

Journal of Pacific Adventist History

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- *Establishing early mission outpost stations,*
 - *Incredible fly over Pacific waters,*
 - *Undaunted women;*
Rough living conditions,
 - *Courtesy and generosity make a difference in WW11.*
- ... and there's more! ...*



Journal of Pacific Adventist History

Also known as -

Pacific Adventist Heritage

Statement of Mission

Journal of Pacific Adventist History serves historians, researchers, administrators, libraries, educational institutions, members and others interested in the work undertaken by the Seventh-day Adventist Church in the islands of the South Pacific. The magazine focuses on people and happenings involved in the establishment and development of the church in preparation for the event of the ages—the second coming of Jesus Christ.

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•Enlightenment

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Editors and reviewers contribute much to the professional quality of the *Journal*, and administration says, 'Thank you.'

•Cover Picture

Pastor Ross and Mrs Mabel James served on Malakula and Santo Islands, Vanuatu.

A Salute to the Pioneers



Recently my wife and I spent a couple of weeks travelling through South Australia and Western Victoria, where my wife explored areas where her grandparents pioneered settlement in the late 1890s and early 1900s. When drought dashed their dreams in the Hawker area of South Australia, they tried again in the newly opened Mallee country around Murrayville, Victoria. We were impressed by the resilience, ingenuity and plain stick-to-itiveness of Mary's forebears.

I am equally impressed by the courage, adaptability, and inventiveness of those men and women who pioneered Adventist missions in the South Pacific. Many of these pioneers were young, often newlyweds, when they arrived at their place of service. Metaphorically, they were given an axe and told to build a school, or medical clinic, or mission station. And they did it!

With no Bunnings Hardware Store around the corner, they made do with what was at hand. They scrimped and saved and improvised and they did the job of establishing representative campuses and building functional facilities. In all this they did not lose sight of their main role to meet the needs of the indigenous people and help build up God's church on earth.

Every age needs its pioneers: those who break new ground, be it the ground of fresh ideas, the ground of new ventures, or the ground of virgin territories. Today's innovators and artisans become tomorrow's pioneers. The advancement of God's gospel requires daily recruits to the legion of pioneers.

As with previous issues of this journal, this edition again salutes those who pioneered Seventh-day Adventist endeavour in the South Pacific. Their stories are inspirational, their deeds worthy of emulation, and their fidelity to the task a challenge to all.

Arnold Reye

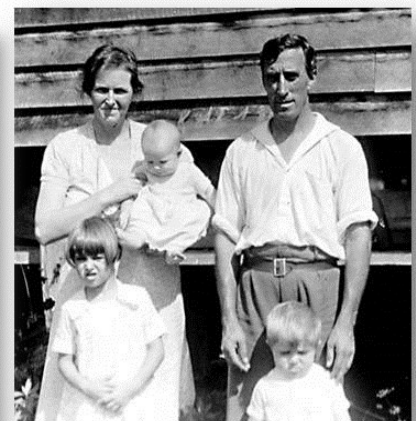
(Education Administrator, now retired)



◆ *Left: Nathan and Mary Rore who served for many years in Papua New Guinea and the Solomon Islands.*

◆ *Below Left: The Brennan family in Omara in 1936.*

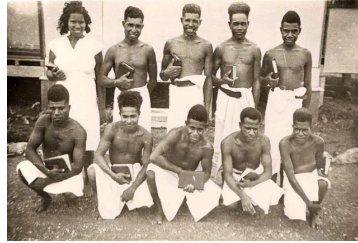
◆ *Below Right: David and Mabel Gray with three of their five children, Edith, David and Amy. Amy died c.4yrs of age, and is buried on Choiseul in the Solomon Islands.*



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Ross and Mabel James in front of their Big Bay home on Santo Island.



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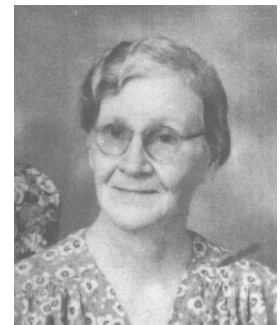
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The boat 'Malalagi' used by John Martin in visiting eastern islands of PNG.



Enid and Geoff Helsby and boys - missionary family.



A VISION TO CHANGE:

- Personal accounts of the impact on people of Adventist pioneers in Vanuatu

By J Ross James.

His Personal file accounts prepared by his son,
G Ray James, and edited by the Journal editor who
added information from Australasian Record.



Biography of Pastor Joseph Ross James

Ross was born in Ballarat, a gold-mining town in the southern State of Victoria, Australia. His were the days of horse-drawn street cars and handsome cabs. As his father served the church as an evangelist, most of his early childhood was spent in tents while meetings were being conducted.

Ross graduated from the nurses' course at the Sydney Sanitarium in 1914, and Mabel Reekie from the business course at the Australasian Missionary School, Cooranbong, New South Wales in 1917. They were married in Cooranbong in 1917 and one day later sailed on the Induna to the South Sea Islands of Vanuatu, known then as the New Hebrides Islands. Their journey via Lord Howe and Norfolk Islands, took a month and a day! - even when a developing cyclone cut short their stay at Norfolk Island.

As the festive season had commenced, the James stayed on Atchin Island situated just off the coast of the north-eastern region of the island of Malakula. About 400 islanders lived there, as well as many, many pigs. Later on they proceeded south to the village of Matanavath in Big Nambus territory. Just after two weeks however, Pastor Andrew Stewart mission station director, set sail for Sydney to attend the Union Conference Session. Ten weeks passed before he returned.

Sometime after transferring to Big Bay on Santo Island, James purchased land for 800 pounds on the Island of Aore from De Lateur, a French trader living on the other side of the island. The land was for a training school. Disputes about the land delayed official government approval of the sale for some time.

Following the departure of the James in 1929, they served in Papua from 1931 to 1936. Some years later James connected with the St Helena Sanitarium. Son Ray, was born on August 11, 1926 in USA; son Ian, on January 21, 1930 in the Sydney Sanitarium, and daughter Rosma on November 18, 1932, in Papua New Guinea. Ross and Mabel retired to live in California.

Part 1 - MALAKULA – *We didn't know what life was really like until we arrived there: the culture indeed was so very different to our own, but the challenge, with its uncertainties, was exciting!*

In 1918 my wife and I, Mabel Reekie James, and Joseph Ross James, were appointed to Malakula,⁽¹⁾ a large island located in the Central District of a line of mainly Melanesian Islands known as Vanuatu,⁽²⁾ in the western area of the Pacific Ocean. We were to continue the work temporarily halted by Norman and Alma Wiles due to Alma's illness. Fortunately we had obtained all the necessary information about our new location from them as they had arrived in Australia just prior to our departure for Vanuatu.

When we arrived at Matanavath on Malakula, a village already showing interest in the gospel, and with some people even embracing it, we noticed only painted and decorated people answering the call of the beating tom toms or totem drums to come and spend the night in dancing and revelry. The children too, had abandoned their school tasks and there was an air of worldly excitement everywhere. We were concerned about living there for it seemed like a waste of time to be with people who had given themselves over to their old heathen way of life again.

Later, on the return of Norman and Alma to Matanavath,⁽³⁾ we felt in our hearts a desire to respond to a call for a missionary coming from the nearest Big Nambus village situated further up the hillside.

Instead of living on the lower land where the flies and mosquitoes were so troublesome, we were confident the new site would be more helpful to our work and more healthful to our lives. It wasn't long though, before we realised we were possibly working for the most undisciplined and savage tribe in any place: the notorious Big Nambus people. For Mabel and me this was indeed a thrilling time of service for God.

Then came some encouraging news. A second village, close to Matanavath, had erected a schoolhouse and had shown genuine life style change in turning away from heathen ceremonials. Realising we had not succeeded in the village of Matanavath for the time being, and the people in the adjoining village had shown real change in their daily living, and had requested a missionary, and had also built their own school house, we decided to be with them. So it was not long before we found ourselves working for this village. One of our problems however, was sorting out confusion of names as some of the people had the same name! To differentiate one Hari from another for example, we called one Hari Malua and the other Hari Tonmiel. The extra part to the names identified the place where each lived. Hari Tonmiel and his wife were the first people baptised from the wild eastern coastal area of Malakula. Many years passed though before we recommended them for this biblical rite.

The wife developed mature Christian characteristics and an ability to accomplish her tasks successfully. Her husband progressed well too. Later, they were appointed to school work at Spiegel's Bay. This was the area ship's crews avoided, being terrified of going ashore because in past times so many had been put to death on the nearby beaches.

Then came the sadness of Norman Wiles' tragic death after barely five years of working among the Melanesian people on Malakula. He succumbed to blackwater fever in 1920 at the early age of twenty six, and was buried near his home by his wife Alma.



Norman and Alma Wiles.

In 1923 William and Louisa Smith arrived as replacements and they located at Spiegel's Bay on Malakula. There, the people were making an effort to become Christians. As time moved along we found the Smiths were in poor health, and we did not want to lose another worker for God, so we decided to move them to the island of Atchin off the north-east coast of Malakula where our main station was established. On elevated ground on Atchin we built a house for them. To accomplish the task we travelled to another island where there was an unused, large building belonging to the Presbyterian Mission. We purchased the house, dismantled it, and prepared the bundles of timber to be transported by sea back to Atchin Island. Actually, the task was a major undertaking for the weather was hot and humid, but we were successful, especially on making the bundles of timber into a raft and allowing them to drift along the coast, sometimes towed by our boat.



Big Nambus Tribesmen.

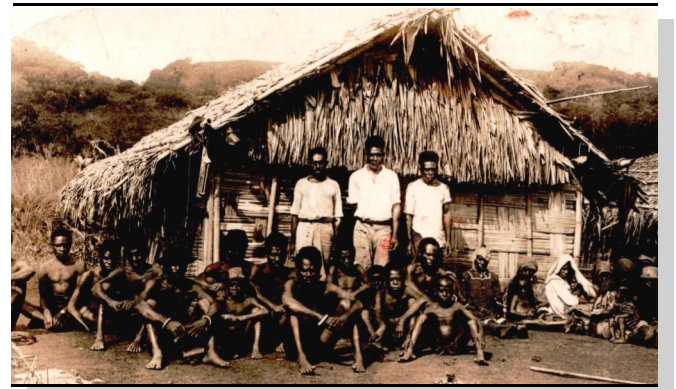
On arrival at Atchin, and with the help of the islanders, the bundles of timber were carried up to the higher ground. It took us around two months to erect the house which looked quite picturesque on completion. We hoped the new dwelling would benefit the health of the Smiths for it would be cooler than their previous home built on lower ground. The new one was certainly more 'climate' friendly.



Big Nambus Chiefs and Tribesmen, West Malekula.

One day while Mabel and I were visiting the west coast of Malakula, some visitors arrived to inform us that Miriam, the wife of Hari Tonmeil, was seriously ill. We were also told that all the people in the area were sick as well. As we highly valued Miriam's services, I decided to visit her, and when William heard the news he decided to accompany me.

I proposed a walk around the coast returning with the people who had brought the message. Not being a robust person, William recommended taking the boat. But there was not enough fuel for a two-way journey. Furthermore, I was afraid of the wild west coast of the island, remembering there is a distance of 1,500 miles of ocean between Malakula and Australia! A storm out at sea did not provide much warning of danger either. The ocean rises up on an inhospitable coast, and when the waves are high, they run right up into the jungle beyond the beach. But William urged boat travel! So we loaded into a case two five gallon cans of available fuel, remembering we just couldn't stop at a petrol station and replenish our supply. I also suggested that we sail part of the distance and only turn the motor on when we needed to, thus conserving our fuel towards being able to return home.



A national teacher and assistants who are pioneering Christian Missions on Malekula.

So off we sailed into a prevailing southeast wind and soon sailed around the tip of Malakula and between the Island of Vau into a less calm ocean. It really became so turbulent I suggested the sails be lowered and the engine started. But as we continued sailing on and were soon ready to turn south, all of the coastline was a mass of foam. Although William suggested turning back, I told him that we'd come so far now, we must do our best to reach our destination. Returning would mean losing time and we could be too late to help Miriam.



This boat was possibly launched in 1915 at Atchin.

The situation was critical but we kept on looking for a suitable place where we might be able to make our way to the shore. It seemed there had been a disturbance out in the ocean causing huge swells to roll in

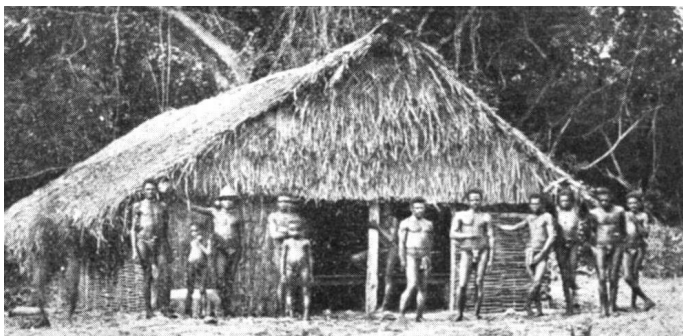
Below: Mabel, Ross and son Ray with Tonmieil believers on Malakula.



and continue on up the beaches. If the sea had been normal, finding an opening in the reef would have been possible, but now waves of foam were hiding all the suitable exits. Fortunately, I did know some of the landmarks in the area so I steered the boat closer to the shore. When we reached the shore near the village of Matanavath, I didn't proceed on to Spiegels Bay beach for it was too treacherous.

Off the shore at Matanavath, I turned the boat several times and followed our usual habit of counting the waves. After three large waves had raced up the shore there was a small lull.

I moved the boat quickly. Although we could not see an opening in the reef we concentrated on the waves. Then William called to me while holding on to the ship's mast, "Let's have a prayer." My reply was quick. "You pray while you are standing there and I'll care for the boat." As William began talking to God, I directed the Islander with us to steer the boat into what I had hoped would be an opening in the reef. The Lord answered our prayers. The



Matanavath Church, Malakula Island in the days of Norman Wiles and G Ross James.

three large waves had spent themselves on the sandy shore and now we were speeding our way on much smaller foam-covered waves through a gap in the reef. All the time I was listening for any sounds which might tell us our boat had struck the rocks, but fortunately we were in the right place at the right time. Soon we reached quieter water behind the rocks. As there was insufficient room to anchor our boat and let it swing gently in the waters, we tied it to the reef with the boat's anchor, and also secured it to a tree on shore with a rope.

We now set out on our journey along the coast to locate Miriam. On reaching her home we were shocked to find that her temperature was found to be 106 degrees. She was very ill.

With a prayer in our hearts I treated her for some time with cold applications endeavouring to reduce her feverish temperature, and I also administered an injection. In the days which followed she gradually improved and eventually returned to normal health. While we were there we helped to alleviate the suffering of others who were ill in the area, before making our way back to our homes.

REFERENCES:

1. *Spelling varies in articles, statements and documents. For example: Malecula, Malekula, Malacula, and Malakula. The last-named seems to be quite widely used today, and has been taken from this map: Oceania, the Pacific Islands of Micronesia, Polynesia, and Melanesia. University of Hawaii Press, 2nd Edition, c. 2009. Used by permission.*
2. *The country, now known as Vanuatu, was in earlier times, known as New Hebrides.*
3. *Andrew G Stewart, Australasian Record, 21 October, 1918, p 54.*

Part 2 - BIG BAY, SANTO - *Isolation and primitive times were still on the agenda; but just as tropical bougainvillea grows and eventually spreads its attractive colours, so do people flourish spiritually and ultimately show the beauty of Christ's character.*

When Andrew Stewart,⁽¹⁾ our mission director stationed on the island of Atchin in the South Pacific country of Vanuatu, previously known as the New Hebrides, returned from attending the tenth Australasian Union Conference Session held in October 1918, plans were made to transfer the missionary group on the island.⁽²⁾

Two young couples who had worked together conducting school, visiting villages far and near, and carrying out printing work, were to go to another island. Lastly, we arranged for some of the students to return to their home island of Ambrym.

In the interim a small, open launch had been added to our equipment. Twenty feet in length it possessed a sail and an auxiliary engine enabling it to reach a cruising speed of four miles an hour. But if the tide flowed against the direction we were travelling in there would be little or no speed. However, at times when the tide opposed us we did use the sail to help us along even though we made slow progress. Fortunately, there was a larger vessel, 26 feet in length moored at the mission station, and it cruised along at seven miles an hour.

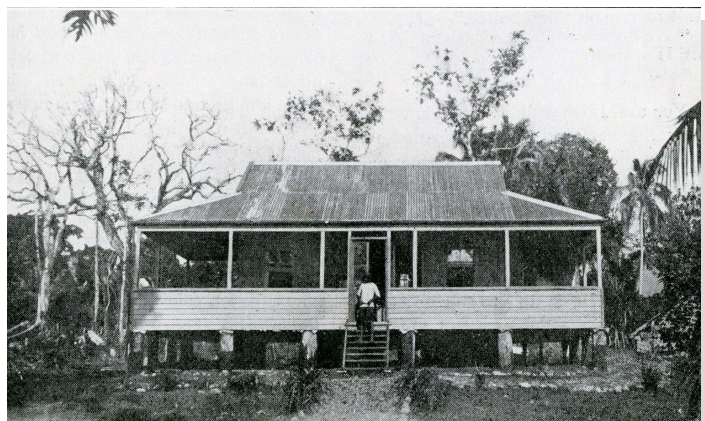
Actually, we were most encouraged by gospel contacts developing on the island of Ambrym, and we would continue to be interested in the progress of the young students who had been returned to their homes. They were like part of our family, and we were especially thrilled to know about one, Barling. His initiative persuaded his people to build a school or church on the island.

However, we had to remember we had pledged to serve on the

islands of Malakula and Santo and we needed to concentrate our thoughts and energies on these two needy places. But a change came in our location too.

Since Norman and Alma Wiles were committed to serving among the Big Nambus tribes of West Malakula, we were transferred to the island of Santo lying further to the north. Having now become settled on the island of Atchin, and feeling very much at home there, this change wasn't easy for us. It was difficult to leave the people we had come to know and appreciate.

To bring about this change a decision was made to send Andrew



Mission House Big Bay, Santo, New Hebrides. J Ross James' station.

Stewart and myself on a tour by launch of the large island of Santo to find a suitable location for establishing a new mission station.

The island, 75 miles in length and on an average 40 miles in width, consisted mainly of rugged mountain areas. At the northern end of this large island it looked as if a giant bite had occurred leaving the remainder to form a big bay.

The Portuguese navigator Decuros thought he had discovered the Australian continent when he sailed into the big bay area, and so called it *Australia del Espiritu Santo* which means 'the southern land of the Holy Spirit.' He set up home at the head of the bay near a river he named Jordan and called his small settlement, New Jerusalem. With the passing of many years the only trace of the early settlers today is the large area of sugar cane occupying the deep valley area of the river Jordan.

When we visited the south of the island we noted with interest possible new locations. One notable place was the Island of Marl for it was obvious that the locals there would have benefitted from our ministry in several ways.

Sailing further north we arrived at Big Bay on the north end of the island. Here we met Mr Fish, a trader who kindly showed us 80 acres of attractive land which he offered to sell to us. We were interested in the land and its price and finally told him we would purchase it. What encouraged us to do so was that the property provided access to the inland areas, as well as possible contact with the peninsula on the other side across the bay where the primitive Sukau people lived.

Actually, in the rush of events we had not considered the matter of whether the Sukau people in this area would wish us to work

among them. We understood though, that some years earlier efforts had been made to attract the people of Sukau to the gospel but they had resisted such attempts. It really was their need of the gospel that persuaded us to take Mr Fish's offer of 80 acres. Now there was an urgency to return to Big Bay to establish our mission station as soon as possible.

We returned to Atchin by launch to transport our personal effects to the new land at Big Bay, a voyage of 100 miles. Having thought about the immediate task I appealed to Andrew Stewart to allow us to tie the smaller boat to the larger launch so we would travel together with our goods. Permission was readily granted and loading was accomplished. Matchetes, axes and other additional items were squeezed in too. We were going to quite a densely wooded area so we arranged to take everything we felt would be of use in establishing a new station on the north-western side of the island of Santo.

In July, 1919 the two boats ploughed on through ocean waves, but God was with us and nothing really uneventful occurred. However, our hearts were excited, wondering what the future had in store for a young couple setting out like explorers at this time to make their home in a very isolated region of Vanuatu.

It indeed was a propitious time for what we were undertaking. An Armistice Day Agreement signifying the end of World War 1 and the return of peace had been signed on 11 November 1918.

The little time of peace we now had urged us to go forward conquering for Christ. So here we were traveling to our new area right at the very time peace had returned to our troubled world. On reaching our destination on 10 July 1919, the two launches carrying white flags, anchored in Big Bay. We brought only our suitcase and mattress ashore, deciding to unload everything else at a later time. News of our arrival must have travelled fast for Mr Fish and his lovely island wife were there to meet us.

This gentleman had lived in the area for a number of years and his hospitality amazed Mabel and me. He kindly offered us the use of his house for our sleeping quarters so we placed our suitcase on the floor inside and laid out the mattress. A cat we had acquired from a Presbyterian missionary in the south came into the room, shook his feet and paws to remove dust and sand, then bounced on to the suitcase not wanting to sit on the dirty floor. We dismantled an old mosquito net which had become discoloured and replaced it with our own. We also did the same with the mattress that was in the room.

We did try to sleep through the night but the goats underneath the floor kept butting their horns against the floorboards. We didn't really have a beneficial night's sleep. Mosquitoes and the smell of goats made sleeping rather difficult. But we had been warned by our mission director not to complain about anything as our host had been quite generous in supplying us with accommodation which we would not have had otherwise.

When morning dawned on Friday we made our way down to the location where our house was to be erected. As this was to be our most urgent project, we had brought with us some islanders from Atchin who were already busy cutting down the trees there. Mabel and I worked with them until we had cleared about half an acre of land. But rain poured down most of the time during the first two weeks, when Brother Stewart and Jope, our Fijian missionary, aided us in erecting a building of bush materials as well as a small kitchen. I remember well the energy and enthusiasm with which the team worked. Next, several sheets of iron were brought from the launches to form our kitchen. We built it using the local trees as posts, rails and rafters.



Baptism at Big Bay, Santo, in 1927.



