June 1939

NEWS FROM KWATO

Oct. 1939
Papua was an unknown land of mystery in 1892, when Mrs. Abel arrived as a bride to make her home in this country. Thrown upon their own resourcefulness, and cut off from the world, she and her husband C.W. Abel established themselves in Papua, won the friendship of the natives, overcame hostility, got their vision of God's plan for primitive savages and lived and worked to turn it into reality. We are building today upon the foundations they laid. This issue will bring you the news that she has finished her course on earth. *Friends have asked for an account of her life in Papua. Too late for inclusion here, we hope to give you this story later on.

**STAFF NOTES**

**WELCOME**

On April 8 we rejoiced in the arrival of a firstborn son (Keith Dawson James) to Frank and Ida Briggs, an addition to the growing band of sturdy white children at Kwato. (We thank God that "sturdy" applies to them all) Ida and the little fellow are getting on well, and Frank is recovering too ("Proud Pa" doesn't begin to describe his present state!)

**FAREWELL**

On April 11 we said good bye to Arthur and Bess Swinfield, who are setting out upon a new chapter in their lives. For nine years successive generations of technical students have benefitted from his training, and high standards of workmanship and skill have been established and maintained under his expert supervision. The Swinfields leave behind them a lasting impression. We wish them all the best in the days that lie ahead.

**ON FURLough**

Furlough times have their own special problems, and we ask you to pray for the following in all the new and unaccustomed situations that will face them:

Phyllis (P.D.) Abel, who left Kwato at the end of March for Sydney on her way to England. We are still trying to accustom ourselves to getting on without her.

Joan Blake, in Sydney taking care of her mother at present, thereby releasing her sister Kathleen (Raymond Whale's fiancee) to get training for her future life at Kwato.

Freda Vaughan and children, Patricia, Michael and Dermot, in Melbourne for their education. Before returning to Kwato, Berke Vaughan wrote: "The parting has not been easy, but we feel clear that this is a right step. The children need a God-controlled home, and a good education. Kwato needs a doctor. How all these are to be combined is not clear at the moment, but we would be very grateful for your prayers that we might have God's solution to this problem."

**CONCERNING THE CONTENTS...**

Some idea of what medical work can mean to Papua may be gathered from Page 3. Please remember that we are barely touching the fringe of the need. The work has to grow to a much bigger scale before there can be any hope of the needs in some areas being met.


Two new school openings, both the result of Papuan self-effort and responsibility, one at Divinai (Page 7) and one in the Abau inland district (Page 15)

When you have read the articles referred to above, please pray for each venture, and help to see them through to their fulfilment in God's plan by your faithful intercession.
News from Kwato

To know, by daily practice, how to live together on a basis of the co-operation that the world needs, of real fellowship, and the sharing of our possessions and of our very lives.

**WE NEED TO DEMONSTRATE** to a distracted world that Christ is the cure for all our human sin and selfishness.

That poverty ends when life becomes full of the riches of His grace.

That real riches increase when wealth is put at God's disposal for the speeding on of the Revolution to end revolutions: the raising of the Cross, the establishing of the Kingdom, the bringing back of the King.

That real security begins when earthly securities are gambled away with recklessness inspired by a vision of the Cross, and an experience of its life-giving power.

That the guidance of God is the normal expectation of every day, and that the highest commonsense in the world today is that of surrender to Christ.

That victory begins with the laying down of our own lives, the relinquishing of all selfish thoughts and plans.

That we shall win all along the world front 'not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord of Hosts.'

And that **LOVE, JOY, and PEACE** are still the inevitable fruits of the Spirit, and are the new lamps to illumine the world in these dark days.

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**PROMOTION**

I have finished my course,
I have kept the faith:

February 25th. was the Crowning Day of Beatrice Abel, beloved mother of the Mission.

For a long time her health had been failing, and her activities becoming more and more restricted. Last Christmas she had a serious illness. It was an anxious time for us. In reply to many loving enquiries at that time, Phyllis Abel, on whom the burden of much of the nursing had fallen, wrote the following:

A few days before Christmas, Mother
became seriously ill with acute bronchitis complicated by heart conditions that made the fight for life a hard one. On Christmas day she was so ill that the end seemed inevitable. But little by little she began to improve. During those anxious days we proved the love and devotion of our Papuan brothers and sisters. Never once was it necessary to ask people to be quiet. It was Christmas week, with holiday activities in full swing. But the 'Big House' lay wrapped in a stillness that was prompted by consideration and love. Little notes came in from places all over the district:

"We want you to know that we are thinking of you all, and praying for our mother."

"Please write us news of our mother. Everywhere people are praying for her."

"We will not be afraid. Our mother's hands are full of harvest God Himself knows, and His mind is good."

We know too that overseas, wherever it was known that mother was ill, a bond of fellowship tightened about us and we were made strong, and inside there was a peace that was ready for anything that was God's will."

She made what appeared to be a valiant recovery, however it was only to enter upon a gradual and visible decline. Each day there was a lessening of strength until at last she relapsed into a long sleep from which recoveries of consciousness became fewer and fewer, and finally ceased.

There were many friends here then, including old people whom she had led to Christ in years past, and who had served Him with her. Though there was a hush of sorrow on the island, there was a note of triumph too, and gratitude for all that her life had meant to us. There were so many signs of love and loyalty that day, from old and young alike, that we were all inspired and drawn closer together.

A double memorial service was conducted by the Bishop of New Guinea in the late afternoon, for we had decided to inter at the same time the ashes of her beloved husband, brought from England nine years ago. There was a large gathering present, including many white neighbours. Here again the dominant impression was one of praise to God for these lives poured out for Him, the fruits of which were all round, in the thronging Papuan faces, representing many more not present, who know the love and power of Christ today through the coming of His servants to their country. We thrilled to the matchless words of hope and certainty that the Bishop read, and responded in our hearts:

"O death, where is thy sting?"

"O grave, where is thy victory?"

There followed the procession, with its triumphant singing, to the hill crest beyond the grey stone walls of the Memorial Church, that we plan some day to make into a 'prayer garden'. Here the retired Bishop Newton, who has known the family many years, led the final commitment. And thus, in the floodling golden light of the setting sun, we laid them to rest, and lost sight of the grave and caught a glimpse of the glory beyond, that was theirs together at this moment.

Since then a steady stream of Papuans have visited the spot, and there renewed their vows to God. As one youth expressed it in the service on the following Sunday, "They were loyal to Christ and to Papua, and their bones will ever rest in Papuan soil, and while this is so shall I not be loyal to Christ, and to making my country His?"

Others repeated, "They held up the torch for Papua, let us take up the torch our mother has laid down, and hold it high."

