

Brazil News



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Editorial

Democracy in Brazil

Democracy has never worked in Brazil. Lots of reasons can be given, but rather than trample around in the underbrush of reasons, let's face facts. Democracy hasn't worked in Brazil for the same reason communism hasn't worked in the Soviet Union (or any other place for that matter).

True democracy is a government of the people, by the people and for the people. Communism is a government of the elite, by the elite and for the elite. So is Brazilian democracy.

Basically, Brazilian politics are dominated by regional oligarchies. These are traditional families whose political roots can be traced for generations. To topple such a deeply rooted tree is next to impossible.

These families compose the Brazilian elite. Not all of them are directly involved in politics. Many of them are industrialists and other wealthy individuals who apparently maintain considerable distance from mainstream politics. However, in reality these backstage actors frequently have a more important role in the play than the onstage actors. Money talks many times in a whisper. But what a whisper.

In Brazil, and I suspect in a lot of other so-called democratic countries, democracy is not a heart matter to those in power. It is regarded as the best band wagon to be on to maintain the status quo. To have a constitution vaguely patterned after the American Magna Charta and have a government consisting of executive, judicial, and legislative powers, make for good foreign relations (\$\$) and are excellent stage props domestically.

Basically what we have here in Brazil is an oligarchy disguised as democracy. (For those who don't use a dictionary: Oligarchy 1. government by the few 2. a government in which a small group exercises control especially for corrupt and selfish purposes. Webster).

To make a government like this work is an art modern art not to be understood by a normal person. Let's note just a few of the requirements:

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1. Control of the media, especially television (the working class in Brazil watches TV but doesn't read a daily). Men are placed or kept in power by the image seen on the flickering screen. This control is acquired by purchasing principal TV stations.

2. Control of funds that the central government disperses to municipalities. Politicians tacitly point out that to vote against the dominating party will mean no federal funds for anything. So it's better to vote for a no-good and get something than to vote for a good guy and get nothing.

3. Control of big business. I said a little bit ago that big business controls government. Sounds like a contradiction. It isn't though. When you pay someone off to obtain a favor, you become his slave. So it is, when big business and government play ball, the benefits are bilateral. Each one is indebted to the other. In the end neither can bring the other to his knees.

This system of government spawns corruption, thrives on corruption and survives on corruption. And yet, for survival purposes, it is democratic enough to get by with it both at home and abroad. For a while at least.

That is the Brazilian government at its worst. In all fairness it should be said that by no means are these politicians totally insensitive to the needs of their constituents. In a typically latin paradox, they can be amazingly warm, likeable and compassionate. We Mennonites in Brazil have been treated extremely well by officials. Obviously, not everything is done the way we would like to see it done. Even so most of our farmers have probably made considerable more money here than they would have in North America in a similar length of time. Our religion is admired and respected by most. Although politicians are by no means symbols of honesty, they certainly do appreciate seeing it in others. We can't complain.

That is, we shouldn't complain.

Now, looking to the future. Will the Brazilian government continue to operate like this indefinitely? Some months ago I would have been tempted to shrug my shoulders and say, "Who knows?"

However, with recent happenings in the Soviet Union, together with new winds that are blowing in Brazil, it is possible to at least make some predictions.

After a thousand years of autocratic rule, 74 years of which in the guise of communist dictatorship, the Russian people, inspired by a controversial and exuberantly flamboyant leader, suddenly took to the streets by the tens of thousands and said, "Enough!" Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, the Nobel prizewinning Russian writer in exile, laments the passivity of his people. He believes that the communist takeover could easily have been deterred by popular resistance. But instead, the masses stood silent, quaking in fright, as they saw father, son, brother, uncle or neighbor hauled away, never to be seen again. This scene repeated itself literally millions of times. Was this a visual confirmation of the adage that says that each people gets the government it deserves?

Yet the day came that the Russian people stood up to the tanks and said, "Enough!" And the tanks backed off. When the dust settled, little seedlings of democracy could be seen sprouting over the entire Soviet Union.

Something definitely is stirring in Brazil. For 490 years the few have dominated the

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many. It has been a calculated domination. Rigid enough to remain in power, but loose enough to not provoke a revolution. This has gendered a people somewhat akin to the Russians with one basic difference. The Russian learned to keep his mouth shut, to not trust anyone. The Brazilian vents his frustrations by lambasting past, present and future politicians. Nor has he lost hope. Not quite.

