A Typical House and Family in a Papuan Village
THE KWATO MISSION OF PAPUA

Conducted since 1920 by the Incorporated Kwato Extension Association

THE GOVERNING COMMITTEE

President
HUGH R. MONRO, LL.D., Montclair, New Jersey

Vice-Presidents
ARTHUR HOOD, ESQ., England
DELANA L. PIERSON, NEW YORK

Treasurer
WALTER MCDougall
156 Fifth Avenue, New York

Thomas Dods, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng.
Frank E. Gabelein, Litt.D., Stony Brook, N. Y.
Rev. C. J. B. Harrison, M.A., Bromley, Eng.
J. A. Haughton, New York
John Adams Henry, New York

Secretary
MISS JESSIE H. RIGHTER
156 Fifth Avenue, New York

HUGH G. CUTTING, A.C.A.
26 Purley Knoll, Purley, Surrey, England

Arthur Y. Meeker, Montclair, N. J.
Miss Harriet T. Righter, Brooklyn, N. Y.
William L. Strong, New Brunswick, N. J.
Godfrey B. Holland, Esq., Radlett, England

Promotion Secretary for the British Isles
MRS. M. G. PRENDERGAST, 2 Portsmouth Avenue, Thames Ditton, Surrey, England

Promotion Secretary for the United States
MRS. WALTER MCDougall, 5 Duryea Road, Upper Montclair, New Jersey

Quarterly Publication—Kwato Mission Tidings

Further information may be obtained from any of the secretaries. Gifts from American friends should be sent to Walter McDougall, Treas., 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. Gifts from friends in the British Isles should be sent to MRS. M. G. Prendergast, Promotion Secretary, 2 Portsmouth Avenue, Thames Ditton, Surrey, England. Checks should be made payable to The Incorporated Kwato Extension Association or to The New Guinea Evangelization Society (U. S. A.). All at the Home Bases serve without remuneration.

THE MISSION STAFF AND YEAR OF APPOINTMENT

Address: Kwato, Samarai, Papua. Via Sydney, New South Wales

MRS. CHARLES W. ABEL, 1892
Cecil C. G. Abel, 1928
Phyllis D. Abel, 1925
Russell W. Abel, 1928

Margaret Evelyn Parkin, 1894
Elizabeth Mill, 1928
John Smeeton, 1932
Mrs. John Smeeton, 1932

Mary Abel, 1932
Arthur Beavis, 1932
Mrs. Arthur Beavis, 1928
Raymond D. Whale, A.C.A., 1933
Dr. and Mrs. Berkeley D. Vaughan, 1935

The Kwato Mission is an evangelical and interdenominational mission, founded and conducted on New Testament principles, for the purpose of winning the people of Eastern Papua to Christ, and to train them for lives of effective Christian service. The work is supported by the voluntary gifts of God's people and the workers earnestly desire your sympathy, prayers and financial fellowship as God may lead and enable you.

OVERSEAS COMMITTEE
Chairman
JAMES McINTYRE, ESQ.
Sydney, New South Wales

Treasurer
C. B. THISTLETHWAITE, ESQ.
Gordon, New South Wales

A. D. Killip, A. C. A.
A. A. Stewart, ESQ.

NEW ZEALAND COMMITTEE

Chairman
ROBERT S. ABEL, ESQ.
SAMUEL BARRY, ESQ.

Secretary
REV. H. H. DRIVER, Mayfair Flats, Parnell

THE REV. H. S. CONWAY

AMERICAN COUNCIL

Hugh R. Monro, President
Livingston P. Moore, Vice-President
John L. Steele, Vice-President
Walter McDougall, Treasurer

Jessie H. Righter, Secretary
Rev. Charles R. Erdman, D.D.
Rev. Jno. Timothy Stone, D.D.
Philip E. Howard, Jr.
Mrs. A. Pyott Spence

American Members of the Governing Committee are also members of the American Council.
Notes and News

IT IS good news that a doctor has at last arrived to take up work in the Kwato Mission. For forty-five years this work has been carried on without a trained physician on the field to look after the health of the missionaries and the Papuans of the district. The nearest doctor has been at Samarai but he has not been able to do the work of a missionary physician. In times of severe illness Mrs. Abel has been obliged to go a thousand miles to Australia, sometimes in an open sail boat. The Papuans have suffered much from a lack of medical advice and attention even though the missionaries have shown great skill in treating epidemics and common diseases. Dr. Berkeley D. Vaughan arrived in July with his wife and three children. Mrs. Vaughan has had nurse's training and will be able to be of great help. The hospital, which was built ten years ago and has never been fully used, will now be a center for medical and surgical ministries and for the training of native nurses. It is hoped that Dr. Vaughan and some of his trained nurses will be able to make tours of the district to give instruction in sanitation and hygiene. Will you pray that Dr. and Mrs. Vaughan may be richly blessed in their spiritual ministry as well as in their care for the physically sick and disabled.

There is rejoicing at Kwato on account of a special thank-offering that has been made for the repair of the mission house at Duabo. This building has been in need of restoration for a number of years. Twice Christian workers have broken through the floor and might have suffered serious injury. The building is the only one in which missionary and Papuan workers can live at Duabo and it is greatly needed for effective service. This is not only the health resort for the mission, 1,300 feet above sea level where missionaries can go for rest and recovery from the effects of living in the heat and dampness of Kwato, but groups of Papuan Christian workers also go there for conference and prayer in preparation for their evangelistic campaigns. The school children are often taken up there in groups at certain seasons. There is still much to be done to make Duabo an effective hill station. There is need for dormitories for boys and girls and for various equipment but the greatest immediate need was for repairs to the main mission house. It is therefore cause for great thanksgiving that a friend in America...
has made this thank-offering which will help to restore and preserve the property.

