THE KWATO MISSION OF PAPUA

Kwato, Samarai, Papua

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TO NEW READERS: The Kwato Mission is an evangelical, interdenominational mission founded and conducted on New Testament principles, for the purpose of winning the people of Papua to Christ, and training them for responsible Christian service.
NOTICE

This issue of the "Tidings" published at Kwato will be late in reaching you on account of the shipping strike in Australia.

Stop Press: Two more items for praise.

Joan Blake, the volunteer nurse referred to on page 3 reached Kwato on December 27th.

Five village headmen from the Dorevaidi and Keveri district, who made a complete, right-about-turn to Christ during Cecil Abel's recent patrol, have come in to Kwato for help and teaching.

Head-hunters of renown, and leaders of their tribesmen, they are the key to God's plan for their unevangelized mountain district, and specially claim your prayers.

A volunteer nurse for the Kwato hospital is waiting in Sydney, Australia, for the way to open for her to join us.

WO CONFERENCES FOR VILLAGE LEADERS

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NEWS SUMMARY

At the end of July we had the joy of welcoming to Kwato Dr and Mrs Vaughan and their three children, Patricia, Michael and Dermott. They came by the P & O steamer Mooltan, and stepped ashore at Kwato in a deafening roar of cheers, whoops, and conch-shell blasts from hundreds of glad Papuans lined up to meet them.

Arthur and Halliday Beavis, who left us by the same boat, arrived in England in September. They look forward to meeting with friends of the Mission, and hope to bring many new friends into partnership for Papua. Please address any communications to: "Sunnycroft," Snakes Lane, Woodford Green, Essex.

Two conferences for village leaders only have been held recently at Kwato and Koeabule, at which 150 leaders from all parts of the district attended. These men are all bearing the responsibility of the leadership of the Christian life and witness of their villages, and are chosen for their spirituality and capabilities.

Good news continues from our new outpost at Duram. Davida (stationed there) has been able to make valuable contacts with the Dorevaidas—an untamed mountain people, through the visits of certain members of this tribe to the coast. And now, he reports, deputations from inland have been received asking us to visit them.

A new boarding school is about to be built to accommodate the Junior School. We have decided to establish this new centre at Talaiakwa, near Wagawaga, on the site of an old Government experimental nursery.

This garden property, containing imported palms and tree ferns, large shady mahogany, citrus fruits and coffee, has in addition to park-like qualities, the proximity of running water, which assures an unfailing supply in times of drought, as well as the possibility of cheap electricity.

A volunteer nurse for the Kwato hospital is waiting in Sydney, Australia, for the way to open for her to join us.

REPORT OF TWO CONFERENCES

NEW VISION FOR VILLAGE LEADERS

Two conferences for village leaders were held recently, one at Koeabule, attended by leaders from Milne Bay, Buhutu and the hinterland, and the other at Kwato, attended by delegates from the eastern mainland, and adjacent islands. These were sandwiched in at a very busy time, but those of us who laid aside seemingly pressing claims from boatshed, plantation, teaching and various other departments to attend the conference at Koeabule, did not foresee the blessing, and new beginning that was in store for all of us, workers and delegates alike.

Some of the workers.

The Koeabule conference was led by Cecil, while the one at Kwato was in the charge of Phillip Bagi. They were backed by helpers, including several outside people: village Christians. What a strength these are to us. There was also Tiraka, head boat-builder, and Makura from Kwato, Muroro who is stationed at Koeabule, also Alice and the irrepressible Ti?o. It is quite impossible to say where the last-named is from, for he is always on the go, and moves so quickly in obedience to his Lord’s commands that he almost manages to be in two places at once! At any rate he is always hurrying on urgent business for the Kingdom. His brimming humour knocks all formality out of any meeting and often saves things from getting starchy. There was Tukidina, from Wagawaga village, and finally old Seme, a diminutive little woman who was a very gracious hostess to the team.

Out for the highest.

If there was one thing most obvious among the 86 men who foregathered at Koeabule, it was the spiritual hunger of all who came. There was no necessity to try to inspire them to seek a fuller surrender, or to convict them of unfruitfulness and the need for a new consecration. That was just what they were yearning for, and the very reason why they had come. The Lord stated that those who hungered and thirsted after righteousness were the lucky ones "for they shall be filled," and these men certainly came longing to be filled and renewed. Some had carried the burden of their villages for a long time with little or no human help. Some felt dry and spiritually stale and had lost their former joy. Some had been giving out always to others with little chance of being fed themselves. And some came from an atmosphere of failure, where the spiritual life had grown slack. All seemed grateful for this
opportunity of putting things right and gaining a new vision of Christ and His will.

The conference was split up into small meetings, each led by one of the workers. In our first meetings there was a general expression of willingness to enter into a completely new life and surrender. As a Buhutu man put it, “Every boat needs to be hauled up on the slips and scraped and cleaned and painted, and put into repair. We are like that too.” He appealed earnestly to the rest not to risk going back unfit for commission through any shirking of response to the highest call that God would give them in the next few days. And that was the seeking, expectant spirit that was manifested throughout.

Myself, the solution of the problem

One afternoon I was taking reports from each village, and was jotting down notes as they were given to me by a leader from a village where things were not bright. Attendance at meetings, poor, I wrote. Personal work nil. Bible study and Quiet Times dropped. Members harbouring resentments and criticisms of one another. Husbands and wives quarrelling. Suddenly my informant broke into this uninspiring record with, “Taubada, I am the real burden of Barabara. All this is a reflection of me. If I had been living a life of power and victory it would be different. I have seen things getting slack and done nothing, challenged no one, seen no one. How could I? I was in the same plight myself.” This complete realization of himself as the key to the situation was typical of the spirit in which all came.

