THE SKETCH MAP OF THE EASTERN DIVISION OF PAPUA

KWATO MISSION OF PAPUA

KWATO, SAMARAI, PAPUA.
SPARKS FROM THE CAMPFIRE

The long, sounding line of surges shatters on the jagged coral. The looming hills lie flecked with pale cloud-wrack. The silent night birds swing through the dim bush. From the small fires of evening, smoke rises, blue through the still palms. As darkness comes, the hag-gathered frugal logs, blazing up, dying down, send squalls of shadows flying. The glow lies on the thatched houses and the little groups of men and women ——it has always been so in Papua.

But there is a new spirit in the land. From man to man, village to village, the news spreads. The traveller carries it. The village folk talk over it. Men and women are living it out. Many more see in it vaguely the New Papua. Right through the country there are glowing little "colonies of heaven," and round us here at Kwato centre the lives of many of those who say openly that "He is the Christ the Son of the Living God."

It is your burden and ours that this Life should really spread and vitally change lives through His power. The evangelization of Papua depends on you. On us as well, but on you largely: you who back us up with your prayers and interest and love. This copy of NEWS FROM KWATO is to help you to shoulder the problems and pray them through, and to challenge you to stronger living in your own sphere. That you and we may be united in a world-wide Papuan team, disciplined and fit to carry God's work through.

We ask you what is perhaps a new thing. Here comes our news to you and we are counting on your prayers. Will you send us your news, just what you are doing in your country, city, suburb. How are you carrying through His command to be up and doing wherever we are?

And we will promise to support you with our prayers. For in that new spirit in the land there is a new vision and our horizons are receding. Papuans are seeing themselves as part of the world front. We are looking to other countries, not only saying "Help us," but "Where can we help?"

We tell you here of some of the things that face us, and the ways in which we have been led during the past year. We are looking out to an immediate future larger than we know. The job is only just begun, most of it lies ahead. Many of you will be getting for the first time this NEWS and we look to you for the added strength that we need.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES

John and Marjorie Smeeton, and Jonathan, arrived back at Kwato on August 20, after their time in New Zealand and Australia. They were able to form many new and vital links with others committed to the same task that Kwato exists to perform. Friends and backers in Melbourne bade them Godspeed as they left Australian shores with the following radio:

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Cecil Abel arrived home on the 30th of August on the Maetsuycker which brought him on the last stage of his journey, from Java. On the following evening there was a reception in his honour, and a record concourse of Papuans from far and near, to greet him and to hear the story of his journeyings. He has since been systematically visiting sections of the district, and as this goes to press will be trekking inland from Duram.

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Mary Abel, who left Kwato last April, is at present busy in England. She reached home in time to see a greatly loved Aunt (Adeline Abel) who has since died, and was able to cheer and help her through the last days, which others were not free to do. "I am glad I am here to do it all. I can't help remembering with thankfulness how God led me to come home when I did," she writes.

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We bade farewell to Frank Briggs on the night of October 16 when he left for his furlough, which will be spent in Australia. During the past four years he has sampled many aspects of life in Papua — both with us here, as well as with
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the Unevangelized Fields Mission on the Fly River. Some people "say it with flowers," but in Papua, when the departure is at night, we say it with fires. The bonfires that sprang to light along the coast as his steamer glided down the straits, were proof of the claim upon him that Papua has staked.

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We cannot exist without an engineer at Kwato nowadays. The scenes of Frank's toil will not remain vacant for long, for with the dovetailing that those who live by faith learn to look for, guidance came for Robin Knight to visit us, to help us on this side. He will, by the time you read this, have arrived with his wife. We thank God for reinforcements, and for mobile servants whose surrender makes the redistribution of the King's forces possible.

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Recent rejoicings on Kwato, rendering one member of the staff quite incoherent, were occasioned by the radioed news from Sydney of the birth of a firstborn daughter to Bess Swinfield on October 10. The member referred to above was, needless to say, Arthur Swinfield, proud father, who made gallant if unsuccessful efforts to carry on calmly with his job, and who now lives in a state of yearning for mail day.

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A new schoolteacher will be ensconced at Kwato by the time this reaches you: Doris Purcell, from Georgia, U. S. A., whom God has been training for us in special ways during the past few years.

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This is not the first time we have had the honour of hoisting the Stars and Stripes to welcome a helper from America. Mrs. Walter McDougall, who does such faithful, unremitting spade work as Promotion Secretary in U. S. A. helped us at Kwato for a year (1927/28) at a time when helpers were few. And she has gone on working loyally ever since at the home base. We have received a cable telling us of her illness. For those who do not know Mrs. McDougall personally we can think of no better way of helping Kwato than to stand by her at this time with your prayers.

* * * *

Shortly after the death of the founder of the Mission in 1930, Mr. and the late Mrs. Delavan Pierson came to Kwato to render the help and cheer that was needed just then. They altered their plans at a moment's notice, and travelled many thousands of miles to be with us at that time. Mrs. Pierson (affectionately known as "Aunt EmmaBelle" to the younger generation, with whom she was popular all over the world) joined the "Cloud of Witnesses" last June, after prolonged illness in her home in Montclair N. J. For many years the long letters into which she infused her loving and colourful personality, were a regular source of joy to us at Kwato. Although in great weakness towards the end, the letters continued, brave and cheery, even when she only had strength to dictate them. We praise God for this privileged comradeship, with its fragrant influence upon us. We praise Him too for the spirit of triumph, truly worthy of her, that has characterized the recent letters from her beloved husband. If our loved ones who have passed on have a part to play there on our behalf, we know that she has joined the Kwato forces in Heaven.

A VILLAGE WELCOME FOR CECIL

CHALLENGE TO TAKE RESPONSIBILITY BRINGS CONVICTION TO HEATHEN

P. D. Abel.

Cecil was given a splendid welcome at Maivara.