* * *

In May our secretary in England arranged a very encouraging meeting to bid farewell to the Vaughans. About thirty-five friends came, though many more wrote to say how glad they were to hear the news. Dr. Vaughan gave a message and testimony, Dr. and Mrs. Vaughan and one of their children which was followed by a message by Rev. C. J. B. Harrison, the meeting closing with prayer by Rev. Brading, commending the outgoing ones to God’s keeping. It will be an encouragement to Dr. and Mrs. Vaughan to know that many British friends will be bearing them up in prayer.

Before he left, Dr. Vaughan was able to procure one or two items of hospital equipment with gifts he had received from his own relations or friends. He hoped to be able to get most of the drugs he will need in Australia, so as to save freight from England.

* * *

Mrs. Halliday Beavis was seriously ill in May as the result of complications attending her confinement when her child was still-born. Everything possible was done for her and a cause for great thanksgiving is that she has been fully restored to health through the mercy of God. She and her husband, Arthur Beavis, sailed for England on their long postponed furlough on the same vessel that brought Dr. and Mrs. Vaughan. Mr. and Mrs. Beavis expect to be in England and America for a year, largely engaged in deputation work. Those who have read their letters from the field will realize what a rich experience they have had and with what graphic power they will be able to tell of life and work in Papua. They are taking with them some motion picture films of the Kwato Mission as well as other photographs and stereopticon views and curios. These will do much to help visualize the work. We hope that many opportunities will be given them to tell of the work of the Holy Spirit in Papua and the needs of the people. Letters asking for appointments should be sent in care of Mr. Hugh G. Cutting, 26 Purley Knoll, Purley, Surrey, England.

Mr. and Mrs. Beavis will probably reach America early in the summer of 1936 and will be available for conferences and meetings in churches.

* * *

The annual meeting of the New Guinea Evangelization Society and the Kwato Mission was held in New York, May 23d, in connection with a very successful dinner at the Parkside Hotel. This was of no expense to the mission. It brought together nearly one hundred friends who were deeply interested in the reports of the year’s work; the letters from the field, the paper read by Mrs. Pierson on her visit to Kwato and the stereopticon views showing the people and the district where the Mission is at work. Curios exhibited at each table gave a touch of color and greatly added to the interest of the occasion. It is hoped that this informal gathering will be a regular feature of the annual meetings. Many reasons for thanksgiving and encouragement were reported both in the results of the work on the field and in the evidences of increasing interest and sacrificial giving in America, England and elsewhere. The following members were elected to the Governing Committee of the Kwato Mission to serve for three years:

Hugh R. Monro, A. Y. Meeker, H. T. Righter, Hugh G. Cutting, Thomas Dodds.
A Papuan Mother-In-Law

Poor mother-in-law! She the theme of many a jibe, in Papua and elsewhere. But the problem represented hereby is not insurmountable where God rules the household.

Manonosi possessed two houses adjoining. His household included his wife, six children, two of whom are being educated at Kwato, and his mother-in-law. She is blind, but well cared for, and lived a carefree life with one great stipulation in it. She was not allowed to touch the fire. This was her one special law, strictly enforced. Fireplaces in Papuan bark and sago-leaf houses are let into the floor, the actual fire being built upon a gravel bed below the floor level.

One day the family had repaired to their garden, father first, mother next, with empty baskets suspending from her head, the baby on her hip, and the rest of the brood trailing after. Blind grandmother was left alone in the house. She knew it was the planting of the yams that would keep the family busy on the hillside clearing till they trudged home weary at dusk. How nice, the old dame thought, to have her morning nap beside a warm, crackling fire! She groped around for sticks, and crawled towards the fireplace, and soon had the dying embers coaxed into a nice blaze.

The blaze increased. The crackling grew louder. She could not get away from the issuing smoke. Something was wrong! Soon licking flames began to devour the rat-tan flooring. Panic seized poor mother-in-law as she realized what she had done. Luckily she found the entrance and scrambled choking down the rickety ladder to the ground, the house ablaze behind her.

Villagers gathered from far and near to shake their heads and click their tongues and watch in awe the column of fire that roared upwards from the high, thatched roof. Manonosi's old mother-in-law howled and wailed and threw herself upon the ground. The villagers, looking sullenly at her, perked up at his appearance and anticipated a really interesting exhibition. They may have been disappointed, but they certainly saw something quite unheard of and unexpected. Manonosi went to his mother-in-law, raised her up and kissed her. (Surely there was a cheer in heaven just then!) "Mother-in-law," he said, "I forgive you. God is nearer to me now than all the things I possessed."

Manonosi worked in his garden. His wife, with a digging stick and a basket of yam shoots, planted steadily at his heels. How quickly bad news travels in Papua! Shouts echoed through the forest. Manonosi heard his name, and started from his work. A breathless messenger panted out the fatal news of the calamity. "Everything gone! All your belongings! Your mother-in-law did it!"