A new surrender

The first thing was to get everyone to a place of new surrender. We aimed at being definite, at facing up to actual causes of failure, dealing with them and seeking the solution. There was a special course of training that we all followed. Finally there was a great testimony meeting, that had to be continued the next day, and the next! It required skill to keep this meeting in hand as people were getting up three at a time in their eagerness to express their praise to God, or to make a clean breast of the state of affairs they had surrendered to Him to re-make. Thank God it was not all failure, as we realized when one man was praising God for things of which he had been convicted here at Koeabule at the last conference in 1933, which had gone never to return.

The same thing was repeated at Kwato for leaders from the Eastern part of the district, and the adjacent islands. It seemed the enemy of souls was not going to allow this conference to pass unattacked, and there were many difficulties and distractions to be faced. But these were overcome through prayer.

Kwato is not an ideal place for a conference. There are many other calls and too much else going on. After all, the mill and workshops going in full swing, crowds of people coming and going, boats arriving and departing, must all be distracting to simple men who have been called apart from their villages to seek a desert place in which to be with Christ. However this did not prove to be an insurmountable problem, and the conference went on steadily apart from the rest of the life of the head station.

One would meet little knots of men walking together, with exalted faces as they shared the blessing they were receiving and the fresh experience of Christ they had come to find, while the rest of the world carried on their everyday tasks with everyday expressions on their faces!

Since then...

Since that time we keep on hearing results and reverberations of the two conferences, in the form of victories won, and things happening in many villages: of men who left their villages as leaders and returned as humble servants. All of which proves that the above is only preliminary, and that the real report of the conferences is being written now, and is daily being read by many Papuans.

A recent Government patrol through 8000 miles of mountainous unexplored territory, from the Fly and Strickland Rivers and the upper reaches of the Purari, report the discovery of new, thickly populated areas, inhabited by light-skinned Asiatic races, described as “the finest agriculturalists in Papua.”

Though these particular people turned out to be kindly disposed to the strange white beings whom they regarded as spirits from the sky, the patrol met with much hostility on the part of head-hunting tribes, and were frequently attacked.
"DISPATCHES FROM DURAM"

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE UNDER SCRUTINY

How would you feel about it if a complete stranger arrived at your home and announced that he had heard that you lived the Christian life, and that he had come to stay with you a few days so that he could witness it?

Our Papuan workers at Duram have had this experience more than once, and realize that their everyday lives are a demonstration of Christianity, keenly watched and commented upon by their heathen neighbours, who come to find out about this phenomenon in their midst.

The following extracts from Davida's letter to Cecil Abel, translated as literally as possible in order to preserve its native character, will we hope communicate to you some idea of the responsibility that is Davida's—and yours.

Davida's Letter.

Dear Taubada,

Our hearts are sore to think that for two months you have not had news of us on paper. The difficulty is this. Living here at Duram our great burden is boats. There is no way to send letters quickly to Abau (The nearest Government port—Ed.) You know how it is here. Everything is "payment." If I had tobacco and asked for a canoe, canoes would all be released. But if there is no payment they withhold them. And yet the things you sent they unshipped them at Abau, and we got them all. For at that time the people were going to fetch their own things, and they brought ours back too hoping I would pay them something. If they know I have stores at Abau they will consent, because they know I can pay them from my stores. But if they know I have nothing to offer they will not even take letters for me. Another difficulty was the very bad season. It blows hard day and night, and great rains all through May, June and July. So if you get no letters you will know the cause.

There is only one man in Duram, who at all times helps us, and he alone sees through our living a bit. That is Gado, who helps us, and who already has a little light in his heart. He is a real help to us, and when he is in Duram we never lack a canoe. He alone brings us food, and helps without thought of payment. His boat also, we use it without charge, and on all my journeys he alone accompanies me. A good, kindhearted man. Let us help him with our prayers that God will stand him up as a leader of the men of Duram. He has uncovered his heart to me, his sorcery and his idol-things he has revealed them and thrown them away already. A part of my work I give him, as training. My school children he looks after them, and the people of the village he gathers them together at prayer times. Remember him in your meetings. I have set him up as children's monitor.

That is the one man inside Duram who sees the light a little. But Sale, whom you took to Kwato, he saw all our ways there, and the Living in the Light, but came back not a bit to go after it. All times I try to help him and to teach him, but idols only will he worship them.

As for our work with the people and children of Duram, formerly on Sundays they fished and worked while we kept on trying to teach them. But now they begin to respect God's day. Previously too the boys came naked to school, but we make them wear sihis, and now they begin to aquesce, though we still wrangle over this. Things are very different now, Taubada, and the children are getting much more tame and accustomed to us. Formerly too they were so dirty they looked not like human beings at all but more like Oh what were they like! But now they are kept clean.

It is nice to be neighbourly!

Duram is a truly bad place. The people are very good at scrapping and fighting. We live unhurt, while they are always warring against each other, assaulting, and sometimes killing one another. With my wife and two helpers our part is snatching apart, and seizing weapons from their hands, and bathing and doctoring gashes. There are some who might have died, but after much care they recovered enough to be taken on to Abau Hospital.

Calls from Inland

Another news: A man from an inland village named Segini sent word to a Badubadu man to say, "The misinare we desire him to come to our village. So we await him." He came down to Duram to tell me. Also a Dorevaidas man came down to Amao, and asked the men of Amao, he said, "Davida, when will he come up to you? If he comes tell him, say A man of the Dorevaidas came and told us he said, Davida, let him hurry here to help us." The man went back, but a man of Amao and a man of Dou they came down to the coast to bring me this word. They said "We await you and the Dorevaidas await you." The man who came down to Amao his name is Lalo, a chief of the Dorevaidas. Previously he came...
down to Duram and lived with us two days with his wife in order to see our living. Her name is Bua.