L to R: Andrew Stewart and wife Jean, J Ross James and wife Mabel, Norman Wiles and wife Alma, Jope Lawaloa and wife Torika with their two sons Maika and Semi. (Later, in Fiji they were known as Ratu (later on) Maika Laweloa, and Ratu (later on) Semi Laweloa) in front of their names.

By evening the small kitchen was completed and we set up our stove, feeling very pleased with the beginning we had made with this part of our new home. We carried water from a nearby spring, poured it into a can and heated it on the stove. To our delight we soon were having a bath in a round, galvanised tub. Then we moved the bath out and prepared a meal for cooking on the stove.

Lastly we moved our bed into place and enjoyed a reasonably comfortable night's sleep. Now Brother Stewart and Jope could return home to Atchin in the *Eran*, the larger of the two vessels.

When it came time to visit the village the next day we walked along quietly together. Our first obstacle along the way was to work out how we would cross a swiftly flowing river on its way to the sea. At high tide however, it was plain to us that the only way across was to swim to the other side.

On thinking more about the problem we decided we would select a later time when the tide was out and the water would only be waist deep. But our island men though, were quite happy to carry us across the river. With that feat accomplished we walked along a soft, sandy beach to reach the village.

We had hoped to see some of the villagers but all we saw were the heels of people disappearing into the bush area. The people scampered away at the sight of white people coming to their village. There was however, one or two old men who couldn't run who just sat in their houses. When we approached them they looked at us and made signs with their hands which mystified us. In return we made signs which we thought probably mystified them too. It was a case of strange antics all round. Having done our best to communicate with the old men there was nothing else for us to do but to return home and to hope that on a return visit we would meet a more friendly and helpful group of people.

Over the seven years we lived on the island of Santo we learned the people's sign language. And we were further encouraged when an old man came near and befriended us: this was Luluatamelee. He actually, was the first man to venture on to our mission station, and right from his first appearance he became our firm friend. Later on we discovered he was a leper who worked on the nearby plantations and could speak pigeon English.⁽³⁾

The story of the area around us is a sad one because the people, having once responded to missionary activity in earlier years, had, after many years without the presence of missionaries, returned even deeper into the practice of their heathen culture and customs. But our arrival must have stirred the previously established missionary organisation to again send a missionary to the Big Bay area. It was the first time in five years anything had

been done there. In spending two weeks in their unused home situated about three miles from our station, he endeavoured to revive the interest of the people in his missionary activities. The people however, weren't interested. Requests to serve as a teacher in an inland village were declined with one man saying, 'Me fella school along Mr James, him be missionary me fella.'⁽³⁾

It was however, encouraging to know that the gospel was influencing the people to better ways of life for in a recent feast a suggestion was made that by the end of the year they might discontinue eating pig.

As we continued to build up our new mission station we were indeed so pleased to have the valuable assistance of Luluatamelee. He worked alongside our local builders and volunteered to obtain local thatch to be used in house building. Being an essential item, particularly in roofing buildings, we were indebted to him and gladly paid him for his helpful assistance.

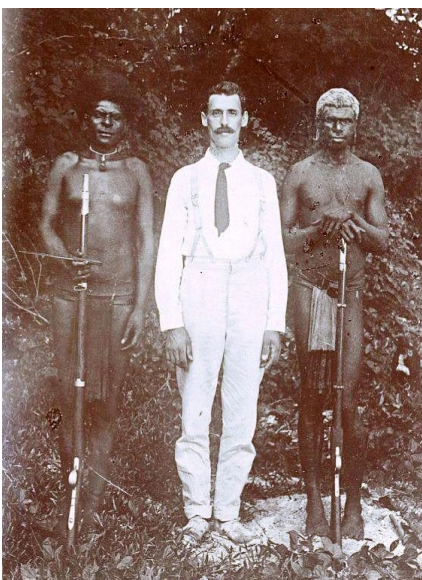
This is how progress occurred. We set posts shaped from bush trees in place, and with wall plates on top, they formed the framework for our bedroom. End posts were made higher and a ridge pole was shaped. Then bamboo poles were cut, heated in a fire, and bent with a piece of wood across them to make the ridge. These were then put over the top and tied down with bush vines. The bamboo ridge plates were like rafters, and to them were tied coconut palm leaves cut from trees which had been purchased and planted for us. Bamboo was also used on the walls, and we smoothed over creek gravel brought in from a nearby stream for the floor. In due time our bedroom was in place and we were happy with the new room.

Winning the people's confidence did take time. 'For twelve months of our stay no one would sleep at the mission if it could possibly be avoided. But if night came on while they were there, they would stay the night and return home in the morning.'⁽⁴⁾

At times travel by sea was perilous and by land enervating. On one occasion 'I had a narrow escape sailing home as the main sail was torn in two places. We did 35 miles in 48 hours. The next time I had to visit the steamer, I walked overland. It took thirteen hours, and I was just in time.'⁽⁵⁾

For a while there seemed to be very little progress taking place in, and outside our mission station on the island of Santo. However by May 1923, a new outstation had been established at Vileasu, there were sixteen people, along with a teacher and his wife, living at Big Bay. With Andrew Stewart present the first baptism had taken place with a group of fifty people gathered on the river bank to witness this important event.⁽⁶⁾ Lives began to change as the

... Contd on p.14.



Both pictures— Pastor G Ross James with some people from the Big Bay area of Santo island.



POST WORLD WAR II EDUCATION IN PAPUA: A RECOLLECTION AND REFLECTION

*Rod Ellison, and Nita Ellison who completed
the article following her husband's death*

Biography of Rod and Nita Ellison

Rod Ellison entered this world at Drummoyne, Sydney, on 16 March, 1922. He obtained his education at Gladesville Primary, Drummoyne Intermediate, and at Fort St. Boys' High all in Sydney. At 12 years of age, and at the invitation of the Dustin family, he attended Sabbath School, and later on was baptised.

After completing Sydney Teachers' College at 17 he taught in NSW state schools at Mandooren, Crooble and Graman.

While at Graman he became engaged to Nita Edmonds and following marriage on 9 January 1947, set sail one year later for mission service at Bautama Missionary School, located east of the country's capital, Port Moresby.

Rod served as principal with Tutuo (Solomon Is), Barbara Wiseman and Nita as his assistants. The produce shed served as home. In 1951 Rod and Anita transferred to Bisiatabu School, and later on to Lae where Rod served as the Education Director for the newly-formed Coral Sea Union Mission.

Due to his wider ministry for others, Rod was ordained to the gospel ministry at Lae in December 1953.

A son, Lee was born in June 1949, and a daughter Denise in 1954. Due to Lee's deteriorating health problems the family moved to Wau in the Southern Highlands, and later, reluctantly returned to Australia.

Service in Australian educational institutions followed including principalship at both Prescott and Carmel colleges. In 1976 he obtained a PhD in Sociology. The combined talents of Rod's teaching, ministerial and counselling skills, along with Nita's nursing, and special educational skills, brought about the formation of the Safecare counselling service with both being heavily involved in counselling and workshops in Western Australia and NSW. Rod also wrote a manual "Happiness in Marriage" for use by ministers.

In retirement they continued their work of serving families in crisis. Anita and Rod's vision of social need led in 1996, to the formation of a women's refuge on the Central Coast of NSW. In 2000 they received Centennial Medals from the Federal Government for their community service.

Rod was a keen 'ham' operator. Also, he enjoyed fixing and making all things electronic and electrical and he loved working with timber. Nita still likes gardening, making floral arrangements, and painting with water colours.

A heart condition slowed Rod and on March 6, 2008, he passed to his rest, awaiting the call of the Life-giver.



Part One

Rod and Nita Ellison left Sydney in February 1948, on the SS *Montoro*, bound for their first mission field appointment. Rod was to establish a mission training school at Bautama, near Port Moresby. They left Sydney with two clear memories: a summer thunderstorm that saturated family and friends as they waved goodbye, and the rough waves that greeted them as they cleared Sydney Heads. For four of the six days it took to travel to Port Moresby, Nita suffered from seasickness and found solace on the ship's deck. The last two days were relatively calm and they arrived at their destination in improved spirits.

Prior to embarkation, they had taken a course in tropical medicine in which they had been warned of the dangers of endemic diseases: malaria, hookworm, dengue and siporma. Unfortunately, the anti-malarial tablet Atabrin had an adverse reaction with Rod and he chose to stop taking it.

Arrival at their new home

At Port Moresby the Ellisons were met by the Papua – N.E. New Guinea Mission officers and their wives: Robert and Peg Frame and Roy and Ivy Stratford. Ken and Dorothy Gray were also there. The next day Ken Gray drove them to the new campus at Bautama, now known as Mount Diamond Adventist Secondary School. The Missionary School was located on the east coast and although only 22 kilometres from Port Moresby, only half the distance was paved road, the remainder was a dirt track that included two river crossings and the traverse of a swampy coconut plantation. They discovered that during the rainy season this road was impassable.

Work on the site had begun in August 1947. Ken Gray as education superintendent had rolled up his sleeves and with George Johnson, an Australian carpenter, along with six Papua New Guinea (PNG) labourers, had cleared land, set up tents and begun the building process. There was however, no housing for staff, no electric power, no lighting at night, no septic systems, no running water, no school buildings, no desks and no office and medical supplies. Student housing was rudimentary. School met for a couple of hours each afternoon; the rest of the day was spent in establishing school gardens and facilities.

Nita and Rod's first home was a partitioned part of the produce shed. At least it had a concrete floor, a table and three chairs, plus shelving that Rod quickly put together. The kitchen was an annex with a dirt floor. A pit toilet stood some distance from the shed. To bathe, they donned bathers, went outside, and used overhead buckets of water. Using military helmets as hanging baskets, Nita achieved a degree of homeliness.

The Ellisons were not the only occupants of this cosy corner. The windows were shuttered and gave ready access to the hordes of nightly mosquitos. The only barrier to these avaricious feeders was a large mosquito net. The other occupants were mangrove crabs. Each night they too would move in. Their large prehensile claws made staccato sounds as they dragged them over corrugated iron. Of greater concern however, was the problem of communication. The *lingua franca* of Papua is Motu and it took a while for Nita and Rod to build up a vocabulary and skills in the use of this language.

Fortunately, they had the assistance of Tutuo, a pastor/teacher from the Solomon Islands, who with his wife Naru were already at Bautama when the Ellisons arrived. Rod described Tutuo as "a great asset to Bautama."

The first year saw the completion of staff housing and the classroom block. It also saw the arrival of expatriate staff: teacher Barbara Wiseman, to look after the lower primary grades; Hilton and Emmy Myers with Hilton responsible for technical instruction and garden supervision; and nurse Hilary Cooper responsible for student

Jeep's wheels and after backing up some distance, they charged the stream hoping that momentum would take them through. Unfortunately, they came to a halt in the middle of the stream. The Jeep was soon flooded to seat level. Furthermore the Jeep's breather pipe was also under water.

The jeep's oil pump was external to the engine, so they unscrewed the pipe and raised it above water level, dried off the spark plugs, and miraculously the engine fired and they were able to drive out to the far bank with water and oil draining in all directions. Breather pipe reconnected, the Jeep made it home on the sump's mixture of oil and water. As soon as possible, they reconditioned the engine. 'All's well that ends well,' no, within eleven days Rod had his first bout of malaria!

Another time, Rod and Nita were travelling from Port Moresby to Bautama Training School. They arrived at a fast flowing stream where a truck had previously crossed over on planks to suit the truck's wheel widths. They decided to make the crossing with Rod on the bonnet, shining a torch ahead onto the planks for Nita to see where to drive. In order to cross safely Nita had to steer the Jeep very carefully, keeping the wheels on the planks. Only six inches separated them from crashing into the flooded stream below.

After prayer, they started the dangerous crossing of the flooded stream. Had Rod slipped or overbalanced he would have been drowned, and had Nita miscalculated where the Jeep wheels were on the plank, they both would have been lost to the flooded stream.

Upon arriving safely on the Bautama side, Rod and Nita clung to each other and thanked their heavenly Father for His loving care.

A typical day and the arrival of civilisation

The working day commenced at 6am with worship held in the dormitories. Breakfast was at seven and work in the gardens commenced at eight. Classes commenced at 1.30pm and concluded at 4.30pm. The evening meal was at 5.30. Bedtime was 9.30. At regular intervals the truck would go to Port Moresby with a team of students aboard. At Burns Philp they would load bags of rice, cement, fibro sheeting, or other needed goods. The team would be back at Bautama in time for lunch and the commencement of classes. In addition to the school's garden, students were expected to develop their own gardens to supplement their rations.

Ever the practical man, even before the Ellisons arrived, Ken Gray had begun to scrounge items he felt might prove helpful for the site. For example, Ken recognised the need to provide a water supply from a nearby creek. He acquired a large bore pump and a steamroller. In stationary mode the steamroller, fuelled by local wood, provided the pump's power. A flat belt from the steamroller's large fly wheel was used to turn the pulley on the pump. Water was supplied to the houses and dormitories through a four-inch pipe. This worked well for years.

The Mission supplied the school with a reconditioned 110-volt diesel-powered Southern Cross generator. Staff and students were delighted at having power to houses, dormitories and classrooms. Tutuo proved adept at the installation of electrical wiring. Initially Rod thought it appropriate to explain to Tutuo the theory of electrical wiring. He was somewhat abashed when Tutuo declared: 'Taubada!⁽¹⁾ Just tell me what to do and I will do it. I cannot follow the explanation and I don't need it for wiring!' Tutuo did a great job and with the flick of a switch we felt that civilisation had come to Bautama.

Meeting the rich and the famous

As a new post-war training school and its proximity to Port Moresby, Bautama frequently received visitors; from the church

headquarters in Sydney, (Australasian Division), church world headquarters — General Conference (Washington DC) and Adventist tourists. Initially the Bautama family felt chuffed that these important people had thought of them, but they soon learned that their visitor's main interest was the search for photographs. Not that this was minded because photos were essential to the promotion of the church's expanding missionary activity.

One Friday afternoon, with only a few hours warning, a delegation from the Australasian Division arrived. A tour of the campus was conducted—gardens and buildings—and then it was sensed that the visitors intended to stay the night. So Nita quickly arranged for an evening meal. Without facilities for their sleeping comfort, Rod advised them they would have to sleep on mats on the floor. He also thought it advisable to warn them of the nightly incursions of cockroaches, rats and mangrove crabs. These latter made a dreadful racket as they scraped their claws along the corrugated iron walls. Judging by their appearance the next morning, imaginations had run riot and few of the delegation appeared to have enjoyed much sleep.

Wall-to-wall bitumen

In his scrounging Ken Gray had also acquired several barrels of bitumen. How best to use this material? Houses and dormitories had been constructed for indigenous students and teachers, but the school had not been able to afford wooden or concrete flooring. Hilton Myers came up with the idea of using a mixture of river sand, pebbles and bitumen to lay a surface that would keep the dust down.

To turn dream into reality called for ingenuity. Suitable pebbles and sand were located in the nearby river. A scoop was fashioned out of a 44-gallon drum. This scoop was attached to a snap pulley wired to a tree, and the winch on the Blitz Buggy was used to manipulate the scoop backwards and forwards. A concrete mixer was used to mix sand, pebbles and bitumen. The resulting mixture was laid on the floor but still needed compacting in some way. They made their own compactor out of a section of a large concrete drain-pipe. This was filled with more concrete and a one-inch section of water pipe inserted to form the axle. Fitted with a handle, this homemade roller was a splendid success.

The *Taubadas* were not the only ones gifted with inventiveness. A local man approached Rod and asked whether he might have discarded tyre tubes. Later they discovered that he had constructed a rectangular frame with legs and had cut the rubber into strips that made a comfortable substitute mattress. Others soon copied this innovation and discarded tyre tubes were in great demand.

Incidents: humorous and otherwise

On one late afternoon return trip from Port Moresby in the Jeep, Rod noticed that the oil pressure was low. A check revealed no oil at all in the engine. The only solution was to walk the remaining six or so kilometres to Bautama. Destination was reached at about 8pm. After filling a can with oil Rod returned to the jeep. All the oil was emptied into the engine but still the gauge said 'no oil.' Concluding the gauge was faulty, Rod started the engine and drove home. Next morning a check of the vehicle revealed that the sump plug was missing.

One could never presume on a routine drive to Port Moresby. Bridges over streams or dry creeks could prove a problem. Often the bridge consisted solely of two H-section steel girders. The local traffic—Blitz Buggies, weapons carriers, small trucks, and jeeps—all had different widths between wheels. Each driver had to adjust the distance between the girders to match the needs of his vehicle. Time consuming and scary!

On one occasion the Ellisons decided to spend a few days at Bisiatabu about fifty kilometres north of Bautama and had taken several students with them. Located at a higher elevation, Bisiatabu offered a brief respite in a cooler climate. Nita was driving when the Jeep suddenly veered off the road and into a ditch. Fortunately, no one was hurt, but after this shakeup the students steadfastly refused to rejoin the Jeep unless *Taubada* did the driving. Nita saw their point, but found it rather amusing.

Not all incidents were associated with primitive roads. During one wet season, Rod, and Errn Lemke set out for Port Moresby by whaleboat (in 1950 Lemke was appointed principal to give Rod Ellison more time to concentrate on developing the academic program). Also on board were four Papuans from inland areas. This was their first experience of boating and they were naturally apprehensive. Their apprehension grew when a *bombora*, a dangerous current over a reef, swamped the whaleboat and cut out the motor. Lemke and Ellison grabbed oars and finally made shore on a narrow strip of sand. The sea was so rough that several attempts to relaunch resulted in further swampings.

Late afternoon the wind had dropped somewhat and so the party rowed around the headland and set out for a more protected beach on the other side. A sleepless night was spent huddled around a fire. Fortuitously, the next day dawned calm and with a flat sea. Furthermore, with cleaned spark plugs the engine started and they were able to proceed back to Bautama, much to the relief of anxious families.

Theology in the print shop

One day the mission launch *Lauheni* called at Bautama. On board was the Papuan mission president, Pastor Charles Mitchell. Curious at this unexpected visit, staff and students watched as a large steel contraption and many boxes were off loaded. Mitchell proceeded to explain that it was the mission printing press along with sets of printing type (fonts) that had been hidden in the jungle during the war and was now needed to print in Motu the next quarter's Sabbath School lessons. Rod protested that he knew nothing about printing, to which Mitchell replied 'Neither do I.'

Armed with the stoicism of the pioneer missionary, Rod and others began the task of discovering the functions of all parts, sorting the type, and identifying what was missing. Remedying the latter required local inventiveness. Assisted by a book on printing acquired from Anthony Hordens store in Australia and helped by the government printer in Port Moresby, Rod began the task of setting the type within a frame called a chase. This also required justifying the type and tightening it by using wedges. All this was done by hand and required considerable

time. The first two pages contained in the chase went well. When Rod went to shift the second chase the wedges had not been carefully inserted. A few letters fell out and before an adjustment could be made, thousands of letters littered the floor. Rod declared that was a mistake you made only once. From then on he made sure each line of print was properly justified and all lines justified in the chase and carefully wedged. Rod declared this led to his belief in the theology of printing, namely the importance of *justification!* Despite the steep learning curve, the first post-war lessons in Motu were produced on time.

They learnt as they learnt

It was not only the Papuans who learnt at Bautama. Rod and Nita were also ready learners. At their first Sabbath at the Training School Nita dressed up for the Sabbath meetings: white suit, green blouse, stockings and shoes to match. She became acutely aware of the stares of the national women. She felt overdressed and culturally isolated. She determined from then on to wear a sleeveless cotton dress and sandals and no stockings. With that change Nita observed, 'I then felt at one with them and fully accepted.'

Rod regularly travelled to the various mission stations to meet other missionaries and to interview prospective students. He



The bassinette Rod and Tutuo made for Lee.

soon learned that his fellow missionaries worked hard to create an interest, for the indigenous people did not immediately perceive the benefits of education. Rod learnt that the task was not completed once the student arrived at Bautama. The education the mission provided was in fact a new way of life and Rod and the other members of staff had to quickly learn new skills in handling behavioural problems and in providing reassurance and compassion.

From the first, Nita perceived a need to provide mothercraft classes for the women with small children. These classes were conducted outdoors under shady trees where they could talk while supervising the children's play. In particular, she set out to change one midwifery local custom. It would seem that immediately upon birth the new-born was dunked in cold water. If it survived it was then placed in a small hammock. Nita discouraged this. She herself, was expecting her first child and asked Tutuo to make a small bassinette out of local cane. When Lee was born and lay cosily in his bassinette, the local women were impressed and soon adopted this innovation.

Nita found herself in demand as a midwife. Furthermore it gave her the opportunity of training Abi, the wife of one of the students. Before long Abi had a "middy bag" in which she kept all the requisites needed for deliveries anywhere anytime. Abi proved an apt learner and in later years was an excellent helpmeet to her husband in his work as a pastor.



Bautama—she fits in a dish!



Bautama—making friends.

Supporting the girls

At Bautama the Ellisons were confronted by an old Papuan custom. One day two older brothers presented themselves at the school and demanded the return of their sister, Gegina. Back in her home village it had been arranged that Gegina would marry an elderly Papuan in exchange for some pigs. Having tasted the liberation of education, Gegina, contrary to custom, was not prepared to be exchanged for pigs. She refused to return.

Angry at her refusal the brothers threatened force. Overwrought, Gegina sought refuge in the mangrove swamp where she attempted suicide. Fortunately some friends were quickly on the scene and carried the unconscious girl to the Ellison home. Nita administered adrenalin and those present petitioned the Great Healer. Gegina survived. Meanwhile the brothers patrolled outside the house still demanding that Gegina return home with them. Rod meanwhile counselled with Tutuo and it was decided to place the matter in the hands of the District Officer in Port Moresby. Early next morning a hasty trip was made to Port Moresby and the issues explained to the District Officer. After a careful examination of Gegina's thoughts and feelings, the Officer decided she did not have to return. This wrote Rod, 'was the beginning of the release from the authoritarian approval of relatives who wished to sell their daughters or sisters for personal gain.'

