THE KWATO FAMILY

Top: R. D. Whale, R. W. Abel, Jno. Smeeton, C. Abel, A. Swinfield, Dr. Vaughan.
Middle row: Mrs. Baskett, Mrs. Swinfield, Miss Parkin, Mrs. Abel, Miss Mill, P. D. Abel, Jonathan Smeeton.
Bottom row: Mrs. Vaughan, Mary Abel, Joan Blake, Mrs. Smeeton, and the Vaughan children.
THE KWATO MISSION OF PAPUA


Conducted since 1920 by the Incorporated Kwato Extension Association

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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 Hugh G. Cutting, 10 Mitchley Ave., Purley, 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
Mrs. B. D. Vaughan, 1935
Mary Abel, 1932

Cecil C. G. Abel, 1928
Margaret Evelyn Parkin, 1894
Arthur Beavis, 1932

Phyllis D. Abel, 1925
John Smeeton, 1932
Mrs. Arthur Beavis, 1928

Russell W. Abel, 1928
Mrs. John Smeeton, 1932
Raymond D. Whale, A.C.A., 1933

Berkeley D. Vaughan, M.D., 1935
Joan Blake, 1936

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.

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Robert M. Johnston
Livingstone P. Moore

American Members of the Governing Committee are also members of the American Council.
Typical Scene—Any Sunday Afternoon at Kwato

News and Notes

FROM London, in June, came the good news that a son had been born to Arthur and Halliday Beavis, while they were on furlough in England. The baby has been named David Scrymgeour. The Beavises spent the summer in the British Islands and sailed in September for Kwato. Our latest letters from them were written on the Red Sea, which was "red hot." The Governing Committee is disappointed not to have them come to America on their way back to their work, but it seemed best that they sail directly from England. Our thought and prayers follow them as they return to Kwato.

On October 27th Mr. Cecil Abel arrived in America. He has spent the summer months in England, speaking, attending summer conferences and making friends for the work. He is planning to be in the United States for about two months and while here is available for speaking engagements. He has a wonderful story to tell of God's work in Papua and will show moving pictures and stereopticon views of the work. We hope our friends will help in securing opportunities for him to interest many groups of people in Kwato. Kindly write to the secretary, Miss J. H. Righter, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, if you can arrange a meeting.

An urgent request has come from Kwato for children's books for Papuan kiddies who can read English. Marjorie Smeeton writes: "We never have had enough good story books. Our boys and girls—12 to 14 years of age—are keen on reading and have only a few books which they have read again and again." If you can send such suitable books to the New York office, we will forward them to the field.

The Governing Committee takes pleasure in announcing the election to the British Committee of Mr. Arthur Barker, a Christian layman, to take the place of Mr. Thomas Dodds, resigned.

An airmail service is promised for Kwato; the mission will then be able to receive mail from Port Moresby or Sydney in two days in place of a week. Already letters come from England in three weeks and if Port Moresby is made one of the stages on the
Australia-Singapore air mail route, letters may come from London in a little over one week, in place of six. It is almost unbelievable.

* * *

A real thrill ran through Kwato when the news of the birth of their little son to Halliday and Arthur Beavis came by cable in the Suau language: natumaia tau hedebasae—which means, "Our child is a boy—praise." The cablegram was hung on the Kwato notice board where village folks went in a steady procession to gaze at it with awe and rejoicing.

![Mrs. Abel and Jonathan Smeeton](image)

**From the Field**

There are days at Kwato when we have to close the schools because the teachers are needed to help in an operation, or when some other urgent need arises. But on the whole we have been very regular, and often when the teacher has not been able to be present the children have worked very faithfully on their own. In some ways this has been good for them as the one great difficulty we have is to make the children think for themselves. I have been trying to develop them along this line by giving them subjects to study for themselves. After sundry experiments and demonstrations in class, the question was asked, "How do you know the earth is round?" The answer was: "Ball and orange!"

* * *

The fourth week in every month is known as "God's Week." All the other weeks are His, but that week is set apart to be used in some special way for Him. Our workshops and all the many and varied duties connected with the school and home life of the children; the medical work, and other activities claim our full time attention for the other three weeks, but during the fourth week we hold camps, conferences and attend to any other special work for the Lord. The first Monday of that fourth week is a Day of Prayer, observed everywhere. Will you at home make a mental note of this and join with us? The first Monday in the fourth week of every month.

* * *

One morning when an epidemic of gastro-enteritis had broken out, babies were coming in a steady stream from Logea to Kwato. Some were desperately ill, and three died after only a few hours illness. Before long all our Kwato babies were down and then grown-ups began to show signs of the sickness. We turned every available room into a hospital; the bigger school girls and others volunteered to help with the nursing and worked untiringly night and day. They were splendid. It was marvelous having our doctor's skill and help. I could not help looking back on previous epidemics when we have had to fight disease alone, humanly speaking, with no medical help. I thanked God again and again for our Christian doctor.