The wharf, belonging to local plantation companies, was festooned with split palm leaves and lined with boughs of trees. I should think all the inhabitants of Maivara and the surrounding district were lined along the decorated rout, and those of us who accompanied Cecil came in for the hand shaking ceremony in full force. But it was the medium of a warmth of feeling and affection which one would not have missed.

We camped in the village, instead of at the Mission: thereby finding we could make all sorts of contacts at all sorts of times. People were very kind, and put several houses at the disposal of the team, the largest of which we made our H.Q. In fact we wanted for nothing while we were their guests. Pots of cooked food were slipped on to our verandah at each meal time, which made it possible for us to invite people to eat with us at a moment's notice. A certain citizen took the responsibility of supplying the team with fresh fish, and there was always a fowl on the table. Maivara has the reputation of being stingy and mercenary, but we found them most liberal and generous.

Some effective points of contact

There was a large crowd round our H. Q. the first evening we were there, and we made it an opportunity to show the films of the Coronation
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procession that Cecil brought with him, with a supporting item of Mickey Mouse. We had a most appreciative audience. In the middle of the programme it started to rain and we wanted to close down, but the crowd would not move. They sat on, in the rain and in mud puddles and begged us to go on!

There were some big signs of growth in Maivara. One was the absence of pigs. Previously Maivara swarmed with them. You could not have a meal without hordes of them coming round and almost snatching the food out of your hand. They were the people's gods. Think of the big step involved for the whole village without exception to fence its pigs. As a result, food grows unrestricted through the village, and the paths run through taro patches, shoulder high. There is abundance at your door. One hapless beast got loose one Sunday morning and there was a hue and cry from all the houses. It had coconut husks heaved at it, children ran out with sticks and stones, and all the dogs were on the poor beast's trail in 5 minutes.

We gave a dinner—or the equivalent of a dinner—to all the leading men in the district, the Christian leaders, the big sorcerers, the heads of various heathen ceremonies and feasts, the councilors and policemen. We had been guided to include all, as God had a plan for all. There were lots of gate-crashers! Not for the meal did they come, but to hear if there was anything new the team had to say. It was hard to keep them out. We were limited for space, not for food, for the guests had brought big pots of lovely coconut-soaked native food to supplement our plainer diet of rice!

The team made good contacts at that meal. The Village Policeman was a man who had worked West, in the Dorevaidi district years ago, and knew it when the Kunikas were killers and feared by the coastal people. One of these same much dreaded people was in the team and had a wonderful story to tell of how God changed them and their villages.

"Wake up Papua!"

Cecil made this feast the opportunity to thank the people for the great welcome they had given him, and to commend them on the big changes that were visible. But there were also signs of the need for a big challenge. He asked people whether Maivara was growing or standing still? There was a murmur of negatives. He reminded them of the big well-built houses for which she was one time renowned. He drew attention to the ruins and stumps, all that remained of the big houses that lined the river bank only six years ago. Beside them were small ill-built houses, some barely fit for human occupation, and, sad to relate one of the most tumble-down of these was the home of one of the Christian leaders!

Cecil pointed out that where lives were changed, houses and villages were changed, not for the worse but for the better. When God was in control of a man's life his house would be the best in the village. He remarked on the disadvantages under which we were meeting, crammed into one inadequate house, having had to view pictures in the rain.

Was that God's best for Maivara?

Then he reminded the people of their individual responsibility to God for their villages, to make them centres which would demonstrate God's power and ownership.

The people caught the vision. Even the heathen began to take responsibility. They began to listen to God. God spoke. He told them the first steps to take, and the contact they had with Him made them begin to realize their own need.

One man who had resisted the Gospel in Maivara for years was guided about his part in a new Maivara. It broke him down. "I can't touch work that is controlled by God, with unclean hands and an unclean heart," he said. "He must become my Lord and Master first." There and then he surrendered himself to Christ.

When a "Flying Squad" returned to Maivara a week later, five influential heathen had yielded to Christ and were laying the foundations of a God-controlled community in their own lives and homes.

The lesson of Maivara

One of the biggest things I learnt at Maivara was that every individual is a force, inactive until he is mobilized under the banner of the Cross. Then there is no limit to what God can do with that one.

Ours and yours is the task of mobilizing that force. Don't let us fail God because our vision is dim, and our faith limited. God is changing Papuan village life through yielded, Spirit-filled Papuans.

Are you bemoaning the conditions of life in your home town or district? God has the solution, just as He has for Maiara.

It begins with YOU. When you know His control in your life and home, when His Kingdom has come in your home, and His will is being done there, as it is in Heaven, your neighbourhood and friends will know all about it. What God is doing for Maiara He will do for you.

5
INLAND NEWS

The Dorevaidi and Keveri frontier, with its coastal base Duram, continues to present a scene of active warfare, with real advance here and there, in the face of opposition.

Keveri district, startled from complacency by a new kind of living in their midst, has sent two indignant deputations to the Magistrate at the Government Station at Abau, complaining that if this new way is going to spread they might as well clear out: they would as soon leave their homes and join the Government police force as live on under the changed conditions they foresee. The Christian witness in Keveri is small, but to judge by the above it is evidently revolutionary and uncompromising.

Pray for the pioneers of the new Keveri, as well as for their die-hard opponents. People do not kick for nothing. It is often a sign that there is real conviction behind it.

The villages between Dorevaidi and the coast have undergone a severe testing to faith, in the form of an epidemic (probably 'flu) that caused deaths with resultant despondency: demoralising among primitive people. The first impulse of a bereaved Kunika is to take it out on someone else. To assuage his grief he plots to waylay and kill someone as a penalty for his relative who has died.

