

North Africa

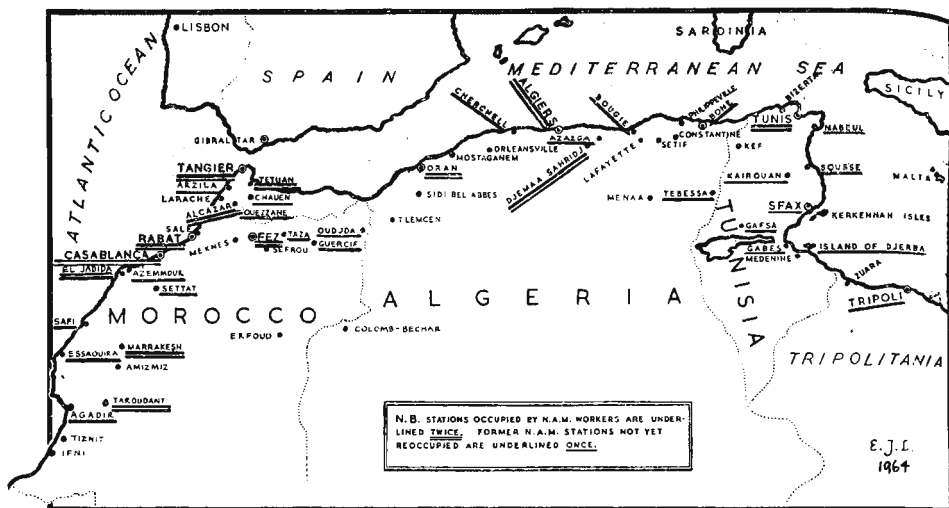


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NORTH AFRICA

SHOWING SPHERE OF OPERATIONS
OF THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION



THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION

with which is incorporated

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Algeria's Day of Opportunity

By BERNARD COLLINSON

KABYLIA'S fame as a trouble spot has again earned it a place in the news. We thank you for your prayers on our behalf. This side of Eternity, we shall never know what blessings were received, what discouragements overcome, or what dangers avoided, because you prayed. Many have written assuring us of their remembrance regularly. This gives us a real "heart-lift".

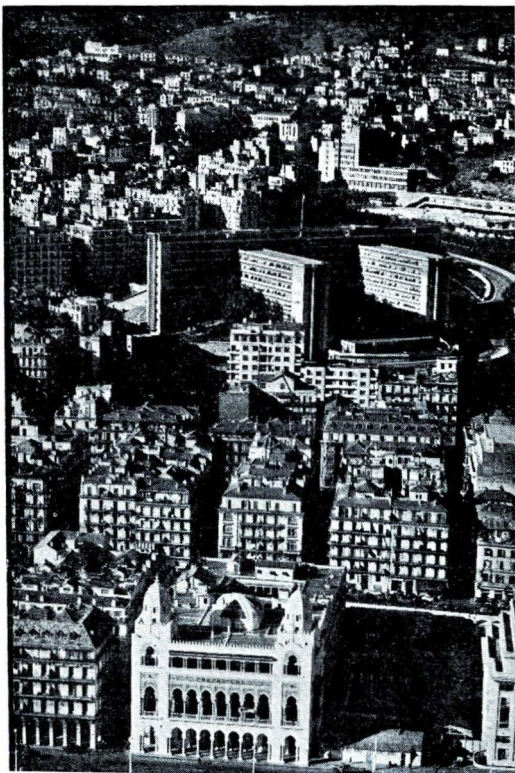
Apart from our summer ministry in boys' camp, we have been in Djemâa since last we wrote a general letter. Camps were held in Cherchell, on the coast, where sixty-five young people attended during three sessions. All agreed that it was a wonderful opportunity. Of course there was opposition to the Message, especially from a group of teen-age lads; but they too heard the Gospel regularly and understood for the first time. Some softened to quiet consideration of the Lord's claims. The inter-Mission team worked harmoniously together. All financial needs were met. The Government Inspector, who visited the Camp, seemed satisfied with all that he saw and heard.