Poor Manonosi was stricken by the incredible news, then moved to righteous fury. "I'll teach her!" he declared with great passion. "I'll thrash that old woman." He fairly tore down the bush track. He was in a great rage now. His wife, for once, agreed with him thoroughly. "Thrash her!" she echoed vehemently, as she followed him down, gathering up her babies in her arms.

But on the way down something happened. It was just as though God laid a cooling, restraining hand upon Manonosi. A voice said clearly in his ears: "Are these the words of a given-to-God man?" He was startled. That inner voice changed everything. God, he told us afterwards, spoke to him just like that on the way down the steep hill. He stopped in his tracks and offered a prayer for help, and for strength not to betray Christ in this testing. Strength was given. He was instantly at peace.

He emerged triumphant and serene from the margin of the forest, to behold the charred ruin of all his worldly possessions. His mother-in-law, beside herself, was screaming and wailing like a maniac upon the ground. The villagers, looking sullenly at her, perked up at his appearance and anticipated a really interesting exhibition. They may have been disappointed, but they certainly saw something quite unheard of and unexpected. Manonosi went to his mother-in-law, raised her up and kissed her. (Surely there was a cheer in heaven just then!) "Mother-in-law," he said, "I forgive you. God is nearer to me now than all the things I possessed."

The last time Manonosi visited Kwato, wearing borrowed garments, he was able to praise God genuinely for this experience. Yes, he had lost everything, even his gospels and portions of the Suau New Testament, but his friends had rallied round and lent him things and he was touched by their kindness.

But it was by no means all loss. Help from unexpected quarters, from villagers on whom he had no claim whatever, had warmed and enriched him. Above all, he had experienced God's grace in time of need.
A Message from Our New Doctor

At last we are on our way to Papua. We are just a day out of port now, steaming slowly through fog but with a calm sea. Our kiddies are enjoying themselves, though it is no easy matter keeping an eye on them.

We have had several encouraging things before leaving England. One friend made me a present of £10 to be used for the hospital. This I spent on surgical instruments, mostly good second-hand ones, and now these, together with my own, will give us a very good working set of instruments sufficient for the bulk of our work. Another donor has presented me with a high pressure dressing sterilizer for the hospital, and that will be shipped shortly. I have designed a simple, inexpensive but, I hope, efficient operating table which they can make at Kwato. They have probably made it by now. Instrument sterilizers were another need, but those also we expect to make ourselves.

Sometime ago, as you probably know, the mission was given a lathe, and that is now working at Kwato. I intend to make use of it and I think it will be very useful to us for turning instruments and fittings for the hospital in addition to its ordinary work.

If you should be asked in America what will be the principal future need—at any rate, in the near future—of the hospital, I would suggest surgical dressings, bandages, etc.

I hope to buy a nucleus of our stock of these and also of drugs in Australia, and I think that will probably fit out the hospital fairly well for the present, but there will be a constant need for fresh dressings and bandages.

In all these and other matters we value your prayers. We have no wish to rely on earthly wisdom or guidance; we want to know the mind of Christ in these matters as well as in spiritual ones, and I believe that if you back us up in prayer and we keep in touch with Him, the hospital at Kwato, though not a great one from the human point of view, may yet be an efficient instrument in the Lord's hand.

I should be grateful if you would give our thanks and best wishes to the American Committee.

Berkeley D. Vaughan.

The New Cricket Field

We had quite a great occasion here recently when our new cricket ground was opened. My! how we worked to get it done in time. Every Saturday afternoon for at least a month every man, woman and child, white and brown, repaired to the site and worked like Trojans, leveling, carting earth, filling in declivities, and pulling up weeds. Everyone had sunburnt shoulders and backs, but the result of all our effort was beautiful. There is a little jetty erected on the west side where it is always calm and sheltered, and a most imposing looking grand stand built from the coconut trunks that we felled in order to make the grounds full-sized. This is built up the side of a little hillock that is most providentially and conveniently situated in the very spot where a grand stand should be.

The day of the opening match was a most important day. We were down putting the finishing touches on the morning, hoisting the flags, giving final rollings to the pitch. A half holiday was declared at Samarai for the occasion; banks, stores and business houses closed, and the whole town came over for the ceremony. (This may seem strange to you, but you must remember that Britons take cricket very seriously, and sport of any kind is reverenced by Australians!) At 1:30 p.m. they began to arrive. The Governor's yacht which had arrived the previous day from Port Moresby brought His Excellency over in time for the ceremony. At 2 p.m. Cecil Abel made a speech of welcome and the Governor replied and declared the ground open, after which players repaired to the pitch while the Governor bowled the first ball to the captain of the Kwato team, Mahwin. He is Sir Hubert Murray, whose administration has been distinguished by much good.
Village Problems

I had such an interesting time seeing all the village schools, and camping in various villages. The object was to examine the schools, in some cases reorganize them, and inaugurate an antisorcery drive amongst the children, aided by slogans and posters, and backed by simple teaching on hygiene. But we were able to do much amongst the grown-ups too, such as private talks, and starting early morning meetings for prayer and testimony in some of the villages, for which we divided the people up into small groups according to age and sex. I feel sure these will be a great help to the people, and will bring some of the lesser lights to the fore and train younger people and women in leadership who would otherwise be apt to lean entirely on the village leaders.