Part Two

The first part of Rod and Nita Ellison's recollection of their pioneering years in Papua New Guinea focused on the establishment of the Bautama Missionary School in 1948. Establishing a completely new institution sapped the Ellison's energies to the limit and after three years Rod requested a change of responsibility. The Mission therefore appointed Rod director of the Bisiatabu mission station some fifty kilometres north of Port Moresby and with an elevation of over 300 metres—a cooler and healthier climate. The family looked forward to the change.

With their first term of service completed, early in 1951 Nita and baby Lee preceded Rod on furlough back in Australia. Before Rod joined them he decided to visit his new bailiwick, or area of jurisdiction, and drove up to Bisiatabu. While driving up late Friday afternoon he noticed that the steering wheel felt gritty and remembered wiping his hands on his trousers. During the night he was woken by what he thought was thunder and the thought crossed his mind that it probably heralded rain. Next morning however, when he went outside he found everything—buildings, vehicles, vegetation and the ground—covered in white pumice ash. When questioned, one of the locals replied: 'Big fire mountain he blow up, Taubada!'

The Sabbath morning meetings were conducted, but the conversation kept coming back to a discussion on the ash. During the afternoon a district officer called in and explained that Mt Lamington, almost 100 kilometres to the east and near Popondetta, had erupted. Villages had been destroyed and there was considerable loss of life. Although Rod did not know it at the time, the dead included members of the Maynard Locke family. A few days later Rod flew south to join his family.

Another new role

With furlough almost over, Rod was asked to relinquish his appointment to Bisiatabu and to assume responsibility for the educational work in the Coral Sea Union Mission with headquarters at Lae. The Ellisons soon found themselves returning to PNG this time on the *MV Bulolo*. In his new role Rod took for himself the slogan "Education for the Future". With a focus on the village and district schools, he saw the challenge as threefold: designing an appropriate curriculum, raising the level of

primary schooling, and providing teachers with appropriate teaching materials.

Rod attacked the challenge of curriculum development in a collaborative manner. He invited his counterpart in the Bismarck Solomons Union Mission, Hugh Dickens, to join with him in designing a comprehensive curriculum and breaking this down to daily and weekly units. The aim of the curriculum was to help bring the educational standard in all schools up to the equivalent of the NSW Year Six. The participating Union Missions and the Australasian Division backed the project financially.

As a start to teacher resources, Ede Gane was asked to design a flannel graph to assist teaching numerals. The Signs Publishing Company produced 500 sets that were shared with teachers during in-service training. The production of curriculum documents was more arduous. An old Edison Dick duplicator was made available. Wax sheets were typed, corrected and then came the process of churning out the pages. On a good day some 20,000 sheets could be printed. Finally sheets were collated, covers added and the booklets stapled. Around 500 copies were produced.

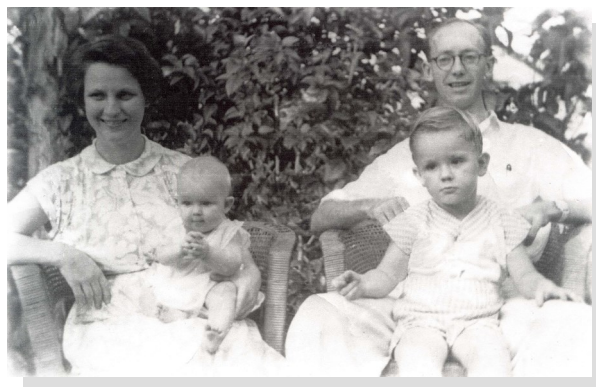
Not only was there inter-Union Mission cooperation, there was also inter-department cooperation within the Coral Sea Union Mission office. Pastor Ward Nolan was health secretary and he conceived the idea of producing sets of charts dealing with common diseases, ailments, and the principles of village hygiene. Production required the construction of a silkscreen printer. Ward Nolan provided the content and Rod did the artwork. Again, about 500 sets of health charts were produced.

As with the curriculum materials, emphasis was placed on teacher in-servicing. Over two weeks teachers were taught to do everything expected of students. Furthermore, a new world was opened up to teachers. A microscope was set up and for the first time teachers were able to observe the miniature world of fleas and bed bugs. Rod observed that teachers would 'walk away clicking their tongues' in astonishment. Introduction to the microscopic world set the stage for the sharing of information about bacterial infections and malaria.

Life in Lae

Life in Lae was stressful for the Ellison family. Rod's work took him away from home for seven months in the year. Nita was burdened with full responsibility for the care of two young children. In addition, because it was the mission headquarters, there were frequent visitors. At that time there were no facilities for transients: missionary families enroute to new appointments, or going home on furlough, or who needed to be in Lae for medical reasons. The solution was to billet these persons with Mission staff.

Lee was old enough to miss his dad and was frequently



Rod, Nita, Lee and Denise in Lae home garden.

disappointed by the haphazard nature of Rod's comings and goings. Also, when Rod was home, in addition to attending to office correspondence, attending meetings, and engaging in departmental planning, he was often called upon because of his skills in electronics to repair radios and things electrical. This did not leave much quality time for family.

In 1954 nurse Eleanor Scarfe was transferred from the Mission's hansenide hospital at Togaba to the hospital in Lae. She was suffering from partial paralysis and her condition was deteriorating. Ward Nolan and Rod approached Qantas requesting her immediate evacuation to Sydney. It took some persuasion but eventually Qantas agreed and negotiated with five passengers to vacate their seats and to travel on the next available flight. Eleanor was stretchered aboard accompanied by fellow nurse, Ora Nolan. At the Sydney Adventist Hospital Eleanor was found to be a victim of the poliovirus. Her fortitude and positive attitude in fighting the effects of this disease remains an inspiration.

Lae did afford cultural experiences, albeit with a difference. The local Council decided to promote the display of indigenous arts and crafts and the various denominational missions were invited to participate. Nita, and Ora Nolan were asked to organise the Adventist display. Fortunately our various mission stations were most cooperative and the two ladies were inundated with quality art and craft items from which to make a final selection. We were proud of the final display.

Accidents happen. Nita stepped back to admire a gecko and slipped on the front steps. She landed headfirst on the bottom concrete step. The result was severe concussion and spinal fractures. During her hospitalisation in Lae, six-month old Denise was cared for by Ora Nolan, Lee and Rod. They managed as best they could. While Nita mended, Lee's problem with local allergens became progressively worse, particularly when the kapok trees were in flower. Medical advice was to return to Australia at the earliest opportunity.

Farewell to Papua New Guinea

This advice proved timely for upon arrival in Australia Lee was diagnosed as being in the early stages of bronchiectasis. The final two weeks in PNG were not, however, without some drama. Nita received a phone call from a doctor in Wau. He advised that a young lady was about to give birth but neither the European hospital nor the indigenous hospital were prepared to take the patient.

This immediately put Nita on guard, but she ventured to ask what was the problem. She expected to hear of some severe medical complication, but was surprised by the answer. A French entourage, including a member of the French Royal Family, had visited PNG some time earlier and the said royal had seduced the young woman. It transpired the lady in question was a member of the Anglican mission and both the reputation of the mission and diplomatic protocol suggested a quiet home birth would be the best outcome. Of course Nita agreed and travelled to the Anglican Mission where, with the help of the Anglican minister's wife, she delivered a Royal Prince to the loving and warm care of the young mother and the Anglican Mission.

Many people in Papua New Guinea appreciated the humble and practical service of Rod and Nita Ellison, in the areas of education and health during their eight year stay.

Theirs was a contribution to a nation seeking to come of age in 'modern times' – and God blessed all they did for the betterment of others. ■

Reference: 1. *Taubada—an important person.*



... contd from Page 8 ... **A Vision to Change** — Part 2, Santo



Ray and Ruth James

Spirit of God spoke to hearts on the need for Christian growth. Some were pleased to improve their diet including turning away from eating the flesh of pigs, and some even began returning tithe to the Lord's treasury from the little they had. It was interesting to notice the reaction of Amos, the teacher at

our outstation, to his monthly wage amount of thirteen shillings. 'After paying tithe, making an offering, and purchasing a little calico for clothing, he found he had nothing left to take home. We inwardly thought they would feel disappointed, but his wife said, 'Oh it is good, we are not working for money, it will not save us. If we have clothes to go to worship that is all we want.'⁽⁷⁾

By February 1924, Sabbath School membership reached forty-seven, and plans were being made to establish another Sabbath School program for people in the nearby bush. Committed

workers were crossing rivers up to sixty times to reach people with the gospel, and to bring health and healing in its train. Island workers were now conducting meetings each Sabbath in a village on the Hapuna river. There a Sabbath School had been organised and a church building dedicated.

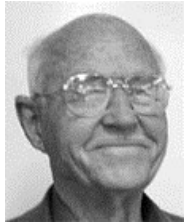
We enjoyed our service on the island of Santo and praise God for His leading in our lives and for His enabling power to accomplish the spread of the gospel. ■

REFERENCES and NOTES

1. *J Ross James was ordained to the gospel ministry on 29 October 1910, at Warburton, Victoria, Australia.*
2. *Possibly Donald and Lillian Nicholson transferred to Ambryn Island at this time.*
3. *James J Ross, Big Bay, Santo, New Hebrides, Australasian Record, 3 May 1920, p 3.*
4. *Ibid on the discontinuation of eating pig.*
5. *J Ross James, Big Bay, Santo, New Hebrides, Australasian Record, 21 Feb. 1921, p 10.*
6. *J Ross James, Experiences in the Islands, New Hebrides, Australasian Record, 5 March 1923, p 6.*
7. *J Ross James, News from Big Bay, North Santo, New Hebrides, Australasian Record, 28 May, 1923, p 5.*
8. *J Ross James, Notes from Big Bay, Santo, New Hebrides, Australasian Record, 27 August, 1923, p 7.*

WHITE WINGS - EMPTY OCEANS

- Leonard Barnard



Biography of Pastor Leonard Barnard

Leonard Barnard began his long service for the church in 1933.

Apart from attending the New Zealand Missionary College in 1937-38, he spent seven years working for the Sanitarium Health Food Company in New Zealand and Australia. From 1942 to 1946 he served with the Australian Infantry Forces in Papua New Guinea (PNG) as a paramedic. He and his wife Mavis commenced mission service in 1949 when he was appointed superintendent of Mt Hagen Hansenide Colony in the Western Highlands of PNG. Following six years of service there, Len became director of the Omaura and Homu districts in the Eastern Highlands in 1955. From 1962 till 1972 he was director of the Laiagam District and a pilot for the Coral Sea Union Mission (CSUM).

His vision and perseverance led to the setting up of the work of aerial evangelism in the South Pacific Division, especially in Papua New Guinea.

He spent twelve years in pastoral work in the North New South Wales Conference and then retired. Then he initiated the establishment of the Adventist Aviation Association (AAA).

Mavis assisted him by working in the outpatients clinics and was a midwife for many of the women. Sadly she passed away on 15 October 2005. She and Len had two daughters, Sharyn and Kaye.

Len is now married to Noela Shinnars and they live at Alton Villas in Cooranbong, NSW, Australia.

In the early 1950s while I was working at the Mt Hagen Hansenide Colony, located in the Western Highlands Province of Papua New Guinea (PNG), two Americans on a world tour came to visit the institution. They were Pastor J L Tucker and his son Laverne who later served as a missionary in the Philippines. These folk were eager to see something of missionary activities in the South Seas.

Pastor Tucker had the self-imposed responsibility of proclaiming the gospel in the homes of millions of people by the radio medium. For many years he had conducted a devotional program called "The Quiet Hour." These Christ-filled messages, reaching out from more than a hundred radio stations in America and other lands, were, and still are, making a notable contribution toward the fulfillment of Christ's command to His followers to preach the gospel to the entire world. Even in his retirement from full-time church duties, Pastor Tucker's zeal for the radio program continued unabated.

Since his visit to PNG, where his heart was influenced by the needs of the Adventist Mission, he interested many of his listeners in this 'land that time forgot.' Their support brought much benefit to the mission field there. In 1965, Pastor Tucker wrote to me asking whether we needed another aircraft. To this question I readily replied stating that a second aircraft would be extremely useful in the Sepik District, located in the north east of the country. Mission operations were expanding so rapidly there and at the time, Colin Winch and I were sharing the only mission plane we possessed: the VH-SDA.

So our good friend presented our need to the "Quiet Hour" listeners. In response, six thousand people contributed to the cost of a new Cessna 180 aeroplane.

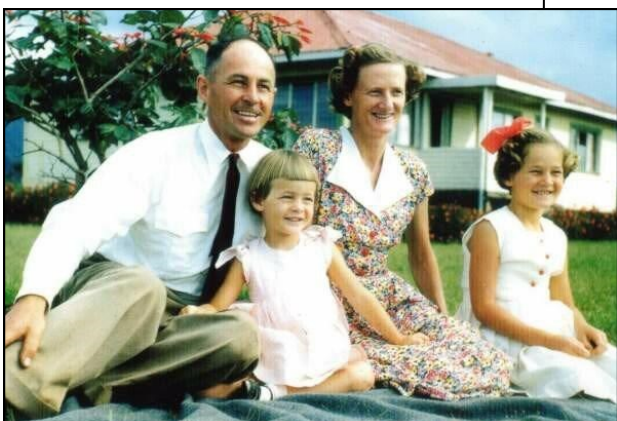
Arrangements were made with two Adventist brothers to ferry the plane from America to New Guinea. They were Wayne and Darrel Fowler of Shaw Island, Washington State, USA who between them had accumulated 15,000 hours of flying experience in a wide variety of aircraft. Thorough planning and clever improvisation on their part was responsible for a successful epic flight of 11,265 kilometres (7,000 miles) over a vast expanse of empty ocean in a single-engine aircraft. Never before had a plane of this type been flown on the route they chose to follow. The hazards and problems of weather, navigation, and fuel they had to meet on the way, can be fully appreciated only by other pilots. Through long experience, these men knew their own capabilities and limitations as well as that of modern light aircraft with limited instrumentation. But above this belief in themselves and in the machine, they had implicit trust in their God to guide and care for them.

We will now let them tell their own story, as taken from letters they wrote to me from America at my request after the Cessna 180 had been delivered to PNG.

WAYNE: A late evening phone call brings a rather novel suggestion and challenge to me as my good friend Bob Seamount, formerly of the King's Heralds of the Voice of Prophecy radio broadcast aired from California, asks if I would like to ferry a new Cessna aeroplane 180H aeroplane to Papua New Guinea from the United States of America (USA). The question is one that requires a little

thought, so I requested a few hours to think it over. Flying was nothing new to me or to Darrel, who joined me in the venture and proved to be an efficient navigator. We had frequently flown together, and on occasions flown separately in most types of civil and military planes. At the time of the Pacific flight I owned a Grumman F6F Hellcat, a Douglas B-26, and an Aeronca Champion.

I had more or less given up fire-bombing in the B26 for



Pastor Len Barnard, wife Mavis, Kaye (cntr) and Sharyn (right).



Pastor Tucker—The Quiet Hour.



Pastor Barnard with the two pilots, Wayne and Darrel Fowler.

my heavy construction business, and Darrel was flying for West Coast Airlines. However, the idea of flying over water for 3,862 kilometres (2,400 miles) at a time, with no runways in between, in an airplane normally capable of about 1,609 kilometres (1,000 miles) range, posed some minor problems that had to be solved, or at least considered, before I gave an answer to Bob's question.

Immediately I gave an affirmative answer things began to fall into place. The fuel system had been designed and built by Bob and Mr Emil Hesse of Corona, California, and the latter was responsible also for preparing the plane for the flight. The regular 80 United States gallon wing tanks were supplemented by a 105 gallon fibre glass belly tank and a 55 gallon oil drum in the cockpit behind the front seats.

A fuel line came from each extra tank to a selector valve, then on to an automotive type electric pump, which pushed the extra fuel into the right wing tank. From there it was fed by gravity to the carburettor. The fuel now totaled 240 gallons. The planning for the navigation wasn't really solved until Darrel joined the expedition.

DARREL: In the fall of 1965 I became interested in celestial navigation. It might be considered odd that I would want to take a course in this, because the type of domestic airline flying I do does not require it. We use radio entirely. In fact the overseas type of flying is using less and less celestial navigation. What with Loran, Doppler, and Inertial Guidance, they sometimes don't even carry navigators.

After much searching I obtained new text books and started studying on my own. Several weeks later I became so interested that several times when my room-mate got up at 5 am to take a flight, I was still studying. I bought an excellent sextant, still not knowing what I was going to do with it. I took hundreds of sun shots and star shots and computed them. I took the sextant with me on some of my flights and took shots through the windshield and side windows, seeing what effect refraction would have, not having an astrodome. For some months before getting the text books I used star charts on my night flights and would go back and forth across the sky naming the constellations and stars to myself.

About this time, around the first of 1966, Wayne called me and said he was going to fly a Cessna 180H to New Guinea. I asked him how he was going to navigate and what kind of equipment he had. Some time later I mentioned I might be willing to go along and navigate for him if there was the proper planning, survival briefing, and gear, etc. He replied, "OK you plan the navigation and gather up the survival gear."

WAYNE: Upon checking the weather before filing a flight plan for the San Francisco-Honolulu flight some time later, we were told that

a large weather system was in the area of Ocean Station November, a ship stationed half-way to Honolulu (140°W 30°N), and that if we would wait a day it would probably move away. We felt it was worth a day to have better weather, so we busied ourselves re-checking our emergency gear, raft, life-vests, Gibson Girl radio, food, water, fishing lines etc.

DARREL: For a good three hours we were briefed by Lieut Commander Kaiser and his assistant, on search and rescue procedures, what they could do for us and what we could do for ourselves. The instruction was primarily to call before the problem became too big and was too late. Judging by the thoroughness of the officers, it was not hard to imagine that they expected to look for us.

WAYNE: We decided that if we couldn't locate and identify Ocean Station November, we should turn around and return to the mainland, as this would supply our only "landmark" between the United States and the Hawaiian Islands.

Thursday April 24, we again checked weather, and were told that the system had not moved on! What to do? We were already 27% over legal gross weight. Could we take more gas in the event that the storm held us back with headwinds? We felt we should not wait any longer, so bought two plastic cans and one three gallon can and filled them with gas and placed them on top of the other equipment behind us.

My navigator chose a 2 pm take-off time, as this would give us all night to navigate celestially. Even with 45 pounds of air in the tires they looked kind of flat on the bottom, so Darrel suggested he get a ride out to the take-off end of the strip while I taxied out the over-loaded aeroplane.

Since this was our first full load take-off, we picked a spot about three thousand feet down the runway, at Half Moon Bay Airport, at which, if we were not airborne, we would abort the take-off. The Continental engine began to roar, the plane picked up speed very slowly at first, then accelerated somewhat better as the tail came up. At 85 mph we were airborne well before reaching the three thousand foot marker. We were on our way!

The ocean was cloud-covered, and their tops caused us to climb in order to stay visual. The time between the 2 pm take-off and darkness went very fast. Things were going well, the engine was purring smoothly, which it continued to do during the whole trip, and at night we would get our first fix celestially, so we looked forward to it. The one thing that concerned me was the weather system that lay ahead of us.

Between our position reports, our radio came to life. It was San Francisco, now hundreds of miles behind us. This radio message was not quite as formal as the others. The fellow was asking if this was Wayne or Darrel. He said he used to be stationed with Federal Aviation Authority at Bellingham, Washington State, which is near our home. We replied that we were both on the plane, where-upon he said he was going off work but would check with us in the morning, to find out about our progress. This he faithfully did.

The storm began gradually, with a few bumps, some lightning and "hash" on the radio receiver. About midnight we were really in it. Up till then we had had reliable celestial fixes and knew where we were, but because of the storms, we had to detour around the northern edge to minimize the head winds.

The ADF (Automatic Direction Finder or Radio Compass) was useless, as it pointed in the direction of the latest lightning flash. The High Frequency radio reception was a constant "hash" due to the electrical storm. We had reached the point where we should have picked up radio signals from Ocean Station November, but the storm now made that impossible.

I'm not sure what Darrel was thinking, but I did not want to turn back as that would mean having to fly some extra twenty hours. I



was tired and did not want to go through the discomfort of having to repeat the flight to that point. We held a little conference at which we decided we should continue, each feeling relieved that the other had agreed. Our reasoning was this, although we had not been able to obtain a fix for a couple of hours, we knew we should be through the storm in another few hours at the most, and then we would be able to get another fix and continue on our way. Darrel's navigation was very good and there was no worry about not being able to pin-point the ocean station.

DARREL: Wayne held a magnetic heading of 231°. At 14:45 hours I took a sun shot, using the line of position (LOP) as a speed line. We had covered ninety nautical miles in the 57 minutes since take-off. Not too bad considering our heavy climb out.

At 15:45 I took another sun shot and found we had covered 115 miles in the preceding hour. Then in the third hour we made 115 mph speed; in the fourth hour 113, in the fifth hour 112, and in the sixth hour I was unable to take a fix because of cloud cover. At 20:45, through a break in the clouds I obtained a speed line and found we had averaged 109 knots for the sixth and seventh hours. It was obvious we were slowing down and entering the eastern edge of the storm area.

At 23:45 we had a good break when the beautiful stars were seen. They really looked good and my blood pressure dropped considerably. For this fix I used stars Regulus and Spica. It showed us to be 29°50' N, 142° W, about 110 miles west of the ship and 47 miles north of our assumed course line. We had passed about 40 miles north of the ship. Sometime during the night Wayne had looked over at the chart and remarked, "At least all of our fixes show us on the right side of the course. If the fixes had jumped back and forth from one side to the other, I would start worrying."

WAYNE: It isn't the instrument flying or the rough air so much as the big bump that you might suddenly run into that worries me.

Some airplanes have a light switch labeled "Thunder Storm Light." The technique is to turn on this bright white cockpit light so that the pupils of the eyes close. This minimizes the chance of being blinded by the cumulonimbus clouds by watching the lightning. Upon trying to climb above the clouds to obtain a fix, our airspeed indicator went dead. I had forgotten to turn on the Pitot heat. With a quick check of the flash light on the wings, Darrel discovered ice, which dictated a quick application of heat. This brought the airspeed indicator to life, and a change of altitude down, which melted the wing ice. Well, we were going to have to sit it out in the bumpy cloud.

Three hours later we broke out of the storm and were soon taking

shots of some very important little stars in the sky, which would tell us where we were.