At Amao they have put up a house for me. It is finished. A youth from Amao came down to the cast to say to me, “Taubada your house we have finished it, and when will you come up?” So the calls come, from inland Domara, and the hinterland of Duram, and the Dorovaidas in the hills.

And now for the work that concerns the flesh: that property we cleared. Here is the news of it. Our first garden we cleared, and planted from March to May when we finished it. The taros are already grown. We shall start eating them in October.

The sweet potatoes fared badly, herons from the river continually root them up, and pythons like the tops. This is a bad place for pythons. We go armed with sticks and stones, and though we pelt them out of the garden we have not killed one yet. This is where a gun would be useful.

This work has been hard on Sinebada Eavenibo. She works, tends and weeds till evening, then comes home and gets ill. She has no helper. It is too much for her. You will probably say, “You yourselves started this. I did not tell you to.” Taubada, we did it to save expenses, and to cut down the amount of rice you send. The school children have now started a garden of their own. It is up the river, on a branch called Ginobo, close to where you all bathed when you were here.

Another burden is water, as you know. In January, February and March (dry season—Ed.) we could not get water. Canoes we requested them, they refused them. Or one day they gave us one to carry water, the next day they refused it. We could never spare water for cooking, we baked all our food during those months.

Our cans are all worn through. We need more for water-fetching. And our earthenware pots are all broken. one pot only is left, and that a bit cracked. That is another living requirement.

Taubada, that is our news. We are all well, and Eavenibo is much better than she was. Our greetings to all our friends, and thanks for their prayers for us.

I, Davida.

“*My God shall supply all your need...*”

The last batch of letters from Duram revealed many little extra, unbudgetted needs, which we longed to supply. A large parcel of necessaries was made up, and while we debated whether or not we would include this or that requirement, and how much they could go on managing without, God who supplies our needs, gave us carte blanche to send everything. A letter containing $25, came from a friend in Pasadena, California, whom none of us have ever met, but who once heard my father speak over the radio. This covered the amount exactly. This in his own words is how he received word about it.

“Last night, while - as is our custom - we were touring the mission fields of the world by way of the Throne, we received orders to send an offering to your mission.

‘‘All right, we will send ten dollars.’’

‘‘No, that is not enough.’’

‘‘Then we will send twenty dollars.’’

‘‘No, send twenty-five dollars’’.

In keeping with the above please find here-with a Draft for the sum of $25.00 to meet the special need which the Spirit had in mind when giving us the above instructions.’’

MARY ABEL AT MAIVARA

Mary Abel is now stationed at Maivara. The school there has increased considerably under the care of Dalai, a senior member of our Papuan staff, who has had a great deal of experience elsewhere.

The medical side of the work has been occupying a great deal of Mary’s attention. She makes a daily round of the villages, and the little palm-thatched hospital with its red cross flag is a rendez-vous of the “halt, the maimed and the blind” of Maivara district.
MAIVARA NEWS

A LETTER FROM MARY

"Although I have written to some of you individually, I think it is time I wrote to you all as a Fellowship, that you may praise God for having answered so many of your prayers, and that you may pray more intelligently in the future. At our mid-day "Power House", and at our evening prayer gatherings, we remember each one of you and the different work each is doing. The requests for prayer have been faithfully remembered. The other day I tried to tell them a bit about the difficulties between Italy and Abyssinia. I wish you, and more especially the heads of affairs at home, could have heard their prayers for peace.

When I first arrived here the guidance came so clearly to "go slow". (This, I afterwards discovered, was in answer to special prayer at your end!) The work seemed so large and so different from anything I had done before, that for the first two or three days I felt totally unfit for the job. The Lord taught me much in those days, however, and especially I realised more fully the meaning of His words, "My strength is made perfect in weakness."

I also knew that, before anything else, a real fellowship had to be established between the six of us who are leading the work here. (Three already stationed here, and the three of us who came from Kwato.) As the Lord had been working in my heart so he had begun to work in the hearts of the others. Guidance came to see them one by one, and then we had our combined fellowship meeting, when we testified to all the Lord had done for us. We studied parts of the first two chapters of the Acts of the Apostles:

"Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Spirit is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses...unto the uttermost parts of the earth." "They were all with one accord in one place....and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."

"And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved."

As we waited, emptied of self, as far as He had revealed, and "with one accord in one place" we took of the Holy Spirit. Lives which were fruitless before, began to bear fruit from that time onwards. Especially praise God for L--, who was so difficult at Kwato. Conviction had begun even before we left, and the old, jolly L-- is with us once again, and being used to change others in the same way that she has been so abundantly used in the past. This fellowship is only just beginning, but it is becoming of very real value daily, I might almost say hourly, to each one of us.

School has begun and we have at the moment four classes in full swing. I don't know how much the children are learning, but I'm learning a lot! I took drill last Wednesday with almost half the school. I think I shall take them six at a time next week! When I tried to get them to do anything a bit out of the ordinary, they either hugged each other and shrieked with laughter, or rolled on the ground in their mirth. I blew my whistle until I had no "blow" left, but all to no avail. The audience, which by this time was quite considerable, yelled orders at them in some language which I presume I have yet to learn, and pulled them apart and pushed them into line. I was so convulsed with laughter, that by the time there was some semblance of order, I couldn't for the life of me remember what to tell them to do next. So my first drill-class with raw Maivarans was not a success.

Pray for one thing especially, with regard to our school here and with regard to our whole attitude towards the children. That as we talk to them, teach them, correct them, punish them, we may do it as Christ would do it. Just lately I have been guilty of getting irritable over stupid little things. Mostly it was all within, but sometimes it must have been pretty apparent without. I took this "disease" to the Lord, and He gave me this verse:

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." "Verily, verily I say unto you, he that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also."
ished and a deep love filled me instead. It seemed as if the love which had been given to Christ and which had enabled him to work among lepers and others, had been given to me in fulfillment of this promise.

