Arabia Calling

The Harbor of Manama, Bahrain Islands, Persian Gulf

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The Arabian Mission

OF THE

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ARABIA CALLING

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Published Quarterly

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION AMONG THE FRIENDS OF
THE ARABIAN MISSION

After Fifteen Years

ELIZABETH DAME

Fifteen years had passed since Dr. Dame and I left Arabia. The war was on in Europe and we had to go to India, then take a boat around South Africa, over to South America and up to New York. Pearl Harbor was attacked a few months after we reached home, and the United States was in the war, too.

We settled in Rockford, Illinois, and when the war years were over and travel once more possible, Arabia began coming to us. Our missionary friends home on furlough came for little visits and we were delighted to have them in our home. Arabs, too, members of the royal families of Kuwait and Bahrain, came to our home and a teacher from the Basrah Boys' School. In Chicago we had dinner with Amir Saud of Saudi Arabia, now king. All these contacts were very pleasant.

Then emerged the plan for us to go back to Arabia for a visit. It was Dr. Dame's idea and was to celebrate our 35th anniversary. He mentioned it on the way home from Puerto Rico where we had gone to celebrate our 30th wedding anniversary, for Puerto Rico was the place in which we had spent our honeymoon.

So, for almost five years we had been planning our visit to Arabia. But just two months before our anniversary God called Dr. Dame home; that was His plan.

Three years went by, and I still felt like going, even though I must go alone. I started out last October and sailed on an American Export Line ship from New York to Beirut. The sea was unexpectedly rough and I decided I would not go home that way!

From Beirut most of my traveling was done by plane and in March when I started for home I flew all the way.

As I traveled people saw me with my cane and finding out that I was *all alone*, remarked, "My, aren't you brave!"

I did not feel that way at all; I was more like a homing pigeon. I knew where I wanted to go and all the places were familiar, I had friends all along the line, and I knew the language.

But after fifteen years! Yes, I expected to see changes and there were many. It was great to be able to see them and I had a wonderful trip.

I visited in Beirut, Baghdad, Basrah, Amarah and Kuwait (about a week each) before going on to Bahrain where I made my headquarters. From Bahrain I took a boat trip to Muscat and back. Later I went to Saudi Arabia, visiting the oil towns of Dhahran, Ras Tamura and Abqaiq and the Arab towns Damam, El Khober and El Hofhuf.

Everywhere I went there were new buildings, new streets and new methods. Coca Cola and Pepsi Cola signs were everywhere, transliterated into Arabic and evidently the products were much enjoyed by the Arabs everywhere.

With the increase of cars there were gas stations reminding one of U.S.A. Going from one city to another it is the usual thing to fly nowadays. Missionaries fly to annual meetings or to their vacation spots. The mission children fly back and forth between India and Arabia at the beginning and end of their school years.

In Bahrain where I had many invitations from old friends, several times I was entertained at tea with television! (I don't own a TV set in Rockford!) Nearly everyone has a radio.

Women's dress has gone modern, too. I do not mean that the veil has been discarded, but progress toward that end is being made. When our boat stopped at Latakia in Africa, we anchored in the harbor several miles from shore. Some of the adventurous passengers went ashore in a hired launch to see the town. I stayed on board, and when we were having tea on the deck the deck steward leaned over the rail and then said, "come see the Arab women. They like to come out to see the ship."

I got up and looked over expecting to see bundled up figures but here were half a dozen women in dresses and suits no different from ours. One wore a hat. When they came on deck I went to meet them and greeted them in Arabic to which they responded joyously and cordially, although in some surprise. One looked at me keenly and said, "But you *are* an American?"

In Beirut one could tell the Muslim women because they wore thin veils over their faces. These were attached to their hats, but the rest of their costume was entirely modern. In Baghdad the *abba* (covering cloak) was the rule although many wore it open at the face, and no veil. In Basrah clothes were more conservative and the further down the Gulf the more so they became. Underneath the abbas, however, were modern dresses. In Bahrain I found that some of the women who still wore the Arab style of dress had discarded the veil indoors (this was wound around the head and spread over the chest) and when they went out on the street they put a smaller veil under the abba. In Muscat the old style prevailed. Their costume is somewhat Indian, with tight trousers and a knee length dress. Instead of the sari they wear a brightly colored calico shawl. These are usually in geometric or floral patterns, but I saw a new pattern one day. Large letters adorned the shawl and they were O.K. O.K. O.K. (!) Wherever Americans have gone they have added a new word to the language and O.K. is now good Arabic! I am not sure that the lady could read her shawl pattern.

