

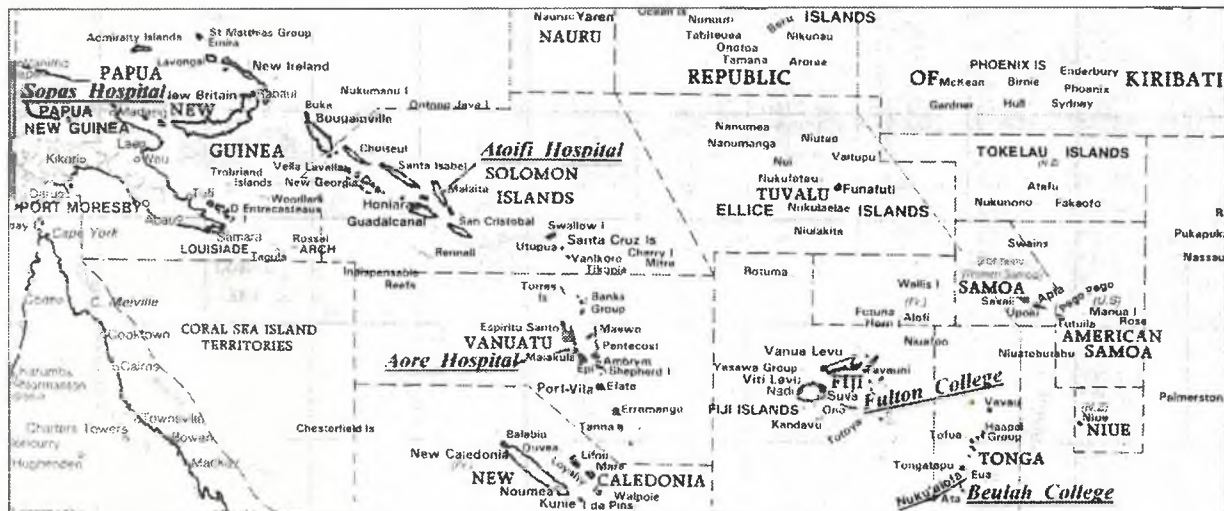
Journal of Pacific Adventist History

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The team which worked in Tonga in 1983. Back row from left: S Moorland, Mrs G Farag, Dr M C Barnard Jnr, Dr N Arbegast, D Sheehy, Dr Schmalhorst, Pastor J Lee. Middle row: Mrs J Yakovieff (Red Cross), Dr Jo-Ellen Barnard, Mrs Cleo Barnard, Dr Marion C Barnard, Dr S Farag, Mrs S Roberts, James Sheehy, Troy Moorland, Tuivanuavou Vaea (ADC). Front row: Miss S Moreland, Mrs M Penner, His Majesty King Taufa'ahau Tupou IV, Miss M Arbegast, Miss C Prosser, Miss A Farag, Miss T Moorland.



Journal of Pacific Adventist History

Also known as

Pacific Adventist Heritage

Statement of Mission

Journal of Pacific Adventist History serves historians, members and others interested in the mission of the Seventh-day Adventist Church in the South Pacific Islands. It focuses on people and events involved in the establishment and development of the church in preparation for the event of the ages—the Second Coming of Christ.

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Editorial

GLOBALISATION means we live in a world of expanded experiences, but of diminishing memories; a world of diversifying interests, but of shortening attention spans. How easy it is then, to forget that, as Pacific Islanders, we owe a fantastic debt to the missions and missionaries who brought good news to our ancestors, who established precedents in heroism, and who thereby changed our destinies forever. In many ways, Christian missionaries were the first agents of a positive globalisation. We are resolute in our gladness that they came when they did, bearing the gospel in their suitcases. While sacrificing much at home and, sometimes, their lives abroad, it was they who, by example, connected Pacific hearts and minds to the unimagined worlds of London, the United States, Europe and more particularly to the 'commonwealth of heaven' (as Paul put it).

Through the pages of this timely journal (JPAH), Pacific Islanders are able to reconstruct the 20th century missionary method and the ways in which the work of God progressed island-by-island, village-by-village, chief-by-chief. Without the histories, biographies and testimonies we find here, our knowledge and appreciation of the courageous work of missionaries and our own Island pioneers would be substantially poorer. We learn here of their plans and also of the serendipities that worked together for the ultimate good of all involved. We gain an inkling of the mission struggles against climate, disease, cultural traditions, and socio-political hierarchies—struggles that were won in the end, by faith, hope and charity (and with Paul we confess that the greatest of these was love).