Some of us for whom the funeral might have proved an ordeal were strangely uplifted. We were conscious of Christ's presence, of joy in Heaven, of the lovers' meeting : indeed their happiness seemed to touch us that day, and we knew that they were with us in spirit, upholding us in our trial.

We know too that many were helped by the victory there was here.

That night a boatful of Papuans arrived at Kwato long after dark. Seeing a shadowy figure on the wharf, one of the travellers called out,

"What news of our mother?" The reply came back:

"Our mother is gone. We put her to earth today, but her putting was not a funeral, it was a festival!"
**PRESCRIPTION FOR PAPUA**

**Medical service touches new boundaries**

Sickness, unattended and in the dirt of a native hut, is the plight of many. Easily cured ailments develop unchecked. With all your friends telling you that the spirits must have marked you down, that someone has cast an evil spell upon you, illness may easily be aggravated by sheer fright. In any case the only resort for many is a sorcerer, with his incantations and magic.

Our answer to the sum of unnecessary suffering is centred in the little Hospital at Kwato. Here the blessings of modern medicine and surgical skill are at the disposal of the sick, and are more and more becoming available to a greater number of Papuans. Here are spotless wards, clean white beds, polished floors, up to date medicaments and newest methods, kind and efficient nurses. And behind all is the gentle shadow of the One who healed the sick, whose mere touch held such power, and whose realisation has inspired thought and care for the sick throughout the ages. This is the hub of a circulating wheel of service whose circumference touches many distant outposts. From here are trained the nurses who run the village dispensaries and clinics, with the same method and scrupulous hygiene that marks their Kwato headquarters. From here too, go out the regular boxes of medical supplies with their embossed red crosses, bearing renewals of supplies to needy centres. And, in keeping with the whole principle of Kwato, it is Papuan hands that are giving that skilled touch of healing to their own people, and more and more, Papuan responsibility that is keeping these outstations up to the maximum standard of medical service.

Berke Vaughan who has been building up this work writes:

The work has grown greatly, and we now have out-patient stations throughout our district, together with a few hospitals with a single native nurse in charge. Kwato remains the base hospital and training school. Our out-patient attendances last year were over 20,000, and through the kindness of friends we have got well on with the work of adequately equipping Kwato Hospital. All this is only a beginning. Vast areas of country are still hardly touched.

I ask for your prayers. Will you take our needs to the seat of power, and bear some of this responsibility before God? Here are some of our chief needs:

1. That every one of our nurses and orderlies may be turned into absolutely dependable servants of God. I ask this for myself and the white staff too.
2. That God will call out more boys and girls for training. We are very short-handed, and few Papuans seem to have any call for this work.
3. That we may be given all the money we need.
4. That we may be guided in decisions as to our future. There are many open doors.

**FROM A PAPUAN DISTRICT—NURSE'S DIARY**

P.D. Abel

An important part of our medical work is done in different parts of the district, by trained Papuan nurses. There are four of them stationed at different centres, from which they work quite large areas. They patrol villages, give injections for yaws, treat various skin diseases, hold ante-natal clinics, teach mothers the proper care of their young babies, prescribe for any sick they may find, and see to the cleanliness of houses and villages. Opportunities come for talks. Problems are shared with them, and they are able to do a great deal to hold Christians in the various communities, up to the highest standards of Christlikeness.

One of the nurses is situated in a very
News from Kwato

difficult district. Her headquarters are at Duram, on the shore, but her district stretches from five to eight days walk inland. She has to negotiate mountain ranges and long marches. She writes of one patrol she was guided to make, from which I have translated. She had just returned from a coastal one, and was feeling she would like to settle down for a week or two before making another. But the urge was strong and persisted that she should go inland and visit the Kunika. So she packed up her medical supplies, and with a companion set off inland.

After two days' march they came upon a village where a woman had been in labour for several days.

"I worked with her," writes Panailoea, "and she gave birth to a man-child. She was very ill, so we stayed there three days, until she was much better, and then went on to Keveri.

We spent three days there working amongst the people.

While I worked on their bodies Alice met with the leaders and fed them and shared with them. Then we set off for Dorevaidi. Before we got there, at a small village called Ukaudi, I found another woman bearing a child. I worked on her, the baby was born dead, but I worked on it, bathed it in hot and cold water and slapped it for an hour and a half, and it breathed again.

I left the mother and baby both well, and the mother saying Thank You to God. As we journeyed on we met a crowd of people on the road. They had slept two nights by the way.

When we asked them whither they were bound, they said, "To find you! We are sick." Among them were several needing medical help. I gave injections by the roadside, and treated those with sores. We talked to them about God, and His love for them, and told them how He had sent me to meet them. Truly when I saw that crowd I marvelled.

What if I had not listened to that guidance? The women we sent on to our base, while we continued to the end of our patrol. Wherever we went women told me they would come to me at Atnau—our base—as they always lost their babies at birth."

This gives you just a glimpse of the work that is being done. Hand in hand with the medical work goes soul-healing and light, so the good news is penetrating Papua.

A PEBBLE IN THE POND

A Papuan Drama of Today.

The following reproduction of correspondence tells its own story. The characters chiefly concerned, and mentioned in the letters are:

"P.D." one of the white staff at Kwato.
Cecil, " " on patrol inland.
Tuata, Papuan youths, medical orderlies in the Kwato Hospital.
Moga, a Kunika patriarch, victim of a kangaroo-hunting accident.
Gaega, the Kunika youth, they attempted to murder to compensate for Moga's accident.
Kofule, Son of Moga.
Berke Vaughan, the Doctor of the Kwato Hospital.
Tiraka, Foreman of the boatbuilding at Kwato.

Radiogram from Robinson River.
"P Abel Kwato Samarai
Send Tuata Eauedo immediately fetch two bad cases spearing Cecil

Extract from letter from Cecil at Duram to P.D. at Kwato.

Duram
August 25. 1938

Dear P.D.,

I can't expect the radio I sent you on Tuesday to drop on you without causing some sort of inconvenience. But whatever inconvenience it causes you I feel it is worth it to try and save these two men. Tuata will tell you the story. They were hunting on Saturday, and the young man speared the old man by mistake, thinking he was a kangaroo. We arrived on Sunday evening at Imila, and the same day the young lad was speared by the son of the old man as he sat on his veranda amidst a crowd of others to square the account. Abigum. (payback) The old man I fear is in a bad way because the spear nearly went right through him. But it was pulled out immediately. He has been bringing up blood, which looks as if it had pierced his lung. But the other lad, who accidentally speared the old man, has a foul piece of metal in him, with a cruel barb inside which makes it impossible to pull it out. I doubt whether he will last the journey to Kwato. He is in great pain and cannot lie
down. We have done all we can for them and are trying to keep their spirits up; very difficult in the case of the young boy.