At the Girls' School Christmas party in Bahrain I looked over the assembly trying to find a *Bukhnek*, a hood all my school girls used to wear. In that big room filled with girls there was just one. All the others were in modern dress.

When the girls get married they want white wedding dresses and veils just like Western girls.

When I went to Muscat we had an interesting fellow passenger. We had heard about her before we went aboard. She was a young Indian girl about twenty years of age who had come to Bahrain to be married. Her brother who worked in Saudi Arabia had arranged for the marriage with another Indian who worked with him. Rev. James Dunham was asked to perform the ceremony. But on the day when the bride saw the 40-year-old groom, she flatly refused to have him or to go on with the wedding! Here she was on the boat going home to Bombay. She was young, slim and pretty and I marveled at her courage in standing up to the centuries-old custom and asserting her independence. It is one of the signs of the times in the Middle East.

I visited our new Girls' School in Baghdad, and toured the new men's hospital in Kuwait. Fine new buildings which will mean much to the future. The new house for Dr. Allison in Kuwait looked lovely from the outside, but I did not happen to be around when it was open. It was still incomplete.

The new Gosselink house in Basrah is a fine residence and fills a great need there.

In Bahrain I was guest of Miss Ruth Jackson and Miss Cornelia Dalenberg who were living in *East House*, in the section that Dr Dame and I lived in during our first two years in Arabia when we were studying Arabic. The house was disintegrating and had been condemned, but I was so glad we were able to stay there during my visit. We could because it did not rain very much last winter. It is now being torn down and two new houses are to take its place.

I wish the Mason Memorial Hospital in Bahrain could have a fine new building like the one in Kuwait. Bahrain's climate is very hard on both men and materials and the Mason Memorial has seen better days. The stupendous amount of work done within those walls deserve better ones!

Naturally my main interest in Bahrain was the Girls' School which I founded in 1922. To see how the school has grown, its new (to me) building, the many classes and teachers, and its flourishing condition were a big thrill. I saw many of my former school girls, now mothers of girls going to the school. I felt like a happy grandmother seeing all my "grandchildren." One girl is the mother of seven daughters (no sons), three of whom are now studying in England.

It was a pleasure to see Aboud the blind boy who used to come to school. He could not see the girls so it was all right, but he could only learn songs, Bible verses and stories and things he could hear. Then the missionaries sent him to a school for the blind in Jerusalem where he learned Arabic, English and German in Braille. He is a man now and has the dearest little son. We went to Charlie's birthday party when he was a year old. It seemd so sad that Aboud could not see his son's lovely face.

Another thrill was to see old Medina now quite lame and almost blind, but a radiant Christian. One rainy day it seemed so difficult to get her out and into the car and over to church that she was asked if she would rather stay home. Medina snorted, "What's a little rain? Am I sugar that I would melt?" She was taken to church! I had many talks with her, dear old Medina. What an example she is to many American Christians who have no difficulties but whose lights are dim.

Space does not permit me to tell of all the adventures I had, of all the people I met, meetings and services attended, schools and hospitals visited, picnics, dinners, lunches, good times galore, Thanksgiving in Basrah and a wonderful Christmas in Bahrain.

I look back on a wonderful trip and a most satisfying visit.

"Would I come again?"

I had not thought so when I made this trip, but now who knows? I would like to see those new Bahrain houses some day. Wouldn't you?

How Shall They Hear?

M. M. Helsinkveld, M.D.

There is in the southern part of Iraq a group of people called the Marsh Arabs that number many thousands. They have over several hundreds of years taken on a distinctive cultural pattern which sets them off from the Arab of the city, the Bedouin of the desert, and the gardening and farming class of people.

Their life is a rugged one, centered about water in the marshes or along rivers. They tend their water buffaloes, cut and sell reeds, make and sell mats, and carry on restricted agriculture in some regions. They depend upon people in towns and cities for their boats called *taradas* or *meshhoofs*. The same is true of all their other needs. They make almost nothing for themselves except their simple mat and reed houses and the milk products from their animals. A simple bread made from rice flour, and fish and milk products with tea make up their standard diet. Rice is stored in large cylinders made of mud and allowed to dry in the sun.

