

Casilla 2424, Quito, Ecuador, S. Am.

Nov. 24th. 1957

Dearest Mother,

Lots of love, Mother dear, hoping you are keeping fairly, I am afraid it is quite a while, since I have written to you, time passes so fast, and I am so busy. Sorry Mother if you have waited long for a letter from me. I have just put in a new tape, and this is the first letter especially for you, but for some reason the tape does not sit properly. I do not know what is wrong. Nowadays, everything is made more and more poorly, whether the type-writers, or the tapes.

Two weeks ago, I went up to Quito to make some purchases, but was suddenly called back to Quito as three auca woman had come out to the Indians among whom we work on the Curaray, and as I had left instruction to do so, they sent word immediately to Arajuno. Betty Elliot was staying with my wife, so she rushed over immediately – I got down the next day and took my tape recorder, and these two weeks have been able to secure two full tapes (both sides) of conversation and chanting from one of these women. It is so sad that some people are so mad for credit and publicity, but Betty's name is in everything, and we who toiled the long formation of the work there are in most places just left out. However, that does not matter, we do not work for earthly credit, the Lord will put that all right when we get Home. There are lots of things wrong on the mission field that people at home would be staggered if they knew, but we just don't talk about them. The taped material will be of tremendous importance and despite a shocking show of bad spirit by the Wycliffe People, I am asking them to help us with the translation so as to get the vitally important news of the acuas that we need. Among other things, I have asked the women why they came. We can't make out whether they fled from auca killings about which the one who speaks talks about all the time, or whether as a decoy, or what!!! Another Question I asked about the killing of the five young fellows. Everything seems to trace back to the wicked chief Muipa and his cruelty. The first time I went down, I took clothing for the woman, and that replaced clothes that the local Indians had lent them. The aucas put it on immediately. Two older women of the Curaray Indians have been real mothers to these two, who seemed very scared when they first came out. At first they seemed not to understand me at all, but now that they have thawed some, they obviously understand my simple sentences and usually answer. They both have their ears bored, auca style, and their hair out like all auca woman in bangs across the forehead. One of the women is one that came out to the contact with the five fellows two years ago. For the first two nights aucas prowled around the Indian houses where the women were, but made no attempt to attack or rescue them.

Some interested parties in order to get publicity for themselves have put it round that I have been captured by the aucas and they are rescuing me, so if you hear any of that rubbish, you will know that it is all lies.

Wycliffe issued me an ultimatum that unless I stopped all further approach to the aucas till THEY told me I could go on, they would give me no further auca material!!!!!! I think they are climbing down from that position now.

I tried to take a few photos of the women but they may not do well as I had no exposure meter and had to guess the exposures. I'll get them developed as soon as possible.

Here at Arajuno, things go on very normally. Gwen holds the fort here. Last week in desperation she went out to Shell Mera as she has had a dreadfully itching rash that we could not clear up. The Dr. there did not know what it was, and gave some treatment to try. She is some bit better now. We thought it was the itch mite that we have had before but it did not clear up with the appropriate treatment.

We are looking forward to having Jimmy down with us for the Christmas holidays in about three weeks' time. Gwen may go up to Quito to get him and take the opportunity to do some shopping.

Well, Mother dear, I must stop now. Love to all the family, I do hope all are keeping well. I go down every few days for a number of days to the Curaray, and their life is very primitive and Indian style, so that I am glad to get home for a bit of rest and comfort and good food.

Lots of love, once more, Mother dear, Your loving son,

Wilfred