

LISTEN, MY COUNTRY

by

Alice Wedega



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COUNTRY

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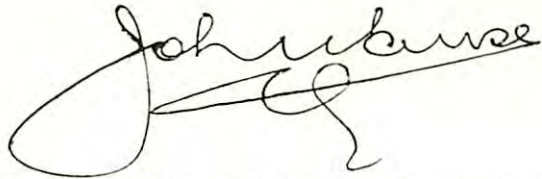
FOREWORD

I have known Miss Alice Wedega of Kwato, Milne Bay, since I began working as an indentured labourer with Burns, Philp at Samarai in late 1928.

I can think of no other woman leader who can equal the achievements and distinction that she has achieved for her beloved homeland of Papua New Guinea.

Her real life experience and devotion to her work for her people in this book is no fiction. Indeed, several of the headhunters that she speaks of were amongst a group of men who brutally murdered seven innocent Lalaura women as they were digging up yams in their garden about three miles from their village. One of the murdered women was the aunt of my wife, Lady Unuba, of Lalaura.

Alice Wedega's life is a challenge to the leaders and youth, and men and women of this nation, and I have no doubt that her memory will long remain as a bright, shining beacon to a worried and frustrated world.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'John Guise'. The signature is stylized with a large, sweeping initial 'J' and a long horizontal line extending to the right.

(John Guise) GCMG, KBE, CBE, MP. LLD (UPNG)
Former Deputy Chief Minister of Papua New Guinea
Former Governor-General of Papua New Guinea

INTRODUCTION

Before Papua New Guinea became independent the Queen visited our country. I was invited to the dinner of welcome. I was talking to the people opposite, whom I knew, and telling them something about my recent trip to Northern Ireland.

The man next to me interrupted me. He sounded very surprised. "Excuse me", he said, "did you say you had been to Northern Ireland?"

"Yes," I said.

"What on earth were you doing there?"

I didn't know what to say for a minute. And it might have taken me longer if I had known then what I was told later: that he was one of the Queen's security guards.

Then I said that in the early days my great grandfather was a cannibal. At that time our people used to kill and eat men. They would practise payback. That is, if one of your side killed one of mine, my side would kill one of yours. But the missionaries came from Europe to stop us doing all that. And now I had gone back to Northern Ireland to help the Europeans there stop doing it.

He still looked very surprised. So I told him how the Good Spirit had spoken in the hearts of our people and taught them how to make enemies into friends.

He said he would like to hear more. So I am telling more about it in this book, hoping that my experiences can do something for

other countries which are also tearing themselves to pieces with hate and payback killing.

Papua New Guinea is one of the youngest countries to gain independence. Many books have been written describing its beautiful mountains, jungles and birds, but not many expressing what we Papua New Guineans feel about its future.

In the past, before our people learned to write, our stories and traditions were handed on from tribe to tribe by word of mouth. This book is my way of passing on what I have learned. I have never written a book before and did not think I could do it, but my friends have encouraged and helped me, believing that I have an important story to pass on.

Among the people who helped me were John Williams and his wife Barbara, an Australian couple who lived for some time in Papua New Guinea and know my people well. They have been unsparing in their efforts to help me express what I feel. Also Innes Cameron and Sylvia Cust, two other Australian friends who came to Port Moresby to assist me in writing my thoughts down.

I would also like to thank Cecil, Badi and Sheila Abel for reviving many memories of Kwato in the early days, and helping me to recall incidents of our visits to the Abau Highlands, and of the war years in Milne Bay, some of which I had forgotten. Halliday Beavis also gave valuable help in translating from the Suau language my notes about the headhunters which had been buried during the war years for safety, and later found and restored to me by my friend Tiso.

As one of the senior citizens of my country and the world, this is what I would like to leave for the young people who represent the future. I am also writing for my family and all my nieces and nephews.

I wish that many others like me would do the same thing. People love to listen to other people's life experiences, and I hope mine will give the young people some direction for the future.

Port Moresby,
Papua New Guinea

ALICE WEDEGA, MBE

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CHAPTER 1

Growing Up

I enjoyed my childhood on Sariba Island, playing all kinds of games and swimming a lot. We played one game called *kekewahu*, where you made a pile of sand, poured water into it, then hit it sharply to make a sound. We also gathered badila nuts, which were good to eat.

I was born in the village of Alo Alo, in Milne Bay, on the eastern tip of Papua. I had five brothers and four sisters and we all lived with our parents on Sariba Island, which was only a couple of miles across the straits from the then district capital, Samarai, and from Kwato Island, headquarters of Charles Abel's Mission. Today, the capital of what is Milne Bay Province is Alotau, right inside Milne Bay itself.

My father was one of those chosen at Kwato to go to Watolata in Port Moresby to be trained as a pastor, and my mother went with him. They were away for two or three years, not long before I was born. My eldest sister was born at Watolata; but she died when she was small. By the time I was born, my father was working at Sariba as a pastor.

My father originally came from Ahioma, not far from Alotau, and my mother was from Divinai, eastward along the north coast of the bay. You will hear about some important things that happened at Ahioma later in this story.

One of my brothers also died young, but there are still eight of us alive. All the others still live in Milne Bay and run their own

plantations. Whenever I go to Milne Bay we all get together in one village and have a good talk.

I was born at Alo Alo rather than Sariba, where my parents were living, because my grandparents lived there and women in those days liked to return to their mother's home when they were having their babies so they could be looked after by their mothers. There were no doctors or midwives, and the experience the mothers had was all they had to go on; though I delivered three babies myself without the experience of having had one. But that is another story.

My father and other relations would tell us children about the days before the white man came to Papua New Guinea. My people had lived on the island of New Guinea for thousands of years before the white man came, and when they first saw white men, they couldn't think who they were or where they had come from. This marked the beginning of Papua New Guinea's meeting with the world beyond our own country.

In the villages at that time people lived in long houses build of sago and coconut palms, with roofing of sago palm leaves. To decorate them, religious and folk symbols were carved and painted in black and white on posts and gables. No windows were made so it was very dark inside, the only light coming from the door. Floors were covered with mats woven from pandanus leaves. These leaves would be dried in the sun, then split and woven together to make the mats.

The only food was grown in the village gardens — taros, yams, sweet potatoes. These gardens were looked after by the women while the men went fishing and hunting.

There was not much communication between the villages but there were two events which brought the villages together from near and far and when big feasts were prepared. These occasions were a death or a marriage. People travelled a long way to attend, often taking many days to walk through the bush. Pigs would be killed and taro and yams were prepared with bananas. My people have been called cannibals because, after a fight, when a chief of a tribe was killed, the victors would eat some of his flesh. They cut a small piece from the chief's body and added it to the cooking pot where the rest of the food was. This was the same as saying, "You

kill our people? All right, we eat you.” This is how they “paid back”. When I was small my father took me to see a circle of stones against which my people rested their backs while they ate.

The head of the tribe is called the chief and the office descends from father to son. Tribal history was passed on by word of mouth to the chiefs and wise men of the tribe, and also in carvings and paintings.

Today, the national emblem of Papua New Guinea is the bird of paradise and this bird has been killed by the thousands by Papuans and others for money. Its brilliant feathers are still used for decoration during tribal celebration.

In the past, young men and women were never allowed to meet together, and a man couldn't marry until he was given a test to see if he was responsible enough to look after a wife and family. He had to clear the bush for a garden, working from six in the morning till six at night with no food or rest. The girl, too, had to prove her worth, and plant a garden, also working twelve hours without food or rest. The parents always chose the man their daughter would marry, but this doesn't happen often today.

A most important thing that happened to me as a child was when my aunt Besi, who lived at Kwato, sent to my mother to ask for a girl to help her look after her children. My mother was having trouble with me running away and staying out late, for which she whipped me. So she sent me to Aunt Besi, thinking it would give me something to do and thus keep me out of mischief. I was eight years old.

CHAPTER 2

Kwato

Aunt Besi was part of what was called the Kwato family, and took part in all the work that went on there, in and outside the house. I nursed Aunt Besi's children while she was at work, taking them to the beach and playing with them and watching out they didn't get drowned in the sea.

The Kwato Mission was founded in 1891 by Charles Abel, an Englishman trained by the London Missionary Society and sent out to form a mission in Papua. He travelled by boat along the coast until he reached Suau Island and with Mr. F. W. Walker, who preceded him, settled there temporarily. Soon they were joined by two young Papuan lads, Josiah Lebasi and Kajo. Seeing their potential, Mr. Abel decided to train them as part of the mission he was founding. Later they all moved to Kwato Island which had been given to them to establish their mission.

The island of Kwato is 72 acres in area and is shaped like a boomerang. It is situated on the most eastern tip of Papua, below Milne Bay, and close to Samarai. On the island hillsides the brilliant scarlet of poinsettias appears among the trees and scrub. Below are the white coral beaches and sandy bays, where it was lovely to swim and fish.

Our general stores came from Australia to Samarai by ship every month. The mission launch would call at Samarai to take them on to Kwato from the big ships. Our meat supply came from hunting and fishing, which went on all the time. There was plenty



Kwato. in my time, seen from neighbouring Logea. Below, the view of Logea from Kwato.





An early picture of Kwato's founder, Charles Abel, with my father, a Papuan pastor. Below, the Kwato evangelists of my time. With us are Cecil and Phyllis Abel, and, sitting in front, Halliday Beavis and Margaret Drennan.



of fish which could be caught from the rocks or netted from the deep water. In this way we always had plenty of food.

I love fishing myself and, whenever I get the opportunity even today, I am out with my line. The Papuan way of cooking, too, brings out all the flavour. At the house a few cows ran on the pastures and provided milk and butter and goats were also kept and grazed among the cows.

When I went there, in 1912, the Kwato Mission was well established, with a school for the children. A sawmill and boat-building works were also on the island, for Charles Abel saw that boys who were growing up needed to be taught some kind of work to take the place of the old way of life. Boat building was a useful trade, for boats were used a lot in Milne Bay, and it was also a good industry for the country.

People said that Charles Abel ran Kwato in a different way from the other missions in the country. He developed the practical side of people's lives while not neglecting the spiritual side.

After some time looking after Aunt Besi's children I went to school myself. The children at Kwato then numbered about thirty. We and the teachers slept and ate in a large, comfortable house, with a verandah all round, near the church and school. The bell to get up rang at five in the morning and any lazybones got a bad mark. These marks were added up for a week, then you took your punishment by doing something you didn't like, like weeding or cutting firewood.

We were taught to read and write, and sing hymns and songs in harmony. Singing in the villages was traditional. They beat a drum and sang at the same time. When we were trained to sing in parts we passed this on to the village people, and Kwato singing became quite famous.

Our school prefects had many responsibilities — calling the roll, inspecting our rooms, seeing that we were on time for school work, meals and bed; checking our clothing, nails and teeth. We got angry with them sometimes because we thought they were too strict. But when we were made prefects later on we did the same thing, and others criticised us. We wore grass skirts in the villages but when we came to school our mothers would give us cotton skirts to wear, without tops.

Our teachers thought, rightly, that it was good for us to do a job

as well as possible. So we learned how to scrub a floor, but sometimes, when the teacher wasn't looking, we took the brooms and scrubbed each other. When we polished floors we liked to tie the cloths to our feet and skate over the surfaces of the floor, but this was a naughty thing to do for which we got smacked. Much brass and silver had to be cleaned each week.

We ironed at a table which was eight feet wide and very long, so that many girls could stand around it. We used flat-irons heated on a piece of metal over a fire; or charcoal irons, and the charcoal inside them was made from coconut shells. The dresses then had lots of frills, which took hours to iron, and Mrs. Abel always opened out the folded clothes to make sure the work was done properly. If a speck of dirt got on a garment, back it went to the washtub to be washed and ironed again.

Miss Parkin, a cousin of Mrs. Abel's, was one of our teachers, and she was very strict, but, she couldn't keep our spirits down. We loved swimming, and when we got into the sea it was very hard to get us out, but when we saw the teachers coming with a stick, we knew it was time. Though we fooled around we always remembered what we learned.

We liked to collect coconuts and drink the milk. One day, I climbed a palm and shook the coconuts to the ground, but when I was sliding down the trunk I scratched my stomach badly. Miss Parkin asked me, "What have you done to yourself?" and when I answered I had been climbing a palm, she said, "You stupid girl! You shouldn't climb coconut palms! You must be punished. Go and cut the grass!" My friends teased me and laughed at me and I got angry.

We were not allowed to eat mangoes because it was thought they would give us dysentery and diarrhoea but we would pick them and eat them in the toilet. When we heard someone coming, we would throw them down the hole.

We grumbled, but the discipline was good training for us. Today, when I see so many things done haphazardly I criticise, but I see now that often no one has taken the trouble to teach young people to do things properly, as we were taught at Kwato.

The Rev. Charles Abel conducted church services every Sunday, not only for the mission but for villages on nearby islands. The church rang a bell before services started and it could be

heard as far away as the village on Logea Island, across the strait from Kwato.

Religious training was always an important part of our education. Today children are clever but they sometimes have no manners or respect for God, or man. Our children in those days were not clever but they had discipline. Our parents disciplined us all the time. When we had too much fun we were punished.

Hani, one of the older girls who had been taught by Mrs. Abel, showed us how to do beautiful needlework, particularly drawn thread work on fine linen. Some of it looked like lacy spiderwebs. Some we sold, but a good deal was kept for display to visitors.

Some of the older girls, Babu, Solatai and Pauline, had also been taught needlework and became teachers.

Talking of Hani, reminds me of a funny incident when the English language tripped us up. It was breakfast time, and some of us were serving at table. Mrs. Abel asked one of the boys to bring honey. He went and got Hani, who asked, "What do you want, Mrs. Abel?"

"I don't want you," she said, and then realised what had happened. "No, no — not Hani — honey!"

Another day they asked me to bring pepper and I went and got the newspaper!

A lady visitor once gave me some money, but I threw it on the ground. "What can I buy with it?" I said.

The women baked bread for the whole community at Kwato. The yeast we used to make the bread rise, was made out of lemons. We had no stoves, but used camp ovens, which were like round cooking pots on four legs with lids. In four camp ovens we baked twenty or thirty loaves a day. We ate only bread for breakfast; sago for lunch, with meat; rice, with meat or fresh fish, for the evening meal.

We all had a section of land on the hillside to be responsible for. We had to keep this weeded and clean, collect up the coconut leaves and dig out the small trees. It was quite a big area, stretching right down to the beach. When we had learned to keep the land properly we had to start learning other things in the house.

CHAPTER 3

Our Education

Kwato was the most advanced of the mission schools in Papua, for Charles Abel believed in educating the whole child, not concentrating on one particular direction, and he looked forward to the time when Papua would be a self-governing nation and the children of his day would be in charge of the administration of the country. This has come true, for some of the grandchildren of these first Papuans educated by Charles Abel are now in the government and public service of our country. They include the head of a diplomatic mission overseas. This has happened in two or three generations.

Mr. Abel had a wide vision for education for the whole of what was in that day called Papua, and not long before had been called British New Guinea. He saw that the village schools must be improved and that some of the students should eventually pass on to a university.

Mr. Abel would often talk with us about the future of Kwato. He would ask, "What is going to happen to our young people when they leave school and go back to their villages? What will they do?" He was very concerned that it should be part of their education to be skilled in some craft or industry so that on their return to their village they could put their knowledge to good use and help build up their country. So each of us on leaving school had to choose what we would like to do. The girls had a choice of cooking, needlework, teaching, medical work, nursing, or home

care and looking after babies. The boys could learn carpentry, boat-building, engineering or saw-milling. But above all, he wanted us to be good citizens and take leadership in our country.

Charles Abel was keen on sport, especially cricket. One of the first things he did on the island was to make a cricket ground out of a piece of swampy land by filling in the swamp and sowing grass. Many of the Papuan boys became good cricketers and later played in teams visiting other parts of the country. They played against the Europeans in Port Moresby. We girls played tennis in our spare time, while the boys played their cricket and football. We liked playing football too, and the married women would play against the single women, but if the boys played against us they were made to use their left legs to kick the ball because we were not strong enough to push them away.

It really was like one big family at Kwato. We looked up to the Abels as we did to all our elders, because they tried not to make a difference between Europeans and Papuans. They didn't say, "These are our children: we must do this; these are Papuan children: we must do that." They treated us the same. In fact we called them *Sinamai* and *Tamamai* (mother and father). We boys and girls sometimes had meals with them, which did not always happen at other missions. We all grew up together, although the Abel children had a different education, by correspondence, and later were sent to boarding school in England.

The aim of Kwato was, first of all, to train us as Christians and we had definite lessons about what Christian standards meant and what we must do to put our lives in God's hands and start living His way. We were asked questions about where in our lives we needed to be different and we read the New Testament in the Suau language, which Charles Abel had translated from English.

The time came for us to make a decision to give our lives to God. We had been given years of training from the Bible and were supposed to know what went to make the Christian way of life. I was sixteen at that time. At the commissioning service where we were all baptised, the words Charles Abel used to us were, "I baptise you in the name of the Lord and some day God will send you out to other parts of the world." I didn't understand what he meant by "other parts of the world" until I had travelled myself.

