frequency. Then there was the matter of the copper wire needed for the antenna ground system. The man approached by our engineers not only supplied the wire at a fair price, but also cut it up to the required length, thus effecting a considerable saving in time and money.

Now the zero hour was fast approaching and another problem arose. A vital crystal arrived damaged from the States. Facing this trouble, the engineers asked for an extension of time which was graciously granted, twelve days of grace to replace the damaged crystal. In spite of the difficulties and setbacks, with the Lord's help the FM-Stereo station went on the air for testing on November 1, 1972.

V

As we have delved into the history of the World Radio Ministry Fellowship we have been thrilled by the gracious way in which the Lord has led, blessed and prospered this unique ministry. The plea of the hymn, written over a hundred years before HCJB came into being, now has become a reality—"Give the winds a mighty voice, Jesus saves!"

However, the directors have known through the years that to remain a "mighty voice" in a world of proliferating voices of increasing power, the Voice of the Andes would have to increase its outreach by the acquisition of more and bigger transmitters and the development of larger and more efficient antenna arrays. Thus from a meeting of minds, a fusion of the ideas of the directors of both the Program Department and the Engineering Department was born "Project Outreach."

It was in July, 1964 that the name "Project Outreach" first appears in the official minutes of the Board of Trustees. Its succinct phrases tell the story. "The trustees gave further consideration to the matters related to the completion of the hydroelectric project and to the further advance which will utilize the increased power to be obtained from said project. It was moved and seconded that we officially authorize Project Outreach with a budget of \$330,000 to include the following items. . . ." There follows a list of technical goals and engineering details to be worked out, finishing with a statement: "Approach to large transmitter manufacturing concerns with a view to obtaining the donation of transmitters or necessary components."

Of course there would be much discussion concerning the goals and priorities for Project Outreach before the vision would become a reality. Looking again at the minutes of the Board of Trustees we find that in March of 1965 the following objectives were adopted for the guidance of the engineers and those vitally concerned with the project: "1. The modification of the transmitters now in use in Pifo and the transmitter which has been received from Europe in such a way that we shall have five 50 kw. transmitters . . . 2. The building of an antenna complex (including curtain and steerable reflector antenna) which will be capable of radiating the power from transmitters of up to 250 kw . . . 3. The addition of two or three 100 kw. and one or two 250 kw. transmitters in order to make full use of the power available from Papalacta."

In harmony with the broad goals set up in March, the Trustees approved a couple of months later an estimate of costs to implement the total project. The estimate was made keeping in mind that the prices were those of commercially built transmitters and allied equipment. The total price? Over a million and a quarter dollars! This would require on the part of the whole organization much faith in the Lord who had promised to do "great and mighty things." With practical foresight, in 1965, it was estimated that Project Outreach would take five to eight years before completion.

Soon things were moving. Funds were beginning to come in designated for the project and new and valuable contacts were being made. Visits were arranged with high ranking officials of the major transmitter manufacturers. It would not be long before crucial decisions would have to be made regarding the make and model of transmitters to be purchased. How difficult to decide

with only man's wisdom to help. How glorious to stand in God's way and let Him lead and make the decisions. This is precisely what He did!

One manufacturing company had a transmitter which they wanted to sell to us at a very good price, approximately 60% of the retail price. The engineers went and had a good hard look and were almost convinced that this was the 100 kw. transmitter that would suit our needs. Then we had a visitor in Quito, a successful businessman, a fine Christian. He was invited to meet our Board of Trustees that he might give us some advice as to the financing of the purchase. After a long discussion, the visitor asked one pertinent question. He asked each Trustee personally: "If this transmitter under consideration is thought by the engineers to be the one you should purchase, would you vote for buying it?" The answers were all affirmative. "Very well, I'll pledge \$1,000.00 a month for ten years to pay for it." For a moment the men were silent, then broke out in praise to God for His provision. Once again He was showing us the "great and mighty things" He had promised so many years before.