Don't believe anyone who tells you that Algeria is closed to the Gospel! We are convinced that this is her day of opportunity . . . The Office now reports a thousand and active Bible Correspondence Course students in five hundred

widely separated communities. Many have made a written confession of faith in Christ. You will readily see that this ministry demands a well designed follow-up programme. Workers of other Missions are also participating in this. I have been out quite a bit contacting students who have completed at least one study course. Pray for these young Algerians (whose average age is below twenty), asking that the Holy Spirit will convict them of sin, and mightily reveal Christ as Saviour.

As the Lord gives increased

MODERN ALGIERS



Our Cover Picture :

VEILED WOMEN OF MOROCCO

tokens of blessing, so the Enemy increases his pressure. If he cannot get Christ's witnesses off the field, he seeks to minimise their effectiveness. Attacks on workers' health, children or property have figured among his tactics this year. In the measure in which experiences of trial have kept us broken and humble before

the Lord, we praise Him for them. But we would ask you to pray more specifically than ever that the protection of the Blood of Christ be extended over Christ's ambassadors here. Souls are being won over from Islam's citadel, and the fight is on! It will continue until Christ's coming lights the skies!

University Students at the Fez Bookshop

By BERNARD LEAT

SEVERAL months ago we arrived in Fez to take up our new assignment in the bookshop. We had a few days in which to try to acquaint ourselves with the stock and to begin to get used to speaking French again, before we found ourselves in the busiest period of all the year for the bookshop—the re-opening of school . . .

The Bookshop provides a point of contact with many and varied types of people. At the Kairouine University (Islamic), which has three or four thousand students, there are about one hundred foreign students representing Senegal, Mali, Voltaic Republic, Kenya, Guinea, Nigeria and Togo. The Kenya students speak English, and most of the others French. We see these students in the shop from time to time.

FEZ BOOK-SHOP

On Sunday afternoons we have started a Bible study in English, and have invited the Kenya students and others who know English. Recently we had a very profitable time, when two of the Kenya students came along. We studied the third chapter of Genesis, and had a good time of discussion and questions. One of the fellows was especially keen, and expressed a desire to learn



more about Christianity. Please pray for them, that the Holy Spirit will lead them into the Truth "as it is in Jesus".

Two young Moorish boys, professing Christians, come regularly on Sunday mornings to meet with us for a time of singing, Bible study, and prayer — in Arabic. Pray for these two lads, who have shown signs of spiritual growth. They also attend the French Protestant service with us before we

have fellowship at home in Arabic.

The French Protestant group here needs your prayers. There is little evidence of vital Christian life amongst the congregation. Pray for the Pastor, who lives at Meknes, and comes here every other Sunday to conduct the service. He is a true servant of the Lord. Pray that his messages will be used by the Holy Spirit to awaken the people to their need of Christ.

"B.C.C." Follow-up Ministry

By MURIEL BUTCHER

"IS it not 'harram' (a sin) for us to listen to this story?"

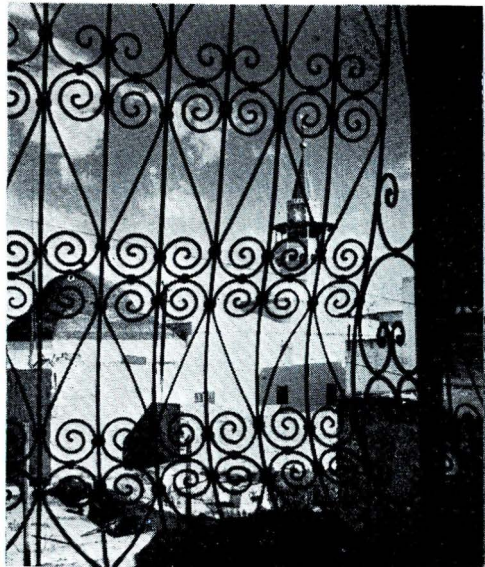
The speaker, one of a group of Algerian women and girls, had just been watching the Christmas film-strip and listening to the correct version of the account of the birth of Christ—possibly for the first time in her life.

"Of course it is not 'harram'!" retorted one of the others: "We (Moslems) have Isa ben Miriam (Jesus, son of Mary); he is one of the prophets."