If the bereaved thinks that death has been caused by a sorcerer and can spot the malignant worker, so much the better. If not, any life will apparently do. A favourite hunting ground is Wanigela, where a teeming population living on stilts in marine villages, gain their sustenance by fishing. They seem to have little foothold on the forested land behind them, and much fear of its terrors in comparison with the safety of the open sea.

Two converts, one from Makaea and one from Kuroudi both of whom were bearing responsibility, were quite knocked over by the loss of their wives. The Makaea woman was very old; much older than her husband. Nevertheless he was very attached to her. The Kuroudi woman was much younger than her husband, and looked more like his daughter. She was a bright girl, and one of the first women to take a stand for the new way. "This is all I get for turning round and taking that big step," was what both husbands seemed to feel, and both went through a period of deep disappointment and depression. Unfortunately there was no one who was in a position to help them at this time. Sibodu, the Kuroudi leader, was at Kwato with his wife. They had brought their puny infant (fifth and only surviving) in to the doctor and were busy nursing the precarious flicker of life it then had.

These two men got so far away from their former bearings that they had virtually given up any effort to hold on. Finally they plotted together a little murder expedition; their wives at least would not be denied that tribute of loyalty.

Fortunately at this moment, Tiso, who was then in charge at Duram, had guidance to go up to Kuroudi, and lost no time in setting off. He was able to help these two. The man-hunt was abandoned. The Makaea man still feels disillusioned, though he realizes the seriousness of the backward step for which he was nearly responsible, especially in the face of the stand that his village had taken. The Kuroudi man, however, has pulled himself together splendidly. He saw how askew his thinking was, and surrendered this. He has redirected that old vindictive urge into the highest channels. Obeying his guidance he set off at once to a distant village, not to kill, but to pass on the new message of peace and love that he so nearly wrecked, and to throw himself into the winning of these people to Christ.

His efforts were well worthwhile. He returned radiant, having won seven men. Seven potential powers for good in that distant village, linked to Christ and living the new life, instead of one mutilated body, rotting in the forest.

By the time he reached home, Sibodu, the Kuroudi leader, had returned, having left his wife and infant at Kwato: the infant—future chief of Kuroudi—improving splendidly. Sibodu called up his people and discussed the whole matter of death. He told me what he had said. "We must prepare ourselves. Christ does not promise that because we follow Him we shall never die or have the pain of losing our friends when they die. We must be ready for this testing because it will come to us all. When my wife dies it will be because God calls her, and wants her up there first. I must be ready, if that happens, to be willing for God's will. She has her plan, I have mine. One day God will call me too. The best thing is to be ready for our call, and for our wives' call too, because that will be a big test for us."
New outposts, at which a start was previously made, but which are now established and bearing their own responsibility, are IOMEDI and ORODOI. They hung back for a long time for fear their crops would fail. The leaders from these places, and their helpers, went to Dorevaidi with their wives for training, which Ofekule, the Dorevaidi leader gave them. They also accompanied him and his team on expeditions to other villages, as part of their training. All this was done entirely on their own initiative. They have had no contact with anyone from Kwato recently.

Life on the Frontier.

These new outposts are just over the backbone range. The chain of villages Domara, Makaa, Kuroudi, Nebulu, no longer represent the frontier, which is now further west, above Vilirupu. The latter, a thickly populated coastal centre, is inhabited by straight-haired people of Malay admixture and entirely different racial origin from the Kunikas, or Bushmen. But this hinterland is very sparsely populated. The stretches of fertile but unoccupied land are not surprising; the stretches of fertile but unoccupied land are not surprising when one realizes the strange homicidal kink that marks the inlander. The inhabitants of these little hidden settlements seem to find even more joy in wantonly taking life than did their recently-changed neighbours of the Dorevaidi area further east. Tallies are kept of a man’s credit as expressed in heads: little knotted strings, with a knot per victim.

For all practical purposes, such as the procuration of a wife, some tangible proof of murder is necessary. Usually a finger, smoked for preservation, satisfies prospective in-laws as to the eligibility of a future son-in-law. But seeing the number of knots by which some advertise their manhood, one cannot help wondering whether a few are not faked, and whether they can possibly represent the carnage of one individual man. A knot does not necessarily imply an affair of valour. Unheroic clubbing of a helpless woman, or child, or sick person, is sufficient. How many lives has he taken? That is the estimate of a man’s worth inland.

The above is to help you to visualise a little of what it means when two villages, OISO and OWANE, with that background and mentality decide unequivocally to make God their master, and try to follow His way of love, peace and friendship. For them this has not only meant pocketing pride and forgiving their enemies, but making a complete break with tradition, and also building new villages to go with the new living, which they have already done. None from Kwato has visited them yet, though they have been dealt with individually by their Christian Kunika neighbours, whose changed outlook and life was what first opened the eyes of the leading men of these new villages.

Obstacles are for overcoming.

When Cecil made his famous first trek inland in 1935, he and his team came back with graphic descriptions of the climb over M. Clarence range (7,000) or “Iua” as its local name is. We listened, sceptical, to accounts of the sheer ascent, growing more vertical as they gained the cloud-hung summit, of the fungus, dripping mosses and bearded trees of that ever-damp, bemisted mountain top. (See Tidings June 1936) When Frank Briggs and I met it last May, we approached from the opposite side, and had to climb down, not up, on our way to the coast.

I repented of all my incredulity at the tales the team told, when we started the descent. Leaving the round, bald summit was like dropping over the edge of a table, and we felt like little ants in view of the immense vistas that appeared through rifts in the clouds.