We did some of our traveling on foot, but mostly in dug-out canoes that slip along beautifully fast, provided it is calm. And we enjoyed much warm-hearted hospitality wherever we went. In fact our cook boy very definitely made a mistake more than once by preparing a meal, only to find a procession of friends appear, bearing great bowls of steaming, coconut-flavored delicacies to be placed before us. And they nearly took offence when they found a meal already under way. Papuans are most hospitable.

The children at each place seemed such a bright, intelligent, and clean crowd; one could not help being a bit hopeful. And yet there is terrible apparent wastage in this part of the work. So often the boys and girls run wild when they reach a certain age, and become quite unmanageable, living only for a hectic time, the only excuse being that they are "hevahevari,"—young bloods, or perhaps the term "flaming youth" would best describe the behavior that is acceptable as a matter of course from young people that age. However, thank God, that is not the only and inevitable future of all the children. There are young people who do not live a life of vice, who leave school with an experience of Christ that is not to be cast aside so easily, and who make good Christian citizens that are an asset to the community. I met several young couples of newly married ex-school children, full of obvious pride in their kicking, first-born infants, whose homes are the real props of the future for this country. One wishes there were more of them.

Trained in Sin

A couple of nights ago I was talking to a youth who had gotten into serious trouble...
and crime. He replied rather despairingly to some very severe things I had to say to him, looking back to experiences of his earliest childhood when his parents had deliberately taught him all that was evil, and encouraged him to look forward to a licentious life. His whole upbringing had been to that end. They had shown him various herbs and native "medicine" believed to increase sexual desires, and had taught him the art of making conquests, aided by "magic" potions and spells. In short, it was to be the object of his life; one might say he had been forced into evil. And here he was sincerely, though very unsuccessfully, trying to live a Christian life, and to live down all that training in sin. I felt very humbled when I realized all the privileges of our Christian background, and the many and powerful assets with which we are armed when we try to walk that same path in the footsteps of Christ. Our young people do need prayer, especially when they are leaving school, and especially those who have heathen parents and relations.

A Picnic with a Purpose

Last Saturday Kwato was an Adamless Eden. Almost every male cleared off to a picnic we had. It was great fun, the "Kwato" and "Eauedo" were both crowded. It is very seldom that the two boats are here together. All we took in the way of food was rice, which showed great faith on our part, for we had decided that of course we would feast off fish—not yet caught! Well, it is almost unbelievable but we actually did catch some fish, and delicious it tasted too, fried fresh from the sea. After a mid-day repast the boys (numbering 63) scattered in all directions, some to fish, some to shoot, and some to dive with spears for trocas shell, and other things catchable in the deeper water. About four o'clock a few of the older boys, monitors, etc., gathered on the beach and we had a very helpful time, waiting upon God, and talking over various problems. And then at dusk the whole crowd returned from all quarters and we had a fine camp fire meeting. Full moon was making a glorious appearance over the horizon when we started. There were many testimonies, and some confessions, and many of us who had been growing slack were convicted, and awakened to a renewed consecration.

We do praise God for that afternoon, as there has been quite a new spirit amongst the boys since. So many had slipped back, not into sin, but into comfortable grooves where the devil does so like us to be. A slack life soon becomes a defeated life, and vision is blurred and zest and adventure of the Christian life is lost. Self becomes supreme. We do thank God that that evening in the moonlight He spoke to so many, and because He spoke the self-directed life seemed tame and incipid. Many chose a far more difficult way, a way with a cross in it; but subsequent events have shown that they found Him there. R. W. A.

Tourists Ashore

WE ARE busy preparing for the "Mooltan," the tourist ship. That is to say, we are having booths erected in a big circle on the cricket pitch (old cricket pitch) which will house the exhibition of native industries. It will be the usual mat and basketmaking, canoeing, pottery, sagomaking, etc. After the tour has gone we shall use the booths to house another conference, similar to the one held recently at Koeabule, but this time for the leaders and monitors from all the islands and southeastern coast. It will be ideal for the purpose.

The cruise means a lot of extra work, though I suppose it is preferable to have the tourists and their contacts with the natives strictly under control, as it is when they come to Kwato. The best thing is that it brings so many Papuans to Kwato—there will be hundreds camping here, and there are a good number here already giving voluntary labor to the erection of the booths. The others come to undertake their various industries, and will be paid from what they can sell. We were busy working amongst our visitors, getting to know many new friends, and what an opportunity it is. It is so difficult to find any common ground with the out and out heathen, and this certainly brings them into our life here. Last Sunday all our youths were down on the water front where our visitors were encamped, doing individual work amongst them. One young fellow has been converted since our first contingent arrived, and as he will be here two weeks more with his friends there will be time for him to become really established.
The Beginning of a New Venture

By Russell Abel

WE WERE all very conscious of the importance of the occasion when we said good-bye to everyone on the wharf at Kwato, as nearly every one had turned out to bid us Godspeed. This was indeed a new beginning. How long have we thought of the day when God was going to send us forth to other parts of Papua, and would use Kwato for the salvation of other tribes inhabiting this great island. Now at last we were making the first step beyond our own borders.

We were a happy party. Apart from the sprinkling of "whites" which included Cecil, Phyllis and myself, there were Davida and Eauenibo, the senior members of the Papuan gospel team, who were ready to launch out anew in a distant and difficult sphere. Their willingness and courage was a great challenge to all at Kwato. There was Tiso, also from Milne Bay, an experienced camper, and Muroro, our manager at Mana­wara, and Kama, one of our junior helpers at Kwato. There were three orderlies, Jo, Maanaima and Telona, and the boat's crew, who are team workers and one with us in everything.