We point out that it is always right to listen to the Word of God. The angel said "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to *all* people!"; and we endeavour to make clear to them that the Babe was none other than Emmanuel — GOD with us.

So began, this week, my "deadline" for preparing this letter, which may reach you during that "flat" period which usually follows the festivities, and thus receive more attention than it

THE LATTICE



would have done under mountains of Christmas mail!

It is proving to be an eventful week. The incident referred to above took place during the first of three special Christmas gatherings planned for the members of our small women's meeting, and other contacts made in 1963. Many of these have been added recently as a result of the follow-up work of the Bible Correspondence Course ministry. We have had several names and addresses passed on to us by our colleagues who send out the Courses from Algiers, and we have been able to reach whole families with the Gospel message through our visits to them, and theirs to us. You

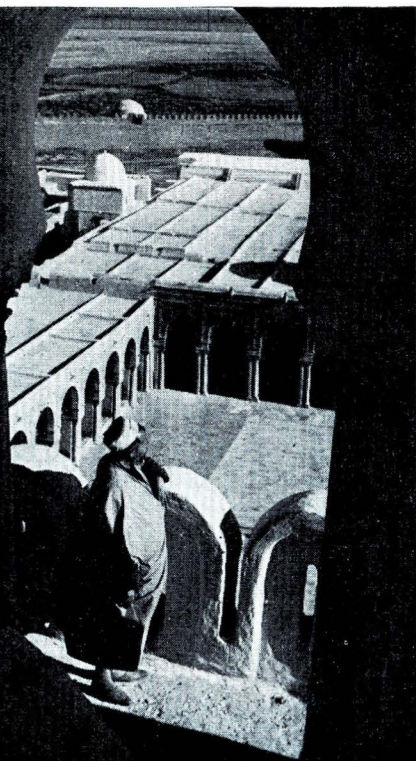
will be glad to learn that those actively studying in all Algeria now number a thousand.

The students themselves — whose average age appears to be seventeen—represent an important group of young Algerians, as most of them are educated, and continuing with their studies, or working. This may sound very commonplace to you, but in a society where 85% are illiterate and the majority unemployed, these are important factors, and indicate initiative and ability. Several of them give mental acquiescence to the basic facts of the Christian faith (on completion of the introductory course, "One God, One Way"), but they need the touch of the Holy Spirit to bring new Life. We must remember that even the facts are new to them, and to grasp them mentally is a necessary first step. We count upon your fellowship in prayer to bring them to the second.

THE MOSQUE

* * *

The Lord has greatly blessed our year together as a Team, and has given us much joy in reaching out with the Gospel on a wide scale. Over 12,000 portions of the Word of God have been sold in as many as 54 different towns and villages in this Oranic region of Algeria. We praise Him for the liberty enjoyed and for the many opportunities of speaking personally with Moslems about the Lord Jesus Christ. Our needs have all been met by our loving Heavenly Father, and we wholeheartedly "praise Him for all that is past, and trust Him for all that's to come".





Visiting in a Moorish House

By JANET AMES

THESE past few weeks I have been able to accompany a Swiss missionary, Marguerite Hauenstein, when she goes visiting Moorish families. I doubt very much whether the features of Arab family life have changed appreciably since the time of Christ. Western influence seems to have made little impression upon the majority of Moroccans, though its marks are beginning to appear in to-day's teen-ager.

Let me recall a visit we paid recently. Having climbed the steep stairs to the Moorish apartments we were warmly welcomed at the door by two women and a young girl. We greeted each other — as is the custom — by shaking hands and kissing each other on both cheeks.

One of the matrons ushered us in, and invited us to enter her living room. Our hostess quickly found cushions for our backs, so that we could lean against the wall. Once we were seated, and the attention turned from "the new one" (myself), I began to look around. In one corner an elderly woman sat cross-legged upon the stone floor. She was spinning wool into yarn that would later be used for weaving the very attractive and colourful

Moroccan blankets. The old soul remained in that position during the whole of the two hours of our stay—a feat of endurance that would have exhausted most Europeans!

Alongside one wall was a double-sized bed, which filled almost a third of the room. Above the bed hung a few clothes, whilst the space underneath was being utilised as a sort of general store.