In those days people were afraid of God. At Kwato we learned

that He was a God of love and how He made everything in the world. But this training didn't help us to face sin in ourselves, or to understand what the Bible says about moral standards, and letting God tell you where you have gone wrong so that you can put it right.

After our baptism, a group of us prepared to go with Mr. and Mrs. Abel to take what we had learned about Christianity to other villages. We young trainees were the junior part of the team and weren't asked to speak on our own. We would be asked to read the Bible or pray.

We travelled between the islands, keeping to the coast, and this was a big adventure for a young girl like me. The sixty foot dugout canoe which we travelled in was propelled by a crew with paddles and, in this way, a good speed was kept up.

Every village we stopped at would give us huts to live in. In each village a special hut was kept for visits of the councillors from other villages when they came together to discuss village matters. This was often the hut given to us for the time we were there.

They also supplied us with food — mostly sago which was one of their main foods; when cooked it was brown in colour and they flavoured it with coconut. It was also made into cakes and wrapped in leaves before being baked or boiled.

Because of my youth, even with all my training, I didn't always know what to say to people in the village where we came to hold services. One day one village girl was very difficult, so *Sinebada* (Mrs. Abel) said to me, "Alice, take this girl away and help her." All I did was to take her away and read the Bible to her.

I said, "Let's give your sin to God and pray to Him for forgiveness." Afterwards I said, "You feel happy now?"

"Yes," she said, "because I pray to God to take my sins away." But later I realised I hadn't really known how to help someone like that, and to find out what they needed.

In 1916, the committee of the London Missionary Society which was paying for Kwato met to decide its future. They were doubtful that they could continue to put money into it. Charles Abel would not accept any alteration in the way it was being run, so the LMS decided to let him continue to run it, under a new organisation called the Kwato Extension Association, which came into being between 1918 and 1920. This was to be tried out for ten years,

during which the LMS would not be responsible for its finance.

This was an important time for Kwato. Its industries had to pay for themselves. There had to be more work done, so new trainees were taken on. These young people learned several different jobs.

Yet personal evangelical work was still the most important thing. Groups were formed to go out into the villages. For there were never any paid pastors or ministers at Kwato: everyone was included. The boys, after working in the saw-mill or boat-shed during the week, would go to the villages to do their evangelical work at the weekend. The older men had already gone out to manage the coconut plantations at Manawala, Kanakope and Koeabule and other places around Milne Bay. These plantations helped finance the mission. In school holidays one of the student tasks was to plant and collect coconuts.

There were always visitors coming to Kwato — Europeans and Papuans. Those in charge of the mission would talk to them and show them around, and we would bake cakes and serve tea to them. They appreciated the care that went into everything and would remark on the way the flowers and fruits were arranged on the dinner tables. We loved doing this, and when people came to stay we would place flowers in their bedrooms and decorate the verandahs with hibiscus flowers, and tuck one into our own hair as well!

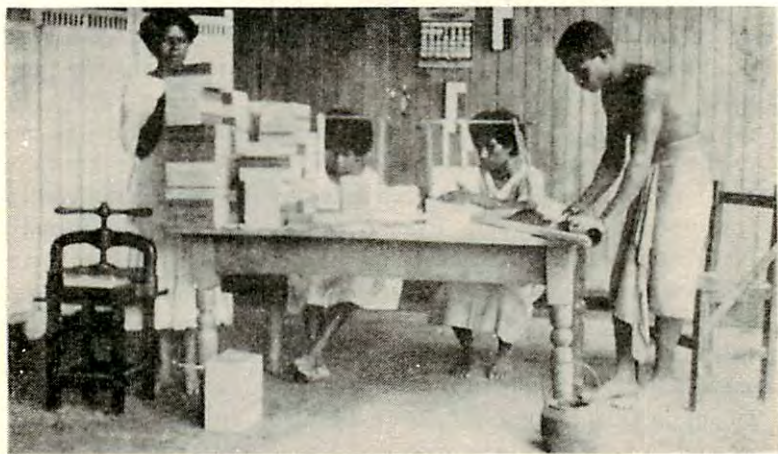
“It is very difficult to describe the influence of Kwato,” said the chairman of the Australian Overseas Committee when he visited the island in 1920, and reported back to Australia. “One has to see it, live in it, to realise fully its power as a Christian mission and its enormous possibilities.”

We of course didn't realise what an influence Kwato was in Papua until we heard from other people many years later that the standards of excellence had been taken by the people trained at Kwato to their own homes. Even today in remote places in Papua New Guinea, no matter how simple the home, you will find that same care and quality of life if the mothers were trained at Kwato.

But I do remember that when news of what we were doing spread through the villages more and more parents asked if they could send their children to learn the Kwato way. From far-off mountain villages gifts of food were brought in from people who wanted to help feed the children at Kwato. Gifts of money also



Kwato boys launch a boat they've built in their factory. Below, me (left) and friends in the bookbinding shop, where the Gospels in Suau were printed and bound.



came from people overseas to support the work, which helped to buy more land for the planting of coconut plantations, and to provide extra machinery and tools for the expansion of the workshops. So Kwato did remain an independent, self-supporting, mission with its industries raising enough money for the needs of everyone working there.

Mr. Abel had realised very early that many village people could not read their Bibles, or read them so poorly that they couldn't understand the meaning of them. So he organised classes to learn to read. These took place after morning service on Sundays when people poured in from neighbouring islands in their canoes. They came from Sariba, Logea and the mainland, and after the morning service the whole congregation would break up into groups, or classes, of six to eight people. The older people would be put in charge of these groups to help them to read. They would all stay to lunch.

Mr. Abel had also asked for a small printing press to be sent out from England. An Englishman had come with the press to teach the Papuans how to work it. They expected him to stay for about a year but we were so quick to learn he went back after four months as he felt there was nothing more he could do. I was one who took this course in book-binding and printing, and so I became the first book-binder on the island. Ada and Meleta, two of my friends, also did the course, and when Russell Abel returned from Cambridge in 1927 we all worked with him to print the Gospels he and his father had translated into Suau for the villages. We also printed our own school primers, and did some commercial printing that brought in money for the mission.

It was always Charles Abel's hope that there would one day be a hospital at Kwato. He saw it built but not in full working order before he died. A young doctor, Berkeley Vaughan, arrived from England and took over as medical officer. He was assisted by Charles Abel's daughter Phyllis, who after her education in England returned to Kwato in 1925 to assist in the work of the mission. "P.D.", as she was called, not only worked in the hospital, where she learned to give anaesthetics, but she also cared for the health needs of the people in the surrounding villages.

Others who came out to join the Kwato staff about that time included Arthur Beavis, a skilled stone-mason, who had been

invited by Cecil while he was in England. He met his future wife, Halliday, at the mission. She was a primary teacher and one of the first European teachers to join the Kwato staff. Arthur Beavis designed a building in Papuan style as a place of worship and a team of boys who had been trained as stone-masons erected it. This building is used as a place of worship today.

Arthur Swinfield, a qualified boat builder from Australia, also came and taught the young men and boys his trade; and John Smeeton from New Zealand, who later married Charles Abel's youngest daughter Badi, was in charge of the extensive activities in the workshop. Yet the family spirit remained, even though so many new-comers had arrived.

CHAPTER 4

I Visit Australia

It was at the end of 1927 that Mrs. Abel asked me one day if I would be prepared to go to Australia. The Australian wife of one of the business managers in Samarai wanted a girl to look after her children while she was in Sydney on leave. I wanted to travel and see where all the meat and stores came from outside my country, and the only way a Papuan could leave the country then was as a servant. So I agreed to go.

We travelled in a big ship and took a week to reach Sydney. At that time the Harbour Bridge wasn't built. My employer took a house in Sydney for three months. Although I hadn't seen a big city before, I wasn't at all frightened. I liked to try out the trains and buses and I loved the escalators. It was so different from Papua, my home.

But, as time went on, I began to feel miserable and longed for home. My employer didn't treat me as an ordinary girl at all, but as a kind of slave. My food was put on the verandah or in my room, and it was the leftovers from their own meal. This built up hatred and bitterness in me towards her.

One day she asked me to slice the beans for dinner. Her three-year-old girl came and wanted a knife to slice, too. I wouldn't let her have it, so she started to cry.

"Did you hit my child?" her mother asked.

"She wanted a knife and I wouldn't let her have it," I replied.

"Give it to her!"



Aged 17, a few years before I went to Australia.

The child chopped the beans up until they were useless for the meal and when her mother saw the bits of beans on the floor, she said, "Why did you give her the knife?"

I replied, "You told me to."

She hit me on the head and then knocked me to the floor, where she kicked me as I lay. I started to cry because I didn't know what to do or where to go for help.

A friend of Mrs. Abel's in Sydney used to call and take me to church and I told her how I was being treated. She said she would write to Mrs. Abel to take me away. But my employer wouldn't let me go until my three months engagement was up.

"Alice is my servant and has to work for me. You mustn't take her away," she wrote back to Mrs. Abel.

When we had been in Sydney for some time, we moved further out, to the Blue Mountains, where this lady had rented a house. It was very beautiful among the mountains, with tall gumtrees and many beautiful wildflowers, but I couldn't enjoy it because I had no rights and simply had to carry out my daily work.

I had no bed for myself and had to keep my suitcase under the couch in the lounge, where I slept. I had to wait until all the family was in bed before I could creep to my own bed on the couch.

I didn't dare to ask to use the bathroom or toilet, so I had to wash in cold water in the chicken house, which I did at night so I wouldn't be seen. I had to dig a hole for a toilet.

The weeks passed and it became time for me to go home. It was a happy day for me when once more I was at home at Kwato. I was free now to talk and I spent a lot of time telling my friends about the way I was treated in Australia.

"I warn you never to go to Australia with a European because that is the way they will treat you," I said. I let them think all white Australians were bad, because I had been hurt myself and I didn't want them to think there were any good ones.

CHAPTER 5

Duabo

Soon after I got back from Australia, important things happened in our community. Charles Abel had been running the Kwato Mission on his own for ten years, which was the time the London Missionary Society had given him to try out his plan. One thing the LMS had not liked was that Kwato tried to support itself by commercial work, and they wanted him to sell the plantations, and send the Papuans who ran them back to their villages. This Mr. Abel refused to do.

Another thing. One of Mr. Abel's strongest beliefs was that Kwato should be run in a family spirit. His two sons, Cecil and Russell, came back to Kwato after they had finished their education at Cambridge. The LMS opposed this, too: they did not seem to see what he had in mind.

Mr. Abel went to England in 1930 to talk with the LMS. But then when Mr. Abel was in England, a tragedy happened: he was killed in a road accident. The whole mission felt the loss terribly. Our father and leader had gone from us and no one was ready to take on what he had been doing. Then Mrs. Abel had to leave us to go to England to look after her husband's affairs. She took Russell and her daughter Badi with her. We felt more alone than ever, and desperately in need of fresh inspiration and leadership.

So we went with Cecil and his sister Phyllis to a hill station called Duabo, about a day's journey from Kwato. In the peace and quietness of that village among the mountains Cecil told us about

a man he and Russell had met while they were at Cambridge in 1921, an American called Frank Buchman. He had been visiting universities like Cambridge and Oxford telling the students about something important he had realised about living a Christian life. He said that as well as praying to God people needed to listen to Him every day. When they did this and decided to obey the thoughts they got, miracles happened. Many things happened to the students who tried out this idea. Interest grew so much that after a while these students were called the Oxford Group. Later on Dr. Buchman decided on a new name, Moral Re-Armament, and this work became known all over the world.

The idea of seeking direction from God was a new one to Cecil and Russell, even though they had lived in a Christian home and knew the Bible from their earliest years. But when they got back to Papua before their father died there was so much to be done they did not relate this new way of life to the work of the mission.

Now, however, Cecil had been thinking back to what he had heard from Frank Buchman. Up at Duabo he told us that Dr. Buchman had said that if people faced up to Christ's absolute standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love, it was possible for God to speak to them.

Could this be the direction we were all looking for? The guidance of God? We asked ourselves these questions.

When Cecil then told us about the places in his own life where he had failed and been dishonest it really got home to us. We felt more like a family than ever. We were no different from him, and we needed to look at our own lives, as he had done.

We each decided to see if God could speak to us and had a time of quiet together. At last we spoke and told each other the thoughts that had come into our hearts. Jealousies, resentments and impurities that had been holding up the work of the mission for years came out into the open and apologies were made. The result was a flow of new life.

God spoke to me that day when I looked at myself in the light of those four moral standards. I saw how I had tried to make my own people feel that all white people were bad. I had to face my hatred of that Australian lady. I saw where I had failed in absolute love. I couldn't ask her forgiveness because she had since died, but

I told my friends about my resentment against her and I asked God to forgive me.

Freedom from this resentment opened up a whole new life for me. God spoke to me about many other things as well. One was the future. Whether I should get married occupied my mind a lot. I had pushed this to the back of my mind because I was so busy, but it was always there. Now I saw that I must face up to it and find out what God wanted me to do about it.

I had a real battle in my heart thinking about this. Could I do God's will and also do what I wanted? Then I had this thought — to trust God about marriage and put all my thinking into how to serve my country. I knew I couldn't help anyone while trying to serve two masters. Maybe, I thought, God wants me to be free rather than tied to marriage.

God spoke clearly to me, and asked me to give up all my own plans and serve Him and my country, and this is what I chose to do.

When we got back to Kwato at that time, the change in us was noticed. The young people said we even *looked* different! It made a great difference to the whole mission. The saw-mill and boat-building works, which had been losing money, improved. Possibly this was because people became honest about themselves and they could then give their whole mind to their work. Children at the school began to listen to God and apologised to their teachers for rudeness and being naughty, and then got guidance about their work and how to help other people.

We decided to take our new experience to the villages nearby. The first village we went to was Maivara and we told them there how we had learned to listen to the Good Spirit and how it had changed our lives. One of the chief rain-makers there decided to change, and he publicly destroyed the things he used for making magic. Other sorcerers went to the homes of people they had killed and asked forgiveness. The new spirit began to spread like a fire. Women were no longer just the property of the men, children were wanted and well-cared for. People lost their fear of each other as sorcery died out. They built new houses and cleaned their villages. Getting together for "Power House", or times of prayer, listening and sharing experiences, became an important part of village life, and each morning a conch shell would be blown to remind

everyone that it was time to get up, to bathe in the river, and to have a time of listening.

It is astonishing, but we heard later that the change that came to this area began to solve problems that had worried the government for some years.

Merari Dickson, my cousin, was also changed by this meeting at Duabo. He lived on the north side of Milne Bay and was married to Vera Lebasi, a daughter of Joe Lebasi, who first came to Kwato with Charles Abel. Merari was one of the early trainees to go out from Kwato to take its message to the villages along the coast. Like I did, Merari found an entirely new inspiration for his work. He visited many villages in the Bohutu Valley in the Owen Stanley Ranges behind Milne Bay, where many had never heard of Christianity before and when he was honest with them about himself, they began to understand how they could find a new life for their villages free from fear and "payback".

A group including Merari was the first to enter the Bohutu Valley, where the jungle was so thick that during the day the only light was a dim kind of twilight. Wherever they went they found witchcraft and sorcery holding power over the people, who were living under continual fear. Villages had been broken up because of the distrust the villagers had of each other. If they were asked why they would not trust each other and live together, they replied, "If we live together we die," meaning that they did not know which of them was practising witchcraft, so if they kept apart they would be safe.

At one village which had once been prosperous, the villagers had died one by one and the survivors had run away because each believed the other practised sorcery against him. The whole life of the village was affected by these beliefs.

Merari decided that he must go into this valley and he chose a team to go with him. They believed that God was asking them to do this, and that He would care for them. They hoped that the people they visited would care for them and give them food, so they took very little with them. In doing this, they believed that the Bohutu Valley people would trust them and see that they did not come to get anything for themselves. In fact they often suffered from hunger, but in this way they met the villagers, they talked with the witches and sorcerers and the beginning of a trust

was built up among them. They told their own stories of how they got over fear and learned that the power of God was greater than the power of the sorcerer. They also showed the villagers how “payback” would go on forever and never be a solution. Merari showed them how forgiveness of enemies could build strong, united communities among the villages.

One night, Merari was walking alone up a jungle path when he heard footsteps approaching. He stepped aside into the bush and, when the man came level with him, Merari shone his torch in the man’s face.

He saw it was a witch doctor from the village. His name was Lebai. Merari asked him where he was going, and he replied that he was going out to kill a man. Merari told him how killing only encouraged payback and as they walked back to the village together, Lebai said killing gave him power over the villagers. He resisted Merari.

Merari said, “You can come tonight and practise your witchcraft on me in any way you like. If you’re right I’m wrong.”

Lebai was silent.

“Well,” he finally said. “I tried that last night but it didn’t work.”

He had to admit that his witchcraft was dishonest and that he had been deceiving the people by fear. This was the way Merari won the confidence of these people in the Bohutu Valley.

Later on, I myself met a woman from Naura, a village in Milne Bay, who told me she was a witch. I took her out beside the river, but it was getting dark outside and I became frightened. All my old fear of witchcraft returned to me and I was afraid she would kill me, so I took her inside the house instead of talking to her alone outside the house. When I told my friends about this they laughed, and I knew it was because I was afraid that that woman did not decide to give up witchcraft. She went away to another village and I never saw her again.