* * *

The Milne Bay village schools are in full swing again. They are busy making gardens to solve the eternal food problem. The children are also making copra in order to buy a Primus lamp with the proceeds. They could have evening school and meetings at night if they had a good lamp. The village people, hearing of the children's efforts have promised to help, so it will probably not be long before they have their lamp.
How the Gospel Spreads

NOT long ago, Phillip and Biruma, Maeao and Du’ubo with some helpers went to Kuroudi—one of the villages in the newly evangelized district. There they found Sibodu hale and hearty as usual, and the whole village turned out to greet them. From all outward appearances the entire village was “Christian.” Morning and evening baths, morning Quiet Time and prayers, were enjoyed by everyone. The nights were peaceful and free from the usual drum-beating and heathen droning.

Sibodu was full of a raid an inland tribe had recently made on them. Sibodu alone and unarmed—but in the strength of the Lord, he was careful to add—went out to meet them.

“The old days have passed,” he said, “we have done with all this.”

One of the raiders lifted up his sixteen-inch-long bush knife and slashed at Sibodu’s upraised hand. When they saw that the sight of blood dripping from his fingers did not arouse Sibodu’s old warrior spirit, they felt that something very real must have happened in his heart. He closed the encounter with prayer, and dismissed the raiders, each wondering what sort of an earthquake had happened within them to make them return to their village so peaceably!

Two or three days later while Phillip and his team were still at Kuroudi, the man who had struck Sibodu returned. His curiosity, he said, had got the better of him. He must find out what this peace-business was all about. Biruma spoke to him, the Holy Spirit enlightened him, and his first act of Christian service was to apologize to Sibodu!

Last week there were shouts of joy when Ofekule, his wife, and five or six men and women arrived here from Dorevaidi. He is a tall serious man, most unfearsome-looking bereft of his ornaments and shock of hair. Seeing him now, one can hardly believe that he was the most feared of all the inland chiefs.

The night he gave me his report was one of the most thrilling I ever remember. We sat on wooden kerosene cases, round a rick-
ety table, and talked by the light of a hur­
ricane lamp. Phillip acted as interpreter.
First of all he told us of the news he had
had of Biruma on his way down. Biruma’s
wife had almost died after her second child
had been born. She lay from morning till
night in a state of collapse. All around him
people were jeering at Biruma, telling him
that his first child had come into the world
with no trouble. Now he had given up all
his old medicines and charms, and here was
his wife dying and he had nothing to cure
her with. That day and night was a hard
time of testing for Biruma. Through it all
he stood firm, and told everyone that he felt
this was a test of his faith. In the morning
he gathered all the Christians together for
prayer. While they were praying news came
to him that all was well with his wife.

Ofekule and all who were with him, mar­
velled at his faith.

TIRAKA, HIS CHILDREN AND MOTHER-IN-LAW

Ofekule himself has had his testings. Two
weeks ago he began to work in a near-by
village. No one would listen to him, and
two men began to fight him. Just before he
left to come here, he had had news that an
inland tribe had come down and burned that
whole village to the ground. Almost all the
villagers were away hunting wallabies. A few
old women who had remained fled for their
lives when they saw the raiders, and from a
distance watched their village burn to ashes.

“They will listen to me now,” Ofekule
said. “I was praying that somehow God
would show them. Through this thing their
eyes will be opened,” he added, with his eyes
closed and with a knowing nod of his head.
I asked him if he didn’t think they would
pay back this raid with even more violence.
He was on the alert at once, and said how
anxious and impatient he was to get back
and begin to show them what he had learned.
“They don’t understand. Only the God
of love in their hearts can stop them.” Again
he shut his eyes, and for a while we were
silent, each praying that that might happen
soon.

Later we got down to his personal prob­
lems, and how hungrily he listened as we
 taught him and showed him what it said in
God’s Word about his very needs. Phillip
closed our talk with prayer.

Long after they had gone I sat thinking
of all Ofekule had said. Unable to read,
unable to write, a mere six months’ old babe
in Christ! And the way he utterly depended
upon God, the power he had through prayer,
the love he had for the heathen around him
... what a missionary, and what a challenge
his life is to me! I prayed that night that I
might have his kind of love, his zeal, his
power to be used by God and his fearless­
ness. Again came the words, “The Light
shines on in the darkness . . .”

MARY K. ABEL.

A Suau Reader

Although I have been tied to a bed or a
chair for nearly eight weeks, I have not had
a chance to get bored. There has always
been so much to do and think about. Be­
sides schools, there have been interviews,
prayer meetings, Bible classes, office work,
different things to type out, and last but by
no means least, I have written a Suau First
Reader!

