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The Call of New Guinea

A journal of the opening phase of this work

> by Sidney C. Knox

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Dedication

To Mom Fulton and Mom Knox —two wonderful mothers who in the homeland are "staying by the stuff," this book is gratefully dedicated.

They too, along with many others, will share and share alike in the rewards of the work here.



Preface

To paraphrase an old adage—" Tis better to remain silent and be thought a poor writer than to write and remove all doubt." It is not our intention to attain literary excellency in the following pages, but rather to give our readers a small glimpse of the vast challenge of the call of New Guinea.

This call first came many, many months ago to a few, and was then extended to the many. How thankful we are for that call which burned in the heart of those at the beginning: the Board of General Superintendents; Dr. Remiss Rehfeldt, general secretary, Department of Foreign Missions; Mrs. Louise R. Chapman, general N.F.M.S. president; Rev. A. A. E. Berg, district superintendent of the Australian District; and others who were instrumental in planning, presenting, and carrying through the great march offering taken on June 20, 1954, for the opening of the work for the Church of the Nazarene in New Guinea!

The great response of over \$100,000 duly signifies the effectiveness of their labors and the faithfulness of God's people who desired to have a part in this great call.

In an informal diary form, we have endeavored to set forth in writing glimpses of the opening phase of this work. It is sincerely hoped that the reading of this book will increase your burden for the work of the Kingdom in this needy field.

SIDNEY C. KNOX



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PRONUNCIATION TABLE

Pa'pua Ku'jip (Kudjip) Tul'-tul Lu'lu-ai Man'ki Ke'na Ku'ma Si-gan'ga A'vi-amp Ku'ru-mal Go-ro'ka Ka-ha'ka

The thing to be remembered in pronouncing any word used in this book in connection with the terms used on the field is that pronunciation is consistent, based on the following:

a—is always pronounced as the ah in father

e—is always pronounced as a

i—is always pronounced as e

o—is always pronounced as a long o

u—is always just that—u

ai-together always are pronounced as i

CHAPTER I

Examination

"... the Lord seems to be dealing with our hearts ..."

- February, 1954—Wanda and I have written to the Department of Home Missions. We understand they maintain overseas home mission work and the Lord seems to be dealing with our hearts to apply for work where our church has not previously gone. This does not mean by any means that we would not accept appointment under the Department of Foreign Missions. The call to the field is still present and we desire to go where God leads. This is just the present dealings of the Spirit and so we wrote.
- April, 1954—Still have not heard anything from our letter. God is helping us in our pastorate here at Big Spring, Texas. We are making preparations now to attend our District Assembly at Mineral Wells, Texas. Miss Mary Scott will be our speaker for the Missionary Convention. How wonderful!
- May, 1954—My, what a Missionary Convention this has been! First I was handed a letter from Dr. Young in reply to my letter written in February. He informed me that my letter had been referred to the Board of General Superintendents and that they at the present had no plans to enter any territory not now occupied by our church on the home mission fields. He did suggest I might like to confer with Dr. Vanderpool regarding the matter. I did have a very enjoyable talk with him but naturally he could not give me much encouragement but to continue on with my preparation and pastoral work for the pres-

ent. Miss Scott set most everyone afire with a vivid account of the N.F.M.S. fortieth anniversary project —a special offering for the opening of work on the island of New Guinea. I recall reading an article in the *Reader's Digest* a few years ago about New Guinea. Sounds like a rugged place to be sure. It sounds rugged, but it also sounds wonderful. I jokingly asked Miss Scott if she thought they would consider us. Her reply, "Why don't you try and see!" Oh, me, I fear that assignment is a bit out of my category.

- May, 1954 (latter part)—I do not wish to get ahead of the Spirit, but God has been seemingly leading in the direction of at least making application for the New Guinea assignment. Don't know just how this will affect Wanda's feelings. I would want to be sure of myself before mentioning it to her.
- June 1, 1954—I wonder when I shall ever learn that God does not do things "on the halves." Wanda has told me of a very precious experience she has had. She went to Oklahoma City to visit her folks from the assembly, and on the bus while en route, God definitely laid a call to New Guinea upon her heart. This means much to her to be sure. She has always had a desire to do missionary duty but, up to now, did not feel a definite call. We have written the Department of Foreign Missions about our feelings in this matter. If they do not feel we are suited for New Guinea, we still will go where the board feels we may best serve.
- June 20, 1954—THE day. New Guinea Offering. We had a good response to the offering. Will be happy to hear the total results.
- August, 1954—Strange things are happening. We have heard from two who have received questionnaires

regarding us from the department. Could our time be coming up for appointment?

- September, 1954—We have received medical forms to be coming up for appointment? should consider us for an assignment. All three passed and in A-1 condition, for which we are thankful.
- December, 1954—Our invitation to meet the Department of Foreign Missions in their annual session in January has been received. Oh, my, how do I feel? Wonderful—but scared!
- January, 1955—Well, the board meeting has come and gone; and where are we? Apparently on the way to New Guinea! We can hardly believe it is so—but for everyone concerned, I suppose it is best we begin right now believing it.

CHAPTER II

Preparation

"... looks like school 'daze' are here again ... "

- February, 1955—I need nine hours to complete my degree from Bethany-Peniel College and have been asked to complete them. Will take six hours from the college here and three by correspondence. I will continue to pastor until the assembly in May.
- June, 1955-One school down and another to go. I received my degree and both Wanda and I are enrolled in the Summer Institute of Linguistics at the University of Oklahoma. This should better prepare us for whatever difficulty we find ourselves in when we arrive on the field. From what we hear, languages are nearly as numerous as people in New Guinea and few have been committed to written form. And I thought college studies were rough! We are working hard on passport applications, equipment gathering, etc. Dr. Rehfeldt suggests we aim for about the middle of September as a leaving date. We are trying to get passage on a ship leaving San Francisco and going direct to New Guinea. No accommodations are available now and none will be unless someone cancels. May have to fly.
- August, 1955—School is finished; and we nearly are! Most all of our equipment is purchased but, oh, mewhat equipment? Quite naturally, we do not know where we will be locating and, therefore, have very little idea what to plan on taking. There is no one we know who can give us any idea of what we might plan for. If we had a certain location pinpointed, it would of course be easier. We are just trying to think

of everything from houses to shoestrings, and that covers a lot of territory. Wanda and I carry a little book around in the car. When one of us thinks of something, say like Scotch tape or rubber bands, we write it down. Can't afford to lose a thought. We have been notified that our ship will be delayed until October 4. Still haven't heard whether we will be on it or not.

- September, 1955—Finally have all of our equipment purchased with exception of a few items that we will clear with our purchasing agency in California when we arrive. We have finally settled to fly via Pan American to Hawaii and Australia and on to New Guinea. If all goes as planned, we will arrive in New Guinea on October 14. Our schedule calls for a departure from the homeland on October 4.
- September 26, 1955—We have traveled this day. All the way from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, to San Francisco, California. Wanda's home church paid the difference in our fares via train and air, so we could have three extra days at home. Bless their hearts! In addition to Mom and Dad Fulton—Rev. and Mrs. Turbyfill, Rev. and Mrs. Voigt, and Rev. and Mrs. Wesley Meek, former missionaries to Africa, bid us adieu at the airport. The weather here is cold compared to what we just left. We are unprepared for it to be sure, and our teeth are chattering.
- September 27, 1955—Rev. Ira Dumas, pastor of First Church, was called out of town because of a death. His assistant, Paul McNutt, has so graciously taken us over. We feel deeply welcome here.
- October 4, 1955—We have had a very lovely stay here in California. We have enjoyed meeting several pastors and their families. First Church has arranged a farewell service and a short get-together just prior

to our leaving for the airport tonight. I must confess I have butterflies in my stomach. Wanda and I don't talk about it much. Naturally we feel so grateful that God has honored us with His call and we so gladly accept it; but we are still human. Home ties are close and to sever them isn't the easiest thing in the world.

- October 5—Well, we did it! The U.S.A. is far behind. Our plane left last evening at 11:00 p.m. I did very little sleeping and a lot of thinking! Arrived in Honolulu, T.H., at 7:00 a.m. We were greeted at the airport by Rev. and Mrs. Joe Chastain—friends of ours when we were all Stateside. Have met Brother Knippers, the district superintendent, and several pastors and their wives. We all had a lovely lunch together. How beautiful it is here! We will be here four days, counting today.
- October 8—This is leaving day. My, how we have enjoyed our stay and entertainment in the home of the Chastains! Have held services in two of the churches and enjoyed so much meeting our people here. They are a great lot.
- October 10—How about this? I have often joked about losing a day here or there but it has finally officially happened! We left Honolulu Saturday night and were awakened on Monday morning. We dropped Sunday somewhere in the Pacific during the night, or else I slept a frightfully long time.

We had a few anxious moments just prior to leaving Honolulu. Geron fell down a full flight of stairs just as we were getting ready to leave for the airport. We rushed by the hospital but the doctors could see nothing wrong. They told us to watch him —which we have, to be sure. He said he might possibly develop complications; and here we are a thousand miles from anywhere, and several thousand feet up in the air as well. God has been good and it seems he is hale and hearty. We are scheduled to arrive in Sydney, Australia, late this afternoon. I'm sorry we are getting there so late since we know absolutely no one and have no idea how far we will be from the city and a hotel. I trust I can make my Texas drawl understood!

October 11-Well, did we ever underestimate the Department of Foreign Missions and our Australian Nazarenes! We noticed some people who kept waving in our direction as we made our way to the customs office. I knew definitely they couldn't be waving at us, so just ignored them and went on in. Imagine our surprise about an hour later when we were confronted by the wavers-a great group of Nazarenes from the various Sydney churches. Seems Dr. Rehfeldt had informed them of our expected arrival. How wonderful! In fact, I cannot express our real feelings. We were taken "in tow" and shown to the Bible College in Thornleigh for a royal feed and welcome. We will stay with Mrs. Richard Taylor and Paul-the wife and son of the principal of our Bible school here. Dr. Taylor is away for a revival in New Zealand. The college students are the grandest group of young people I have ever met. How we wish we had a few more days to spend here! We are to leave Thursday night, the thirteenth.

Correction please; Brother Berg, the Australian district superintendent, just called from Brisbane and asked that we cut our visit here shorter and come to Brisbane for two days. We will leave tomorrow. We hate to leave here but of course do want to see Brother Berg.

October 12—We had a very bumpy ride to Brisbane; air pockets were everywhere. Didn't know whether poor Wanda was going to make it or not! She did. Geron rides in airplanes as though he had been doing it all of his life.

We were met by Brother Berg and one of the Brisbane pastors. A service is scheduled tonight. We are looking forward to meeting more of our Australian Nazarenes.

October 13—We had a good service last evening. How we did enjoy meeting our good folk of Brisbane! Our stay has been all too short for us. Tonight at midnight we board the plane for the last leg of our journey to New Guinea.

CHAPTER III

Administration

"... in the middle of the doldrums"

October 14. 1955-This has been a day to remember. Could I ever describe the feeling we experienced as the Qantas Skymaster, "New Guinea Trader," swept across the beautiful coral reefs on its approach to the Port Moresby airdrome? How often had we dreamed of the time we would set eyes on our adopted land and future home! But no dream can be a reality. About all I could say to Wanda as we caught our first glimpse of the rugged mountain standing out of the water that marks the New Guinea coast line was simply-"There it is." Our eyes darted to a hundred different things-there was so much we wanted to see and know; and now here we were to find out. The first thing we found out was that the weather is hot! I've heard the expression of being in the doldrums all my life without fully appreciating its full meaning. I know now. About the first thing I was told was that we landed here smack in the middle of the doldrums. This is the time of year when the trade winds are trading places and neither has made a trade as yet. They are just sitting until the other one makes a move. If they are waiting on me, they can move any time!

We had a few bad moments with customs today. Seems we landed here without all the proper papers completed for our entrance into New Guinea. I suppose we should be happy we are here in a hotel room instead of the jail or wherever they keep trespassers! On second thought, if it's any cooler there, I'm all for going. My typewriter and some baggage I had sent ahead was waiting for us. The typewriter will come in mighty handy, for I will have a *few* reports to type no doubt. It is too hot to move. Poor Geron, already he is a solid heat bump. These foreboding mosquito nets don't look as though they will make sleeping any more comfortable or cooler.

October 15—We have spent our first night in New Guinea, but come to think of it—I'm the one that feels "spent." Surprise number one on the agenda came when we unpacked our clothes and inquired for a dry cleaner. The people tried not to look too amused but I caught on; such isn't available in New Guinea! I trust the sun is shining brightly on the fellow who discovered orlon and dacron. His discovery is going to come in mighty handy now.

I called the administrative officer to whom Dr. Powers referred me, and he asked me to come out as soon as possible this morning to begin the rounds of introduction to the various officials. I was able to see everyone but the director of health and the administrator. I will meet them next week. I have never found a more co-operative group of officials anywhere.

October 16—Our first Sunday here. There are Protestant services held at a small chapel across from our hotel. I think it is mainly in charge of the London Missionary Society, which has been in Port Moresby for some eighty years. There was a service this morning for natives, in English, and a European service tonight. We had a most interesting and unusual experience. We were greeted by a doctor who is with the Administration. He was very friendly and made inquiry as to our purpose here. On finding we were lodged in the hotel, he offered us the use of their home, a few miles from Moresby in a community called Boroka. It is an Administration home. He is going to Minj in the Highlands to relieve a doctor there in the Malaria Control School for a few weeks and desires someone to live there and look after things. What a wonderful opportunity, and did one ever see such friendliness?

- October 17—Went back to headquarters to meet some more Administrative personnel. I am constantly beset with one question, "Just where did you have in mind to establish your mission?" When I look at them blank-like and reply that I really don't know as yet, then I am told it might be best if I did some touring of the Territory and decide on a location before meeting any more Administration personnel. Sounds logical!
- October 19-Here I sit in Lae on the New Guinea side. Perhaps this needs explaining. The Australian part of New Guinea is divided almost in half. One half is called Papua and is under direct jurisdiction of Australia. The other half, which is known as New Guinea, is actually a United Nations trusteeship administered by Australia. The one administrative office in Port Moresby handles official matters for the whole of the two territories but there are different laws regarding each to some extent. I had to register as a clergyman in both and likewise the church had to be registered in both since we do not know as yet which side we will locate on. Mini, Mt. Hagen, and Wabag in the Highlands are in New Guinea: while Mendi and Tari both are in Papua. One must go through the formality of customs traveling from Papua into New Guinea or vice versa.
- October 21—I was supposed to get a DC-3 plane into Goroka in the Central Highlands today but the flight was canceled because of weather. I am supposed to

go tomorrow. Have checked on the expected arrival of the "Thorsisle," the ship with our equipment on it. It is scheduled the latter part of November, but since it was so late in leaving the States, it will no doubt be sometime in December. Hope I have a place to put the stuff by then! I have never seen the equal of a tropical rainstorm. I'm told the average rainfall here is about 300 inches per year. Seems like they got 10 of that in a few minutes tonight!

When mosquitoes grow any larger than they are here, I want to be across the ocean from them. We are all taking antimalarials regularly. I suppose that will be a habitual practice we shall indulge in from here on out.