But I got rid of this fear, and on another day a woman and I were sitting by the river mouth near the beach, talking. She told me she practised witchcraft.

“How do you know you are a witch?” I asked her.

She replied, “At night I fly to my son who works at Doinei Island

on the plantation. I ask him for tobacco and he gives it to me and I fly back.”

“How do you go?”

“When I fly my body stays and my spirit goes. I tie strings to my toes to keep my body from going. I will show you the strings.”

I said, “Anything else?”

“See this river! I used to bring big fish into the river and tell people to come and get them. I know how to bring them in.”

“Can you bring the fish up now while we are by river?”

She was quiet for a while and then said, “I don’t think I can do it again because now that I have told you the power is gone.”

Then I said, “Let’s listen to God.”

We listened, both of us.

“Alice,” she said, “my thought was to say I made up all these things. I don’t bring the fish in the river. I don’t fly to see my son. It is all lies. When I see the fish I call out to the men to come and catch them and I tell them I bring them and they believe me. I am very sorry for making people believe I am a witch.”

I asked, “What makes you do it?”

She replied, “Because if I ask for anything they give it to me. If they can’t give it to me, they say I make *puripuri* (magic) and make that person sick. Believing in a thing makes it come true. I realise it is all untrue.”

In another village lived a sorcerer with all his toes gone. The village people thought he brought dead people out of their graves with his toes and his toes had all decayed because of this. They believed he stamped on the graves with his feet and the dead came out and ate his toes.

I asked him, “Are your toes sore?”

“Yes,” he replied.

“Do you know there is a disease called leprosy?”

“No.”

“This hasn’t happened to you because of witchcraft. Your fingers are crooked and your toes falling off because you have leprosy. If you go to the doctors they will tell you you have leprosy. Only the doctors can cure you.”

He said, “Well, I thought it was because of witchcraft.”

I said to him, “Do you stamp on graves?”

He replied, “No, I don’t. Some of the women say that I do and

when they accuse me of it and I say I do, they give me whatever I ask for — food, clothes, tobacco.”

The medical orderly visited the village and examined the man. He told him he had leprosy and he was sent to the leprosy hospital on Gemo Island, where he had treatment.

So their faith in God and learning to listen to the inner voice saved them from living in continual fear.

CHAPTER 6

A Dangerous Decision

We were stirred by what had happened in the Bohutu Valley and other areas around Milne Bay. Because at Duabo we had faced up to where we had been wrong and had decided to give up division and bitterness among ourselves, we seemed to be finding the power to bring deep changes in people's lives. Groups now went out all over the area, asking God to tell them what to do and where to go. One group went over the border of the Milne Bay District towards Fife Bay. This was in an area also pioneered by the LMS and they had a wonderful reception. But not everybody was happy about it: one missionary wrote strongly, saying that we should not have come into his area. But we were trying to share an experience we had had with our own people. We couldn't help saying to ourselves that there must be many places besides Milne Bay where the needs of people were waiting to be answered.

Perhaps we should ask the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Hubert Murray, for guidance about where to go? Sir Hubert was in charge of Papua at this time, between World War I and World War II. He did a great deal to develop the country. He had visited Kwato several times and he always received a warm welcome. We gave the house a special cleaning and cooked a very good meal for him, which we girls served at the table. In 1927 he had written to Charles Abel, "Personally I have no doubt whatever of your success. I wish to assure you again of the intense interest that members of the Papuan Government — myself most of all — take in your Association and of our earnest wishes for its success. You

may be certain of our full appreciation of the great assistance that your Association will give our administration."

This might be a time when we could give him further assistance, and help work out the best way for the development of our people. Cecil Abel went to see Sir Hubert and with Sila and Kama, two of our Papuan men, travelled with him to Daru, 500 miles away at the other end of Papua, to see if there was work for us there. But this did not seem the right place for us to go.

Another time we heard there was a need in a mountain area to the south of the Southern Highlands called the Zambregge. Little was known about the Highlands at this time. Today, half the population of Papua New Guinea lives there, but the first people from the outside world only went in there at this time, the early 1930's. This trip was on the New Guinea side, which was then administered separately from Papua. And now two well-known patrol officers, Bill Adamson and Ivan Champion were taking an expedition into the Highlands from the south.

I was one of a party which went at that time from Kwato to the nearest coastal station, Kikori. It also included two others of our women. We stayed on the boat at Kikori while Cecil flew up to Lake Kutubu in the Zambregge to see whether it was the place we should go to. Lake Kutubu was very hard to reach. In fact a Stinson plane used to fly in and out for a week bringing all the supplies needed for the year. But it seemed too far away. Kikori was hundreds of miles from Kwato. So Cecil went to see Sir Hubert Murray again.

"What about the Kunika people, then," said Sir Hubert, "the Dorevaidi and Keveri tribes?"

Cecil did not know who these tribes were, so Sir Hubert explained that they lived in the mountains behind the coastal station at Abau, about half way to Port Moresby. There was fierce tribal fighting in this area, and though the leaders were put into gaol time after time it seemed to make no difference. They would just go back and do it all over again. The next move, said Sir Hubert, would have to be capital punishment, but he did not want to carry this out for many reasons. In these tribes, head-hunting was part of the traditional custom. Nobody seemed to be able to help the people understand why they should stop.

Cecil came back to Kwato and told us what Sir Hubert had said.



The Lieut.-Governor of Papua, Sir Hubert Murray, before the war with the Principal Medical Officer, Dr Walter Strong, and some Papuan medical assistants in training. The Lieut.-Gov. was very helpful to us in our work.

Before we could decide if we should do anything about such a challenging situation we felt we needed to find out more facts. Sir Hubert had suggested Cecil contact a patrol officer called W. R. Humphries, who had recently been in the Kunika country and had been transferred to Tufi on the north coast of Papua. As it happened he was shortly going to pass through Samarai on his way back from Tufi so a radio message went to him asking him to visit Kwato on the way. Dickie Humphries spent an evening with us and told us some of the most exciting stories we had ever heard. We realised what a big challenge it would be to go there.

My clear thought was that I should be one of the party and I was glad when one of my women friends, Panaloia, also decided to go. The rest of the party was made up of Papuan men, except for Cecil. We knew the country would be difficult and the people dangerous, but they were our people and we wanted to help them.

So we travelled up the coast to Abau by launch. It took a week, and each night we camped in a sheltered spot near where we had landed. Abau, like Samarai and most other government stations in Papua at that time, was on an island. An island was safer!

The patrol officer at Abau warned us not to enter the Kunika area without being armed. But we had decided not to take weapons. So Cecil had a talk with him and told him how we worked at Kwato and that we had come because the Lieutenant-Governor had asked us to.

“God is sending us,” he said, “and He will look after us.”

I think the patrol officer still thought we were foolish!

CHAPTER 7

Among the Kunikas

While we were in Abau, Cecil was invited to go to a feast the government was giving for some of the Kunika leaders. It was hoped that the people might begin to realise that the officials were on their side, that the government did not just want to put them in gaol but to help them.

At this feast Cecil went out of his way to make friends with several of the village chiefs among the headhunters. Two of these men, both Dorevaidis, were to play a big part in the story that was just beginning. They were Ofekule, the chief of Dorevaidi village, and Sibodu, from Kuroudi village. Cecil said to them that he was going to come and see them. They were very surprised but, he told us, they looked quite pleased. He added that they were "the ugliest and most blood-thirsty men you ever saw".

So we left Abau and went on up the coast to Domara and then to Duram. Every morning we met and listened together for God's guidance for the day and shared our thoughts with each other before we set out. In Duram we sat down with the village council. We found they were willing for us to come there. They showed us the way to enter the Kunika country. It was first necessary to build huts and make preparations in Duram, so three men stayed there while the rest of us returned to Kwato to tell them we had a base to work from. The base took several months to prepare and, meanwhile, we were gathering our team together at Kwato.

When we returned to Duram and were ready to start our journey the first village we came to was Amau, which was then just like

many other villages. I had no idea then that it was going to become so much bigger, or that I was to spend so many years of my life there. The head man at Amau in those days was called Belei. He was one of the Keveri tribe, but several generations before his family had come down to the plains. He was well known as a fighter and a sorcerer. He was not a nice-looking old man but we managed to make a friend of him and he helped us know which other villages to visit. We were the first missionaries ever to go there. He and his son Maieau also played a big part in the story in the years ahead.

From Amau we went through many villages, spending a night or two in each one. There were rivers to ford and we had to find crossings, and the men carrying the heavy loads were often thirsty and hungry. These were carriers whom we had employed at Duram. It was a very good thing we had done so because they became our interpreters and were able to tell the people about us.

At Nebulu we left the valley and started climbing. What a climb that was! The mountains seemed to go straight up. The jungle was very dense and wet and these parts of the Owen Stanley Ranges were so high that we even got cold!

When we first came into the villages people ran away because they thought we were patrol officers coming with guns. When they saw we were unarmed they talked in Police Motu with the carriers, who told them we hadn't come to kill but to bring new life there. Motu was the language they had learned in gaol, and as we could speak it too, it was the way we could communicate with each other.

In every village we gathered with the people to tell them about the Good Spirit and then we would pray with them. When we did this, some funny things happened, for these people had never had gatherings or prayers before. So when we prayed they all looked at us with their eyes wide open. Then one of the men would say, "Shut your eyes!", and if any woman kept her eyes open after that she would be given a wallop! So the women obediently closed their eyes and held their babies' eyes shut as well. Sometimes, too, they would start squabbling amongst themselves — the men blaming the women and the women blaming the men for their disagreements — just like Adam and Eve. And they'd forget all about the speakers. What we said did not seem to get across to them.

But what did get through to them was our different way of living. They saw men and women working with one another. They also saw that we were unarmed and unafraid. The patrol officers and policemen when they came always had guns with them.

And so we found our way through the Dorevaiddi area on the west side of the Owen Stanleys to the Keveri area on the east. Naturally we tried to find out why the people had been killing each other, and how it had all started. On one occasion, Ofekule, chief of Dorevaiddi village, explained it to us, and I wrote it down.

Many years ago, said Ofekule, two Keveri men told everybody they were going out to kill someone. They walked for many days — all the way from their village to Wanigela at the head of Marshall Lagoon. They even waded through the river called Bom Guina. But they found no one passing that way. Then they ran out of food so they hid their spears among the mangroves and returned to their village.

But two Dorevaiddi chiefs heard that the Keveri men had boasted they would kill someone and decided to go and see if they had. They reached the river and found the place where the Keveri men had been camping. They found the spears and took them home.

All through the Dorevaiddi villages word spread that the chiefs had brought the spears back. Village men made up a song saying that the Keveri men had not killed anyone after all, but the Dorevaiddi men had. This song spread to the Keveri villages, and two of their chiefs went to the Dorevaiddi country to find out if what it said was true. The Dorevaiddi men laughed at them: "How many men have you killed? How many days have you been in the bush? Which spear did you use to kill the man?"

The tragedy was that up till then nobody had been killed. They were all just boasting and pretending. But the two Keveri men were angry at being laughed at. They picked up their spears and walked away. In a garden near the village they saw a man working, so they speared him to death, left his body in the garden and went home.

And that was how the hatred between the two tribes began. The worst fighting really started a generation later. Some Dorevaiddi went to the Keveri country and fought for a short time. Then one Dorevaiddi, a man called Musio, went to visit the Keveri as a friend. But the Keveri killed him and burned his body.

The Dorevaiddi chief at that time, Emiese, was very angry at the news. He told his son Araaru, "The Keveri people will be your enemies in the years to come. If you find any Keveri men anywhere, kill them! Go on fighting until the day you die, until you kill everyone."

When young Araaru became chief he did just this. There was fierce fighting between the two tribes until the Keveri chief, Eori, was killed. It was Eori who had killed Musio, so the Dorevaiddi were satisfied with this "payback" and stopped fighting.

About this time Araaru had a son — and this son was our friend Ofekule. He was born in a tree-house and there was great celebration. Araaru called out in a loud voice to the village that the boy would capture the Keveri village and kill their strongest warrior. The village people were very happy to hear it.

And so the hatred was kept alive, from one generation to the next. Araaru trained Ofekule to be a killer. He did it this way: When he was a boy they were out in the bush one day and saw a man hunting. Araaru told his son to get up in a tree and watch, then speared the man and threw the body in the river. Then he called his son down and said, "When you grow big you will be doing the same thing." Ofekule grew very strong because of this training.

Belei, who had been our host at Amau, was a fierce enemy of Araaru, and had taken part in the fight in which Eori, the Keveri chief, was killed by him. Belei told me that Araaru had stopped fighting and made peace because Belei and his six men held on and would not give up.

Musio, the Dorevaiddi man who had gone in peace to the Keveri area but had been killed, was the brother of Sibodu's grandfather. Sibodu, was one of the "ugly and blood-thirsty men" Cecil Abel had met in Abau, so immediately we found we were meeting the people whose families for generations had been at the heart of the struggle between the tribes.

Biruma, a Keveri man who trained Belei's son, Maieau, to kill, reminded us of another reason why young men killed people. He told me, "News came to me from Doma village that one of the women there had said, 'If I hear that Amau men are strong and are killing people then I will give my sister to one of them in

marriage. But if they are not brave I will give them my grass skirt to wear.'

"When I heard this I decided to put my whole strength into killing as I did not want the shame of being given a grass skirt. Also I wanted people to praise me and say I was living up to my father's reputation."

In fact, we found the girls were the cause of a lot of killing, because they used to say they wouldn't marry a man until he had killed someone and brought the victim's finger to them to prove it. When a young man was setting off to kill he would put a hornbill's feather in his hair. Then the people he came across needed to watch out.

As we walked on and on, across the ranges and back down to Amau, we found it hard to know if our journey would have any result. The people had seen us living together and working as one family; they had heard about the life we had lived at Kwato; about our schools, our churches, our plantations. But would they ever want to end their fighting and find a new way of life?

It was while we were asking ourselves this that we realised that a number of chiefs from both sides — Ofekule, Sibodu and Ifei (who were Dorevoidis), and Biruma and Maicau (who were Keveris), had been following us as we went around.

CHAPTER 8

Kunikas at Kwato

The thought came to us that we should ask these five chiefs to come to Kwato. Rather to our surprise, they accepted eagerly. So we all went down to the coast at Duram, sent a message to Kwato to say we were coming and waited for the launch, *Lantic*, which was due to arrive.

But the *Lantic* was delayed. These delays often happen in Papua New Guinea because of engine trouble or something. So we waited and waited, not knowing what was wrong. We would not have worried, but we were eager to get away before any of the five chiefs changed their minds.

Later we realised there was a reason for the delay. One morning Cecil had the thought that we should use the delay to teach those men to listen to God. He had believed that they would need many months of instruction to understand what is was all about before they could make a decision to live in such a new way. Now came this thought that now was the time to teach them to listen.

Cecil discussed his idea with Bukemani and Philip, two of our men. Philip said, "Why not? If God can talk to you and me, Cecil, He can talk to them." Philip thought it was perhaps like a radio: "It doesn't matter about the receiver of the radio, it's the transmitter that matters."

So all of us sat round in a circle there on the coast, and after some minutes of silence each chief was asked what thought had come to him.

Biruma said he hadn't any thought. Sibodu said, "It's like

something hot burning inside of me. The Good Spirit told me that the first thing to do when I go back is to tell my wife Mue about this." Ofekule said he had thought to let the Good Spirit into his heart and get rid of the bad one who told him to kill and steal.

Maieau hesitated for a while and then he said, "Killing must stop. It is an old way."

Then Maieau told us that when we had come to Amau, he had not been there because he had gone off to kill his enemy, Bobokom at Domara. "I had been hiding for two nights and a day in his garden waiting for him to come down," he said. "Then my father, Belei, sent a runner to call me to come and meet you all at Amau. I came, spear in hand, but I was so ashamed I hid my spear in the bush before I came down to the village. Now the Good Spirit has just told me. 'Go back to your village, shake hands with your enemy, tell him fighting and killing must cease. The time for peace has come.'"

We had no idea at the time what results would come from this first thought of Maieau's. As you will see, it led to a whole new way of life for the Kunika people. Maieau had been born in the middle of a fight which his father Belei had started against the Domara people in which the Domara chief Odieau had been killed. And much of Maieau's boyhood was spent being taught by his father which villages were enemies and that he must first kill a man if he wanted to get married. He learned these things together with other tribal customs — for instance that he must have a large garden so he would become an important man in the village.

Maieau told us other things about his life. As I said earlier, he was first taught to kill by Biruma. He then taught two of his friends and together they killed a young boy from another village. He was then asked by the Melaani people to kill a Tufi man who had married into their village. This man had treated his in-laws badly and they wanted to get rid of him. Maieau was pleased that he was getting a reputation as a good killer. But this time the police caught up with him and he was put in gaol. After he returned home he was preparing for another pay-back killing: the one against Bobokom at Domara, which had been interrupted by our arrival at Amau. There, he heard us speak about turning enemies into friends. It must have affected him deeply.

When the *Lantic* did come it took ten days for it to reach Kwato

because the weather was squally. But all the Kwato family was on the wharf to greet us and gave the chiefs a wonderful time. It was a strange experience for them at first. I can remember what a shock it was for Ifei when for the first time he saw the inside of a white man's house and saw his own image in the long mirror there. He yelled and came running. "There's somebody in there!" he said.