Childish faces constantly appeared at the doorway, as each of ten inquisitive children peeped in. The older ones stepped out of their shoes and, bare-footed, came across to greet us. Our hostess had meanwhile disappeared, to prepare mint tea. When she returned, she was carrying a brass tray with several glasses on it. Having set this down in the middle of the room she again disappeared, and came back laden with tea-pot, boiling water, mint, tea-leaves and lump sugar. Tea, mint and lumps of sugar followed each other into the tea-pot, scalding water was poured on, and the mixture left to brew. Finally it was poured out and sampled by the hostess, who appeared satisfied with the product. It really tasted delicious.

Another member of the family arrived as Marguerite began the story of The Great Supper. They all listened well, and although the spinning was still going on, the remarks made afterwards revealed their interest. Marguerite reached that part of the story where the excuses were being made for not attending the Supper, when our hostess exclaimed :

“ Oh, I never have time to go to the Sunday morning meeting ! ”

How this family loved a story ! As the comments of the various members were so helpful, Marguerite was able to go on and explain more. Do pray for this family, and others like them, that they may see their need of the Saviour.

Bread Cast upon the [Flood] Waters

By MARGARET CHIPPERFIELD

THIS may well become known as the year of “ the great flood ”. Nothing so bad can ever be remembered here in Alcazar.

ALCAZAR UNDER WATER



For several days and nights we have had heavy and continuous rains. We had already heard the sirens warning us that the river was overflowing. In point of fact, the water was already several feet deep in very low lying places, especially in a section of the town where there are many little Moorish shops — vendors of wool, woven materials, cottons, silks, shoes, etc. In some of these little places folk get a living by the quick sewing of Moorish garments. Beyond these shops are houses, both Moorish and Jewish.

On December 17th we had finished our little Bible Class, the rain had stopped for a little while, and I had an urge to get out and buy some necessities, especially flour and such like commodities. So we both went out quickly, as we wanted to get back indoors before sunset. At six o'clock we were expecting students.

When we got into the town itself we found the main street under water. It came on to rain again while we were buying our goods, but it was a change to be out again after being confined indoors for several days. We stopped at the market to buy some fruit, and this was nearly our undoing. In less than half an hour the roads we had previously traversed were uncrossable in every direction—unless one were wearing high rubber boots. The water was rising swiftly, and surging up through the drains with terrific force.

A tall brother of one of our girls offered to carry me on his back. It was very kind of him, but all the same I could not picture myself on a Moorish man's back. If we had both fallen, *great* would have been the fall thereof; for I am a bit heavy! We saw a few taxis ploughing through the water, and our man very kindly called one for us, and guided the driver through byways less deep with water. We got home just in time, for the waters continued to rise rapidly. We have learnt since that two rivers met, and there was a strong current; and soon the roads themselves became a torrent of rushing water.

Never has there been such devastation in the history of Alcazar. In some places the water rose to a height of over six feet. The streets have been a shambles, for the current swept all before it. The loss must have been appalling. Wheat, cereals of all kinds, flour, sugar, food stuffs of all kinds have been fermenting in the storehouses and in the streets.

Alcazar is a place of large granaries, and millions of francs' worth of food-stuffs have been ruined. In places, doors were wrenched off, shop counters lifted, and even petrol pumps forced out of the ground.

The loss of human life has, thank God, been mercifully small. Even so, we understand that some 36 people have died. Many took refuge in trees, on ladders, and upon house-tops . . . Every roof we can see is filled with household stuff of every variety.

You will want to know what happened to us. Well, not only were we ourselves delivered, but there was just time to throw the school mattresses and mats high enough to escape damage. Even the wool and materials for school work were saved. But the water brought in thick mud; and of course everywhere was terribly damp.

One thing we could not save was our literature cupboard. It contained Gospels and tracts in three or four languages, including several good books in classical Arabic, and two copies of Dr. Billy Graham's "Peace With

LAST YEAR'S FLOODS



God". All of these things were soaked. let remained.

What could we do with this spoilt literature? Impossible for us to dry it in bulk, and clean it suitably for distribution. As a matter of fact, for years we had been hoping for the opportunity of getting this literature out to the people; but it was a most difficult thing to distribute Scriptures, etc.