CHAPTER IV

Location

"... reminds me of trying to find the needle in a haystack"

October 22—My, has the weather ever changed! Just about two hours' flying time away from the hottest weather I was ever in, and now my teeth are chattering! We landed part and parcel in Goroko this morning and what a sight! Words fail to come as I try to describe my feelings. Everything is changed. Here, 5,200 feet high, the air is crisp and the sun is boiling. In the sun one would almost cook, but once you get in the shade, it is like walking into an airconditioned room. Tonight it is raining and is very cold. There is a heavy comfort on the bed besides some blankets and a sheet. Quite a contrast to last night I must say.

I made inquiry about going further into the Highlands but have nothing lined up definitely. May get a small plane out of here towards Minj (about 120 miles away) and Mt. Hagen on Monday.

Only tonight have I really settled down to consider my first objective here—and it staggers me. I'm told that the total combined area of both Papua and New Guinea comprises some 183,540 square miles. As I figure it, that is 117,465,600 acres; and out of that I'm to choose 5 of them (the original mission lease under government regulations). This somewhat reminds me of trying to find the needle in a haystack. Surely in such an undertaking God must be interested. No doubt most of these acres are inhabited by never-dying souls. How utterly and completely must we be led of His Spirit in our decisions and moves! Unless something really seems to strike a chord, we will not make an "on the spot" decision but weigh the total picture together and see if we can find a place where we feel it would please God for us to establish our work.

October 25-Here I am. And never have I spoken sweeter words! I recall my dad refusing ever to ride in an airplane with this bit of philosophy-"If I'm in a car and the motor dies it is just 'Here I am.' If the same thing should happen in an airplane, it is 'Where am I?'" I have thought of that more than once these past two days. Since there was some work being done on the Highland airstrips, only the smallest of aircraft were allowed to land. I could not get the "Norseman," which Dr. Powers used, as it is based out of Banz, working the Highlands now. A Mr. Jack Gray, who has a small organization known as Territory Airlines, offered to fly me up to make connection with the "Norseman" in his little "Tiger Moth" plane. This was an open-cockpit affair that seemed much too small for the pulls demanded of it, but we tried anyway. I was outfitted with goggles and a leather flight jacket and strapped in the cockpit. I'm sure the sights were interesting, as we were flying close to treetop level much of the time over the big mountain range. But one look over the side convinced me that "eves forward" would be the wisest and safest measure for me!*

I made contact with Mr. Adrian Nisbet of Gibbes Airways at Banz and arranged to fly to an airstrip close by Mt. Hagen. A government clerk met me there and drove me to the Administration building.

^{*}We regret to inform that in May, 1957, Mr. Gray and another Minj resident were flying from Goroka to Lae in this same plane and crashed, presumably while flying in a cloud. Both were killed.

The new district commissioner has not yet arrived but I had an interesting talk with the acting commissioner. He formerly was in the Wagab area and gave me much information regarding this area of opportunity.

Talked with a patrol officer at Banz. He suggested we might be interested in investigating an area of land now owned by the government across the Wahgi valley from Banz known as Kudiip. Seems there is a large population and no European missions located in that region. Don't know why but somehow that seemed to strike a chord in my heart, but it is quite likely that investigation at Moresby will reveal the government is in no mood to lease any part of the ground. They surely had some purpose in acquiring it from the natives and quite likely still have their ideas in mind. Will check this as a remote possibility at least. The Minj area seems quite likable too. Don't feel too strongly about the Mt. Hagen region since it has been settled since the first white man arrived in 1933 and has missionary activity guite well established around that area.

Tomorrow I'm scheduled to go back to Moresby on a flight direct from here.

November 3—I wrote a detailed report to Dr. Rehfeldt today regarding my investigations into the Highlands. I have now completed investigation regarding the Goroka, Minj, Banz, Mt. Hagen, Mendi, Tari, and Wabag areas. These are the principal centers of the Highlands. By centers, we mean airstrips. At present only three—Minj, Banz, and Wabag—will take the DC-3 cargo ships which we will actually need to handle our equipment. The Kudjip area is some twelve miles removed from the Minj airstrip. Have made extensive investigation with the Lands Department here at headquarters. They have indicated they would be agreeable to the mission lease, and possibly a larger area later, on the government reserve at Kudjip. Before application can be made, however, I will have to survey the area and mark the exact spot I want. Looks like fun ahead.

Our move out of the hotel was interrupted by my having to leave and Wanda did not wish to set up residence alone. Guess we will move in a day or two. What a pleasant occasion to look forward to!

Poor Geron! He feels so cramped after having the wide Texas plains to roam and suddenly be boxed in a $10 \ge 12$ room with three beds and all our baggage. More than once he has wanted to know when we would get on another airplane and fly far, far away to our "nother" home.

One thing that has helped to break the monotony of close living is the splendid view we have of native Papuan life. Seems the "community" fountain is just beneath our window. Here we see an endless array of native life. A woman with dirty pots and pans will patiently wait her turn at the faucet while a very tiny Papuan gets a good scrub-down by mother, father, or some other member of the family. How different these people are, however, to the Highlanders! Of those I saw, they looked as though they never saw water! Their hair is completely different as well as the build of their bodies. Coloring is varied from dark to light in both Papuan and New Guinean.

November 15—We are comfortably established in our temporary "home." How nice it feels! Wanda's home cooking is just the tonic I needed to regain my pep; and we can actually feel some wind. Dr. and Mrs. Todd are due back very soon but we have made friends with a couple nearby. Their neighbors, who are also government employees, are to leave the same day the Doctor is due back. They are going to Wau in the Highlands for a short rest. They have offered their home to us! The Lord doth provide. Hotel fare is almost too high to mention. I am making plans for trip number two into the Highlands. Have more information at hand this time. We have at least some areas spotted for further investigation. Plan to go to Goroka about the twenty-fifth if all goes well. I will take the family with me this time, since I have done about all I can do here at Moresby and no need to have them stay and swelter when there is a much cooler place to stay at Goroka. We will stay here as long as we can get a house, however.

One last check with Administration officials. They are a grand lot, to be sure. The main criticism that the government has of mission bodies founding in the Territory is that of lack of support. They have a right to take a dim view of those groups who desire to establish themselves without proper backing to establish an organization that will contribute to the upbuilding of the Territory as a whole. In this respect we have been most cordially received. The fact that we have a prefabricated home and steel building to erect immediately has drawn much favorable consideration. The other equipment has likewise contributed to this feeling. They know we, as a mission, are here to stay. They are interested in such. How thankful we are for a group of loval supporters who so generously gave of their substance to help purchase equipment that would help us considerably in our endeavors both in making our task easier and helping us receive necessary consideration in such matters as acquiring land! They shall truly share alike in the eternal rewards of the endeavors here.

November 25-Now isn't this something? We had made arrangements to go to Goroka today and at the last moment received notification that the ship with our equipment was due to land in Lae today. This is much sooner than expected. Naturally we had to change our plans and leave immediately for Lae. Now I'm told that the "Thorsisle" isn't due to dock until sometime next week because of lack of accommodations at the dock.

December 1—I'm head over heels in the process of acquiring import license for all of our equipment. Just a month before, import levies were raised considerably and now our import duty will be some 15 per cent more than originally thought.

The "Thorsisle" slid into view late last night. Geron has practically lived in a rocking chair since his birth and has missed it so much. We told him his chair was on the ship and he immediately demanded we go right out in the water and get it!

We went down this morning for about an hour and watched them unload some of our cargo. Hoped to get a glimpse of "Abigail," our jeep so generously donated by our home district, Abilene, but she was far down in the hold. We hope to have it out of customs in two or three days; oh, happy day! Taxi fares are outrageously high and everything in Lae is so scattered that one must resort to them.

Will get all the cargo cleared through customs and properly stored and then get on with the anticipated trip back into the Highlands. It is ever so nice to have a home now (with exception of assembling) but will be nicer when we get a spot of ground on which to build it.

December 2—With everything under control at Lae, we hopped a plane to Goroka. How much fun it was to break into some cases and garner some more clothes! We have been living out of a suitcase for longer than we care to think about and those few clothes have seen some wear. The new box work clothes feel great and I know those accustomed to seeing us going around in the same things will feel relieved.

Wanda will go with me back into the Minj area. She is a part of the team and we both can pray together about our location. Have secured lodging in a small native-type shack used by the Malaria Control School when in session. Fortunately, it isn't now in session, so we have a place to put our suitcases. We will stay here at Goroka until near Christmas and then go back to Lae for the holidays.

- December 7—Tonight we are in Minj. Wanda and I have laughed that we are getting progressively more primitive at each stop. Here's hoping we make this one last a while. I wouldn't care to go much more primitive than this right now. There is a touch of modernism however—running hot water. A native boy cooks it on an open fire outside and then runs with it to an overhanging bucket. If it is too hot—look out! It's fun though. The acting district officer told us he would drive out Kudjip way tomorrow and we could ride with him. This is great, since it would otherwise mean a twelve-mile hike over the roughest of terrain.
- December 8—This has been a most interesting experience. We boarded the government "Land Rover" early this morning. The acting district officer was going to inspect a road or something about ten miles further from Kudjip and offered us a lift there. He said we could scout around for about two or three hours and he would pick us up on the way back. What an experience! He is a fine fellow and did want to be of assistance to us. Knowing the natives would be quite curious as to our business, he brought along the official government interpreter and "loaned" him to us to use in talking with the natives. There was only one hitch. He forgot we didn't speak a

word of pidgin and the interpreter could interpret into the local dialect only *after* getting the talk in pidgin. We just spent about three happy hours nodding our heads and smiling sweetly! The native boys at Minj packed us a lunch and we went to the *kunai* grass government rest house to eat it.

Imagine our feeling when a very much decorated native Tul-tul (a native leader appointed by the government to act as the government spokesman to his people) in all his splendor came inside the house, found a spot close by where we were eating, and proceeded to lie down flat and watch our every move. He had both a long knife and an ax tucked in a bark belt. I had no idea of giving him any trouble.*

I tried vainly to get some expression from the native populace about our coming with a mission, but couldn't get my point across. Several little mankies (pronounced as our "monkey" but a pidgin word for a small man—man-ki—and hence a little boy) came to stare at us. Wanda had some candy and gave it out. Many would not eat since they had never seen candy before. When one did get a taste, he broadcast the news. She also had a balloon. What fun! They went wild over it but proceeded to burst it almost immediately. I was afraid they might think we were magic or something. They simply looked bewildered and picked up the pieces. It's hard to imagine a boy about ten years of age never tasting candy or seeing a balloon.

We do not know for sure as yet, but if we can get the acreage which is a corner location on the Mt. Hagen "road" where it intersects with a small

*This *Tul-tul* is now one of our most faithful attenders at services and has been with us from the beginning. We have had many laughs about this first encounter. Some of the little boys who came that day have never missed a Sunday in Sunday school and are now enrolled in our school. road-path going down to the Wahgi River, we feel we may well apply for this spot. Naturally we cannot tell the possibilities but it looks by far the best we have seen thus far. Before making any final commitment, I want to take another trip to Mendi and Tari.

- December 9—Took a trip in the "Norseman" aircraft this morning to both Mendi and Tari. This afternoon we came back to Goroka. I plan to go to Port Moresby in a few days to make some sort of definite decision on our location if we can find the mind of the Lord in the matter. Both of us are fasting and praying much over the matter.
- December 17—I had to make a quick trip back to Moresby to confer with the director of lands. The department is quite willing to grant us a mission lease on the spot we were considering at Kudjip provided the district commissioner and the district officer are agreeable. We have at least a verbal agreement from them. We will apply for this spot. It is the best we feel we have found thus far, and if it is not God's will for us, we pray He will block the application.

December 20—Here we are back in Lae for the Christmas holidays. The woman in charge of the hotel here in Lae has a small grandson a bit larger than Geron. She has sort of "adopted" us. We have a very nice room. She even brought up a small paper Christmas tree and some decorations. Wanda has put up some Christmas cards and we are trying hard to get in the Christmas spirit, many thousands of miles away from anyone we even remotely know and the temperature sweltering hot! We do appreciate the thoughtfulness of our Nazarenes at home remembering us with the beautiful cards and encouraging personal notes. January 1-This has been the day of days in my life. We have felt we selected the most promising location we could find, yet some doubts still lingered whether we were too hasty in our decision. At precisely two minutes past noon this day the sweetest experience I think I have ever had was mine to enjoy: that is, aside from the time the Lord saved my soul and later sanctified me and called me to His service. The tears of joy came so spontaneously I simply could not contain myself. Never has there been a sweeter experience and dealing of the Holy Spirit than at that moment. Any doubt we may have reserved was at once removed and the way appeared so clear. God wants us at Kudjip. How blessed is our Lord and how wonderful are His dealings! Surely with the volume of prayer that ascends daily from the church around the world, it is paying off.

We will begin immediately making preparation to break down our cargo into units that can be transported in a Douglas C-47 (DC-3). It will carry about six thousand pounds per trip and cost about \$540 per trip.

January 9—We are here! Beautiful Minj; and I think it is more beautiful than the last time we were here. Our first two charters came in this afternoon. We, and the jeep and trailer and a few more items, came on the first charter load. We are staying back in the Malaria Control house tonight prior to our starting moving tomorrow.

The district officer has granted permission for us to live in the *kunai* grass and *pit-pit* (a type of small bamboo) woven patrol house which is only a very short distance from our location, until we get some buildings erected. This is a big help. My, it is hard to believe that we are definitely getting set up after these months of anxious waiting. We have had the privilege of sharing our experiences with some very wonderful friends. One of these, Mrs. Oletta Hagan, a former church member of ours and a great prayer warrior, penned these lines *before* she knew God had definitely opened the door before us. They so adequately describe some of our feelings and experiences that we asked and were granted permission to use them here.

WAITING ORDERS

By Oletta Hagan

When the call to a field has been burning Till the zeal of the soul is white-hot, Decisions in the head keep churning: Must we start to advance yet—or not?

Standing face to face with the issue, Which door should we enter first? Hard, weighty problems to face you While thousands are dying of thirst,

Thirst for the word of salvation, A story they never have heard! To enter all doors in this nation Would require the wings of a bird.

Yes, others have come and mentioned His name And complacently passed on by, Leaving the heart of the black man the same, Still troubled and unfit to die.

Our souls are aching and heavy, Our spirits are near to despair, Facing problems abreast in a bevy. We would start—but, O Father, where? In heaviness and fasting we wait To be sure what He would have us do. Then faith had an angel open the gate And send divine orders through.

So they who have waited in darkness so long Shall soon hear the message of light, The sorrow of soul be replaced with a song When sin-blackened hearts are made white.
CHAPTER V

Occupation

"... to let the air in and keep inquiring heads out"

- January 10-How can you put into words the affairs of this day? There are far too many things to think of and mention. We begin the tedious job of transporting our equipment the twelve miles from the Minj airstrip to the rest house. The first task was to build a makeshift door for the bare opening, and to nail up planks across the open places used for windows. This is very needful to let the air in and keep inquiring heads out. If ever the all-seeing eve was watching us-it is now. In fact, I wonder how many pairs of eyes are trained on me right now. Can you really blame them? Just what are their thoughts? This might be well worth knowing; but on the other hand, perhaps it's best I don't know. Much of our equipment-what bit of furniture we brought and foodstuffs-we will bring out in the jeep and trailer. Due to the extremely rough terrain and the poor condition of the bridges over the streams, I will have most, if not all, the house "walked in" by native carriers. They walk the twelve miles in to Minj, load up, and walk back-which is a very full day's work-for two shillings (22c). Common labor, I am told, goes at a shilling a day or 11c each boy. I'm tired beyond measure tonight. I don't even think I will have another thought but just turn in.
- January 11—Well, we are beginning to get our bearings a wee bit. Installed the kerosene stove today and the beautiful refrigerator given us by the teen-age missionary societies on the Washington Pacific District.