While they were with us they went to other places in Milne Bay — to the plantations, to Sariba Island, to Samarai Island. They also met people from the Bohutu Valley. These valley people told them how as a result of the changes that began at Duabo, people who had lived apart from each other because of fear had built new houses together. They were told that the Milne Bay people had been praying for us and our journey for many months. They realised that it is possible for people from completely different areas and backgrounds to care for you instead of being against you.

After some weeks it was time for them to go back. At our farewell feast Biruma got up and spoke. He started by saying they had all been in gaol. "We did not mind that", he said. "Government rice and biscuits are very good. We came back unchanged. At last God's children came, out of love for us, and changed us right round inside. Your food at Kwato is very good, but we have not come for that. We have good food too, in Dorevaidi. Your schools and works are very good. We would like to learn too, but we have not come for that. We have only come for one thing; to learn about God. Our hearts are burning to go back and tell out friends all we have heard."

We all prayed for them solidly, and constantly, as they went back to their own people. We knew that it would be difficult for them to carry out the thoughts that had come to them and to build new friendships with neighbouring tribes. We kept wondering how they were getting on, and three months went by.

CHAPTER 9

Discovering New Ways

After those three months, Russell Abel and an Englishman called Frank Bridge took us back up the coast and through the jungle to Amau. We were given a wonderful welcome by Chief Belei and his son Maieau.

Maieau told us that when he got back from Kwato, he had walked through the bush without his spear to Domara to put things right with his enemy Bobokom. These people never walked through the bush unarmed or alone. They always travelled in twos or threes because of the danger of being attacked. Yet the Lord protected Maieau all the way along. When he walked into Domara village, there was his enemy squatting by the fire. Maieau put out his big hand and went right up to him. Bobokom had to reach out and take it. Then Maieau told him the whole story, and said the Good Spirit had told him there was to be no more fighting and killing, for the time of peace had come. And so it had!

The other chiefs heard we were at Amau and came down to see us. We had many days wonderful talk with them. They had come without their spears and were showing great courage in standing up for their new convictions. But some things do not happen quickly and it was clear that not all the people were happy with their new ideas. There were a lot of quite fierce arguments.

Belei gave a feast in our honour. As headman of Amau, what he said carried weight and everyone listened to him when he spoke. "If there is to be any future for the Kunika people we will have to change our ways," he said, "or we will kill and be killed and our

numbers will dwindle." He pointed out that we were showing them a new way to live, the way of friendship, but he said he himself was too old to change; he had walked too long in the ways of his ancestors.

"You young men, it is up to you," he said. "That is the word of an old man. I have seen too much. I say this way is right for our people."

We went back to Kwato encouraged by the way our friends were beginning to put up a different kind of fight. Then, three months later still, we got a message from them: would we come to Domara village at the next full moon for a "peace feast"?

When we reached the Kunika country it was raining hard. And it kept raining for days, so we were all very wet by the time we got to Domara. We were amazed to find waiting for us over 100 people. Many of them, from the mountains, had never been to the coastal places before; some had walked three days to get there. They came from both sides of the fighting and were finding it very strange to be all together in the same village, particularly because the heavy rain meant we all had to crowd together into a small hut.

But our friends who had been at Kwato said how they had decided to travel round to apologise to the people they had fought and to whole villages for the terrible things they had done. For ten days we all shared our experiences.

The people from other places had brought food with them, but we spent so long talking that their food ran out. Then the Domara people asked them to share theirs, and let the women from other places walk into their gardens and take what they needed. This generosity was a practical example of the new family spirit, and it spread in important ways in the coming years.

We did not try and teach these people; we let them find from the Good Spirit what he wanted them to know that day. In fact, *davalia* ('finding') was the word that was used for listening to the Spirit's directions. Soon every day people were finding things and telling all the others about it. It was amazing to see how fast the experience spread, how people learned to listen and to pray and to make friendship with all men. Sometimes a whole tribal group would ask forgiveness for the things they had done wrong.

These days nearly fifty years later, there are often stories in the newspapers about tribal fighting in parts of independent Papua

New Guinea, particularly in the Highlands. I cannot help thinking back to our experiences among the Kunika people and how they themselves found the way to end not only the fighting but the hatred that had caused it from generation to generation.

From that "peace feast" at Domara, eighty-four former headhunters sent a message to Cecil Abel, who was then in London. When he got back to Port Moresby he took the first opportunity to see Sir Hubert Murray. Sir Hubert had already heard what had been happening between the Dorevaidi and Keveri people. He had been into the area himself and found that all killing had ended.

"I don't know whether it is entirely your influence or not," he told Cecil, "but I can tell you that since you people have been there, I haven't had to try one single case!"

CHAPTER 10

Amau

As the fighting and killing stopped in this large area, people were not afraid to leave their villages, so they were able to work together. The pioneers were much tested, though. One night a small group of men came to Sibodu's village, Kuroudi, spoiled the food gardens and set fire to some houses. Sibodu and two other men faced the attackers and said they would not fight back. One of the visitors gave him a nasty cut with a long knife. Even then, Sibodu did not respond — he just covered the wound with his hand and waited. The attackers were so surprised, they ran away.

Two days later, two of the attackers came back in daylight. They had a long talk with some of Sibodu's friends, and the talk ended with a time of prayer and listening. The man who had wounded Sibodu went to him and apologised. Sibodu welcomed him like an old friend and together they started planning how to bring something different to the other man's village.

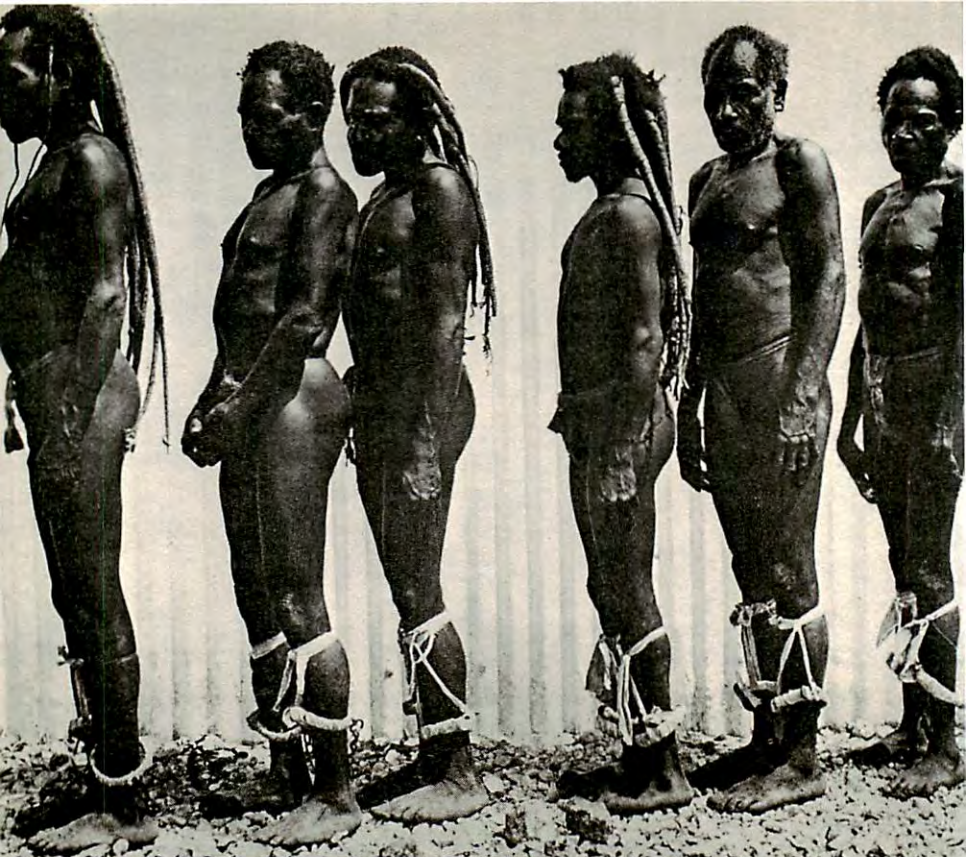
Ofekule, in Dorevaiddi village nearby, decided to look for practical applications of the new way of life. He and his people started by building a new road up to their village, near the top of the Owen Stanley Ranges. They worked hard, using only traditional tools and digging sticks. When one of them visited Kwato later he said that their main tool was *lalotamona* (unity).

But Ofekule was not satisfied that a road was enough. He had the strong thought that villages like his should move down to the plains and thus be better able to co-operate with other tribes. He had a lot of opposition within his own village. A sorcerer said if



Children of the headhunters at Amau school. Below, paddling down the river at Duram.





Headhunters in government custody. Biruma is second from left, and Maieau, who he trained to kill, is at far right, next to his father, Chief Belei. Below, many years later, Biruma (left) and Maieau (right), with Sibodu, the fight leader who broke his spears as a symbol of peace.



they offended the old spirits there would be a catastrophe. And a few nights later there was: a lot of earth and rocks, weakened by rain, slid down on them and buried some houses and a food garden. Everyone was very upset and the sorcerer looked pleased with himself. Ofekule went off into the bush for a long time, and came to the conclusion that this was a sign that God *did* want them to go. And before long, they did.

Meanwhile, down at Amau, Belei's son Maieau was thinking about all the land he and his father owned. But the thought came clearly to him that the land was not his and not just for the people of Amau. It really belonged to God, who was the chief of all.

This was as big a change in his thinking as it would be for the owner of any land anywhere in the world. But it meant that he, a Keveri, was ready to welcome Ofekule, from Dorevaidi, Sibodu, from Kuroudi and their people. Others came from Okaudi, Domara and parts of Keveri. Each village was given a large area of land to live and grow things in. They rebuilt the villages, keeping their old names, on the basis that God was going to be the chief and they should live as He told them to.

They built good houses, agreeing together where they should be put, and took pride in how clean they could make it all. Plants and seeds were brought down the mountainside on the people's backs, then piled up ready to take down the river. They were then loaded on to rafts and floated down to Amau.

At this stage I came back from Kwato with three other teachers. They had said they wanted a school for their children, and we felt this was one way we could help. We had many adventures with those children in the years that followed.

Until our food gardens could grow, the Amau people provided us with food from their own gardens. We had brought rice, which helped. There was no danger now if we went into the bush, for since they had moved into this fertile valley there was no fear any longer of being ambushed. Agriculture became easier, more food could be grown and the diet of the villagers improved.

We put up a mission house and built a temporary school and later a group of Kwato boys helped the people build a church.

We taught the children of the headhunters writing, reading and arithmetic and singing lessons. We often went camping. Teachers were changed every two years and when the new ones came the

others went home for a rest. I was there for three years before the Pacific War and for two years after.

Those were interesting years for me.

The headhunters had trained their children in savage ways, and they practised how to kill on birds, and animals, including the beautiful birds of paradise. If they were angry, the children would take it out on the nearest animal or bird.

We held camps for these children every two months with the idea of teaching them to provide food for the camp by hunting and fishing and to enjoy themselves swimming in the river. We also had quiet times with them each morning. It was hard for these children to learn self-control but we found that God could speak directly and clearly to each child, which was better than us telling them what was right to do. They seem to grasp what God means more quickly than adults do.

One of these children was eight-year-old Kurokure. He wanted to be a policeman and put stripes on his sleeve to show his rank. Then he thought that he would pilot a plane. "I will keep the sun and the moon from shining on you!" he would say.

He was a very difficult child, always making mischief at home, at school, or at play. When his parents crossed him in any way he would throw stones at them. So his parents had decided to send him to our school at Belei Point, where they hoped he would be disciplined by the teachers.

After a week he was worse than ever. His teacher, fed up with his bad language, took him outside and rubbed a chili on his tongue. She said he must spit out the bad language. He cried for an hour, then the teacher came out and said she was sorry about the chili, but she got no response from Kurokure. He wouldn't speak to anyone.

I decided I would have a talk with him alone. As soon as he sat down beside me he started to cry. I asked him if he would like to listen with me and see if God had anything He wanted to tell us. We did this and I asked him if he had any thoughts.

He replied, "It is me who is making the trouble. The chili did help me to stop swearing. Why I am such a bad boy is because my parents and grandparents knew nothing about God. When my parents began to believe in God they brought me here to school."

I asked him why he wouldn't speak to his teacher and he began to cry again.

"I hate my teacher because she put a chili in my mouth. I will say sorry and put things right with her."

He thought he should say sorry to his father for throwing a stone at him and to his mother for burning her grass skirt.

After that time, Kurokure's behaviour was good at school and play. This is what guidance can do for a naughty child.

It wasn't always like that, however. One of the other boys had a quarrel with a friend younger than himself and the killing instinct in him took over. He stuffed the younger boy in a bag and threw him in the river with the object of drowning him. Fortunately, someone saw him do it and rescued the child. The older child's father was a headhunter and he had trained his children to be hard and cruel. Killing was their answer for everything.

Another of the children, Ligua, the adopted son of Ofekule, was one we had trouble with about unnecessarily killing animals. During our time of quiet he told us he had the thought to stop killing animals. I asked him, "Why did you kill the animals?"

"I loved to do it," he replied. "When my father took me out into the bush to watch him kill a man, he made me tell him afterwards how I would do it when I became a man. I practised on killing animals. After I had been at Amau school I only practised a few times. Then God told me to stop killing and, instead, to practise having thoughts in guidance."

Ligua added: "I did many wrong things. One day all the young pigs were gone from the village. The people thought they were lost in the bush, but I had killed them."

In the camp, when you wanted to know where a child was, you only had to go to the river. They all loved swimming and would swim all day long. From time to time they would get out and dry themselves on hot stones on the beach or, if there was a fire, they would stand by it. One boy built himself a platform and lit a fire under it, then sat on the platform to dry himself. He was too silly to know that the fire would burn the wood, so, of course, he got badly burned. He was taken to the medical centre at Belei Point where his burns were treated. It was a good lesson for him in common sense.

I found myself doing many other things besides teaching school in my journeyings up and down the coast. I found that though I had no training, I had to act as midwife several times. Once, some children came to me and said there was a baby crying under a bush. I went with them and found a newborn child. I brought things from my house, cut the cord and washed the baby, and wrapped it in a bit of clothing. Some time later, the mother appeared and took the child home. She had been washing herself in the river.

Another time, just as our mission launch arrived at Abau, one of the headhunters called to me, "My wife is up there on the hillside among the stones. She is having a baby. Can you help her?"

I said, "Why is she up there?"

"She likes to have the baby in the bush."

I went up to her, waited till the child was born, then fixed it up while the mother went to wash herself in the sea.

Another time was when we were on patrol and I found a woman in labour on a bed of boughs in the bush. Rain was falling and a tiny fire had been lit in her shelter of boughs. She had nothing to wrap the child in until I came and found something and the cord was tied with a string taken from her grass skirt and cut with a piece of sharp bamboo.

When the new church at Amau was finished, we had an opening day and people came from many of the coastal villages and from Kwato. In the building of it, each man had given one day's work a week, then one day a week they would all work together.

For the opening the church was decorated with flowers and coconut leaves on the walls.

At the service, Sibodu got up and spoke. "When I started listening to the Good Spirit the first thought that came into my mind was this, 'You must make peace with your enemies, the Keveri people: you must make restitution for your old hatred and be at peace with them.'"

He had his spears with him and, in front of the congregation, he broke them and said, "These spears are not going to be used to kill any more!"

Then the pieces were fastened to the walls of the church as a symbol that there would be no more fighting.

CHAPTER 11

Sibodu and Biruma

Having seen this story happen in front of me, I was very keen to get all the facts from the men themselves. So I went to Ofekule, Sibodu, Biruma and Maieau and got their stories from them. What they said and what I wrote down so carefully was almost lost — but I will tell about that later. I would now like to let Sibodu and Biruma tell their stories in their own words.

Here is what Sibodu said:

As a child I used to steal food from my father and mother. One day my parents went off to their garden leaving some pork to smoke over the fire. At midday I came and took the whole lot and ate it, giving the scraps left over to the dogs. When my parents came back and questioned me about the pork I denied all knowledge of it.

Another day I went with my friends down to the river to play on the swings there. One of the boys cut the rope of the swing and I got mad and threw stones at him till blood flowed from his head. The rest of the boys chased me till I reached my village and said they would return next day and fight me.

The next day I took six of my friends and we went off to fight the other children. During the battle we hurt two of them; the head of one was cut by a stone and the other was wounded by a spear. After this we returned to our own village.

My life as a headhunter began when I killed my uncle in our storehouse where he was stealing my parents' yams.

My father was one of the chiefs in tribal warfare. My grandfather had taught him how to kill men and their great enemies were the Keveri people. This was because my grandfather's brother, Musio, had been killed by the Keveri people on an occasion when he was a guest of that tribe. So this warfare began in my grandfather's time.

It was the custom of our people that a man should present a woman with the finger of a man he had killed. This was then hung on a string around her neck to prove his courage.

When I was beginning to grow up I saw a group of warriors going out to fight and they teased me, saying I couldn't get married because I hadn't yet killed anybody. I was so angry and ashamed that I set off straight away and killed a man working in his garden, while he wasn't looking.