These last few days have been beautifully
fine and calm, with a gentle breeze. Last
week our southeasterly monsoon began with
a vengeance; that is, our “winter.” A ter­
rific hurricane blew for three days, and when
the wind dropped a little, the rain came
down in torrents. This is the time of year
when every door bangs, and every shutter
and pushout rattles. Badila nuts drop on the
roof with as much noise as gunshot. One
constantly remembers our little launches as
they speed backwards and forwards to and
from the Bay, amid dangerous reefs and
heavy seas.    M. A.
WE ARE back at last from the Duram trip. There seemed such obstacles in the way of our getting back that it was with grateful hearts that we at last nosed our way into the Kwato Passage. It had taken us seven hours to get from Suau—the last lap of our journey—with a strong tide against us, a beam sea, and a boat so laden that the waves were breaking on deck and swilling across between the hatch and the steering "bridge." It had been such an experience of guidance and answered prayer, and of witnessing God's power. And there had been such tests, too. Once or twice I thought I had really plumbed the depths of human misery, and thought that if Masefield thinks he "must go down to the sea again," well, all I can say is there's no accounting for taste and he can have it all for me!

To begin with, we were all packed up and ready on Wednesday night, May 6th, having decided to sail in the middle of the night, in order to reach Suau Passage in time for breakfast, to make sure of a calm spot in which to fortify ourselves. We had prayers all together that evening and we read the passage relating to the sending out of Christ's disciples.

Before I get on to the actual journey I must say a word of praise for the crew. They were simply splendid. The Kwato was minus the ability to go astern, and we had difficult rivers and sandbanks and reefs to negotiate, and poor anchorages to put up with, and the care and absolute concern for the safety of the boat was splendid. The best crew in Papua, I am absolutely certain. There were Peni and Mahuru as captain and mate, and the two engineers, Sila and Sag-wam, and for crew, Taulana, big and boisterous, and Kerepuna with his slow, serious ways. They just kept us amused the whole time. Mahuru and Kerepuna were like Amos and Andy, always ragging each other, Mahuru very witty and slow Kerepuna a foil for his wit. Sila, in fine weather, switches off his personality completely. But given adversity, a howling gale, and filthy wet weather, and he simply comes to life, is full of glee, shouts and cracks jokes and leaps from the engine room to the top of the mast to look out for reefs, bags all the dirty jobs and sparkles with mirth. The worse the elements the more he shines. They were all simply great, and faithful to the ship, and one felt she was in faithful and devoted...
hands, especially some of the nights when we came ashore and were nearly uprooted by the furious gales we had. Sagwam hardly ever came ashore, and kept his one eye on the engine. Throughout the whole three weeks the engine never missed a beat.

We had settled ourselves to sleep, optimistically enough, but went out of the Kwato Passage into a ghastly sea. We were tossed in every direction, our bedding slid from under us and was irrecoverable. We just had to hang on. Finally it got so bad they had to tie some of us on! We were fastened to the boom with a rope! After three hours of this we stopped at Delina for a brief spell, starting off again at 5 a.m. When I looked out as soon as it was light it was like looking out on to the Atlantic Ocean. Waves like walls were sweeping in from the open sea.

When we reached Suau we felt quite worn out. Even that usually secluded spot was draughty, the wind blowing right up the passage. After morning tea we set off again, hoisting sail and making a fine speed. The rest of the day was quite enjoyable. We spent that night under the lee of Bonabona intending to make an early start the next day.

When I awoke, the next morning, we were already under way and laboring along in a strong southeaster. You could hardly see two inches ahead and the waves were colossal. There was no chance of getting any breakfast and the wind was working up into a gale. We were aiming for Mailu. At last it got so bad that Mahuru, our mate, suggested turning in towards the shore and looking for Port Glasgow, which we did, hoping there were no reefs or rocks about. The hills just here dip straight into the sea and the seas seemed to pile up as we got nearer the shore. Some of them were terrifying. The girls screamed as great rearing walls came at us. There was a white mist, yet as we got to land we found ourselves right opposite the narrow entrance to Port Glasgow harbor. Surely a Guiding Hand was on the helm. When one saw the seas dashing along the coast one realized how awful it would have been to have cruised along through it looking for the opening.

After a rest and a dip in a spring ashore we set our faces to the wind once more. However it had considerably lessened and the sea though rough was nothing after the morning’s discipline. We reached Mailu at 4 p.m.

There was the usual welcome from the Ianamo and Maila, and the luxury of an empty house that stood surprisingly still and didn’t heave up and down. We decided to spend the whole of Sunday at Mailu. At morning service in the charming little church I spoke in simple English and simple Suau, Phillip in Pidgin-Motu and Bokamani in real Motu, and judging by the attentive audience I think some of it was understood.

After lunch we had a splendid Team meeting, in which everyone took part including all the crew. It was the first we had had. In fact it was not until that meeting that we got to know each other, or became a team in any sense of the word. In the afternoon some of the boys went to the village and gave their testimonies at a meeting. Others had talks with people on the station, and Ianamo and I went for a walk scaling the peak of Mailu Island, and had a nice talk up there on the things that matter. A perfectly heavenly spot, with the wind sweeping up the hillsides and rippling the grass.