Strangely enough, however, this was not the transmitter that the Lord had set aside for the World Radio Missionary Fellowship. Then why the incident just mentioned? Was it not to test our willingness to be led and to prove His ability to supply our need?

Having passed that test the Lord was ready to show us just what He had planned. He had His men in His way and ready to be led. Looking back we can see His plan of action. Sometime during this crucial decision making time, one of our staff members took a set of slides portraying Project Outreach's goals and needs and showed them to an audience at New Jersey Keswick. God had His man in that audience, although the individual did not know it. He was an employee of RCA. One of his near neighbors was also an RCA employee and also a Christian with missionary interests. Early in December, 1966, this neighbor had heard that a missionary organization in Central America was looking for a short wave transmitter. Knowing this need he went to a higher ranking employee of RCA and asked him if the company had any transmitters that were to be dismantled and he said: "Yes, we have one 100 kw, transmitter." Here, to the practical Christian was the ideal situation. A missionary society has a need and my company has the transmitter available. So he approached the mission's executives and found out that a 100 kw. transmitter was very much larger than they needed. Disappointed, he was talking to his

neighbor about this and the Lord brought to mind the slides he had seen previously at Keswick. So the two of them moved into action. After a series of phone calls, they managed to get in touch with our men and procedures were initiated to see if they could get the company to donate this prototype model which was destined for the scrap heap.

This was too much for Satan to take sitting down. Just as soon as he knew that two Christians were trying to get this transmitter donated to the WRMF, he had his men trying to block the transaction by giving orders to accelerate the junking order. Word of this plan got to the Chairman of the Executive Committee of RCA and he ordered a halt to the plan to dismantle and scrap this piece of equipment that we were interested in.

When negotiations were entered into, it was found that RCA had built sixteen of these transmitters and that there were three still available, although it was rumoured that one of these three remaining ones had already been sold. RCA then offered us this package: two 100 kw. transmitters for \$95,000.00 each and they would throw the prototype in as a gift. (Actually, the going price for such a transmitter was over \$130,000.00.) A contract was drawn up and a date set for delivery of the three transmitters. This was to be in midsummer, but there were a number of unavoidable delays postponing it until fall. During this waiting time, we found out that transmitter number four had not been sold and had now become available to us. Someone suggested that an offer of \$25,000.00 for it would be acceptable to the company—and it was!

Now another and different problem faced us, that of transporting all this equipment to Quito. There were twelve very large cabinets which, the company said, had to be shipped upright. On making enquiry, our men discovered that there was no plane flying into Quito that was large enough to take these cabinets. It would take a military cargo plane to carry them. Accordingly our representative went to Washington to see if the military would put a plane at our disposal. After many interviews with high-ranking officers and government people, it was agreed that the Air Force would fly down the equipment at government prices. The only catch was that the price would be about double the price quoted by commercial airlines. Thus we had to back away from that and ask the Lord, "How is this to be done?"

He had His means prepared. About the beginning of August, our Miami office received a phone call asking if we had

found a means of shipping our transmitters and when they were told that we hadn't as yet found the way they told us that they had just taken delivery of a Hercules aircraft and they had an open date in their schedule. If we could get it ready in time, they would fly all our big equipment on Sunday, October 8. The small components would be flown on one of the planes regularly flying into Quito.

All the equipment arrived in Miami two days prior to the scheduled date, and as the hours passed our men were assailed by misgivings. What if all the cabinets won't fit? The cabinets had been mounted on pallets for loading, and one by one they were eased into the plane. There was about an inch clearance on both sides and about nine inches at the top. When the last of the twelve cabinets was slid into the plane there was just enough room to close the door! Once again the Lord had worked in spite of our little faith.