In the evening when I returned to my village I met my brother and he could tell by my face that I had killed a man so he told me I could join up with the group of warriors. Before we set off, my brother sent me to kill one of his enemies so I went off and lay hidden in the bush to catch him. However, he didn't arrive so I returned home in the morning and rejoined the band of fighters.

There were two very big groups of warriors, with my brother as their captain. We set off and after two days and two nights in the bush, we came to a village called Orodoi. We surrounded this village and slaughtered all the men, women and children. No one was left alive. We burned every house, and the heat was so intense that the people living in the neighbouring village couldn't possibly chase us but, instead, took to their heels and ran in case they should meet the same fate. With my own hand I killed three men.

Then the government arrived to deal with the disturbance and carried off the other killers to gaol for four years. After their return, I too, was arrested and sentenced to two years gaol. During this time in gaol I was trained to look after police horses.

Later, when I was promoted to cleaning the Lieutenant-Governor's study I saw a picture of a man on the wall. I asked the Governor who the man was and he told me it was Christ. He also told me something of his story and promised he would put me in touch with others who could tell me more when I came out of gaol.

A few years after I got out of gaol I met the Kwato group at Abau. Later, when they came to my own village, I met them again

and, after talking with them, I returned with them to Kwato.

My whole life was changed. They didn't preach at me but my heart was touched by the way they lived. I lost all my fear and followed them down to the coast at Duram.

We stayed there for a few days and they taught me to listen to the Good Spirit. It was then that the thought burned into me that I must tell my wife Mue about this when I returned from Kwato. I did not want to do this, because Mue had a fierce temper and I did not know what she would say. We had had five children, but all of them had died either from birth or from her harsh treatment of them. She was the only wife I had, and I wanted a child to come after me, but no more children had come so we had adopted a boy, Inin.

When I told Mue of my experience she started to listen to the Good Spirit too and we became united in our desire to win our enemies over as friends. The village women knew of her terrible rages, but when they stopped they listened to her, and she was able to teach them to pray in the way we did together.

Then when the Kwato people returned to Amau for a big gathering there were many there from other villages. I was tempted to marry another girl because I wanted a child. In my mind I could think of nothing else but to have this girl, because according to our custom we can take a second wife. When I told Mue she flew into one of her old rages.

"If you take this woman I go," she said, and she meant it. "Very well," I said, "you can go." We did not pray together that night.

Next morning when the conch shell blew to tell us that it was time for our quiet time, Mue went with a heavy heart. She could not pray, she could only confess to God that her temper had come back. Straight away she told me that she was willing for me to marry this girl if it was what God wanted. She asked me if I had prayed about it. I said "No", and suggested we pray then.

After listening I said to Mue, "It is wrong for me to take this woman. God's way is for a man to keep to one woman until she dies." Mue had had the same thought and when the Kwato people arrived we were able to share it with them.

Before long Mue was with child again. When the time came for it to be born she was sent to Kwato so that she could be given the right care. It was the last child she had, a boy, which was called

Madi — the son that I had longed to have.

That was Sibodu's story which I wrote down. Sibodu's adopted son, Inin, speaking of his father before Sibodu died in 1964, said:

As a boy I used to watch the village warriors preparing to make a tribal raid. They made careful preparations. I watched them as they first erected a platform up a tree. They then laid all their spears there and set off into the bush. There, according to the Papuan customs of sorcery they collected leaves with magic powers to rub on their spears. Then they all talked together for a long time reciting all the magic spells they knew. They thought carefully about the number of men and women in the village they were planning to raid, and saw that they had the right number of spears. Finally, they got all their spears hot and smoked them over a fire to season the wood, and left them there till morning while they went off to get some sleep. In the morning they came and took their spears and went off to make the raid.

I was too young to join the headhunters and I just stood and watched my father and his warriors setting out. Later, I watched them coming back. They had decorated themselves and were singing and shouting. When I grew up I saw the change in my father's life when he came down to live at Amau and started to work there.

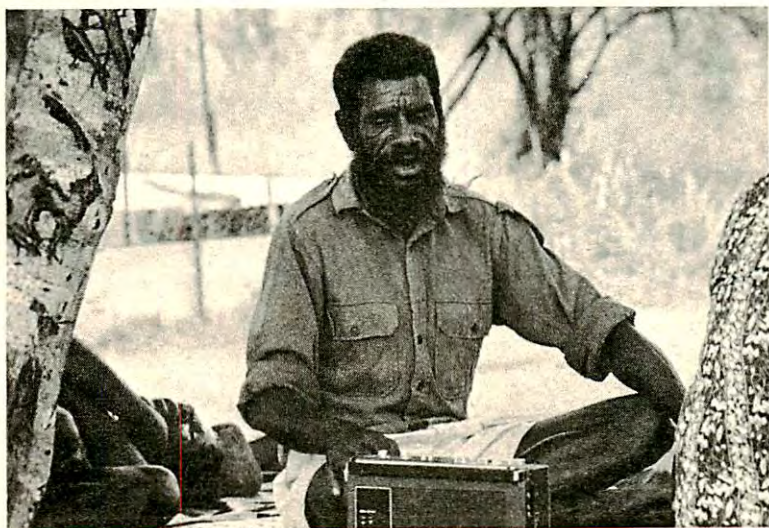
My father, after he had stopped killing, had called the village people together to listen to the Good Spirit. Their thought was that their village had been under the influence of bad spirits for so long that it would be better to build it in a new place. They received exact instructions about where to build it, and about all the details that go into the building of a village, as they considered the matter together. Also about the crops to plant and the food they should grow. Even after all the raiding and burning that happened when the Japanese came, not only did they have enough food for themselves but they were able to share their food with other villages as well.

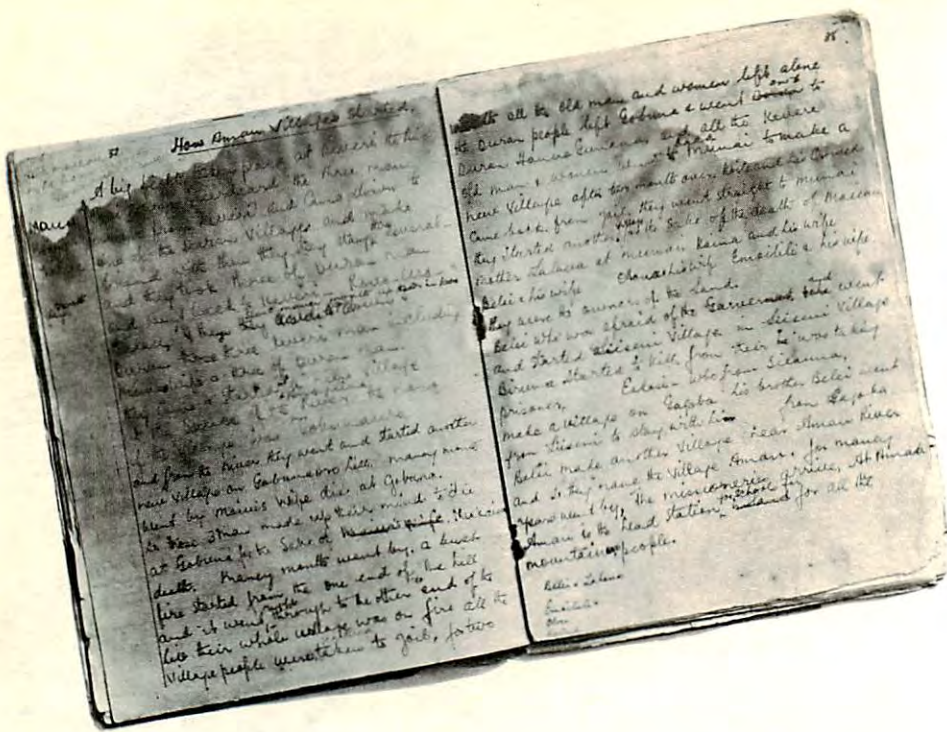
In 1951 I went up to Kwato to train as a carpenter with other young people under Arthur Beavis. I stayed there for five years and this helped me to find a new life as my father Sibodu had done.

When my father was dying, he called me with my mother, brothers and sisters to his side, "I, Sibodu, have no money or material possessions. My only wealth is people; my real riches are



Sibodu's sons,
Madi (top) and Inin,
Inin recalls how the
headhunters pre-
pared themselves
for a raid.





The waterstained notebook in which I wrote down the stories of the headhunters, and which survived the war in the cache in the jungle.

in doing God's work and in helping people. On my shoulders I carry a burden like a cross. It is the needs of people. I want my people to find new life. I would like you to take God's word as your wealth. That is all I am leaving you."

So, when my father died, I kept his words in my heart and I never forget them.

That was the son's story, and now this is what Biruma said:

When I was a small boy these are the things my father taught me — to work hard and make a big garden, to travel round and visit as many places as I could, to always pay back anyone who hit me, to make fun in my village so that people would see that I am an important man and will be able to get a wife quickly. So I started early to make a big food garden, to travel and visit many villages. I also stole food and pigs from my people.

One of my relations named Oniei gave me many lessons in how to kill people. One day, he and another man led me on to kill my own uncle, for which I was put in gaol for two years.

When I came out of gaol I decided to continue the path of killing which I had chosen. I trained three young men called Maieau, Maki and Frank, to do the same thing. One day I led them to a village called Melaani and there waylaid a man and his wife and child and killed them.

A few days later I took Maki and Frank down to Abau, the government patrol station, and turned them in to the police. I told a lot of lies so I got off free, but they were gaoled.

When I returned to my village I decided to train another group to kill, so I sent for two men from another village and led them on to kill a man. I tried to escape the police but they caught me and took me down to Abau for trial.

I told them, "I have been to gaol once already and the government and the King told me I must not hide wrong-doing. I must report the killings so that they can be punished."

Through my lies and false reports I brought five men to gaol but I got off free.

In that year the Kwato people came to our area bringing the news about God. As I listened to all that they said I felt deeply my sin in killing, lying and bitterness of heart. The first thing God told me was "Stop killing your people. Make friends of your enemies and apologise for your long years of hatred and

bitterness." I started to think, "How can I do that? Supposing I tell them about myself? *They might kill me!*"

I was ashamed and frightened to do this but God gave me the conviction and also the courage to make restitution for what I had done.

One of the men I had got into gaol and had already been released was Maieau. The other two were still in prison. I saw what I had done to these three men so I went down to Abau and confessed what I had done to the police. The other two men, Maki and Frank were then allowed out of gaol. Then I said to the government officers, "*I should take the punishment instead of these people because I have deceived you.*" But they answered, "Because you have been honest with us we will let you off."

When the war with Japan came, some of the teachers and helpers from Kwato returned home, but two of us with our wives stayed at Amau.

The government decided to construct an airstrip on the school land which had been given to the Amau chiefs. Men were appointed to supervise the work. I was very unhappy about the whole plan as the Army people did not treat our young girls with respect. One night I took all the young girls and sent them back to their villages on the coast.

When news of this reached the supervisor, he was very angry and had me sent down to Abau and thrown in gaol. I was not upset by this because I felt I was standing up for what was right for my village people. They soon set me free again.

It was about this time that several of my family died and I was very sad. I prayed, saying, "Oh Lord, why have you let the Army punish me like this and why have you allowed so many of my family to die? Show me why you have allowed these troubles to come to me!"

God gave me this thought, "Go to the school area and ask the teachers there to teach you to read."

So I obeyed the thought and had reading lessons for six months. At the end of this time I found I could read God's book. Then I realised that I had met with so many troubles and so many of my relatives had been taken away in order that I might receive this great gift — that of being able to read God's holy book.

CHAPTER 12

The War

We were at Amau in December 1941 when we heard on the radio that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbour.

We knew this would affect us, but we did not realise how quickly it would all happen. Only a few weeks later, Rabaul was attacked — on a Sunday morning like Pearl Harbour had been — and the defenders did not have time even to get out a radio message. The first thing that the outside world knew about some of the things that happened there was when a few survivors arrived after two or three weeks in small boats on the north coast of the mainland near Milne Bay.

Milne Bay was an obvious place for the Japanese to come, as it was on the end of Papua. If they succeeded in capturing our area, they might take Port Moresby and then have been able to control the north of Australia.

In fact, Milne Bay and the Solomon Islands were as far south as they went. Their attempt to come overland from Buna to Port Moresby along the Kokoda Trail was one of the fiercest battles of the war and went on for many months. And the Americans and Australians fought big battles with the Japanese in the Coral Sea and at Guadalcanal which proved to be the turning point of the war.

In the struggle for Milne Bay, people from Kwato played their part. Nobody knew, early in 1942, that the Japanese would not go further south. All of Kwato's European staff, with one exception, was evacuated to the south, along with most of the white men in

Papua who weren't directly part of the military forces. So I and some of my friends at Amau felt we needed to go back to Kwato to help it keep running. The women and children were sent to safety up in the hills on the south side of Milne Bay at Duabo, where we had had that memorable meeting some years before.

But not all of us left Amau. Three men, Tiso, Bohe and Paru, stayed there through the war with their wives to help our friends with whatever would happen next. These men built a house far in the bush where they hid all the property from the main house at Amau, including all my stories of the headhunters which I had written down and which I have told you about.

Later some village people were hunting in the bush there and discovered this hiding place. They reported it to the authorities at Abau. One of the patrol officers went there, smashed open the cases and took the contents to the station at Abau. They recompensed us for this loss after the war. My book of notes about the headhunters had been badly damaged by water but from them I have been able to write their stories, and I was always grateful to Tiso for saving them.

The European from Kwato who did not go south was Cecil Abel. He was determined to stay in the country to make sure the mission's work was carried on. He was too old to enlist, but he decided to take our two boats to the Navy authorities in Port Moresby and offer them, complete with crews.

"Commander Hunt was so delighted he nearly fell on my neck," Cecil remembers. "Though there were stacks of small boats in Port Moresby Harbour there were no crews to man them." The Papua New Guineans who had made up the crews of these private boats had left when their officers went south. They thought they would be taken by the Japanese if they stayed, so they went back to their villages.

The *Kwato* was used by a Navy crew to correct all the maps of the Papua and New Guinea coast. Cecil's first job on the *Osiri* was to take Coastwatchers, or 'spotters', along the coast to Suau and into Milne Bay itself, to a small station near our plantation at Kanekobe. These spotters hid themselves in the bush and gave warning by radio to Port Moresby. Cecil had to take them to their places and bring them supplies from time to time.

At the end of July 1942 he was told to get the Kwato sawmill

going again, because General MacArthur had ordered that two airfields should be built at Gili-Gili at the inland end of the bay.

So the *Osiri* went back and forth from Kwato to Gili-Gili with the timber. On about the fourth trip Cecil was told that orders had come from headquarters that all small ships were to be kept at Gili-Gili. They were not told why, but later they discovered that the plan was to load these five small boats with Australian soldiers and send them up the north coast to Buna to try to combat the Japanese task force which was putting troops ashore there to send across the Kokoda Trail to Port Moresby. The Japanese ships were two cruisers, two destroyers and about three transports and all that the Australians had were these small ships. So it was a good thing the plan was not followed as there would not have been much chance for them.

While they waited at Gili-Gili, the Australian 18th Brigade arrived, straight from the Middle East, so *Osiri* helped to put them ashore but *Osiri's* supplies were running out, and Cecil asked permission to go up the bay to the northern side at Ahioma, where the supply depot was, to get some more. Commander Andrew refused to let them go, but on August 26th a message came from headquarters saying the boats could leave, provided they were available within 24 hours.

All the boats started their engines and the other four started straight off for Ahioma. Cecil was just having a cup of tea with Commander Andrew when a Japanese Zero plane came roaring overhead. They forgot about their tea and raced to get the boat started, because if it was moving it was harder for the plane to hit it.

And then an extraordinary thing happened. Cecil says: "As we left the wharf, Sila, the captain, came down to ask me, 'Ahioma, Taubada?' As clearly as if a voice was at the back of me I heard, 'Spend the night at Waga Waga.'" Waga Waga was our plantation on the south side of the bay.

Cecil thought this was a stupid idea, and he recalls, "I sat back and thought how crazy this was and that it would be much more sensible to get our supplies while we could. But a second time it came, 'No, stay the night at Waga Waga.'"

They put in to Waga Waga, and about eleven o'clock that night they heard the noise of a lot of guns from across the bay. The

Japanese had landed — at Ahioma! The other four boats that had gone there were sunk. But the *Osiri* was able to take the children from Waga Waga in a number of trips along the south side to Dawa Dawa so they could climb up to safety at Duabo. And in the morning they went back across to Gili-Gili. By now they could see several Japanese transports anchored in the bay, with cruisers and destroyers. Their guns had been firing right across our plantation at Koeabule (KB), forcing everyone into trenches which they had fortunately dug.

The General at Gili-Gili asked Cecil did he know of anyone who could go behind the Japanese lines to find out how strong they actually were. He knew that all our friends on land would have gone into the bush to escape the Japanese so at first he could think of no one. But then he thought of one of the boat's engineers, Palemani.

Palemani was a very gentle man, but had great courage. He said he would go, though Cecil made sure he wanted to, and understood what might happen to him if he was captured. Three days later Palemani came back, and was able to tell the Army how many landing craft the Japanese were putting ashore every night.