The next morning was gorgeously calm, and after traveling all day, we reached Duram at 4 p.m., where we were given a lovely welcome.

**The Arrival at Duram**

The school children ran into the sea to greet us, and a lot of dirty ill-kempt folk trailed out of the village enclosure and rallied around our dinghy on the beach. I was quite touched, knowing what a tough mob they have been. It is a dismal looking spot at first, and looks like what one imagines people at home picture the “mission field” to be like. Absolute unalleviated flat, a great sweep of black sand, and belts of stunted coconuts that look as though they had been drawn by some one who had obviously never seen a coconut tree! Queer things shaped like feather dusters. The youngsters are charming enough but the old folk look grim. They are hard as flint and very quarrelsome.

I thought Davida looked tired and old. He has had a hard time. But he has stuck to his guns and has really accomplished wonders. His boys and girls in the school have backed him loyally. The older ones...
are making a real stand for Christ in Duram. At an age when our own school children so often cause us sorrow and decide to have their fling like everyone else, these children are a picture of every thing that is different; clean, tidy, sincere, no heathen pasa or loud cheeky ways.

At most missions the houses and buildings are superior in style and structure to those of the surrounding villages, but at Duram it is not so. All the houses in the village are large, substantial double storied houses while the mission premises are a couple of dreadful sheds thrown together and flimsy. I really felt ashamed of them, and they are the last word in discomfort. There is no shelter on that windy point, and as walls are only light kapakaladidi slats and floors springy matu it is like living in a toast rack. The wind whistles through. Mats keep coming to life and standing up vertically as the wind rushes through the floor. However, a new place is being built a little further along towards the mangrove, small but neat and strongly built and high off the ground.

At first I bucked against the whole position. No anchorage, no water for miles, not a drop to spare for washing, no shelter. But towards the end I quite altered my opinion. It really is a most strategic spot, and we touch a larger number of people there than we would elsewhere.

We had a little stock of trade goods with which to replenish the store, and this was a marvelous help. It brought people from far and near, and we made great friends with some of them.

The men of Duram are the most awful skinflints on earth. Poor old Davida, what he has had to put up with! For instance, while we were getting ashore I asked if we could have a canoe to help bring the things ashore. They are all large double canoes. Davida promptly shouted to a lot of women and they leapt into a canoe and put their backs into poling her out to sea against the waves. I expressed my astonishment that he should ask women, not men, to do this. "Oh," he said, "I never ask the men to do anything. They'd want payment. The women are quite different; they help."

Contrasted with this attitude of the people, there is Gado converted and completely changed. He would give you everything he possesses and delights to give. He is such a dear old generous thing. He would give away his very eyes. And yet I suppose a year or so ago before his conversion he was just like all the rest.

Changes of the New Way

I had some interesting talks with the boys in the team about "indigenous church" ideals and methods, and wherever we went we tried to see what evidences of Christianity we could spot, if any, and in what form this was visible. At some places the evidences are a beautiful, well-appointed little mission station. Dimdim houses, neat and painted and a gem of a church. There were also lawns, and a smooth cricket ground surrounded by large trees. In the adjacent village we couldn't find, however, a single thing that we pick on as being definitely a fruit of Christianity. At Duram we walked through the village with the same object; to see if there was anything that met the eye of the passer-by that was evidence that the Gospel had been preached in Duram. The first thing, we decided, was Gado and his home. You couldn't mistake him, clean, bright, no heathen signs, with his two fine sons, the older of whom stands by his father. That home stands out in Duram. Then there is his younger brother, Mai, also converted, and Mai's wife, a Domara girl who was intrigued by what she saw of the team that camped at Domara in 1934, and came over to Duram to find the Way. She married Mai, and her sister who came with her married Bidawa, a nice chap with the biggest shock of hair I have ever seen on any one. He was "not far from the Kingdom" for months and finally yielded the day before we left to come home, and had his hair cut off the day we left. The other "evidences" in Duram are the school children, conspicuous for their
cleanliness and young girls here and there with clean bodies, parted hair, and no heathen signs. There are plenty of the other sort, and these are all the more noticeable.

Things seemed so hard at Duram compared with the response inland, and we prayed at the beginning that we might see a live group established inside Duram, living in real fellowship and witnessing as a community to the New Life. Our prayer was answered, as you will hear later.

Our next stop was at the little village of Dou. Here the style of architecture is quite on its own. Houses built on very high walls, and almost square in shape. The villages are all fenced, and are very clean and tidy. The people gave us a rousing welcome and seemed really delighted to see us. They have more gracious bearing and manners than the Duram inhabitants. In front of each house there is a neat fireplace; all cooking is done by hot stones, a most ingenious affair, much better than boea as we know it in the eastern division. There are food platforms well stocked with food and fruit. The one thing I did not like was the bunch of groping blind pigs outside every village fence. They blind them to keep them from straying, and then to make a thorough job of it they also shear off their ears and tails. They look such pathetic objects.