President Collor won the last presidential election by posing as a caçador de marajás. A caçador is a hunter. A marajá, in this case, is a government suckling that makes tens of thousands of dollars a month by holding down three or four federal or state jobs, yet without ever doing a day's work. Collor made it into the presidency promising to hunt all these marajás down and put them in jail. In fact, he announced publicly that his predecessor, President Sarney, would also spend some time in a cell.

Now, a year and a half later, Collor and Sarney are friends. No marajás have gone to jail. But so what? People didn't really expect this would happen. They just luxuriated for a while in a pleasant hope.

What has gone wrong with President Collor? Lack of intelligence? No. Very intelligent and capable. Lack of good ideas? No. His program is exactly what Brazil needs. Lack of character? It appears so. His ideas outweigh his character.

Right now he is embroiled in what could very well prove to be a fatal scandal, politically speaking. He appointed his wife, Rosane, as head of the LBA (Legião Brasileira de Assistência), a philanthropic organization with approximately a half a billion dollars to be distributed annually to the needy. Some of the needy, it turned out, were her immediate family, who received huge sums to distribute water to the needy in the dry Northeast. Some of them apparently didn't even go to the bother of purchasing a rickety truck to put on a front of distributing water. They simply pocketed the money on the basis of "I need the money."

This scandal has been making headlines for several weeks already. At a time of national crisis, it obviously puts President Collor in a very awkward situation to reach any kind of a consensus with congress.

Right now his strategy is to get congress to amend a number of the articles in our constitution. He claims and very rightfully so that Brazil is ungovernable in its present constitutional setup. Among other things, he would like to open the market to foreign capital, sell off state owned industry (which includes energy, telecommunications, steel production, to name just a few), close loopholes in income tax laws, strike the article that makes it possible to retire after working 35 years (It isn't unusual to see someone in his early 50s retired).

Will he get what he is asking for? Against him we have: a. He is trying to slaughter a sacred cow. b. He has never gone out of his way to create good relations with congress. c. His popular support is very low. In his favor: a. The great majority knows that his proposals are good and necessary. b. Unless something is done very quickly, the wheels of government will grind to a halt. c. People are demanding a change and will end up supporting him (maybe even pardon his wife), if he shows a real display of character.

Keep tuned in. Brazil is at a crossroads. It has two options: Face facts and make the necessary changes. Or be relegated to third-world status for many years to come.

When you pray for the rulers of the nations, remember Brazil. ▲

Brazilian Schools

We say that the school system has a strong influence on the nation. Really, the inverse is true. Look at the school system and you will get a good idea of what is going on in the nation.

Japan isn't rapidly dominating the world economical scene because it has outstanding schools. It has outstanding schools because without them it would be impossible to reach the goals they have set for themselves.

Thus, if schools are an indicator of where nations are headed, the future of the US certainly isn't the brightest. At least not from what I have heard. The Church of God, on the other hand, has developed a school system that attests to Godly wisdom. Its function in the preservation of God's kingdom on earth is stronger than most of us realize.

What do Brazilian schools tell us about Brazil? What is written here is based on observations made over the last 22 years, as well as on a conversation I had with Adriana Guerra Penha (Dr. Vicente Guerra's daughter, whom we have known since she was a little girl). She had all her schooling in Rio Verde, including four years of college where she got her teaching degree. At present she has her own school where 180 Brazilian children and adults study English.

It is possible for children 2-3 years of age to begin school in what is known as maternal. Obviously, this would be an option used principally by professional working mothers.

Next comes the jardim de infância, or kindergarten, which includes children in the 4-5 year bracket.

The pré-primário, technically an introduction to first grade, is actually what first grade used to be. The 6 year olds who study here learn to read and pick up other basic skills that were learned in first grade.

Now comes grade school, which is an 8-year course. Except for in the most rudimentary rural schools, the multiple grade classroom was never used here. The reason for this is cultural.

As I have shown before, Portuguese are not born farmers. By nature they are city dwellers. Thus it follows that Brazilians of Portuguese descent are also city dwellers at heart. This means that when a young man gets married, he and his wife will sometimes move to the farm. They both live there until their first child is of school age. Then the mother moves back to town. The father becomes sort of a man without a country, shuttling back and forth between the farm and the city. Their children are raised in town and other than for occasional weekend visits to the farm, they spend their time in the city perpetuating this vicious circle.

The very, very few rural schools that exist are intended to give the hired men's children a symbolic opportunity to get an education. To say the least, these schools are extremely inefficient.