The stories that unfold across these pages demand a localized response. It would be sad if the lessons that the past can teach were to be lost in the current globalised, post-modern maze that confronts both the church and contemporary Pacific Islanders. It is absolutely essential therefore that we keep faith with our past, and make certain that we go back, and back again, and again, to the documents that connect us with our heritage. We must never cease striving to supply each new Pacific generation with the incentive and means for knowing what ideas affected our ancestors in order to better know who we are, why we are, and what is at stake as the world moves inexorably to a climactic dissolution. I thank every contributor and acknowledge the editorial staff of JPAH for doing their part in this regard.

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Pitcairn—Polynesia



The Advent Herald—Melanesia



Fetu-Ao—Kiribati & Tuvalu



*The Veilomani—Papua New Guinea.
The boats which carried the early missionaries*

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1915- 15.6.2001

SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND MISSIONS CAPTIVATE THE BARNARDS

**Dr Jo-Ellen
Barnard Walton**



Jo-Ellen Barnard graduated from Southwestern Adventist Academy in Keene, Texas in 1958; from La Sierra College with a B.A. major in Speech in 1962; and from Loma Linda University with an MD in 1966. She commenced work as an intern at Riverside General Hospital near Los Angeles in 1967, and completed her residency at the White Memorial Hospital in Los Angeles in 1972.

On 19 December 1971 she married Lewis Richard Walton at Bakersfield California. In 1973 she commenced private surgical practice in Bakersfield, and continued in this work until she retired in 2000.

She was certified by the American Board of Surgery; is a member of the California Medical Assn, the American Medical Assn. She has been named as an outstanding young woman of America; listed among "Who's Who" in California, and is an alumnus of the year of her college in Keene. Jo-Ellen is one of the charter members that founded community health education in Bakersfield, and has served in a variety of positions in her local church. Also, she is a board member of Adventist Heritage Ministry.

Their son, Richard, was born on 19 May 1981 and has made law his profession. Lewis also practices law and is a noted author of books on historical/religious themes and their impact on the Adventist Church.

Jo-Ellen retains precious memories of her visits to the Pacific Islands.

IT ALL BEGAN IN 1964. Dr. Marion Barnard of Bakersfield, California, was completing his Master of Public Health in Nutrition at Loma Linda University when he was approached by officials from the school of health about his willingness to join a team doing evaluation of the Sopas Hospital in the highlands of New Guinea and said that if he would agree to go, this would take the place of his master's thesis. It didn't take him long to decide.

Dr. Roy Yeatts, a distant relative of Dr. Barnard, and superintendent of Sopas Hospital, greeted the party on arrival and asked how the "driver boy" had done on the treacherous trip by Land Rover from Mt. Hagen. A hesitating "Well, OK," was the reply, as they recalled slippery roads and near-misses of sharp turns and bridges. "Good," said Dr. Yeatts. "I taught him to drive yesterday so he could pick you up and I was wondering how it went." The shocked party was speechless and sent up extra prayers of thanks for a safe arrival.

While evaluating the nutritional habits of the highlanders, Dr. Barnard was deeply impressed by the medical and surgical challenges facing Dr. Yeatts: "Pig Bel," an intestinal obstruction caused by massive infection and swelling of the bowel wall, particularly prevalent after local feasts when the people had eaten rotten pig meat which was kept under water to help control the unbearable odor; penetrating arrow wounds; stone axe injuries; trauma from cassowary bird¹ encounters; far advanced tumors and other diseases, presented a medical challenge that would have left professors at the most sophisticated medical centers scratching their heads. All were being managed by Dr.