The "X" on the chart showed us that the storm had indeed delayed us, and had blown us somewhat north of our supposed position. But all that was necessary was a minor correction, and we were on our way to the Hawaiian Islands.

From somewhere out of the darkness we heard a C124 Globemaster plane calling for help. We tried several times to contact them to see if we could be of help, but were not able to raise them. We kept monitoring them, and later heard them talking to a Coast Guard rescue aircraft. We didn't learn what their problem was, but the C124 was asking for an intercept, which is to say that for one reason or another, the pilot wanted company for the rest of the trip.

The radio operator was rather apologetic about asking for help. The rescue aircraft answered that it was really nothing, that their plane was the third they had helped that night.

Things were going well in the aeroplane, known as VH-SDB. The biggest problem of all, fatigue, was being successfully combated. When the sun rose out of the ocean Friday morning we were nearly too tired to appreciate the striking picture of tens of rainbows it made by shining on the heavy rain from what seemed like hundreds of small round white clouds many thousands of feet below us. We found it hard to believe that the clouds remained the same size while there was so much water pouring from them.

Now it was just a matter of a few more hours and we should be sighting land. It is really no surprise to see land when you know you are close to it. But it is still nice when it comes into view. You sit there and wonder how much oil you are going to have left after so long a flight, and how much gas will remain. We turned off all electrical equipment and emptied the three gallon plastic can of gas into the 55-gallon drum, not because we needed it, but for something to do. The transfer worked fine, but we did not empty the other cans.

We thought about eating, but were not very hungry. We each ate an orange and a candy bar, and settled down to the routine of flying again. As we watched for land, after mistaking some clouds for the same, we actually saw the island of Molokai, once a leper settlement in the Hawaiian Islands.

Seeing land seemed to be as refreshing as a few hours sleep. As the island of Oahu came into view we remembered the camera and took more pictures in the next ten minutes than in the whole of the preceding day.

At 9:01 local time we touched down at the international airport at Honolulu, 21 hours 13 minutes after takeoff, and 2,400 statute miles on our way. As we stepped out of the plane we reached for anything that would keep us from falling for our legs seemed to have forgotten what they had to do.

A quick check of the oil revealed we had used three quarts with ten remaining. The fuel tank contained enough petrol for more than six hours of flying. Our cruise control had paid off. By flying at an altitude at which we could use full throttle without exceeding 22 inches of manifold pressure, and the use of revs per minute based on the necessary horse-power to achieve the desired air speed at any given weight/drag ratio, plus rather close leaning of the mixture, had given us an 8.9 GPH (US gallons) fuel consumption.

We spent the Sabbath with our sister and her family in Honolulu and then took off for the next fuel stop, Wake Islands, lying in the Central Pacific approximately 1,200 kilometers north of the Marshall Islands. Our proposed take-off time of 2 pm was delayed due to some misunderstanding with Customs. In fact I was told it would be impossible to get the paper work straightened out before next day, Monday. This was bad news. I headed for the weather office to give the information to Darrel. All he said was, "Well, let's keep working on it."

Two hours later, after very much appreciated help from an

employee in the freight office of Pan American Airways and a cooperative customs officer, we were able to make a 4 pm take-off for Wake Island. We had filed an IFR flight plan and were directed by radar to a specific spot over the ocean that looked like all the other spots, and then we were on our own.

DARREL: I had worked out a much smoother routine for navigating, with more care in choosing stars about 90 degrees apart in azimuth, so that we could use two star fixes instead of three. The weather was expected to be better, and we would be on top all the way with the stars in sight all the time.

We were able to obtain a fix every hour throughout the flight but it would take us at least 45 minutes out of every hour to sight, compute, plot, make the position report, and then estimate where we were. Then I'd take some big breaths for it was time to start selecting the stars for the next sight. Consequently, Wayne had to do 99% of the flying, hanging on hour after hour.

By now we felt we were professionals in this business, and our confidence grew even though Wake Island was forecasting three mile visibility, light rain and haze.

It seemed that the further we flew away from civilization the more of it we saw. During the night we spotted the lights of a ship heading west and later, the rotating beacon of an aircraft came into view. It was nice to talk for a few moments with good friends we had never seen and in all probability never would see again. It was a MATS (military air transport service) C124 flying out of Wake Island for Honolulu. The crew said they had heard we were on our way and were wondering if they would see us. I feel that it is a real tribute to my navigator in that by his position reports the C124 was able to see us.

AUTHOR: It is indeed remarkable that this small aircraft with no radio aids worth mentioning should be on course and within hailing distance, so to speak, of a large aircraft equipped with a full array of long range electronic navigational instruments.

WAYNE: One hour out of Wake Island we penetrated the ocean cloud and cancelled our IFR flight plan breaking out of the cloud at 2,500 feet above sea level. At our IFR level of 8,000 feet altitude we were quite comfortable, but at the lower level we realized we were in the tropics. We turned off the cabin heat and opened the cabin vents. It was not enough, but we had no other means of keeping cool so we gave up and stayed uncomfortable.

Wake's homer was inoperative, so they were using a small standby homer. As we neared Wake they asked for our DME (distance measuring equipment) position. We answered, "We have no DME". Then they asked for a radial off our VOR and we answered, "Negative Wake, we have no VOR receiver."

This exchange obviously shook them up. They asked Darrel to hold down the mike button so they could get a radio bearing on us. After a couple of tries they said they had one. We were south-west of Wake Island. If this were right, we had over-flown Wake Island and were headed for—well, who knows?

As I was busy flying, I hadn't paid too much attention to what was going on. In fact, it was after we had landed that I learned of the "emergency". My favourite navigator had spent too many years "up front" to get excited, and was sure of our position, as I was because of my confidence in him. I saw Darrel think a moment, then picked up the mike and say, "We'll have to believe our instruments."

About this time our ADF started picking up signals from Wake's homer and confirmed our position. On our ETA, give or take a minute or two, the lights of Wake Island appeared out of the light haze.

"Victor Hotel Sierra Delta Bravo, you are number two to land. Your traffic is C-124 on final." "Roger Wake, have him in sight."

At the break of day our wheels touched the runway, 15 hours 42 minutes out of Honolulu, 3,738 kilometres (2,320 miles) behind us.

A place to park, eat, and sleep, in that order, were our main

thoughts as we taxied to the parking area. As I secured the Cessna Darrel located the Pan American Hotel.

Having been interrupted at breakfast to move the plane, I was a little unhappy when during a fitful sleep I was called again to move it. The weather was too hot to sleep anyway, so I thought I may as well get the Cessna fuelled for the flight to Rabaul.

Wake Meteorological Department was helpful in offering to get a forecast to cover our next flight route, although this was in an area not normally covered by them, as there was no traffic in that direction. This flight was planned with a new problem in mind - the "Permanent Storm Belt," which we learned circles this part of the earth from 3' to 8' north of the equator, with a parallel belt of less intensity an equal distance south of the equator.

It was decided that we take-off about midnight, so that the hazards of the storm area would be confronted and minimized in daylight. After preliminary planning, we thought we would try and get a little more sleep as evening was coming on and the heat was not so trying. In the two or three hours before the borrowed alarm clock would arouse us, we were to get the only real sleep of the stop on Wake Island.

Our last minute preparations took a little longer than we had anticipated, and it was 1 am when we taxied out for take-off. It was a real pleasure to leave the problems behind, lift the over-loaded plane into the night sky, and take up the new heading that would bring us to Rabaul on the New Britain Island of Papua New Guinea. Soon we would face new adventures south of the equator.

By deviating slightly from a straight-line course, we planned to cross over Eniwetok Atoll, Ponape Island and another spot on the chart with the hard-to-pronounce name of Kapingamarangi. I say "cross over" because, with the possibility of cloud cover we didn't expect to see all of them.

This part of the flight was over an area in which there are no shipping lanes, air lanes, or any other lanes for that matter, that might give comfort in the lonely vastness of the Pacific Ocean. This may have been one reason why we wanted to see a piece of land from time to time.

About ten minutes before we got to Eniwetok our ADF picked a signal which indicated we were a little to the right of the atoll. Without changing course we were able to see the lights on the island through a break in the clouds, and it looked as though we were a mile to the west of it.

At this point we altered course to the right and settled down to the routine that would see us over the island of Ponape shortly after daybreak. Neither Darrel nor I had heard of this island before we used it as a check point, but we understood that the Japanese had a submarine base there during World War 11. We noted that Ponape was not an atoll but an island of rather marked vertical



Wake Island refueling stop.

development, the highest point being some 2,800 feet above sea level.

Another slight heading change and a few hours flying, this time through and around some bad weather of the storm belt, and we then flew into a clear area for several hundred miles. Many miles ahead we saw the tell-tale white ring of a coral atoll that we knew was Kapingamarangi. It couldn't have been anything else, as the nearest other land was a long way off.

We had never heard of this place either, and our marine chart showed it as a circle of broken lines, something like a reef. As we flew closer I told Darrel that our eyes were no doubt the first to see the place since some lost aviator in World War 11 had been looking there for a place to land. Not three minutes later I had my balloon deflated when the navigator indicated that he had spotted two canoes in the lagoon.

From our altitude of nearly two miles we couldn't quite agree whether the coral ring was above or below the surface of the water. On the eastern rim there were several places where coconut palms were growing in areas perhaps as large as five acres. In looking over our pictures of the atoll later, I concluded that probably a hundred or so people lived there. Considering the small area of land, I would assume that they were facing a serious population problem.

At half a degree (thirty miles) south of Kapingamarangi, we crossed into the southern hemisphere, which was a first for both of us. The night of the flight to Wake Island we changed from Sunday to Monday in an instant, as we crossed the International Date Line. Now we were to go from spring to fall (autumn) in an instant. In either case, you can't tell the difference unless you look at a calendar and then I am more confused!

Our good weather was fizzling out as we picked up two small islands just north of New Ireland. Ten minutes later we were at tree-top level, trying to cross it and make our way to Rabaul. Our ADF flatly refused to work. It could have been comforting but almost as soon as New Ireland faded into the mist the three volcanoes guarding Rabaul Harbour came into view.

Of all the landings on this trip, I seemed to get most satisfaction from the landing at Rabaul. Perhaps it was the bad weather we had just been through, or the thought of landing in a far-distant country. Maybe it was the idea of being amongst friends this time in a place that figured so violently in World War 11. No doubt my pleasure was compounded by many factors.

As we stepped out of the plane it was just 13 hours 35 minutes since we left Wake Island, 1910 statute miles to the north. It was hot at Rabaul, but there was a lot of vegetation around that at least helped to make the place seem cooler than Wake, where the blinding glare of the sun reflected off the white coral.

We told the Customs official that the only reason we had stopped at Rabaul was that our information showed that Lae did not have Customs but Rabaul did. We were told that Lae did have a Customs office and Rabaul had had Customs for only two months. All we could do was to use the information we had, which in this case was not reliable. I am glad we stopped there as it was an interesting place, and one I hope to visit again some day.

From the Customs end of the airport terminal we went to the DCA (Department Of Civil Aviation), where we closed out flight plan and met two fine and very helpful gentlemen, Mr George Hughes and Mr Atkinson. When we mentioned that we were unable to pick up their homer, they said, "Oh, didn't they tell you we were on a different frequency today?" "No," we replied, "but we really didn't need it anyway."

We were duly informed we were now operating under Australian flight rules, and that in this area there is no instrument flying, no night flying, and no single-engine aircraft flying over water. The answer from my navigator was predictable, that the type of flying prohibited here was all we had been doing for 10,621 kilometres (6,600 miles). This statement brought smiles, but they had done

their duty, and we were willing to accept their regulations, so there was no problem.

As the afternoon was wearing away, Mr Hughes suggested that if we wanted to spend the night in town he would try to make arrangements for us to fly to Lae in company with a DC3 aircraft which would relay our position reports for us. This was the procedure that got us out of Rabaul the next morning, and we were appreciative of the fact that these people went out of their way to help us.

Mr Atkinson was right on time to pick us up at 5 am, and in a few minutes we were at the airport preparing to leave for Lae. It took a while to figure out how to file a flight plan using the Australian forms. After we had struggled with them for a while, the pilots of the DC 3 came over and gave us some help. Valuable help it was, and in a minute or two we were ready to go. As the propellers began to turn on the DC 3 we taxied out and took off, as our escort would soon overtake us.

As we left we turned on our ADF to the Rabaul frequency of the day, and ten minutes later the signal was so weak that our ADF would not pick it up. The first reporting point, at Lolobau Island, passed beneath us. To our left we could see a volcanic mountain. It reminded me of Mount Fujiyama in Japan.

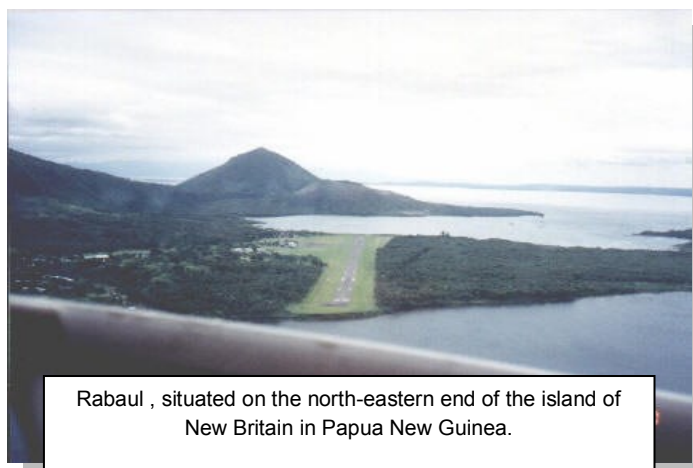
The vegetation on New Britain Island is heavy, but the most unusual sight of the trip was that of hundreds of small islands off its west coast. Some of these islets were no larger than an automobile, but on them were trees perhaps thirty feet tall. In fact we could not see the land at all, because of the thick foliage. For miles the ocean seemed to have small bits of green floating on it - very unusual. Later, we were to see trees growing in salt water, or trees whose roots were at times covered with salt water. I wondered if some of these "islands" were really under water, with the trees growing on them.

Weather forced us down to a few hundred feet above the water as we crossed the Bismarck Sea, but by the time our ADF was homing in on Finschhafen, the visibility had started to improve. Finschhafen is a beautiful place, and looked all the better when the sun broke out of the cloud as we passed over it.

From here the weather was fine, and for navigation all we had to do was to follow the coast to Lae, so we relaxed and enjoyed ourselves for the first time on the trip, by taking pictures as we flew over the villages of the island people.

As we made our approach for the landing at Lae, we could see the bow of a boat protruding from the water a few hundred feet from the south end of the runway. Sights like this are not uncommon in this part of the world but to us it was rather interesting, and a reminder of the violence of the war here a few years ago. At Rabaul, Mr Hughes told us of three or four bombs being dug up when the airstrip was graded a few weeks previously.

The landing at Lae terminated the delivery flight, which will never be forgotten by Darrel or me. The kind treatment we received by the Australian and New Zealand missionaries there will long be



Rabaul , situated on the north-eastern end of the island of New Britain in Papua New Guinea.

remembered. Darrel had to leave next morning to resume his work in the United States, but I was able to spend a week in New Guinea.

AUTHOR: Thus ended a bold achievement, modestly reported by the pilots themselves. Their apparent contempt for danger almost makes a mockery of the sophisticated gadgetry that clutters the flight deck of the modern ocean-hopping aircraft.

How many pilots would be willing to fly all night, through hundreds of miles of storm, avoiding areas of severe turbulence only by studying the focus of lightning, which would indicate centres of greatest storm intensity, and all this in such a small, single-engine plane? The voluntary contribution of the Fowler brothers indicates that a worthy cause still calls forth an appropriate response of deep dedication from Christian hearts. Two days after the arrival of the aeroplane it was dedicated at Lae and fittingly named the "Malcolm Abbott" in honour of Pastor Edwin Malcolm Abbott who was superintendent of the New Guinea Mission when the Japanese invaded the Pacific Islands in 1942. As the enemy threat increased, he gallantly volunteered to stay behind in Rabaul to give assistance at the hospital. As a result he lost his life during the enemy occupation. Malcolm Abbott was loved by all who associated with him. He combined practical Christianity with a sparkling sense of humour. Hence this new mission plane went into service with a noble heritage enshrined in its name.

POSTSCRIPT: As I pen these last few words in July 1967, I am about to return to New Guinea to resume my duties so hastily laid

down eight months ago due to my serious leg injury. This story of my accident is told in my book, "Banish the Night" written during my protracted stay in hospital. I may not be able to tramp across the mountains as of yore but I am grateful to my Lord for healing my leg so I can continue flying for Him for the people and land I love. To God be the glory for restoring the use of my leg. The enemy can cut us down but our Lord is mighty to lift us up so we can continue serving Him.

To God be the glory. ■



A group of people around the "Malcolm Abbott" named in memory of Pastor Malcolm Abbott, Superintendent of the New Guinea Mission at the time the Japanese invaded the Pacific Islands in 1942. Malcolm lost his life during the Japanese occupation.

The First Sanitarium in the Pacific Islands.

Built in 1896-7 in Apia, Samoa, by Dr Merritt G Kellogg and Dudley Owen, this new double-storied medical facility seems to be the first building ever erected, solely as a sanitarium in the islands of the Pacific, in New Zealand or Australia! Having already commenced medical work in Apia in mid-1895 under cramped conditions, Dr Frederick Braucht from the United States was pleased indeed to have Dr Kellogg's help when he and his wife Eleanor arrived on the fifth voyage of the missionary ship *Pitcairn* on 20 August, 1896. With sweat running down their faces and pouring off their arms, the two toiled on under the heavy heat of the tropical sun.

While the Foreign Missionary Board at Battle Creek in the State of Michigan had already allocated all available funds it did assist this project with timber amounting to 2,409 pounds to be shipped to Apia. The Board also approved of hospital fees being used for the new sanitarium.

This valuable assistance led to the establishment of a serviceable medical facility for meeting the health needs of local, and also a number of overseas people on other Pacific islands for nearly ten years. Of far-reaching and lasting importance was the significant part the sanitarium played in the establishment and development of the Adventist church in eastern Africa!

On 30 December 1896, William White, President of the Church's Australasian Union Conference arrived in Apia aboard the *Monowai*. He was impressed at what he saw. It appears he couldn't take his eyes off the almost completed building.



Pausing in the nearby lane he took in the whole scene. He commented that here was a splendid strategically placed structure set amidst a profusion of tropical greenery of tints and shades with ten foot wide verandas enhancing both its neatness and usefulness.

What a saga it was returning to the *Monowai* in the harbour! Overstaying a two-hour delayed departure, he frantically sought a boat to take him to the ship. Before long he was on his way and just made it with five minutes to spare! Dr Braucht's skills were highly regarded. On one occasion he performed an outstanding operation, removing a tumour weighing 32 kilograms which was attached to the abdomen in several places.

God blessed the dedicated staff, for medical fees not only provided funds for the development of the sanitarium, but also for assisting growing activities on other Pacific islands. (In a six week period in 1895, 60 pounds was collected, 415 pounds came in the next year, 520 in 1897 and 705 in 1898.)

However, on Dr Braucht's departure a replacement doctor could not be found, and although nursing staff kept the medical work going, the sanitarium eventually closed.

This picture of the sanitarium was taken in 1909 when the Steed family, appointed to Samoa, were living there temporarily until a more permanent dwelling could be found for them. Present in the photo, from left to right, are the following people: ?, Joseph Steed, Harry Steed, Julia Steed, Dora Steed, Sybil Reed? Vai Keresome (Niue).

RAIDERS ON THE HORIZON: CHIVALRY IN THE PACIFIC THEATRE IN WW11.

Arnold C Reye



Biography of Arnold C Reye.

Now retired and living near Brisbane, Arnold Reye was born in Apia Western Samoa, of missionary parents. Apart from an interest in Adventist Church history he can remember the impact World War II had on his parents and his young life.

Using Western Samoa as a training base in jungle warfare, the US Marines commandeered parts of his school for officers' accommodation. Thus his first year of formal schooling was interrupted. Because of this close contact with the American military machine, he has followed with interest the history of the War in the Pacific.

He spent forty years in education, most of which were in the service of the church. He was principal of Lilydale Academy, Hawthorn Adventist High School, Sydney Adventist College and Brisbane Adventist College. In addition he worked in administration at all three levels of the church; local conference, Union and Division in the field of education.

Arnold gained academic qualifications from the Universities of Western Australia, Edith Cowan and Monash and a PhD from Andrews University in the United States.

In his retirement, in addition to re-searching history topics, he devotes time to the ADRAcare Centre at Slacks Creek, Queensland.

Arnold and Mary have a daughter, Rowena Richardson.

Early 1941 the *Australasian Record* announced, "Enemy Raiders at Emira".⁽¹⁾ The accompanying short article told how several German war ships had called at the island of Emira [also spelt Emirau], where they had off-loaded about 500 persons they had previously taken prisoner. That this item was considered worthy of inclusion in the Church's weekly magazine stemmed from the fact that Emira and nearby Mussau, small islands in the Bismarck-Solomons Archipelago lying to the north east of the main island of Papua New Guinea, were largely peopled by Adventist church members. What however, was the background to this particular report in the Church's paper?

During World War I Germany had used disguised merchant-raiders to attack and sink Allied merchant shipping. The ploy had proven successful and these raiders accounted for a significant loss of Allied shipping. Not surprisingly therefore, this effective weapon was re-employed during World War II. A small fleet of ten converted merchantmen or *hilfskreuzers* (auxiliary cruisers) was dispatched in 1940 to harass Allied shipping in all five oceans. Two of these German raiders, the *Orion* and the *Komet*,⁽²⁾ and a supply vessel, the *Kulmerland*, made their way into South Pacific waters. Although Japan was not then at war, these raiders were re-fuelled by Japanese oil tankers. Furthermore, they successfully duped Allied ships by approaching under the guise of the Japanese flag. Only when they began their attacks did they reveal their true German colours.