Getting them here was corker. They arrived at Imila on stretchers at 3 P.M. and at 3.30 we were packed up again, and towing a canoe with both cases on board down to Vilirupu. It was the only thing to do other than leave them to die a slow and painful death. With Berke away this will mean extra responsibility for you...

August 26. 10 A.M. Eauedo just sighted.

I shall be going inland again now, and will radio when I want a boat to pick me up, in a week's time. These casualties have upset my plans completely. I've been inclined to chafe under the delay, but again and again I have been reminded that Christ Himself often spent endless time on bodily needs. Be very considerate of these two folks, especially the young chap who is terribly depressed and wants to take his life.

From a Letter from P.D. Abelat Kwato, to Berke Vaughan in Australia.

Dear Berke,

You must have passed the Eauedo off Isuleilei, as you were travelling south on the Montoro. She arrived here with the cases about 9 P.M. There was an old man, Moga, and a lad of about 18, Gaega. Moga's wound was accidental, Gaega's was intentional. They were out kangaroo hunting. They spotted one and stalked it from different angles. The lad had a good shot and threw his spear just as the old man appeared out of a bush and it got him right in the back. Gaega got the spear out right away and got the old man back to the village. Later on Moga's son heard of the accident, lost his temper and threw the spear into Gaega's side.

Fortunately Cecil was in there and brought them to the coast, and towed them in that little boat eleven hours to Duram.

When they arrived here the boy still had the spear in him, and had had it in him a week then. It was a steel bar 19 inches long, 3/8ths thick and 4 inches from the top was a barb about an inch long. About 8 inches of the thing was in him. By gentle manipulation we were able to get another 4 inches out, and then could feel the barb stick against his ribs. We decided to make them as comfortable as possible for that night. Gaega couldn't lie down, but we were able to make him fairly comfortable with pillows, by taking the weight off the spear which was quite heavy and must have dragged badly. The old man was making ghastly noises through the hole in his back, and was bringing up a good bit of blood and pus. The lad was terribly restless and had no sleep for days, so we gave him morphia, even that didn't steady him a great deal. It was midnight by the time we got them settled.

Before I had fallen asleep I felt certain that God would see us through.

In the morning guidance came as clearly as anything about how the operation was to be done. I saw it as clearly as if I had been looking into a mirror. I had a marvellous quiet time, I just felt God was going to get right through me, and that there were no barriers hindering. The guidance was to give him atropine injection and then ether, to be on the safe side, as we did not know how long it would take us. He had a bad cold and was very chesty and I was running no risks.

I must confess once or twice I began to doubt, and all the 'ifs' imaginable came crowding into my mind. Then all the assurance and promises God had given that morning came back and I was ashamed of myself for doubting even for a second.

Rali had everything ready early. I asked him if he had had any guidance on the subject and he said he had, and what he proposed to do exactly coincided with what I had seen in my vision. So that checked. It was Sunday morning. We were going into the theatre just as they were starting service. Before they brought the patient in we had a quiet time, and I shared what God had taught me that morning of being a clear channel that He could work through unhindered. It was a most impressive time, and it was just as though God was the Surgeon and took over during that time of quiet. Everyone looked spick and span in white, and there was a steady calm and lack of any fear or flurry. All the nurses and two orderlies were present. I put him under the anaesthetic: no trouble at all. Then Rali quietly looked up and asked "Ready?" and went at it. He followed the spear in with his finger, turned the barb so that it would come away easily, then gently pushed the lung away from the spear, waited until the lung contracted, then drew it away. We heaved a sigh of relief! We irrigated the sore, cleaned it with ether, then put a drainage tube into it. Then we got him into bed. Rali said the rib had been pierced but not broken.

Rali was a credit to your training, through
News from Kwato

which God worked. The discipline and control in that theatre did make me thank God for the solid work you had put into it.

This isn't the end of the battle. Of course he was roaring septic. He has poured with pus ever since. I should think he loses quite two pints if not more a day.

The Hospital is crammed full again...

From a Letter from Berke Vaughan in Australia to P.D. Abel at Kwato.

Melbourne,
September, 25.

Dear P.D.,

...That was great news about Gaega. If I had been there I couldn't have done anything more. I would go on giving him sulphanilamide as you have been doing.

Your letter arrived at the right time. It came just before I was due to speak at a service in Wesley Church, Melbourne, and I read parts of it during my talk. I heard later that it had a curious sequel. It was heard by an R.C. lady away up in the back of Victoria. She was so moved by what God could do with 'brown people', that she decided to try and let Him have her life too.

From a letter from Cecil at Duram, to Berke Vaughan in Australia.

Duram

Dear Berke,

The Kunikas have returned from Kwato completely healed.

Tiraka (foreman-boatbuilder - Ed.) told me of an incident that is a sequel to the whole story, which I thought you would be interested to know. He, Tiraka, was reading in his house at Kwato one Sunday afternoon, when he looked up and saw Kofule, a younger son of Moga's, standing at the door. He seemed interested to see a Papuan reading, so Tiraka asked him in and they got talking. "Tell me," says Tiraka, "what is behind all this spearing? I thought you had given up all that."

"Oh that is nothing," he replies. "My father was only hit by accident, and while it is true my brother went on purpose to spear Gaega in 'pay-back', I can tell you that if this had happened a few months ago there would have been not one man speared but a big fight and many men killed."

"Why?" asked Tiraka, "What has made the difference now?"

"Well you see when Gaega was speared, everybody got this thought in their Quiet Times that there must be no more 'pay-back', and that 'pay-back' and spearing is finished now. That is why nobody wanted to fight that day Cecil came, only to get them well. A few months ago Gaega's brother would have come and speared me because my brother speared his brother, but that is finished now because we all get right thoughts in our Quiet Times."

"It is true," he went on, "We are still very unlearned, and we can't read as you can, but we know God, and our way of living is quite different now."

From a letter from Cecil at Amau (Duram hinterland) to Berke Vaughan, now back at Kwato.

Amau
Feb. 14-'39

Dear Berke,

...Gaega is here and doing well. You wouldn't recognise him. He is filling out rapidly, and seems to thrive on the hardest jobs. He is unusually cheery even for a lively Kunika. He has joined the village school here, and is making a noble effort to learn to read.