We are rejoicing this afternoon because we have just heard that our brother is now free from pain. He has gone to be with Christ "which is far better''.

If there were a geography book written on this district it would say, "MAIVARA : famous for its PIGS." I've never seen so many pigs in all my life. Maivara is one of the prettiest places I have ever seen. But Oh the pigs! Fat ones, skinny ones, black ones, white ones, long-legged gawky ones, long-snouted tusked ones, and all with starey bead-like eyes. But the worst of all. I think, is the kind with a bristly mane right down their backs, which sticks up on end when they look at you. Pigs swarm everywhere. A favourite trick of theirs is to hide among the bushes by the side of a path, wait until you are right on top of them, and then snort like a rhinoceros (do they?) and bound into the bush leaving you with your heart pounding like a machine gun. I could wax equally eloquent on Maivara's dogs, but I'll save you!

There is a tremendous amount of superstition here. It is so different from Wagawaga and that side of the Bay, where they are civilized compared with these people. The Sunday before last we were helping a sick woman. Directly we left her her uncle, a sorcerer, took over the 'case.' The least harmful thing he did was to pretend to remove from her side a piece of string on to which two nails were tied. This he declared to be the cause of the trouble. The next day we found both the mother and child dead, and after we had heard of some of the things he had done, it was no wonder. I used to think that St. Paul was rather hard on the sorcerer at Paphos, but after this experience I think he must have controlled his feelings remarkably well. When we left the woman on the previous day she was perfectly all right....but what is the use of being angry with the ignorant?

Needless to say our prayers and efforts were concentrated on this man, and praise God he has now found a greater power than the one he had. Like the man of Gadara the devils have gone out of him. (I only wish they had entered the swine though!) He now worships the true God.

In spite of all this there are some very radiant Christians, and the leaders and monitors are doing their work faithfully. I was guided this morning to start some simple course of teaching on practical Christian living when our older boys and girls here could join too. Especially we want to teach them the value of their Quiet Times, that they may begin the day in oneness with Christ, and be filled with power from Him to enable them to stand against all the subtleties of the enemy.

M. Abel

NO DRUDGERY IN THE OFFICE
THE ANTIDOTE IS PRAISE, MISS PARKIN FINDS.

I am back at my desk in the office to-day. It is a place which inspires much gratitude and praise to God. Geoffrey Baskett our "office boy" as we affectionately called him, left us yesterday for Bulolo, the new goldfield in the Mandated Territory. Raymond Whale is very busy with his yearly Balance Sheets, working very closely and often till late at night. Hence my effort to help him on, and that is why I am here. How it reminds me of the time when this responsibility was mine, and how wonderfully the strength was given me for each day, to carry on until the Lord graciously sent us Raymond.

Sitting here at the desk one is so reminded of needs provided, financial difficulties solved, and praising God for such things one remembers too the souls that have been won for Christ, and those here who are working for their Master, and are-ready to go out at any cost to serve Him. We thank God for the quiet steady growth of love in the hearts of our people. One is in a position to see many signs of this in the office.

There are three little money boxes on my desk. They are for the new school, memorial church, and other needs. Mysteriously these little boxes grow heavier, for people are continually bringing their small gifts. They come when I am away, and quietly slip them on my desk. Sometimes dirty little packets, or a few shillings wrapped up in a bit of rag, yet how sweet and clean and acceptable they must be to the Saviour watching. Keep on praying that we may be kept in close communion with God, and have the faith that never fails and that accomplishes great things, and that we may have the song of praise on our lips and rejoice always.

M. E. Parkin
When taken over as a Mission Station forty-three years ago, Kwato was a just small island inhabited solely by a family of four—a Papuan and his wife, one son and a daughter—with the Island of Logea a short distance Southward, stretching east and west, and protecting us from the frequently heavy gales. As one looks back to that early beginning one cannot help remarking upon the great difference that has come about in every department of our work and life, since those days.

My husband used to spend many days visiting the stations in the district. A dug-out canoe, or an open rowing boat worked by Papuan youths who had often never used oars before, was the only way to travel. An awning was sometimes erected for protection from the heat and the rains, but it was often laid aside, in spite of inconvenience, so that the speed of the vessel should not be hindered. How anxiously one watched the tides, when their mere turning would postpone his return for another night. And how I recall the feeling of despair brought on by the steady sound of the oars as they took him away on a long absence, or, I confess, the tears I shed sitting on the steps of our first bungalow, watching the tiny speck slowly receding down the straits. Then, of course, there was always the joy of his return, and of having someone to talk to again. For those were the days when Suau had still to be mastered, and I was still a stranger in a strange land, as everyone is to a certain extent until they have gained freedom of speech.

Today, however, we travel in comfort on a fine swift boat, with ample deck room, and a sturdy engine purring, out of sight in the closed-in engine room. This vessel is not only entirely manned and run by Papuans, but was also built by Papuan hands, trained in our own workshops: the sons of our faithful boys who bravely pulled the oars, mile after mile, those early days.

One Sunday evening recently I was listening to the boys and girls singing, and was amazed at the beauty of the harmony, expressed in so many voices. I recalled the night of my first arrival in Papua. After the evening meal my husband, the Captain of the schooner by which I had travelled up, and I, joined the young people on the station for evening prayers. The singing of hymns that evening is an experience which has never been forgotten. A brilliant display had not been expected. When, however, the singing began it shook the two guests to the limit of their capacity to retain their feelings. The men and boys sang in a low falsetto, while the girls grunted a kind of base. I could only hope they thought it was homesickness that upset me on that occasion.