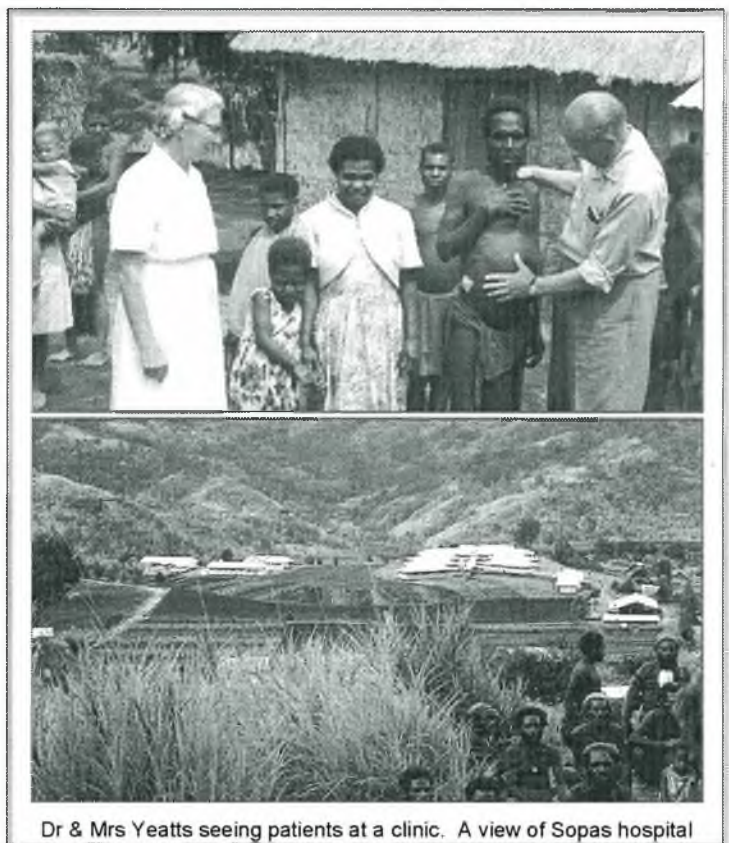
Yeatts at the little Adventist mission hospital in the remote highlands of New Guinea.

The first elections held in New Guinea coincided with the team's visit and they were intrigued watching the election process as the voters pointed to the pictures of the candidates of their choice. No problems there with hanging chads or the supposed inadequacies of the punch-card ballot as experienced some time ago in the United States!

The rugged beauty of the country, the primitive culture of the people, the direct simplicity and descriptiveness of Pidgin English, and the many needs and challenges of the territory left a lasting impression on Dr. Barnard's mind. More than that they captured his heart, and resulted in an open cheque book for the needs of the islands, a commitment that never left him to his dying day.

The Group Enlarges

After returning home, my parents (Dr Marion and Cleo Barnard), were so



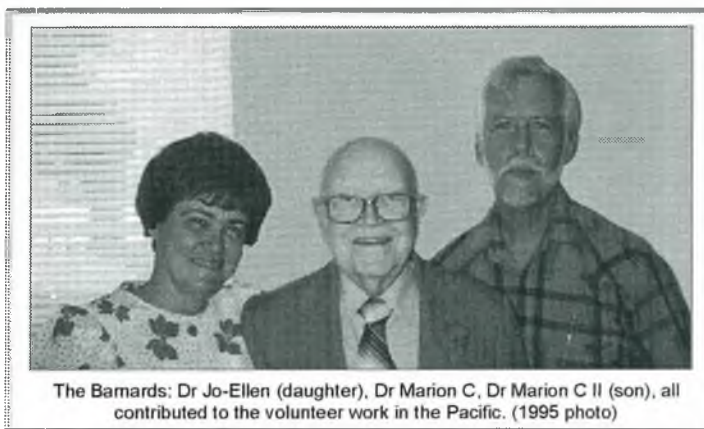
Dr & Mrs Yeatts seeing patients at a clinic. A view of Sopas hospital

enthusiastic about New Guinea that my classmate, Gladys Beddoe and I (medical students at Loma Linda University), decided to take our senior elective quarter with my father at the Sopas Hospital. It was 1966.

The Sabbath before our departure, Dr. and Mrs. Wesley Kizziar invited them for Sabbath dinner. The enthusiasm that dominated the conversation was so contagious the Kizziars decided to join the group. It was now Sabbath afternoon. We were leaving in about four days. Somehow the Kizziars managed to get passports, all necessary visas (we went by way of the Orient), as well as multiple inoculations in that short space of time. They were on time for the flight, albeit a little worse for wear, sporting several tender areas after enduring so many shots so close together – all of which prove that it doesn't take long to get ready for a mission trip when one really wants to go.