Modern changes have affected these people little. Some sheikhs among them have electricity which is obtained from a generator attached to the engine which runs the irrigation pumps. In other areas all of the agriculture depends upon floods and simple hand irrigation; nothing as modern as electricity is found. Many of the Marsh Arabs have learned to use kerosene in either lanterns or lamps.

The past few years have seen a tremendous change for many of them because of economic pressures. During the early winter of 1954 Southern Iraq had more rain in one month than usually occurs in two years. Following this there was almost no rain for the remainder of the winter. This led to crop failure and thousands and thousands of

the people of the marshes fled to Basrah and Baghdad to seek day work. There they continue to live much as they had before, only their work had changed.

The modern Marsh Arab constitutes a very real problem in strategy and approach for the missionary. One half of the year the marshes are filled with insects and the hot stench of a tropical summer. For two or three months at mid-day the temperatures within a closed house in a city are between 90 and 100 degrees. In the city electricity and

fans are available. In the marshes the temperatures would be fifteen to thirty degrees hotter than in the city. In many places travel is possible only by boat. No good housing is available and sanitary facilities are unheard of. There is also a problem of language. The Marsh Arabs have taken on a fixed variation of the Arabic language. This can be learned in a few years by people living in the cities who regularly meet the people who have moved to them.

The problem of reaching these people with the Gospel has been a challenging one for many years. Years ago it was met by the Mission through the purchase of a launch. In this the missionaries with nationals to assist them were able to get among the people, make friends with them, tell them of Christ, administer simple medicines, and sell or give out Scripture portions to those who could read. The depression of the late 20's brought financial pressure upon the Mission that made it necessary to stop this work.

Since then a few visits have been made here and there but no continuous program of missionary approach to the large group of Marsh Arabs has been carried out by the Arabian Mission. Weekly touring was done for six months this past year to a farming group forty miles above Amarah. This was done by car. A group of four or five went taking large quantities of medicines along. From 70 to 100 people were treated weekly. Boys from the hospital staff went on other days to give injections to be given more than once weekly for various

tropical diseases. From the experience of these tours many things were learned. Friends can be made, disorder must be accepted, the Gospel can be preached. It was also learned that such work is very expensive missionary work. It involves expensive transportation by car or boat. It involves giving out costly medicines. It involves taking along a trained staff. It involves carting expensive equipment for diagnosing tropical diseases. It also involves a rigid discipline that can be tolerated for a short time only.

When touring is not done, what are the Gospel contacts with the Marsh Arabs? A continuous stream of them come to the hospital. They are seen both in the clinic and in the inpatient department. Although a hospital is a strange place to them, most of them soon lose their fears and accept with thanks the care that we are able to give them. We are helped much by our staff who in some cases come from the same background as these people. They are able to make them feel at home with us. Without these Iraqi nurses our work would be very difficult

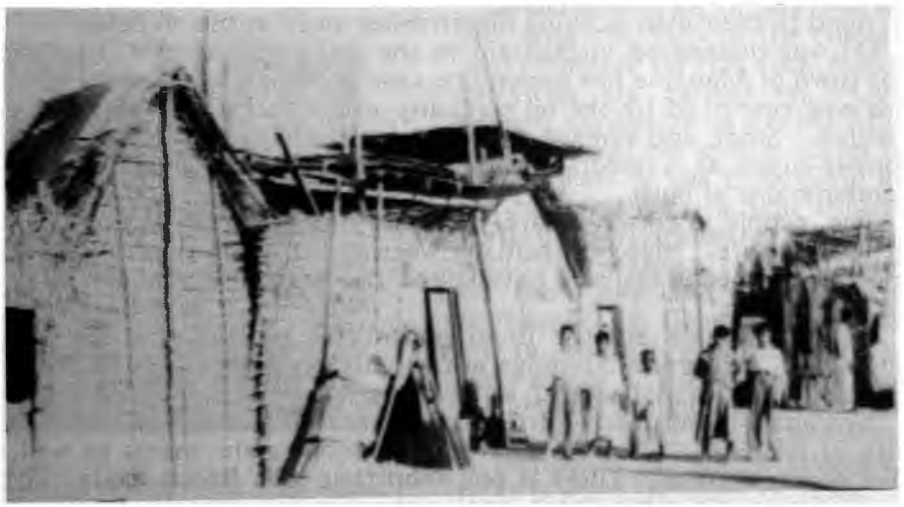
The modern Marsh Arab has in recent years been thoroughly studied by people from England and Germany. One of these provided the pictures that accompany this article. It has been the privilege of the members of the Mission to get to know these people and share their observations. As more is learned of them, there is an increasing sense of burden towards them. The beginning of the missionary experience centers around a God-motivated concern for the souls of others. It is the missionaries' desire that all men including the Marsh Arabs of Southern Iraq be brought to a true experiential knowledge of God through Christ.

