

[Three pages of Jim Elliot's Journal from Aug. 1955 to Nov. 1955]

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...by 8:00. We were at crater rim by 11:30. Cloudy + cold. Walked back to near Quito by 4:45 p.m. Venancio Grifa, Cesar, Abelardo, Pedro Jasiwano [?] + I were only ones to make rim. It's the best way to climb Pichincha.

Friday. Hector took boys to several ministries + monuments. I shopped.

Saturday. Aug 20. Left Quito at 7:00. Ambato 11:10. Shell 4:35. Shandia 5:10 p.m. Praise. It's a long run.

Oct. 29, 1955

First time I ever saw an Auca – 1500 ft. is a long ways if your [sic] looking out of an airplane. Nate + Ed have found 2 sites + have been visiting one + dropping gifts for about a month.

Ed and I flew to Villano with Johnny on Thursday + arrived at the H [?] Plaza around 4:30 p.m. or later. Met old Carlos Joy – 61 single toothed, lion headed and talkative. Not secure in his patronship. Treated us well. Raised a Lutheran he is a Catholic mass attender for convenience rather than conviction and is in league with the Dominicans from Puyo for the house in Hiuto [?]. He takes care of it. They built it. Indians were drunk + friendly when we arrived. Had a meeting – perhaps 40 persons Friday morning on the church benches in the plaza. As we were visiting in the afternoon a small boy – perhaps 10 years old – named Adam was pulled under evidently by a boa + drowned while swimming. The search for, recovery of, and wake [?] making over his body spoiled the afternoon meeting we planned. Indians claim a supa got him. Returned with the success of a fair relation established with Joy. The Indians there are certainly not dying to hear the gospel there. Returned to Villano by canoe 6:30-8:15 a.m. Saturday. Nate was waiting for us.

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We flew together back to Arajuno, had a little talk about tactics – flew then with the battery loud speaker + the Auca phrases I got from Dayuma last week in Ila. I repeated the phrases at the first circling of the houses at about 2,000 feet.

“llaimi punumai” – you will be given a machete

“wa’ati punum yamwi” – to exchange (for a lance?)

We saw perhaps 8 Indians scurrying about the house. One crossed the river with something on his head + seemed to flash a new machete. I did not see him return even to [sic] it looked as though he only went to the chagra. One reached into the house and returned with a lance. I took this as evidence that one had gone to get food in exchange + another to get a lance. But when we dropped the machete on the string the [sic] tore off both machete and the small basket we had tied on to receive some exchange. One went above the house flailing the piece of canvas the

machete was wrapped in. We hauled in the line (heavy work!) then dropped it again after several tries thinking they may tie something on. It dropped in the water and they cut off [sic] a section of it instead – old green line of other drops. We pulled it all the way in + set up the loud speaker again this time using the phrases

Punumai	punimupa	I like (you)
Ha	bitimiti punimupa	“ “ “
Kyanya punumai		“You will be given a pot”

At this a group raced back into the trees behind the house and one lone man walked to the beach. He cupped his hands + seemed to shout. He flashed the new machete over his head. We dropped a small aluminum pot free with ribbons. It contained a yellow shirt + beads. The man on the beach pointed to the place of the fall. Those behind the house...

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...got it and one was soon flailing the yellow shirts. As we approached the drop house two canoes some distance below it going downstream turned and went up stream hurriedly. I noticed 3 people came running up through the water and the beach at one time and a single one with a white cloth another time. Returned via the Curaray looking for possible landing beaches. Hopes not good. Decided to send for a Whittaker landing gear and plan a trip to make an airstrip when it arrives. Guide us Lord God.

Nov. 8, 1955 Tuesday

No special day, this, but reading a bit of poetry always rouses in me the old urge to “record.” This afternoon I felt strangely tired and slept an hour or more. I guess. Maybe it was the smell of cement dust in tropic noontime. Abelardo [?] + Marcano + Ascenio poured 7 of the pillars for the school building this morning and my hair is stiff just from standing about telling them how (and picking up cement in my hair).

Have been thinking about the reasons for some of the attitudes + actions of the Indians these days. I’ve often been puzzled by the fact that they do not grow food they could and do enjoy. They can’t grow a citrus tree because they won’t take time to weed it and trim it. They won’t grow rice because it takes too much effort to scare the birds off at harvest time. They won’t grow pineapple in quantity because it’s too hard to keep it from going to weeds. They are not “food growers” in the classic primitive sense. They are not long-ranged enough in their views. They cut down trees to get one season’s crop of fruit. They kill a vanilla vine to get a single pod. They cut a cinnamon tree to strip the whole bark. They...

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