October 8, 1967 was a long day, a never to be forgotten day. Early in the morning every man that could be pried loose from his Sunday commitments was at the airport. Lined up at the terminal were fourteen five-ton trucks, plus a fleet of smaller vehicles. All the paper work had been taken care of previously so that there would be no delay in Customs. Precisely at 10:20 a.m. the first of the two planes arrived with thirty-four tons of parts for the four 100 kw. transmitters. Fourteen minutes later the first pallet of electronic equipment was lowered on Ecuadorian soil. With rhythmic precision pallet after pallet was off loaded from the plane and loaded on the waiting trucks. Two hours later the first truck started on its overland trip to Pifo.

The old timers present couldn't help reminiscing. Back in 1931 the first shipment of electronic equipment had arrived in Quito after a long ocean voyage and a hard trip over the mountains by train. It weighed 6,400 pounds. It was a much smaller group that welcomed that equipment, but said one of the veterans: "It was still an emotional thing!" As it was in 1931, this shipment was received with a prayer to the Lord for His abundant provision and for His care over the shipment.

At 12:01 p.m. the second plane, the Hercules freighter landed. While its load was considerably lighter, only ten tons, it was a much bulkier one. We have already mentioned how tightly the cabinets fit into the hold of the cargo. Now with the same precision they were taken and loaded onto the waiting trucks and started on the last lap of the journey. By 10:00 p.m. the last truck

had arrived in Pifo and had been unloaded. The forty-four tons of electronic material which, when it was all put together again, would give us the array of 100 kw. transmitters that Project Outreach called for, had completed its long journey safely.

As he viewed all the pallets with their carefully packed parts of the new transmitters, the President of the WRMF said: "This is an historic day and we won't see another like it very soon unless it be for a much larger transmitter. This is the culmination of years of praying and giving. Now we have to translate this into the gospel message."

Now a flashback. Two trips had been made to Washington in order to procure transportation for the large cabinets of the transmitters. We have seen how the Lord provided a better way through the commercial freight plane. Then we ask: "Were those two trips to Washington, the hours spent in seeing senators and congressmen and other high ranking military officers all in vain?" The question is a valid one and the answer to it provides an interesting denouement.