The pictures are gifts from Mr. W. Thesiger, British explorer, who has spent several winters in Oman and Iraq and has spoken and written on the peoples of both regions. He is known by many members of the Arabian Mission. His speech over the British Broadcasting Company on the Marsh Arabs has been translated into Arabic by a friend of the Mission in Amarah.

Bahrain

IDA PATERSON STORM

When Dr. Samuel Zwemer came to Bahrain in 1892 he disembarked in the small village of Manama, which means the place of sleeping. The people were very poor and were employed for the most part as pearl divers and fishermen. Some worked in the date gardens and received a small pittance for the day's work. Their houses were made of date sticks woven together with the palm leaves and the roofs were covered with matting also woven from the leaves of the palm



trees. There are still today great sections of the town made up of these flimsy, though quite comfortable houses.

Because they provide fire hazards resulting in fires that take many lives each year and destroy much property, the government has issued a

Street scene in Bahrain

law forbidding their erection. On the other hand, these small huts are cheap, airy, and remarkably cool in summer. In winter a charcoal brazier keeps them comfortably warm. Each house may have a small courtyard, or a group of relatives and friends may build a series of rooms around the courtyard. This arrangement affords privacy and protection to the women, and their protection gives comparative peace of mind to their men working fifteen miles away in the oil fields.

Oil was discovered in Bahrain in the early thirties and since then the town of Manama has undergone vast changes. Most of the people are now employed by the oil company where the wages have at least trebled. Stone and cement are replacing the date sticks and mud of former years as a media for building. Sometimes there are weird combinations of both.

The people themselves are noticeably different in dress and in general culture. Many of them are wearing European dress and indeed most of the men in Bahrain have left off the Arab gown and are wearing foreign clothes.

Very noticeable are the improvements in the business section of the city. Tall stone buildings are rapidly replacing the former dark holes in the wall that used to serve as shops.

Nowadays almost any sort of merchandise can be procured in the city of Manama. There are large automobile show rooms as well as fine grocery stores. There is one shop that sells frozen foods! There are innumerable cloth shops and in the last few months ready-made

clothes are available. Modern furniture, refrigerators, radios, the inevitable Singer sewing machine, china and glassware, and modern electrical appliances are to be found in the bazaar. With all these new utilities have come service and repair shops—for cars, plumbing, electric fixtures, and clocks and watches, to name a few.

In contrast to the former muddy, dirty streets the city now actually boasts of a sanitation service that collects refuse and makes at least a brave show of keeping the streets clean. Most of the main streets are now paved.

Bahrain remains essentially a shipping center and Arab dhows, ocean-going steamers, and tankers enliven the shores and docks. Although the harbor itself is not a particularly good one, its disadvantages have been largely overcome by the building of enormous piers and the dredging of a channel.

In the early days of the Mission there was no church building. The believers gathered in one room of the mission house. By and by this room became too small and in 1906 a church was built. The upper story is used as the church proper while the ground floor contains rooms for the girls' school. The clock tower of the church is an important landmark to the Arabs in Manama and even the people in the outlying villages know the Mission hospital by the name *Abu Saa'*, Father of the Clock.