That time in hospital not only saved his life but gave an entirely new direction to it. He takes his place now quite naturally as one of the team here, and is very different. He often takes morning and evening prayers, or pops up at our meetings to pass on something he has got in his Quiet Time. I couldn't help sending up a sort of Te Deum the other day. It was at the Christmas sports, and Gaega was having the time of his life knocking other chaps off the greasy pole. Although my part was a very small one, I couldn't help feeling very humbled and grateful for having had the chance in helping to save a life that shows so much promise. Pass this news on to P.D. and Rali. It will buck them up to hear the sequel to that little drama up to date. But the final act has still to be played when Gaega goes back to change his own crowd....
Towards a new Papua
A Romance of Reconstruction

Two years ago the leading men of Barabara felt that God had shown them a clear plan for their straggling community. They were attending a Conference that was held at Koeabule Plantation, and it was a time of taking stock of their lives, individually and collectively. They felt they had to get together and work together under guidance to build up a new community in place of the scattered individualistic units that dotted their coastline. The new communal life was to be directed by God, and was to show a light to the whole of their country.

Rising from Ruins

They had been a strong race in the distant days of fighting. Peace had brought ease and degeneration to their villages. The old social organization was outgrown. A little handful of young men had quiet times together at Koeabule, and asked God to show them how to make war on tribal decadence.

They chose Divinai as the best spot for a new, progressive centre. They told us of their plans. The first step was to be the raising of a fund. They proposed to make a drive on all their coconuts. The owners were to agree to the produce of their trees being devoted to the communal fund. (This called for real patriotism, and, with the exception of two owners, they all agreed.) Unfortunately copra was not fetching too good a price, and they had no cultivated acres beyond the usual belts of coconuts that line the foreshore wherever there are villages. So they decided that they would fell logs and sell them to the saw-mill at Kwato, which is always ready to buy hardwood for the boats, houses and furniture which are among the regular industrial activities here.

This meant hard work. But the Barabara braves had already made up their minds that hard work, like unity, prayer and guidance, was indispensable material for the rebuilding of their society on new lines.

Planned Progress

They visualized a school house, a large hall or meeting house, a village hospital, wharf, road, sports ground, and individual houses of good structure and improved design. They got busy levelling ground for some of these sites, and much prayer went into the choosing of them, for this was to be a new village in every sense, and the plan was God's.

Their guidance was that as the real future of Barabara lay with the rising generation, the children must come first. The first thing to be attempted, therefore, was a school house, with classrooms and accommodation for boarders. There were consultations with John Smeeton, our Kwato architect, over this. Soon orders for timber came in to Kwato, and special logs with specified measurements were beached before the saw-mill's cavernous maw. The Mamari laden and stacked with sawn timber, made the 4 hour journey several times to Divinai.

The Spade Work

The months elapsed.

We saw them often at Kwato. They came selling copra, or bringing logs, always with a steady determination in their faces. They were away from home for months at a time, camping in the forest after logs. It was work requiring strong physiques. After felling and dragging the logs seaward, there were hours spent in the water, securing them to floats and getting them towed in to Kwato.

They used to line up outside Miss Parkin's window to bank their earnings, or to draw money for their expenses. They stayed here often on their way to or from their camps in timber areas. Always they were scrupulous in paying for food etc., never allowing us to incur any burden of expense over their venture.
News from Kwato

Everything was conducted in a most business-like manner, even if transactions were accompanied by sounds of good cheer coming from Miss Parkin's room. They always found encouragement there, and there must have been moments when it was needed. Enthusiasm melts easily in Papua.

Art in the service of the nation

In spite of this welter of activity for Barabara, they managed to construct a long dug-out canoe, of the kind for which Milne Bay is famed. The spirit of old Papua, we rejoiced to see, was not stifled by much absorption in money-making, for they did not omit to employ a famous carver from Gwavili to taper off both prow and stern with lacy carvings of legendary designs. The new vessel has all the pride and beauty of an old-time war-canoe. The carver, an artist of note in this part of Papua, is also a Christian with a vision of how his art can be used to inspire his countrymen with a love for Papua.

Instead of the jealous guarding of skill, passing it only to a chosen son or grandson which characterized the old carvers, this man was guided to give lessons in the art of Massim decoration to Barabara youths. Among them he discovered two or three whom he reckons are not merely imitators but have a real talent and feeling for the ancient craft. Thus his free gift to Barabara, a rival tribe who fought and practised cannibalism against his fathers, is immeasurable. His art, surrendered to God, has lifted him above the tribal and on to the national plane.

Through the upheaval of native life in the past fifty years, art has dwindled. Natives have been flooded with imported objects, and have continually before them foreign designs, colours and decorations. It is good to think that some Papuans are at last experiencing a nostalgia for what is purely their own.

Adverse Tides to Stem

As with the walls of Jerusalem in the days of Ezra the Scribe, the re-building of Divinai was not all plain sailing. There were reactionaries who pulled the other way, and opposed every move. To some this enterprise for the

renaissance of Barabara was nothing less than a holy crusade, inspired by God. To others it was just foolishness. Co-operation in the plan involved much praying, concerted quiet times, and the reliance of others upon one's guidance, which presumes a high plane of living. Not everyone was prepared for this. A query as to how they were progressing at Divinai once elicited the reply: "Well, we are not of one mind, and there are many obstacles, but we are going ahead just the same."

A Milestone in the March of Progress

The day came at last when the first objective was achieved. A fine timber schoolhouse, entirely built and paid for by themselves, stood ready for use. The opening was a great occasion. We were invited to be present, and were asked to bring all our young people who had any roots, however distant, in Barabara. Of these there are quite a number in training here at Kwato, or employed on our plantations, or Kwato-born, whose forbears, however, hailed from Barabara. They wanted the occasion to be an opportunity of presenting to them the burden of their own tribe, and of firing them with a vision for its future.

Thus it was that two merry boatloads set off on a calm Saturday morning (Jan. 14th) : the 'Kwato' from here and the Lantic from Koebule. The Kwato contingent included Cecil Abel, Berke Vaughan, Raymond Whale, Geoff Baskett, myself and many Papuan well-wishers.

The new house at Divinai, which stands on high piles, and looked spotlessly new, was beautifully decorated with flowers, crinkled out sago-palm leaves, and little bunches of bananas, pineapples and pawpaws, strung alternately in festoons: a bountiful decoration! Athwart the uncrossed threshold were red white and blue paper ribbons, tied in a large bow. We did not so much as dare peep in.

Celebrating the Start of a New Era

The opening ceremony was simple and impressive. People had come from far and near, bringing gifts of food. We sat on a decorated stairway leading up to the school house. The schoolchildren, fresh from the swimming pool, and looking smart with their
well brushed heads and bright blue nogis, sat in a semi-circle at our feet. Beyond them were seated the entire population of Barabara, and visitors from Bou, Guga, Kwato, Kanakope, and Koeabule. All rejoiced in this completion of the first step in their programme of reconstruction, which was to be a witness to all present. Looking across that sea of expectant faces of people who, from their own convictions, were lifting themselves up on to a new level of living; the outcome of a new allegiance to Christ, one's mind went back. Years ago when Fred Walker, colleague of Charles Abel in the founding of Kwato, had tried to land at Barabara he was met by armed natives, painted for a fight, brandishing spears and shouting defiance. He sailed away again in the old ketch Niue without setting foot ashore. And now this school, and all it represented of effort, determination and vision. It was built of far more than sawn timber and nails. Obedience to God, surrender to His will, faith and prayer had been put into its structure.