How wonderful to have ice again! Haven't had iced tea in a good many moons.

Everything we unpack opens worlds unexplored for the natives. I have never seen a more attentive audience. This is their first glimpse of so many things.

How amused I was at Wanda this afternoon! She was unpacking some of the foodstuffs and came across some Kool-Aid. Thinking it to be like the little sweetened packages that kids at home like so well, she announced triumphantly to me—"Watch this little fellow's face when I give him some of this." She poured out a generous helping into an outstretched hand. I *did* watch it, and I have never seen a more horrified look. Seems Wanda forgot that *all* Kool-Aid doesn't come sweetened, and if it isn't (this wasn't), it is horribly bitter. It was a long time before that tyke could be persuaded to take anything else from her. He was quite certain he had been poisoned!

I threw some ice out into the yard and what a lot of fun I had! One simply cannot explain some of the looks of amazement that come over the faces of these people at their first glimpse of civilization. The array of native life is certainly interesting. This is the season of the sing-sings so I'm told, and hence the reason for all the paint and decorations on everyone. A sing-sing is a native dance affair where the men are painted up and wear elaborate headdresses of bird of paradise feathers and other types of shells and ornaments. They beat rhythm on a bit of tree kangaroo hide stretched over a hollowed-out, small log. The sing-sings usually end up quite wicked affairs.

Geron doesn't seem to mind the people in the least. He has already found some playmates. Wanda has dug deep into some of our barrels to find scraps of cloth with which to clothe a few children. Native dress is scant indeed. Nothing except ornaments is worn above the waist by either men or women. For the most part they wear a large mother-of-pearl shell tied around the neck. Several shells (a golden color) worn around the neck and waist denotes much wealth in their society. All wealth is calculated in the number of wives a man has, his bird of paradise plumes, children, pigs, and shells. Apart from the ornaments, the only type of clothing worn is a very coarse, woven string affair. The women tediously pull the fibers apart from a leaf that grows in abundance in the native "bush." These fibers are then rolled together to form a string. The women wear a belt of this string around the waist. There is a band of some six to twelve inches of string worn down the front and a band of some three inches worn behind. The men wear a band of netting made from these strings about twelve to eighteen inches wide and extending from the waist to within a few inches of the ground. For decoration, bits of rat fur or tree kangaroo fur are tied to the end of this netting. Leaves are tucked in under a wide bark belt behind. This is the entire dress of the men and women. Add to this a generous helping of grime caused by liberally greasing the body with stale pig's grease and then sitting or even lying down on the ground, and you have the average native in his natural habitat.

Our pidgin is somewhat improving. It must if we survive here! A young man named Saul or Tal, I can't tell which he is saying, came by this afternoon and applied for the task of recruiting a group of boys to start cutting the high *kunai* grass on our property and leveling the ground somewhat. He speaks fairly good pidgin, a rarity in these parts. I hired him on the spot. We must be on the lookout for a boy to help us with various tasks and errands. We will both be fairly well occupied and there are a thousand and one things that need attending to.

February 1-Young Tal and his boys have done a splendid bit of work in cutting the high grass and leveling the ground for the erection of our house. We have been quite busily engaged in getting the equipment carried out and it is nearing completion. Work on the house is progressing. I have run the concrete for the foundations of the posts on which it will rest. The plans call for the house to stand three feet off the ground but I have altered this somewhat. Since it was nearly impossible to get the ground completely leveled without hauling away tons of dirt. I left the rear a bit lower. It stands three feet off the ground level but the front part is about two feet. This is better than shifting so much ground, particularly when I have only four shovels to do the shifting. We have felt led to employ Tal in another capacity. He seems eager to learn, though he is all thumbs in most respects. Can't expect anything else right now though. He is our general helper. When he isn't helping Wanda, I can certainly use him.

Without even one man who has ever handled a piece of wood, much less a hammer or saw, I wonder what I would have done had I been compelled to start from "scratch." Most of the timber for the house is already pre-cut; therefore I will be able to erect the house without any assistance except for the most unskilled of help.

February 3—We are somewhat distressed. Seems that we have been misled a bit somewhere. We came to Kudjip with the supposed blessings of all but now it seems we missed a blessing somewhere. The new district commissioner has taken over his duties and is not at all in favor of our locating here. We had been given to understand that the completion of our application was merely a matter of routine. Now it seems much different. We have committed it to the Lord to work out as He sees best. During the meantime, all construction work has halted! I will go to Mt. Hagen tomorrow to have a talk with the district commissioner.

- February 4—At least, matters are clearer. I do not blame the commissioner in the least. It is his responsibility to attend to the affairs of his district and much of the transaction was done without his knowledge. He resumed duties only a few weeks ago. He was very kind and considerate to us but we have no decision as to the disposition of our lease. He has written to Port Moresby.
- February 12-Today a native came to us saying something about a dead woman near the house. Upon investigation, we found a woman who had been dead about a week in the tall grass very near where we are staving. Apparently there was very little concern over her absence since it seems to be the custom of these people to go roaming at will around the countryside visiting friends or relatives who have married into adjoining tribes of people. Naturally they don't wander far, but in this country with its rugged terrain, five miles is a very great distance. The scent caught by a passer-by was the only clue to her whereabouts. I am in somewhat of a strait. I have used every available piece of plank to build our boys a small house in which to live and have nothing to build a box with. I do not even know if they would want me to build one or not. We are too new to know just what the native reaction to death is. There seems to be much wailing and pulling of the hair, but whether it is genuine grief. I don't know. They laugh or talk until they come near the

corpse; then they start this ritual. As soon as they leave, they start talking and laughing again.

- February 14—Finally went to the government official at Minj to see if he wished to investigate. After over a week—he said no! He instructed me to ask the natives to remove the body, since it cannot stay where it is and they are not permitted to bury it there. The people were very distressed, so I suggested I might build a box if they would bring me sufficient small poles. They readily agreed, so I guess they don't object to my helping out.
- February 15—We held a brief funeral service. Wanda donated some old sheets to line the box. The people seemed awed that we wouldn't want them back. Any cloth is so valuable to them. We are praying this may be a means of helping the people to better understand our purpose and intent here.
- February 26—At long last our land situation has been settled and we are once again ready to resume construction. The district commissioner very graciously granted us permission to continue with our program and has given final approval for our application. Surely the Lord has helped us in this situation.

From the second Sunday since we arrived, Wanda has been having flannelgraph stories out in the yard. These have been very well attended from the first with attendance increasing each Sunday. Old as well as young seem to enjoy them. Some sort of a temporary meeting place must be erected soon, however, since it is either too hot or too cold all the time. It is either raining or the sun is boiling down. I am thinking seriously of getting about twenty men and contract with them to erect us a native-type building about 30 x 60 and offer them a set price upon completion. I'm learning slowly but surely the ways of those we are living among! Recently I hired ten boys to carry sand from the river. When they lined up for their night's pay, I had twelve. Their only explanation—"They came along to carry the bag when we got tired!" With twenty hired without some sort of agreement as to pay, I would be afraid of payday.

February 30—I have contracted thirty men to begin the work on the church. Wanda is taking over this part of the work in order to release me to continue work on our house. I do not know what it will look like with the native conception of square and level, but it will do for a while. In time I will make it permanent when material is more plentiful and the people are ready for it. Both labor and material will cost us only about \$80.00.

We have started an additional preaching service in the afternoon on Sunday now. This is at a place called Kurumal, about five miles between here and Minj. It is another government rest station, and passing by, we noticed a great number of people always gathered around. We tried, as an experiment, going over and just starting playing and singing. From curiosity, as many as upwards to 150 would come. This is a poor way to do business, as weather is constantly interfering, but then it is all we can do right now. If prospects look good, I may approach the district officer for permission to build a chapel there.

Work on the house is progressing nicely. Being prefabricated makes it so much easier and faster.

March 15—Not too much startling news to report these days. Just a lot of work. The weather has come with a vengeance. Literally torrents of rain cascade down on us each afternoon about three o'clock. Work is coming along nicely on the new church building. We should be in it in another month at least. The roof is on the house now and only painting, trimming, and floor laying yet to be done.

Last Sunday was a most interesting Sunday. We were interrupted so much by the weather that I decided to hold services in our front room for two Sundays until the roof was completed. I'm sure the anticipation of coming inside the "big house" was the reason, but about 175 packed out the space of 20 x 22 feet. An additional 50 or more stood on the veranda, hopelessly blocking any stray bit of air that might have found its way in and around. Wanda and I had a good laugh over the abundance of leaves scattered over the floor after service. Symbols of clothes left behind! We can always scrub the grease off the walls before painting!

April 4—We should be moving into our house within two and a half weeks. Some painting is yet to be done and the floor to be laid. Wanda is chief painter and doing a good job. There are always a host of little boys around to carry the stepladder, paint, etc. I think they are becoming accustomed to seeing so many new things that it doesn't startle them any more. They just mark it down as another one of those things!

Moving won't be a moment too soon for us either. We have deeply appreciated the use of the rest house, for it has been a roof over our heads—even if it does leak. The native buildings are supposed to be serviceable for about two or three years at the most and this one was built when the first patrols were being made here about five years ago. It has definitely seen its day. Poor Wanda has gone through the kitchen floor more than once.

The rats are constantly awaking us by shaking the bed when they scamper across the bedroom floor. Rats grow big here. I was awakened the other night by the mosquito net being pulled. A quick beam from the ever-present flashlight revealed a monster of a fellow trying to gnaw his way into bed with us! He wasn't welcome and I gave him to understand that. The past few nights a very large one (some can weigh several pounds, I'm told) has been making life uneasy for us by lodging in the attic. When he walks around it sounds like a man walking overhead. The woven pit-pit and bamboo creaks and pops frightfully. I didn't want to scare Wanda too much, since she and even small rats aren't the best of friends, so suggested it could be a badger, since I've heard badgers like to live in attics. This satisfied her but it doesn't me since, so far as I can understand, badgers don't live in New Guinea!

April 16—Tonight I'm writing this in the living room of our new home. It hardly seems possible that we could be settled in already. I do not have the plumbing installed as yet, for two reasons. I figured we could live awhile without it, since we have thus far; and number two—I haven't the faintest idea how to install plumbing. I have never installed a piece yet. Fortunately for me though, while in our first pastorate, my treasurer was a plumber. Many times I would go out on the job where he was, to inquire about some financial matter, and watch him work. I do sincerely hope some of it lodged in my subconscious mind.

Seems almost impossible to believe that, working by ourselves, we could erect a two-bedroom home completely in just ten work weeks. Many days we could not work beyond 2:30 or 3:00 p.m. This will give us opportunity to turn our attention to other duties of establishing the station many, many months sooner than we could have, had we had to cut the plank out of the bush, size it, and put it together.

Already we are planning some visits into the bush to get a closer look at our people and how they live. We hope to learn a few more of their customs and practices.

Permission has been granted by the government to construct our chapel at our preaching point at Kurumal. This will be a valuable addition to our services there. Neither we nor the people can get a feeling of permanence as it is now.

- May 1—The weather is beginning to give us some relief from the rain, and how nice it seems! We both like rain but get tired of so very much. I have been busily engaged in digging drainage ditches lest we float away.
- May 8-We have now completed our first trip into the mountain bush. We covered a distance of fifteen miles this first trip and most of these were either almost straight up or down. Our property looks lovely from the mountaintops. More and more we see how God has led us to this place and helped us secure a good location. We took some gift axes for the native chiefs-Tul-tuls and Luluais. The latter are the chiefs over one or more groups led by the Tul-tuls. We made a presentation speech at each stop where a group lives and Wanda gave a flannelgraph story and first aid. Did she ever go through the aspirin and iodine, to say nothing of bandages! She gave a small piece of candy to each little child she doctored. At one stop I was very amused indeed at one father who had his little child down rolling him on the ground, turning and searching to find a scratch or something that would qualify as something worthy of treatment. The reason? The parents confiscated

most of the candy for themselves! The leaders made very nice speeches of thanks and said some nice things about our mission and purpose. Whether they meant it or not, we will just have to wait and see.

We are getting, for the first time, a firsthand glimpse of the living conditions of the people and a bit of their customs. The man and wife do not generally live together after marriage but for brief periods of time. In our locality the people do not live in villages as in other parts of New Guinea. They have what they call "lines." Each line has, as its head, a Tul-tul appointed previously by the government. In most cases those selected were previously the recognized leaders by the natives. Each two or more lines may have a Luluai over them. He generally has a line himself apart from the general overrule of the others. These lines, for the most extent, are extended family groups. Each man in the line considers all the other males as his brothers and the women as his sisters. Lovalty within the line is generally very close indeed.

Marriage apart from the line is permitted and practiced to a great extent but this is a cause of quite a bit of trouble. If the wife belongs to a different line and dies or comes to harm, there is always a belief that someone bewitched her and in the past it generally led to fights, bloodshed, and even death. The government has done much to put an end to this sort of thing but ill feeling still exists. Each line may occupy an area of considerable size and to visit each person in the line would take days. In addition to the individual houses maintained by most men who are married, there is in each line a long building which is called the amp gar in local dialect and haus meri in pidgin. Either simply means "the house of the women." Here all the women stay together along with the young girls and very young children of both sexes. After a boy reaches five or six years of age, he goes to stay with his father.

In addition to the children pigs also share the haus meri. The pigs are cared for almost exclusively by the women. Many pigs will readily attack any man coming within a close range. The women are very fond of the pigs and many a fight begins over a man's mistreatment of the family pigs. Should a mother pig bear more babies than she is able to feed, it is not uncommon for a woman with a small child to take a pig to feed on the breast. We have one or two in church who are suckling a little pig and it stays right with the woman as closely as it would its own mother. While not practiced in this area, there are places nearby in New Guinea where a woman will cut a joint off a finger when a favored pig dies.

In addition to the *haus meri*, there is also a *haus man*. Here all the men and young boys stay together. They do not keep pigs in their house. These houses are very long and low. They would measure some fifty or sixty feet in length and about ten feet wide. They are not high enough for one to stand erect. They are constructed of a bare framework and covered over top and sides with *kunai* grass. There are no windows and only one small door that one must crawl through to enter. This arrangement is mainly for warmth. A fire is usually maintained continually. We are constantly treating someone who accidentally rolled or fell into the fire, particularly children.

In one line we visited, preparation for a marriage was being made. I inquired as to the custom of marriage and found it interesting indeed. In many instances, the bride-to-be is "marked" when only an infant. In fact, many a young girl has already been purchased from her father by a prospective groom. Usually the marriageable age for the girls is in the middle teens. For the boy it is older, as he must pay a dear price in money and "things" for his bride. In the past it was entirely up to the family as to the price paid for the bride. Naturally some brought a much higher price than others, depending on the social status of the family. Now the government is trying to standardize the bride price. This will include such items as bird of paradise plumes, goldlipped shells called *kenas*, pigs, and since the advent of the white man and his wares, axes and bush knives. In all I suppose the price would be some \$150. Unless a boy's father is rich or he has some rich relatives, he cannot get married very young. At least the high bride price is a blessing in one respect; it prevents polygamous marriages many times.