We reached Arnao later in the day. I don't know how to begin to describe the three days we spent in this village. It was a wonderful experience. We had the joy of seeing dear old Biruma and Maiau witnessing on their native soil. From the very beginning they have taken a strong stand. I was amazed by the active leadership of them both. And they never miss a chance of witnessing or testifying to all who come to the village at every opportunity, and they do it with a joy and freshness that was an inspiration to us all.

At first there was the welcome of the people when we arrived; most affectionate and spontaneous. They were such an interesting crowd, and the whole three days in their midst was a feast of anthropology. The men are not the type one would like to meet in the dark, and some had awful scars on them. I was impressed with the women, whom I thought were a strong-minded type. They carry colossally heavy burdens in huge string bags, and wear their hair cropped close except for a little plaited tail in front. In spite of reiteration on the part of the old chief (Maiau's father) and others, that the old days were done with, and killing at an end, one can't help feeling that it is only just abandoned. I noticed spears in the houses, murderous-looking affairs, and I noticed too that there were elaborate notches on them, which they told me was the tally of lives the spear had taken.

The kunikas have a marvelous natural courtesy. Biruma and Maiau played the hosts and did it beautifully. In fact all the village did their part, and we were made to feel like very honored guests the whole time. They are very generous. There was a hanging basket in the house we occupied and this was kept stocked with fruit the whole time. If ever we left the village we would come back and find it replenished. Delicious sugar cane, a very juicy variety which they cut in short lengths, bananas, pineapples, wallabies, and pork.

A Transformed Village

I was amazed at the respect and deference paid to the old chief and I think his wholehearted support is a very important asset. The whole life of the village has been reorganized. "New times, new ways," Biruma keeps saying. Now, you must imagine the first morning. At about half past five a whistle blows. It is still dark. Out come all the people, the women go off in one direction to their bathing place and the men and boys plunge straight into the stream that eddies right past the village. A few minutes later they all reappear, glistening wet, and there is quiet while the tiny minority have their Quiet Time. Then the women begin to get breakfast, which is just a snack of baked banana, blackened in the fire, after which another whistle blows and the whole village musters for prayers. After that they scatter for the usual obligations of the day. At 4 p.m., the women are all abustle with the preparation of the evening meal. They lay out stones and firewood in alternate layers in a mound about three feet high. They light the wood and for twenty minutes or so the stones heat. As soon as the wood is burnt they pull the whole structure to pieces with tongs and commence to build up the "oven." Stones are laid down, food wrapped in leaves are packed in among the stones, layer upon layer till the "oven" stands like a well-shaped mound off the ground. The whole is so carefully covered with leaves weighted down, that not a bit of steam es-
If a tiny jet of steam escapes, the spot is promptly mended and blocked up. The neat packing of all the food is most expert. After that, it is just left. A whistle goes and once more the entire village disperses for afternoon bath! When they come back the boea is ready. It is quickly unpacked. Out comes the food sizzling hot. A lovely aroma fills the air. A whistle goes, and the whole village assembles for the evening meal. All this imparts such an air of order and discipline to the village life that you can hardly believe you are in Papua. In Milne Bay women do not feel it possible to cook and serve food unless they themselves are covered with soot and grime! And yet Davida says the first time he visited Amao the people were utterly filthy, so much so that they hardly looked like human beings at all.

**Teaching Under Difficulties**

Then Alice and Martha started school with the children. We got a piece of canvas, and marked the vowels on it with illustrations of words beginning with A, E, I, O, and U with charcoal. The children were simply thrilled. I left the girls to carry on. Ere long a big man came rushing at me, yelling at the top of his voice in a perfect frenzy. He was beside himself with rage. Apparently he had forbidden his son and daughter to come to the school. The weird signs on the canvas he thought were Dim-dim muramura (medicine), and that once learned the children's minds would be under a spell forevermore. His daughter was a biggish girl, and the only unmarried girl in the village—the rest, tiny tots some of them, being married and too busy with domestic duties to attend school. Well, the girl defied her father, and planked herself down with the other children and refused point blank to budge. The little boy, however, was away and arrived just at the moment when the father was roaring at me. He turned his attention to his son, a wee chap, and forbade him to join the rest of the children. "You've stolen my daughter," he said to me, "but you jolly well won't get my son as well!" The little boy, chip off the old block, no doubt, turned on his heel and marched straight towards the children and sat down. The whole village was joining in and I tried to assure him that we hadn't stolen his daughter and would not teach his son against his will. "It's too late for my daughter, she has seen the letters, but give me back my son," he said. Off he went and dragged his son away while the latter kicked, fought, bit and screamed. The father got him to the other end of the village where the child yelled for the rest of the afternoon. He had every bit as good a temper as his father's.

All this was terribly upsetting to the class. I felt it was hopeless to antagonize the parents, so as soon as he had calmed down I called him aside and had a very nice talk with him. We parted very cordially, he was obviously melted, but was too proud to take back his verdict concerning his son.