The inside of the church is simple and plain, yet pleasant and conducive to worship. Here the Word is preached every Sunday morning in Arabic, and to a packed house every Sunday evening in English. This latter service is attended largely by English-speaking Indians as well as by people from the oil company. Many kinds of people make up the morning congregation. There are Arab Muslims who are patients in the hospital or their friends, invited to attend church by the pastor, the colporteur, or the doctor. Women attend, too, and sit demurely on one side. There are also some Indians who have acquired enough Arabic to understand the sermon

Mufeed talking with Arabs in the market place

Under the aegis of the church and with the help of the colporteur employed for this work, many activities are carried on. Our present colporteur is named Mufeed. One of his special duties is to take care of the Bible Shop in the bazaar where he sells Bibles, Scripture portions and other books about Christianity. Here inquirers meet him and discuss their problems. On Thursday he goes off to *Suq El Khamis* (market place of the fifth day) and, gathering a group around him, expounds the Word of God. If his audience is composed of simple villagers, he tells them the story of Jesus.

Groups of women meet several

times a week where they are given instruction in the Bible, are told Bible stories and enjoy fellowship with each other. Not least among the church's activities are the picnics when men and women of all types have fun and fellowship, to say nothing of a good meal. Here eager hands dip into the rice dishes, pour delicious Arab stew over steaming rice and meat, then sit back happily to consume the whole while the sun sinks in a red glow beyond the border of Saudi Arabia, twenty-five miles away. The group usually consists of Arab, Indian, British (Royal Air Force personnel), American—black, white and brown together.

Khaliel sweeps the yard and with his willing spirit and fund of good humor he keeps everyone happy

One of the strongest evangelistic agencies in the Mission is the orphanage which just grew, as it were, from one lone little castaway to a large family of fourteen or fifteen children. Mrs. Van Peursem organized them into an orphanage, and date stick buildings were erected to house the babies who were placed under Um Miriam's motherly care. Later stone buildings were built and the orphanage was named *Beit Saed*, meaning house of happiness.

As the years went by the group grew in age and in number, and Um Miriam grew less able to cope with the situation. Now Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Dekker are in charge. The children help with the household chores before and after school hours. Um Miriam's daughter Miriam does the cooking and everyone helps with the washing and ironing. There is ample time for play, however, and the children go off for a swim in one of the pools in the date gardens and have frequent picnics under the palm trees.

Aboud, one of the older group of children, is now married and has two adorable children, a boy and a girl. In spite of his blindness Aboud is a hard worker and a superb business man. He now owns his own

home and has lately built another house which he rents to Christians. He has shown fine leadership among the young people and was recently sent as Bahrain's representative to a youth conference in Basrah.

Another one of the older boys who has turned out exceptionally well is Saed. Dr. Bosch, in his 1956 report of his work in Matrah where Saed is now employed writes, "Saed bin Saed, from the House of Happiness, Bahrain, has been with us for most of the year. He is a shining light. Anyone who has had anything to do with his upbringing can rejoice over the effort put into this boy. He loves the hospital

Aboud is shown caning a chair

and the patients. He works hard and loves it. His spoken Christian witness is a real inspiration. He has won the respect of all the older men in the hospital and is also a leader among the younger group. Each time he takes the clinic prayers, I wonder if the Arabian Mission should not put more effort into schools and orphanages."

In the Arabian Mission medical work has always been an opening wedge to evangelistic opportunities. Mason Memorial Hospital was built in 1902 through the generosity of the Mason family of New York. It was built of native stone and is a lovely, well proportioned building. It has served the community well for fifty-four years and for a long time was the only hospital in this part of the Gulf. In the beginning it was purely Arab without trained staff and with patients' families cooking and caring for them. Thus the hospital was never a foreign institution but followed the Arab way of life. Gradually changes have been introduced—spring beds, sheets, no cooking, and only one member of

Mason Memorial Hospital in Bahrain

the family allowed to remain with the patient. The hospital has undergone major repairs from time to time, and now in 1956 we are told that the building must be replaced in the very near future.

After several winters of excessive rainfall, most of the trees and shrubs in the hospital compound have died. There is practically no drainage in Manama and the water lay on the ground for months. This year an effort has been made to change the entire compound, to raise the land and thus avoid the possibility of flooding, and to replace

The colporteur conducting a service for the men patients who are waiting to see the doctor

Men patients in one of the wards of the Mason Memorial Hospital

all the dead shrubs and trees. It will take some years to restore the compound to the former luxuriance of flower and color. We have also made a circle in the center and after some difficulty have trained the taxi drivers to stay on the drive.