Before the marriage there is a great preparation of food. Several pigs are killed and cooked in pits over hot stones. The meat is rolled in banana leaves, and bananas, corn, beans, and other items are cooked with it. At whatever day chosen, the two come together and sit on the ground before the assembled spectators. Grease from the pigs is then given to the man and he liberally smears her body with grease. They are then pronounced married. Afterward a great feast is enjoyed by all. In most instances she goes back to live at the *haus meri* and he continues his residence at the *haus man*. In time he will build a home where they will live together at intervals.

Often the bridal price is paid on the installment plan and this many times leads to disagreements and even fights. One particular custom the government is trying to discourage is the practice of marking the infants and young girls. This practice has led to some tragic occurrences.

While it isn't often, there have been cases where a girl has actually fallen in love and desired to marry

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John E. Riley Library Northwest Nazarene University a certain boy. It is entirely possible that she was marked for another man in her infancy and the bridal price given and long ago spent. Should she exercise her free will and refuse to marry the man who marked her, then the custom is that the bride price must be refunded. It may be that the father is unable to refund the price or else does not wish to. In many cases the father has died and the uncle who has taken the girl to raise refuses to refund anything. It has happened several times that a girl facing a marriage with someone she does not wish to marry has committed suicide by hanging herself from a tree.

It will be a real blessing if this custom can be discontinued but, as with all customs, it is deeprooted and will not easily be set aside. In one recent case the government refused to hold court over a girl who would not marry the man who marked her. The lines involved held court that lasted several days before an agreeable settlement was made.

From all I have been able to determine thus far, the bride price is *all* that is involved. Every man I have talked with readily admits that he does not care in the least if the girl does not wish to marry him or if his wife desires to leave him and marry someone else. His only cause of concern is that he will have the price he paid for her refunded to him!

May 15—Another trip today in another direction to the Kuma country. We have a very difficult situation or else it may prove to be such someday. Our property is in the middle of an imaginary line that separates two distinct tribes of people, the Kuma and Siganga. There are several lines within each group, but these two groups in past years were bitter enemies. Each has its own particular language, but each understands the other's language. This will create a great difficulty when we begin the tedious task of writing and learning the native language. We must of necessity limit our endeavors to learning one of the languages first—but which? To learn either will naturally identify us with that group to some extent. Well, we will cross this bridge when we come to it.

The customs of the two tribes are in most instances the same. There has been some intermarriage between Kuma and Siganga but this has no doubt been only in recent years. We do not have as many Kumas in our services as we have Sigangas. I trust this contact will be the means of a closer tie with them. We were shown some of their sing-sing grounds. The trees surrounding the dance pavilion were adorned with the jaws of pigs eaten on past celebrations. This isn't just for ornamentation. The native believes that pigs have spirits as we do. In fact, they believe that all life has spirits that live on after death. Much of their sing-sing celebration is aimed at pleasing their ancestors. The jaws of pigs killed in the past help ward off the evil spirits of the departed pigs. In the dances, only the men participate. They are elaborately dressed in shells, beads. paint, and feathers. They beat on a kunda drum, a hollowed-out log with a piece of tree kangaroo hide stretched tightly over it. I have never heard any particular rhythm. It seems everyone beats his drum to suit his own fancy. Very shattering on the nerves to be sure. After the dance, the young girls will go among the dancers and "capture" a dancer's spear. He "tries" to retrieve it but in the process is usually led into the house where the Kenana is held. This is the celebrated nose-rubbing procedure, widely publicized in National Geographic and other publications. Each area has its own particular interpretation of this practice and this area is considered to be one of the lowest in moral restraint. The Kenana is held at

whatever time the girls wish and may be held totally apart from a sing-sing. On these occasions the young boys are compelled to tend the fires for their elders and thereby are introduced to these practices young indeed in life.

Married women never participate but it is common practice for married men to indulge freely.

- May 22—We are unable to go on any further trips for a while. There is an epidemic of something that appears to closely resemble spinal meningitis or polio going through the area. Many people, young and old, have died. The government officials have restricted movement among natives and requested that we have little contact with large groups. The doctor at Minj warned that it was particularly easy for Europeans to contract it. Both Wanda and Geron have had symptoms of it—severe headache and high temperature.
- May 25—Geron has been a very sick little boy. His temperature last night was exceptionally high. We had prayer for him and almost instantaneously the fever left. We carried him to Minj for a check with the doctor. He said he could not be sure, but from appearances, it was quite likely that he had a light case of the virus. Not all would understand, but we know God touched him.
- June 11—We do not wish to be hasty in our announcement. But neither do we wish to limit the power of God. We sincerely feel that the Lord has given us our first convert. He is our interpreter, Tal. He is strictly from the bush in his actions and mannerisms but I have no doubt his heart has been changed by the grace of God. Twice he has come to me and asked forgiveness for things which were wrong, to be sure, but certainly not considered so in their cus-

toms and practices. We have prayed about the matters together. I have talked with him about his spiritual condition and he sincerely professes to have asked Jesus to forgive him his sins and come into his heart.

I think the greatest change has been in his interpretation. We can see a marked difference now from the past. He has lost all of his timidity and speaks with enthusiasm, as one who knows what he is talking about!

What a definite and wonderful answer to prayer!

We have begun construction of our chapel at Kurumal. We obtained permission some while ago but had to wait and plant a few more seeds before we could begin a definite work. There was quite a bit of opposition due to some unfortunate circumstances in the past—some which we do not know about fully. We felt it best to wait until we had gained their confidence before going too far. We now have that and their wholehearted co-operation in the project. We visited their lines recently and I think this helped to a great extent.

- July 1—What a Sunday this has been! If one should have a yen for dignity and order, this definitely wouldn't be his place. I finally built some seats in the church to have a semblance of order about the seating arrangement but it still doesn't work all the time. Some mothers with children refuse to sit any higher than the floor! When one walks in, he must stagger blindly among an odd assortment of women, babies, small children, pigs, dogs, and even birds. It isn't unusual for a pig to squeal, a dog to howl, or a bird to chirp at the most inopportune times. The crying of babies is so much a part of the service we couldn't classify it as unusual in the least.
- July 8—We have just returned with the family from a trip to Lae to get the rest of our equipment we had

stored there. On the way out our plane had to turn back because of weather. We returned home to spend the night. Tal confessed he feared when we left that we wouldn't return. During our absence, there came a king-sized rain that broke up the Minj airstrip and we had to land all of our cargo at Banz. Since the jeep was at Minj, I had to go the eleven miles there to get it and leave the family stranded on the airstrip for a good many hours with Geron sick.

- July 13—We are about to get settled in from our trip. The house came designed to provide a good amount of veranda space but the one who designed it failed to consider the rain! We nearly float away at least once a week or oftener. I plan to close the verandas in halfway with plywood and then install glass louvers in order to get air and light.
- July 15—Last evening a Tul-tul came by and asked for pay for a bit of cooked pig and a chicken that he had "given" to me as a present several weeks ago. At the time he gave it to me I inquired about paying him for them but he declined payment, saying he liked us and that we had been so nice to him he wished to give it as a gift. Taking it was my undoing!

I had heard remotely of their practice of returning gift for gift but had not thought too much about this. In fact only a very few gave return gifts for the axes we presented to them and I thought perhaps this custom wasn't practiced here, but it is. When they give a gift, they always insist that they are doing it just because they like you and you are supposed to accept it with gratefulness. However, you are in turn expected to produce in time a like gift; but *naturally* in my case since (in their estimation) I have so much more than they, the return gift should be *much* better! I trust we can one day teach them the true fashion and motive of a gift. Incidentally, this custom can surely run into politics. If someone dislikes someone else very much and wishes to do him a good bit of harm, he can (as some have done) go to his kinsmen and garner a great amount of loot and kindly "give" these as gifts to his enemy. The poor fellow is obligated to accept and of course is immediately beset with the problem of "backing." If he doesn't have someone to help him out and cannot return like gifts, he becomes a social outcast. Some revenge!

- July 21—Well, just call me "Doc"! We were given a cat by the Adrian Nisbets and he went long-long, as the natives say for crazy. When I found him he was close to the brink of leaving this world for good. I gave him some worm medicine that is supposed to be for human consumption, and within hours he was on his feet. He now has returned to normal. The natives are amazed. Woe is me—could this mean a rush on sick pigs?
- July 26—I have obtained permission from the government for the use of pit saws. These are large, six-foot saws handled by two men. A pit is dug and one fellow stays in the pit and the other on top of two log crosspieces. Marking is by means of a string run through the carbon of used flashlight batteries. This will give us some much-needed plank for various building needs.
- July 29—Have just returned from a funeral of a young mother. There is an undertone of discontentment among some that she was bewitched by someone. After making inquiry as to her past medical history and of the symptoms of the disease that caused her death, it is almost certain that it was cerebral malaria. I tried to explain the workings of this disease and the fact that it can cause death without any human means.

It is almost an impossibility to get these people to accept death as natural, except in cases where the person is elderly. If a young person should die, there is usually trouble in the camp. The belief in sorcery is widespread. When an individual dies that the people think shouldn't have died, the people immediately set about to discover the one responsible. There are no set rules for this as far as I can discover. It is more or less the whims of the people. They may go back to former feuds with people connected closely with the one who has died. Usually all, or at least the immediate, members of the family decide who is responsible and punitive measures are taken. In the past this many times led to another death or deaths, but naturally the government is curtailing this. Now it more or less amounts to some sort of payment being given to the relatives or line of the one supposedly killed by sorcery. Even sickness cannot be accepted as a natural experience. Sorcery is believed to play a part in all illnesses.

August 2—I am trying to clear some more of our land. The tall *kunai* grass comes back almost as fast as you can clear it. I'm told the only way to eventually get rid of it is to keep on keeping on until it finally gets discouraged and quits. I wonder sometimes who will get discouraged first, me or the grass.

Tal presented us with two shillings (22c) today because he "likes us tumas," pidgin equivalent to love. The feeling is mutual. For weeks now I have been trying to buy a chicken. The people have them but are loath to part with them. Funny too. They seldom eat a chicken and few eat eggs. They just love to have them around the place. Tal has been an interested spectator to my efforts. Today he calmly announced to me that previously he could have solved the problem easily. He merely would have gone out and stolen me one; but now he is a Christian and that isn't possible any more. He seemed very sorry that such was the sad state of affairs. I hastily informed him that, true enough, I would give almost anything for a chicken but I had much rather he be a Christian than to have many chicken dinners.

August 10—I went to the airstrip at Minj today to collect some more pit saws that arrived from the coast. Had a heartbreaking job of carrying eight little boys, ages from seven to twelve, back as far as Minj. Don't know just how far they live from there. A friend of theirs was in the area of Kurumal last Sunday and attended our service. He went back and told them about it and they came to look us up to see if we had a school they could attend.

The way small boys wander around is a wonder indeed. A young boy is kept by his mother until the age of about five or six. After that he is sent to stay with his father or uncle or some other relative. The men are very lax in their supervision, and as a result the young boys just wander around from place to place with no aim or purpose whatsoever. I have gone out more than once and found some little fellows asleep on plank or some other object under the house. They are not missed at home. Recently one little fellow came to us sick and we kept him three days on the station. I tried several times to get him to send some sort of message to his parents but he just ignored it. He said they wouldn't worry about him. Apparently they didn't, for there never was a word of inquiry about him. When a person dies in the bush, it is usually only after the body begins to smell that it is discovered, for no search is made for anyone missing. They just consider it normal.

August 12—Oh, me! I wonder what our dear people are thinking tonight. It could be almost anything and probably is. I decided to give the story of the two builders in service today. I had it all worked out pretty good—or so I thought. I held a preliminary conference with Tal to refresh his mind about the story and the point I wished to get across. I really felt I had it developed, even considering the shortcomings of pidgin.

Tal seemed to grasp the idea perfectly and was anxious to go to church to try it out. He really seemed to think it was a good story. Maybe it was his overexuberance that made me curious but I felt it best to have him repeat it to me to see that he had everything straight. Imagine my surprise when he came up with the central idea being: "If you are good enough at carpentry to build a good house and a strong house, that means you are a good Christian. If your carpentry is poor and you build a poor house, you need spiritual help badly! After all, don't we have proof of this before us? Look at your houses and look at the missionary's."

With time running out, I tried desperately to get him straightened in his thinking but I fear he liked his interpretation much better, and who knows what he said?

This is just another in a series of problems connected with the language situation here. There has never been any official publication of the number of different languages and dialects in New Guinea. The number is staggering to say the least. It would run into the thousands. Pidgin seems the best solution now to our problem of two languages but in this area there are few pidgin speakers indeed.

September 1—This morning I was greeted bright and early by the *Tul-tul* of a nearby line. An elderly man from his line had just died and they desired me to come and have prayer. This is a real break, as it is the first such request that I have received. I took Tal and had a short talk with the line. I assured them of my gratefulness in being called to have prayer and talk with them. But I was as careful as I knew how to be in also assuring them that no amount of talking or praying could help the old man's soul. They confided to me that he was a very wicked man and that they feared for his soul. He had never attended service. I assured them that the time to be concerned about one's soul was now while we lived and could pray to Jesus. The Bible teaches us after death we can do nothing. We desperately pray it had its effect.

The burial was planned for noon. They asked me if I would attend. This was a real shock but a pleasing one to me, as so far as I know no white man has witnessed a native burial here before. They are usually very superstitious about the ritual and only a very select few of the natives themselves attend. Few of the immediate family attend. Their burial ground is among many trees since they believe that spirits like trees. They held a very simple burial rite that contained nothing mysterious so far as I could tell. A shallow grave was dug and small willow boughs were cut and stuck into the grave in a V formation. Kunai grass was then thinly laid over the sticks and the body placed in the grave. Kunai grass, bits of wood, and other debris were then piled into a small enclosure of split poles built around the grave. Aboveground burial is not practiced in this area and neither is smoking the corpse.

September 13—This is a real red-letter day for us! Packages from home, and inside one some real coke syrup sent by Dad Knox! We have a siphon that makes soda water. My, what a treat this was! Little things to be sure, but they add to our enjoyment and help break the monotony of aloneness.

I'm happy I don't have Wanda's job. At present she is engaged in trying to find something practical that Tal can help with. He is a most willing helper but "all thumbs" when it comes to accomplishing anything. About all we have found that he does exceptionally well is interpreting. He must have some other occupation too, however. Recently she tried him out on setting the table. She asked him to put some soup bowls on the table for lunch. He got an "I know that one" gleam in his eye and asked very intelligently if they were the "round things like cups." Since this seemed to be the general idea we told him ves. Imagine our surprise when we sat down to eat to be confronted by the following: (1) a cup. (2) a cream pitcher, (3) a small tea pitcher! All quite different yet meeting the general specifications of being round like a cup! That chapter is ended. No doubt others will follow.

September 24—Yesterday morning very early some boys came down from a line that is quite distant with the distressing news that a house had burned away up in the bush and a mother, two sons, and her aged mother and father had perished in the flames. The two boys were enrolled in our Sunday school, though they lived so far that they did not attend regularly. Since it was Sunday morning, and I could not possibly have time to go up and come back for service, I sent Tal. It was from his line and hence they were considered brothers and sisters to him. This morning I undertook to make the trek up there. What a climb it was! It takes about two and a half or three hours to make it one way and for one hour we did nothing but climb almost straight up.