The girls included Lei, taking a spell from her work in the junior school, and Alicia, from Koeabule, and Evanelia, whose four hefty sons are all at school at Kwato—young hopefuls for the future. It was rather nice that the team included six children of the two who launched the Kwato work forty years ago; my father was represented by three of his children and his faithful stal­wart worker, Josie Lebasi, was represented by three sons, Muroro, Kama, and Jo.

"Keriso e, Amatoi!" we all sang together in praise; then followed a short prayer, the engine began to purr, and we were off. "Aioni!" all shouted after us, and we re­sponded, and with loud echoing farewells ringing in our ears we finally passed out of sight, through the narrow straits, and into the blue sea.

We entered the Suau Passage at dusk, and anchored off the point where Tamate was twice captured. Once he lay here a prisoner for a night and day, waiting for a cannibal feast that was prevented from being carried out by a big quarrel in the village over questions of etiquette, precedence, and the knotty problem of whose victim and
property he really was. He lived to do many things after that, dying eventually at Goari Bari, where they still head-hunt, and where, a magistrate from that vicinity told me recently he reckoned every adult was a murderer.

How calm and peaceful were our surroundings now. Soon soft Suau voices with the real Suau drawl, were heard, and faces appeared over the side of the boat and welcomed us. Then they inspected our new boat and expressed their admiration. We were moored amongst friends.

We supped off fried kingfish and sweet potatoes, and turned in for the night with the delicious lapping of wavelets to lull us into slumber.

We set off again at 3 a.m. next morning and at 6 o'clock reached the Fife Bay mission station of the London Missionary Society. Scarcely had our anchor dropped when loud hoots from the shore told us that Mr. Rich had already come down to meet us in the lorry. And what a welcome we received when we stepped ashore! We were driven up to the mission house where morning tea was awaiting, and we greatly enjoyed our brief visit, the luxury of shower baths, a beautiful drive through a fair paradise of typically eastern Papuan scenery, and a really fortifying breakfast, before continuing our journey.

After Fife Bay, we steered out into a rather open sea, and then followed a long wearying stretch. The sun blazed upon us, and there seemed no escape from its roasting rays. We arrived at Mailu in good time with the sail up, dropping anchor at 4 p.m. and feeling more than ready to step ashore on solid ground.

Just then the situation on board the Kwato resembled that described in the Jackdaw of Rheims after the disappearance of the cardinal's ring. Mysteriously enough the book of sailing directions was nowhere to be found, and everyone was turning everything upside down and offering suggestions to solve the problem. Finally we clarified the atmosphere by going ashore and leaving Cecil and the crew to instigate a thorough search unimpeded.

The Arrival at Mailu

Mailu is a mission station at present unoccupied. The missionary has just retired and the L. M. S. have not yet been able to replace him. The station was in excellent order, and is a perfect picture with its fine mission house (built many years ago by Kwato boys) and surrounding lawns and terraces. There is a beautiful cricket ground encircled by big trees, and an attractive looking church.

An empty house and disbanded station naturally create an air of departed glory. The people feel deserted. The Papuan teacher was away, but his wife, a tall, handsome woman, welcomed us and was overjoyed to meet Eauenibo, whom she had not seen since they were contemporaries at the L. M. S. Theological College at Vatorata. They were able to converse together in Motu, the language they had learned at college, and from that time onwards both Eauenibo and her husband, Davida, were indispensable with their knowledge of Motu which is as widely understood along the south coast as Suau is in the Eastern Division and among the islands.

We camped in the mission house, which was without furniture, and sat down to a meal laid out on the floor on the veranda. As we had had nothing since breakfast our plates of coconut-flavored rice and large pannikins of tea presented quite an inspiring picture. Later our kind Mailu hostess sent us a basin full of pumpkins, boiled in sweet coconut juice, with a chicken floating in the midst.

Some of us had an interesting time exploring the village which was made up of large double-storied houses, closely packed together in rows. The women were all busy preparing their evening meal while the men sat about and children swarmed everywhere. The people seemed very kindly disposed towards us, though we did not get much further than smiles and nods in our intercourse as we did not know their language. Like most other Papuan races, they have no expression of greeting in their vocabulary, whereas our Suau speech is singularly rich in terms of salutation and felicitation. In strange districts when we visit new peoples we are always at a loss to know what to say. It is embarrassing to meet people and remain dumb. In the Suau vicinity you fairly sing out greetings and get a chorus of equally vocal greetings in return. We tried "Agutoi" with our Mailu friends, to which some of them responded, pronouncing the word rather clumsily and being a bit embarrassed over the effort.

When we got back to the mission the ques-
tion was: What should we do? The search for sailing directions had been unsuccessful and the conclusion was that they were doubtless reposing at Kwato. It was unthinkable to go all that way back, and yet no one knew the coast well enough to venture forward. Eventually we found a man who had had a great deal of experience of the south coast, and was willing to join our party as pilot.

Later we thanked God for the seeming misfortune. Our pilot proved to be a veritable mine of information, and was a walking encyclopedia on all data concerning these new parts. He had worked as pilot on many coastal vessels, and was incalculably more valuable to us than any sailing directions. He spoke Suau and English, as well as five other Papuan languages. He ended by being completely won to Christ, taking part in our meetings and joining in our fellowship.