Since practically all children live in town, schools are crowded. The solution Brazil has found for this is quite practical. Schools are run in three, 4-hour shifts (except for the last shift, which is only 3½ hours).

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The first shift goes from 7:00 a.m. 11:00 a.m. The second from 1:00 p.m. 5:00 p.m. and the third from 7:00 p.m. 10:30 p.m.

To understand how a full curriculum can be pressed into four hours, it is necessary to understand a bit how these schools operate. To the foreigner it looks confusing. The fact is, however, that a good school operating on a 4-hour shift can turn out a high quality student.

How is it done? Under the Brazilian system the emphasis is placed more on the teacher and less on the books used. The books used in our Church schools are very thorough. The teacher's manuals are so complete that practically nothing is left to the imagination. This is fabulous for our schools where teachers receive no formal training. A teacher armed with an average intelligence, a conviction to teach and a determination to make good, can be an immediate success in the classroom.

It is this exact factor that gives both teachers and board members who understand the American system an aversion to the Brazilian system. The books look so incomplete. There are so few exercises. The teacher's books seem so inadequate. Teachers complain that it's almost impossible to teach these books.

What's the problem? The problem is that you simply can't expect a teacher with an average intelligence, a conviction to teach and a determination to make good, to be an immediate success in the classroom. That's the long and the short of it. To teach Portuguese with Brazilian textbooks, the teacher should have the minimum of a good high school education. In other words, the teacher can't learn as she teaches the way our Church teachers do. Unfortunately.

Does that mean that the American system is superior. Yes and no. Yes, because of a new teacher being able to teach her way into being a teacher. No, because with a prepared teacher, the results are as good and in some cases better than in the American (don't confuse with Church) system.

For our Church schools to function in Portuguese, something will have to be done to prepare teachers. Until this is done, we will limp along.

OK, back to Brazilian schools. How do the teachers transmit knowledge to the student? First of all, they are absolute masters at using the chalkboard. The student is expected to copy down into a special notebook what the teacher writes on the board. In fact, Brazilian notebooks come with color coded sections for math, language, social studies, etc. Especially in high school and college, it is possible to go all the way through without ever buying a text book. What it amounts to, is that the student makes his own textbook. When you see Brazilians cramming for a test, they aren't studying out of a textbook, but rather out of their notebook. That's a lot of work. You better believe it. But it works. Frankly, I believe we could use just a bit more of this method. I have seen Brazilians and I'm not talking of some big shot that can talk about the US, what the different regions produce, where industry is located, and you name it, as though they had lived there all their life. You ask them how much time they have spent in the States and find out they have never been there. They flat put us to shame.

Since Brazilian children spend only four hours a day in school, they are expected to

do homework. One tremendous side benefit of all the copying Brazilians do is some of the most beautiful handwriting in the world.

What is the difference between Brazilian and American schools? In America knowledge is transmitted from the book to the student. In Brazil knowledge is transmitted from the teacher to the student.

Both methods work. It's just that for our type of schools, the American method is more functional.

After eight years of grade school (actually nine if you figure the pré-primário), then comes high school. There are both two and three year courses. Unlike its American counterpart, high school here normally is a type of trade school. There are high schools specialized in pedagogy (the art of teaching), accounting, topography, mechanics, shop work, etc. These too are run on a three shift basis.

Next comes college well, for a few. For the majority, next it is what we call cursinho (a little course). To get into college or university here it is necessary to take an entrance exam known as vestibular. Since there are normally far more candidates than openings the excess is screened out by rigid entrance exams. A few very intelligent students are able to make it through these exams without taking the cursinho, but for the majority it means a year, and maybe two or three years, of cursinhos to finally make it into college. This is especially true in medicine, dentistry, engineering, etc. Cursinhos are administered by specialized private schools.

A bachelors degree is usually acquired in four years. A doctor spends six years in medical school before doing his internship. In almost all cases, this is followed by several more years of specialized training.

Back to our original thought that schools are an indicator as to where a nation is headed, where does that leave Brazil? If you look at government schools, the future looks bleak. If you look at private schools, things look good. Even in Rio Verde, we have some very good private schools, where most middle class Brazilians send their children.

Why are private schools more successful? They pay their teachers better wages and consequently end up with the cream.

President Collor is in the process of implanting a new type of government school that is supposed to be tops. More on that once we see some results. ▲

Bricks & Laser Printers

I didn't begin publishing Brazil News because of having spare time on my hands. The translation/publication work that Faith and I do is a bit more than a full time job. While it is a very gratifying work that we both enjoy immensely, I felt like someplace there should be a little time for a personal project. Brazil News fit in perfectly for several reasons.