I have never seen a more pitiful situation than this. The people were just prostrate with grief. It was such a shock to all. Houses are continually being burned but this is the first human life lost in such a tragedy. One man, the husband of the woman that perished, was the only survivor. He said it was an exceptionally cold night and that just before they had all gone to sleep they built up the fire quite large. He supposed a gust of wind came in and blew a spark into the grass walls.

I must admit that I consider it nothing short of a miracle that there isn't more of this sort of thing. The nights here are very cold and particularly so up in the mountains. We usually sleep under a sheet, blanket, and from one to two guilts in a closed-in room. Imagine their discomfort without any clothes or bedding whatsoever. Most sleep on the bare ground. I have not been able to discover why they do not use woven mats but the most of them don't. The only possible way to keep warm is to all sleep close together and keep a fire tended. Since the houses are made of the driest of grasses and the highest part not high enough to stand upright, one wonders how the houses all keep from going up in flames. Many do, to be sure, with the usual resultant loss of many pigs-but few human lives.

Only a few fragments of bones were found. It is hard to imagine the intensity of the heat generated when these houses do burn. I held a brief memorial service and had prayer with the line. The people from this line are some of our most faithful attenders in services and they all apologized for missing service yesterday! The *Tul-tul* made a talk in which he expressed his thanks for my coming. He said they did not expect me to since my legs were *malo-malo* their term for "soft"! He did not know just how true that statement was. More than once I didn't think I could make it further but kept trying.

How wonderful it would be if these people had sufficient bedding so that the necessity of a fire would be eliminated! Guess this is just wistful thinking. There are no wild animals in New Guinea from which hides or fur can be secured. Small tree kangaroos do have their habitation here but they are extremely hard to find and capture. When they are caught, the fur is used for ornamentation or for the drums. The only weapon the people use in killing these or birds are improvised traps and bow and arrow.

I had a rather unusual but interesting experience on the way down the mountain. About a quarter of the way down I encountered a great host of Kumas coming with clubs, spears, bows and arrows, and assorted other weapons. I readily recognized the leader as a nearby Tul-tul. I inquired as to their mission and he told me. They were going to declare war on the line that had just suffered the great loss. Naturally I was shocked and inquired further. Seems this is one of the instances where the Kuma and Siganga intermarried. The woman who died was a Kuma and a blood sister of the Tul-tul who was leading the attackers. They felt that the Sigangas had set fire to the house. As best I could I tried to reason with the Tul-tul. But finding reasoning got me nowhere I turned to threats. I promised him that should he decide to continue with his plan of attack I would have no other alternative but to go to Minj for the patrol officer. It would mean from three to six months in jail for each, and should someone be seriously injured, it could mean up to three years. By the time I had finished my speech, more than half of his party had deserted their weapons and melted back into the bush!

Seeing I had a point, the *Tul-tul* decided to bargain. I was able to talk with him then and tried to show him the utter folly of his thinking. I explained how heartbroken they all were and that they certainly wouldn't have deliberately set fire to the house. He finally said he could see the point—but didn't explain which one. He then said they would all leave their weapons at that spot and go peaceably on to the scene of tragedy, but that he would like to reserve the right to demand some sort of payment from them for his sister's death. I told him that they had had enough grief without his adding more. I suggested if he would go and just "make a cry" over his sister, and depart peaceably without further word, I would give him some soap when he came to the station. He immediately took me up on the bargain and all that remained laid their weapons aside.

So far as I know, all went well, as I heard no report of any trouble.

- September 25—The Tul-tul came this morning for his soap and reported he was a good boy yesterday. Oh, my, in so many ways these people are just like little children, even though he had gray hairs. A few more incidents like that one and I will have gray hairs also.
- September 30—We had good services today. While we were preparing dinner this evening after the services, we were visited by *Tul-tul* Molx. A woman who had been missing for over a week was discovered in the *mat-mat* (burial) grounds by some men who had gone in to collect some firewood. She had committed suicide by hanging herself. The vine used for rope had broken either on impact or afterward but the signs of hanging were very visible. No one will give a clue as to why she would desire to do such a thing. Naturally the body was badly decomposed. I will build a box tomorrow morning.

I was inquiring as to why the two men went into the burial ground to collect firewood. Wood is in abundance just about anywhere one goes, and since the people are so superstitious, I wondered just why they would chance going into the wooded burial ground to collect their firewood. I unearthed another belief of the people by my inquiry. The men had had a young pig to die and they were going to eat it. The people believe that pigs have souls and that the souls of departed pigs must be placated or else the meat could kill them when they ate it. In order to do this, it is necessary to either cook the pig in the burial ground or else use wood gathered from there. According to their belief, the spirits of departed ones reside in the wooded area and can feast on the spiritual body of the pig as they feast on the natural body.

I had a long talk with the *Tul-tul* and his men about this matter. They seemed quite ready, and even happy, to accept the fact that this was just a belief of theirs before they had the Bible to use as a guide. In fact, I would say they seemed somewhat relieved over the matter. Naturally I do not know how much of this was lip service, but I feel some was genuine. We shall see in time.

October 4—The anniversary of our leaving the States. This has been a year filled with many interesting experiences. We look back over the events of the past year and realize how graciously the hand of God has been upon us. Naturally much is to be done yet, but a beginning has been made. How different our feelings this day from those a year ago!

I made a visit to the district office at Mt. Hagen today to talk over some matters with the district commissioner. We are now making plans to begin a school as soon as time will permit and adequate buildings are erected. We do not know about the food situation as yet. We are fearful that it will not be possible for us to depend on the people to furnish even the food for the youngsters. Naturally, school is just a name to the parents. They have no idea or conception as to what it means or will mean to their children. Naturally, they have no desire to contribute anything. We must guard against feeling too badly against them for this. It isn't, I feel, that they just absolutely have no interest in the future of their children. True, this is the case with some, but certainly not all. I feel we must establish a school and support it as is necessary until the parents get a glimpse of its purpose and what it can do for their children. Then we can reasonably expect them to help contribute some of the support.

In view of this fact, I feel we should endeavor to plant as much garden as we can to help out financially in buying food. We feel that the only means of real success with a school project is to board most if not all of the students. This is due to the many circumstances such as weather, distance, attitude of parents and others in the line. The government has not tried to establish a school in this area, but in all other areas where they have established a school, they insist that only a boarding school could possibly be attempted. This too is in areas where the people live in villages. They are much more widely scattered here.

Since our mission lease would not accommodate a garden adequate for our needs, I inquired as to the possibility of securing some land for this purpose. I found there is no chance of further leases on land at this time in this area but permissive occupancy was granted for some fifteen acres adjoining our property. We cannot erect buildings on this but have permission to plant any garden stuffs that we may desire. There is no time limit granted on permissive occupancy agreements but this no doubt will be for a long while to come. We feel if it doesn't accomplish anything else it will give us adequate acreage to produce our own food until we can convince the people of the worth of the school and thereby enlist their aid and co-operation in later support. In the long run this will be the more agreeable plan, since it will give the people a feeling of interest in the children if they have a direct hand in their education.

We packed a big picnic lunch and took all of our station boys and the nearby *Tul-tul*. This is *Tultul* Molx, the decorated fellow who came into the rest house where we were eating the first day we came to Kudjip to have a look around. He has been very faithful to us since. He looked quite different today. Wanda told him if he desired to go with us he would have to dress for the occasion—that is, shed his native garb and don a *lap-lap* and remove all grease, paint, feathers, and shells. He came looking as civilized as anyone can ever look in these parts! Coming back from Hagen, we stopped at one of the sing-sing grounds and spread our lunch and all ate together. We feel this is good training for the boys and for Molx as well. They really seemed to enjoy it.

October 31—Everything is taking shape for a lot of work ahead. We started this afternoon on the first dormitory for the boys' school. I plan to have two dormitories that will accommodate twenty boys each. They will of course be constructed out of native material. These are very adequate for the present and extremely economical. The house complete will run very little over \$60.00. It should easily last two years if all goes well. I have been training some of my station boys in the art of handling hammer, saw, and square. The latter seems so senseless to them. They cannot see any rhyme or reason in my insisting that corners be square. Oddly enough, the level took their fancy and it isn't difficult in the least to get them to use it. I have noticed them in off moments go wandering around the place and putting a level on anything in sight to check it for level. Here's hoping they don't come for too close an examination of the house I built. I might have some explaining to do!

I will give them the general layout of what I desire and turn them loose on it and see what they come up with. There is so much to be done that it will be nearly impossible for me to do it all unless they can help out. I feel they can.

- November 30-Time is swiftly passing. Hardly time to get lonesome or homesick-though we manage to do both at times. Keeping an eye on such activities as the construction of school buildings; the hauling of sand and gravel to use in construction and for drainage ditches; digging adequate drainage ditches to prevent "floating stock": the laborious task of cutting. drying, burning, turning under, and digging out the tall kunai grass in preparation for putting out the large school garden; putting a generous application of heavy paint on all exposed wood (average life one vear if you don't); making preparations to open a new preaching point and construction of necessary buildings; servicing and keeping in running order the machinery of the station; buying vegetables for station and personal use; answering questions; running a home and two churches; and laying plans for the soon opening of a school-these are a few of the varied activities that one can keep himself amused with from day to day! God has promised strength for the day and He has truly been faithful to that promise with us.
- December 1—A Tul-tul from the Aviamp community some five miles toward Mt. Hagen came today and asked if we would be interested in erecting another chapel on some ground of his. We have some people, particularly some schoolboys, from that area now in

church but the distance keeps us from contacting very many. It is five miles to our station after the people come down from the mountains. For some this means a two and one-half hour walk alone. We have been much interested in this area for some time and feel this a definite answer to prayer. I assured him I would come as soon as I possibly could and survey the area and choose a spot. I will hire men locally from that area to erect the chapel. It is too far to give more than just the most general supervision. They will feel more like it is theirs if I let them build it anyhow.

My wife is on the ailing list. She jokingly said all she was hungry for was some homemade ice cream. Naturally that is something we haven't had since leaving the States. I got my mind turning and recalled when I was a child and wanted some ice cream once, my mother used a small tin and turned it inside a larger one with ice and salt packed around it. It made fairly good ice cream. Decided to experiment. Imagine Wanda's surprise when a bit later I appeared on the scene with some real homemade ice cream. I'll admit it wasn't the best in the world, since I'd never made any in my life, but she seemed to enjoy it.

December 8—Shades of Christmas. Things are really looking festive around this place. We went out "shopping" for a Christmas tree this afternoon—in a hard rain. We drove down the road for a few miles until Wanda saw a young yaw tree she liked (they closely resemble a cedar). She bargained with the owner quite easily and we dug it up and transplanted it in a number three washtub.

An amusing thing here. The people carry cuttings of trees and flowers around with them, tucked in their bark belts or strings. When one stops to rest or chat, he will dig a hole with his big toe and

pop in a plant cutting. The weather is such that it never dies but takes root and flourishes. As a result you can see some startling sights in startling places. The roads and footpaths are simply lined with every kind of plant, tree, flower, etc. But one doesn't dare get one without first asking for the "papa" of it. Seems everyone knows exactly every little weed or shrub he or she has set out along the way for miles around! Everything that grows seems to be owned by someone. Wanda is kept busy a few minutes in the morning pulling up the odd assortment of cuttings someone has planted at various spots in our vard and surrounding area. It isn't that she is allergic to having plants in the yard, but she does crave a semblance of order! We are constantly digging out mint and little onions from some flower bed. The boys will not throw away a top from anythingturnip, carrot, cabbage, pineapple, etc. They plant it—and the funny thing about it is that it grows!

Received some Christmas packages from home and how happy we were to get them! It usually takes a good four months or even more for a package to arrive. Many of these were mailed a bit late for the usual service, but it seems a special ship which carries mail made a run to Australia for the Olympic games. This helped us get packages—some within six weeks of mailing. Christmas cards are coming from everywhere.

December 18—Well, these past three days have brought a sudden change to the Knox household and routine. We have just become unsuspecting "parents." Saturday about noon a Tul-tul from one of our farthest lines came to inform us that a woman in his line had died. She had been sick for several days and they decided to bring her down the mountain to the station for help. About a quarter of the way down she died. She was one of our most faithful church women and always sat up front and listened so attentively. Both Wanda and I made preparation to go up. I had made the trip once before when the house burned but Wanda had no idea what she was in for. We took some rope and she hung on to it and from two to four men helped pull. There are places where one must climb almost straight up.

The cause of death we discovered was black water fever. This is a type of malaria that attacks through the kidneys. The other type is a cerebral malaria that attacks the brain. Both are very painful and in almost all instances here are fatal. I have seen people die with both, but of the two the black water fever seems the more painful.

The extra note of sadness was the fact that the woman left a little three-and-a-half-month-old chubby doll. He was a very hungry little fellow when we found him. If there is a woman in the line who has a young baby, she will take on another boarder. It is a most unusual situation, but in this instance there were no more small infants in the line and hence no one to feed the baby. It had gone without food for several hours when we arrived there. The people were quite distressed as to what to do. Not having the faintest idea what we would do with it, but knowing we couldn't leave it there to starve to death, we brought it down with us! Geron can hardly walk on the floor. He thinks we have gotten it for keeps. Fortunately we had a bottle and nipple and some powdered milk. Wanda gave it a genuine scrubbing down to get all the 31/2 months' accumulation of dirt and grease off it. That it didn't like. I have never seen a little fellow go after food like he did though when she gave the bottle to him.

Yesterday, Sunday, Wanda dressed him up in some of Geron's little baby clothes, including a yellow knit jacket and cap. The shoes really set him off. What a picture he made! When we carried him into church I have never seen such looks come over the faces of the people. They have come to expect us to be dressed, but to suddenly see one of their kind so dressed was almost more than they could take. When anything extraordinary or unusual crops up. they usually herald it by loud whoops and hollers. There wasn't even the sound of breathing when they saw Wabi, the baby. After services the people gathered around but wouldn't touch him. We were afraid we had crossed one of their superstitions or something, but Tal assured us that the people's feelings were just overflowing. They were happy beyond words to see one of their babies so fixed up, but they wouldn't dare touch him lest they spoil his pretty clothes and get him dirty like they were! This was a relief to us.

The "cry" of the line will be ended in a day or two and I have asked them to come down and we shall talk over the matter of what we shall do.

The father of the baby and husband of the woman seemed to be weeping more than usual and seemed so in earnest. When we got closer to him the reason wasn't hard to see. His weeping was genuine to be sure, but I fear most of it was caused from the fact that he had taken an ax and cut off a joint of one of his fingers. It was bleeding badly.

December 20—The father and the *Tul-tul* and most of the line came today for the talk about the baby. They naturally wanted us to keep him. We told them we couldn't do this; for our own good, their good, and particularly the good of the baby. We would have to send him back to the line when he was old enough to be looked after by the men. By this time he would be so accustomed to our way of life that he would without doubt die in the exposures of native life. It was of course hard to explain this to them and we don't know how successful we were. They finally decided on taking him back but coming each day for some milk for him. The government will furnish the milk for us to distribute in this way. They agreed and left. Naturally it left an empty place in our hearts too.

December 22—We became parents again today—same one. The line brought the baby back and he was a pretty sick little boy. They said that the milk wouldn't keep in the hot huts in which they put it. The sour milk upset the baby's stomach to a great extent. I had naturally expected something like this and had made an alternate plan accordingly. I talked with the native hospital staff at Minj. They suggested that I bring the baby with a woman from the line to help look after it to the hospital. They would look out for its needs until it was large enough to rough it with the men.