Once in the Pacific the *Orion* and *Komet* began their attacks on Allied shipping. In June 1940 mines were laid in the Hauraki Gulf outside Auckland harbour in the upper part of the North Island. This accounted for the sinking of the steamer *Niagara* and in the remaining months of 1940 twelve other Allied ships were sunk, particularly in the waters off Nauru. On the night of 8 December the *Triadic* was drifting near Nauru preparatory to off-loading passengers and cargo the next day. One of the passengers, G W Dillon, recalled:

"At about 5 am, when we were approximately 10 miles from Nauru, I heard the scream and burst of a shell which was followed by a second shell of an incendiary nature because it immediately set the whole of the saloon on fire and gave off an oil-choking fume."⁽³⁾

Hoping to make it to Nauru the passengers and crew took to a lifeboat where Dillon noted, 'To see our ship ablaze and in her agony was not a good sight.' Where possible the raiders picked up the survivors of their attacks and with the dawn they bore down on the lifeboat and took the occupants aboard to join those who had survived earlier sinkings. By early December the raiding team had rescued 675 passengers and crew. Onboard accommodation was however, limited and so it was that the raiders made for Emira to off-load their prisoners. Why Emira? This island had been part of what was once German New Guinea and was known to one of the raider captains. Furthermore it offered isolation. It was intended that some time would elapse before the general location of the raider activity became known; time enough for them to again disappear.

Below—Some of the Emira Prisoners.



On December 20, the Germans transferred 495 prisoners, comprising 343 Europeans (including forty women and five children) and 152 coloured seamen, from the ships to the island of Emira. For reasons known only to the raiders, they kept 161 Europeans aboard and later transported them to Germany.⁽⁴⁾ A Mr G R Ferguson, who with his wife had also been on the *Triadic*, recorded his recollections of landing on Emira:

“We were met by a Mr Collett, engaged in timber felling, and as he had only a small motor-truck, we men commenced to walk 9 miles to the other white man’s residence, Mr C Cook, where the women could be sheltered and there was sufficient water for our needs. After walking for 6 miles, we were overtaken by Mr Collett, who pointed out his home on the cliff and the five of us were invited to some refreshment. On arrival we lunched off iced home-grown tomatoes and pineapple, fresh bread and butter and tea, and as we had not, since capture fourteen days before, tasted anything fresh our appreciation can be easily imagined. Tomatoes never have been and never will be as welcome again.”⁽⁵⁾

Several temporary camps, based on their respective ships’ companies, were established around the Cook plantation where the Cooks supplied hot water and prepared meals for the women and children. While the German raiders had landed some supplies—food and clothing—the survivors were largely dependent upon fruit and vegetables provided from the Collett and Cook gardens and by the New Guinean villagers.

The timber-cutter Collett referred to by Ferguson was Mr Trevor Collett who, with his wife Olga, lived at various times on either Mussau or Emira. They were self-supporting Adventist missionaries. Furthermore, when the local mission superintendent, his good friend Pastor Arthur Atkins and his wife went on furlough, Collett assumed responsibility for the care of the Adventist mission program and its assets. So it was that Collett’s letter to Atkins in Australia was the source of the information shared in the *Australasian Record*.

What particularly impressed Collett in the whole affair was the Providential hand of God. Amongst the things placed in his care was the mission launch *Malalangi*. Just three hours before the raiders arrived at Emira, Collett had despatched the *Malalangi* to nearby Mussau Island to carry Sabbath school lesson materials and

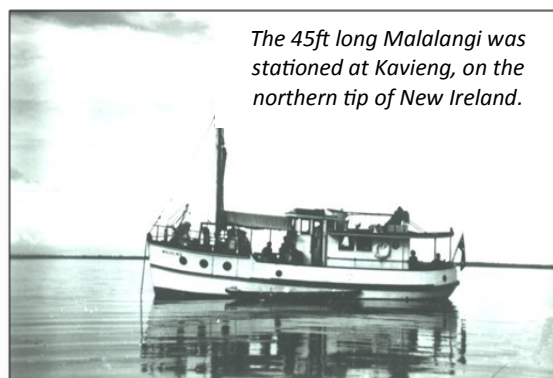
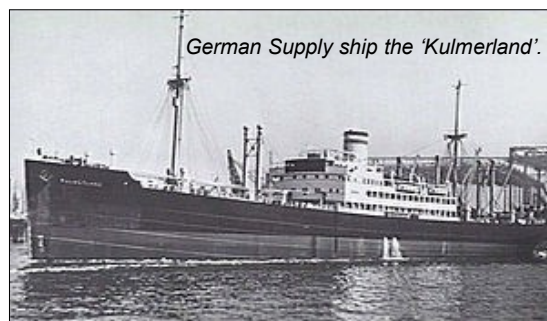
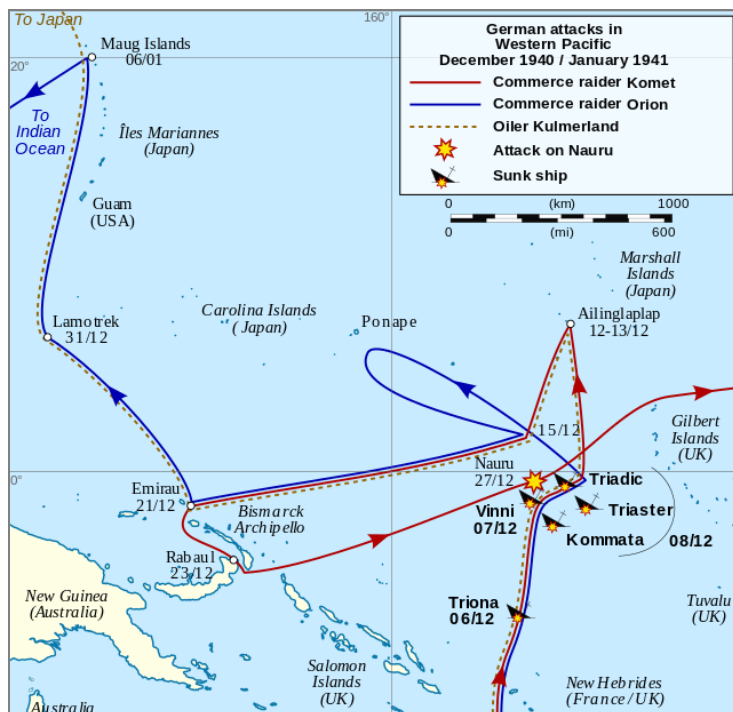
to purchase taro. The *Malalangi* was therefore just out of harms way when the raiders appeared. Fortuitous, for upon landing their human cargo, one of the raiders slowly circumnavigated Emira with the intent of destroying any vessel large enough to convey news of their presence to the outside world. Had it been caught at Emira the *Malalangi* would definitely have been sunk. Atkins, on reflecting on the timing of things, wrote:

“The remarkable thing about this is the fact that it takes exactly three hours for the boat to reach Mussau. Surely we must recognize the hand of the Lord in making such provision for the care of this vessel which is dedicated to His service.”⁽⁶⁾

Not only was the *Malalangi* saved from destruction, it was readily available to carry word to the outside world. Collett despatched a canoe to Mussau, some twenty-four kilometres distant, with the directive the *Malalangi* should return immediately. Upon its return and taking four seamen with him, Collett proceeded the 130 kilometres to the Government administrative centre at Kavieng, New Ireland, to advise of what had transpired. The District Administrator, Mr McDonald, acted quickly. He alerted the military authorities who despatched a Qantas Empire Short Flying Boat from the 11th Squadron based at Port Moresby and tasked with trying to locate the raiders. After a fruitless search the Flying Boat landed at Emira and picked up seven ships’ captains and transported them to Townsville for a thorough debrief.⁽⁷⁾ Next, recognising that feeding the former prisoners would be a major task for the locals, McDonald sent what shipping he had on hand—the schooner *Leander* and a motor launch—to carry food to Emira. As there were injured people, he also despatched a doctor with medical supplies. Later he himself went by flying boat to carry further supplies and make an on-the-spot evaluation.

The *Leander* arrived at Emira on Christmas eve, and next morning off loaded the food and other supplies she had brought. Meanwhile the locals decided they would give the evacuees the best Christmas Day possible. In true island style, they organised a memorable feast. Although as Seventh-day Adventists the nationals had given up eating pork, there were wild pigs on the island and several of these were caught and cooked island style for their visitors.⁽⁸⁾

Festivities over, the *Leander* returned to Kavieng and took a few men and some of the women. Mr G R Ferguson recalled that the sea was “heavy” and he and a few others were kept busy passing



buckets to those who succumbed to *mal de mer*, or had they simply over-indulged on the rich pork! Their journey took ten “uncomfortable” hours. Meanwhile the authorities had sent The New Zealand Shipping Company vessel, the *SS Nellore* from Rabaul to carry out the evacuation. The *Leander* arrived at Kavieng about the same time as the *Nellore* and those who had endured the rough passage were immediately embarked and assigned to comfortable cabins. The next morning they discovered their ten hours of torment had been unnecessary as the *Nellore* sailed from Kavieng to Emira to collect the remaining evacuees. All aboard, they left Emira on the 27 December and arrived at Townsville on New Years Day, 1941.⁽⁹⁾

Upon his arrival at Emira the District Administrator quickly became aware of the extent to which the extra 495 mouths to feed had severely stretched the capacity of the local gardens. Their unexpected visitors had stayed for almost eight days and, as Collett had noted, the nationals ‘had stripped their gardens and coconut trees in order to provide food for all the folk.’ This generous act had implications for the immediate future of the local New Guineans; they faced a severe food deficit until their gardens could recover. Recognising this, the Administrator offered monetary compensation so they might trade with other islanders. He was both surprised and impressed when the nationals made it clear they had given in the spirit of Jesus and would not accept even a penny in recompense.⁽¹⁰⁾

It would appear that this generous and selfless attitude on the part of the local people ran counter to the general impression gained by government administrators. They had concluded that missions tended to foster an attitude on the part of the nationals to grab any gain they might obtain. Collett was therefore delighted to pass on the opinion expressed that whatever else Adventist missions were achieving; they were inculcating worthwhile values and healthy attitudes.⁽¹¹⁾

While the excitement of this brush with war in a tiny and isolated part of the Pacific quickly passed, within a little over a year this part of the Pacific was to find itself within Japan’s Co-prosperity Sphere of Influence. There is therefore a tragic postscript to the story narrated above. Although their wives and children had been evacuated as soon as the war with Japan had broken out (December 7, 1941), Trevor Collett and Arthur Atkins were still at their posts on Emira and Mussau islands when the Japanese invaded Rabaul on January 23, 1942. The next day the Japanese also occupied Kavieng. Late January therefore the two men left Emira on the *Malalangi* with the intention of meeting up with the larger mission ship, the *Veilomani*, at Put Put, an Adventist on the east coast of New Britain. The two ships did rendezvous and were proceeding down the coast when they were sighted and attacked by a Japanese destroyer. Both ships were sunk.⁽¹²⁾

No lives were lost and all aboard made the shore, but this harrowing experience proved too much for Arthur Atkins. A chronic asthmatic, he had never enjoyed robust health and this ordeal had sapped his strength to the point where he decided he could not continue the flight south. Atkins therefore arranged for some friendly New Guineans to paddle him back to Put Put. In a most selfless gesture, Trevor Collett decided to remain with and nurse his friend. At Put Put their presence was ignored by the Japanese and Atkins actually taught school for several months. Atkins’ health, however, deteriorated further and Collett contacted the Japanese and requested that Atkins be admitted to a Japanese hospital. Both men were collected by the Japanese, but Atkins died on March 13. Tragically, Trevor Collett survived his friend by only three months. He, with two other Adventists, Pastor Malcolm Abbott and Mr Len Thompson, and over a thousand allied

military and civilian prisoners, was reported to have been on the ill-fated *Montevideo Maru*. This ship was enroute to Hainan, South China Sea, when it was sunk by an American submarine on June 22, 1942.⁽¹³⁾

Trevor Collett was remembered by the prisoner-evacuees at Emira for the friendly and caring way in which he facilitated their brief stay on his island. He was also favourably remembered by others whose lives he had influenced over a longer period. This no doubt included the local New Guineans, but it also included expatriate Europeans. Upon learning of Pastor Arthur Atkins death, a man who had been a neighbour on Mussau wrote a letter to church headquarters at Wahroonga. In part he stated: ‘As missionaries and friends Mr Atkins and Mr Collett, without intrusion whatsoever, introduced and led me to greatly respect and honour the great cause for which they stood in that far outpost.’⁽¹⁴⁾

Unselfconsciously Trevor Collett and Arthur Atkins had epitomised Paul’s observation that of the true Christian it can be said: ‘God who leads us wherever we are . . . makes our knowledge of Him to spread throughout the world like a lovely perfume. We Christians have the unmistakable ‘scent’ of Christ . . . the fresh fragrance of life itself.’⁽¹⁵⁾ ■



*Above: Trevor Collett with his wife Olga and daughter, Anthea.
Below: Young missionary, Trevor Collett*



End Notes

- ¹ A S Atkins, ‘Enemy Raiders at Emira,’ AR, 3 February 1942, p.2.
- ² Given that global warming is currently a topic of hot debate, it is interesting to note that the Komet made its way from the Atlantic and into the Pacific via the waters to the north of Russia and then through the Bering Strait. This could not be undertaken today because of sea ice. See Ian Plimer (2009) *Heaven + Earth*. Ballan, Vic: Connor Court Publishing, p.289.
- ³ G W Dillon and G R. Ferguson, *The Black Raiders*, Royal New Zealand Navy Museum oral archive, quoted in Matthew Wright, ed. (2007) *Torpedo! Kiwis at Sea in World War II*, Random House, Auckland, pp.35,36.
- ⁴ Waters, Sydney D (1949) *Ordeal By Sea 1939-1945*. London: The New Zealand Shipping Company Limited, p.51.
- ⁵ Wright, p.45.
- ⁶ Atkins, p.3.
- ⁷ Riddell, Jack (1992) *Catalina Squadrons: first and furthest*. Murwillumbah, NSW: Murwillumbah Print Spot, p.1.
- ⁸ Waters, p.52.
- ⁹ Wright, p.46; Waters, p.52.
- ¹⁰ Atkins, p.3.
- ¹¹ *Ibid*.
- ¹² S V Stratford, ‘News from New Guinea,’ AR, 13 April 1942, p.4.
- ¹³ *Ibid*; Constance M Greive, ‘Smiling “Seven Day” Boys from New Guinea,’ AR, 28 October 1946, p.5; Aplin, Douglas (1980) *Rabaul 1942*. Melbourne: Lark Force Association, p.292.
- ¹⁴ ‘A Tribute to the Late Pastor A S Atkins,’ AR, 22 June 1942, p.7.
- ¹⁵ 2 Corinthians 2:14-15 (J B Phillips trans.).



Early Mission Work in Fiji: the Eva E Edwards Story

- Olga Ward



BIOGRAPHY OF OLGA WARD

Olga was born in Wanganui, New Zealand, and returned to Australia as a toddler with her parents. She graduated from primary teaching at Avondale College in 1958 and then later in life received both her bachelors and masters degrees. She married Martin Ward in 1960 and they spent twenty five years in overseas service in Papua New Guinea, Solomon Islands, Uganda, United States of America and Kenya, as well as working in Western Australia, Victoria, and New South Wales. They have four adult children: Shane, Rochelle, Adrian and Calvin. While living in retirement at Cooranbong, NSW, they have made several visits to Thailand as volunteers at Mission College, and as time permits they are enjoying travelling around Australia and visiting family in Western Australia.

In 1887, as a three-year-old, Eva Edwards and her older sister went with their recently widowed mother to tent meetings held in Auckland, New Zealand. Pioneer American Adventist missionary, Pastor Arthur G Daniells so impressed Eva's mother with his message that she later accepted every doctrine of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, becoming a charter member of the Ponsonby church in Auckland.

When Eva was eight years old she attended the Napier camp meeting, where Ellen G White was in attendance. Eva's mother explained to her that Ellen White was God's messenger. In 1892 Eva, her mother and sister moved to Australia to settle in Victoria where they were able to attend more camp meetings. These gatherings impressed Eva so much that she requested baptism when she was eleven years of age. Later, in her teens, feeling that perhaps she hadn't fully understood the meaning of baptism, she asked to be re-baptised.⁽¹⁾

In 1903 Pastor John E Fulton was appointed as a Bible teacher at the Avondale School for Christian Workers at Cooranbong, New South Wales. He needed help for his wife Susie, in the house, and nineteen-year-old Eva Edwards' application was accepted. After twelve months the Fultons were appointed to Fiji and they invited Eva to go with them. Although she had always wanted to be a missionary she had also wanted to complete her education first. Nevertheless she went with the Fulton family in 1904 to Suvavou, several kilometres across the harbour from Suva.

Living conditions of the early missionaries were Spartan. There were no flyscreens on the windows, no electric lights and no running water. Refrigerators were not known and ice for an ice chest was simply not available in Suva. Washing was done in old-fashioned zinc tubs and the clothes had to be boiled in a container on the stove. The laundry

tubs were also used for bathing.

The missionaries' diet was largely made up of Fijian food, comprising yams, dalo, breadfruit, sweet potatoes and other vegetables, as well as the different kinds of tropical fruit such as bananas, pineapples, mangoes, pawpaws, granadillas (similar to very large passion fruit) and coconuts. The white flesh was scraped out of hard coconut shells and made into coconut milk to use in the preparation of food. Some of the milk would be heated on the stove until it became thick, with the consistency of dairy cream. This was eaten with fruit or on bread.

In September 1904 the Fulton's seven year-old son George died and was buried in the Suvavou cemetery. In November, just two months later, Septimus W Carr, recently graduated from the Missionary course at the Avondale School for Christian Workers, arrived to serve as the principal of Buresala Training School, the first mission school, built on the island of Ovalau (1904). Twelve months after his arrival in Fiji he married Edith Guilliard, a New Zealander friend of Eva's, whom he had met at Avondale, who was then working in the mission office at Suvavou.

Soon after the Carrs were married, the Fulton home was dismantled and the timber stacked on the banana punt, ready to be taken over to the new school site at Buresala. Frequent trips followed, and in early April the women were ready to go. They rode in the launch towing the punt carrying their goods. They set off up the Rewa River (the largest in Fiji), stopping for the night at Kaba Point. At daybreak next morning they had worship and a quick breakfast before starting on the sixteen kilometre trip across the ocean to the island of Ovalau where they went ashore at Buresala. They walked up the hill to where three Fijian houses had been built. One was for the Fultons, another for the Carrs and the third was for the girls – Jessie and Agnes Fulton and Eva.

"All housekeeping tasks took on different methods as we tried to adjust to living in non-European houses," Eva recalled. All washing had to be done by the side of the



Eva Edwards and Alometa.

spring-fresh water in the creek. They had a bench built with an iron roof over it, known as the washhouse. The tubs were set on the bench and all the water had to be carried from the creek. Clothes were boiled in a kerosene tin on an open fire under the tropical sun. The women felt that washing day was a trying time but they rejoiced in the belief that their pioneering efforts would lead to a school where young people could be trained for the Lord's work.

At the end of 1905 the Fulton family returned to Australia, with Eva suffering from a tropical ulcer. It took a long time to heal. She took the opportunity to enroll at Avondale College in 1906, spending the next four years working her way through school so that she could graduate in 1909 as a teacher. For the following seventeen years Eva worked in different jobs including two years teaching at the mission school, Nuku'alofa in Tonga, then several years in Sabbath school work in various places in Australia and New Zealand. In 1918 she was matron and preceptress at the Oroua Missionary School, which had been transferred from Cambridge to Longburn in New Zealand. Eva later transferred to the Darling Range School at Bickley, located seventeen kilometers east of Perth. In 1926 the educational institution was known as the West Australian Missionary School, and in later years, Carmel Adventist College. Eva served there from 1923 until 1926.⁽²⁾

In 1927 Eva returned to work in Fiji with Pastor Harry and Viola Steed at Navuso on the banks of the Wainibuka River, not far from Nausori. They travelled twenty kilometres by taxi to Nausori, crossed the river on a pontoon before boarding the launch that would take them the sixty-five kilometres up the Rewa River. There the river divided into two and they travelled another sixteen kilometres to their new home.

Her teaching in the Fijian school was very different from her



Suvavou church.



The Carr family from left—Arthur, Septimus, Edith and Ivy.



experiences in Australia and New Zealand. The school was one very large room with home-made desks. Two teachers with their separate classes had to use the one room at the same time. There were no windows in the room, only wooden shutters propped open by a yard stick. That year Harry Steed had the help of some European carpenters who added two more classrooms to the building. Every morning school started with a song service. Harry Steed taught the children many English hymns and the daily Morning Watch text which he wrote on the board in English. They read it until they had memorised it, though they spoke no English.

While the Steeds were away on furlough in 1928, Mr Fred Lang came to help Eva. Toward the end of the year there was going to be a *bose* (general meeting) held on the island of Somosomo. A month before the school year concluded Mr Roy Lane, another teacher at the school, had to leave early to prepare for the meetings. Eva was asked to cook for the European people who attended. Pastor Arthur G Daniells and wife Mary, looked in on their way to Australia. Eva was very pleased to see them, as Pastor Daniells had studied with her mother more than forty years previously. He told Eva that she was one of his 'grandchildren'.

Eva's time at the Navuso school on the Wainibuka River, involved more than teaching. She had to care for a typhoid patient Elizabeth, without any medical help. The only disinfectants she had were Jay's fluid and Condy's crystals. At a critical time eight people met for special prayer and three days later Elizabeth's temperature had returned to normal. Then there was Little Tinai who was very ill with pneumonia. The only treatments Eva knew were fomentations and heating compresses and prayers for his healing. These prayers were answered. She also had to deal with epidemics of measles, dengue fever, influenza and chest

troubles. She knew the value of home nursing remedies when no medical help was available.⁽³⁾

During the vacation of 1928 Eva had a small burn on her left hand which became infected, resulting in severe septicaemia.⁽⁴⁾ The disease blistered her skin and soon her body was covered with putrefying sores and blisters. The doctor would not admit her to the hospital as it was full of dysentery patients, so Mrs Jessie Litster cared for her at her home on the mission station at Suvavou. When the blisters became septic the doctor visited three times a day to see her. When Eva was well, the doctor advised her to leave the tropics. He told Eva that she was the first patient he had had with that serious disease which is almost always fatal. Eva knew that she had recovered because of the Lord's love and mercy and the many prayers of her friends. She left Fiji in June the following year. She spent the rest of that year in New Zealand before travelling to Sydney, where she worked in the Sabbath School department at the church's administrative office at Strathfield.