With the money that came in through subscriptions sold, I was able to buy a PC

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386SX called a Brick. It is a new concept in computing in which a desktop computer has been reduced to the size of a Martyrs Mirror.

The original idea was to use it for my little bulletin and wherever needed in the translation work, that is, where our PC wasn't up to certain programs we needed to run. Also, it would be a stand-by unit in case anything went wrong with our basic unit. Since then the Brazilian Publication Board has received a grant from the Incorporation Board to purchase a new computer for the work. So the Brick will be used mainly for my personal work instead of as originally planned. Needless to say, even with the computer that the Publication Board here is purchasing, the Brick will still be on stand-by.

Anyway, the Brick was purchased in the US and needed to be brought in. That brings us to customs. But before I tell you how the Brick came through customs, let me quote from a letter I wrote Dale Koehn some time ago telling how the HP LaserJet Series II laser printer bought for the work here came through customs:

It happens that Brazil, in an effort to get its own computer industry on its feet, has become extremely protective, overly sensitive to anything that is imported. Even so a large share of the computers used here are imported illegally through Paraguay.

Anyway, we figured that by being willing to pay 130% duty, everything would be OK. But it wasn't. The first time things went quite well when we imported some small items. We paid around 50% duty and got our goods released. But the second time....

(Dale, you told someone that I enjoy working out this kind of thing. Really that is true, but this time I got more than I bargained for.)

The second time was the laser printer and some software. Instead of becoming a problem that could be solved in customs, the ministry in Brasília was involved. And of all the ministries in the entire country of Brazil, we became involved with the one that is most feared. It is actually a combination of the Ministério de Indústria e Comércio, the Polícia Federal, and the Receita Federal.

Our first contact with them was by phone. It was sort of like talking to an alligator that's not on a leash. I soon hung up to keep from getting my head snapped off.

Our next step was to work through our local mayor, an influential politician who has been a Deputado Federal (federal congressman). He and his men did their best, but soon they too realized that we were really up against something bigger than they had imagined.

I got Mark Loewen to help me. He began to make contact in the mayor's office too. One day it appeared our prayers were answered. He was talking with the people in the office, when all of a sudden one of them said, "Say, we've got a man here today that you need to talk to." Of all strange coincidences, it was a fellow by the name of Luís Becker! He was a fellow that knew all the ins and outs of Federal Government. In a short time he had figured out who we should talk to in Brasília.

Everything would indicate that he did some footwork before we got to Brasília. Mark and I went to the ministry. There were guards everywhere. We headed right into the hornet's nest. We asked for the man whom Luís had indicated. He soon

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came out to see us. I simply laid the cards on the table. I told him it appeared we were contrabandistas by what was going on. The man took it in good humor, saying that contrabandistas estrangeiros were really bad.

Anyway, we had a most cordial visit. Seeing that it was for Church use, he said he would send a telex to São Paulo customs and ask them to release the things for us - subject to our paying 130% tax, of course. He asked that we call him in a week or so.

The first time nothing had been decided. The next time the man wasn't in, but his secretary said that everything had been liberated. She gave us the telex number of the message that was sent to São Paulo. I was on cloud nine.

Mark and I jumped a sleeper bus and headed to São Paulo. We went directly to the airport to customs. We explained our mission and gave the man the telex number. He excused himself and went into the back room. Several minutes later he came out and poker-faced, handed us a photocopy of the telex.

As the famous trial lawyer, F. Lee Bailey would say, "Read and weep." There it was in black and white. "The SEI [organ we were dealing with] does not liberate objects retained in customs." (The word not was underlined in the original telex.) We read and reread the telex. Very few times have I ever felt that let down in my life.

We did some checking with import/export officials and found out that in a case as ours, when the object is brought in without previous authorization, there is but one law: It goes to public auction. We talked to the people from the company that buys a lot of the colony soybeans for export. They wanted to help us, but said that frankly it was hopeless. We asked about the possibility of at least getting the things released and have them returned to the USA. They said that even this was the same as impossible.

Mark and I talked it over. Since his family was along, he decided to return to Rio Verde. I took a night bus to Brasília. I got there around 9:30 in the morning. I looked as all people do who travel all night. I took a taxi directly to the SEI office. I asked to talk to the gentleman who had signed the telex, who was the superior of the other man we talked to.