After prayers with the staff in the morning, the doctors and nurses make rounds. In spring and summer the patients' beds are moved out on the cool verandas. The ambulatory patients often make rounds, too, and even offer gratuitous advice, or tattle on a patient who does not obey orders. While rounds are being made, Mufeed, the colporteur, goes to the clinic and there conducts a service for those waiting for treatment.

The wards are large and airy, and usually full of patients. There is much cheerful chatter going on as well as forbidden coffee drinking

Women waiting to see the doctor listen to the evangelistic message

and even some illicit smoking. There are always many visitors for the Arab refuses to be denied his friends and relatives. He also demands his children who scamper around happily between the rows of beds. Fortunately the Arab never objects to noise and confusion.

The operating room is a busy place every afternoon except Friday and Sunday. Since surgery is the heaviest part of the hospital work, two operating rooms are necessary. Here the Indian doctor proves valuable as an assistant and does a great deal of both major and minor surgery by himself.

Ruthie at work in the women's hospital, Bahrain

Most of the evenings are spent in making outcalls. These visits to Arab homes constitute fine opportunities for Christian witness.

The women's hospital was built in 1924 and since its inception has been a source of comfort and blessing to the women and children of Bahrain. In 1950 an annex was added to include delivery rooms, private rooms and one air-conditioned room. In spite of the high fee asked for the latter, there is always a waiting list. In the clinic usually one of the women from the evangelistic department conducts prayers for those waiting to see the doctor.

Pleasant, capable, Indian nurses, trained for the most part in India in our Arcot Mission area, do the bulk of the nursing and have charge of the floors, operating, and delivery rooms. There are always many babies in the hospital, sweet and fair skinned, often, with lovely dark curls. The Arab women enjoy coming to the hospital to have their babies. Here for perhaps the first time in their lives they are waited on and get a ten day rest. Few of them would wish to shorten their period of hospitalization. Their friends enjoy visiting them and seize with pleasure the opportunity to leave home and see new places as well as new faces.

Among those working in the hospitals was Ruthie from our own orphanage. So well did she apply herself to her work and to learning some of the basic principles of nursing that she was sent to a mission school in Tripoli, Lebanon, to train for three years. At the end of this period we hope that she will return to the women's hospital and take a major part in superintending the running of the hospital. Ruthie is the first Christian girl to be sent away for a formal nurses' training course.

The hospitals take great satisfaction in the possession of a new X-ray machine given by friends in America and installed in 1955. This X-ray serves both the men's and the women's hospitals. Now one wonders just how the hospitals ran for so many years with only a minimum of laboratory work done. Since we have a full time missionary assisted by a trained technician and several helpers, the laboratory has become a busy place and a real asset to the hospital.

Fatima at the sewing machine

Not least in importance is Fatima who takes the wreckage made by the dhobie (washman) and fashions it back into sheets, bed jackets and towels.

The Bahrain girls' school was started by Mrs. L. P. Dame in 1922 when she gathered four or five little girls into her own living room and began to teach them, thus inaugurating one of the Mission's most successful pieces of work. Later a house was rented in the bazaar, and finally the girls were given the lower half of the church building. Later still a barusti building was added. Today's fine edifices and large playground offer a marked contrast to the datestick construction of old. The children, too, are now clean, with combed hair and pretty, foreign dresses; only a few wear the trailing garments of the past.

There are higher grades in the school now with older girls who desire further education and who have a deeper appreciation of learning than had the little ragged children of the nineteen twenties, many of whom are the mothers of this new group. The influence of the school goes far beyond the classroom. It is seen in the clean, neat, well behaved children of the second generation. It is also seen in the homes of the graduates who formed a club that meets twice a month with a constructive program of work and play.

Girls on the playground of the girls' school in Bahrain

"So we, being many are one body in Christ, and everyone members one of another." Romans 12:5

"Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administration, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but the same Lord." I Cor. 12:4-6

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*Members of the United Mission in Iraq in which we cooperate with the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., the Evangelical and Reformed Church and the Presbyterian Church, U.S.