Our friends of Nebulu (this side of the range) and Dorevaidi (the other side) decided that little as they as bushmen considered it, Iua was nevertheless a retarding factor in the swift execution of God’s plan for their district. (Doubtless the recollection of the time we took on this route, and our devastated condition at the end of the journey besides our reluctance to attempt it lightly, prompted this.) They felt that if those inhabited mountain pockets were to be really helped, a new accessibility must be established. (Inaccessibility, once an asset, is now a liability.) They combined and set to work to construct a new road—based on what one or two of them had seen of our Duabo road—which zig-zags easily and finally gets you over one of Iua’s lesser spurs. The road is finished. They have no knowledge whatever of road making, so it will be interesting to see the result. Reports of it sound quite dazzling. They had no tools much beyond primitive digging sticks, and native mattocks. When one of them, now at Kwato, was asked what tools they had used, he replied, “Our chief tool was nuasega—unity”!

The energy previously absorbed in wasteful feuds, has found a new, guided outlet. Only a complete change of heart, and obedience to Christ could have effected this. I feel that residents of Papua, more than readers in the Home countries, will appreciate what this means, with the corporate action and overcoming of individualism implied.

New ways for old enemies.

At Kwato the “Kunika House” is still full of guests, who come in relays for help and instruction. Some of them were a great help to the coastal Duram converts (erstwhile sworn enemies) while
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waiting for a boat there. A new oneness and fellowship resulted from the delay.

Honesty is good medicine.

One man at Duram, who had openly taken his stand as a Christian over a year ago, had been ill for some time. He showed no signs of improvement. Nor did his illness appear to come under any of the defined categories provided for by the medicine cupboard of the Duram Mission house. Sibodu prayed for him, and was guided that the real cause of his illness was not physical. So he prayed all more, and was told that the sick man, openly trusting Christ, was secretly hiding sorcery "medicine." He then challenged him about this duplicity, stating explicitly, "My guidance is that you have sorcery medicine hidden in your house, that is the real trouble." The man confessed that this was so. The long conflict with his own conscience and the Holy Spirit's conviction ended when he produced the little bag of old "magic." He and Sibodu watched it burn. Then, behold, he was better!

The villagers were furious. They said, "Now he will die, so will his wife, and Sibodu will be to blame." Sibodu said, "He is quite safe. He has put himself into the Hands of Jesus Christ. That will make a big difference."

It has!

Cecil and a team will be boring their way inland ere the ink on this is dry, and future Tidings will tell the tale of their tour, and of the newest outposts.

R.A.

VICE-REGAL VISIT

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA AT KWATO

Kwato was en fête recently, when we had the honour of a visit of Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Gowrie, attended by aides-de-camp the Earl of Ranfurly and Captain Anthony Palmer, and Captain Ackland R.N. of the H. M. A. S. Australia, on which they travelled. The weather was far from ideal. The Vice-regal barge, ploughing through choppy seas, was escorted into the Kwato passage by six long dugout racing canoes, each manned by from 25 to 48 paddlers, whooping as they sped along, and blowing conch shells.

School children lined the wharf and formed a guard of honour. A reception was held on landing, at which Philip Bagi voiced Papuan loyalty, appreciation of the leadership of the Lieutenant-Governor of Papua, Sir Hubert Murray, present as a guest on that occasion, and stated our aims for a new Papua, controlled by God, the visible expression of which was Kwato. The Governor-General then read us a message from His Majesty the King, and replied. Representative members of the Papuan staff were presented to their Excellencies, after which they proceeded to inspect an exhibition of native life, art and industry. Sago making, with accompanying ceremonial; string and net making, with the snaring in a pig-net of a live pig that was staged; basket and mat making, preparation and use of native dyes, canoe making, wood carving, house construction, pottery and similar ancient, indigenous crafts, were viewed in a model village.

Following this a tour of the Kwato industrial plant was made, where work exemplifying Papuan capability was in full swing. Boys were engaged in Boatbuilding, saw-milling, cabinet making, and engineering. Their Excellencies climbed the scaffolding of the new 60 ft. boat, saw the furniture of the new European Hospital at Samarai being made at Kwato, and the launches of three different missionary societies on the slip, undergoing repairs. In the Printing Office the Gospel of St. Matthew in a native tongue, as well as billheads for a large Pacific Islands firm, were being turned out by efficient Papuan Printers.

A quick visit was made in the beflagged lorry (the distinguished visitors enthroned in armchairs behind!) to the school at Ishuina where children, from infants up, sang Kwato songs, and performed a choral tale with a moral, that reduced the guests to a state of mirth.

Finally, after the winding drive up, the hilltop was reached. In the Mission house, weaving, and needlework was inspected. The Kwato choir conducted by Merari, sang part songs with verve,
and refreshements were served on the verandah.

Papuans were charmed with the kindness of the visitors, their determination to see all they could in the time, and their genuine interest in everything. By 12 o clock the conch shells were sounding, the long canoes were rythmically sending the spray flying as they escorted the visitors away, and we were waving farewells to the departing guests.

**IT'S ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK AT KWATO**

**EVERYDAY**

**ECHOES OF**

From the Engine Room. Frank Briggs wrote:

It is breakfast time.

"Is the Kwato in?" someone asks.

"Yes, she is at the wharf."

"Will the Eenido or the Lantie be here this afternoon?"

"Which boat will be taking the campers away?"

That depicts normal conversation at the breakfast table. The boats come and go with the routine of work at Kwato. Let us look behind the scenes, and see what makes the regular running of the boats and general machinery of the place possible.

On the island itself we have the Laundry and Electric Light, the Houses, Bakery and Hospital water supply, engineering shop and boataised machinery, all dependent upon one engine which runs for approximately 240 hours per month. The three boats also run a similar number of hours. 240 hours in a marine or stationary engine is the equivalent of 6,000 miles in a car. I estimate the Kwato engine, which has just been given its first complete overhaul, to have done 4,000 hours: the equivalent to at least 80,000 car miles. This performance has been made with only two involuntary stops down. This is due partly to the splendid workmanship in the engine itself, and partly to the faithfulness of the boys who have the responsibility of running the engine, caring for and reporting on it, not only the boat engineers; but those in the shop at Kwato who effect the necessary periodical repairs and adjustments.