Patience, and determined effort, however, accomplished great changes. It was to the Tonic Solfa system that we owed the success. Our people are naturally lovers of music, which speaks volumes.

Among the greatest difficulties we had to cope with for many years was the staunch objection our people, both men and women, had to taking any leadership. Today we can rejoice that there are leaders, and that the responsibility in many villages is borne by Papuans. Here at Kwato we so often look to our older boys, Tiraka, Daniel, Makura and others, and their suggestions and ideas are being put into practice. We seek guidance together about all that concerns our work, and they have learned to look to God for leading, and not to us. They pass on to us, and we to them, whatever we feel is His direction.

Halliday Beavis used to say how thrilled she was at some of the camps she attended, to be working under a Papuan leader.

In the very early days it was almost impossible to induce our people, men or women, to acquire the necessary habit of cleanliness. The former revolted at such a proposition, and made every objection and excuse imaginable, adding a protest also against such a rule affecting their wives. Their children did not trouble them; they did not mind very much if they were clean. However we stuck to our principles. The Mission girls and boys took it in turns to have the early morning plunge, and when games were over in the afternoon they took their enjoyable dip again. In due time the women began to appreciate the benefit incurred, and the day came when they too followed the rule of cleanliness twice a day.

Some of our girls are expert needlewomen. Fine drawn-thread and embroidery worked by clever Papuan fingers has been highly praised by experts. When I took samples to the London house of the well-known Irish firm of Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver, they compared these with the best Indian and Chinese work. Yet it was sometime during the early days before even the simplest kinds of needlework could be undertaken.

The only woman on the place who could sew, when first I came, was the Samoan teacher's wife, Pari, who unfortunately was jealous of imparting any knowledge she herself possessed to Papuan girls. I remember the pains it required to teach the first sewing class merely to sew a plain stitch, and later the dirty, thumb marked first attempts
of which we were so proud! They always required to be boiled. I still treasure the first of these, which has been kept to remind young girls of the skill shown by those who had not had the opportunities which they have today. And the girl who led the way, now a mother of eight children, all grown into manhood and womanhood, is still capable of competing with advanced workers, in spite of her age.

These memories recall a tussle I had with an impatient, wilful sort of girl named Gagirina. She quite thought she had discovered the whole secret of the matter, and that was the wearing of a simple charm to bring skill—a thimble! Papuans wear charms for all kinds of purposes, and a thimble was obviously the needleworker's charm. Unfortunately she "borrowed" mine, in fact my best silver one, which she wore on her left hand. Secure in the belief that all difficulties would vanish, she proceeded to sew in her usual bungling fashion. Although not left-handed she refused to wear the thimble on her right hand, or to be initiated into its proper use. Finally she refused to part with this charm, wherein, she was convinced, lay her only hope of success, and was persuaded to give it back to me with the greatest reluctance.

Quiet insistence, however, began to take effect and results became more satisfactory.

Medical work has always gone hand in hand with all Christian activity in new countries. When I first came to the country Dr and Mrs Lawes, the jubilee of whose landing has just been celebrated, were stationed at Port Moresby, the capital of Papua. They had become accustomed to their sphere of service by then, and the natives were kindly disposed towards them. Dr Lawes was known in this country as "Misi Lao," and his wife as "Misi Hahine." When Misi Lao was busily occupied his wife would attend to the by no means easy task of caring for the sick. When she had finished attending to a case, invariably, if a man, he would hold out his hand, asking in a surly manner, "Dahaka Davana?" "What price?" Meaning what payment are you giving me for allowing you to attend to me: to say the least a strange way of acknowledging the kindness received! To-day things are very different at Port Moresby. Voluntary aid, and gifts of food are among the signs of appreciation.

In our own sphere we were more happily situated. Our people have never been graspers, and our near neighbours have always been grateful for kindness shown them. Nowadays, sometimes, Christian Papuans who come to our hospital for medical care, spend the days of their convalescence doing personal work among the patients, and are a real help to us on the island. Quite recently some discharged patients waiting for a boat to take them home, did a wonderful work among the visitors from the mainland, and were the means of reawakening and bringing a blessing to a village on the mainland, opposite us. Needless to say this is the kind of repayment to the Lord for His gift of medical work to Papua, which cannot be measured.

While on this topic one must mention Dalai Tukidina, a village woman at Wagawaga, who spends herself caring for the sick in the villages along that coast and in the hills behind Wagawaga. She is impelled to this service by a real love for Christ, and has an all-curing experience of Him that she lives to pass on to others. She has become quite famous in her part of the world for the cases she has cared for, and through prayer and unstinting care, has brought through to health. She has a series of simple remedies we have taught her to use, and she uses her influence to have serious cases sent in to the hospital at Kwato.

OVER THE HILLS TO BUTHUTU

P. D. Abel describes a Flying Visit to the Camp.

We have just returned from a wonderful, if rather protracted, week-end camp to the Buhutu Valley. We left in the "Kwato" late on Saturday afternoon, with the whole island on the wharf to send us off, promising prayer backing, and shouting cheery "Aionis."

We did not get as far as we intended that night. At 8 30 P.M we were only about 15 miles away, still within sight of Kwato. Our engine was running dead slow, and there was a heavy swell against us. So we decided to anchor in the lee of a large island for our evening meal and for the night.