While meditating and seeking guidance, a strong word came: "Cast . . . upon the waters"! My! — this seemed a daring thing to do! The water was still pretty high, but many people were plodding backwards and forwards. So into the streets upon the waters went the Gospel portions and tracts ;and behold, boys eagerly grabbed every copy! Not a leaf-

When the waters had gone down a few days later, the books were put out, and in less than no time these also were snatched up by eager hands. Our Moorish helper heard one boy say to the others: "I will give you twenty francs for that one!". But the other lad answered, "Why should I let you have it? It is mine, and I mean to keep it!"

Thus these Gospel portions and tracts and books were distributed to the people within a few minutes —snatched up eagerly by literature-starved youths. We are following up this rapid distribution by earnest prayer. Will you join us in prayer that God will bless His Word?

Life on a Mountain Mission Station

CHAPTER FOUR (Continued)

We Spend a Day in a Kabyle Village

SHOULD the owner of a piece of ground desire to sell it, the other members of the family must have the first offer. If neither they nor other relatives wish to buy, then neighbours, or, in the last resort, some other inhabitant of the village must be approached, rather than that the land should be sold to a stranger. As a matter of fact, this latter expedient could never be resorted to unless sanctioned by the unanimous vote of the other men of the village. Bible customs!

Well; we are catching a glimpse. are we not, of a civilisa-

tion distinctly different from our own? Yet, whilst we might be tempted to think of them as being more primitive, less polished than ourselves, let us admit that, despite their faults, these Kabyles are endowed with certain qualities that we lack. There is much that we can do to help them, but there is much, too, that we may learn from them.

You have not yet seen the children—left to their own devices the whole day long. Many of the boys go to school, and are little tyrants, the whole lot of them—beating their sisters, cur-

sing their mothers, and as difficult to manage as the donkeys that they take out to the fields. A handful of girls go to school also, and generally prove more industrious than the boys—more intelligent, more studious.

And, outside the schools, the children exhibit an almost universal ignorance of the blessings of soap and water!

Well, little by little you are acquainting yourself with the average background of missionary work in this country. And now, to bed! We must be up very early to-morrow, for we are going to visit one of the native markets—quite an experience, as you will discover, for anybody making the venture for the first time.

CHAPTER FIVE

We Spend a Day at the Market

“ALL roads lead to Rome”. Today, all roads lead to the market. Every tribe (comprising, roughly, about twenty villages or hamlets) has its weekly market, which is held at some convenient place, often enough beside some stream or other.

From day-break roads and by-ways are alive with travellers of various types. Mingling with the foot-passengers are riders proudly mounted on their fine mules, or humbly perched astride their diminutive donkeys—their slippered feet so near the ground that they kick every stone and jostle against every clod that they encounter. In the procession are goats, kept in tether by grass ropes; sheep, led by shepherd-lads; a cow with its little calf; a pair of oxen, broken-in and ready for work. All are moving in the one direction. It is market-day!

From the neighbouring countryside comes a strange assortment of motor-buses—not many of recent vintage. They are packed, inside and out, with a heterogen-

eous cargo—passengers, merchandise, and even animals.

“Cursed be motor-cars!” cried an old man peevishly one day.

“But why, old man, do you thus curse the motor-car?”

“Because once upon a time I could walk. Now, I am obliged to ride!”

“But surely there’s no compulsion about it! You can carry on in the old way if you like!”

“No, no! I have no choice! Everybody else goes by motorcar, so that I am forced to do the same. And it costs me six francs every week. Cursed be motor-cars!”

KABYLE VILLAGE



It is impossible to lose one's way. All we need to do is to move with the tide. And at length, at the end of an hour, two hours, maybe longer, and having crossed brooks and streams—perhaps even a river—we shall reach our destination.

When he is twelve years old, or sometimes a trifle younger, a Kabyle boy will attend his first market. What a thrill! What preparations! A brand - new outfit—*gandoura*, fez and slippers—and some money to rattle in his pocket! Thus attired, he is ready to be initiated by father or elder brothers into all the mysteries, all the tricks and dodges of the market. He will learn to appraise rightly the varying qualities of the goods displayed; he will grow accustomed to the endless bargaining that is the indispensable preliminary to every purchase. And, when the day closes, his father will carry home the bull's-head that every newcomer to the market is expected to buy. When it is cooked, he will be honoured by receiving the first helping!