We sang a hymn of praise. Cecil spoke, welcoming visitors. Three young men, leaders in the new movement, spoke. They told us of the vision God had given them for a new Barabara and of the demonstration that they owed to Papua, who had the privilege of knowing God and letting Him direct their lives. They spoke of the future, and what remained to be accomplished. It was obvious from their words that they regarded this as a real landmark in their tribal history. With the first step complete they now looked ahead to the next objective, and pledged themselves again to be loyal to God, to Barabara, to their children who would follow them, and to Papua. I topped off with a speech expressing our joy at being present, the inspiration we received, and our pledge to back them all the way. I was then handed a large beribboned scissors with which I snipped the festoons that barred the entrance, amid thunderous cheers, and marched in. Everyone trooped up after me, and we inspected, admired and congratulated in turn.

That evening there was a feast to which we all sat, the food being laid in lines on leaves upon the ground. Our Divinai hosts did us well with native vegetables, pork, chicken, nuts and bowls of rich, coconut-flavoured vegetable soup. The schoolchildren sang part-songs really well under the baton of Dinah and Bonagetta, their Kwato-trained teachers. Dinah's husband, Maanaima, looks after the station at Divinai.

Mobilizing the Tribe

We stayed there for the night. The following day was Sunday, a full day for all. I advise any who don't like meetings to keep away from Divinai on a Sunday. There were special meetings for leaders, and for young people. Many took part in these meetings and made new personal commitments to Christ and His will for Papua. During the main, combined service, all visitors from Kwato whose families originated in Barabara were asked to come up in procession to a table where a large visitors book lay open. They signed this as a memento of their presence on this occasion, and their witness to the rededication that had been made, and their recognition of their own responsibility in making their tribe really a part of God's kingdom. The rest of us sang 'Stand up, Stand up for Jesus,' in the Suau. I was struck by one tiny fellow in the line of grown-ups. I doubted that such a small boy could write; the seriousness of his face as he tip-toed to sign his name was worth seeing. Later when I looked at the open book with its long tail of names. I saw his name carefully printed in block capitals. That was as far as his scholastic abilities had taken him to date, but the spirit that is going to re-build Papua was surely there.

The morning's meetings did not leave time for anything so earthly as meals. We finally sat down to our last meal together on the pebbles at 4 P.M. That was lunch! After that there was the massed embarkment mid prolong ed farewells. The Lantic, laden with human cargo, turned Milne Bay-wards to Koeabule, while we, packed all over the Kwato, made for home. We waved and shouted "Aioni" to a crowded beach. We could see them all, standing gazing at us as we receded towards the horizon and out of their sight.

It was a great week-end, and we were all heartened by the challenge we had received from the Barabara builders, and what we had seen of their efforts to carry out the plans and specifications of the Master-builder.

R. Abel.
THE SCHOOL BELL RINGS...

What we give the Youth of To-day determines the Nation of Tomorrow.

Every morning during term, in many parts of this district the school bell can be heard to ring; on stations, plantations, and in villages. Over a thousand children, now, heed its summons. Out of thatched-palm houses they come, tumbling over themselves to be in time. At Amau behold them trailing across a swinging cane suspension bridge that spans an eddying river. At Logea there is a scramble for canoes, and hard paddling across the swift-flowing currents that surge through the channel that separates their village homes from school. Sometimes a bell, and sometimes the long reverberating blasts of the conch-shell sternly calls the children from their play.

Many of these children are permanent boarders at our station schools. Many, at village boarding schools, are weekly boarders, going home on Fridays for a long week-end on their parents' food-gardens, and returning with a load of yams and taros on their backs on Monday: the next week's board.

The majority are day children. Almost a part of the school curriculum is the drive that is made on parents to instill new ideas into them about the responsibility of their children. The teachers, Papuans themselves, trained at Kwato, make a definite campaign to win the interest and confidence of parents, and to teach them how to co-operate, so that all is not lost in the complete unrestraint and lawless independence to which day children return after school. In some villages things are very different from what they used to be. Parents combine to insist upon a certain home standard for the children. The village forbids them to chew betel, or smoke, or roam the dark at nights. To many Papuans it matters now what happens to their children, who come to school not only because we want them to, but because their parents want them to and they want to themselves.

In one school we have children whose parents have parted with them and brought them two days journey and left them with us, so keen were they that their children should learn. While a stone's throw away there are little children who wistfully watch their companions bustling off to school each morning while they themselves are not allowed to come. In the case of little girls perhaps they are already bought and paid for in marriage, and their owners do not want them enlightened. A father mystified, watched the children sitting before a blackboard on which were inscribed a large A. E. I. O. U.: strange magic signs. He immediately took his children away. "I do not wish them to learn the white medicine," was his explanation.

Children who are ambitious, and who are fortunate enough to have parents also ambitious, can qualify for an outstation school, and on shining there may eventually find themselves at Kwato, being trained in some definite vocation that is going to make them a useful factor in their country's growth, as trained carpenters, joiners, agriculturalists, printers, medical workers, nurses or teachers.

At Kwato we aim at the building of character through the teaching of skilled crafts, which includes the careful management of machinery, the insistence on faithful workmanship, the discipline of the regular life here, the Christian teaching and living, the vision we try to impart for their country and its highest welfare, the constant impression of ideals of service for others. Sport has a big part to play, and so has responsibility in varying degrees. As far as possible the regular running of the wheels of life at Kwato is in Papuan hands. The whole is aimed to develop a new enlightened and educated leadership of men and women who are trustworthy, who have learned to love work, and who have learned to play, to persevere at a job, in a country where this is not demanded, where the discipline of economic necessity is absent: who know and love Christ, and have a vision of His plan for their country. Men and women who are indeed the new Papua, and the answer not only to the needs and problems of their own land, but of the world as well.

SNAPSHOTS FROM THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

No longer a fresher to the country, Doris Purcell who came to us from Georgia U.S.A. in 1937, at present finds her sphere of responsibility in the education of young Papua. From an atmosphere of the daily round she sends the following picture:
Now I am getting my toes well and truly dug into the work. I am living down at the boarding school. There are fifty-one children under my care, and I have six Papuan helpers including cooks and teachers. These people are in many ways like dimdimis (white people) but I am finding more and more how different they are. I am amazed many times at the spiritual insight they have, and how willing they are to obey when God speaks to them. And then on the other hand I find myself expecting too much, and forgetting their primitive background.