The party consisted of the regular team of eight or nine workers and those of us, 20 odd, who were going for the week-end as "Flying Squad" to back them up. Besides there was Vi Rechner, the Doctor, John Wagstaff, Cecil and myself. We were a jolly party, and there was no excuse for seasickness, for our Doc. was confidently doling out his marvellous special cure. Howbeit there were one or two lunge for the side of the ship, though don't let him hear me say so. for the efficacy of the cure is still a much disputed point. Being a victim I refrain from making comment!
After starting off again in the early hours of the next morning we landed at Sagaahu at 11. A. M. with a four hours tramp inland before us, and an easy road, and one small mountain then another, that’s all, we were told. Well it took us seven hours, and it seemed to me one endless mountain after another, and Leileiafa, the village for which we were bound, was always: “You-see the-top-of-that-hill? well-just-over-the-other-side is-Leileiafa.” But when we got to the top of the “hill” it was only to find another long stretch higher than the one before. However with the help of our jolly companions, their cheery banter, and a refreshing green coconut or two, we made the distance without difficulty, and when we finally did catch up the ever advancing Leileiafa we were really quite fresh.

I shall never forget walking into that village. I have not been into the Buhutu valley before, and my earliest recollections of it have been connected with stories of sorcery and witchcraft, of infanticide and other effects of ignorance and darkness.

I remember as a child looking down from Dusabo at the opposite end, on to that forested plain with a feeling something akin to fear: seeing streams of grotesquely decorated people passing to and fro to some feast or heathen ceremony. I remember the return of various evangelistic tours, the apparent failure, the reports of continual refusal to listen to the Gospel story. I remember listening to accounts of depleted villages, of a dying population, and of the filth and disease and dirt of none other than the village of Leileiafa.

That evening we entered a garden village by a wide, well-kept road, bordered on either side with a hedge of vivid crotons, and lined with beds of flowers of every colour. A rousing welcome of “Eauedo!” greeted us from a long line of men, women and children, all clean and devoid of armlets and other decorations. Their hair was neatly combed, and the women and girls wore clean, fresh grass skirts. As we reached them they broke out into a chorus:

He took me out of the pit, and from the miry clay,
He set my feet on a rock, establishing my way,
He put a song in my mouth my God to magnify,
And He’ll take me one day to his home on high!

We were yet to realise the full significance of that chorus, sung in such a surrounding.

Before we had a chance to say anything a man stood out and led in prayer, thanking God for bringing us there, and asking Him to join in all our joy and guide all our plans. And then there was such a shaking of hands and greetings, and we were fussed over and led to mats spread in the middle of the village, and made to rest our weary limbs while they all gathered round and plied us with questions of our journey and of the latest news from Kwato.

“This must be the Christian section of the village,” thought I, “and a pretty big section too.” But I soon learned that the whole village belonged to God, and that there were none who had not yielded their lives to Him. Wonderful!

While our meal of rice and coconut and some native food was being prepared we all had a time of prayer together, still sitting on mats in the middle of the village. There was so much to praise God for, prayers followed one upon the other with scarcely a pause.

“Not long ago we were in darkness. This valley had no light. We had no God. Our gods were idols of wood and stone, fear was our master. Now You are our God. You have given us light and love and power in Christ, and the friendship of white and brown. We thank you,” prayed one.

Another thanked God for bringing us to them. It seemed a wonderful thing to me to think that three short years ago prayer was unknown to these people.

It was a tired but happy band that sat round the rice on the floor that night. When we are on camp we have community meals and share its privations and privileges, and that night some of the team who had had the joy of first bringing the light and message of salvation to Leileiafa held us spellbound as they told us a little of the change that had taken place.

A little after 9 o’clock, while we were setting up camp and arranging sleeping accomodation, a conch shell blast echoed through the village, and there was instant quiet everywhere. “That’s the curfew,” someone whispered. Again I was awakened at daybreak by another blast, and scrambling out of my mosquito net to see what it was all about, I saw a long line of people, men on one side and women on the other. After someone had led in a short prayer they trooped off—where do you think? To their respective water pools to
The doctor’s dispensary opened at 10 A. M. in the village square. And much earlier a crowd had gathered, mostly women with chubby naked infants. There were very few ulcers, practically no yaws: Baby after baby rolled up.

"What’s the matter with this baby?"

"Nothing."

"Well, what have you brought it to the doctor for?"

"For him to see."

So Taubada Doctor had to go through the ritual of poking each infant in the ribs, and turning it over, and remarking on its healthy appearance. "I lolo ariri!" was a new phrase the Doctor learnt while at Leileiafa. "It is very good!" Some needed a dose of quinine and some castor oil: nothing more serious.

The grown-ups too rallied round. A healthy strapping piece of humanity would step forward in front of the Doctor.

"What’s wrong with you?"

"That you may spear me."

"What for? Any pain? Any sickness?"

"No, only spear me."

"Spearring", I may point out, is a term for an injection of bismuth given for yaws, but to the Papuans a panacea for every ache and pain, and for just feeling out of sorts, or lazy—a common complaint I'm afraid.

We were surprised to find so little sickness or disease, recalling the descriptions previous visitors had given of the diseases, and awful ulcers they had seen in Buhutu. When we remarked upon it Badataua, the leader at Leileiafa, explained that since Christ and His light had come to them, there was no sickness. They now looked to Him for healing, when they did get sick. Some would gather in the sick one’s house and pray over him. Then, since light had come God had taught them to be clean in their bodies, as they were trying to be clean in their minds.

On Tuesday afternoon the Kwato was up the river ready to take us home. It was hard having to leave when there was so great a need, but it was good to be leaving a staunch band behind to carry on the work. Leileiafa, Bombomiti, Siasiada and Borowai need your prayers. From these centres the Gospel is spreading and glad news comes in from time to time of other villages wholly won for Christ by them.
SCHOOL DAYS
SOME VIGNETTES FROM THE EDUCATIONAL SIDE

The Lord very clearly guided me to "come apart" from the busy life of Melbourne city, not to a desert but to a tropical isle of rare charm and beauty—Kwato.