He came out to the waiting room where I was. He is a Japanese. I explained what had happened. He looked at me and asked somewhat incredulously, "You mean you went all the way to São Paulo?"

I told him that was what had happened, but he shouldn't worry about it. All I wanted to know was if there was a misunderstanding, or if we were really on a dead-end street. He very frankly told me that our kind of deal has no solution. They simply don't liberate objects that were brought in without previous authorization.

Suddenly he said, "Come to my office."

We went. There we had a very nice conversation that went into a lot of other areas. We discussed the history of the colony, literature work, etc. Finally he said again, "We don't liberate this type of deal, but let me talk to my superior." He excused himself.

After fifteen minutes or so, he came back and asked again, "You mean you went all the way to São Paulo thinking you would get the things?"

"Yes", I told him.

“Well”, he said, “I have discussed this matter with my superior and we are going to give you exceptional treatment. I am going to liberate the objects.” He reached for a note pad and made a rough draft of the telex to be sent to São Paulo.

Several days later Mark and I took the bus again. This time doors simply swung open in front of us in customs. We had expected to spend a number of days there getting everything done. That same evening we caught the bus back with all the equipment in our possession. We paid the 130% duty. Officials were kind enough to even give us a US\$600.00 deduction.

One thing became very apparent. If we hadn't been given the false information (something for which I still can't account), and then gone back to Brasília, our things would never have been released. The Japanese was enough of a gentleman to realize that we had been given a very bad turn. Apparently the Lord whispered to him that maybe we had suffered enough. Anyway, everything worked out OK.

There, Dale. I told you I would write an epistle someday about what happened. I might add that I feel I am prime candidate for a PhD in the science of how not to import computer parts into Brazil. ▲

So ends the letter.

Fortunately, importing the Brick is a much more pleasant story. When Daniel Kramer decided to go to the States, I asked him if he would be willing to bring it in for me. He immediately said he would be glad to do so.

Since then our import laws have been relaxed considerably, so I explained what he should expect and sent along a sample of the literature work we do here. I told him to do in customs whatever seemed to be the open door.

I expected to pay US\$900 duty, so that is what I deposited in Daniel's Banco do Brasil account the day before he got to São Paulo. This is what would have to be paid after getting a US\$500 exemption that customs officials told me by phone I would get.

Would you believe that after Daniel had talked to the customs agent and showed him the work we do here, that he consulted his superior and came back saying he would give us a US\$1000 exemption? That meant I paid a little over US\$400 instead US\$900.

Once again we say, graças a Deus.

And once again we say, thank you for subscribing and making this little project possible.

Readers ask....

Can you follow your convictions in Brazil as well as in N America?

—Robert Goossen

A brother wrote me and said that when we left N America we were trying to get away from the rat race, but he heard that now we've become the rats.

That's kind of letting us have it with both barrels. To this brother I reply that what he is referring to is obviously a genetic problem. And since we brought our genes along from N America, I suggest he do a little checking in his community to see if there aren't some furry little rodents running around there too.

Moving from one place to another doesn't change our spiritual make up. It does, however, frequently bring out what we have in us. By coming to a new culture with different practices, it isn't difficult to get involved in a shady situation. The brother or sister who is keen to the Holy Spirit soon realizes what is going on and amends are made. When this keenness is lacking, it is easy to get involved in something questionable and then begin to blame the laws of the country, the corruption, the people, and you name it.

But let's face facts. You brethren in N America sometimes indicate a concern for certain trends that are developing among us here. I have no doubt but what your concerns are legitimate. You see things for which we have developed a blind spot. On the other hand, who would deny there are problems in N America? Blind spots may have developed. It is exactly these areas that create problems when brethren who are carriers of these defective spiritual genes visit foreign missions. Pity the missionaries who must answer the native's questions.

What does this tell us? It tells us that genetically we all have the same flesh to deal with. The one who would have trouble living his convictions in N America has trouble here too. And vice-versa.

What about legal problems in living our convictions? I will go into more detail on this in a future article, but in just a few words I can say that there are none. By law all Brazilians are required to vote, but by paying a symbolic fine, this can be avoided. Our constitution exempts our youth from military service. It is a rather cumbersome process, but it works. So far as the swearing of oaths, for all practical purposes that doesn't exist here.

There are those who cite corruption as a problem. It is a problem. It was for Daniel too, but he purposed in his heart to not contaminate himself. So must we. ▲

History

Brazil Is Discovered

In 1498 Vasco da Gama set sail for the Indies. In the hold of his ships were goods to be traded for spices, silk, porcelain, etc.