I finally talked the people into accepting this plan and told them we would keep the baby tonight and carry it and the woman into Minj tomorrow.

I asked Tal what would have previously happened to a baby in such circumstances. He quickly told me it would die, just as many others had. If they had teeth, he explained, so they could eat *kaukau*, they would live. Otherwise they always died.

December 23—Wanda had to make an emergency trip into Minj this afternoon with a desperately sick man. One of my boys told me he was at the medical aid station which is maintained by the Department of Health. Native doctor boys are in charge. They know very little about the various illnesses and he definitely didn't know anything about this one. I went over
and saw that something had to be done immediately. The people were very opposed to my wanting to take him into Minj. They said he would probably die anyhow and they had already started the "cry" over him! Poor fellow, that really was an inspiration to him I'm sure. They asked me to give them permission to carry him back to their line for the night. If he died, then they would be that far advanced with the "cry," since many already had smeared themselves with mud. They said if he was still alive tomorrow, then they would consent to our taking him in! Oh, me! Naturally should I report this to the district officer, they would draw jail sentences, since the government is doing everything in its power to get the people to bring their sick before they are on the brink of death. I wouldn't report them, but they didn't know that. I reminded them of the law and they hastily agreed for me to take him on.

This "cry" business is gruesome to say the least. Some grief is real-of this I am sure: but for the most part the noise is simply superficial. As soon as a person has died, the people will all gather around the corpse and begin the most weird weeping and wailing. Those closest to the dead will usually prick their ears until they bleed. They also will pull out great amounts of their hair. I have seen great mounds of hair at a spot where a "cry" was held. The next rite is to smear the body with mud. There is a clay that dries brilliantly white and they especially like to use this. The amount of mud smeared on the body varies with the individual's own whims. Usually they will coat the entire body. Mud is literally packed into the hair and only small slits for eyes, nose, and mouth are left. All else is generously coated. Usually all the members in the line to which the person belonged will coat themselves. It isn't unusual for members of a nearby line to smear themselves also. especially if the person is well respected. The members of the line will usually smear one another.

When someone comes to pay his respect, he will begin his wailing several yards from the gathered assembly. One by one the members of the line will go out to meet him. He will pick up some ground and smear it on the person, who in turn may or may not put mud on him. In this way the coats keep being added to until they flake off.

I have gone to the death scene with several natives following me. All the way they would laugh and joke, but within yards of the assembly give out with terrible wails until you would think they were in torment. After the "cry" and they returned with me, they would continue until a safe distance from the crowd. They would then hunt the nearest water hole, wash up, and continue with their play or laughing. Members of the family usually wear mud for several days, and even weeks.

I usually look a sight when I return from one I must admit. Not that they intentionally smear mud on me but they usually will put their arms around me and wail awhile. After a few such encounters I am a candidate for the bathtub when I return.

Of late a few have apologized for their looks and assured me they would wash it off before coming to church on Sunday. All this has come without our taking a public stand against it. We do trust they will see more and more the folly of such a ceremony. Naturally, to ever teach them cleanliness, it will have to go. I have inquired carefully to see if there is any religious significance in the mud—that is, if it has something to do with the spirits. It definitely hasn't. It is just their mode of mourning. One European said previously in our discussion of this custom that he didn't think it any worse than the practice of some people in wearing arm bands or dark ties and suits! May not be any difference, but it is a bit cleaner!

December 25-We spent a lonely but happy Christmas. How thankful that this year is behind us! We vividly recall our feelings last Christmas, and by comparison this one is so different. The "Christmas yadi" held up well. Yadi is the native word for the yaw tree. Geron would have it no other way but that it be called a "Christmas yadi." We ordered a turkey several weeks back from the coast and it came in good time to have it. Perhaps it seems a bit useless for two people to have a great big turkey but he certainly was good and will make delicious sandwiches and curry. Last night we had our mission boys in for Christmas Eve. We had gifts for each of them. We sang and I read from the pidgin Bible. We talked about the Christmas story briefly. We hope to give our boys a right concept of Christmas. Since the coming of white men, the natives have started a custom of feasting and dancing at Christmas time. This comes up from the coast. The government sponsors a sing-sing and quite a celebration for the natives on the coast and some planters and even some missions have taken it up. They will buy up pigs from the natives as well as other foodstuffs and have it cooked. The people come and perform a dance and food is distributed to them.

Most all the natives came and tried to get me to sponsor a sing-sing for them. When they got our view on it, they tactfully suggested I give them a feed and they would go to another ground to dance. They told me I had such a lovely place for them to perform their dance!

I did buy some pigs, but for our boys. It was encouraging to me to see that they killed the pigs without any fear of spirits. They confided to me that

it was much better to kill them and cook them here than their previous method had been. It was so nice not to have to look out after the spirits. They have a process they call mumming. The meat is cut in small pieces, or in some instances the pig is cut in half and whole pieces cooked. Stones are cooked over a fire until almost white-hot. A pit is dug and lined with banana leaves. Stones are then put in. Various foods such as bananas, corn, beans, and various types of salads are put in with the meat and covered over with more banana leaves. More hot stones are added and the whole thing then covered over with clay or other types of debris. It is left several hours. The moisture is turned to steam by the hot stones and the meat comes out very tender and with a delicious flavor.

The natives can eat a surprisingly large amount of this meat. Some may eat many pounds at one time. Since there are few times in the year when meat is consumed, in many cases medical authorities say the liver cannot handle the large amounts of meat dumped into the system and it causes death. It isn't unusual to find dead persons about after such a big feast. Of course, the condition of the meat could be a great determining factor. I have seen them take the meat out of pits and then walk several miles to another place before eating it. Many times the meat hasn't cooked properly and a few hours in the tropical sun changes its smell. Some meat I have seen has been in a very "ripe" condition, but readily consumed.

For our church people, we were able to give each one in attendance on Sunday a bar of soap, some matches, salt, and chewing gum! It was a real treat to them. We had to be so secretive about it all couldn't even confide in our boys. Should the news have gotten out, we would have had a very religious crowd—or at least a *crowd*—Sunday! As Wanda and I would sneak around to pack the salt and things many times after all had gone to bed—I recalled the times at home when we would advertise everywhere that anyone coming to service on such and such a date would get a souvenir of some sort. How different it is here! Advertising of that sort would move the multitudes.

January 15—I am head over heels in the midst of erecting the steel building. Have decided to use it for the school. It is quite interesting inasmuch as the code numbers for the most part have been washed off by the many rains that have fallen on it. I just look at the picture in the plan and hunt until I find a reasonably similar piece and try it. It seems to be going up nicely, so maybe I'm not too far off.

We have completed work on the two dormitories, excluding the beds. Today I laid out the plans for the large dining area. This will be quite a large building, some 40×70 feet. It will have, in addition to the dining area for the school, a place to cook and living quarters for our station boys.

Wanda and Geron have just come through a narrow escape from serious injury or even worse. I have been so tied up with the building that Wanda drove in to the airstrip for our supplies. On the way back out, Abigail, the jeep, decided to do an aboutface on a particularly slippery stretch of road and turned over. Geron received a laceration on his arm and Wanda was shaken up a bit. Some natives in the back were likewise shaken—and scared half to death! Had this accident happened on almost any other stretch of ground between here and Minj, the results would have been more tragic no doubt. It was one of the few level places. Most of the road is over very steep embankments. Abigail only suffered a broken spring, windshield, and some bends here and there. How thankful we are for God's protective hand here!

January 27—This has been a day to remember. Last Sunday the Lord seemed to lead me in a completely different train of thought from what I had planned for the service. Wanting to be obedient to the Spirit, I laid aside the message planned and exhorted on a much different subject. I felt led to talk quite strongly against anyone making slandering remarks about a person who wanted to live for Christ and do what we were teaching. So far as I visibly knew, I knew of no case where this had happened but felt led to talk about it just the same. Today the message bore fruit from a most unexpected source.

At the close of the message at Kurumal, an elderly gentleman made a speech. He is very aged and was a native leader in his younger days. He said that he did not have "our talk" when he was younger and as a consequence he killed many people, stole many things, and was just mean in general. He said that now we had come and proclaimed the way of Jesus and that this was what all should listen to. He boldly proclaimed that he now belonged to Jesus and would soon die and go to be with Him but that those who remained should take heed to the teachings we were giving. This was such a wonderful answer to prayer. For a good while we had reason to believe that the message was being received at Kurumal even more than at the home station.

In addition we learned that many slandering remarks were being received by those who even went to church. We have received some used clothing and have distributed it among the people, particularly among our women. Naturally we don't have clothes for them to wear all the time and they do not have soap to keep them very clean, but they never fail to wear them on Sundays. It seems many had made slighting remarks about their clothes and the fact that they were trying to set aside the customs of their ancestors.

The people feel very deeply about their pride. For one to lose face is a real tragedy, and at times even leads to suicide. Many have confided to me that they would like to give up the heathen dress and wear *lap-laps*, but that when they go to live with the ones in their line, they deride them so that they get "great shame." To them this is the worst thing that can happen to anyone.

The people have a very peculiar idea that we have made but little, if any, inroad on as yet. It all stems back to the idea that "the woman gave me to eat"! They have gotten the idea deeply ingrained in their being that when one is tempted to commit something wrong, even if he participates, it is no discredit to his account. The sin falls only on the one who had the idea originally and it is he who sins. You must follow the tide, and if you are swept in, it isn't anything bad on your part. We are realizing more and more every day just how firmly this belief is ingrained into their minds.

Therefore if a person desires to dress and he is derided by the ones in his line, then he must refrain from wearing anything for which they would tease him, but he has then fulfilled his part and will receive as much credit as if he did wear clothes!

This belief is particularly evident in the native court proceedings of the people. Husband and wife swapping is almost a universal practice here. In most all instances the issue at point isn't that one cares whether his wife runs away with another man or not, as long as an agreeable settlement over the price he paid originally can be made. There is no way of knowing how many so-called husbands a woman has had. Sometimes the swaps are by mutual agreement. Other times they cause considerable trouble. In most cases the government does not try to discourage this practice or take issue with it, though technically there is a law against it. One official confided to me that their jail would be full to overflowing all the time if they took issue with each case. No doubt it would too.

If a man entices a woman to leave her husband and join him, in almost every instance she feels she must make the alliance even though she may not want to. Some I have questioned merely said, "He asked me and I had to go." When trying to show them the sin of such a practice, they say without exception, "I didn't sin because it wasn't my thought. The man asked me and therefore he sinned."

In many ways this idea shows itself even in our dealing with the station boys. In one or two instances I have discovered that they indulged in a certain practice that was completely wrong. When I would talk with them about it, they would be shocked that I felt they had done wrong and would need to pray for forgiveness. They were persuaded by others and were powerless to resist, so surely they could not be held accountable for their acts! A volume of prayer will be needed at this point. I must try to bring more of the messages to bear upon this belief and give Biblical examples of some who took this route and suffered for it. We know we cannot go astray when we rely on the Word. It has been a real shield and buckler for us here.

January 30—Oh, me, how can we put into words the feelings of our hearts this day? The reason? At mail call today we had a letter from the Department of Foreign Missions. In it was the glad tidings of the appointment of another couple to New Guinea. They are Rev. and Mrs. Max Conder and their three children, who have previously spent a term in Haiti. She is a registered nurse. What a great addition to our staff here they will make! In addition, we received 169 Christmas cards, most with personal notes; and also 11 Christmas boxes! Boat mail arrived! We were far past midnight getting everything read. If many mail calls were like this one we would be hopelessly spoiled.

We are now having nightly devotions with our boys. These are proving to be a real point of blessing -at least to us. We feel Tal is in bad need of spiritual help but we do not seem to be able to isolate the difficulty. I have had many talks with him and also prayer. Each time he has promised to do better but the results are far from satisfactory. Neither of us feels he is as far along spiritually as he once was. I fear he has come upon light and is not willing to obey. We must pray much for him and try our best to help him. He confesses he uses his own mind entirely too much rather than depending on the leading of the Lord. Then again, the thinking of these people is so primitive that it is hard to bridge the gap between our thoughts and their thoughts. We are reminded of the words: "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts" (Isaiah 55:8-9). God bridged this gap with His Son, Christ Jesus. This is still the answer today.

Two more of our station boys have given testimony that they have accepted Jesus into their hearts.

Constructionwise, we have about completed the dining hall. I have been sawing some plank to use

as stripping for nailing the woven *pit-pit* to the walls. I want to try to complete the desks for the school too. I made a plan on the order of the desks we used in school, only they are in solid sections of four. They seem to be coming along nicely. Much of this work, unfortunately, I cannot delegate to the boys but must do it myself. We still have to build the beds for the dormitories, the tables and seats for the dining hall, and other items in general. I brought a lightweight skill saw with me from the States but the heavy work proved too much for its years and it departed company with me. Since sawing the strips by hand would be an almost impossible job. I decided to try out using the jeep for power. I was able to secure a twenty-inch saw blade which runs off a thirty-six-inch shaft. All I need is a motor.

For someone who never even so much as changed a spark plug in my life, it was interesting to find myself up to my elbows in axle grease and gears! I dismantled the winch on the front of the jeep and installed a V-pulley on the shaft. I dug a pit for the jeep to fit in and hooked it up to the saw. Believe me, I can saw some plank now. The throw-in gear system seems to be a bit flimsy for this sort of thing and I don't know how long it will last but will go until it ceases to be.

February 11—We sent out a general call for the schoolboys to come for inspection and preliminary selection. What a discouraging proposition this turned out to be! Under present school system laws our maximum number of students can be eighty. Of these, we figure one-half to be boarders. Don't know about the success of the day students but will try it. Won't know until we give it a try. The multitudes showed up. To say to one that he is in and to another that he is out is a most discouraging job. Fortunately Wanda has kept a record from the first Sunday she has had Sunday school and we likewise have kept somewhat of a record of many of the boys who have been around the station and we have a good idea of the capabilities of many and long have had them chosen to take as students.

- February 13-Here we are in Madang, on the coast, tonight. We wanted to make the trip for our supplies before Dr. Powers' expected arrival on the thirteenth of March. There is a charter plane which lands at the Banz airstrip each Wednesday and we caught it back here. We had hoped the bridge the government is constructing over the Wahgi River would be completed by this time so we could bring our charter of material into the Banz airstrip, but no such luck. We are only about five miles from the Banz airstrip and twelve miles from Mini. The route to Minj is a continual mountain, and the only recess across the valley floor to Banz is the road down to the Wahgi River. The bridge was supposed to have been completed before now but many delays have held up construction. There is only a kunda bridge across the river. This is a native-built swinging bridge, and the ramp on which you walk is just three to five small pieces of kunda vine twisted together. It sways terribly in the middle. I wouldn't trust Geron with the boys but carried him myself. It ordinarily takes both hands holding tenaciously to the vines to keep oneself upright. It is nice to be away for a while but terribly hot after being used to our mountain climate.
- February 14—Geron is thoroughly enjoying the trip although he complains of the heat. It has been many months since he and Wanda were "outside." He had forgotten about cars and trucks and is fascinated with

them. He will stand as long as we will allow and watch them go by.

Shopping woes abundant! If we forget something on our shopping sprees there can be no running back to the store. We don't buy in weekly quantities either. Since charter rates on the planes make a difference of six cents per pound, buying in quantity lots and chartering an aircraft is the only answer. This means buying most all items to last six months to a year. With short stocks in many of the stores, it means running everywhere to chase down a halfdozen tins here, a dozen there. If it were often it would be bad; but for a break we sort of enjoy it.