The children learned their letters so quickly that the girls taught them to piece them together and read simple words. The following afternoon when they held the school again, they found that those children had remembered every single thing they had learned the previous day.

The sequel to all this was on the Sunday afternoon, just as we were leaving Dou on our way back to the coast, after the service there. The father who had caused the commotion (a Dou man) was one of the first to meet us. I hardly recognized him with all the soot cleaned off him. He was friendly and after hanging around some time, came and told me, just as I was saying good-by to every one, that in the future he would be very glad to let his son come to us and be

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**Happy Kwato Kiddie**
taught! We had been praying so much for him, we felt it was quite a little victory.

The last evening we were given a feast. We all sat down, tightly packed to keep the dogs off, scores of them snarling and fighting and trying to squeeze in between us. I was given the place of honor beside the chief. On the other side of him sat his wife—quite a young creature, she might have been his daughter. I was fascinated looking down that long line of people, painted men with marvelous decorations on them, hooded widows—they are hooded and swathed in yards and yards of ragged-looking tapa-cloth, and women and children. The food really was delicious, and all their delicacies were quite new to us. The great point, I think is just to sample everything and on no account to ask what it is! We all had wooden bowls, plates or leaves and those in charge of the feast went round with large wooden bowls doling out edibles (with their fingers!) The greatest honor which I had to endure was being hand-fed by the old chief! He would pick out some special bonne-bouche from his own bowl, pick off any skin or gristle, and proffer it to me. I would docilely gulp it down, smack my lips and say fervently, "namo herea!" which was perfectly polite though hardly honest. I swallowed some queer things that night.

Winds, Waves and Reefs

And now the journey home. Although we set off in fine calm weather from Duram before that day was through we came as near as could be to losing the boat. We kept on steadily all day, passing Table Point about 2 p.m. About five o'clock we sighted Mailu, and no one doubted that we would spend the night in peace and comfort. It was getting very rough, but "we'll soon be there," thought I. However, the wind waxed so strong, and so did the tide, and both were dead against us, and though we did not realize it, we were simply not making any headway hour after hour. Finally we found ourselves in the middle of a tearing gale, thick mist ahead, and no sign of Mailu. Oh, it was ghastly. Everyone was sick. I felt as if my very soul as well as all my brains and energy had gone overboard along with all the meals I ever ate in all my life! Mailu has a pretty bad anchorage and there are reefs. Sila was up the mast straining his eyes. Once they slowed the engine, thinking we were right on Mailu. Actually we were nowhere near it. The seas were beyond description. And this nightmare
Visitors Leaving on the Kwato Boat

continued until about 10:30 p.m., after thirteen hours of traveling, when there was a shout from Sila that we were right on a reef. They stopped the engine, found on dropping a lead line overboard that we were in only five fathoms, and as there were reefs on both sides, we dropped anchor and decided to wait till morning. So there we were, right in the eye of the gale, with the prospect of the whole night wallowing, and no hope of a thing to sustain us beyond the fumes of copra with which we were laden.

I felt too shaken to sleep, and at about 3 a.m., we were struck by a kind of tidal wave, caused by the tide going down off the reef. I heard a rushing sound and looked out to see a wall of foam approaching. I hung on and the next minute we were picked up, twisted about and shaken. The boys leaped from every corner. In a flash, the engine started up, and up came the anchor. The boys were scared of our going aground. We made for the open sea. When dawn broke, we found we were a long way from Mailu. And we made for Mogubu, arriving there about seven-thirty. I staggered ashore, and our friend, Mr. Irwin, of Mogubu plantation came running down to meet me. They were horrified when they heard where we had spent the night. Apparently a dangerous spot.

The next morning we started off at 4 a.m. The Kwato dropped me at Weriberi, and I walked overland to Fife Bay. We were greeted everywhere, and escorted to the next village. Our escorts tumbling over themselves with politeness, apologized for every stone on the path. One young fellow volunteered as guide and took us all the way. He said he couldn't do enough because once last year when he was in jail I had visited him and said comforting words. Finally they got us a canoe, filled it with no end of good things to eat on our way. And not a penny did they want. After Duram, I couldn't quite adjust myself to Eastend ways. I said goodbye, adding: "You send us away with a canoe and laden with fruit, and we haven't a thing to leave with you, . . ." but they replied: "Don't say that, Taubada. We have done nothing."

When we came in sight the lights of home, how thrilled we were to see them. They flashed to us "All Well," and we replied the same. We arrived in time for the praise meeting which was a fitting climax to a journey full of the leading and the tender mercies of our God.
THE village of Dorum is very picturesque and very different from the villages at the eastern end of Papua. The houses are long, high, and on very high posts. They have no walls as the thatched roof bends down to the floor of the house-proper. Between this floor and the ground there is a kind of platform, where food is prepared, the baby is fed, father smokes his tobacco, grandfather makes string and chews his betel nut, and the usual home activities are carried on. Upstairs is pitch-dark, usually contains a fire, and is apertureless, with the exception of the hole in the floor where the "stairs" ascend. This part is used for sleeping, for sickness, or for retreat if the weather is very bad or cold.