With oversight, the boys remetal, machine to accurate limits and fit the engine bearings, regrind the valves, make spare parts, and do the bulk of the general overhaul and maintenance work of both engines; and Saw Mill machinery etc.

That water pump... those leaky kettles... that piece of equipment for the Hospital... the section of the houses left without light last night...

"So what?"

If it were not for the ability of the boys to learn, work and take responsibility, it would be impossible for one white engineer to cope with the amount of attention our engines and machinery need to keep work outside, in the villages, schools and Stations going with a swing.

We had arranged a visit to Sidea, for a Baptism service, due to leave at seven in the morning. As it was a holiday I had decided on a good old rest for the day. At 6.30 the Kwato engineer knocked at my bedroom door: "Taubada, come and see my engine." I reluctantly went down to the Wharf and on board. Water in the lubricating oil. What does it mean? People streaming down to the boat, wanting to get away. A large crowd gathering at Sidea. And one boat with a useless motor.

The Kwato engineer and myself turned to. Within half an hour my workshop staff was there, to a man, and right into the job. I had not said a word to any of them, but they realized the need of having the boat that day. In three hours time we had removed a cylinder liner, fitted new rubbers to it, and reassembled the motor. At 10 o clock the conch-shell sounded All Aboard. We enjoyed the blessing of God that day at Sidea, rejoicing together with those who were taking the public stand for Christ in following Him through the waters of Baptism.

As you pray for the camps and other work of which you will read in this 'News from Kwato' remember those who are working behind the scenes.

From the Hospital Berk Vaughan writes:

Here at Kwato in the last year we have been reaching out in our medical work. More patients, a much wider field, more native nurses at work but you know we are only scratching at the face of the real need.

In the last "Tidings" I wrote about the need of the lepers, for whom practically nothing is done, and the things that were holding up our attempts to start a colony for them.
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A friend had been reading that article and suddenly he said something like this: "Interesting that; I never realized that one of your difficulties was to get the people to come in to a leper colony."

"Yes," I said, "the only way is to make the place so attractive that they will want to come in by themselves."

"Well what about this new site you have got?"

"I think this village will be so nice that it will not be difficult. All the ordinary village life, gardening etc., will be possible. At present these people are more or less outcasts in their own villages."

There is a waterfall in the mountains at the back of Koeabule,. It leads down into a sort of basin: flat land in the valley and mountains all round. The new leper village will be built on the hillside, and the flat will become playing fields. The choosing of the site had an interesting origin. I first discovered it a long time ago. Later it became a possibility, and at the same time a gift of money was sent from England for it.

Russell called a meeting of the local village leaders, and we took them to see the site. It happened to be their best gardening land! At first they were not greatly concerned about the danger of leprosy. However some time ago I had carried out an investigation and had traced back the whole of the plague in this area, to one leper who lived at a village called Imoha and died there about 25 years ago. We were able to show the village leaders how the disease had spread like wildfire from that one case. "If there are so many lepers now, what will it be like in another 25 years?"

They saw it and became really alarmed. Then we pointed out our duty as Christians to help these poor people who have got the disease through no fault of their own. It went home and they are putting their backs into the scheme and have freely promised to help in developing and maintaining it.

While I never like to count my chickens before they are hatched yet I think this does seem to be the answer to our prayers.

Not so long ago Russell Abel discovered in one of the villages a woman who had dislocated her jaw by yawning well but not wisely. (Russell's eloquence was not to blame for it!) Well, believe it or not, having realised that she could no longer eat, this poor woman reconciled herself to dying by slow starvation. To her there was no other alternative.

On her arrival at Kwato it only required a few minutes work to put the dislocation right. A great joke the woman and the rest of us thought it, and so it was. But what about the other places where no medical work has ever been? What of the needless suffering piling up like a debit balance to the account of us who have the knowledge and the means to help?

A Vision for Papuan youth.

From Miss Parkin's study window comes the following:

I think all our readers will be interested to hear of an English study we have had for many months at Kwato, among boys keen to learn to converse fluently in English. We have studied the history of Europe, methods of Government (Democracy, Dictatorships) and are now going through the volume of Lord Baldwin's speeches. His last speech, "Call to Youth" has quite gripped my class.

The intelligent questions, and the earnestness of these young men, all efficient artisans, as we discuss together the world's problems, makes one realise that they too may be the trustees for the future of the vast unreached regions of Papua.

When one can look back, as I can, only half a century ago, one recalls how with painful contortions boys would twist round a post on the verandah, or any object, or even run right away rather than answer a question or even say a word in English. Now nothing seems impossible for a class of energetic youths who are beginning to shoulder the burden for their people, and who with God as their Guide can do wonders in the next half-century.

Training others for responsibility.

And now the Office—Raymond Whale explains his job:

Our policy always is to give the Papuan as much responsibility as possible. Working this out in the office has been an interesting experience. My staff consists of store boy, office boy, two junior office boys and another boy who looks after all the food.

By far the biggest job is the oversight of all the stores. We are just pricing the Kwato store stock sheets. There are roughly 1000 different lines in the store, ranging from sacks of rice to a packet of hair-pins. Most of the stores are bought in overseas. In this case overseas invoices have to be carefully costed to find the landed price of each item. From the main store at Kwato all the outstation stores are supplied. Month by month the food is sent out for each station, and the outside retail stores are kept stocked.

There are four of these in Milne Bay—at Kanakoape, Manawara, Duna and Koeabule, and one at Duram in the Abau district. The store-
keepers at these places have to check up the goods they receive, and keep a record of stores sold, and issued for various needs on their stations. At the end of each month they send in their books and cash, with their order for fresh supplies.