Personalia

The Rev. Dirk Dykstra, D.D., died suddenly on November 1, 1956, in Holland, Michigan, having retired in March, 1953. Dr. Dykstra had continued active, teaching a large Bible class in the First Reformed Church of Holland and assisting recruits in their language study and speaking in the churches in the interest of the work in Arabia. He is survived by Mrs. Dykstra, nee Harriet Coburn, to whom he was married in August, 1956.

Miss Margaret Schuppe, R.N. and **Dr. Alfred G. Pennings** were married in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, on October 20, 1956. Dr. and Mrs. Pennings are now studying at the Kennedy School of Missions in Hartford, Connecticut. They received their appointment at the October meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions. Mrs. Pennings served a short term in Bahrain. Dr. Pennings is the son of the Rev. G. J. Pennings, D.D. and the late Mrs. Pennings, who served for so many years as members of the Arabian Mission.

Miss Nancy A. Nienhuis and **Dr. and Mrs. Bernard L. Draper** sailed through the Suez Canal shortly before it was closed by the invasion of Egypt by Israel, England and France. Shortly after arrival in November in Basrah, where they are engaged in language study, Dr. Draper was informed of the sudden death of his father in Illinois.

At the annual meeting of the Mission in Basrah in October, **Mr. Gosselink** was re-elected secretary, **Mr. Staal** was made treasurer, with **Mr. De Jong** acting as assistant treasurer.

Second year language requirements have been fulfilled by **Miss Lavina Hoogeveen** and the **Rev. and Mrs. James Dunham.**

Mrs. G. E. De Jong has been largely responsible for the preparation of the tape-recorded Arabic lessons for language students, also a series of colloquial lessons which are being printed.

The Misses Cornelia Dalenberg and **Rachel Jackson** sailed February 27 for Muscat, where they will serve in the medical and educational program. **Miss Allene Schmalzriedt** has also been assigned to medical work in Muscat until mid-1957 when she will return to Amarah.

Mr. De Jong and **Mr. Luidens** have been appointed by the Arabian Mission, and **Mr. Cochran** and **Mr. Davenport** by the United Mission in Iraq, as members of the Committee on Cooperation of the two missions.

At the annual meeting of the Mission in October, a resolution was adopted congratulating **Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Thoms** upon the completion of twenty-five years of service in the Mission.

(Over)

Ted Alan Dekker, son of the **Rev. and Mrs. Wilbur G. Dekker**, was born August 10, 1956. **Heather Alison Begg** was born to **Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Begg** on November 3, 1956 at Awali, when Mrs. Begg, with Mrs. Voss and Mrs. Dekker and their children, was evacuated to the oil camp during the disturbances occasioned by the Suez crisis.

The following members of the Mission will be coming home on furlough in 1957: **Rev. and Mrs. E. M. Luidens; Rev. and Mrs. Jay R. Kapenga; Rev. and Mrs. W. G. Dekker; Dr. and Mrs. Donald Bosch; Dr. Mary B. Allison.**

Miss Jeannette Veldman, now home on furlough, is to be in charge of the nurses' training program in Bahrain upon her return to the field in 1957.

At the request of the Joint Committee on Missionary Education of the Division of Foreign Missions of the National Council of Churches, **Mrs. P. W. Harrison** has written a biography of **Dr. Paul W. Harrison.** This volume is to be used interdenominationally in 1958-9 when the Near East will be the subject of study.

Miss Cornelia Dalenberg, R.N., attended the Annual Assembly of the Division of Foreign Missions of the National Council at Buck Hill Falls in November

Dr. W. Harold Storm is taking special courses in New York City which will benefit him greatly in his work as a doctor in Arabia.

The mother of **Mrs. Elinor Heusinkveld** died September 26 in St. Paul, Minnesota.

At the annual meeting **Miss Madeline A. Holmes** was transferred to Bahrain where she will engage in language study until Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur G. Dekker take furlough, when Miss Holmes will be in charge of the orphanage.

Miss Emily Vinstra, R.N., studying in the Kennedy School of Missions, announced her engagement in January and resigned as an appointee for service in the Mission.

Rev. George Gosselink was the fraternal delegate to the United Mission in Iraq in annual meeting in Baghdad in December.

Mrs. John Van Ess, emeritus, is engaged in writing a history of the last quarter century of the Arabian Mission.

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