When we reached home again after three weeks' absence he was so changed even in appearance that his own wife hardly knew him, and immediately asked him what had happened.

We left Mailu early the following morning. It was hot and calm. We traveled steadily most of the day, with one short break at a little uninhabited island with an incredibly white, sandy beach. It was alive with birds and flying foxes, and flocks of snowy white pigeons flew like fleecy clouds over the sea towards the mainland. A few shots roused the whole island, and the sky was literally overcast with thousands of flying foxes, stirred from their slumbers, and wheeling heavily through the air in circles. Having replenished our larder with pigeons and flying foxes we ate lunch and set sail.

First Glimpses of Domara

The sun was lowering and the heat was wearing off when we reached Domara, the largest coastal village in our new district. We slowed down, went up a river and into a perfect river anchorage. Here we found a government "barracks": a little hut on high piles where we proposed to camp. A large village was situated some hundred yards off, across low-lying, swampy ground. We were on flat, sandy land at the mouth of a river; it was almost an island for, at one end sand banks had formed joining the would-be island to the opposite bank. The sand was black, and mixed with fine black dust.

People began to trail out from an opening in the stout log wall that surrounds the village, moving in our direction, a bit cautiously at first, to satisfy their curiosity.

If one were to try to pick the worst, most unsuitable spot for a village one could not do better than choose Domara. There is nothing that one can see to recommend it. All the requirements necessary to the existence of most human beings are overlooked. There is no shade, so essential in the tropics. There is no drinking water available for miles. A long journey upstream to fetch water means that every drop procured is so precious that one feels like a criminal if one dares to put any of this rare commodity to such unessential uses as washing. There is no ground suitable for gardens. Another canoe trip is required to carry the tired housewives of Domara to and from the scene of their labors in producing the food supply. The place is infested with savage pigs that intimidate one from every bush, erecting their tails and bristles in a most alarming manner. And to cap all, there are crocodiles that frequently remove children bodily. Hence the stout wall entirely surrounding the village.

Our camp was put up outside the fence, and stood in the water at high tide. Our eastern end of the territory seemed ideal, viewed from the midst of these discomforts. Unaccustomed as we were to the thought of lurking crocodiles we jumped every time we heard a splash, a grunt or cracking twig.

Our new friends at Domara were full of clawing curiosity. In fact they showed all the intelligent interest of anthropologists discovering a new race! The women, like their kind the world over, were very interested in the subject of dress. The girls in our party almost had their garments torn from them as our interested neighbors made their investigations. The Domara apparel was confined to long, crinkly grass skirts, and weird and wonderful tattoo designs. As soon as they became assured that we were harmless and friendly we became good exhibitors. A circus could not have drawn a more eager crowd. The young folks flocked round our camp to gape at our every movement. As one ate breakfast hundreds of astonished eyes followed the fork from plate to mouth, and back to the plate again. I had never thought to win fame as an entertainer, nor had I known how many star turns I ignorantly had up my sleeve. It was
humbled, however, to realize, in spite of a
gentle upbringing, what amusement one's
behavior at a meal could cause.

Late at night as we were turning in for a
well-earned rest the insatiable crowd of
pleasure-seekers—would arrive with a request
to hear the gramophone. Early in the
morning our indefatigable neighbors were
on the scene in hopes of getting front seats
for the mysterious toilet ritual of the strange
white folks.

A football and the portable gramophone
proved to be real agencies for evangelism, in
breaking down suspicion and enabling us to
make friends with the people.

The houses in the village were large, most­
ly double-storied, and a few three-storied,
with very high, and pointed gables. These
gables were adorned with carved images of
frigate birds or crocodiles or grotesque hu­
man figures. There were also carved fetishes
on the posts inside the houses. The village
was dirty, and the children indescribably so.

We spent two days at this place, though
it took less than that time to convince us that
here was no point from which to start our
new work. The reason is that since the L.
M. S. invited us to occupy this place the
Seventh Day Adventists have come in
and were already firmly established, with a native
teacher and a school.

We set sail for Port Moresby, leaving our
little band at Domara to explore the water­
ways and surrounding villages for a more
suitable centre, meanwhile doing all in their
power to make friends with the people.

Dropping anchor in a little dark bay on
our way to Port Moresby, the capital of
Papua, we were visited by a really enlight­
ened Papuan Christian teacher, with whom
we had a most interesting conversation. He
spoke good English and seemed most sin­
cere. We could not help comparing him
with his countrymen of Domara, with their
degraded faces and animalistic attitude to­
wards life. Our next stop was at a marine
village, with houses standing in the water.
Outrigger canoes swarmed round us to in­
spect the new boat, and to sell sweet pota­
toes. Charming folk the villagers seemed,
clean and intelligent, especially so after
Domara. The little children were very at­
tractive and were greatly taken with the
Papuan figurehead (carved by John Smeeton)
that adorns our bows and beams be­
nignly at the oncoming waves. “Who made
it?” they inquired in really well-spoken Eng­
lish. “Very good,” they called out in ap­
proval.

In the afternoon a fresh breeze blew up,
so that we hoisted sail, and finally rounded
the last point into Port Moresby Harbor,
spanking along in fine style. Port Moresby
looked beautiful in the setting sun. It was
their sixth month of drought, and the hills
were burnt and nothing green survived.
Nevertheless the pale straw-colored hills
were a lovely hue, and the red baked earth
was a deeper red in the flaming sunset of a
very hot, dry day.