The Japanese were pushing the Australians further and further back, until finally they got to Turnbull airstrip, the second airfield that had been built at Gili-Gili. They had two tanks, and the Australians had nothing they could use against them.

This is what happened next, in Cecil's words:

"On the evening of August 31st I was again alongside the Gili-Gili wharf with Commander Arthur Andrew. He was on board with me when at about one o'clock in the morning of September 1st suddenly everything broke loose. Only a mile and a half away, as the crow flies, was this new airstrip that had been constructed. The Japanese had come down through the bush and massed on the far side of the strip. Of course, we had massed on the near side with everything we had, just waiting for them to make their banzai charge across and not knowing if they would make it that night or the next, or when.

"Arthur Andrew turned to me and said, 'This is it!' And then they let us have it — the shells began coming this way and that way, and landing in the water quite close to us. 'This isn't very healthy,' he said. 'I think you should get away from here and

anchor up there about 400 yards off and then come back again before daylight. If the Japs have over-run us I shan't be here and you'll get a very warm reception. In that case you will need to turn around and get out of Milne Bay as best you can, because you'll know that Gili-Gili has gone. But if we've managed to hold them I'll be here waiting for you, but you'd better make it before daylight or they will see you and probably put a mortar into you.'

"We set off, and none of us slept that night, as you can imagine. About two or three am the fighting died down, and at about 4 am we started up the engine and slowly drifted in. We could just begin to see through the darkness and there, right at the end of Gili-Gili wharf, stood the commander — a lone figure standing there waving at us. It was very moving and neither of us could say anything, each knowing that if the Japanese had broken through there was no way our forces could possibly have survived. But they had held them there at that airstrip and had managed to push them back.

"The *Osiri* had been the only boat that had kept afloat. The other four that had gone up to Ahioma had all been sunk, and we should have been too, had it not been for that clear guidance to go to Waga Waga across the bay."

When the danger was over, the military authorities allowed us to return to Kwato. We had been at Duabo for about a month, myself included. At Kwato we would watch our Catalinas flying over on bombing raids. We would count them going over, and when we would hear them returning we would look up and count to see how many returned. Sometimes ten or fifteen would be missing. This made us very sad.

Kwato became busy again when we returned, for the American soldiers began coming there for rest and refreshment. Sometimes fifteen or twenty would come for a week's holiday. Some of these were generals, though it was hard to tell them, for their uniforms were the same as the other men.

We gave them meals — morning tea, breakfast, lunch, dinner. We always kept the tables set, for the Americans ate at all times. They brought their own food, boxes and boxes of it. They couldn't eat it all. We even had weddings there, for some of the servicemen later brought out their girl friends and they were married at Kwato. One young man even brought a huge wedding cake.

Something else we did when we returned to Kwato was to start a laundry service for the U.S. airmen. The Americans imported washing machines and made a drying-room where we could get the clothes dried quickly. A group of women was washing and ironing all the time, for we had plenty to do. We were paid according to the number of garments we laundered and this was the first time we made a little money and were able to buy soap and clothes and things we needed.

The Americans based nearby on Samarai used to call for their laundry and had to cross the straits to the island of Kwato. They would sometimes use DUKWS (amphibious jeeps) and would drive through the straits and up the hill to the laundry, pick up their clothes and drive back the same way. We thought this very funny.

Our people gathered cat's eyes and shells on the beach and arranged them on cards, and they became very popular as souvenirs among the servicemen. We also made money from weaving and woodwork. We got a lot of salvage from bombed ships which would be lying along the beach, washed up by the tide.

When the Americans left, to go north, cases and cases of food were supposed to be destroyed but they gave them to the missions to be handed out to the people. There was all kind of food, including tinned chicken. When the village people opened the cans of beetroot and saw the red fluid they thought it was blood with human flesh floating in it and wouldn't eat it.

The cans of icecream powder we mixed with water and drank it for milk.

There was no trouble with the soldiers and local girls at Milne Bay, though I think there was a good deal of it in other parts of Papua New Guinea. I think it must have been because of the influence of the Kwato Mission and the Protestant and Catholic missions there and the strict rules of the early days that were observed by the young people. This was something we were grateful for, because in Port Moresby and other places there were many children of mixed races. When they grew up, poor children, they didn't know where they belonged.

CHAPTER 13

Return to Amau

Despite the best efforts of Tiso, Bohe, Paru and their wives, there were many difficulties in the Kunika district during the war. The people were scattered. Biruma has told how he was put in gaol because he protested about what happened to the girls when the Army came in.

The American Army built two airfields, first at Amau and then at Safia. To build this second one they recruited men from Bam. When the work was finished, the men left the job to return to their villages.

Three years later some of these men were following the Keveri road. When it became dark they came to a small village where the people took them in, gave them a meal and a small house to sleep in. But in the middle of the night two village leaders, Baigona and Bini and a few others, surrounded the house and killed these men — all except one who managed to conceal himself in the bush.

The man who had escaped went down to the government station at Abau and gave a report of all that had happened. The magistrate sent a police patrol up to Keveri to look for the murderers but failed to find them. So they took the whole population of two villages, including women and children, to Abau to the court. As a result two were convicted. This happened in 1946. Then the magistrate (Mr. Atkinson) sent messages to all the villages in the vicinity, calling the people to come down to the coast. He gave them a word of warning. He said, "These two men here are going to suffer the death penalty so that you may all

realise that your custom of murdering one another must stop for good and all."

Tiso was very upset because he knew one of these men well, and also knew that he was beginning to change and turn to God.

After two days these men were brought out to be hanged. Tiso's friend came first and this is what he said to the assembled crowd, "My friends, listen to what I have to say. Today I am going to be killed before your eyes as a punishment for my crime. I want to say to you before I die, let this be an end to all the murders done by the Kunika people!"

After he had been hanged, the other prisoner was brought out and he too spoke to the people, saying much the same as the other. He then went forward to be hanged.

When it was all over the people returned home with sad hearts but the Kunika people who witnessed the hanging, realised the evil of their tradition of murder. One said to me, "Murder has been our custom until you people from Kwato came and helped us to see our sin. At last we understand what we had been doing and we will have done with it."

After the war had ended, I and two teachers had returned to Amau to see how Tiso, Bohe, Paru and their wives had got on during those years. We travelled by an Army boat to Abau and the trip lasted only a day, instead of a week as it would have been by the mission launch. From there we got a canoe and paddled up the river, and then walked through the bush to Amau.

The people there were delighted to see us again and we found the church still standing though in need of repair. We had to call our people together, because many had gone back to the mountain villages during the war. We especially wanted the children and started at once to get a school rebuilt, because the old one had been destroyed.

We found starting the school again quite difficult. The children had returned to their old ways, and we had to start all over again with them. The girls especially were suffering from the war years and were unsettled and unwilling to return to the old routine.

We decided to take ten of them on a walking trip from Amau through Bam and Doma to Dimuga. This was through the bush and on the way we would have an opportunity to talk and make

friends again with them. The schoolteacher at Bam joined us and arranged for carriers to travel with us.

On the third day we reached Doma. We spent the night there and, next day on the way to Dimuga heavy rain fell. Our carriers put up sheds for us and we were very glad of these for the rain went on for four days. Our food ran out, and the men and girls chopped down a sago palm and we cooked and ate the sago.

While the rain was falling, we all stayed together in one of the huts but when the rain ceased we sat by the river and listened to the inner voice to direct us. We had been wondering why we had been stopped on our journey and if God had any purpose in it.

Inside the hut there was so little room on the floor that we hung our baskets from the roof. The night before I had woken and had a strange feeling about the basket hanging over my bed. So I told the girls about this and asked who it belonged to. Kekea replied that it was hers. I asked her what was in it but she didn't answer me. I simply said, "Have guidance about it."

In our time of quiet by the river next day Kekea said, "I felt God had stopped us from going any further because He wanted me to think what I had been doing. I have in this basket all the letters my lovers wrote me during the war and they also gave me money. We have been held up because God wanted me to come clean with all my sin. This morning God told me to burn these letters here in front of you all and return the money I accepted from these men."

When Kekea finished speaking, we were all silent for a time, then one of the carriers spoke, with tears in his eyes.

"I want to apologise to Alice. I tried to kill her and other missionaries who came to Bam before the war. I was wearing my hornbill, which meant I was prepared to kill. I asked the chief where the missionaries were and he replied, 'They have just gone.' We had planned to kill them. Now I believe what you said is true and that God can speak to me. He spoke to those missionaries to leave before we could kill them."

This was true, because a group of us from Kwato had visited Bam at that time. After being there for a few days, we were not sure what we should do next. So, as we always did, we sat down and listened to the inner voice. To our surprise, God told us to leave at once, not even waiting that night. So we got in our canoe and went off down the river. I never learned why God told us to

go until the carrier shared his thoughts with us by the river such a long time after.

I got ill with mumps in the middle of the bush at Dimuga. I stayed in bed for a week with very little to eat except a tin of condensed milk, a few Aspros and some quinine. I took some of these every day but felt very bad and thought I might be going to die.

The village people offered me pawpaw and ripe bananas but I couldn't eat them. I asked them to boil some water and I made some milk from the tin of condensed milk and, after drinking it, I fell asleep.

When they had no word from me, the patrol officer at Abau sent a policeman inland and another along the coast to look for me. He thought I had been killed. In the end they found me ill in bed with mumps. The policeman gave me a letter from the patrol officer. He had told him, "If you don't find her, come straight back and tell me."

When I was better, instead of going back through the bush, I went along the coast to Abau and got a plane for Samarai, and from there I took a boat to Kwato.

This was the last time I was to live in the Kunika country, though I have many times visited all my friends there. When I went to Amau three years ago I found many changes: there is even a road to Port Moresby now! Tiso still has a house there.

The headhunters who had come with us to Kwato kept to their convictions through all the years until they died.

CHAPTER 14

New Zealand and India

In January 1952 I was asked to represent Papua at a Pan Pacific Women's Conference in Christchurch in New Zealand. I was the first Papuan woman to attend an overseas conference and my fare was to be paid by UNESCO. On my return I was to report to different groups of women and tell them what I had learned at the conference.

I didn't want to accept this invitation because I was more afraid of travelling alone in strange countries than of working with the headhunters. But Russell believed that Papuan women should take their proper place in world affairs and that their voice should be heard. I sought guidance about it. Russell, his wife Sheila, and I listened together. Their little boy Murray was playing on the floor at the time. Sheila's family lived in Christchurch and when Sheila asked him if he had any thoughts about Alice going to New Zealand he just said "Give my love to my grandfather". I took notice of this child and it helped me to make up my mind to go.

I was very lonely on the first day of the conference, though I felt happy with the Fijians and Samoans and Maoris. Sheila Abel's family who lived in Christchurch made me feel very much at home so I asked them if I could stay with them instead of at the conference headquarters.

"Why not?" they said, so I went home with them without telling anybody.

When I returned next morning one of the officials spoke very strongly to me. "You must be here for all the sessions," she said.

So I had to collect my things and return to headquarters.

At the conference they talked about women and education, and I gained courage to speak of the women of Papua from my own experience. I told them that there was only one government-run school until after the war when primary schools were gradually started by the government and that schools were mostly run by the missions.

When I returned home I reported to the mission school what I had learned and who I had met at the conference, and told them how impressed I had been with the big farms in New Zealand and the hard-working farmers.

In October of that same year four of us from Papua New Guinea were asked if we would represent our country at a Moral Re-Armament conference in Ceylon and India. This time I was less frightened at the thought of going away because I would be travelling with my cousin, Merari Dickson, who was now a member of the Territory of Papua New Guinea's Legislative Council, his wife, Vera, and a young man from Kwato, Penueli Anakapu. When the village people heard we were going they made feasts to raise money for our fares and sent us gifts.

In Sydney I was glad to discover that some Australians were going too and would be travelling in the same plane. They were very friendly, and helped Vera and me to buy sandals and other things we would need on the journey.

When we reached Colombo about 200 people had already arrived from many different countries including Dr. Frank Buchman whom we were glad to meet. It was just like a family and we Papuans felt happy and free with them all. We all stayed in a very large hotel in Colombo. The weather was hot but the big room where we met daily was made cool by a big fan, called a punka, which was swayed backwards and forwards overhead. We remained there for two weeks and hundreds of people came to the meetings and to see the plays that were put on. We talked with many people and told them how we were learning to listen to God in the villages of Papua, and how the headhunters had changed. They were very interested and it made me see how people of different countries can help each other by sharing their experiences.

From Ceylon we travelled in a P&O liner up the coast of India to Bombay. We were told that we must always wear hats when we went out in the sun. Vera and I thought this was very funny. "If we wear hats we will look like mushrooms" we said, and in Bombay we bought umbrellas instead.

I stayed with one of my Australian friends in the home of a Parsee widow near Malabar Hill in Bombay. It was a large and beautiful home and when we sat down to dinner that first evening there were twenty seven of us around the table and many servants to wait on us. There was no meat served as they were all vegetarians. Perhaps this was why they got such a shock when I told them my great grandfather was a cannibal! They had never met anyone from Papua New Guinea before.

But not far from this beautiful home there was misery and poverty. We saw hundreds sleeping on the pavements, which surprised me because we don't see this in our country. One day when Vera and I were out walking, we saw a poor woman digging for food in a pile of rubbish. We felt so sorry for her we bought some fruit and threw it down on the rubbish for her. As she picked it up she looked up at us in surprise.

In Delhi, where we travelled by train, many of the leaders came to see the plays. People opened their homes to us too. We spent Christmas there and put on a nativity play for our hosts and the many friends we had met. The young people, from different countries dressed in their national costumes, sang carols, and afterwards one of the Indians spoke up and said "I never knew Christmas was like this. I thought it was just a time for drinking and dancing. Now I understand its true meaning."

I shared a room in Delhi with a Burmese teacher called Daw Nyein Tha. She had been a headmistress in a girls' school in Burma since she was very young and she loved young people. We told our experiences to each other and she showed me how she taught her children by using her fingers. "Look," she said. "If I point my finger at my neighbour, there are three more pointing back at me." She was fun to be with. At breakfast she would ask for more boiled eggs than she needed. "Why?" I asked. "Because when we get hungry we will have something to depend on," she replied. I was quite glad to join her in eating the eggs later on.

When the time came for us to return home in January we realised how many friends we had made.

It was hard to say goodbye to them all and especially to Frank Buchman, who had invited us. Before we left he told us his vision for our country, "Papua New Guinea the corner-stone of South East Asia, a listening post for the guidance of God. In a materialistic world Papuans and New Guineans guided by God will save the whole island from the materialism of the Left and of the Right and give a total answer to the world."

CHAPTER 15

Ahioma

A good start had been made by Charles Abel through the Kwato mission in developing the Milne Bay area. But a lot more had to be done. The war had interfered with the work, as it had with the advance of agriculture in other places in Papua New Guinea. The people needed to learn new methods of farming their products. Mr. Cottrell-Dormer, a regional agricultural officer in the area, had been helping them to do this.

As he travelled around he saw that the women were better gardeners than the men, so he came to Kwato to ask if some of the women there could go and help him. Sheila Abel and Halliday Beavis, who were in charge of the women at Kwato, chose Penipeni, a younger woman, and myself.

We travelled with Mr. Cottrell-Dormer by boat round Milne Bay, going through the Trobriands, Normanby, Misima Islands and over to the Dogura side and the islands there. We visited 100 villages, over a period of two and a half years. We would spend anything from one week at each village. My first visit to these villages had been with Mrs. Abel, taking the Christian message to them. Now, for the second time, I was visiting them with a man from the Agricultural Department showing them how to improve their land and crops.

Mr. Cottrell-Dormer's plan was to call the men of the village together and find out from them how they went about planting the crops and what other crops they wanted to plant. He discussed these new crops with them.

It had been the custom in the villages to plant everything together in one garden but we learned from him how to rotate the crops. This was new to the women who did the garden work. He would then form a committee in each village which would meet every three months to discuss results and find out what else they needed to know from the Agricultural Department. Mr. Cottrell-Dormer continuously travelled from village to village meeting members of the committees and observing how they were progressing.

While this was going on with the men, Penipeni and I would call the village women together, get to know them and find out what their problems were.

Soon I began to realise that the village women needed help not only in agriculture but in other ways as well. They needed to know how to care for sick children, what was the best food to give their children and how to clean and care for their houses.

After we had gained a knowledge of their needs, while Penipeni went back to Kwato I attended an agricultural conference at Milne Bay with Mr. Cottrell-Dormer and the village representatives. It was there that I had the clear thought that the need was for a centre where the women could come for training in domestic arts and child care and then return to their villages to teach other women.

Mr. Cottrell-Dormer said that money was the problem. "We will discuss it again in a month's time," he said.

We were not idle during that time. We met with the village councils and told them of the proposed plan and asked them if they would help us to put up this centre. But we had no land and no material and where would we build?

"I have a piece of land," one woman said, "which you can have free. During the war it was used for Army buildings with foundations of gravel and concrete and I can't use it for growing anything, so it is just vacant."

This land was situated at Lilihi in Ahioma and we all agreed that it was the best place to build the training centre.