I had been a sleepy sort of servant, and was touched to life by Christ's revelation of His love for me. Bible study and Fellowship were most necessary items in my spiritual diet, and one has been richly blessed here in this harmonious and joyful place.

Coming from the average sized Australian family of five members it is great fun to find one has twice that number of grown up brothers and sisters. On Sunday it is not uncommon to have sixteen round the dinner table. (Think of Miss Parkin, our caterer!)

If a popular book or periodical is left about there are many avenues down which it may elude one. I was busily looking for some such lost property before going down to kindergarten school one morning, and came upon Russell engaged in his editorial duties, (typing in the Scriptural manner of seeking and finding!)

"Vi," he said, "don't you think it would be jolly..."—I listened expectantly, for Russell's "jolly" ideas are usually to be spelt with a capital J — "if you wrote about your kindergarten for the Tidings?" I must confess that for once I was disappointed in his conception of the term.

"Well, I'll try," said I.

Kwato Kindergarten

9. 30 A.M. finds me packing my basket with little readers, picture books and brightly lacquered tins containing all sorts of letter and figure games, and with young Patricia Vaughan and Babu by my side, taking the short cut along a delightfully green and shady path to Isuhina.

Fourteen picturesque little figures clad in red or blue check piribos are waiting in line "like soldiers," and cheerfully sound a chorus of 'Good morning Vi.'

We mark time, then in a circle march round on the clinking coral "like giants," "like ducks," then again as soldiers to our schoolroom.

One tries to infuse the spirit of a game into the study of A.B.C. and 1.2.3. Individual work is found most absorbing. This has to be preceded by a class with lessons of course. Moments arise when one has great difficulty in facing the class without laughing. We had learnt that a, t, spells the word "at." We knew the sound of "c." The time had come to combine this, so "c a t" and an illustration of one were put on the board, the letters sounded, the picture pointed to as a help, and an enquiry made—what does c a t spell?

"Pussy!" said Jimmy.

Similarly with "r a t." The illustration was misinterpreted. R, a, t, spells "mouse" was the none too encouraging reply. "M, a, n spells nest" will just have to be explained away as an epic in faulty association.

Towards the end of the morning we have crayoning. This is a popular item. As the finished work is brought up to me "Vi, picsha pleez" is the cry. On Friday mornings there are tests, and then a story or games. The games are enjoyed with great zest.

Dr Vaughan was in his lab. below the schoolroom last Friday. At luncheon he was puzzled to know what all the noise was about.

"Oh, they were Autumn leaves falling from the trees and dancing about," he was told.

SNAPSHOT FROM MAIVARA

About eight of the school children have an irritating skin disease called sipoma. They are covered in it from head to foot. The Government gives us some kind of medicine, rather like iodine, with which to paint the whole body. It smarts rather when applied, but is marvellous stuff for cleaning up the disease.

All the sipoma scholars were lined up yesterday to be painted. All stuck it very well until I came to the last one, a little chap of about eight years of age. And then there was pandemonium.

He screamed and kicked and fought and bit. And the louder he screamed the louder the onlookers yelled and clapped their thighs with amusement. In the end with one boy holding his legs and another his arms, I managed to paint him.

This morning the crowd gathered to watch the painting proceedings, expecting to enjoy another episode. But the little fellow was the first to come up to be painted and did nothing more than whimper!

VILLAGE EDUCATION

IMPRESSIONS OF A RECENT TOUR

In most Papuan villages the children run wild. But we had the satisfaction of seeing a very different state of affairs in some of the villages we visited on a tour of the schools. A village school depends largely on the strength and influence of the Christian community. For only when there has been a spiritual awakening is there any real interest in the welfare of the rising generation.

The schools are in the majority of cases run by village leaders and their wives who have spent a
perid either at Kwato or one of our outstations, though in many cases ignorant and untrained village people are doing an admirable service to the children by undertaking as best they can, this responsibility.

I was struck with the progress made in one or two places where the teachers are entirely untrained and have laboriously had to teach themselves first, and then pass on what they have acquired to the children. One could see how eagerly they had gleaned tips from what they had observed of the routine at Kwato during their visits, and had tried to introduce them at home.

In such places the parents combine to carry out the regulations that we lay down for the simple discipline of the children.

These are not elaborate, and are designed to bring their lives under some sort of order, under the supervision of a responsible eye. Mind, soul and body are catered for by schools, the daily round up for morning prayers, or a combined "Quiet Time" according to the state of spiritual development of the children, cleanliness or the daily bath parade and inspection, community work, games, and the discipline of a definite bedtime, the hour at which the average Papuan child comes to life—and mischief! Finally and inexorably No Smoking and No Betel Chewing, which I am afraid even members of the village kindergarten find a hard edict.

All the schools follow the same schedule. This includes Scripture or the teaching of basic Christian principles by the medium of Bible stories, each lesson containing set passages to be memorized. Papuan children memorize with great ease, and one feels that they have a possession for life in the portions of Scripture they have committed to memory. There is, of course reading, writing and simple arithmetic, a basic foundation of English phrases, a course of Hygiene, part-singing and handicrafts.

Although the schedule had been faithfully adhered to at each village the variation in results was marked. This was especially so where the singing was concerned. Here the set songs included the National Anthem, a children's hymn in Suau, a native melody introduced from the Gulf of Papua, and a bright song with Suau words set to the tune of the old hit "Look for the Silver Lining." These however, all varied in time and pronounciation at each village, according, it seemed, to the whim of the teacher! In some cases God save the King had an unmistakably indigenous jig-time infused into it. It was quite interesting to compare, for instance, the Divinai, Watunon or Davadava interpretation of this well-known accompaniment to patriotic emotions. I have been stirred by hearing massed bands play this in honour of the King, and experienced similar feelings on hearing it to the sentiments of My Country 'tis of Thee, on the other side of the Atlantic. But it took the rendering of the Dadue boys and girls to move me to an almost complete collapse of mirth, so much so that I doubt if I shall ever be able to listen to it again and keep a straight face, and will doubtless disgrace myself on many future solemn occasions.