- February 19-Here we are at home once again and how thankful we are for God's hand of protection! We were scheduled to come back four days ago but weather closed in the mountain pass that leads into the Wahgi valley. Two days later we were all set for take-off when an engine on the aircraft gave out. How thankful we were it went out on the ground instead of over the mountain ranges! We finally had to transfer our cargo to another airline. Flying at its best isn't too comforting here and usually flying is far from "best." Desiring to know what time to be ready for morning take-off. I went last evening to find our pilot. I found him-in the hotel bar, barely in a condition to talk. The take-off was scheduled for eight o'clock and it was past ten when I saw him. How much longer he stayed by the bottle I don't know but I must admit I slept uneasily. This is one of the dangers of flying, to say the least.
- February 22—Everything is back to normal again. The usual colds are present, due to the extreme temperature change. I had a bit of a shock this morning

when I walked into our kitchen. I noticed a most peculiar smell on entering and wasn't long in finding the source. There on top of the wood-burning cookstove were a number of nice, plump locusts gingerly simmering! Guess I felt Christianity would change the tastes too, but then perhaps if they were good enough for John Baptist, they probably are good enough for Tal. Who knows, we may be missing out on a real treat by not partaking ourselves! The boys insist we are but I haven't gotten that hungry yet.

March 2-Well, to put things mildly-I've stopped work! I can't think of a more different way to begin a month than to cut off a joint of one's finger. That is exactly what I did. Went out this morning to saw up a few more planks. The throw-in gear of the winch attachment wore out several weeks back. In order to utilize the pulley attachment to run the saw it necessitated bolting the gear to the shaft. Since getting under the jeep in the pit is both extremely unhandy and nearly impossible, I rigged the deal up and decided to tighten and align the belt afterward. I have done this several times by just "bumping" the starter until it was lined up. This morning I had trouble for the first time with the belt twisting. Since I couldn't be out to straighten up the belt and also inside bumping the starter. I called on one of the station boys to come and help me. I very carefully explained the procedure to him and he did it perfectly as I instructed. After the belt was lined. I motioned for him to get out of the jeep and help with the sawing. He was almost completely out of the jeep when I decided to give the belt a final check. For no explainable reason, the boy reached back across and hit the starter again. As I felt the starter make contact, I fell away from the saw, but too late for one finger. It caught it diagonally on the first joint and crushed it off. The doctor had to amputate to the first joint.

- March 8—Most of the work is at a standstill. I wanted to get most of the carpentry work done before Dr. Powers arrived but naturally that desire went out with the saw. I am in Goroka tonight. I will fly down to Port Moresby on Monday in order to be there for Dr. Powers' arrival on Wednesday. I seem to have picked up a bit of infection in my finger and it is giving me considerable pain.
- March 13—What a wonderful sight this morning to see Dr. Powers step off the plane! I'm sure I must have been a sordid sight with my hand in a sling but am having to keep it up as high as possible. Even walking hurts. I'm not looking forward to the trip back. The altitude hurts badly. The plane sometimes must go to 16,000 feet to get over the passes. The pressure on the finger is terrific.

Dr. Powers looks wonderful but I know he is tired. The schedule our leaders undertake would kill off the average man in weeks. We had hoped to fly back to Goroka this afternoon, where I had made previous arrangements to be flown on into Minj, but weather closed in and the plane had to stay overnight. Hope our plane into Minj is still waiting in the morning.

I had the stitches removed from the finger today and was told that I might possibly have to undergo further amputation on the finger, as it has become highly infected.

March 20—We have just passed through one of the most full and interesting weeks that we no doubt will experience for a long time to come. After being by ourselves for about fifteen months, how wonderful it was to have someone to talk with around the table and in the home! We really didn't know just how badly we had missed real Christian fellowship.

In addition to our times of fellowship, we have laid plans for the further advancement of the work here. We were able to visit one nearby line—that of Tul-tul Molx. All the other lines reside high up in the mountains. It had rained much and the trails were nearly impassable.

We shall long remember this time both for what it has meant to us personally and to the enterprise here as a whole. The people have been anticipating Dr. Powers' visit for a long while and they were not disappointed. He preached to capacity crowds both here at Kudjip and at Kurumal. I must admit I had a few sinking feelings about trying for the first time interpreting out of English into pidgin, but we seemed to make it O.K. Tal sparkled like a jewel in his interpretation. He has been thoroughly "struck" with Dr. Powers, finding every conceivable excuse to be in the house near him.

One very amusing but unfortunate happening occurred the first night Dr. Powers was with us. Tal was so anxious to do something that Wanda showed him how to fix a box mix cake for him. He was so overioved at the prospect and guarded it jealously. After we had finished the meal, Wanda asked Tal to go and get the cake he had fixed. Overjoved, he bounced out to the cookhouse and came back up the ramp that leads from the cookhouse to the main house quite forgetting the slipperv footing because of the rain. Just as he reached the door he slipped and upset the cake on the walkway. We heard the commotion and waited for news of what happened. Complete silence reigned. Dr. Powers became alarmed that he had slipped and fallen and perhaps hurt himself, but due to past experience we chose to feel otherwise. Sure enough, our suspicions were finally allayed by the utterance of a groan—not of outer pain but rather inward agony at the thought of his beautiful cake made especially for Dr. Powers meeting such a sad fate. He was simply not to be comforted.

I was much relieved to know that only the cake had suffered. For weeks we have been without a top to our coffee maker. I found one in Port Moresby and jealously guarded it on the homeward trip. So zealously did I guard it that it became a joke for the other passengers, Dr. Powers included. Tal was likewise carrying the coffeepot and what a miracle that he did not drop it too—even before one cup of coffee was realized for all my carefulness!

Dr. Powers left this noon for Australia. We were able this morning to visit the various administrative officials, including His Honour, the Administrator. I personally feel this contact will be of vital importance to our future of the mission enterprise.

I will leave tomorrow morning for Goroka and probably into Minj on Friday.

March 26—Looks like I can't settle down anywhere. Tonight I am in Madang again. My finger wasn't doing any good at all. I came here to the coastal hospital for a checkup. The doctor said that it would be necessary to have further amputation on the finger but that he could not do it until the infection had cleared up. He gave me some medicine for this purpose and proposed I come back in two or three weeks for the operation. I will go back home tomorrow.

This is a real blow to our school prospects. Naturally there is much work that I cannot delegate as yet to the boys and I cannot do any carpentry work. I still have some desks to complete, tables to build, and blackboards to put up—plus many finishing touches elsewhere in general. We feel God knows best and we will not complain. Much prayer is being offered and it isn't impossible for God to heal my finger so that further amputation isn't needed after all.

CHAPTER VI

Continuation

"... God has heard and answered prayer"

- March 31—We opened up our third preaching place at water Kaiwi, about five miles from our station on the road to Mt. Hagen. This will necessitate taking another hitch in our belt on Sunday since we cannot eat until all three services are completed. Night services are impossible right now. I feel it will be worth it though. We feel this is a God-given opportunity and do not want to neglect it.
- April 12—I have been doing as much work as I possibly can on the school project before going back to Madang for further amputation on the finger. Can't do very much since it is still pretty well infected but have been able to do some work and show the boys the rest. Probably won't be first-class carpentry but will be good experience for the boys.

We have had some very distressing occurrences the past few days. Tal seemed to be so changed during the time and just after Dr. Powers was here. We felt that the old trouble had vanished and that he really meant business this time. We have now found out that most of this has been deception but it is nearly impossible to approach him on the matter. This is the first time this has ever happened. In the past, when we felt something was amiss, he was quite ready to admit his shortcomings and has been very repentant over the matter. This time, however, he seems to be so changed. For the first time he has shown a spirit of arrogance and rebellion. April 15—Had to stop a fight in front of the station this morning. Men were taking each other's axes by force and beating them terribly on the rocks. I finally was able to get the reason. Seems that the rumor has it that a new law has just come into effect that no one can carry an ax around with him any more—except when he has a specific purpose for doing so. If anyone is seen with an ax, the one seeing him is allowed to take it away from him and break it over the stones.

I fear something is amiss somewhere but haven't found the source. I do not feel that such a law has been enacted. I would no doubt have been told of such if this were so. Then too, seems no one knows just when a person has a specific purpose for carrying one. These people rely heavily on their axes for about everything. Besides, from the ones I have seen broken, they broke the ax and asked questions later about the specific reason for its being carried!

I tried to reason with them about this and got a weak promise for a truce in the proceedings until I can go into Minj and ask the district officer about it.

- April 17—Went to Minj today and our suspicions were confirmed. No such law exists. In fact, the district officer was highly surprised about the incidents. He sent a police corporal back with me to round up all the offending parties and get the matter straightened. It isn't that I wish to get someone prosecuted but it is to avert general warfare. Had matters been allowed to go on as they were the other morning, it would have ended in full-scale war in two hours. Both sides were already calling in reinforcements when they finally agreed to a truce! Oh, well, such keeps the days from being monotonous.
- April 19—One of the Luluai's admitted starting the rumor of the law. He said that he thought it would

be a good law since someone was always chopping someone else up with his ax. He thought if they couldn't carry an ax around, when they got mad at someone (perhaps their wives) they couldn't injure them so badly! Might not be such a bad idea after all.

April 24—Back in Madang! Geron had been having some trouble with his ears, so we decided the whole family should come for a checkup while we were at it. It was nothing serious, for which we are so thankful.

We are now expecting additional reinforcements to our mission staff in addition to the Conders in September. Geron is eagerly looking forward to a little sister about that time.*

The great news is that God has heard and answered prayer on our behalf. The doctor was utterly amazed when he examined my finger. He took another X ray to confirm his belief. Sure enough, flesh has come up over the bone end that was previously exposed and there seems to be no need for further amputation. How grateful we are! Naturally it is still quite tender and painful, but of course much of that is due to the fact that I'm constantly hitting it someway. Have had to devise a new method of playing the accordion and typing.

We will go from here to Goroka since it will be necessary for Wanda to check into the hospital there and make reservations for September. We are some 124 miles from Goroka but she will go in plenty of time (we hope) and stay.

May 8—Back home again and head over heels in the process of getting final arrangements made for start-

*You will be happy to know that Jane Marie arrived safely on September 15, 1957. ing our school. I am now able to complete the carpentry work and all should be ready within a week or two.

May 13—I have bought 120 planks from the Tuman River area and now have the tedious job of getting them transported to our station here. It is extremely difficult to get carriers to go this far-or at least in this direction. It is no farther than it is to Minj but the area is considerably different. You get into a different tribe of people altogether and there was bitter enmity in the past. About all that has changed, I fear, is that the government has a law forbidding fighting. The ill feelings no doubt still exist. Anyway, I cannot get any of the Siganga group to carry for me since they say, should they be caught out in that area, they would be killed. This is highly unlikely but I can't get them to believe this. Tul-tul Molx is always anxious for me to make a trip to Tuman. He has relatives living there that he wishes to see but has confided to me several times that he has killed entirely too many people between here and Tuman to be out on the road alone and without escort! Once, many months ago, I was able to get a line of Kumas to carry for me but they are not too keen on this sort of thing.

My trailer has about seen its last days. The previous frame just gave way entirely. I built a new one but it doesn't look as though it is long for this world. The new one approved at the last department meeting should be here soon. The trouble is that between here and Tuman we must go over a 7,000-foot mountain pass. The road over the top would make the Pikes Peak pass look easy. I have driven them both. It is about a three-and-one-halfor four-hour round trip, and frequent rains in the mountains do not help any. I am in bad need of plank to complete my building plans, however, and this is about the only available means of procurement.

May 18-There is seldom a day that passes but that I get some sort of odd or sad story from someone looking for a soft touch. Today I think I shocked a poor fellow nearly to death by granting his request. He said that his teeth were getting very old and that it was hard for him to eat kau-kau any more! Kau-kau is the principal diet of these people. It closely resembles our sweet potato but is much more delicious. Natives consume upwards to eight or ten pounds per day. I don't doubt his teeth bother him but of course the laugh came in that soft baked potato would hurt them so that he needed a pail. It was so different from the usual run of the mill requests that I gave him one! He looked so disbelieving at me when I gave it to him. They have no idea that their requests will be granted when they ask. They aren't any worse off if they are refused and think sometime they might catch you in a weak moment! I no doubt will have many more cases of bad teeth now.

It is almost amusing sometimes the things they try to get away with. Perhaps their most common practice is to bring "fresh" eggs right out of the bush. Naturally the hens have no order about their nest finding and it is usually several days before the nest is located. Even when it is located, they will leave it a few days more in hopes the hen will lay some more. When they see she is finished, they bring the eggs; but as one would expect of eggs exposed to the tropical sun, by the time the hen is finished—so are the eggs! I have always heard a sure test of the freshness of the egg is to place it in a bowl of water. If it stays nicely on the bottom, it is O.K. If it floats or turns up on end—watch out. Well, either this test doesn't apply to New Guinea eggs or else the altitude makes a difference! We don't like to buy just any eggs but then are afraid to turn too many down lest they get discouraged and not bring any more. We try the water test. Sometimes they float and we return same to owner. More than once, however, we have watched them behave nicely as a good egg should at the bottom of the water only to discover when broken, it almost cheeped!

Another common practice is to put beautiful potatoes on top of the heap. Underneath, however, it is a sight to behold. More than once we have bought a bag of *kau-kau* only to discover when emptying the contents that the middle of the bag was filled with odd sorts of debris.

- May 20—Registration day for school. We do not plan to begin until next Monday but want to get them registered beforehand and measure for clothes. We had specifically indicated the ones we wished to come for registration, but when we looked out this morning all we could see was a continuing sea of little faces. Seems the whole boy population of Kudjip and surrounding areas turned up. Add to this about half their mothers and fathers or other interested personnel and you have fun on your hands to be sure.
- May 24—My, what a day this has been! We completed the monumental task of moving in forty-two little boys as boarding students, bag and baggage. It was the cutest sight I think I shall ever witness in this life to see them coming to the station from their homes. Most of them wore *lap-laps* we have given them in Sunday school, though most were sadly worn in spots. The most of them carried their entire worldly possessions in one hand. A few had them tied in a very small bundle and this tied to a stick

slung over the shoulder. Most brought only a bamboo comb—a vital necessity for their kinky hair; and for the more fortunate ones, a small bottle of oil for the hair and body.

My first assignment was to issue each a bar of soap and send them to the nearest water hole for a genuine scrub-down. I really don't think the people here are so allergic to water. It is simply that the dirty surroundings in which they live and sleep do not lend themselves to clean bodies. Then too, they use the pig's grease for their skin, both for looks (?) and for protection against the rain. To either sit or lie down on the ground merely grinds the dirt and grease together. Without soap, water makes little headway in such a situation. The result is-well, imagine it for yourself! Then too, some just don't bother with the water process at all. I fear most of our schoolboys have been accustomed to the proverbial "lick and a promise" system. If we have our way, they are going to change!

Our plan is to board only forty, but the extra two to begin with is to cushion the gap that no doubt will be made by the dismissal of some. I know this sounds almost heartless and a lack of faith but it is neither. Actually we are only being practical about a matter that is so evident. We are taking into our care young boys between the ages of nine and thirteen who have, but with exceptionally few instances. never been corrected in their lives. They are accustomed to completely having their way from the time they are born. I could not count the times we have seen a child of one or two alternately kick. bite, and pull its mother's hair and all the time she would be trying to stay out of its way and laughing at it. The only time I have seen parents upset at the child is when it may inconvenience them a bit.

but this is rare. The almost universal statement made by the elders here is simply, "Leg bolong manki" that is, "It is the child's business." After having lived by such a rule for all of their natural lives, we do not know just how they will respond to rules of behavior.