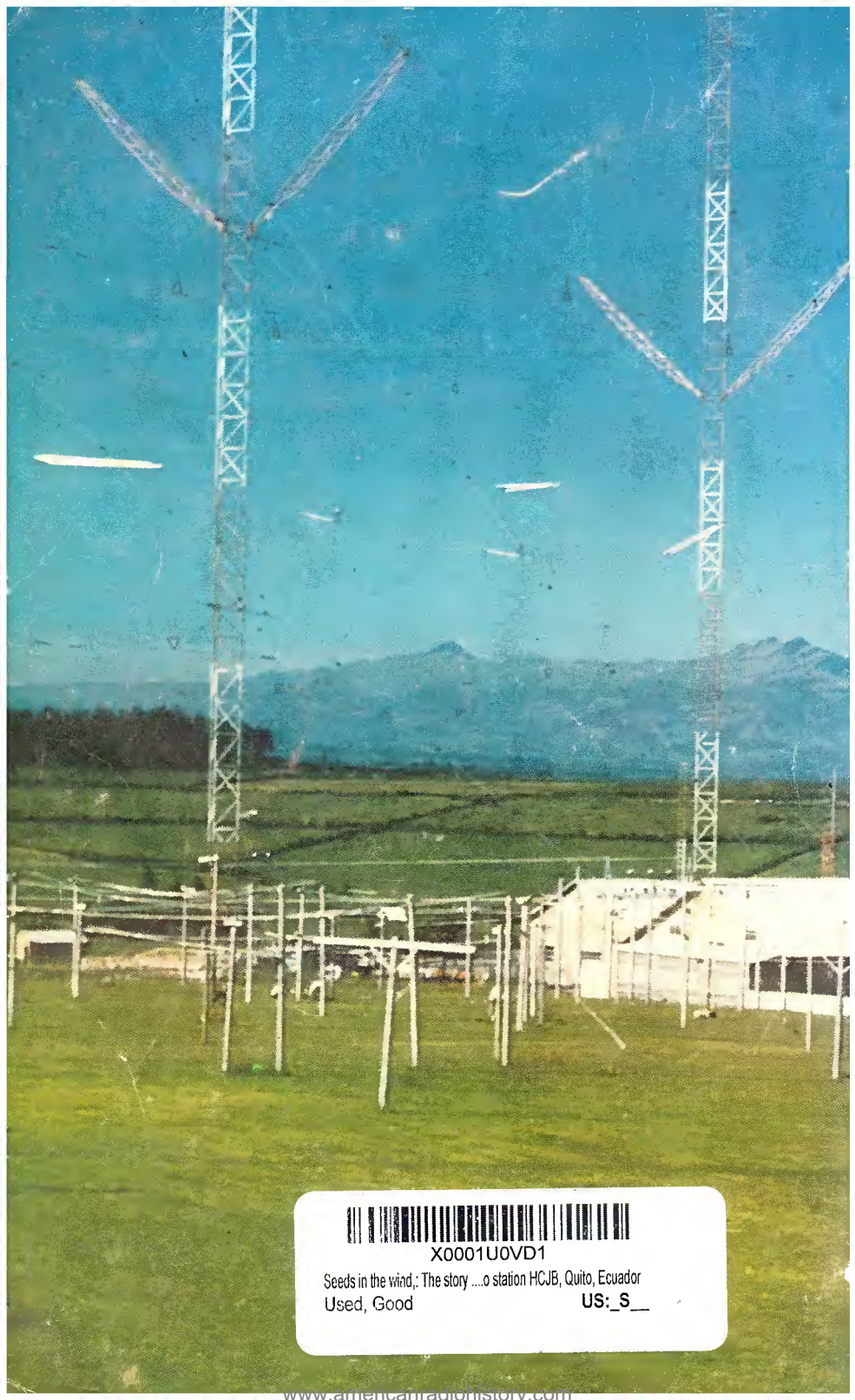
After the transmitters were all shipped, some microwave equipment was going to become available to the WRMF, although we did not know it at the time. Friends in the Southern Bell Telephone Company knew that certain equipment was to be taken out of service so they approached the Vice-President of the organization and asked him: "Can't we give this equipment to these people?" The answer came back immediately: "If they can get some use out of it and we are going to junk it, we should certainly give it to them. Just check them out and make sure that they are not a communist front organization."

A phone call had to be made to Washington to check on the WRMF and that call was made to a certain senator, the senator who had been contacted by our men almost a year previously. Now the purpose of these two trips became evident. They had not been made in vain. "Yes," said the senator, "I know of the organization. We tried to get transportation for their equipment. They are a very worthy organization and certainly worthy of any help you can give them." Thus did the Lord provide the microwave equipment that was needed.

As he looked on the tons of electronic gear that had arrived on Sunday, October 8, 1967, one of the engineers remarked, "It has been a great day, but for us the work is just beginning." The assembling of those component parts, the checking of each section, the final checking with the RCA engineer, the adapting of

the antennas to the higher power, the new directional arrays, the antenna switching gear and a thousand other things had to be done. Then on January 8, 1968 the first of the new 100 kw. transmitters was on the air. This was followed by the inauguration of the second high power transmitter on May 17, 1969. Finally on November 3, 1970, transmitter number three of the RCA transmitters started its ministry of sending the message of life around the world.

“Finally,” but there is no finally in the Lord’s work. While there are souls to save and the day endures before the night comes when no man can work, the World Radio Missionary Fellowship will be looking to the Lord for “great and mighty things” to be done. “Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit,” even as the founders did in the beginning days of *Heralding Christ Jesus Blessings*. God has graciously and faithfully done His part. May we be faithful in doing ours.



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Seeds in the wind: The storyo station HCJB, Quito, Ecuador
Used, Good

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