The Kwato storekeeper has a more onerous job, and is assisted by one of the office boys. In addition to serving customers and making up the consignments of goods to outside stations, he has to attend to the issue of stores to all the industrial departments at Kwato: Sawmill, boat-builders, furniture-makers, printers, engineers, builders, the Hospital, and launches. Every screw issued has to be docketted. He has a telephone which rings pretty constantly during the day. Messages have to be passed on to launch captains and various people in the workshops. He has to issue rations for boat’s crews, working gangs, and teams going on camp. All stores are issued by docket, which are priced and entered to their respective accounts by the office boys. I used to do this. All I do now is to glance through the pricing to make sure this is correct. Then one of the office boys enters them up, and the other two check his work. The insistence on accuracy is an important part of their training.

All invoices from Samarai are checked by the boys, and fluctuations in prices noted and allowed for in pricing docket. Other jobs are the allocation of wages and food over the different departments; charging up timber issued from the Mill. Here again the boys do their part. You can imagine how much of my time is saved by all this.

You may be wondering what I have to do when the boys do so much. My job is to keep them up to scratch and unravel muddles. There is continual correspondence with our outstations, with firms in Samarai, and overseas, as I do practically all the buying for the Mission. I look after the commercial printing done by our Press; invoices, statements, customs forms, receipt books, cash sale books, letterheads, are constantly being printed on our machines for local firms.

Once a year comes stock-taking. This is done at all the stores on June 30th. Every item has to be priced down to the last fish-hook, and then lists typed. The boys do the typing. When our auditor in Sydney receives our books next time he will check two Papuans’ work in the journal and ledger, as well as mine. The boys seem slow at first, and one is tempted to do the work oneself to get it done quicker. But I am overcoming that and look forward to the day when my work will be nearly all supervision.

At the beginning of each week we meet to pray over the week’s work, and seek God’s guidance about it. We find out who is to take responsibility for the jobs to be done.

From a purely practical point of view our spiritual life is most important. Office work can get very dull and boring, but it makes all the difference if it is done “as unto the Lord” and is really under His control. I still feel I have much to learn in letting God guide us in all the little details of our work. It is so easy to decide things unguidedly and off one’s own bat. In all our work the training of character is the primary thing. I remind my boys that their school and office work is all training for bigger responsibilities God will give them to carry in the future. When they have shown signs of growing slack in their work, I try to counteract this by making their work as varied as possible, and making one boy take the responsibility for a certain job. I know from my own experience that the one thing that encourages me when I feel unequal to cope with the work is the fact that God has chosen me to do it, and there is no one to take my place. However difficult the circumstances may be God has a plan and it is up to me to find that plan.

Last of all I want to share with you something of the financial responsibility here. There are between 400 and 500 of us to be fed and clothed. It is most encouraging to look back and to see how God has supplied our needs; usually in ways outside of our control. One of the main sources of income is from copra, and if you have known anything of the vagaries of commodity prices you may think we have had just cause for anxiety at times. Events which might have meant financial disaster have been times when our Heavenly

Part of the Saw-mill
News from Kwato

Father has shown His love and care for us. When one source of income has failed, another has always taken its place and never have we suffered want. "If we believe not, yet He abideth faithful." The truth of this verse has come home to me as I have been convicted of worrying. "The kingdom of God is... righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost". I have found that God gives these blessings to all who trust and obey Him.

Explosions punctuate work on the new rock-bound Reservoir.

Arthur Beavis, directing operations, writes:

A boy yelled something in my ear. Blessing him for interrupting my final cut on a bearing for one of our boat engines, I shut off the power (and noise) and looked enquiringly at him.

"Dynamite!" he shouted again.

We tumbled each other out of the engineering shop and legged it for the wide open spaces where most of Kwato seemed gathered expectantly. Turning an anxious eye to a spot behind the mill (which looked reminiscent of a London road repair) I wondered if all were clear, and sentries duly posted on the paths leading to it. The workshops had emptied and so were unusually quiet. The work boys stood quietly whispering and laughing around me. "It's a misfire," said one. Three minutes had gone.... With a muffled boom a large piece of rock sailed majestically into the air, and the boys with wild whoops and yells rushed to see the fruit of their labours. It was good.

As I clambered over the heaps of sand, gravel and stone around the back of the mill, and looked at the blast, I saw that a good quantity of building stone for finishing the church had been released. And more than that the large hole which has given us all the stone for our church was approaching its final designed shape, ready for concreting to make the new Kwato water supply.

Here, in a few months, we hope to see a reservoir, given by a friend in England, which will increase our water supply to outlast any drought. Just now we are blasting, others carry sand from the seashore, while one of our boats constantly brings in from 20 miles away supplies of shingle. Other boats tow in logs, which are being converted into planking in our mill for the forms for the concrete.

It will be a great day when the first rain from our roofs runs into this new big underground tank. No more carrying water from neighbouring islands. No more labouring uphill with heavy cans of water. No more going without baths!

NEW MOTOR BOAT “KWATO”
COMPLETION OF VESSEL HERALDS ADVANCE

Half-submerged, the great log was hauled from the sea. The axes and adzes rang in the hard timber as it was squared, and trued, and at last placed in position. Over 60 ft. in length it lay—the keel of the vessel we are just completing, five years later.

All this time work has gone on just as the funds permitted. Other jobs were done meantime but back the boys would come and a little more be added to the frame.

Then God sent the money for the engines to power the hull. We were more than ever sure of God's plan for the vessel. Of course the inevitable jokes arose—the Kwato "Ark"—our grandchildren would launch her! But today she looks and is a fine ship. The engines are on their way out to us. The makers, Messrs. Widdop and Company of Yorks., England, have taken special interest in their manufacture. In all probability they will take up their job in the New Year, and a new link will be forged in this country which depends entirely on sea-transport.