I have previously called the prospective ones together and outlined the rules of the station and school and told them if they did not feel they could abide by these not even to enroll in school. Naturally, they all told me they would abide by our "laws," as they call them; but time will tell.

One of our first rules is that no one is permitted ever to have a match or any type of fire apparatus in his possession. This serves a twofold purpose. It will help to discourage smoking for one thing. Tobacco was brought into the Highlands before the advent of white men. Until white men came, the people used a coarse leaf to roll the tobacco in. Now they use paper. It is a very strong, smelly mess but children from the age of two or three freely partake. By the time they are seven they are confirmed smokers-men, women, boys, and girls. The second purpose is that it will help hold down the possibility of fire. A fire any time, anywhere is a disaster, but here it would be even more so. The terrific heat generated when a bush building burns is so intense that it will set another afire some distance away. It would be virtually impossible to so place the buildings that one burning would not ignite the others. This would mean a great loss both in money and material, besides the time element involved in replacing. Naturally the loss of life is prevalent since the buildings can burn so quickly. For this reason we have had to be firm. A person breaking this rule is dismissed from the school. The incentive to abide by

the rules is greatly increased by having a host of others waiting to take the places of any dismissed.

The other rules naturally deal with matters of conduct and morals—both badly needed here. It will mean keeping a much closer vigil over all matters of the station and also extra hours but we feel it will certainly be well worth the effort.

We have two grown boys that will be employed to supervise the cooking of food and general upkeep of the dining room. The diet will consist mainly of kau-kau. For the noon meal, the kau-kau will be cooked in water along with other things such as onions, mint, salads, to form a soup. Baked kau-kau will be the evening meal. For the morning, boiled banana (a special type of banana grown here that the natives like boiled very much) alternated with some rice and tinned meat will complete the menu. As available and for special occasions, peanuts and sugar cane will be supplied. Occasionally tea will be served. Even now, before our gardens produce, the expense of feeding our forty boarding students all the time and the forty day students for the noon meal will amount to little over \$2.00 per day.

One interesting statistic regarding the boarding students, eight of them came to Sunday school the first Sunday Wanda conducted it and have never missed a single Sunday from that day till now—almost a year and a half! And this without contests! Many have not missed more than a Sunday or two.

May 25—Well, the first night is over. The boys seemed a bit lost as to what they should do with themselves. We told them to just act natural—and they did! The way they act today you would think they had been used to this sort of thing all of their lives. I thought it was a job to get Geron to bed. Multiply by fortytwo times and that is the task before me now! To most anyone looking in from the outside (of New Guinea), I'm sure the beds would leave much to be desired. They are constructed of plank and plywood and are just *that* hard! The boys love them. I do suppose it is a great improvement over the bare ground. I have noticed that the people prefer hard beds to the softer ones. We had some spare cots that we gave to our first two boys we brought on the station. In a little while they asked permission to build them a bed out of plank, saying they preferred hard beds to the softer ones.

For the most, this was the first night that any had ever slept under blankets, sat at a table to eat, or used a fork, spoon, and plate. I had to show several how to cover up with the blankets. Some retired before I got around to showing them and lay down in a little knot with the folded blanket on top; feet, legs, arms, all exposed! They will learn in time I have no doubt.

To us these things seem amusing but I wonder how we would react if we were suddenly ushered into an environment completely different from any we had ever dreamed of, and be expected to act natural. No doubt we would pull a few strange antics ourselves.

Our task isn't going to be an easy one. Their habits of life have been so different compared to the ways of station life. For instance, take the matter of eating. The boys asked me if they could take their baked *kau-kau* to their house instead of eating it all at mealtime. I inquired why and they told me it was "fashion bolong kanaka"; that is, their bush fashion to take kau-kau to bed with them. During the night, if they felt hungry, they could eat. On further inquiry I found that for the men in the bush there is no set time to eat. They merely eat when they have a hunger pain, whether it be day or night. I told them that we would try to control our hunger pains to morning, noon, and night—if for no other reason than for the sake of convenience and to keep a schedule! I think the most of them feel that hunger is a bit difficult to legislate.

It looks as though I will have a king-sized job on my hands to clear them of scabies (a running skin infection). Almost all are infected to some extent. It will mean an every night application until they are cleared. Cleanliness is the best preventive, so we hope to stamp it out and keep it out.

May 27—What a way to celebrate a wedding anniversary —our sixth! We had our first class sessions this morning. The boys looked so cute. We have thirteen day students who are girls. This is an experiment and we will see how it works out. The young girls are so very shy and bashful. Until they come into their teens they are subjected to very strict discipline by the mother and held apart from society in general. This is much different from the boys. Because of the role they play in the customs of the people, we fear that little inroad will be made until we are able to board them too. Naturally this is impossible now.

The classes of instruction are English, mathematics, social studies, art, music, and of course Bible. For introduction and understanding, pidgin will be the chief medium of communication. For those who do not understand pidgin, an interpreter will also be used.

June 11—School is coming along nicely. As we expected, some have fallen by the wayside and some have had to be dismissed. Discipline is easily enforced. As we have said before, the fact that there are so many waiting to be taken in makes discipline easier for us.

This has really been a day to remember. It is my birthday and we had a real celebration. The people here have no knowledge of birthdays. In fact, time is a real mystery to them. Not having any particular seasons of the year such as summer and winter, they have no way of marking time. There is a wet season and a dry season, but there are enough dry days during the wet and enough wet days during the dry that little distinction is made in the minds of the people. Gardens planted at any time of the year flourish well. Recently my boys on the station were completely surprised that I could tell what month we would receive more rain than we were receiving now. They admitted that they realized that there was more rain at some time than others but that they had never tried to visualize or realize a definite time was involved. They thought it just rained more when it took the notion. They realize that the moon changes but have no idea that a definite time limit in terms of days is involved in this change.

We have tried to explain what a birthday is and the fact that at home a record is kept of the date of birth. They were highly interested in it—particularly since it meant a celebration. Wanda gave me (?) a birthday party and it was a howling success. She baked for two days. In addition to my cake with a frightening lot of candles, she baked three individual cupcakes for each little boy. Each was decorated with icing and candies. She put a small candle in one of the cakes for each boy. This was naturally the first cake for any of them—and likewise candles. They sat around the tables and she lighted the little candle on the cake for each. The look on their faces was worth the price of a ticket to New Guinea if one could afford it. We explained the custom of blowing out the candles and they had great fun in watching me try to muster enough wind to blow out the holocaust on my cake. Wanda then suggested that each blow out his candle, and I have never seen a more discouraged look come over the faces of little boys than they put on. It was a look of utter horror at such a suggestion. No; blow out that candle would be the last thing any would attempt to do. They sat spellbound until the poor little candle spent its last fleeting rays of light and melted with utter abandonment into the icing. Then, and only then, would one so much as lift a finger to eat the cake or molest it! Afterward I showed some colored slides and movies taken both at home and here. It was a most enjoyable evening spent by all.

June 20-Things are settling down to a normal run in school. The schedule becomes a bit tight at times when other duties press, but on the whole we are able to keep on our schedule most of the time. We have had some changes in personnel to be sure, but in most all instances we feel the changes have been for the best. Some more have dropped out and a few have been dismissed. The main loss has been among our day students. This was as we feared. Weather, distance, and home conditions all combined to make attendance spasmodic. To fall behind in the class was further discouraging, so many dropped. We have lost all of the girls. We will attempt their educational program again when we have more help and are able to board them. We are seriously considering enlarging the bed capacity of the dormitories to accommodate a few more boys. We hate to lose some of the day students. They have brilliant possibilities and the only way to develop these is to board them. It will cost but a fraction more than now.

July 1—Perhaps the most discouraging bit of news to report now is that, after a year and a half, Tal has left the station. The trouble that has been coming up time and again continued to increase. He got to the place where it was an impossibility to try to help him. He felt that in all matters he was right and that we just didn't like him any more and were always trying to correct him. Even in the most apparent wrongs—when the other station boys would back our judgment a hundred per cent, he felt all had turned against him. It almost became an impossible situation. We prayed earnestly as to what to do about it and God undertook—in a most unexpected way.

The call came out for some Highland boys to join the Pacific Island Regiment, a native army corps. Since it was difficult to explain what an army was to these boys, those in charge of recruiting likened it to training for a police boy. To these people here, that is the highest position which one can attain! Tal applied and was accepted. This tour of duty will last three years, at which time he will be returned to his home. Quite naturally, we were prone to be discouraged over losing this first fruit but then we feel definitely that God has a hand in it. Had matters continued as they were, we would have been almost forced to make an issue of it. It could have caused some ill feelings in the hearts of the people here who did not fully understand all the circumstances. As it is now, they are very much distressed with Tal for leaving such a position.

We have far from given him up. There are so many good qualities in Tal. The main problem we had was in knowing just how to discipline him. He isn't out of his teens as yet and is really just a child in many respects. The fact that he was never subjected to much discipline during his lifetime made it difficult for us to know just how to go about trying to help him at certain points. The main and perhaps the only thing Tal needed to really make him a useful vessel in the Kingdom was discipline. He will certainly get that in the army! After three years he may come back to be a great blessing and a willing worker. A letter from a friend recently stated that many times the years of preparation far exceeded the years of service rendered and perhaps this is a point in the case of Tal.

With this sorrow has come unexpected happiness too. Tal's brother, Tangip, was asked to join too. He has so many qualities desired by the army. After weighing the matter carefully, he chose to stay on at the station. He told me he feared for his soul should he leave the station. As an interpreter, he is as good as and perhaps even better than Tal.

Regarding the school, we have had to dismiss some of our boys for stealing. For all, it was not the first time. The last one we dismissed had stolen some of the station property at the request of his mother. When it all came to light, it seems that several parents had been encouraging their children to steal something from the station for them. Some of the little boys just flatly told them absolutely not, and came and told us what their parents were trying to get them to do. Naturally we commended them for their stand. This is no doubt a trying experience on the little fellows. I have had a talk with the parents in church and told them just how terrible this practice is.

Willful leaving has been limited, though it has been done by some. It has mainly been among the ones who have been highly superstitious or else their parents were. It is actually best for the school that

they did leave, since to stay and drop a hint of their fears and superstitions could easily influence others that otherwise would not think about it. One particularly bright fellow left the other morning after an episode during the night. He had placed his soap on a little plank nailed up over his bed. Almost anything could have dislodged it: the wind, a rat, or more likely one of the many earth tremors we have here. At any rate, it became dislodged and fell on his head. He said that he feared his mother or father had died and that their spirit came to awaken him to come home. Another left because he didn't like to take baths! Still a third one left because he didn't like the gasoline drums to pop as they expanded and contracted in the heat and cold. He was afraid of spirits inside them.

God has been most gracious to us in keeping His hand of healing upon our group. As we have said previously, sickness and death cannot be explained in terms of natural causes. There is always an underlying superstition. For instance, it is a real forward step here in that children from both groups of people —or I should say four groups of people—sleep together in the same house. It is a particular forward step in that they will eat food grown by another group of people. There is a highly respected belief that one line can work sorcery through food, and should someone else eat it, he will become sick or die.

We have had a number of cases of malaria and a few upset stomachs but apart from this only an epidemic of measles has had its effect! One little fellow became very ill and ran the customary high fever that accompanies malaria. I immediately treated for such. His fever subsided somewhat but in its place came a terrible rash all over his body. I did not become alarmed, thinking it only a reaction to the antimalarial. After it failed to go away in a day or two and his fever came up very high again, I carried him to the medical assistant at Minj. He confirmed my diagnosis of a medicinal reaction and we let it go at that. A few days afterward, one of the former schoolgirls took the same thing—and then our son, Geron! With his skin white, it was no effort to tell what it was—measles! We could visualize what this could mean to our situation here but God graciously undertook. Only one more boy took them and the epidemic died out before it hardly started.

We have been able gradually to instill in their minds the facts of life regarding sickness. A few times we have predicted someone would get a cold because he broke some of the rules of health we have taught. When he got a whopper of one, it made a true and firm believer. Recently a wheel ran off the trailer during a pouring rainstorm and I had to stay out in the rain for half an hour. At this writing, I am a perfect example of what I have been teaching them would happen if they should elect to stay out in the rain instead of seeking cover. In these small but practical ways, we are being able to teach them the things so essential to their well-being.

There is absolutely no background on which to build. We must start at the ground floor and build from there. The field is wide open and even the smallest details of life are a whole new life to them. They have had no previous knowledge of life beyond their own community existence. Even to learn about other parts of the island on which they live is fascinating to them. To learn about people in the other parts of the world is almost more than their minds can grasp.

To learn about the growth of cotton and other raw materials that result eventually in producing cloth is something totally unimagined. Once I had some grown men to sit spellbound for over an hour as I told them about cotton and animals from which material was gathered to produce cloth. One fellow confided to me that he imagined that *lap-laps* (the cloth material that some wear) grew on bushes of some sort.

They were highly surprised that we had to buy our material. They thought we just put some magic marks on a piece of paper and sent it on its way, and through some sort of magic process it resulted in an airplane bringing all sorts of boxes with all kinds of equipment and material. Naturally such a belief both here in New Guinea and in other parts of the world has given way for the "cargo cults." In its simplest form, this belief is just that of the simple mind of the native as he sees the white man sending his magic "passes" to some unknown quarter known as the "coast." In a while he sees the result of this pass as cargo comes to him in an airplane. The natives link this with some of their own thinking about ancestors and decides that the ancestors of the white man are sending him the stuff. The native then tries various methods of enticing his ancestors to send him material too. When it fails to materialize, he next grasps the idea that the white man is intercepting material that rightfully belongs to him and converting it to his own use.

The government readily recognizes that the best answer for this belief is intelligent and thorough teaching in the basic principles of economics in the school. It is surprising how interested the young boys are in such teachings, since they have already received some of the beliefs of their elders.

We have tried from the beginning to teach our station boys some of these basic facts and they in turn have told others. It has been a very encouraging sign to see some of our boys planning together to make ways to economize in order to save the mission money. Some have even volunteered to take on additional chores in order to spare the necessity of hiring additional help and thereby needing more budget operating money. This is just one of the many avenues of learning that is to be explored. There are many others.

As we bring this part of our journal to a close we are encouraged to report progress, not only in the intellectual advancement of the boys, but also in the spiritual progress. The boys are living clean lives and many profess to belong to Jesus. They offer grace at all meals themselves and also lead in prayer both in devotions we have together and also in the classroom.

After my class the other morning, I was sitting in the classroom and about five or six of the very bright ones remained with me and we talked together. I asked them what they desired to be when they grew up and finished school. One replied he wished to be a doctor (and under the government's splendid program of granting aid to native technicians, this is a distinct possibility). Three said they wished to be teachers, and one particularly bright little fellow said he wanted to be a preacher like me. Who knows? We do not but God does, and even now we are desperately praying He may place His hand on some to be His chosen leaders among their own people. Only for this purpose can we ever justify an educational program. Others can educate for this life, but our task here both with the schoolboys and for all others as well is to educate for eternity. To this end we gladly dedicate our lives. Truly the call of New Guinea is great today.