But why all this? Well, there is but one answer: tradition and superstition, dating back to a hoary antiquity.

Henceforth, whenever it is at all possible, the lad will be present at these gatherings that bring together a thousand or more of the menfolk of his tribe. On special occasions, particularly in the proximity of the great annual Feasts, the numbers will be larger still.

I have attended hundreds, yes, thousands of these markets, and I must say that they are wonder-

fully well conducted. The butchers are always to be found at exactly the same spot, and it is highly probable that the site occupied by the shoe-makers has never changed since the market was first established. Sellers of similar wares seem to group themselves as by instinct. For instance, you will always find the best figs at one end of the line, and those of poorer quality at the other extremity. Why? Ask my old friend Mohand, and he will reply: "Allah alone knows!"

Well, let us go into the market and have a look round. At the entrance is squatting the inevitable fraternity of beggars, their voices raised, their hands extended to receive whatever *sous* the passers-by may care to drop into them. In exchange, the full range of pious exclamations! : — "May Allah prosper your business!" "May your sons never become thriftless!" "May your homes be always well stocked (with children)!" Or again, "Who will give me five *sous* in the name of Sidi Abdel Kader Djilani?"

The little hill is a scene of animation. On the ground, their feet and wings tied up with strips of old raes, sundry cocks and hens make fruitless attempts to escape.

(To be continued)

BIRTHS

To Clarence and Mary Adams, in Algiers, on December 24th, 1963, a son, Clark Lewis.

To Robert and Barbara Klaus, in U.S.A., on January 19th, 1964, a son, Jonathan Wesley.

THE VOCATIONAL TRAINING CENTRE, TETUAN

We praise God that the work has gone on steadily here in Tetuan. We continue to hold meetings and make contacts with students through our English classes. We hope to interest some of them in attending a weekly Bible study group. We would value your prayers that this will be well attended, thus giving us a more direct approach with the Gospel. Audrey has a good group of girls attending the Friday afternoon class. They learn knitting, and listen to Bible stories through flannelgraph, as well as learning Scripture verses by heart.

We hope to reopen the vocational training centre with a fresh group of boys. The Rawls, our fellow workers, are returning from furlough, and after a short language course will be moving out to the Farm to put things in order there. We praise God for A——, the boy who has been with us in the printing. He bore a good testimony by life and lip before he left us a short time ago. He is now in Casablanca seeking employment.

You may remember S——, who turned to communism after leaving us some time back. Praise God, he has been fully restored, and is now actively engaged in colportage work in Algeria, and witnessing fearlessly.

Pray for the farm worker here who is a professing Christian, but makes little progress. His wife is a Moslem, but she has begun to attend our Sunday morning Arabic service. Pray that she

too may know the joy of salvation, so that there may be yet another truly Christian family.

We are also burdened for a number of professing Christians here in Tetuan who have backslidden—mainly through fear—and who never come near us now. Pray that the Lord will work in their hearts; and bear in mind that there are many others in the

A STREET IN TANGIER



same position throughout these lands of North Africa.

—Stan Smurthwaite.

YOUNG MEN CONFESSING CHRIST

“If you had never met the missionary, would you have become a Christian?”

“Have you studied the Koran well?”

These were among the questions directed to two young Moroccan Christian men at our Squash last night. It was a thrill to hear them testify to a large group of Moroccan and French young people of what Jesus Christ means to them.

Several fellows sniggered, but others were challenged. One girl declared, “The Koran says that Jesus never died, and the Bible says that He did. I don’t think I will believe either account!”

Another girl, who has heard the Gospel for several years, says she would accept Jesus Christ as her Saviour—but not now. The reaction to these testimonies was strong. Pray for our contacts with these young people, that they will turn from Islam to Christ.

How we praise God that these two young men, who were once Moslems, now witness to the Truth in Christ. And this is our

goal—to help establish Moroccans in the Faith. They can be far more effective witnesses to their own people than we ever could be.