Eva returned to Fiji in December 1930 believing she was going back to work at Navuso. On arrival she found she was to go to the boys' school at Buresala on the island of Ovalau. She arrived there just a few days before the Carr family left Fiji. A day or two later a strong cyclone struck the island. Eva was reminded of the one that had blown across the island in November when nine people from Buresala had lost their lives. Four of them were married people, including missionary Fred Lang. When the cyclone warning had been given the men took the mission ship and other small boats to the next bay for safety as it was more sheltered. Tragically a huge blast of wind blew them out to sea. They were never heard of again. With that experience fresh in mind, Eva was terrified. She pulled a large table over to her bed to provide protection in case the wall fell in, and then lay all night on the floor under her bed.

Next day the weather calmed down, but it was several days before the new family came. Pastor Cyril Palmer, wife Dora and three children, Nelson, Calvin and Laurel, came to take the Carr's place. Eva was excited to have the family working with her as Dora had been one of her first church school pupils. Harold Sprengel and his wife Marie, also worked at Buresala that year. At the end of 1931 Eva was appointed to work again with the girls at the Wainibuka school, which made her very happy. The headmaster, Leonard V Wilkinson with wife Enid, had arrived in Fiji earlier in the year. He was a musician and taught the children many beautiful hymns which they sang well.

The Wilkinsons were asked to build a school at Vatuvonu on Vanua Levu Island, but it took twelve months of planning before the school could commence in 1934. At that time Eva and Enid



Pastor and Mrs Nelson W Palmer.



Buresala village, Ovalau.



Buresala Band.



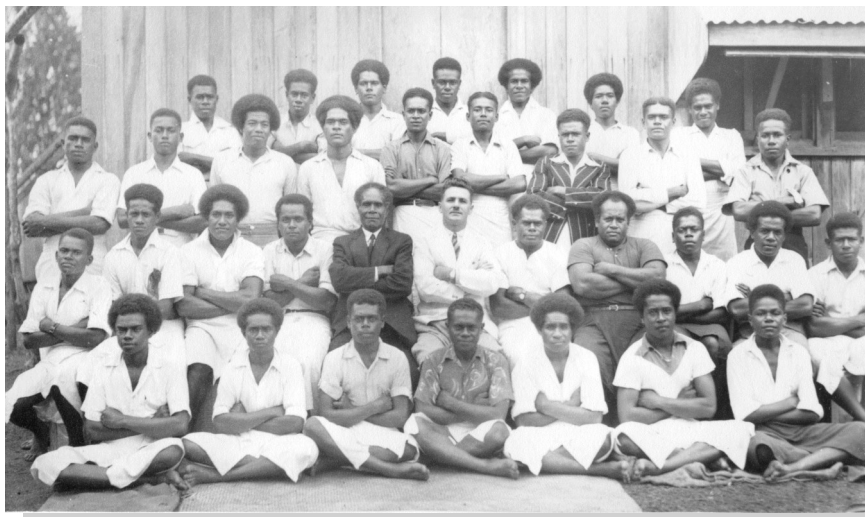
Pictures:

*1 and 2: Eva Edwards with her school groups.
3 and 4: Fulton staff and students.
Fiji Vatuvonu 1937.*

Wilkinson were left on their own at Navuso. At the beginning of the school year when some students arrived, the ladies decided to start classes immediately. One day Eva noticed that one of the girls, Elenoa, was acting strangely. She would not talk



or answer questions, so Eva sent for the godly Fijian headman, Isimeli. When he saw the girl he knew that she was devil-possessed. Several teachers and leaders in the community met together for a prayer meeting, asking the Lord to show them what to do. For about two hours they prayed and sang with Elenoa. One hymn they sang was "There's No Other Name Like Jesus". Isimeli asked Elenoa to repeat words after him, which she did, but she was unable to speak the word 'Jesus'. After more prayers, songs and repetitions she spoke the name of Jesus and was given the victory. The ordeal had left her weak physically, but the others had been made strong spiritually. The next morning before classes commenced, the teachers and primary-aged children held a praise service to thank God for answering their prayers.



The boys at Wainibuka school were living in a dormitory but there were no facilities for girls, who lived in a Fijian house next to Eva's house. Plans were made and a dormitory built, but Eva's house had to be relocated. There was great happiness when the girls enrolled at the beginning of the 1934 school year and were given places in their new dormitory.

Eva's last year at Wainibuka school was 1937 because she had been asked to teach at the Indian girls' school at Samabula, Suva, and be their leader. Eva accepted it as God's call. Most of the girls were day students from non-Christian homes. Eva lived in one flat in a large



house and the matron, Mrs Singh, and her two girls lived in the other flat. The schoolroom was also in this same house. For two years Eva worked with the Indian girls and enjoyed getting to know them.

In 1939 plans were made for a larger co-educational school for both Fijians and Indians. This school, Fulton Training School, was built in the Tailevu district fifty kilometres north east of Suva. Pastor Arthur Dyason, previously the principal of Navuso, headed up the new school. Eva also transferred to this new location to help with the establishment of the school, involving the combination of three schools, Navuso school, the boys' school at Buresala and the Indian school at Samabula. The buildings at these schools were dismantled, placed on bamboo rafts and floated to the nearest landing place. Some houses at Buresala were piled up on banana punts and towed by the mission steamer *Loloma* across the ocean to the same landing place. Pastor Albert Watts, Keith Satchell and a good Chinese carpenter helped Pastor Dyason to erect the buildings. The new school opened in 1941.

For eight years Eva taught at Fulton until she was sixty-four years old, when she left to work at mission headquarters in Fiji for another two years till the end of 1950. Eva's testimony was, "All throughout my forty years in God's cause my work associates were devoted, dedicated men and women, nationals included – a real inspiration. God's work has advanced in a marvelous way, and we need to continue working and do our part [because] 'we have nothing to fear for the future, except as we shall forget the way the Lord has led us and His teaching in our past history.'" ⁽⁵⁾ ■



References:

Unless footnoted, the information for this article was gleaned from an interview Eva Edwards gave to Pastor A P Dyason. A transcript of this article is held by Pastor David Hay.

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POMARE, Sir Maui Wirimu Pita, Naera, KBE, CMG, MD, MP.

- New Zealand Maori Leader Extraordinaire!

Following his mother's death in 1889, Maui Pomare transferred from Christchurch Boys' High School to Te Aute College in Central Hawkes Bay. While there he was introduced to the Seventh-day Adventist biblical message by Everson the sailor-cook and on becoming a baptised member in 1892, attended the Adventist church in Napier. In August of that year he left the college and attended the church's Battle Creek college, Battle Creek Sanitarium and the Chicago American Medical Missionary College, USA. Difficulties over continued financial support discouraged him to some extent, although he eventually made the grade as a doctor when he graduated with an MD in 1899.

On returning to New Zealand, he accepted an appointment as Health Officer for one of the 19 districts created by the Maori Councils Act of 1900. Once councils were formed he was instrumental in ensuring sanitation inspectors were appointed to Maori villages. In addition, and to a large extent, he achieved the registration of all Maori births and deaths.

In January 1902, Pomare married Miria Woodbine of Gisborne and two sons and a daughter were born to this union.

Ceasing active membership in the church, he rose in time, to prominence in the political world of New Zealand.

Elected to the House of Representatives for Western Maori in 1911, Pomare became a member of Prime Minister Massey's Ministry without portfolio. Higher

appointments followed: Minister for the Cook Islands in 1916, Minister of Health in 1923, and Minister for Internal Affairs in 1928.

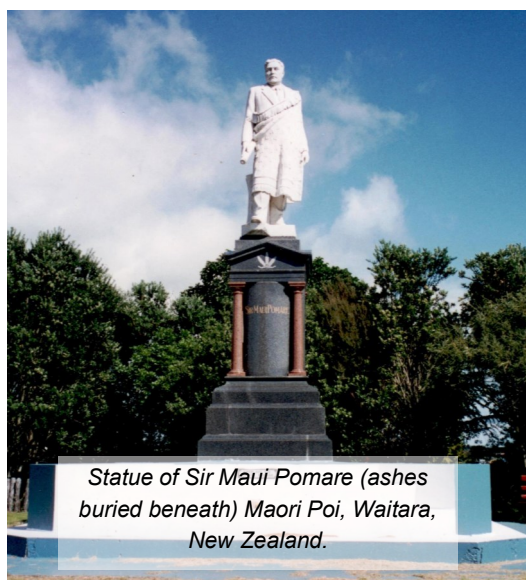
During WW1, he was able to widen conscription to include Maoris. In health work he was instrumental in reorganising mental hospitals. He was really enthusiastic and energetic in his work for the Maoris, bringing new hope and life to many. His Cook Islands Act 1916, was largely in agreement with New Zealand law. In Parliament he excelled in oratory and was noted for his compassion for lepers and the mentally ill.

When he became ill with tuberculosis, a scourge of the time, he travelled to California where he became a patient in the Glendale Adventist Hospital. Sadly he passed away there on 27 July 1930. His ashes were returned home and now rest in Manukori Pa high above the Waitara River in the west-central district of the North Island.

The day before he died he prayed: *Lord be merciful to me, a sinner. I've wandered far from the path of right, but I want you to forgive me, and accept me as a child of yours. I came back to die among my people, the Seventh-day Adventist people.*

This statement is by Maui's life-long medical friends who had graduated together and who were present to hear his prayer—doctors Florence N and Peter M Keller.

A man of many talents: Truly his was an exceptional life. ■





John Radley Martin:

*missionary to the northern and western reaches of
Papua New Guinea - unfazed by a daunting task.*

- Warren Martin



Biography of Warren Martin

Warren was born at the Sydney Sanitarium in 1940. In 1949

he went to Papua New Guinea with his parents and to Mussau until 1952 when he returned to Australia to begin High School at Avondale, New South Wales. During year-end holidays he went back to Papua New Guinea. He worked in Madang for the Department of Civil Aviation in 1956 and Burns Philp in 1958, returning to Australia in 1960 and working at ESDA Sales & Service, Sydney in 1960.

After completing General, Psychiatric, and Mental Retardation Courses he worked for the NSW Health Department 1961-2000, mainly at Gladesville Hospital, Sydney

On retirement, he worked at the Normanhurst Adventist retirement village until his wife's illness required him to resign and care for her. Warren married Beverly Dorrington in 1969. Sadly she passed away in March 2006.

While John Martin tried to get a reluctant cow to leave his father's garden he suffered a fatal heart attack. He was only 52 – much too young to die, especially for a man who had spent twelve years in mission service, and three and a half years in the army in Papua New Guinea (PNG).

John was born in Parramatta, a suburb of Sydney, on 24 October 1912. He was one of five sons of Fred and Alice Martin (Radley). The family moved to Martinsville on the Central Coast of New South Wales, in 1914. After completing high school, John commenced the ministerial and carpentry courses at Avondale College, Coorabong, whilst working in the Sanitarium Health Food Company factory print shop and becoming a qualified printer. In 1931 he met Kathleen O'Connor from Warburton, Victoria, who was undertaking a course at the college prior to training as a nurse at the Sydney Sanitarium. On being advised by Pastor Reuben Hare, President of the South New South Wales Conference, that he would have no opportunity to serve as a minister unless he was married, John and Kathleen abandoned their final year of course plans and married in 1937. (However the Factory Manager, George Fisher, said he needed John to stay on in the Print Shop.)

A son Warren was born in 1940. Then in 1941 John transferred to the Signs Publishing Company at Warburton, Victoria, only to be called up for military service a year later, leaving Kath to work at the Warburton Sanitarium. John requested a non-combatancy role and was sent to Heidelberg Military Hospital outside Melbourne for medical training. On completion of his course he camped on Brisbane Showground prior to embarkation for the Middle East, but the Japanese thrust south intervened and he was shipped out to Port Moresby.

As a medic John served in many Army units ending up at Australian General Hospital, Lae Base Sub area, where he stayed until the end of the war. He always asked for Sabbaths off and refused to carry out non essential duties on that day, which often brought him into conflict with his commanding officers. Several times he was reprimanded or disciplined and twice "busted" from Sergeant for going absent without leave on Sabbaths; each time however, he was reinstated. He often conducted Sabbath School for the Australian and American Protestant services on Sundays when he was off duty.

After the war John returned to Australia and served at the Signs Publishing Company in Warburton, Victoria until 1948 (a daughter, Joan was born in 1946) when he accepted an invitation to serve as a missionary in the territory of the Bismarck Solomons Union

Mission (BSUM) in Papua New Guinea. He was appointed District Director of an area including New Ireland, New Hanover (Lavonga) and the St Matthias Group, comprising Mussau, Emirau and Tench Island (Nusi), with use of the mission ship, Malalagi. Warren states they were based at Boliu, Mussau, 100 miles from the nearest store in Kavieng on New Ireland, and they only went there once in 6 months. They just had to wait ages for their goods to arrive. Without a refrigerator, he says, food deteriorated in the heat. Tinned butter became rancid. Flour and Granose were riddled with weevils. Nevertheless, somehow they managed and learned how to cope with the trials of missionary life. Their house was built pre-war so the outer walls were full of white ants and in places would literally swing outwards if you leant on them. "Once a huge 20ft python came into the kitchen after our dog. Fortunately Dad was home at the time and chopped the



John and Kathleen with son, Warren and daughter, Joan.

snake's head off with an axe but the vibrations of that encounter nearly brought the whole house down."

Mussau Island measured about fifteen by nine miles in size and was mountainous and wooded, while Emirau Island was a flat coral atoll with little top soil. During World War II the American forces moved the Emirau people across to Mussau and militarized the island, building roads and runways. When they departed, they dumped their vehicles into the ocean and left equipment scattered all over the land. One diligent islander who followed John's instructions to bury all ammunition, hammered cartridges into the ground nose first! The subsequent explosion almost killed him. John's medical training and experience were invaluable. There was a small clinic at Boliu, usually restocked with supplies from Government Stores at Kavieng. When penicillin became available it proved a miracle drug, quickly curing almost every infection including yaws and tropical ulcers which were prevalent.

There was an Adventist school and a teacher for grades 1-4 in each village on the islands and pupils were able to continue classes to grade 6 at Boliu school. Some of the students went on to Kambubu, at Rugen Harbor, for higher education. Graduates then became missionaries throughout parts of the South Pacific.

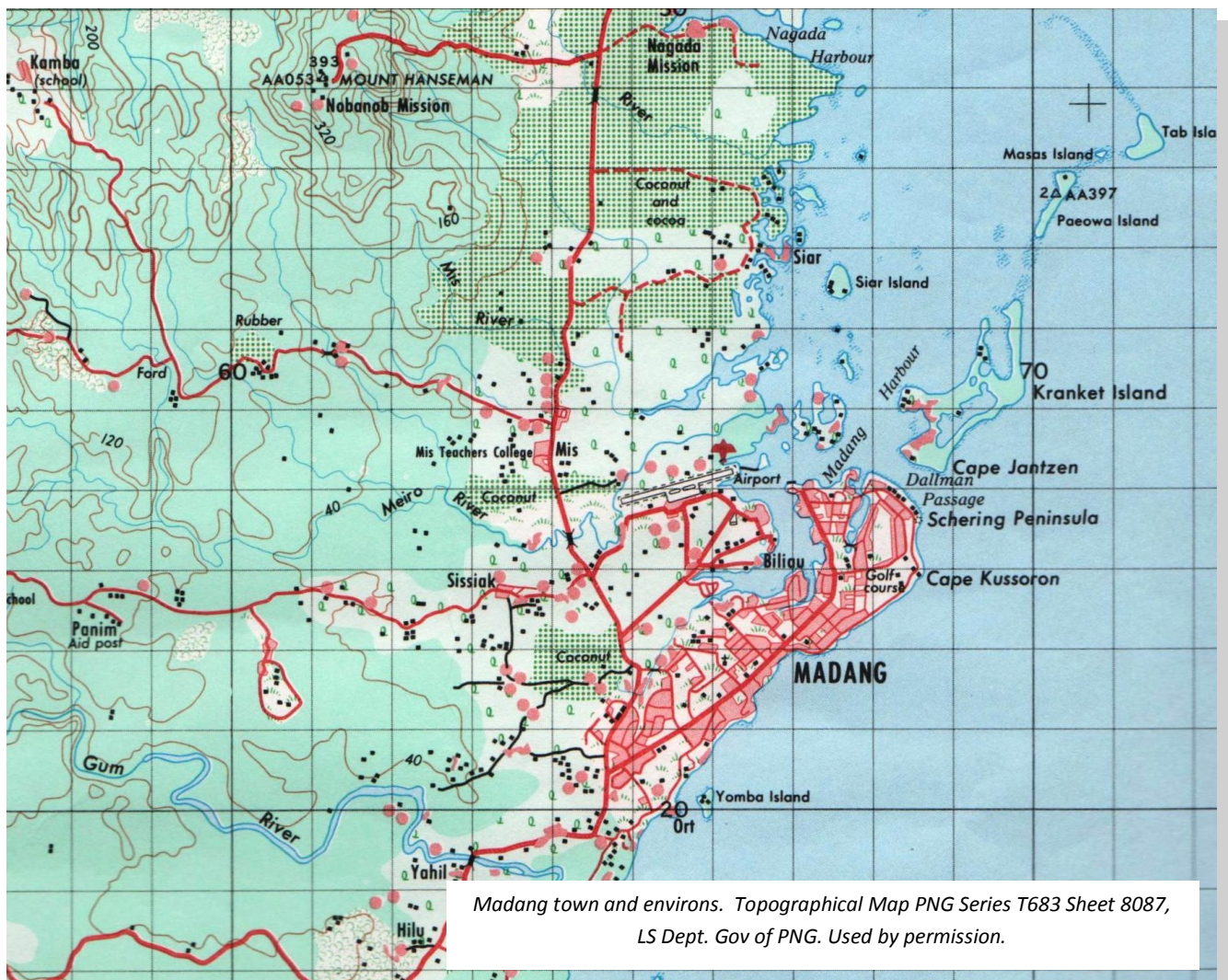
According to the *Australasian Record*, 590 teachers and missionaries originated in Mussau and Emirau, but Pastor Wilson Stephen from Emirau reckoned the number would be nearer 3000. We believe the contribution made by these people has yet to be adequately documented or acknowledged.

On Sabbaths John tried to minister to all the villages on Mussau. Warren says, "Often we walked for several hours to reach a place, conduct meetings, have lunch and walk back home. We would take a fold-up organ and Mum would accompany the singing. Sometimes we went by canoe to the other side of the island."

Due to the Solomon Island missionaries on the island, the Mussau people had learned how to build large canoes without outriggers from one tree trunk. These boats could hold 30-50 sailors. When meetings were held at Boliu, delegates would arrive in their canoes with a row of paddlers on each side being kept in time by a person sitting up the back blowing a conch shell ('wind him tau'.) When the meetings concluded all the canoes would line up together and race down the harbour.

John had to keep the teachers supplied with school materials, food, clothing, and medicines, as well as pay their wages. So as the work expanded he spent more and more time away from home on the Malalagi. The boat didn't have a two way radio so Kath never knew exactly when he would return. But the islanders had a strange sixth sense and would say, "He'll be back tomorrow," and sure enough, they were right.

New Hanover was a staunchly Roman Catholic island containing a leper hospital operated by the Catholic Church. Many of the priests and nuns were German, having been there since before World War 1, when New Guinea was a German colony. On request John was able to place an Adventist teacher in one of the villages. The Government Medical Officer ("lik-lik dokta") on the



Madang town and environs. Topographical Map PNG Series T683 Sheet 8087, LS Dept. Gov of PNG. Used by permission.

island and his wife, Ray and Flo Carlaw, were Adventists whom they frequently visited.

They built a small open-sided hut by their house where they performed emergency surgical operations with Ray acting as his own anaesthetist. One night Flo heard a disturbance in their poultry yard and took a torch to investigate only to find a snake trying to make off with a chicken. She grabbed the snake by the tail and the snake grabbed hold of the coop. In the struggle, she dropped her torch, which promptly went out. She couldn't reach the torch without letting go of the snake but she figured out that as long as it was holding on, it wasn't coming towards her, so she held on for hours - actually 8 hours, until someone eventually heard her calling for help and brought a shovel to kill the snake. The local people were terrified of snakes and no one would come near her until they could assess the situation.

Like all who sailed the tropical seas they experienced their share of storms. Once they were caught on the edge of a hurricane that extensively damaged Fiji. Turning about in mountainous waves is exceptionally hazardous and has to be done accurately to avoid being swamped. They often climbed to the crest of a large wave, sat there for a moment with the propeller out of the water shaking the whole boat, then they would plunge downwards into the trough which was like a giant slippery dip. This see-sawing activity could go on for hours! The Gardner diesel engines fitted on to these Halvorsen boats were extremely reliable. Fortunately the only



Keith and Jean Dickens.



The "Light" in the Ramu River.



Mission boat and house.

when Keith Dickens and his wife, Jean, came to teach at Boliu school.

One island which they visited regularly was Tench (Nusi). It was a tiny coral islet one could walk around in less than 10 minutes. About 40 people lived there, all Adventists, including a teacher from Mussau. Although they had protocols on marriage there was still some who didn't strictly follow them. They were slow learners and Warren recalls that many were tone deaf though they loved to sing. Nusi was about 35 miles east of Emirau and 5 hours away. If they had not sited it in 6 hours, they would turn back as currents had moved them north or south of their destination. With only a compass and sextant and no GPS in those times, they could not afford to search for a tiny dot on the vast ocean.

The Tench Island people used the dried banana bark for materials and fishing lines. They used a sophisticated weaving loom they had made themselves. The loom was one of very few found in the whole Pacific. The islanders made bone hooks and baited them with a very sticky spider's web and then hung the line from a kite over the reef. Fresh water came from a lake which covered most of the centre of the island. A layer of leaves on the bottom of the lake sealed it off from sea water. The people lived on a narrow, sandy strip of land between the lake and the ocean. A coral reef with a very small entrance prevented the Malalagi from anchoring inside the reef. She had to lie-to while we surfed in to the shore in a dinghy. On returning through the narrow passage they would often be swamped as they headed into the waves. When that happened, they would return to the beach, upend the dinghy and repeat the travel process.