Taking things that don't belong to them is a weakness among these children that we try to eradicate, and have to a great extent. However food is a great temptation. They sometimes come along and own up to having stolen bits of food, fruit, etc. (Most of these children's ages range from 5 to 11 years.) The other day two of the little boys were sent up to the bake house for loaves. Their Tanuaga (native superintendent) had told them how many to get. Gamava, the larger boy, said to Taumuri, "Let's tell the boy to give us one more than we need, and then we can have one to eat on the way back." Taumuri said, "No, Gamava, that's not honest, we must not do it." So they decided to ask for the right number. However while they were waiting for the loaves the temptation was too great, and Gamava slipped an onion. On the way back he divided it and gave Taumuri part. Then his conscience began to bother him, and he said "Taumuri, our sin is just like Adam and Eve's. I stole something and gave you some." So they came back and told what they had done.

This certainly is a busy place. There are many hard jobs and the days don't seem long enough. But there is also plenty of fun and play. We believe that much can be learned from clean fair play as well as from honest, hard work. It is not just saying "Lord, Lord," but the living it out that counts. Some may find it harder to be absolutely honest and loving in a game of football or cricket, than in the garden or the boat building shop. The Papuans here are marvellous sports, even the children.

Many times during my morning Quiet Time I am inspired and lifted closer to Christ by the children as they sing in their early morning prayer service. Even the smallest ones sing beautifully in four parts, and they know so many lovely choruses, many that you sing at home. Kwato is beautiful with tall palms and thick tropical foliage. The sea is only ten yards from my verandah at high tide.

FROM MARJORIE SMEETON, ANOTHER SNAPSHOT OF THE JUNIORS IN HER BUNGALOW.

Yesterday, Sunday, was a busy day: the children's 'day of giving'. A quiet time altogether in the morning made the day's plan clear. We talked over first all that our heavenly Father had given to us during the past week, and all He had given in answer to what we had asked for. Among these were some new tools for the boys. A new football. A lovely heavy shower of rain when all our gardens and pools were dry. Each boy and girl shared what they felt their bit of responsibility and giving was to be. The girls each had the thought to offer to take babies and toddlers and look after them for the afternoon, so that the mothers who have little enough time from their jobs during the week, could have the chance of a good rest.

They went round to the different homes at 2 o'clock, and collected their charges, and brought them all down here to play under the trees. It was like a nursery let loose, but there was not a cry the whole afternoon. The little girls seemed to be enjoying a game of real dolls.

Some bustled off after lunch and collected lovely bunches of flowers from the garden of one of their homes at the farthest end of the island, to take along to the Hospital when they visited the patients later on in the afternoon.

One boy was suffering from a boil, which necessitated his staying at home. So he felt his bit was to pray while his pals were out visiting the patients.

A few were very honest in saying they had nothing particular to give, but they joined in the unanimous desire to sing at the Hospital at the evening service, and said they would do their bit there. The patients do so enjoy the children's singing.

Tired little feet brought them home finally at the end of the day, very happy, and having made others happy too.

VILLAGE SCHOOLCHILDREN RALLY FOR SPORTS IN MILNE BAY.

Geoff Baskett writes:

We sailed for Milne Bay on the Kwato, with a crowd of people on board, including Doris Purcell, Arthur Beavis, Raymond Whale, John Smeeton and myself. We arrived at Bismaka in the calm of the evening. The following morning we began the day with a short service in the new Wagawaga church which was
News from Kwato

beautiful decorated with palm-fronds and flowers, while the sun made shafts of light as it streamed through the lattice walls.

Then the fun began! Over a hundred children marched up to the cricket pitch and football ground at Manawara station, and we split them into various groups and played games with them. Twos-and-threes, football, ball games, sack races, wheelbarrow races, all took place in the boiling sun, and shrieks of laughter at the antics of competitors rang through the plantation. By lunch time we were glad to get into the shade of the palms once again.

The afternoon time was somewhat more cooling, but much more exhausting as we played in the sea off Bisimaka point. If you have never played a "pick-up" game of water-polo with no apparent rules and in which merely to touch the ball is asking for about twenty children to pounce on one and to consign one guggling to the depths beneath, then you have no idea of the dangers and perils, not to mention the mouthfuls of pure pacific, that we encountered that afternoon.

The star turn of the day was the concert given by the children under the direction of their Papuan teachers, held just as the sun set behind the mountains. On a trim lawn, under tall overhanging palms, and only a hundred yards or so from the sea, a stage had been set up and neatly decorated.

Soon the sun dived away, and the clear stars hung over the tops of the palms. Three large benzine lamps lit up the scene of the six hundred people sitting in a huge semi-circle, and all was ready.

The items, announced by Merari who is in charge at Manawara, were heartily cheered, many having to be repeated before the applause was allowed to die down. They included an anthem sung in English and Suau, small plays with a chorus in the background singing to the actions, some Bible extracts, recited by about twenty children from the Buhutu valley, who had come down to Manawara for the first time.

Next morning after an early breakfast we packed the Manawara children on to the two boats that we had at our disposal, and soon we were speeding over a glassy sea to Maivara, at the head of Milne Bay.

This is one of the prettiest trips in the Bay. Leaving the quiet waters of the Bisimaka bay one rounds a huge reef, and then heads straight down the coast. High mountains flank this part of Milne Bay. After passing scattered villages along the coast one sweeps in behind several small atolls that lie at the head of the Bay. Here usually are to be seen villagers out in their long, dug-out canoes fishing. Passing these islands one finally steps ashore at a long wharf with a long name, Gabugabuna!

There is a beautiful river that runs right through the centre of the village, and later in the morning we all sat along the banks of this river and watched several large dug-out canoes racing. These canoes are a most impressive sight as they come sweeping round the bends of the river with the paddlers working in perfect rhythm, and with their decorations on the carving at the stern of the boat streaming out behind them. As they swept past us under the overhanging palms and bamboos that flank the river everyone went wild with excitement and cheered and clapped to the accompaniment of long drawn out notes of conch-shells.

After lunch, games and races once again became the order of the day.

A dip in the river cooled us off after this, but the appearance of a large ball attracted a lot more children into the water, and once again the quiet, peaceful river took on the appearance of a battlefield! All the same, I now prefer water-murder in rivers rather than in the sea, as the mouthfuls one is forced to take taste much nicer!