Our captain, Peni, had never been to Port
Moresby, or seen such a large town. He
shouted in astonishment as we caught sight
of the red-roofed houses strewn along
the shore and sprinkled on the hillsides.
Having made ourselves snug for the night
we had a hilarious evening meal, with our
table in the hold of our ship and a bright
lamp suspended over it. Suddenly all the
lights were turned on in Port Moresby.
Rows of street lamps were reflected in the
water; very ordinary, that may sound, but
it was a thrilling spectacle to backwoodsmen
like ourselves. Our captain was busy in the
engine room, and when he emerged to see
this fairyland of lights sparkling across the
harbor he let out a great yell. It was
the most wonderful sight he had ever seen.

There followed busy days at this port,
meeting friends, and enjoying the unaccus­
tomed evidences of civilization, such as trav­
eling by car on good hard roads, and get­
ing excited over the big planes that kept
circling overhead on their way from the Wau
to the aérodrome. They brought fifty pas­
sengers to meet the steamer while we were
there. After four days Phyllis and I em­
arked on the MacDhui, to return to Sa­
marai, leaving Cecil to return via Domara
on the Kwato.

As a result of this expedition a site was
found near a village called Drum, among
very primitive people. It is further inland
than Domara, and more accessible to the Dorevaida mountaineers. The chief landowners welcomed the newcomers, and one joined some of our party, returning with them to Kwato for a visit. He amuses us by shutting his eyes, throwing back his head and howling at every strange new thing he sees. He was taken for a Cook's Tour through the mission house which is the only European residence he has ever entered. We could hear his long drawn-out yells of wonder and amazement. A long mirror in which he was able to admire his wizened form for the first time, and the shower bath by which, in some mysterious way, the unaccountable white folks can make rain at any given moment, were the most wonderful of the miracles encountered.

But to return to Drum. Some of the campers are erecting houses and clearing a site, while the rest of the party are staying at Mailu, learning the Mailu tongue, which has the widest range.

It is not all plain sailing at Drum. A reaction set in after the first friendly reception, and the position is something like this. The younger generation welcome our advent, seeing in it a chance of school, and of learning the new magic formulae of the whites. They see novelty, as well as the advantages that other Papuans have in places where missions have been established. But what the younger element welcome as the dawning of a new day for them, their elders view only as a knell of all that is old, all in fact, that they hold sacred and that has been handed down from their ancestors—their beliefs and ceremonies, their defence against the grim realm of spirits in which they believe so firmly.

As for Domara, high walls of opposition have been erected, and things ended rather tragically. The only youth who openly desired to break with the old life and learn of Christ and His Way was threatened with death by sorcery. He remained steadfast in his determination and showed great courage in the face of the opposition of the whole village. He resolved to come to Kwato for training, but was kidnapped one night on the eve of the boat's sailing, and when the first party returned his whereabouts was still a mystery. We are praying for him for, if he survives the fury of his relatives, his lot will be hard. We have still to learn the end of that story.

A beginning has been made, however, at Drum. Three workers are there, and will be joined by the rest of the party from Mailu as soon as there are sufficient accommodations. We hope that this story will be continued in the next Tidings, and in many subsequent ones. What that story will be depends largely upon the strength and earnestness of your prayers for this new venture.

Native Generosity

NEW school buildings are being erected near Wagawaga, at a place that used to be a government experimental nursery, so it has some lovely trees growing, huge mahogany, and rain trees, etc. It is part of the mission property, referred to in the Biography as the one which local inhabitants pleaded with my father to lease in order to save them from white neighbors, and promised to help towards the rental. The buildings will be of native material and people are already sending odd shillings and sixpences towards it; even our schoolboys who occasionally earn a few shillings by carving model canoes for tourists, have given their bit—in some cases their entire little hoard. And messages come from far and near to say "We are ready, call us when you are," from men who want to give voluntary labor.

What marvelous people these are for a response! Already we have gangs collecting materials, and as soon as these buildings are erected, and the junior school ensconced therein, then the hospital will be reopened as such. Praise the Lord.
Wireless Miracles

I WONDER if you have heard about our radio. My husband’s brother in New Zealand gave us a Christmas gift of quite a powerful set—both short and long wave. We can pick up London, Paris, Moscow, quite clearly, as well as the regular long-wave stations in Australia and New Zealand. It has been a marvelous thrill for us all and especially when we listened in to the King’s jubilee message at 5 a.m. on the 7th. All the kids came into the room to listen. I wish you could have seen their faces light up with wonder and delight when they heard the King say (as clearly as though he were in the room): “Now I want to send a special message to the children. The King is speaking to you...” I am sure he would have been thrilled. We also heard the entire Empire program broadcast from London, as well as jubilee addresses to the King by the Prime Minister, Ramsay MacDonald, and from the House of Lords. It has been simply wonderful and such an eye opener for our folk,—to be linked up in direct contact with the great leaders of the empire. We have been very pleased to see their keen and intelligent interest in it all. M. A. S.

We have all had such thrills over the King’s Jubilee, listening in over the wireless. We all joined in the thanksgiving service at St. Paul’s Cathedral, singing “God Save the King” with them in London! It did seem wonderful. What a world we live in!