—Dave and Mary Goldmann.
Casablanca.

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

Heightside Conference

The Annual Missionary and Bible Conference will be held, D.V., during the Whitsun weekend, May 15th to 19th. Friends of the N.A.M., S.M.M. and A.M.B. will be warmly welcomed. Details available from N.A.M. Headquarters.

F.F.M. Prayer Conference

The annual Prayer Conference of the Fellowship of Faith for the Muslims will be held, D.V., at Herne Bay Court from May 22nd to 28th. Friends desiring to reserve accommodation should write as soon as possible to The Conference Centre Secretary, Herne Bay Court, Herne Bay, Kent.

The Keswick Convention

The N.A.M. is arranging its customary House-party for the period of the Convention, July 11th to 18th. There are still some vacancies, and early application should be made direct to the N.A.M. Office.

GUIDED GIVING

We are happy to report that, through the LORD’S goodness, we have been able to send our Missionaries full allowances for January and February.

THE N.A.M. PRAYER CALENDAR

DAILY PRAYER FOR MISSIONARIES AND OTHERS

1. **Tangier:** Rev. L. J. BOCKING & Mrs. BOCKING (1928), Mr. C. A. HARVEY (Field Treasurer) & Mrs. HARVEY, Miss G. FOX (1956), Mr. & Mrs. H. J. H. MORGAN (Associate Members). **Hope House:** Mr. & Mrs. I. MAXWELL, Miss L. MORRISS.
2. **Tangier: Tulloch Memorial Hospital:** Dr. F. A. R. ST. JOHN (1945) & Mrs. ST. JOHN (1950), Dr. & Mrs. N. J. CARLILE (1955) (detained at home indefinitely), Dr. & Mrs. W. CAMPBELL (1956), Mr. & Mrs. T. WILSON (1952). **Nurses:** Misses W. LLOYD (1949), G. W. THEAKSTON (1945), M. SMETANA (1954) (on furlough).
3. **Tangier (contd.):** Miss P. M. ST. JOHN (1949), Miss I. LARSON (1958); Miss D. EVANS (1957).
4. **Tangier Schools:** Mrs. L. J. BOCKING (1928). **Carpet School:** Misses W. DRURY (1929), E. PRIDEAUX (1948). Spanish believers.
5. **Tetuan:** Misses E. BRADBURY (1929) (temporarily at home), & E. LOW (1931), Mr. & Mrs. S. R. SMURTHWAITE (1952), Mr. & Mrs. R. RAWLS (1959) (on furlough). Spanish believers.
6. **Alcazar:** Misses M. E. CHIPPERFIELD (1945), S. KLAU (1954).
7. **Fez:** Mr. & Mrs. J. THOMPSON (1952), Miss C. BOWRING (1930), Mr. & Mrs. R. KLAUS (1959) (on furlough), Mr. B. LEAT (1952), Mrs. B. LEAT (1954), Miss R. BARKEY (1960). **Rabat:** Miss I. DEW (1924), Rev. R. & Mrs. BURNS (1957).
8. **Casablanca: Field Headquarters:** Rev. H. W. STALLEY (Field Director) Mrs. STALLEY, Miss W. DAVEY (1957). **Spanish, French and Italian Work:** Mr. J. PADILLA (1929) (retired). **Moorish Work:** Misses G. SHARPE (1938) (on sick leave) & M. HAUENSTEIN (1953), Mr. B. HOLLINSHEAD (1956), Mrs. B. HOLLINSHEAD (1948), Miss J. MORGAN (1954) (on furlough), Miss G. HAVELL (1958) (temporarily).
9. **Casablanca: Missionary Training Centre: Staff:** Rev. R. I. BROWN (Deputy Field Director) & Mrs. BROWN. **Language Students:** Misses L. HUGLI (1959) (on furlough), E. GAMBER (1960) (on sick leave), Mr. & Mrs. G. RIDER (1961), Mr. & Mrs. R. COX, Mr. & Mrs. D. GOLDMANN, Mr. A. WIEBE (all in 1962), Miss J. AMES (1963), Miss D. SMITH (1963).
10. **Settat:** (Unoccupied). **Azemmour:** Miss D. M. HENMAN (1935 (in England)). **Safi:** (Unoccupied).
11. **Marrakesh:** Misses F. LOGAN (1949), E. JACOBSEN (1953), B. ANDERSEN (1951), D. PARILLO (1958), Mr. & Mrs. B. COOKMAN (1955).
12. **El Jadida:** Mr. & Mrs. J. A. HARRIS (1953).
13. **Taroudant:** Mr. & Mrs. W. JACKSON (1953) (detained at home indefinitely), Miss H. WILSON (1958), Miss A. SWANK (1959). **Immouzer du Kandar:** Mr. & Mrs. D. R. HARRIS (1953) (on furlough).
14. **Algiers:** Miss R. STEWART (1954), Miss M. BALLARD (1958), Rev. & Mrs. R. RICKARDS (1951), Rev. & Mrs. I. HOFFMAN (1957) (on sick leave), Mr. & Mrs. C. ADAMS (1955), Mr. R. L. HELDENBRAND (1958), Miss K. MORRIS (1958), Mr. S. SCHLORFF (1959) & Mrs. SCHLORFF (1961) (on furlough).