Unless one has experienced life in a Papuan village, and seen the usual begrimed children of dirty, slovenly parents who haven't a care what happens to them, it would be difficult to imagine how surprised we were at the smartness and discipline of the children in some of the villages. Especially was this so at Papi, a Christian village that has only come into being in the last three years. The village has a smart appearance, and one glance at the children is sufficient to show how things are going. We reached this place late in the evening, after a several hours canoe journey up a marvellous river that winds between hills and through arches of glorious forest.

Early next morning at 5. 30 A.M. a shrill whistle woke us sharply from our slumbers. This was bath drill! The children were mustered from all the houses, and lined up, and after a roll call in the dim light of morning off they were marched, the boys in one direction and the girls in another, to the river. So this is Papua! One really needed to pinch oneself or something. It all seemed so incredible.

At six, a long reverberating conch-shell blast hushed all the waking murmurings from the houses, and for nearly an hour silence reigned. This was the "Quiet Hour," and how thrilling it was, in one's own early morning devotions, to realize that the whole village too was praying, seeking and listening to the Lord.

After our own morning plunge we breakfasted with the usual crowd of interested spectators, which included this time a large tame hornbill, who made himself look ridiculous laboriously picking up single grains of rice we let fall, one by one with his immense beak. Then followed another day of schools, talks, problems of conduct to be solved, demonstrations and meetings for various purposes.

I was armed with posters illustrating hygienic facts and truths I was out to establish. Effective though this method is it has its dangers. A revered old Christian lay ill at one place. I had a poster showing so clearly that disease and sickness could be caused by uncleanliness. The children nudged each other and nodded their heads approvingly. He evidently had not been popular with the youthful element. Which of course created rather a delicate situation calling for tact.
One brought back such bright impressions from many centres, each with its merry flock of lively boys and girls. And other memories as well, of long talks with parents, who after all are the key of the situation, of warm hospitality, of sound slumber on rattan floors, early morning dips in incredibly cold and crystal streams, of ravenous meals on the floor round bowls of rice and taro with the inevitable kamkarn killed in honour, of long, interesting days examining schools, of games and campfire meetings with the villagers.

There is a certain attraction in a Papuan village, especially towards evening. People mysteriously appear from all directions, ready for the one meal of the day. Smoke filters through the palm fronds overhead, and well-stocked pots are poised on stone tripods. An appetising aroma steals into the air. Families squat round the cooking pots and help themselves. The hum of voices rises and falls in the evening stillness. Night falls, the day blazing out in a tropical sunset that flares and deepens and then cools off into blue night. And fires light up in many a hamlet and twinkle along the shores and reflect wildly in the calm waters.

We got back to Kwato very full of hope for the welfare of the rising generation, which after all is the welfare of Papua, and realizing how worthwhile and fruitful is every effort made on behalf of the very young.

**BLIND BATE: A WAYFARING EVANGELIST**

A remarkable personality who is at present out on his own doing a most valuable piece of building up work is old blind Bate, (pronounced Bah-teh.) He is at present a member of the camp in Buhutu, the sphere in which he has been working for the past eighteen months. He walks anywhere and everywhere. The most difficult hazardous hike cannot deter him, and he sets out with the same zeal and enjoyment as though he had two perfectly whole eyes. He was telling us some of his experiences to-day, while we were having our midday meal. "I don't mind the flat country or swamps or even root-strewn bush tracks," he said, "and climbing hills I find no difficulty. What bothers me most is going downhill. Twice I have tripped and gone headlong down. On one occasion I completed the somersault and landed on my feet again, and on the other occasion I went straight into the river!" Here he bursts into a peal of laughter which is so infectious we must all join in. A little boy of ten or twelve has taken the place of old Bate's eyes for the past four years. The comradeship of these two is one of the most amusing and yet one of the most touching things I know. Bolasalasala trots in front and holds a short stick with old Bate on behind. Their understanding is perfect. I asked Bate how it was he never stumbled on a root or barked his shins on a leg. Apparently this alert little chap never fails to pass word back at exactly the right moment that a root is in the way, a rock on the path, a step up here, a tree stump there. This must be very exacting over a long hike of five or six hours, but Bate's "eyes" never fail him. They tease and rag each other mercilessly, and yet deep down a love has grown up which is very touching. Sometimes the little chap will stand and hesitate in front of a huge boulder or the bank of some muddy river, partly for the sake of the one behind, and partly not knowing how to negotiate it himself. Bate says "When that happens I just pick him up so—and carry him over. I say "There, my child, are we going to falter over a little thing like this?"

For all his years and greying hair Bate is still very strong. When I was a child I remember seeing him pick up a young calf in his arms and clear a fence just in time to dodge the irate cow's horns. He was mother's head cow boy in those days. He is a wonderful raconteur, and tells a yarn with such spirit and gusto that but for those great sightless eyes you would declare there was nothing abnormal with this man. He has used God's grace to overcome completely the loss of his eyes. Bate is not only satisfied, he gives you the impression of being triumphant. At a recent meeting soon after the campers arrived at Buhutu, one and another spoke and when it came to his turn he said, "Oh this is great! you have no idea how hungry I have been these past months. I've just been drinking in what you've all been saying. Go on, you do the talking. I'll do the drinking in." But on another occasion while we sat and enjoyed the first yarn we had had for a long long time, he told me of the things God has been doing for him and through him. You need to pray very specially for old Bate, and all he is doing down there in Buhutu.

C. Abel