One of our boys has just come to say that a sick man who has been living here for about a week, had died. He had been very weak, and had been for months in the village with no one to care for him, until we came here. His chief trouble was a very bad sore on his left knee. This morning, as he seemed stronger, I had given him an injection, and when they told me he had died, I felt perhaps the shock of the injection had been too much for him. When I reached him he did not seem to be actually dead, but I could not feel his pulse at all, and he was barely breathing. I gave him two tablespoons of brandy in water, and a little hot tea, but he seemed still the same. Three of us gathered in another house for prayer. We felt that this was all for some purpose but we could not understand what that purpose was. This man was one of the most recent to be converted, and he had more or less crawled out of his house to give his testimony the second Sunday I was here.

These people are very superstitious, and with the "New Way" so new to them, his sickness, or rather his death, would be put down to his having given up all the good old ways. After our short prayer time, I went into his room and found him sitting up and relating his experiences to a crowd of admirers! This is what I gathered he said:—

He said he died; he is certain that he died, and he was going along a big road, he had no pain in his leg, but could walk properly as he used to do. On the way he met a man, a bad man; he thinks he was the devil. He asked him to go with him, but at that moment another Man came and stopped him from going, and took him along to a very big house, and showed him a big book, and in it was written, "You are one of My sheep and you are within My fence. No one can take you outside My fence." He asked who this Man was, and He said, "I am Christ, your Christ."

He looked round outside the house, and there were masses of beautiful flowers. When he had finished looking at the flowers he opened his eyes and found us trying to give him his medicine. He sent for his friends from the village, and for his sister who is living here with us. He told them all that he was now absolutely certain that there is no other way but through Christ, and as soon as he is well enough, he is going to tell everyone about the Way.

MARY ABEL.

Bringing the Sick to Kwato

MEDICAL work is temporarily carried on in two rooms at the corner of the mission house. Dreadful complaints are treated and there have been frequent deaths as often sick people don't come in until they are dying, and have stood the strain of a long journey. Last week I traveled on the "Kwato" with a crowd of sick. It was a night journey, and very cold; we had all the canvas curtains down as the poor things had no blankets or coverings. As long as we were moving there was a brisk breeze even with the curtains down, and I slept soundly rolled up in a corner. But when we reached Kwato, in the shelter of the anchorage, I awoke gasping for breath. Oh the smells! I dived out of that spot, scrambled ashore and fled for my diggings—which are at present in the Beavis house. One of the patients died soon after landing. None had come in with him. His friends had put him on board and left him. He was too far gone even for the doctor to find out where his pains were or what was the matter. Often it happens this way—patients come too late.

R. W. A.
When the Chiefs Returned Home

**DAVIDA’S REPORT (Literally Translated)**

When the six chiefs of the Dorevaidi District, who had been staying at Kwato, reached Duram they spent four days there holding meetings with the people. Then two of them, Sibodu and Labu, set off for Dou, gathered the people together for a meeting and then worked with them individually until night. These personal talks were also continued the next day till evening, when they set off for Amao.

Here they gathered the people for prayer, and as Taubada Belei was sick Sibodu went up into his house to pray with him. The following morning he returned and spent more time in prayer. The old man’s sickness ended and they then set off for Domara, reaching there at nightfall. In the morning they called the people together for prayer. The little child of the chief was seriously ill, but Sibodu prayed over her and she recovered.

They then went on and halted at Makaia on their way to their home village, Kuroudi, where they arrived in the morning and held a meeting with the people. The chiefs told them the news and testified to what they had learned of Christ at Kwato. The meeting lasted till midday when the people scattered to get food for a feast to which they invited their neighbors from Nebulu village. This feast was in honor of Sibodu and Labu, and gave them an opportunity to speak to all the people. The words were well received, and unanimously the people decided to build a new village in which both Kuroudi and Nebulu will combine, breaking up their old villages and rebuilding on the main trail, with a school for the children and a playground.

Shortly after Sibodu left Kuroudi to come to Kwato last December, a woman was taken ill. When Sibodu returned home his wife said to him that this woman had a swollen leg, and pains over her entire body so that she could not even come out of her house. He learned that she had been in a rage and had been thrashing a child, and chasing it with a stick. The child ran into the thick scrub, and when the woman followed her pains began.

Sibodu said to his wife: “I will not hasten to see her. I will pray about it first.” For two days he made this a matter of prayer and then went to see the woman. He said to her: “I will not pray to God to heal you yet. I will talk to you first.” Then he explained what was her great sin in God’s eyes, saying: “This child that you were beating and chasing is a creation of God’s hand (Eaubada nimana ginaurina). He has sent you this sickness to make you realize that you did wrong. When the missionaries came here they wrote down the names of all the children and at Kwato they are praying for our children, but you are abusing them.”