The trip was successful. Returning to Portugal in 1499, the traded goods were sold at a 6000% markup. This tendency for substantial markups continues to this day here in Brazil.

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Seeing that trade with the Indies promised a good return, the king of Portugal chose Pedro Alves Cabral to captain a fleet of 13 ships and approximately 1,500 men to the Far East to establish solid trade relations.

On March 9, 1500, this fleet set sail. So far everything makes sense.

What doesn't make sense, as this map indicates, is that instead of following Vasco da Gama's route to the Indies, the fleet hiked out across the Atlantic straight for what is now Brazil. On April 22, 1500 land was sighted. After going through the rituals of claiming the land for the crown, one ship returned to Portugal with the news and the remaining 12 continued on to the Far East and then finally back to Brazil.

Historians debate whether the discovery of Brazil in 1500 was intentional or happenstance. Everything indicates Brazil was actually discovered some years earlier possibly before Columbus discovered America. It is believed that for political reasons, this discovery was kept secret for some time. At the time of the discovery of America, the Tratado de Tordesilhas would have given all of Brazil to the Spanish. Once this treaty was rectified by the pope, it was in Portugal's interest to discover Brazil in a big way, which was done with the 13 ship fleet. Even now, only a small part of Brazil belonged to Portugal according to the Tratado de Tordesilhas, but it was enough to get a toehold on this new continent.

The first name given to Brazil was Vera Cruz. Shortly after it was changed to Ilha de Vera Cruz. Once again it was changed, this time to Terra de Santa Cruz. In 1503 it became Brasil because of a tree that grew along the coast known as pau brasil. ▲

Emma Burns' diary

First Days on the Fazenda

Tue June 3, 1969

We slept out. Everything was so cold. This morning everything was wet and full of dew.

Dick and his older boys went to work on the truck. The other boys went to blaze a trail to where they wanted to live.

Elizabeth, Mary, Denton and I went walking west of the waterfalls about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. We crossed a small stream. We all liked this place, so Elizabeth took off her apron and Denton tied it to a tree about where we wanted the house. It is pretty level and not many trees right here.

Wed June 4

Got up at 6:00 this morning. Dick and Denton left for town. Elizabeth and I washed our very dirty clothes down at the river. We used hot water, but had only hand soap to wash with. Even so the clothes got very clean. Frieda came and washed too.

Soon there were about six or seven men on horses with a big herd of cattle. They

drove them into the river. The water was so swift that some of the cattle could hardly stand up. A man riding a horse and blowing a big horn went ahead. When he blew the horn, it sounded like a bull. They motioned for us to get back farther so the cattle wouldn't get scared. Mary was getting dinner. One man came and asked for some coffee, but we told them we didn't have any. I don't think he believed us.

After dinner the children tried to fish. Timothy caught two. One of them was around 12 inches long. I tried to fish, but didn't have any luck. Some of the other boys caught a few small ones. We each had a little taste for supper. About all we had to cook with was manioc flour, cornmeal, a little cheese, bananas and oranges and grapefruit. We had a few fresh vegetables we got Sunday. We had no salt, sugar or baking powder. We had some eggs in the car.

Thu June 5

Most of us were cold during the night again. Dick went with his boys to blaze a trail to where they want to move. Denton staked out where he wants the shop and the girls and I took hoes and began to scrape the grass away. Then Denton fixed the crate to put Homer's, Harold's and our things in that we weren't needing right now. At one end he fixed a plywood lean-to where we could put our mattresses. It's a job to get things arranged.

We went over to the falls and loaded up the kombi. Frieda had supper ready. She invited us to stay and we gladly accepted. After supper we walked back. Crossing the stream, I scratched my knee on a limb that was sticking out.

We lit a little bit of grass at a time for light in camp. We went to bed very dirty. As I looked up at the stars, I thought how sometime we would be looking up and Jesus would be coming through the stars to get us.

Fri June 6

Everything was wet with dew this morning again. I fixed a big skillet of fried potatoes and onions for breakfast. We were so hungry. We hadn't fixed a bonfire yet, so I used our little propane burner. While I was stirring the potatoes the skillet slipped off and spilled over half in the dirt.

Around 4:00 we went to get the tent. We shot an ostrich. We cleaned it and the girls put it to cooking. We ate at around 9:00. It was very tough, but tasted good.