Then at 3 a.m. one morning we listened to messages from all parts of the empire, and finally heard the King himself. That was a thrill for us. The girls and boys present were quite awe-struck. The King’s words were very moving; tears streamed down the girls’ cheeks. At 5 a.m. it closed with the singing of the national anthem, and as we stood to attention we realized that thousands were doing the same all round the world. The King said: “I think of you all listening to my words, some in the farthest corners of our empire,” and we looked at one another and nodded in mutual acknowledgment. R. A.

The abiding need in the Mission is the continued use of wireless-prayer messages, the answers to which show the miraculous working of the power of God. Will you help in the operation of this “Power House”? 

An Acknowledgment

I expect others from Kwato will have written to tell you how very ill I was for three days, and then, after two hours under ether, I awoke to hear that the Lord had taken our darling little baby son to be with Him. My husband has been such a strength to me; he hardly left my side those first few days. We heard that they took the little coffin across to Kwato and laid our little one to rest on the hilltop beside the small daughter Mrs. Abel lost nearly forty years ago. There was a quiet gathering round the grave and tiny rosebuds and pure white lilies were laid on top.

I want to thank all those who have been helping so much by their loving prayers for us in our time of sorrow. I feel sure it made all the difference when I was so ill and now it is helping to heal the wound in our hearts. This morning I was given the lovely promise, “The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God, thy glory... and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.”

The future would seem very empty, but for the Lord. I feel it is like my “pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly” that I have been able to give to Him, and I must give without grudging.

HALLIDAY BEAVIS.

Duabo is more glorious than I have ever known it. Our efforts at gardening have done a lot to beautify the place and there are perfect masses and masses of gorgeous roses everywhere. Bowls of them are in every room.

It has been so cold in the evenings that sometimes we have had to have two heaters burning (always one) as well as a blazer or woolly coat on. It has been just what we needed and has braced us up no end. The air at Kwato is humid and relaxing. Here, on the hill top, we gain new strength and vigor. Bessie and Alaedi, our helpers here, go on as ever. Bessie is a wonderful old soul; she is always so vital spiritually and does a lot of quiet but solid personal work amongst the bush folk. It is most heartening to see her genuine delight and thrill when there is a new face at the Sunday service. She wastes no time in winning their friendship first and telling them of the reality and power of her Master.
Love and Patience

NOT LONG ago a tiny baby three weeks old was brought to me. Its mother had been unable to feed it and so it had been dumped in the corner of the house in a basket ever since it had been born. One of our mission girls happened to visit the house and sent the baby down to me. Enough to say that I have never seen anything like it in my life. I could hardly believe it was a human being. It had not an atom of flesh on its little body, and had five swellings the size of walnuts; one on its head, and the others on different parts of its body. I sent the father across the bay in a canoe to a trader there who keeps a small store, and he brought back the only feeding bottle in stock. In the meantime I had fed the little one on Nestles milk by means of an eye dropper. It never moved, day or night, except when it had violent fits of convulsions. It was caked with dirt, and Papuans always cover their babies' heads with burnt black coconut oil; the black stuff on this one even reached its eyelids. The only thing to do was to rub it with olive oil, and this softened the grime somewhat.

Nestles milk didn't seem to agree with it; at least it would drink very little, and its convulsions just got worse, so I thought that when a boat came I would take the little one into the doctor to see if anything could possibly be done to keep it alive. The boat came and we got aboard, but I felt the baby couldn't last much longer, so perhaps it was all for the best that she passed quietly away on our way to Kwato. In the four or five days I had nursed her I had got to love her so much, in spite of the terrible condition she was in. Her coming to Bisimaka taught me many things in patience, and endurance (warming bottles at 2 a.m., etc.). I also learned a little bit how Christ could love me, sinful and unlovely, enough to die for me.

MARY ABEL.

When John Smeeton came in from the bay the other night he roused us at midnight with another wee unwanted waif—a little boy a month old. Such a miserable starved-looking little specimen. The mother died when it was born and the father is unknown. That brings our baby family up to five, four girls and a boy. Campbell and his little bunch are with mother at Duabo. There are six of them and they are such charming kiddies with charming manners.

The days are full with the ordinary routine of life—schools in the morning, and medical work. Sewing and weaving to supervise in the afternoons. Lectures on Monday night for the older boys and girls who have left school. Teaching class on practical Christianity on Tuesday nights; singing class on Wednesday nights. Team meetings on Thursday night. Group meetings on Friday night, and Saturday is free! Then there are talks, and lessons to be prepared, and children to discipline and all the little odd things that make up the days at Kwato.

P. D. A.

Mission Needs

1. Another missionary nurse.
3. A new and larger printing press (about $500).
5. A new missionary cottage at Kwato to house workers and Papuans preparing for service (about $400).
6. New mission house at Duabo, the Hill Station (about $500 to $1,000).
7. An encyclopedia and other books for the teachers at Kwato.
8. Equipment for the hospital.
9. Additional support for the Educational and Evangelistic work.
10. Gifts for the support of workers now on the field.

Legacies

We have had several inquiries of late, as to the correct form to be used in the making of wills, where the Kwato Mission is to be a beneficiary. In answer we print below the legal form for such bequests.

Form of Bequest (American)

I hereby give and bequeath to the New Guinea Evangelization Society, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of New York, the sum of ......... to be used for the evangelization and Christian training of the Papuans under the Kwato Mission of Papua.