Then Sibodu earnestly prayed for her and after a short time her swollen leg burst and pus drained away quickly, then she felt better and was able to walk about. She said, “Truly the power of the missionaries is great.” Sibodu too marvelled on account of this power in prayer. When Davida heard about it he sent for Sibodu and warned him to be careful and show the people that he had no power, nor have the missionaries, but only God is powerful. Then Sibodu told the woman that God alone had healed her with His power in answer to prayer, and that we must know and fear Him.

When Sibodu came down to Duram to bring his report of the work at Kuroudi he said: “The inlanders are moving and will welcome the help of some Kwato people in planning their new village.”

Labu and Ofekule, two other chiefs, had an interesting experience with a Dimdim (white man) who had gone to Kuroudi and Dorevaidi prospecting for gold. The white man wanted carriers to take his things from Kauru, and visited all the little villages looking for “boys.” But it was Sunday and all the people had gone to Dorevaidi to worship; only feeble old men were left. When he asked where all the people were, they answered:

“They have all gone to Dorevaidi to the missionary chiefs to pray.”

So he went to Dorevaidi and harangued the people, saying:

“What are you doing? Who taught you this idea?”

“This is our holy day,” they answered, “and we have all met together to worship

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* Davida is the Papuan in charge of Duram, the coast station near Abau.
The white man was angry and told them they were deceived, saying: “You don’t belong to any mission, you are only bushmen.”

Then he told Ofekule and Labu that he would not listen to them but must have the carriers he wanted.

“We are chiefs here,” they said, “no one will move without our consent.”

He was very angry and called them liars and said they were crazy.

“So be it (taiede),” they said, “we are crazy. Go your way and one day God will speak to you as He has spoken to us.”

The man set off with a single carrier.

When he reached Kuroudi the same thing happened again. There Sibodu told him that it was their sacred day. Again the Dimdim was angry and said, “Where did you learn this fashion; you are bushmen!”

Finally he went on to the coast with some Morima boys who had gone to Abau to work for some Dimdims. On their way they came upon a large wild pig and the Dimdim, who had a big dog, set him on to it. Both dog and pig disappeared. They waited a long time and finally the Dimdim sent one of the boys to look for the dog and pig. He too did not reappear. Then the Dimdim sent the other boys to search for him while he himself went on with his cook boy to Kauru.

The searchers looked for the lost boy for two days. Sibodu, setting out from Kuroudi, met them on the main road and asked what was the trouble.

“Our master must be ill-deserving,” they said, “for first his dog and then his boy have been lost.”

“What people are you?” asked Sibodu.

“We are Morima.”

“Do you know God?”

“Yes, we used to live with missionaries; now we have come to work for white people.”

They all sat down together while Sibodu prayed, especially for the missing boy. They were still praying when the boy appeared from the bush and told them that he had been dizzy in the head for two days and had not been able to find his way. At last he had remembered to pray, and then his head had cleared and he had found his way back. Sibodu asked him if he knew about God.

“Yes,” he said, “I have known a long time, but you have only recently known about Him.”

“That is true,” Sibodu said, “You have known about Him a long time but do you really know His salvation in your heart?”

Sibodu led the eleven boys to Kauru and back to their master. When they met him they said: “It was your fault that this boy went astray. The Kuroudi Christian met us and through his prayers all is well and we are here. In future respect God’s day, for we too are children of the mission. We have seen God’s hand in this.”

The Dimdim answered not a word but called Sibodu and offered him rice and two sticks of tobacco, which Sibodu declined saying he did not smoke. The Dimdim asked him where he was going.

“To Duram, to my master, the missionary there,” he replied.

“What mission?”


The women of Kuroudi recently brought a gift of food to the mission at Duram. They feared neither rains nor swollen rivers, but had to wait at Makaia until the flooded river had abated before they could cross. Sibodu (who was at Duram) went to meet them at Makaia. While he was there he tried to win the chief, whose name is Naula. The chief showed all his magic things (tabosima ginauri) to which he pinned his faith.

“My friend, what are these things?” asked Sibodu.

“What are they dead things or living things?”

“They are living things.”

“My friend, in God’s eyes those are the things of death; don’t say they are things of life. Give yourself to Christ. He is the true way of life. I too used to believe in those things very much. Then I went to Kwato and found life. I learned to know God’s power, and saw His wisdom, so now those old things are false to me. There is only one real power and that is God’s. I tell you, throw those things away today; they can only bring you death.”

Then Sibodu took the charms in his hands and prayed over them and said, “These are powerless. God’s power is greater.”

Finally Naula said, “Take the things away. I have already repented.” Sibodu told him what the New Way the missionaries had brought was going to mean in his village, and Naula confessed his sins.

“Here in God’s new gardens the harvest is ripe. Where are the reapers to cut and garnish it? Agutoi.”