We had the land but now we had to decide how to get the materials for the building. The committee at Ahioma agreed, "We will go back to our villages and work it out. One village can cut posts, another collect the walls, another sago leaves for the roof.



In snow and reindeer country among the Lapps, and, below, in more familiar surroundings back home, baking scones in a drum oven.





Speaking for my people. Above, with fellow members of the old PNG Legislative Council (seated at right), and below, addressing delegates at a Pan Pacific conference in Christchurch, New Zealand.



Then we will bring them all to Lilihi and get to work.”

So work started and we got the first building up. Later on, when the government saw what we were doing, they gave us money to build good dormitories instead of those made out of bush materials. But the training centre ran for some years without any money grant from the government.

The centre opened with fifty girls from Milne Bay. A government launch was hired to bring those from a distance and those near at hand walked. After a year's training, they returned home and a new lot came. As well as girls, some married women attended because their husbands wanted them to be trained in how to run a home. At the centre there were two dormitories, a building for lectures, a store and two houses for the staff.

The girls and women were taught how to refresh the soil in their gardens after cropping, with manure; how to grow peanuts which revitalized the soil; and to dig in dead leaves for compost. They reared poultry for both meat and eggs and, though we had trouble with dogs killing hens, this was overcome.

The training school became so well known that girls began to be sent there from all over Papua New Guinea and, as it seemed better to train young girls, these were chosen to be trained rather than married women.

This made the Milne Bay women angry.

“We didn't put up this place for the whole of the country,” they said. “Why bring everybody else in and leave us out?”

However, the girls continued to come from Manus, Bougainville, the Highlands, Wewak, Daru and Port Moresby.

I and Gerda Martineau, an Australian welfare worker from Samarai, were in charge at the centre. We had another Australian social worker on the staff as well. I found it hard to get on with her as she considered herself in charge and thought that because she was white we should all obey her. She was the only one I found difficult and when she insisted on her own way all I could do was resign.

CHAPTER 16

I Enter the Legislative Council

While I was working at Ahioma I received a letter from the Administrator of Papua New Guinea, Sir Donald Cleland, asking me if I would become a member of the Legislative Council. He wanted me to give him a report of the work I had done among the women in Milne Bay and the founding of the Training Centre there. He wanted me to tell him about my time teaching the children at the Kwato Mission and bringing them up according to the Christian way of life. This was in 1961.

When I read Sir Donald's letter, my first thought was, how can I speak for my country when I have so little education? But my second thought was that God can use whatever education I have for my people. So I wrote accepting the appointment.

My cousin, Merari Dickson, whom I have mentioned before, was the first member of parliament representing Milne Bay. I went to Merari and asked him, "What do you do in the Legislative Council?" He replied, "A copy of each Bill that is to be discussed is given to every member. If you want to say anything about it in the council then you come out with it. If you can't understand it ask someone to help you."

So I used to go through the Bills with others beforehand. Some of us asked, "Why can't you make your words simple enough so that we can all understand?" In those days everything spoken was in English, which we were not so familiar with.

At the Legislative Council we took part in a swearing-in ceremony in the council chambers. Next year a group of us were

sent to Sydney for a study course in parliamentary procedure at the Australian School of Pacific Administration training centre where people were briefed before taking up work in Papua New Guinea.

When I took up my duties again in the Legislative Council Dr. John Gunther, the Assistant Administrator, invited some of us to come early so that he could explain the Bill that was to come up before the council that day. He told us how we must vote and said that because we were chosen by the Australian Government we must agree with what they said. But I would not do this if I did not feel it was right.

I remember very clearly one of the Bills that came up — the Bill on Liquor Licensing. I believed that this would not be good for the country and many wrong things would follow it, such as divorce, fatherless children and hunger in the home. So I spoke very strongly against it.

When it was put to the vote, only two men voted with me — a Catholic bishop from Sidea and a man from New Guinea.

During debates, we members used to sit and listen to the speakers and take notes, then we would go away, think over what we heard and, later on, we would give our reply. If we thought over the Bills quietly, then we would come out with the right answers.

I found this time in the Legislative Council gave me an understanding of my people and my country. Before this my knowledge had been limited but, afterwards, I saw where my people needed help to take responsibility, instead of being led by Australia.

When a university was opened in Papua New Guinea our young people attended there instead of going to universities in other countries. Yet this generation must continue to build on the best traditions of their own culture. They must choose the best and never the second best and in this way have firm foundations for the future when many difficult things may have to be overcome.

I was the first Papuan woman member of parliament in Papua New Guinea and I believe more women should go into parliament in order to give the women's point of view. If a woman really thinks for her country she will speak the truth and not have axes of her own to grind.

CHAPTER 17

Bougainville

The rich copper mine on the island of Bougainville (now called the North Solomons Province) has brought many changes very quickly in the life of the people.

In 1968 the House of Assembly (which followed the Legislative Council) gave permission to the big international company Conzinc Riotinto (CRA) to start the mine. As well as the mine itself at Panguna, they planned to build a town at Arawa and a port at Rorovana. At first nobody tried to find out what the people thought about it. When the bulldozers arrived at Rorovana to start clearing land for the port, the village people stood in their way across the road. The police were called in and used batons and tear gas to move them. The newspapers took pictures of this and there was a great fuss all over the country and in Australia.

An association of villagers sent the MP for South Bougainville, Paul Lapun, and one of the village leaders to Australia to ask the High Court to stop everything. I have since got to know both these men well. Lapun was the first Papua New Guinean to be knighted, and he served as Minister for Mines and also as Minister for Health after independence.

In Australia Mr. Lapun and Mr. Bele tried to find what God wanted them to do about the situation. It seemed very unlikely anyway that the Court would do what they asked. The thought that came to Paul Lapun in quiet was to try to meet the Prime Minister, the Minister for Territories and the head of the mining company. The meetings were not easy, but they were able together

to work out an agreement by which the villagers could lease their land to the company instead of selling it and get paid every few months, as they would have for the coconuts that used to grow on their land. One of the things that helped bring this new spirit was a wonderful African film called *Freedom*. This film told a stirring story of the issues facing a young country at independence, and it impressed members of the PNG House of Assembly so much that a Pidgin version was made after much hard work and dedication by Papua New Guineans. It was shown all over Papua New Guinea.

I wasn't expecting to be involved in the Bougainville troubles, but one day Mr. David Hay, the Administrator, rang me up in Port Moresby where I was then living. He had heard me speak about what we had been doing at Ahioma and asked me if I would go to Bougainville to meet the women there and find out what could be done for them.

I agreed but I didn't want to go alone as I knew no one there. But then I heard that my friends Talbot and Joyce Lovering were also going to Bougainville. Talbot is a lawyer and was born in Kenya. He then worked for the Public Solicitor's office in Port Moresby and did a lot to make sure that the rights of the villagers in the land dispute were looked after. They asked me to use their home as my base in Bougainville. We all believed in seeking God's direction.

I began my work on Bougainville by getting to know the people in the villages round about. I was given the use of a truck and driver and so was able to visit eight or nine villages and find out what they wanted the government to do.

The Officer in Charge for the Department of Agriculture, Mr. Vern Shipguard and his wife and another officer, Mr. Bill Brown, met with me to decide on a programme, and we arranged a training course for the women in the area including two or three villages. The government supplied us with materials — seven sewing machines with cotton and dress materials to make skirts and children's clothes. We also taught them baking.

Mr. Brown introduced me to the people. When he did, though, the people took no notice of me and this made me feel, why did I come? What can I do for them if they won't accept me? Some of them called me a "red skin" which made me feel very unhappy.

(The Bougainville people are the darkest complexioned of Papua New Guinea.) This was at Rorovana Number One village.

But I persevered visiting them and, one day, when I was carrying my Milne Bay basket with me, a woman asked, "Did you make that basket?" I replied, "No, I didn't but I can make them."

She said, "Can you show us how to make them?"

"If you have the materials I will help you," I replied.

A lot of pandanus grew by the river and I told her that if we cut and dried the leaves in the sun we could make baskets the same as mine.

When I got home I said to Mr. and Mrs. Shipguard, "The women in the village want me to help them dry pandanus leaves to make baskets. I would be glad if you could contact the agricultural people to send a truck to Rorovana."

I gave them a week's training.

By this time things were getting organised and the government had given me a house at Arawa. A big shed was also built where women from other villages could come and sleep for the night while having their training.

We asked them what they wanted to do and found out that they wanted to make baskets and also how to bake bread and biscuits and scones. We baked over a wood fire and the women enjoyed themselves very much at this work.

I showed them how to make an oven from a forty-four gallon oil drum — to bring the stones and gravel to set it up and chop the firewood. We also had to find someone to look after the children while the mothers baked. Then we were all ready: only we had no ingredients to bake with. And no money to buy them. So we all sat down and quietly thought about this and what we should do.

I had the thought, "If each of us gave fifty cents or a dollar we could buy the ingredients and, when we make the bread and biscuits, we can sell them to the village people and get our money back. Then we can pay back each woman who put in money."

Everyone agreed that was a good idea, so we were able to start our baking.

A man from another village visited us and saw the drum oven being put up. He went back to his own village and built one, then asked me if I would go there and give a course on baking.

Wherever I went an oven was put up, and the women taught to bake.

The women who wanted to make baskets dried their leaves and I showed them how to weave the baskets. When finished they took them home to show the women who weren't there.

Mrs. Bishop, wife of the manager at Panguna, then asked me to go to Panguna to train the European women there. Bread was very scarce and no one knew how to bake it, so I gave them a course on bread-baking and also taught them how to cook Papuan greens. They were always on sale in the markets but the women didn't know how to cook them. I also had to show the village women there how to use the electrical appliances and keep their houses clean.

When the courses for domestic work and cooking were completed at the three villages, it was decided to have a break-up ceremony at Nasioi. People from the surrounding districts were invited — the District Commissioner, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop and the heads of the Agricultural Department, also the husbands of the women.

Baking for it was done in the early morning and good things to eat prepared. The women brought chairs and tables from their houses and everyone had a task to do. The task of one woman was to make the tea and she was given half a pound of tea to use. She put the whole half pound into the teapot!

After tea, the women who had taken the courses showed the visitors the work they had done. The visitors hadn't seen anything like it done on the island before. The husbands of women from other villages were very pleased and asked me to come to their villages and give their wives courses in these things.

Because the first series was such a success, the government supplied all materials needed and also food for the teachers. I, with Mrs. Shipguard to help me, was the first woman to go to Bougainville to train the women and bring the different villages together.

In 1970 I returned to Port Moresby to see a play which Paul Lapun had seen in India and had invited to Bougainville. It was called *Anything to Declare?*, was sponsored by Moral Re-Armament and had an international cast. When I saw it I realised what it could do for my country and I hastened to Bougainville to

prepare for its coming. Never before had a live play been acted there. No theatres, bad roads and no public transport were some of our problems. The first performances was to be held at Panguna and, as we did not have accommodation there for the large group of people, they were to stay at Kieta and drive to Panguna to put on the play.

We had, of course, to find people who would receive members of the cast into their homes and those of us who had been working with the Department of Agriculture visited the homes to find out who would act as hosts. We also approached the CRA officials about this and they were all agreeable except one man who said, "I don't agree with Moral Re-Armament coming here." but when I told him the story of how MRA had taught me to get over my hate and bitterness towards the white people, he was very quiet and walked away.

The play was put on to a packed audience in the company hall and those who couldn't get in waited outside for the second performance later in the evening. An open air performance was also put on at the Catholic Centre in Arawa.

Many of the women I had worked with came from nearby villages and when they heard the Pidgin translation which went out at the same time on tape, they were astonished and said, "How could these people learn to speak Pidgin so quickly!"

CHAPTER 18

Off to Switzerland

I suppose, after my time in the Legislative Council and all my work with the women of my country, I might have looked forward to a quieter life, what Europeans call retirement, but, in fact, after I left the Department of Social Welfare in 1971, a new and unexpected chapter opened, which took me to the strangest places where I never expected to go.

The international group with their play *Anything to Declare?* that Paul Lapun had invited to Bougainville made us realise afresh how all the races of the world need to work together. At Caux, the Moral Re-Armament Conference Centre in Switzerland, we felt that we could experience this and when, that year, an aircraft was chartered in Australia for people from the Pacific area to attend the 25th anniversary of the opening of Caux, we felt that Papua New Guineans should have a part in this.

It was decided that Kumalau Tawali from Manus, Leo Laita, Raphael Bele and Charles Miriori who had been among the leaders of the Bougainville people when the copper mine was set up, and Michael Kaniniba, a member of the House of Assembly from Dogura, and his wife, should go. I also joined the party.

But then the question was how would we find the money? We each had to find our own fares and that was a lot of money.

I wasn't at all well at the time so I wasn't looking forward to a long plane flight. But I could relax knowing that if God wanted me to go all would be well and if He didn't I could happily stay. I was in bed during most of the preparations which made the question

of raising my fare all the more difficult. I had saved up \$400 for my old age. At first I thought I couldn't spend that. I would have nothing to fall back on. In Papua New Guinea no one gets an old age pension. But then I decided I should put it all in.

Then a good friend who had a dress shop arrived at my home with three boxes of dresses which, she said, could be sold for my fare. This raised \$250. Other friends raised money for me by baking bread and buns and selling them. But I was still short and was praying rather anxiously about the rest, when the telephone rang.

It was my friend Mr. Conroy, the Agricultural director, who knew I was intending to go to Europe and raising money for my fare. I was surprised when he telephoned me to come to his office to collect a cheque!

The flight took twenty-seven hours and we were all very tired but I remember looking out of the window as we approached Switzerland and seeing the snow-covered mountains in the dawn light. At Geneva airport when we alighted all the passengers gathered on the tarmac and the Maoris, as a thank-you to the crew of the plane, sang a Maori song and danced the haka. Buses were waiting to take us up the mountain to Caux where the hundreds of people already at the conference and their children gave us a rousing welcome in song.

We were shown to our rooms but it took me a long time to get used to the huge building with so many corridors and different storeys. I was always taking a wrong turning and having to go back to my room and start again.

I soon made many new friends. Among them was Mrs. Philip Vundla from South Africa. Her late husband had been one of the great revolutionary leaders of the black people and she herself was a princess of her tribe. I had meals with her and other Africans who told me stories about their country. Another lady with whom I shared a room was Emma Howard, a black American, and we became very friendly. She said to me, "Mixing with people both black and white is better than sitting about criticising white people."

The work at Caux was done by all the delegates together. I soon found my way to the baking kitchen where a Swiss woman called Hildi Zeller was in charge. She gave me some of her own special

reēipes. I was so interested to watch bread being kneaded by machinery and to use all this modern machinery instead of our drum ovens.

Hildi and I became great friends and she took me later to her home to meet her parents. I spent a week with them. We visited an apple orchard whose owner had that day loaded a truck with apples to send to Caux as a gift. We also went to the cheese factory at the town of Gruyere where we saw great round yellow cheeses travelling along a conveyor belt to the maturing room.

Back at Caux we had some of our most interesting talks as we prepared vegetables for the meals all together. After being in the kitchen one day, some of us Papuans were standing at the railing looking at Lake Geneva, talking and laughing. Then Michael Kaniniba said, "I was so surprised to see men working in the kitchen. I thought that was women's work. I never do it at home. I sit and watch my wife do the cooking, cleaning and washup. But in Caux I am learning something new and I feel I must throw my pride into Lake Geneva and go home and help my wife."

One day the whole conference honoured Papua New Guinea. Our flag was raised by Dr. William Nkomo of South Africa, who had been the first President of the African National Congress Youth League and who, on his death was described by the *Rand Daily Mail* as "the father of all blacks". We all spoke at the meeting following this and were able to give our experiences of how change in people brings unity between different races and cultures. We felt glad on that special day to be able to describe to all these people of so many nations what was happening in our faraway land.

CHAPTER 19

Northern Ireland

There was a delegation from Belfast at Caux, Protestant and Catholic who had found unity there. They were interested in our group from the Pacific and thought that if we came to Ireland we could say things from our own experience that would give the people fresh ideas and they thought we would be listened to because we weren't directly involved in the situation ourselves.

There were over thirty of us from Papua New Guinea, New Zealand and Australia who decided to go and do our best to help.

When we stepped from the plane at Belfast it was to see armed soldiers lining the route to the terminal to watch the passengers as they disembarked. It made us realise what the situation in the country was like. Later in the day, we heard that these precautions were taken because this was the first day when the law of internment without trial was being put into action and it had caused a new wave of violence across the country.

We had experiences ourselves which brought home to us just what the people in Northern Ireland were up against. As we drove under a bridge one day, soldiers stood on each side of it with sub-machine guns pointed at us. Our car was halted and searched for weapons. The driver put on the inside lights in the car to make the search easier and to show we had nothing to hide.

We held two public meetings in Bangor and Armagh and had private discussions with many leading people. We had been wondering how to let people in Bangor know that the meeting was taking place. This problem was solved when one of the prominent

citizens of the town saw Raphael Bele walking in the street. He came up to Raphael and said, "You don't look as if you come from Northern Ireland!" This man got a newspaper photographer to come and meet our group; the picture in the paper brought a lot of people to our meeting. I hope our Pacific group and what we told them was of some help.