Designed and supervised by Arthur Swinfield, she has been built at Kwato, by Kwato boys. A far cry from the days when the founder of Kwato travelled about in the simple dug-out canoes of primitive Papua. But he saw that the days would come when the Papuan could take his place as a skilled contributor to his country’s advance. He had the vision and worked and planned for it. And we see his vision made real.

What vision have you? Does it line up with God's vision for the world? Do you really plan and pray and work to bring it into being?

J.M.S.
SOLUTION TO SORCERY

Don't Kill the Sorcerer, Cure Him!

How the problem was tackled in two villages.

There are two ways of dealing with any problem. We can discuss the matter together, and take whatever action is prompted by our human commonsense. This, however, may be coloured by human impatience, vindictiveness, selfishness or self-justification.

The other way is to put the whole matter in God's hands, and to consider it in the light of His standards, His Word, and revealed plan, as far as we know it and are having our part in it. Thus, in the spirit of surrender we can seek the mind of Christ, and definite guidance about the steps we are to take in order to do our part in the solution of the difficulty.

A constantly recurring problem in Papuan villages is that of sorcery: a very real problem, even if much of its terrors are unreal and imaginary.

Someone dies. For weeks suspicion flourishes. Whose fault? To a primitive, death cannot be from natural causes. Someone exercising occult powers has spitefully "pricked," (bewitched) the dead person. Suspicion breeds fear. Everyone doubts everyone else. Whole relationships are poisoned.

How often in Papua one comes across some charred stumps among the rank, overgrown grass, or crumbling, deserted houses with creepers running wild over them. This was once a village. The inhabitants have scattered in all directions. Mutual fear of one another made life unbearable. A, accuses B. of sorcery, and blames him for the death of his friend. B.'s friends rally round. They have their own theory as to why someone died, and lay the blame with convincing evidence on C. C. and his unfortunate relatives, incensed at the idea, live henceforth in mortal fear of retribution, and of the counter-machinations of another sorcerer. A community living in dread and distrust of itself cannot survive. Hence the crumbling remains we see of what was once a village. Furtive reptiles, bats and spiders, occupy these decaying monuments to human inability to live together without God. (Substitute modern evils for sorcery, and the situation will be found to apply equally to civilized beings as to their primitive prototypes.)

There is a solution to the problem of sorcery. This is how the men of Bebae—inland Abau district—dealt with it. We will let Alice Wedega, a Papuan member of the team, tell the story, as she was nearest to the spot when it occurred:

"This is just a short story about old Papuan sorcery. Russell Abel and Frank Briggs had returned to Duram from Keveri. I was in a small team that followed them. There were three other girls with me, and we were doing follow-up work in each of the villages, returning to Duram with the whole team in about a fortnight's time. On our way down to the coast we met some people from Bebae. We have never been there. They were pleased to see us, and we said one day we would come to their village. A couple of days after we arrived at Duram, we went up the river again to Anaiguina, where the inland road begins. Here we met some more people from Bebae, a native policeman, a murderer and a witness, on their way to a court case at Abau. The policeman had spears to show the magistrate. What an awful case it was! Don't think this is imagination, we saw pieces of a man's flesh, skin and hair sticking to a spear. They asked us to carry them to the coast on our double canoe. They asked others who passed but they were too frightened. I was terribly excited. I said 'Oh yes, we will take you' but I keep my eyes on the spears! On the way down the river they told us their story. The reason why they killed a man is because his father was an old sorcerer. He was found out in his old age. They said lots of people died because of him. No one took trouble to kill him, because he is very old, he will soon die and have no more power left. But the whole village stiff scared of his young son taking his place and his power. The whole village decide to kill the son to protect their village from death. One day the feast was made in the village. The whole crowd came late in the afternoon. The son of the old sorcerer sitting just outside of his house. A man came behind him with a spear before the whole crowd and speared him to death. He ran the the spear into his neck. It came out at his hip. Others ran up to help. They couldn't pull it out again. Let us all remember to pray for these people. Some day soon the team will be going there to attack that village."

From a human point of view the inhabitants of Bebae acted according to their lights in trying to settle once and for all what they believed to be a common menace. Notably in the Buhutu valley, and also in their own district, this same problem has been dealt with differently. Eighteen months ago when the first five Dorevaidi leaders returned from Kwato with a new message for their people, N— was distressing the community in which he lived by practices that are the terror of primitive
News from Kwato

people. Being a village chief the consequences of a step such as Alice narrates above, were not to be incurred lightly. When Sibodu got to Makaea, N—'s village, he wondered where to begin to put over the new life with Christ as chief. Makaea's biggest problem, and most influential man, was N—. So he began there. Davida was at Duram then, so it is his story, which we will translate into English as literally as possible:

"Sibodu had guidance to go to Makaea. While he was there he tried to win the chief, whose name is N—. He called him aside and told him all the new way and teaching. But N— revealed his magic gear and charms, and said this is what I trust in. Sibodu said 'My friend what really are these things?' He answered:

'What I use to kill people.'

'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 living things. Give yourself to Christ, He is the true way of life. Those things there I too used to trust in very much. Then I went to Kwato and found God's power, and in the new way of living I learnt God's wisdom. So now, to me, those things are all false. There is only one true power, that is God's. I tell you throw those things away today, they can only bring you death.

Sibodu took the charms in his hands and prayed over them, and said, 'They have lost their power now. Try God's power.' They talked a long time. In the end N— said 'Take those things away, I have already turned my heart round.'

N— made a full confession of his sins, and Sibodu told him all that the new way was going to mean in his village."