At five o'clock we were back at Dago, our station, getting ready for the feast that was to be held that evening. Soon we saw a long line of about five hundred people winding their way into the station grounds, all of them bearing some kind of contribution to the feast. Some had long sticks of sugar-cane over their shoulders, others carried pots of cooked vegetables, and yet others brought big slabs of meat.

The concert that night had been arranged by the Maivara school children. We could see how thrilled the mothers and fathers were. The visiting children from Manawara and Divina schools sang their anthems once again. The appearance of the children from Bobouwa, a village in the mountains behind Dago, was much appreciated, as they are new to school and this was their first appearance at a school event.

After evening prayers the crowd dispersed, wending their way through the silent bush to their homes.
NEWS FROM INLAND

A NEW SCHOOL AND STATION OPENED

Russell Abel

In a Circular Letter dispatched towards the end of last year, you read of the movement on the part of Dorevaidi and Kuroudi villages towards a new centre at Amau, on the plain, and of some of the happenings that confirmed this to them as a right step. We wrote also of the opening of a new station which they were then anticipating. Three weeks before the date fixed for this occasion some hundred people from places ranging from two to four day's journey, arrived in readiness having miscalculated the time. One day is very like another, in the heart of the Papuan bush. I was one of the privileged ones who came from Kwato for this important occasion in the history of the Kunikas. John and Marjorie Smeeton and Jonathan joined us inland a little latter.

Three years ago Amau was a tiny clearing in the forest, with a little huddle of stoutly fenced houses perched on a low cliff overlooking a rushing stream. Blinded pigs, grotesque with their ears and tails shorn off, rooted round the fence. The people were dirty and suspicious. Every man carried a murderous looking spear with him wherever he went. They hung in every house and were adorned with little plaited tags of human hair. There was no defined road from Duram inland, and until one struck the Government road that runs inland from Badubadu it was rough walking. We lost our way on one occasion.

That was three years ago. A lot has happened since then. A whole new life is growing up among these inland people that spells progress. I was quite unprepared for the surprises there were in store, and it was not long before I began to see them. We travelled upstream for an hour in the little Guina, 16 foot open boat with a little inboard engine, towing a double canoe with much of our gear and the rest of our company aboard. Scrambling up a steep bank at Anaiguina, and mooring our boats there, we trekked in to the forest. Instead of the old overgrown track in which one battled forward against roots and hanging creepers and trailing thorny cane, there was a fine, cleared road to our feet, which improved as we progressed. The latter half of this eight mile road was perfect; wide and smooth, flanked by forest giants, carpeted with fallen leaves, and stretching ahead in vistas at every bend. It was glorious swinging along that road.

Amau Today

Finally the bush ahead dissolved as grass land came into view. Magnificent native gardens with taro, sweet corn, sugar cane and pumpkin in profuse cultivation, bordered the road, and at last—Amau.

Ample wooden shingle roofs with generous gables, rising in the distance, was the first thing that arrested me. I could hardly believe this was the Amau I remembered. The new Amau rises on the site of the old. Across the river, are the new villages of Dorevaidi, Domara, and Kuroudi, each with its own separate area, building plan, and allotted garden lands. On a fine piece of raised ground that runs adjacent to the river on the Amau side is the new station, separated from the village by the river. This spot we call Belei point after the ancient chief of Amau, a famous old warrior, who died recently, and who was not too bound by age to welcome the change he foresaw, and to champion the heralds of the new gospel.

Here was the biggest surprise of all. The bush was felled a year ago, unscreening the bold outline of blue, Keveri mountains. Green sward has quickly spread over the cleared area. The new house stood on high piles, ready for its opening. A stone's throw from the house the river slides past, clear and inviting. Many a plunge we enjoyed in it too.

There was a marvellous suspension bridge erected of stout lawyer cane spanning the river, which is uncrossable in flood, when it becomes a brown, foaming torrent. Cecil's ingenuity is responsible for the bridge, aided and abetted by willing Kunikas who are on for any new experiment, and are hugely tickled with the result of this one. Crossing the bridge is an exhilarating experience. One is swayed twixt heaven and earth for 160 feet, with the flowing waters beneath one's feet.

After a warm greeting from all, and meeting everyone, both villagers and the Kwato staff of the station, there followed a tour of inspection. There was the new station, the
News from Kwato

new villages still in process of completion, new gardens, the bridge, and future playgrounds and village limits marked out. This grand tour was accompanied by a clattering trail of little children and overshadowed by the sweeping wings of the station mascot, a large tane hornbill with most sagacious airs, and very demanding in his preference for human company.

I saw many familiar faces: people whom I remembered from the historic Domara conference in 1936, and leaders, some of them looking more responsible than ever. One could sense the spiritual growth in some of these men. There were many new faces too, from villages I had never heard of, but which are now centres of the new living.

Space forbids an account of all I learnt from the experience of a sojourn in the atmosphere of a new social venture that was unfolding slowly, a step at a time, as these primitive inland people were learning to discern God’s plan for them, and were being taught by the Spirit an entirely new method of living.

Village life when God is Chief.

I was struck by what I saw of co-operate action. Each morning there was a brief consultation of leaders and others with some idea to contribute, a quiet time, and they would get collective guidance about the day’s plan. This resulted in a remarkable economy of energy. Instead of the activities of three villages being spread in all directions, they would combine all together, which also avoided a wastage of time. Seeing this in action explained the enormous amount of heavy work these people have been able to complete.

For instance, Domara village would be engaged in planning a new food garden for the next season. Dorevaidi, and Kuroudi, engaged on house building would be guided to help Domara that day. The result being that a fair stretch of forest would fall before that combined onslaught, and Domara would find itself with a larger area cleared than it anticipated, in shorter time, and with every thing ready to proceed with the burning off and planting. This accounted for the large gardens on every hand, in close cultivation. They were then anticipating a crop far beyond their requirements, and were planning to sell the surplus to plantations on the coast, or to the Government station at Abau, where food is sometimes bought for inaccessable hills. children, old men, women with babies worn on their heads in the Kunika manner, child-wives and their owner husbands, leaders; murderers all excepting women and children, and the former had often enough been responsible for the urge on their menfolks. And here they all were today, to establish to themselves, to us, and to the representative of the Government, the Why all of this, and to celebrate the beginning of modern education in their territory. They all locked so earnest, clean and intelligent: it was heartening to look into their determined faces.

After a welcome to the Magistrate, we all took our places for the opening. Mr. Lambden, Cecil and I had seats of honour at the foot of the decorated stairway of the new house. On a bench on our left sat the teachers and staff of the new station, Alice, Silota, Talila, Lukoi and Panaeleoa the nurse. (see page 6) On a bench on our right sat the Kunika leaders, Maian of Amau, Iobonome of Ukaudi, Biruma of Don, Ofekule of Dorevaidi, and Sibodi of Kuroudi;
stalwart pioneers, whose names must be familiar to readers of the Tidings by now. Notorious in the past for their bravado, well known to gaols of Papua, they now stand among their people as leaders of the "new living"; as Papuans term the venturesome brand of Christianity one would almost expect from men of their ilk.