After the others had left I stayed on in Belfast for another two weeks with an Australian friend, Beatrice Burnside, who had relatives there. An Irish social worker, Rose Walker, took me each day to meet some of the families she worked with, so I got to know these people.

Rose lived in a Housing Commission flat overlooking a park. The council wanted to plant trees in the park but as soon as they did so, boys would come and destroy the young plants.

"We must do something about this," Rose said.

We had a time of quiet together and her thought was to ask the council gardener who was doing the planting to try and get into contact with the children, and suggest to them that instead of destroying the trees they might plant some.

The gardener agreed to her plan and, that afternoon, when the children came to the park armed with sticks to knock down the trees that had been planted, he called them over. They didn't want to come, thinking he was going to punish them as he had done before, and one boy said, "If you beat us we will beat you with our sticks!"

When the gardener persuaded them to come he said, "I want each of you to take a tree and plant it wherever you want to, then when the trees grow tall your children will be proud that their fathers planted them."

The children responded. Each ran to pick up a tree to plant and, next day, they returned to water the trees they had planted.

One day Beatrice and I went shopping with some of the Belfast ladies. We heard on the radio that evening that there had been a bomb scare in the very shop where we had been. A woman had walked into the shop with two baskets and returned with only one. A shop assistant got suspicious and asked her where the other basket was and while they were trying to get her to tell them, the bomb went off.

One of the most interesting women I met was Miss Saidie

Patterson. She was a woman of about my own age with a strong faith in God. In 1977 she was awarded the Methodist World Peace Prize by 50 million Methodists for her work for forming the Women Together movement which brought Catholics and Protestants together in Northern Ireland. An hour after she received the award she heard that her nephew, who had been a lieutenant in the Army, had been shot by the IRA. His family were very bitter. Saidie too, had been attacked by the IRA teenagers when she was speaking at a peace rally. I received this letter from her, written from hospital: "I may be down but not out. God used me in hospital. I was very badly injured and had to have a blood transfusion. I never asked where the blood came from, whether it was Catholic or Protestant. The woman on one side of me was a Protestant, on the other side was a Catholic.

"I was able to use this thought with them both and when they were discharged they said, 'We have learned so much here even through our pain and suffering. Life can never be the same again. We want to be bridge builders with you, Saidie, starting with ourselves and our families.'"

She is a wonderful example of what a woman of my generation can do.

CHAPTER 20

Beyond the Arctic Circle

When we left Papua New Guinea for Caux I wasn't expecting to be away from home for more than a few months. But friends from Scandinavia at Caux put another idea to me. Would I come over and spend Christmas in their part of the world? They also invited Elsie Campbell, an Australian friend of mine who had spent some time in Papua New Guinea. It seemed strange to think of spending Christmas in the midst of snow and ice but we decided to accept the invitation. I have some pictures of myself standing in the snow. You can hardly recognise me: I am so wrapped up in furs I look like a teddy bear! In one of these pictures there is a reindeer standing beside me. One day I got worried because there seemed no feeling in my fingers. "My hands are dead!" I said to Elsie. She reminded me I had forgotten to put on my gloves.

I was sitting at a window in Mrs. Malmgren's house looking out over the snowy landscape when I saw what looked like hundreds and hundreds of white flies. I said to her, "Why are the flies white in Sweden? In Papua New Guinea they are black." She laughed, "These are snowflakes not flies," she replied.

While in Finland I was entertained at lunch in Parliament House by a prominent M.P., Mrs. Margit Borg Sundman. She and her fellow parliamentarians wanted to honour my country and asked me beforehand what were the colours of our flag so that they could decorate the room. One of the dishes at lunch was reindeer meat beautifully cooked. I was asked many questions about the parliament in Port Moresby.

I was asked one day if I would speak at one of the schools. I thought it would just be to one of the classes. But when I arrived the whole school was assembled with the teachers and also a representative of the press. So I told them all stories of my country. The one about the headhunters so gripped them that you could have heard a pin drop.

We travelled to northern Sweden by train. Snow covered everything, the sun peering over the horizon in the morning hours, a few stray reindeer! What a sight through the train windows. As we crossed the Arctic Circle the train blew its siren and we all received a certificate. I laughed when I thought of someone who lived so near the equator coming to the Arctic Circle.

At Kiruna the snow was eighteen inches deep outside the station and there were only four hours of daylight and before we left it was only two hours. It was so cold that we could only stay out in the snow for a quarter of an hour. The houses were beautifully warm with central heating.

The church service on Sunday was a colourful sight with all the congregation arriving on skis and dressed in bright woollen costumes. Mothers take their children shopping on sleighs and, in some parking places you can plug in heaters for the cars.

It was in Kiruna that I made friends with a number of the Same people. These were the original inhabitants of the north and used to be called Lapps. They were a tribal people and when they described how they made their huts and fireplaces I thought how much we had in common.

I made many Same friends. We also met a Swede, Per Idenstam, who was employed at the mine in Kiruna, and after I told him about my time in Bougainville he said I should meet the manager of the mine, and obtained a permit for us to look over it.

Before going underground we had to put on fur coats, boots and miners' helmets. We descended to 900 feet where 250 miles of roads had been built underground. It is one of the largest mines anywhere in the world with an output of 17 million tons of iron ore a year which is shipped from the port of Narvik in Norway. They employ 3000 people.

The mine manager, I found out, was very worried about his son who was a rebel. I was able to tell him my experiences with the

children of the headhunters. Children are the same all over the world.

Gerd Jonzon who travelled with us took us through the snow to Idivuoma, a village near the Finnish border. We had to cross a river on the ice by car to arrive at the home of a Lapp and his wife, Per and Anne Simma. Per was a reindeer herdsman and chairman of the Lappish cultural movement. When I told him my experience of becoming free of hatred and bitterness, he nodded and said, "Yes, I have had exactly the same experience. I need a better understanding with the Swedes who come fishing in the spring in the area where the reindeer have their calves and disturb them."

I showed the three Simma children the coconut I had brought and asked if they would like to see me cut it in half. They gathered round and with the biggest knife in the house I cracked the coconut in half. They were surprised to see I hadn't cut my hand as well. They helped me scrape out the coconut meat and eagerly put their hands out for pieces.

I then taught them a song and Mrs. Simma said, "I feel as if I have known you all my life. Meeting people from other parts of the world makes us think things out more clearly for ourselves."

When we left they gave me a lovely pair of reindeer antlers and eighteen pounds of reindeer meat to share with our friends in Stockholm.

Nearby at Jokkmokk was the home of the famous artist Lars Pirak, which we visited. Having been warned never to be in a hurry when visiting a Lapp's home, we found ourselves spending eight hours with the Piraks and their friends and relatives. We sat for long periods not saying a word, just looking at each other. They showed great concern for their people when we talked and for the moral state of the whole of Sweden. We were able to listen to God together.

We were astonished to meet a lady who grew beautiful orchids in the middle of that snowy country. She had to look after them very carefully in her heated room and each one was labelled with the amount of water it had to have every day. In our country they take no notice of orchids. They grow wild.

Our next port of call was Umea, halfway from Kiruna to Stockholm. This is the home town of Rickard Tegström and his

wife. He was the man who had done all the filming for *Freedom*. We spent a wonderful afternoon there. He was rather a silent man and difficult to start a conversation with. When I went into his house I noticed a huge snake skin fastened on the wall. So I told him about an exciting adventure I had had at home where, quite alone, I had to deal with a snake that was just as long as the one on his wall. This caught his interest and he began to talk. He had travelled a lot as a cameraman for Walt Disney and his walls were covered with things from all over the world. When we were farewelled at Umea station Mr. and Mrs. Tegström decorated us with colourful woven head bands.

We returned to Stockholm in time for Christmas. Already housewives had made gingerbread houses with sugar snow on the roofs. All along the street Christmas trees were ablaze with the light on the snow and in every house a candle shone from the window as a welcome for visitors. Another Swedish custom I noticed was that when visitors come to the house they bring a basket of fruit and place it beneath the Christmas tree as a gift. Then after Christmas the fruit is distributed among friends.

Early in 1972 we said goodbye to Sweden and flew to England. I am very grateful for the links made between Scandinavia and my country and for all the Swedish friends who have come to Papua New Guinea to help us as a result of my visit.

On our return to London I visited the British Houses of Parliament which I found very interesting, having been a member of the Legislative Council in my own country.

I stayed with Mrs. Lucy Todd, a widow, who had lived for many years in Papua New Guinea. Her husband had been the first doctor to train nurses in the hospital in Port Moresby. Mrs. Todd was very keen that there should be a home in Papua New Guinea from which the work of Moral Re-Armament could be carried on. She decided to raise £2000 for this in her husband's memory. I was very touched by her wish. While I was there she organised a party to raise some of this money. The highlight of the evening was a showing of the film *Freedom*. During the evening I found myself watching the girls who were helping Mrs. Todd. They all seemed so happy and I thought of the girls in our villages at home who don't always have enough to do and who are not really satisfied.



As first Papuan Girl Guide Commissioner. Below, Papua New Guinean women representing many organisations at a meeting in Port Moresby during International Women's Year. We women must say loudly and clearly what is right for our country.





At my investiture with the MBE in Port Moresby.

Next morning I had the conviction that I should give our girls this training.

I had now to start my homeward journey, as my permit to be absent from Papua New Guinea had expired.

We left the plane at Bombay so that we could spend two weeks in India. I noticed here that many of the administrative jobs that had been done by white people when I was there in 1952 were now being done by Indians.

A factory I visited in Pune was managed by a woman. This encouraged me in the belief that women in our country must learn more of the outside world.

The highlight of our Indian visit was our stay at Asia Plateau, the big conference centre for Moral Re-Armament near Pune, which had been started by Mr. Rajmohan Gandhi, a grandson of the Mahatma. I looked round there and wondered if we would ever be able to have a centre in Papua New Guinea where people could come and be trained in the new ways we need for the future. I asked Mr. Gandhi at lunch whether Papua New Guineans could come to Asia Plateau. He encouraged this idea and since then quite a number of our young men and women have been there.

CHAPTER 21

Listen, My Country

Before I went overseas I received a decoration from the Queen for my work among the women and girls at Milne Bay. In becoming a Member of the Order of the British Empire. I felt it was an honour for my country and not just for myself, although I was the first woman in Papua New Guinea to receive this decoration.

When the Queen herself visited Papua New Guinea after the Independence celebrations, a large party was given at the Papua Hotel and I was invited. When I walked into the dining room and was presented to the Queen she congratulated me on my MBE and seemed pleased to meet me.

Independence was a time for great rejoicing that our people were now standing on their own feet and not leaning on the Australians. People in other countries thought that there might be trouble, but I was happy to see that the Australian flag was lowered with respect and reverence before our flag was raised. There was no bloodshed or fighting. Women, too, were pleased that the hotels were closed and there was no drunkenness.

Now that I had returned home, I had a difficult decision to make: would I try and find another paid job, or would I take on the training of the next generation and trust God to provide for the future?

Charles Abel had aimed at Kwato to put Christ first in everything. If we could do this for our whole country today we

could fulfil the vision Frank Buchman had for it. I decided to find my part in making this a reality.

I thought about the different kinds of women in our country. There are those who live in the villages and rural areas who spend all their time growing gardens and making feasts — wedding and burial — and are satisfied doing this year after year.

Others go to the town to live with friends and family and try to imitate the town women, but only drift between the two ways of life, with no future and no aim. Still others come into the town to find jobs and become housemaids and gardeners for expatriates or Papua New Guineans. They like their jobs, but have no thought for the future of their country.

The educated ones with qualifications find better jobs and are satisfied with their income. They aim to advance in their jobs and become equal with men in reputation and position; but they don't always think of their people and what they could do to help them. Other women try to help by forming committees and raising money, rather than finding out the real needs of people.

The real need of Papua New Guinea is for unity. Unity in families, unity between tribes and different areas of the country. If women see this need and care for everyone they work with, they can show others how this can be done. Meeting the needs of people is the aim we must have.

When we had International Women's Year, many people, including those in Government, talked about women having an important part in the country and about the need to listen more to what we say. But we must say loudly and clearly what we believe is right for the country.

One thing that is much on my mind is the kind of films that come into Papua New Guinea. We should have a responsible committee which checks all films before they are allowed in. The wrong kind grips the minds of the young people and helps them plan bad things in their own lives and in the country. These films encourage immorality and violence. Women who care for children will see that these kinds of films are not admitted to the country.

Often, too, we criticise our menfolk for using money on drink and other things and not caring about the home and children. Homes are far more important for the future of our country than our jobs or anything else we do. The atmosphere our men feel in

the home and the consideration they get from us will perhaps make them want to spend more time there.

The Minister representing the police force said he would like to see the breweries replaced by more worthwhile businesses manufacturing food grown locally. I supported him in this, and I know I spoke for many women and children in the country in doing so.

Now that I am growing older I have to stay in the house more. I already use it to train girls who come from different parts of the country to stay with me. They learn cooking and housekeeping and, as we listen to God each day, we seek to meet the needs of the many people who visit the home. They include university students, men and women in government as well as families and visitors to Papua New Guinea. By means of meals, films and talks we try to help these people to think beyond themselves to the needs of their country.

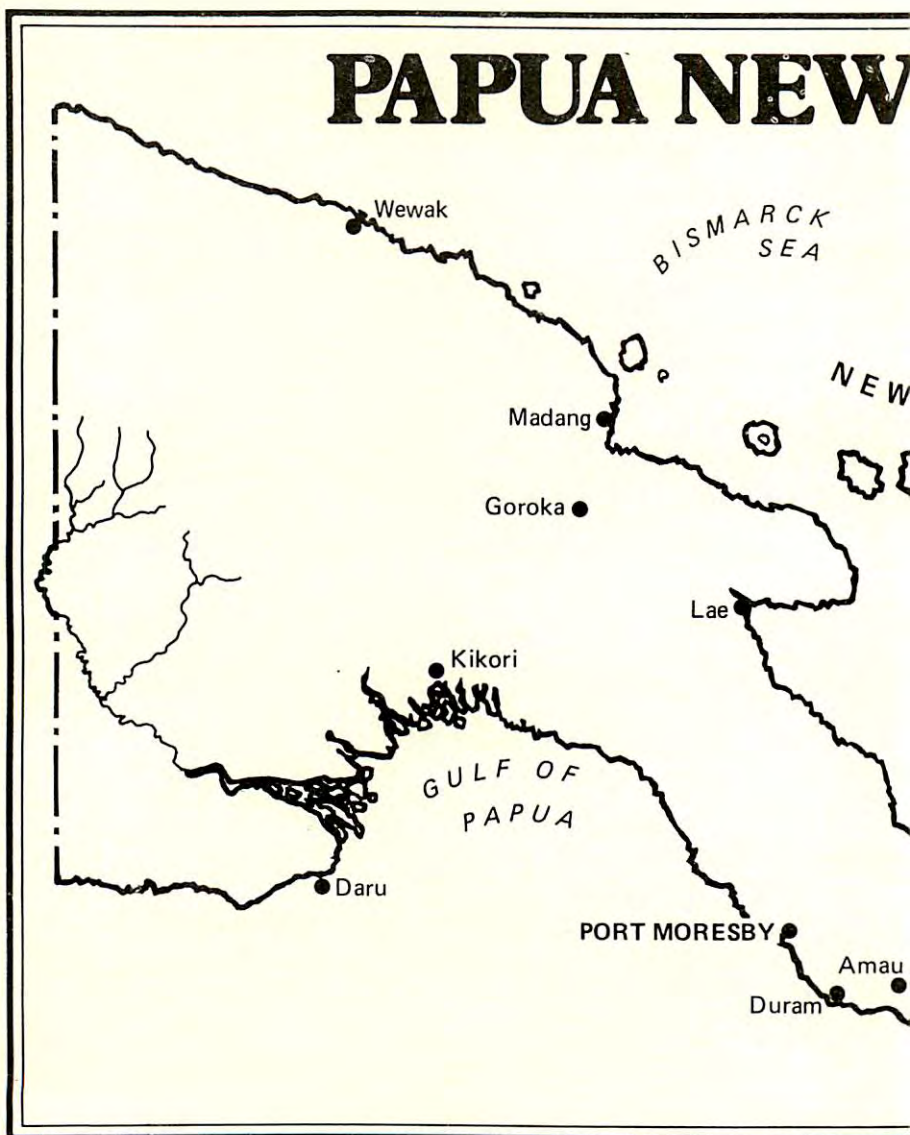
The drum oven that was such a success in Bougainville is a great help here in Port Moresby too. It is set up in the garden and every fortnight we bake hundreds of buns and loaves for people to buy. This gives us many opportunities to meet neighbours and others.

The work goes on for two days — firewood has to be gathered and the dough kneaded on a big bench under the house. Then it is baked and the fresh loaves, buns and cakes are set out on trestle tables to be collected by the customers. They come in cars, on bicycles and on foot for their orders with their children. As we talk together the children run round and play games.

The fund for a permanent training centre is growing and many Papuans are working towards making this happen. I am looking forward to this so that the training of the young people can be carried forward when I am no longer here. It will also prepare them to go abroad for further training.

Papua New Guinea will never be a country without problems, but it could be known for the way we get over them.

PAPUA NEW



GUINEA