EXTRACTS FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE GOVERNMENT FOR 1935-1936

Mr. F.E. Williams, Government Anthropologist, writes of the significance of the wearing of the hornbill feather among the Nemea, in the Abau district:

We may ask to what extent, if any, the homicidal emblem is an incentive to murder in the Nemea district. Raids large and small, as well as individual murders, were usually due to some provocation and were mostly retaliations for previous killings, or supposed killings by sorcery. Sometimes—perhaps these are things of the past—they were unprovoked, carried out merely for the fun of it, for lack of something to do. Nowadays when the village has been built, and the gardens planted and fenced, the young men say, 'What shall we do next?' Somebody says, 'Let's sign!' and off they go to work for the white man. In the old days, according to my informants, it was "Let's go and kill somebody!" and then the raiders would begin to sharpen their spears. According to one informant the cry was "Let's go and get hornbill feathers."

Whether the expedition was provoked or unprovoked, there were many who, if they did not follow like sheep through a gap, had to make up their minds. There were a number of possible motives for joining in—sympathy with the cause, the obligation of blood kinship, the mere lust for excitement: and it was quite likely that sometimes if there were hesitation, the scale might be tipped by the weight of a hornbill feather.

The other observation concerns the willingness, even keenness, of the Nemea people to accept a mission. They professed to be tired of the continual trouble with the Magistrate over murders, and pointed by contrast to the peaceful and law-abiding people of Milne Bay, where some of them had worked. This difference they attributed to the mission, and said they would be only too glad to follow Milne Bay's example. It is very gratifying to hear that the Kwato Mission has since had such success among the near neighbours of the Nemea, and I feel fairly sure that it would have a similar welcome among the Nemea themselves.

Since printing word of Mrs. McDougalVs illness on page 4, news has been cabled to us of her Home-call. All who are friends of Kwato will share our great loss, and will unite with us in upholding members of her family in their sorrow. Anna Pierson McDougal was a daughter of the late Dr. A.T. Pierson, and was known and loved by a wide circle, both in America and Great Britain. We ask you specially to remember in prayer her beloved husband, Mr. Walter McDougal, her brother Mr. Delavan L. Pierson and her two sisters, Miss Laura Pierson of Beckley, Virginia, and Mrs. Thos. Evans of Los Angeles.
MARRIAGE AND THE 'NEW WAY'  
ANSWER TO DOMESTIC DISCORD

The scene occurred on the beach at Bisimaka. One harassed woman from Buhutu, surrounded by reasoning advisers, was expressing her exasperation vocally. Her trouble, like that of many another woman, was her husband. He was a violent-tempered brute, who thought nothing of clouting his wife whenever she irritated him. Her powers of irritation, it appeared, were considerable—and she, alas, a one-time member of Christ's flock!

"It's no good," she kept reiterating. "I want a divorce."

"But sister," someone, equally reiterating, replied, "that's the same as saying you don't believe in God: you don't believe He can change your home living."

"My body hurts," she stated, finally and conclusively.

"God can change your husband, and you too! Maybe there's room for change on both sides."

"My body hurts. That's all I know," parried the woman. "I want a divorce."

"Right, sister. Divorce is a right and human law. You can have it easily. But you have been a woman of the Kingdom, and it isn't a Kingdom law. Inside the Kingdom we don't divorce, we change, instead. Are you prepared to put yourself outside under the laws of the world again?"

"My body hurts," intoned the woman, shutting her eyes implacably.

"Don't you believe God can change your husband?"

"I believe He can, whether He will is another matter."

"Well sister, begin with yourself. When your living is so new that it startles your husband, maybe he will begin to change."

"Oh I believe God can change me, but it's my husband..."

Just then I left them; a despairing little woman, defending herself doggedly from a rain of advice (excellent advice, no doubt) showered on her by a ring of "brothers" who all seemed so sure of everything. The smart of husbandly blows was all she was sure of.

We left her in the care of a village woman whose childless home, once the scene of conjugal wrangles, has in the last ten years become a centre of Christian service, hospitality, and the home of nine adopted children. The was no need here to put into words the answer this unhappy woman was needing.

Someone was recently heard to say joyfully, "I have gained a brand new wife without the fuss of a divorce!" His altered home, and changed wife occasioned this remark, while the contrast to those who look on from outside is a constant reminder of what happens when God is in charge. Both husband and wife are employed at Kwato and live busy lives. A few months ago their home could not have been described as a happy one. Today it is a centre of power on the island.

Life is made up of small, insignificant details, and Lily Makura, whose home is the one in question, finds that it is in the smallest things that letting God direct has proved most revolutionary. This is her testimony:

"The biggest change, since God controls our home, is in little things. Every night, before we go to sleep, my husband and I have a little setting up meeting for the next day. We just seek guidance about the work God wants us to do in the morning, how to share the house duties. Sometimes my husband has guidance to wash the pots and pans for me, while I do other things. If God wants me for work somewhere else, my husband is ready to free me for this. We have our family Quiet Time every morning together before we go to work. Every day I am shown some new things to do for my husband, to show my love to him. Also we used to use our money anyhow, in any way we liked. Now we put all our money in God's hands, and ask Him what to do with it, and how to use it in the best way."

R.A.

A HOSPITAL STORY

Let me pass on the story of Augustus (what's in a name) and the white ants.

Augustus, a young man from Milne Bay, presented himself at the hospital one day complaining of white ants in his ear. Nothing surprising about that for our catalogue of articles retrieved from ears ranges from cockroaches to kapok seeds. Well, at any rate we looked at Augustus' ears. True, ants or something of that sort had been there but they had moved on. Augustus protested that they were still there, I protested that they weren't. So we compromised by putting in ear drops. The next day Augustus reappeared and now the ants were inside the back of his head.

A desperate ill like this required an heroic remedy. Augustus accompanied by the Hospital staff trooped down to the operating theatre. Amid scenes of splendour I gave him an anaesthetic. It provided a long sought for chance to give a lecture-demonstration on anaesthetics to the nurses. When this was finished he was allowed to come round.

We informed him that he was now cured. Hey presto! so we was. Great is the power of western medicine.

B.D.V.