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15. **Oran:** Mr. W. EVANS (1958), Mrs. EVANS (1960) (on furlough), Miss E. SMETANA (1954) (on furlough), Miss M. BUTCHER (1957), Mr. & Mrs. W. CALL (1961). **Tlemcen:** Mr. E. EWING (1932) & Mrs. EWING (1931). **Cherchell:** (Temporarily unoccupied).
 16. **Djemaa Sahridj:** Rev. & Mrs. B. COLLINSON (1950) (on furlough), Miss K. CASTLE (1954) (on furlough), Miss R. MCDANIEL (1958).
 17. **Tunis: Station Work:** Mrs. C. W. MORRIS (1927), Rev. & Mrs. R. LILLEY (1957), Miss E. HALL (1961).
 18. **Monastir:** Dr. & Mrs. J. GREEN (1961), Mrs. A. STRAUTINS (1938). **Sousse, Sfax, Gafsa:** (Unoccupied).
 19. **Radio and Follow-up Ministry:** Mr. & Mrs. W. GASTON (1954), Mr. & Mrs. W. BELL (1960).
 20. **Deputation Work in Britain:** Mr. & Mrs. E. J. LONG, Rev. A. COFFEY, Mrs. E. L. LILEY, Mr. & Mrs. R. S. MILES, Miss A. CLACK.
 21. **Deputation Work in U.S.A.:** Dr. F. STEELE, Rev. DALLAS GREEN.
 22. **All believers in N. Africa, Secret Believers, Backsliders and Enquirers.**
 23. **Translation Work; Distribution of Scriptures; Publication of Evangelical Literature; Bible Shops; Colportage.**
 24. **Children of Missionaries, and Children of Converts in North Africa.**
 25. **Members of North American Council and U.S.A. Headquarters Staff.**
 26. **Members of the London and Glasgow Councils: Headquarters Staff.**
 27. **Local Secretaries and Prayer Groups.**
 28. **Retired Workers. In England:** Miss N. ANDREW (1945), Mrs. E. FISHER (1922), Miss E. HARMAN (1921), Miss E. HIGBID (1921), Miss V. HOUGHTON, Mrs. J. W. KENT (1948), Mr. P. PADILLA (1926), Mrs. P. PADILLA (1922), Miss G. E. PETTER (1913), Miss K. REED (1922), Miss D. RICHARDSON (1945), Mrs. A. ROSS (1902), Mrs. T. J. P. WARREN (1911), Mrs. F. M. WEBB (1899), Mrs. A. G. WILLSON (1922).
 29. **Retired Workers. S.M.M.:** Mr. J. HALDANE (1912), Mrs. J. HALDANE (1913), Miss C. POLLOCK (1936). **In U.S.A.:** Miss E. BROOKES (1932). **In France:** Mrs. S. ARTHUR (1923). **In Switzerland:** Miss I. COULERU (1923) (S.M.M.).
 30. **Dispensary Work; Classes; Visiting; Work among Europeans; All Testimony among God's Ancient People.**
 31. **Special Remembrance of Financial Needs.**