While travelling off the coast of New Hanover on our way to Kavieng in the Malalagi, at high tide, we were driven on to a mushroom-headed coral, six feet wide. It actually wedged the keel into an immovable, locked position with the stern under water. Nothing could free the boat so we shifted all movable objects to the stern. At the next high tide, with the motor in full reverse, and the crew pulling us with the dinghy, the Malalagi reluctantly slid off the coral with a crunching sound. On inspection no water appeared to have penetrated inside so we cautiously proceeded to Kavieng for repairs.

Each time they went to Rabaul they called in to Kambubu High School to see how their students were faring. Kambubu was our prestige self supporting educational institution and the grounds and buildings were kept immaculate. In addition to gardens, coconut plantations and fishing areas, the college operated several successful industries including a large wood products division. It not only helped to maintain buildings but it also produced furniture for sale in Rabaul. Pastor Lester Lock was the principal at that time.

"At the beginning of 1952, John took Mum, my sister Joan and me to Rabaul," says Warren. "From there we travelled to Australia on the MV Bulolo, for in January I had to commence high school. My parents stayed on Mussau until May when their furlough was due. In New South Wales we stayed with my grandfather in Beauty Point Road, Morisset. After furlough Mum and Dad returned to Port Moresby with Joan and me." Here John helped build the Ela Beach Church.

Three months later the family moved to Madang which was part of the Coral Sea Union Mission (CSUM) located in Lae. In their new location, John assisted Pr Tom Judd, President of Madang Mission. Later he replaced Pr Judd when he and his family returned to Australia in 1955. Pastor Nathan Rore was his assistant. Like most places in New Guinea most of the workers in Madang came from Mussau or Emirau.

Madang was the pearl of Papua New Guinea with sandy beaches



Madang Mission staff at an Adventist Village.

on small uninhabited islands near the harbor. It had an all-weather wharf for large ships, a fully-enclosed inner bay and a busy airport supplying the Highlands. Like other centres under Australian administration there was virtually no crime. Houses were never locked and keys were left in cars. The situation today is so different!

While other churches conducted commercial enterprises to help pay for their operations, Adventist policy was not to take money from local people. This meant they were always struggling with their budgets.

At Madang there was another Halvorsen 45ft boat like the Malalagi, called the "Light". The only difference was that they actually had a radio now! While they were there Warren remembers seeing other mission boats like the Devari, the Diari, the Durua and the Lelaman arrive for slipping.

The Madang Mission extended as far north as the Ramu River and included the Adventist Hatzfeld Haven leper colony where Allen and Mona Page-Dhu were stationed. Opposite the leper colony was the active volcanic island of Manum which erupted frequently spewing out rocks which sometimes reached the ocean at Saidor, on the Rai coast. This was south of Madang Mission territory where another Adventist "lik-lik dokta", Graeme Radford, was stationed. Each time the volcano erupted, the government moved the people to the mainland to encourage them to settle there. However, they preferred to return home and would become sick if they couldn't. The Martins assisted in two of these evacuations with the Light.

When the work opened up in the Ramu area, teachers were placed in several villages where the river banks were so steep you could

tie the boat up on them. At one tributary, long grass obscured the entrance to an Adventist village but clear water flowing into the muddy Ramu gave us our bearings. Crocodiles posed a real threat to people and to domestic animals. At night they would see the monsters everywhere and sometimes they would even bang their tails against the hull of the "Light".

Everywhere villages were transformed when the people became Adventists. First, land was cleared. Then a church was built and a new village erected around it with the huts all laid out in neat rows. Crocus and hibiscus shrubs were planted. Patrol officers said they could always tell which villages belonged to the Seventh-day Adventists for they were clean, neat and tidy, with no pigs!

Two "European" houses had been built at Madang, as well as a Quonset hut for visitors - and there were plenty of them. In one year 136 people stayed with us for 213 days and my mother provided 1,000 meals for them.

An ex-army single cylinder diesel engine powered a generator providing electricity from 6-9pm. It had no compression and one had to wind two big flywheels with a pull-out handle, which one had to work for ages before the engine gradually started. Later town power was supplied.

There is a point of land jutting out into the ocean about 40 miles north of Madang where the seas are always rough with strong winds. On one occasion on returning from Ramu, there was no wind and the water was like oily glass with a gentle swell rolling into shore. Suddenly the boat shuddered from stem to stern and lost its way. The motor was shut down and the crew got the mainsail out then dived overboard to see what had gone wrong. The propeller had fallen off the shaft and was resting on the four inch false keel! The locking pin and nut were missing. As quickly as they could they secured the propeller with some rope then replaced it on the spline, wrapping some fencing wire behind it and hammering a nutmeat tin over the wire. A bolt was found and put through the locking pin hole. All the time, they were drifting closer to shore. When they eventually put the boat into gear they started to move forward. What a relief! They proceeded very slowly, stopping frequently and checking, tightening and replacing the wire holding the propeller. The nutmeat tin kept getting shorter. They felt they had witnessed a miracle and held a special prayer service when they returned to the wharf to thank God for His care and guidance.

Many people were embracing the Adventist message in the Madang area, and John felt an Adventist school was needed. One of the local leaders, Bato Bultin, who became one of the first Provincial Governors in PNG, gave him some land at Panim where, with the approval of the CSUM a large boarding school was constructed and opened. It was one of the last projects in which John was involved.

In the 1950s John was told he would be ordained to the gospel ministry if he signed a letter promising to stay in the islands indefinitely. Although he dearly wanted ordination he felt he could not accept the conditions and he did not want it as a reward for services rendered. It



Left: A Baptism in Rabaul.

was a time of considerable stress for him. He was however, eventually ordained in 1958.

Unbeknown to anyone else, John had been experiencing severe chest pains in 1960, but he continued working. After one bout, worse than the rest, he undertook an electrocardiograph. The scan had to go south to be read and results returned via telegram, with the message, 'Keep the patient in bed, don't allow him to do anything, and return him to Australia on the next flight out'. Tests showed more than a third of his heart muscle was dead and that he had already had three heart attacks. John was flown back to Sydney as soon as it could be arranged while Kath stayed and sorted out all business affairs. She also packed up personal effects and arranged shipping to Australia while all the time desiring to be with her husband as soon as possible. Two months later she arrived in Australia and as a family, they moved in with John's father at Beauty Point in Morisset.

"My father gradually regained enough strength to commence part time work at the Sanitarium Health Food Company. He also started taking some church services and eventually became minister of Dora Creek Church." says Warren. Then on April 11 1965, that tragic encounter with a reluctant cow caused one last, fatal heart attack. At 52 John was too young to die - far too young for such a devout and intrepid missionary. ■



Above: The *Light* in the Ramu river. Included (left) Fred Martin, John Martin's father; (right) Pr. John B Keith (then president of the Coral Sea Union Mission—CSUM) Mrs Keith, The three girls in the centre are registered nurses from the Adventist hospital and Hansenide colony at Hatzfeldt Haven on a break from work. Their names, from left to right are: Jan Fleming, Joy Adams and Molly Neill.



Above: A baptismal group.



Above: The Martin family with John's father Fred.

Emira — an island of airfields in WW11; and a surprising runway event in the 1960's.

Pictured is the main or 'bomber' airstrip on the island in the Saint Matthias Group in New Ireland Province in Papua New Guinea.

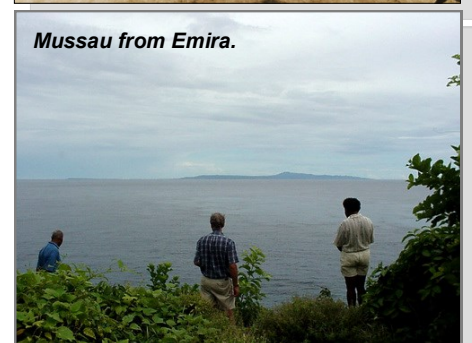
Built by American Seabees following the occupation of the island by American forces in March 1944, it helped to stem the flow of the Japanese war machine further south into Pacific areas. Located at the upper end of a peninsula jutting out from the island, it was known as Northern Cape Aerodrome. Shorter strips crossed the 'bomber' runway and were used by fighter aircraft similar to the F4U Corsairs.

Later, in the 1960's a 7.5+ earthquake occurred. Anxious to assess earthquake damage on the island, Milton McFarlane, an Adventist educator stationed on the island of Mussau, approximately 40 miles to the east, travelled across to Emira with his wife Betty and some students. As the structures were all of local materials damage was minimal. But there was a surprise! The earthquake had split the 'bomber' runway all the way along the centre. Jacob, one of the students, found a long piece of bamboo at least fifteen feet in length, and inserted it into a section of the long crack. It went down further than they expected and was never seen again. ■

(Editor, assisted by Milton McFarlane, 1961-1968, on Mussau Island).



Mussau from Emira.





COPING WITH A NEW WORLD:

- new expatriates in Samoa, 1953 – 1958

- our story!

By Enid Helsby



Biography of Mrs Enid Helsby

ENID HELSBY was born in 1927 in Yeppoon, Queensland and undertook nine years of primary education there and four years of secondary at Rockhampton High School. On completing four years of teacher training at the Australasian Missionary College at Cooranbong in NSW, Enid taught secondary classes for three years at the Avondale High School at Cooranbong.

Following marriage to Geoff in Auckland, New Zealand on 12 December 1951, she and her minister husband spent one and a half years in Huntly and Wanganui, New Zealand, serving on evangelistic teams.

Then came six years in Western Samoa where Geoff served as Savaii (Salafai) District Director, based at Si'ufaga. The Helsbys also cared for the Vailoa Training School on the island of Upolu.

On returning to Australia in 1959 church appointments took them to Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia and New South Wales. In Western Australia Enid resumed teaching, beginning at Norseman. Music became her special teaching interest for thirty years, and even after retirement alongside her church activities at Belmont church and at Sherwin Lodge Hostel.

Geoff passed away in January 2008, and Enid now lives in the Hostel at Rosmoyn, Western Australia.

Three children graced the Helsby home: Ken born in New Zealand in 1951, Allan in Samoa in 1954, and Judith in Adelaide in 1959 (also dying the same year).

When the invitation came for us to serve as missionary workers in Western Samoa, we were working in Wanganui, New Zealand. We left there in August 1952, when our first-born Ken, was eleven months old. The further north we flew from Auckland to Suva, Fiji, by flying boat the more layers of our winter clothing were stripped off. When we arrived in Suva we were cared for by mission staff for a few days, while we waited for the inter-island trading vessel *Tofua*, to take us to Samoa.

On the *Tofua* we had an idyllic nine days of balmy tropical cruising, visiting our mission centres and church members in all the ports-of-call. At Beulah College on the eastern side of the main island of Tongatapu in Tonga, we were introduced to typical island hospitality at a feast laid out on mats and banana leaves. We sat on the lawn around the long line of food which would be a foretaste of the type of food we would be eating for the next six years. From Nuku'alofa we cruised on to the next Tongan stopover – Vava'u in the north, and then further on to the island of Niue, where we met the only Adventist representative there – the pioneer missionary Mrs Malama Head (also known as Vaiola Kerisome). We called at one further port, Pago Pago in American Samoa. Here we were guests of a local family before proceeding on to our port-of-destination, Apia, on Upolu, the main island of Western Samoa.

Here we remained for a few days in the home of Mr and Mrs Richard Thompson who were teaching at our mission school in Lalovaea, a suburb of Apia. Our stop was necessary so that we might collect our belongings being unloaded from the *Tofua*, and make arrangements to have them shipped on a smaller vessel to Si'ufaga on the eastern side of the island of Savai'i. The break in travel gave us a brief chance to become acclimatised to the heat and humidity of the Samoan tropics. The voyage from Upolu to Savai'i was quite an ordeal for Geoff as the passage was quite rough.

Our approach to the small wharf at Si'ufaga took us into a tranquil blue lagoon, and gave us our first sight of our new home, a small wooden house with a rusty tin roof, on approximately two and a half acres of land. It was surrounded by a green lawn, tropical

plants and coconut palms. Between our property and the sandy beach ran a dirt road, and half a mile out to sea was the reef. This lagoon would become our playground as the sand was white and clean and the sea was clear and blue at all seasons of the year. Day or night the temperature was ideal for swimming within the shelter of the reef. We soon found that days and nights, winter and summer were about the same hot temperature, and we often woke up in the morning drenched with perspiration.

We were not far south of the equator, but one saving grace was the sea breeze which at certain times came in through the open louvres all along the front verandah. The house consisted of one bedroom and an adjacent dining room in the centre, a louvre-enclosed verandah running along the front with a study at the eastern end and a sleep-out (also louvred) beside the bedroom. Corresponding to the front verandah, the back portion of the house consisted of kitchen, a timber and fly-wired section and a cold water shower room. Nearby and down a couple of steps there was a laundry, with wash tubs and a copper. The fire for heating water came from coconut husks and shells, and above this enclosed area a bunch of green bananas was tied to help it ripen. The clothes line stood in the back yard not far from a pit toilet. Behind the house and beyond the back yard a large plantation of coconuts, bananas and taro extended inland towards the hills.

Meeting us at the wharf to assist in



Enid and Geoff with Ken and Alan.

transporting our goods to the house (only a few hundred yards away) were the local minister and a young lady, Leua (Lay-oo-a), who had been assigned to help me in the house. She took over most of the washing and ironing, and some house cleaning, and helped look after the baby who soon became attached to her. I was pleased she cared for the ironing because the iron was one of those heavy charcoal-burning monsters which spat sparks out on to the clothes when I used it. Leua handled it quite well, having used a similar kind of iron all her life. We had a succession of house-help girls during our six year stay in Samoa and with only one exception they were cheerful, obliging, honest and pleasant. They worked steadily and conscientiously.

Our location and surroundings were beautiful and I enjoyed the ocean view from our front verandah. I also enjoyed the unhurried pace of life, but we soon found out that it was wise to heed the advice of our fellow expatriates and copy their way of having an afternoon siesta. We were both workaholics and tried at first, to do without this daily rest. It wasn't long though, before we had to succumb.

On the western side of the property was a Samoan village and on the eastern side the remainder of the mission compound, where concrete footings for a church, and the local minister's *fale* (Samoan open-sided, oval-shaped house) had been made. At that stage the *fale* was being used as a church. Beyond the mission compound were more village homes, with a trading store, operated by a Chinese/Samoan trader located opposite the wharf. About the same distance from our home in the opposite direction was another trading store, conducted by a German/Samoan trader, and a Samoan primary school. At the end of the bay at Tuasivi, stood the Resident Commissioner's home, local government quarters, Post Office and jail.

Our newly commenced church building held much interest with worshippers longing to see it completed. It was difficult for the minister for his house served as a worship centre as well as a home. It was not only inconvenient for him and his family, but the *fale* was certainly cramped when trying to accommodate members from other congregations and even visitors for special days. We quickly came to believe that it was essential to have a church property which was debt free, as relatives of those from whom the land was obtained were very prone to make claims to it. Two sections of land had been given us by chiefs but division had arisen among the church members and some of them began to worship in the house of one of the chiefs. We tried to settle the dispute but it was a very difficult situation. Then a chief from another mission gave us land.

Geoff asked him, "Do you mean to say that

you, a Methodist, would give Adventists land for a church?"

"Yes", was his answer, "My brother is an Adventist and he is a good man, he has helped me greatly!" From that time on our people had the security of their own house of worship.

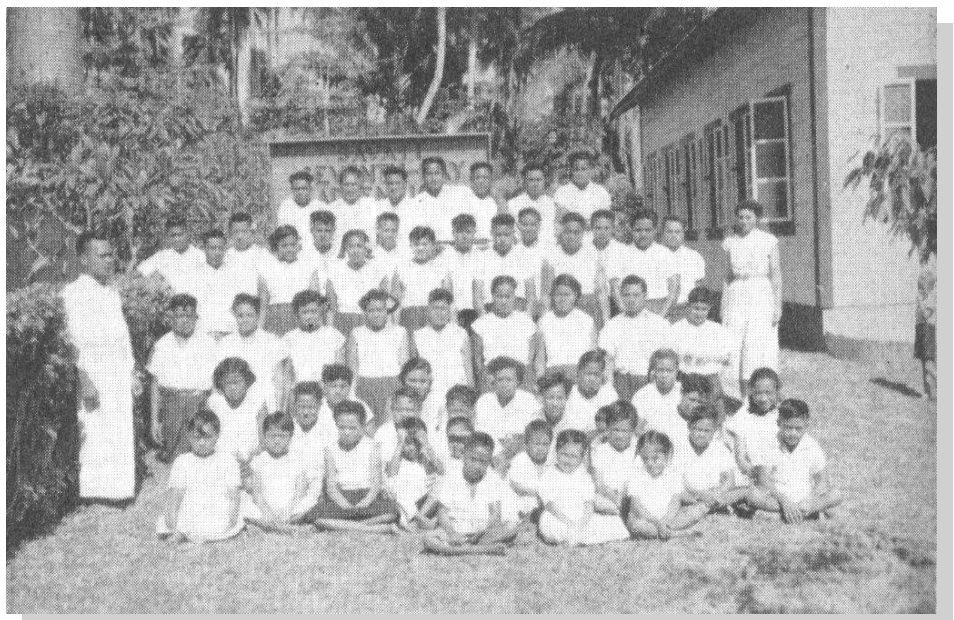
Later we discovered other places of interest, but they lay much further afield. Some miles beyond the Post Office was a bakery which made only white bread, so I continued making our own bread as I had done in New Zealand. Some twenty miles further west along the road was the Methodist mission centre, and in the opposite direction, also some twenty miles distant, was the Latter Day Saints (Mormon) mission compound. That was it, as far as European presence was concerned, on the island of Savai'i. The young American Mormon missionaries used to ride their bikes into our compound every now and then to collect their mail. On their way home they would often stay and rest awhile to enjoy a drink and a chat on our verandah. They were very pleasant and friendly and once they invited us to visit them so they could show us over their compound and treat us to an evening meal – a visit which we enjoyed very much. We also came to know the Methodist family and exchanged visits occasionally – a very welcome diversion!

This visiting was only possible after we acquired a mission car for our work. The Samoan Mission President (Pastor Herbert Christian), arranged for a 1936 De Soto (hand-cranked) to be sent over to Savai'i on a barge. This proved a real boost for Geoff in his work and for an occasional family outing or picnic. There was a road which went part way around the island, and was used mainly by the local bus and the government vehicle. But once the road ended there remained only walking trails which Geoff had to use quite frequently. No road wound its way across Savai'i, as the interior was far and away too rugged. In earlier years volcanic lava flows had ruined much productive land and destroyed many villages. The terrain forbade even considering such an inland road. Although the largest island in area, Savai'i supported only a small coastal population. And with this picture in mind, let me add further comment.

In all his work, including the bushwalking, Geoff had to wear white starched trousers, long-sleeved white shirts and black ties. In addition, on Sabbaths, he wore a long-sleeved, white starched jacket as required, especially by the culture of the day. As well as supervising and directing the work of the village church leaders, Geoff had many manual tasks to perform on the compound. When the water tank had been replaced (and we prayed for rain to fill it



Enid, Ken & Alan at the beach in Si'ufaga. Savaii



Enid Helsby with school students and her assistant, Sione Faulafu.

with drinking water), the roof had to be removed and replaced (and we prayed it wouldn't rain while this work was going on). A huge underground oblong reservoir had to be dug out and concreted, with a tall tank stand built above it. A tank was erected and a hand-operated pump installed to provide suitable water pressure for house use. A garage had to be built to protect the DeSoto car and a petrol-fed generator installed to provide two hours of electric light in the house at night.

Before the luxury of power was available, we used Primus lamps which I dreaded using. When Geoff was away, which occurred quite frequently, I would spend the evening in the dark rather than light the Primus. I hated it so much that Geoff eventually purchased an Aladdin lamp that used kerosene. This I managed without any trouble. Our other kerosene-fuelled pieces of equipment were a refrigerator and a three-burner stove with oven over two burners. We had procured these from ESDA⁽¹⁾ Sales and Service in Sydney before we left New Zealand. This stove served me well for all my cooking over the whole six years in Samoa. Also, Geoff built from bits and pieces, a Coolgardie safe which stood in tins of water on the back veranda, and a large set of sturdy shelves for our groceries which were also positioned on the back verandah.

One luxury we procured was a battery-operated radio to keep in touch with the outside world and to provide some music. For our last three years I even possessed a piano – a dear little tropicalized Bentley, imported from England at an unbelievably low price. I also found it necessary to do all my own sewing as well as that for the school children. After a couple of years, Geoff bought me a little hand-operated Singer sewing machine, which I continued using for many years, even when we returned to Australia and our third child was born. Before that I did all the sewing by hand.

We enjoyed occasional visitors who came from as far away as Australia, as well as folk from Apia, including nurses from the government hospital who wanted a break on their off-duty days. The only accommodation we had for them was a couple of collapsible canvas stretchers on the front verandah. Nobody seemed to mind using them. As our second son Alan, was born during our second year in Savai'i, the sleep-out was occupied by a single bed and a cot.

