



Whatever plans you may have for your son, make wise provision to see that they are carried out, in case your own experience and judgment are not available when the time comes for him to assume the full responsibilities

A great safeguard of his interests will be for you to appoint the Public Trustee the executor and

trustee of your estate.

Ask the Public Trust Office for details of the permanent, faithful and efficient service which it can render.

HOUSEKEEPING AMONG THE **HEAD-HUNTERS**

HERE are happily very few go down to Dunedin and get a job. I'm women whose marriage service is accompanied by lamentations rather than by rejoicings, yet such was the experience of Miss Eva Stanton, now Mrs. L. A. Twyman. Her wedding took place at an isolated missionary station some hundred miles up the Fly River from Daru, on the New Guinea coast. Shortly before the ceremony, orders had come from the Government that the missionary station was to be evacuated, and the natives, frightened at the thought of being left without protection should the Japanese come, kept up a constant wailing all through the service.

"And after the service none of the guests had time or inclination to sit down and eat any wedding breakfast," said Mrs. Twyman. "We were all very much upset at having to leave our people. However, we packed all the food I'd been so busy baking for the last few days and took it with us on our journey to the coast. Later on, we were very glad of it."

"How did you get to Daru?"

"Fourteen of us went down the river in a 32-foot launch. It took two days to reach the coast. At Daru we managed to crowd on to a lugger bound for Thursday Island. It was a rather old boat, and the engines gave out almost as soon as we lost sight of land. After that, we had to rely on sails. The trip across Torres Strait took four days, and we were all very sick.

They Ate Cake

"Then we reached Thursday Island. Food was short, as most of the inhabitants had left, and there was only one store still open. And meanwhile, other parties of evacuees from New Guinea and the various islands had arrived and needed to be provided for till ships arrived to take them to Australia. We were very grateful for all the wedding left-overs, though I found it rather disconcerting to see people hacking big chunks off my wedding cake as if it had been a loaf of bread. It was a large cake, but it disappeared very quickly.

"We had to wait 20 days on Thursday Island before we could get a boat, and every one of those days the Japanese radio was putting over details of their bombing of the island. Finally, we managed to get standing room on a small passenger boat to Townsville, and from there I went on down the coast to Sydney. As we passed through Cairns, I remember hearing the newsboys yelling that Thursday Island had been bombed. That, however, was two days after we got away."

Mrs. Twyman's future plans are vague. At present, she and her husband are staying with her parents, the Rev. L. O. and Mrs. Stanton, at Mount Albert, Auckland. "However I'll soon get tired of doing nothing," she said, "so I may

anxious to get back to my work in Papua as soon as possible, but it's quite out of the question while the Japanese are

Among the Headhunters

"Where had you and your husband intended to settle?"

"My husband was working among the Suki people, whose territory is fairly well into the interior of Papua. We were going there immediately after our marriage, and I'd sent all my household stuff, clothes and linen and china, up by cance a week or so before. Then came an order from the Government forbidding any white woman to go into the interior. I couldn't do anything about getting my stuff back, of course, and I expect that when I get back after the Japanese have been cleared out, I'll find that they've taken my beautiful sheets and pillowcases with them back to Japan. My husband and I are both attached to the Unevangelised Fields Mission, which sends workers to those parts which have not yet been contacted by white men. The Suki were until very recently, headhunters.

"The people I've been working among at Wasua for the last two years are as uncivilised as the Suki, but they are a less violent people. At present, they're very much frightened about the war situation. You see, they think that the white man is very strong, and they work it out that if the Japanese are presumptuous enough to attack the white man they must be very strong indeed. And one or two people from our village have heard news of the bombing of Port Moresby from friends or kinsmen from the coast. One native brought back a description of the digging of slit trenches at Daru, and announced that the white men had started digging graves for themselves. The villagers were so terrified that they took to the bush and spent the whole night walking round and round, wailing dismally.

"They were naturally very distressed when we left. For one thing, they were worried about the Japanese, and for another, they realised that now there would be no one to sell their bananas to. I don't imagine that when the Japanese arrived they'd have much difficulty as far as the natives are concerned. Papuans are a simple people, and the present of a few bolts of cloth would win over an entire village."

Medicine and Crocodiles

"How many white people were there where you were stationed?"

"Just myself and a Mr. and Mrs. Baxter. And there was plenty of work to be done. We held church services, ran an elementary school, and organised some sort of medical service. We didn't aim to civilise them, but only to help them. But it was very difficult overcoming the various superstitions,

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