Public Proclamation: the Speeches.

Cecil opened proceedings with a speech on behalf of us at Kwato, welcoming Mr. Lambden. Sibodu explained the course of events that had led to this occasion by telling the simple story of his own change. Formerly, he pointed out, it had been of no consequence what their future was. Having found God they had found too that He had a plan and purpose for them. Now their future mattered supremely. Their efforts to discover this plan had resulted in their wholesale move to Amau, and the new united community that was being built up. It was because of guidance that they were all here on this occasion.

Biruma then spoke of the new way of living, and of the old barriers that had been broken down to bring about this new era of friendship, and reaffirmed their determination to continue in this way. Ofekule spoke for the children and of their new importance. This move would make education possible for them, which would have been out of the question in their old widely scattered villages. Iobonome spoke of the need for some means of earning money, if they were to grow and support themselves. Inland they had no means of earning money. They had faced this problem and the solution was the making of a coconut or rubber plantation on which they were engaged. Maiau, the last speaker, spoke of man-power, a new commodity they had found to hand. Formerly it had been difficult to get things done, as villages were small and inhabitants scattered. Now, whatever their minds conceived was a possibility, because there were plenty of men to work it out. These speeches were translated. Then Alice spoke, in English, of the aims of the new school, and their ambitions for the children, stating that the willingness of the people to aid and do their part had been a challenge to her and her staff to put their best into the school. She pointed out that the children present hailed from all directions, Owane, Badabokai, Ukaudi, Bolubaba, Kuroudi, Dorevaidi, Domara, Amau and Bam.

Mr. Lambden then responded. He congratulated them on the new houses, and the new combined endeavour on their part which he had witnessed. He reminded them of the contrast of their past, with all the trouble there had been. However they certainly had not had advantages such as coastal people enjoy, and he was glad some of these were now to be theirs. He reminded them that a Mission in their midst would only prove helpful as long as they themselves co-operated and learnt to bear the responsibility of their tribe's progress. He also offered to help them in any way they would like to suggest. (They took advantage of this, after consultation together, and asked him to procure citrus fruit trees for them from Australia, which he is doing.)

The Opening

The speechifying culminated in Biruma's small daughter, suitably adorned with flowers, handing the magistrate a blue tray on which reposed a blue be-ribboned pair of scissors with which to cut the blue ribbon that barred the entrance of the house. At least that was the original programme. There was a little hitch at this stage. Throughout the lengthy talking the small girl became so enamoured of the shining shears that when her moment in the ceremony arrived she felt that the scissors were much too precious to give away to the magistrate. Nothing would make her part with them. Her father came to the rescue and wrenched the coveted object from her hands. Her protest was soon drowned, for Mr. Lambden swiftly cut the symbolic ribbons, declaring the house open, and loud prolonged cheers brought the affair to an end.

The house, the bridge, the new villages and gardens were duly inspected by our official guest. The schoolchildren sang and performed for us. Kunikas, unlike the coastal natives with their flair for easy harmonising, are entirely unmusical. The simple chorus sung was a triumph of patient persistence on the part of their teachers. Even so one noticed a hasty elimination of musically incapables before singing began. The children also gave us a Kunika version of the House that Jack Built, in English, recited with amusing actions by a line of little Kunikas who threw themselves heart and soul into the game. Incidentally this provided them in school with a framework for quite an exhaustive study of the framing of English sentences. They are keen to learn.

The following morning the official cortege took its departure, and life resumed its normal course.

A week later when we left, a mob of Kun-
News from Kwato

kak accompanied us to the coast to see the new "Kwato". It was quite a pilgrimage. Many of the children had never seen the sea before. They carried down a gift of native vegetables for Kwato. Our last touch with them was on board the "Kwato", late at night, when we had a little prayer meeting on deck with the leaders before saying good bye. One remembered arriving at Duram as strangers for the first time. One recalled the stories of homicide and intractibility that filtered down from inland behind that forbidding mountain barrier. And here we were united together with them in the crusade to make Christ and His Kingdom a reality in Papua. Our hearts were very full of praise to God as we said good bye, and they pushed off from the boat's side in double canoes, and disappeared silently into the darkness.

Before dawn next morning our anchor was up and we were heading for the open sea and rounding the beacons on our way home to Kwato.

I have tried to sketch the new house in lino, but this is difficult to do. It is necessary to imagine big shade trees, expanses of green grass, patches of colour in flower beds round the house, and for a complete impression imagine too the sounds of the river eddying over the stones of the river bed, and the shouts of happy children splashing in the pools.

WANTED in the medical department: old, second-hand women's bicycles for the use of district nurses. This is an opportunity for friends in Australia (for freighting reasons) who may recall the reposal of an unused 'bike' in the old shed at home. Are your belongings mobilized for God?

TRANSLATION OF A MESSAGE OF SYMPATHY DICTATED AND SENT TO KWATO BY KUNIKA CHIEFS ON HEARING OF MRS. ABEL'S DEATH

Amau,
March 6.

Our Friends the Team at Kwato, both Dimdim and Papuan:

The thought has come clearly to us today from God to send our help. Formerly we knew nothing about you and you knew nothing about us, so that your sorrows were not felt by us as they are now that we know Christ and know you.

Today we look up to God and say, Truly the mother of Kwato is our mother too, for it was through Kwato that we found the way of Life. Whatever is your burden or sorrow, becomes our burden and sorrow. Just as your joy is our joy too.

For a whole day we stopped work, and remained apart to pray for you, and were in prayer throughout the day till nightfall.

As we have learnt on you for help, so we send our help, by prayer that does not end, day and night. That is the sign of our love. Farewell,

We, the Kunika leaders and villagers.

(Dimdim means white, or foreign.)
(Kunika, a term applied to inland bushmen.)

Sunshine on butterfly wings, Scarlet and green and gold, Even inanimate things Gleam with a radiance untold. Only my heart in the shadows Bound with a chain of years, Only a soul in torment Held by a thousand fears. Down from the height came the answer, Up from the depths a reply, Surely the God of Creation Cares when His children cry. Yea and the answer is freedom. Freedom both full and complete, For I've taken my oath of allegiance Down by the Cross at His feet.}

FRED VAUGHAN
Sketch map of the Eastern Division of Papua
Scale: 1 inch - 25 miles (approx.)

THE KWATO MISSION OF PAPUA
(Incorporated Kwato Extension Association)
KWATO, SAMABAI, PAPUA.

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