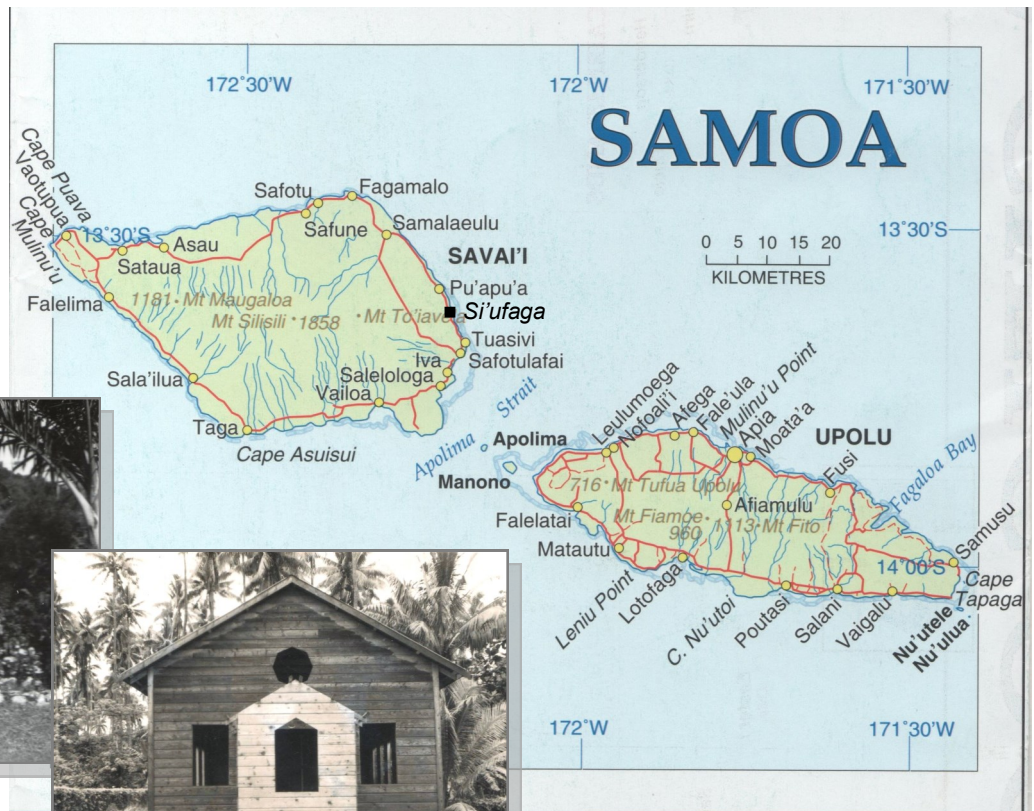
While we appreciated these visits by Australian friends, there were other visitors that weren't so welcome. Big brown cockroaches were prevalent in the kitchen cupboards and anywhere else they could find a dark hiding place. We dared not leave soiled clothes lying around overnight or we would find holes eaten in them by morning. White ants

were also having a good time in the verandah floor-boards, and I believe the whole house is now demolished and replaced with a brick one. Six-inch-long geckos (house lizards) had the freedom of the walls and ceilings. As they were harmless creatures, I didn't mind having them around and they devoured some of our flies and mosquitoes. It was the weevils accompanying grubs that I really loathed. It would often take me three-quarters of an hour to clean enough flour to make a loaf of bread. Out in the plantation the unwelcome visitors were the village pigs which, if they found their way in, would root up the taro plants and cause other damage. Geoff was obliged to obtain a gun licence and make regular patrols to frighten them off with gun shots. A couple of times a shot accidentally found its mark and Geoff was faced by irate pig-owners.

As I mentioned, church meetings were held in the Samoan *fale*, the home of the national worker, until funds gradually became available for Geoff to be able to procure timber, cement and roofing for a permanent structure. This took shape gradually, most of it by Geoff's own labour, and he'd had no previous experience in the building trade. It was slow work, not only because of the scarcity of finance but also because of the enervating climate. However, by the time we were due for furlough at the end of three years, much had been accomplished.

Following furlough, we served one year at the Vailoa Missionary School situated on part of a coastal range overlooking the ocean on the north-eastern side of Upolu. Geoff assumed the role of Principal without any previous teaching experience but he accomplished his work well. We then returned to our mission station at Si'ufaga Savai'i for our final two years of mission service, during which time I commenced a school in the uncompleted church.

All the Sabbath meetings we attended were conducted in the Samoan language – singing, praying, and preaching – unless Geoff took the church service in English using a Samoan interpreter. He eventually became proficient enough in Samoan pronunciation to be able to read his sermon from notes he'd prepared with the help of a national worker, but neither he nor I (nor our two little boys) ever



Above: House at Saluafata, Vailoa.



Left: The nearly-completed church that Geoff built..

reached the stage of mastering the language. We could converse slowly at the colloquial level and more or less understand and make ourselves understood, but that was all. I learned Sabbath School memory verses and Young People's Doctrinal Texts in Samoan and took my turn in standing up and reciting them each Sabbath. I did enjoy singing in Samoan and could more or less understand what I was singing.

One thing we were sure of was that every Sabbath morning one family or other would call in at our house on their way to church with a basket of warm taro or breadfruit and Palusami (taro leaves and coconut) that had been baking overnight in their ground ovens.

Around mid-day each school day we were always besieged by children on their way home from the local government school. Eagerly they wanted their daily hand-out of ice-cubes and roasted peanuts. How we came to start this routine I don't remember, but they loved it and we put up with it. It could be quite a lively scene for ten minutes or so.

I was often asked by our neighbour ladies, and even by ladies from other villages, to make and ice a cake for some celebration or other, or for expected visitors. I was provided with a couple of eggs and two shillings for each cake. We also had frequent visitors at the back door – children or married ladies with produce to sell such as eggs (which we had to test for freshness), oranges, avocados and tomatoes. We were glad of these items to supplement our tinned food. Other people would come with a gift, but before long they were back asking for "a loan of money"! We had to learn quickly how to deal with this particular quirk of local culture!

During breaks in construction work, Geoff attended to his main work as District Director. Several villages around the coast had their own churches staffed by Samoan ministers, so he visited these regularly, conducted meetings and encouraged the ministers who fortunately spoke English. Periodically he would call them all together for reports, to answer questions, sometimes to give advice and provide answers to Bible queries. While on furlough late in 1955, Geoff gave this report during a worship period at the church's Australasian Division headquarters at Wahroonga in Sydney; now the South Pacific Division.

We conducted evangelistic campaigns of two or three weeks' duration. I had up to five local evangelists in my care. We did not have to advertise as we do here at home. We just told a few people and they spread the word. From these humble efforts souls were baptised – over sixty in the time we were there. This may seem small, but it must be remembered that all the people in Samoa have heard the gospel. Ellen White, The Lord's messenger, states that once minds have accepted error it is difficult for them to expand to the full knowledge of the truth.

I can speak highly of the Voice of Prophecy. We had tried to get tape recordings on the Western Samoa radio station, but were unsuccessful. While Pastor Douglas Jenkins, now Mission President, was in American Samoa, he approached the broadcasting officials and left some tapes with them. Some time later when he called again, the director said, "Mr Jenkins, we will put these on for you free of charge". So each Sunday we then had broadcasts going out over the air.

We then translated the lessons into Samoan. These went like fire in the stubble, and kept me busy day and night. Scores of children did the lessons. One young man came to us at night for fear of his family and villagers. He was well on his way to becoming a church member. We eventually had one hundred and eighteen studying the course, 75% of whom were non-Adventists, and ten were baptised.

Geoff gradually provided each pastor with a set of pictorial aids

such as the animals of Daniel's visions, which he made himself out of pieces of wood and paint. They loved these cut-outs and used them extensively in their work. In the last year we were there Geoff helped conduct eleven evangelistic programs in the villages.

Geoff was often called away to Apia for meetings, and sometimes even to Suva Fiji. He did not enjoy going on these journeys as it meant travelling between Savai'i and Upolu on the smelly little trading boat with its load of copra, baskets of cooked food, diesel fumes, pigs, and squashed-in humanity. He was invariably very sick. This also meant that I was left alone with the children for days, even weeks at a time, and I didn't enjoy that.

Our stores were replenished once a month. We would sit down in the evening to compile our shopping list – mainly tinned goods and a case of apples – for sending to Burns Philp or Morris Headstrom, merchants in Apia. We had to keep within twenty pounds value, so it involved careful calculation. These goods would come some days later on the inter-island trading vessel, along with very welcome mail from family and friends back home.

Every few months, Geoff would sense that I needed a change of scenery, so I would be packed off with the children to stay a few days at the mission compound in Apia. This gave me a chance to see other missionaries and to do the rounds of the shops – all a very welcome break.

As I mentioned earlier, Geoff was asked to act as Principal of Vailoa Missionary School at Saluafata, a boarding facility situated on the north-eastern coast of the island of Upolu. We were temporarily replacing Pastor Ron Taylor and his wife Flora in 1956 while they were on furlough in Australia. Towards the end of that year we were asked to return to Savai'i for the remaining two years of our term, with Geoff acting again as District Director. Remembering the lonely life I had led during our first three years at Si'ufaga, and comparing it with the full and satisfying life I was leading at Vailoa, I determined I would do something about a change. Being teacher trained, my first thought was to apply for a position at either the Government or the London Missionary Society (LMS) Mission School - neither of which were far from our home at Si'ufaga. Credit for the course I eventually adopted must go to Brother and Sister Bill Miller, who were at that time in charge of the Apia Central School at Lalovaea in Apia. They suggested I should start my own school!

The church, which was still uncompleted and right next to our house, was the only place available where any school could be held. We had no capital or equipment to commence with, and arriving on the scene a week after the date set for the opening of government schools, I was not very hopeful of a good roll-up. I decided that if I had ten students for the year I would be satisfied. The first day saw four boys and girls sitting on the mats. By the end of that week there were seven. In all that first year I wrote down twenty-four names. Many of these however, had to be disqualified after a fair trial, as I was able to teach only their two upper-primary grades (Form 1 and Form 2) which were required to be taught in English. Half-way through the year there were fourteen regulars, of whom nine were able to complete the school year.

The minimal fee each student was required to pay each month accumulated in such a way that I was able to acquire blackboards, desks and forms and to buy and install windows along both sides and on the front porch of the church building all of which were made by Geoff. Gradually additional desks and blackboards, a cupboard, maps, and balls found their way into the equipment list – all providing quite a workable basis on which to build a regular mission school.

Of the nine students who completed the year, one went on to Fulton

Missionary College in Fiji, two went to Upolu to attend our school in Lalovaea and three returned to my school for 1958. When you consider that not one of these children was a Seventh-day Adventist, sharing Bible stories and guidance throughout the year helped them have a greater appreciation of life and what the future held for them.

For 1958, I set myself an aim of thirty students to be enrolled. However, towards the end of third term there were thirty six students attending in the upper school. Overall we had an enrolment of sixty students, the extra twenty-four enrolments being made possible by the mission decision to build up the school by starting a Primer section. This brought me great satisfaction. By employing a paid Samoan teacher we built up the Primer section (which could be taught in the Samoan language, with English classes to prepare students for the transition to English when they reached Form 1). Sione (John) Faulafo had studied at Fulton Missionary School (FMS) situated at Tailevu in Fiji for a year and had been unable to return there to complete his course. He spent one year wondering what he might do next. The following year he was asked to go to the Vailoa Missionary School to care for their Primer classes, under the leadership of Mr Stan Thomson and his wife Fiona. When that year was completed he came to us at Si'ufaga accompanied by his young wife, Puipuaio. Though lacking full training, Sione tackled his tasks very commendably.

As well as teaching, Sione rendered valuable service on Sabbath taking an active part in meetings and leading out in missionary work. He worked to foster the Junior Missionary Volunteers organization with the children, and was also active in the Pathfinder club. Despite all our efforts progress seemed to be quite slow, probably because so few of our sixty enrolments were Seventh-day Adventists. However, I am pleased to report that all the available Adventist young people from our church in our district (covering a road length of nine or ten miles) were attending our school and towards the end of 1958 we were thrilled to have a number of students apply for entrance to FMS.

It is difficult for Samoan youth to break away from old traditions and the influence of their chiefs and pastors, which influence even now, is very powerful. Not one of the five applying for Fulton College was a Seventh-day Adventist. We rejoiced when news came through that one of our students had joined the baptismal class in Fulton. At the same time Geoff had six students in a similar class on Savai'i. But as we were due to leave Samoa soon we were heartened to learn that the mission would take over the school in 1959 and that all the Standard classes were to be added, making it a full Primary school. It cheered us greatly to know that an increased chance would be ours to offer true biblical knowledge to a wider range of young minds.

We finished the school year with thirty-three students undertaking the final examinations in the upper section and fifteen in the primer classes. Our departure and the close-of-school-year exercises necessitated that a great feast be prepared. On closing day we were glad that the number was not any greater, for the little church building was crowded with students and their parents and friends

who had come to share with us in the afternoon's program. During the previous day and on the morning of that final day, the students had cleaned the compound and decorated the church. As well, the food for the final feast had been prepared under the supervision of Sione and Puipuaio. One hundred and fifty people finally sat down to a wonderful feast. To get back to more immediate matters – at twelve o'clock the students filed in and took their places in front of those assembled for final presentations.

The next two hours were fully occupied with giving out reports, certificates, badges and prizes. These were interspersed with, and followed by, speeches, boys' songs, girls' songs, combined and group songs. The primers presented poems, songs, and a short play. I do believe they enjoyed it every bit as much as those looking on, many of whom were standing outside and looking through the windows. Some facts and figures for the day –

Voice of Prophecy Correspondence Course Certificates	16
Friends Badges	7
Busy Bee Badges	9
Government Form Two (nine sat)	7
Samoa Mission Education Department Certificates	6
<i>(Enabling them to continue at Lalovaea, if they chose to do so)</i>	
Accepted for Fulton Missionary School	6
<i>(Sadly only three were finally able to take up the opportunity, only one of these being a SDA church member).</i>	

At the baptism held the Sabbath before we left Savai'i, six of the twelve candidates were students from our Si'ufaga school. We were greatly heartened that the Mission was to assume responsibility for the school, with the Thomsons continuing the educational emphasis. The schools in Samoa had been open a week before we were finally able to take our leave. We were delighted to learn that over one hundred and forty young people had turned up seeking admission to our mission school at Si'ufaga on Savai'i.

Our last two years were more bearable for me because the school had given me an interest and something worthwhile to occupy my time. Ken was by that time of school age, so I had his correspondence lessons to supervise as well.

So ended our experiences as Pacific Islands missionaries, and although we believe our service was comparatively easy compared with the conditions faced by our fellow missionaries in Papua New Guinea, the Solomon Islands, and in other places in the Pacific Islands, we can look back and remember with joy and satisfaction our experiences in Samoa, and especially the way God had led in our lives there. ■

References: ESDA is a trade name, the significance of which is no longer known, but is believed to be an acronym for Seventh-day Adventist prefixed with an E, either for euphony or standing for East, since there was an East Coast as well as a West Coast branch of the organization. The agency originated in 1920 as the Purchasing Bureau.

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Portrayals of Life

- about God's servants.



Fui, Hufanga of Tonga, born 17 May 1938 at Vaini, Tongatapu: died on 30 March 2014 in Cooranbong NSW, following a short illness.

On completing primary education at Vaini and secondary at Beulah College, he attended Fulton College, Fiji, where he graduated from the Ministerial course. Hufanga is survived by his wife Lute of Vaini, and children Loli, Sepeti and Ana, Michael and Lute, and John and Alisi.

Commencing his service for the church in December 1963, Hufanga assisted Pastor Niuafe in Nuku'alofa, and in 1964 helped Pastor Pene Moto conduct the first ever Voice of Youth program in Tonga. On June 28 Pastor John Lee married Hufanga and Lute in the Nuku'alofa church. From 1965 to 1967 he served as pastor of the Nuku'alofa church.

Missionary service on Niue Island, north east of Tongatapu, commenced in 1968 and continued until 1972 when he returned to Nuku'alofa and again served as the pastor of the church. During his time on Niue he was ordained to the gospel ministry in 1969. 1974 saw Hufanga serving as the youth director of the Tonga and Niue Mission. In 1975 he travelled to Vienna in Austria as an Australasian Division delegate to the General Conference Session held there.

Interestingly, he again returned to mission service on Niue Island from 1976 to 1979, but he once more returned to Nuku'alofa to work there in 1980. For the next six years he cared for the Hahake, Tokomolo and Ha'ateiho congregations on Tongatabu. Further overseas service occurred from 1987 until 1991 when Hufanga succeeded Pastorr Henry Moala as minister of the Tongan

church in Auckland, New Zealand. During this time he undertook a Bible Lands study tour.

Returning to his homeland in 1992, he served as Mission secretary for two years and as Beulah College church minister for a year. Two years followed as minister for the Malapo and Holonga churches.

From 1997 he was serving in Auckland, New Zealand again, caring for the Mizpah and Niuean churches, including the Fijian church in 2000. For the next two years he pastored the Niuean and Fijian churches. From 2003 until June 2004, Hufanga cared for the Kaikohe, Kaitaia and Kaeo churches.

Retirement for health reasons eventually lead him and his family to settle in Cooranbong, NSW.

Pastor Hufanga enjoyed visiting church members and helping them spiritually. He just travelled to where members were, such as to the Lakemba and Mt Druitt suburbs in Sydney, Orange, Brisbane, Mildura and Robinvale in Victoria, and even to Los Angeles in California. His life was a ministry for he kept on nurturing Tongan members right to the end of his life.

He possessed a winning smile, a gentle approach to all, an excellent knowledge of the Scriptures, and an unwavering determination to prepare people from all walks of life for the coming of Christ and entrance into His kingdom.

A loving wife and supportive family added much to the success of his ministry. It won't be long now Hufanga: we will look for you when Jesus calls! ■



SHIRLEY WALDEMAR BAKER, compassion at death!

Appointed a missionary to the Kingdom of Tonga by the Australian Wesleyan Missionary Committee, Baker, showing enthusiasm and enjoyment for the tasks ahead, arrived in Nuku'alofa by ship on 14 August 1860, and later took up permanent residence on the Island of Ha'apai. On visiting Nuku'alofa frequently to replenish his stock of

medical supplies, he came to the notice of King Tupou I who befriended him and eventually sought his counsel on Tongan affairs.

Before long the king visited Ha'apai as well, and on one occasion sought Baker's wisdom on a suitable design for the Tongan flag.

On returning from a two-year stay in Australia where he had been elected the Chairman of the Friendly Islands District, Tongan islands, Baker now reorganised financial giving by churches on a workable basis which provided increased funds to the church. The new plans meant Ha'apai alone gave 2,000 pounds in 1869. Baker had his critics, though. The next year saw a revival on Ha'apai which added a 1,000 new members to the church there. Baker now transferred to Nuku'alofa.

Before long Baker's popularity in Sydney began to wane. His arranging for the church to be independent was not well received by

missionaries or the church in Australia. Around 1874 Baker provided the king with a national anthem. One year later he also provided him with a new constitution..

With so much opposition brewing against Baker, he was recalled to Australia but chose to live in New Zealand for several months. Eventually King Tupou called him back and appointed him Prime Minister of Tonga.

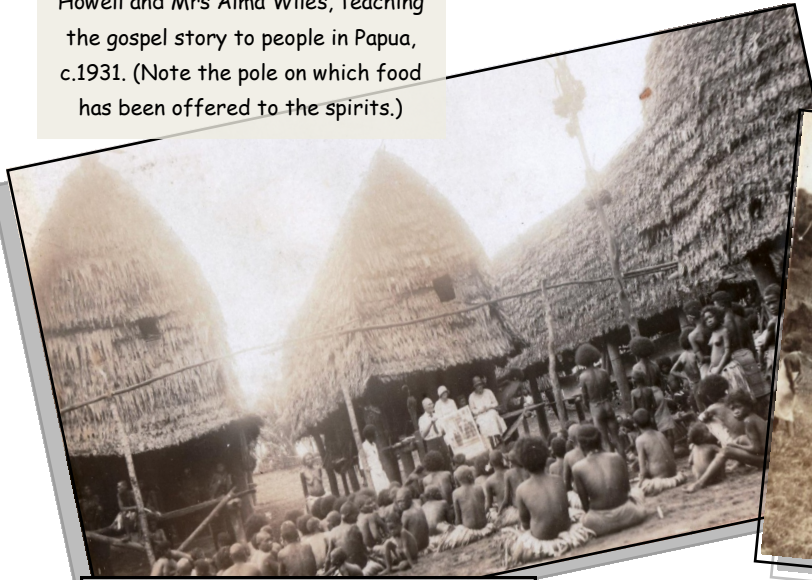
Baker, ever enthusiastic, now proclaimed in 1885, the establishment of the "Free Church of Tonga" and forced the Wesleyans to join. Two assassination attempts on Baker's life failed. Fed-up with all the unrest in the country, Sir John Thurston, High Commissioner for the Pacific, ordered Baker to leave Tonga by 17 July 1890. This he did on the *Wainui* bound for New Zealand.

Several years later, feeble and quiet, he returned, and on failing to become the leader of the Church of England, sailed home as it were, to his faithful congregation on Ha'apai.

On 16 November 1903, Shirley Baker died of a heart attack. But there was a final humiliation! His daughters asked representatives of the Church of England, the Free Church, the Wesleyan Church, and the Roman Catholic Church, but no one would bury him. Desperate to know what to do, the daughters approached a visitor in clerical garb who had just arrived on a boat, to bury him. He looked lovingly upon them and consented. Pastor Edwin Butz of the Seventh-day Adventist Mission in Tonga laid him to rest—a compassionate act under the circumstances. ■

Pioneer Days in the Pacific Islands

Below: Pastor William Lock, Mrs Gwen Howell and Mrs Alma Wiles, teaching the gospel story to people in Papua, c.1931. (Note the pole on which food has been offered to the spirits.)



Below: Pastor Charles Watson, Vice-President and Assoc. Treasurer, Gen.Conf., Pastor Ludwig Lemke, President Sth Aust Conf., and Ms Eva Edwards of the Wainbuka Central School, Navuso, at the time of the Nagia Bose in 1927.



Below—Fiji Mission Executive Committee, Suva Fiji, in 1933:

L-R rear: Tatu Mosese, George Masters, Tatu Timoce, Royce Lane, Walter Ferris, Setireki, Len Wilkinson, Arthur Dyason, Ratu Jope.

L-R sec row: Harry Steed, Septimus Carr, Edmund Rudge, Gordon Branster, William Litster.

L-R front: Senivelati, Jope L.



Above: Pastor Calvin Parker, supt. Fiji Mission, with John Kamea, teacher at Buresala Training School on Ovalau Is., Fiji in 1927. On the horse with John are Purves Litster and Marjory Branster.



Left: From heathenism to Adventist workers in the New Hebrides (Vanuatu) - a miraculous change indeed in the lives of these men.

1. Daniel—a cannibal and head hunter became a teacher at Tonmiel on Malonkula Island.
2. Harry—a cannibal who became Pastor William Smith's assistant at Malua Bay, Santo Island.
3. Joe—from drunkard to eventual leadership of the Ambrym Island Mission.
4. Amos—from a leader of heathen dancing to becoming a teacher at Big Bay on Santo Island.