Dr. Kizziar, a radiologist, and his wife Veretta, a teacher and artist, were a part of most future trips to the South Pacific. Dr. Kizziar subsequently acquired a small portable X-ray machine no larger than a small square briefcase. It was put to good use on these trips and took remarkably good X-rays. Dr. Kizziar also put his musical talent to good use by tuning the missionaries' piano, much to their great delight – and, in some cases, great relief! Veretta and Cleo, both teachers, enjoyed visiting many schools and seeing the excellent education the pupils were receiving from missionary teachers. Both ladies were excellent cooks and experimented with different ways kau-kau (a native root) could be fixed. We were quite surprised one evening, on returning home after a long day of surgery, to find kau-kau soup, kau-kau bread, kau-kau roast, kau-kau cookies. Some of these dishes were definitely better than others.

Gladys and I got wonderful experience in a wide variety of medical disciplines under the expert tutelage of Dr. Barnard. A year later when Gladys was being interviewed for an ENT² residency at the University of Nebraska, she was telling them about all the exciting things she had seen in New Guinea. The professors were impressed by the number of thyroidectomies³ in which she had participated, and said she had probably done more than any of them. Thus she was able to put in a good word for Adventist



The Barnards: Dr Jo-Ellen (daughter), Dr Marion C, Dr Marion C II (son), all contributed to the volunteer work in the Pacific. (1995 photo)

missions, and Gladys was eventually appointed dean of postgraduate medical education for the University of Nebraska. The highlight of their New Guinea clinical experience came the day a group from a local village carried a fellow villager in on a stretcher, paralyzed on one side. The history went something like this:

“This fella man he in big fella fight. Arrow, he stop along inside head belong him. This fella man, he fall down. No can walk. You helpim him.”

Further inquiry revealed the injury had occurred several months before and the length of the arrow tip inside the skull was demonstrated to be about as long as a man's index finger. We explained we could attempt to extract the arrow fragment, but there was no guarantee the man would ever walk again. All were anxious to retrieve the arrow tip. (We later learned that this was crucial for “pay back” to the other village they held accountable for the incident).

After searching through the meager assortment of ancient instruments, probably donated to missions after they became obsolete at home or would no longer work, we selected some we thought could be made to do the job. We were told the village must have an observer present in the operating room, no doubt as a witness that the arrow tip came out of the patient's brain. Imagine our surprise when the observer entered the operating room covered with pig grease, dirty tanger leaves suspended from a bark string around his waist, wearing a clean patient gown over the lot! The gown was tied at the back, so when he bent over, the gown fell to both sides, revealing the bunch of tanger leaves covering his posterior. We made sure he understood he was not to touch anything!

It seemed the whole village was at the hospital. A buzz of excited anticipation was in the air. As the operation progressed we encountered the blunt broken end of the wooden arrow tip embedded in the brain. Splinters of wood were retrieved as we attempted to extract the arrow. As each splinter came out we heard excited talking at the louvered and obscured window of the operating room. The observer standing between the patient and the window (where we could see heads covering the entire window area) was evidently giving a blow-by-blow description of the entire procedure to those on the other side of the window. From there the coconut wireless took over as we heard the message relayed by shouts that grew fainter and fainter over the distant hills. At last the entire arrow tip gave way to our persistent efforts, and there it was, exactly as described, almost exactly the length of a man's index finger! Behind it came a gush of cerebrospinal fluid like a geyser. Dr. Barnard quickly inserted his index finger into



The observer in the operating room—note the leaves protruding from the back.



A group in PNG. L to R: Dr & Mrs Robert Wood, Mr & Mrs D E Loveridge, Dr Marion & Cleo Barnard, Dr Farag.

the hole where the arrow had been; the pressure finally equalized, and we were able to close.

The loud, excited talking continued outside, while inside the operating room the village observer was insistent that he should have the arrow tip. We, of course, wanted to keep it to show the neurosurgeon and our medical colleagues at home – as well as to display during mission talks – and the village was finally happy to settle for a tracing around the arrow tip. This artifact has been displayed on many occasions for mission stories, and was on display again along with its story at the large South Pacific missions exhibit at the reception following Dr. Barnard's funeral.⁴

It remains one of my most prized possessions.

On our visit to the Sopas Hospital the following year we were asked if we would like to go to the patient's village and see him. Rumor had it he was walking with a crutch, and no longer needed to be carried on a stretcher. We jumped into the back of the hospital truck and enjoyed a beautiful ride to the village, where we were told the patient had gone "up the hill" but "would be coming." After a long wait, he finally appeared, walking with a crutch under his own power and wearing a broad smile. How could one ask for any better payment?

Dr. Barnard was so thrilled with his experiences he shared them with everyone. Soon doctors and nurses not of the Adventist faith were asking if there was any chance they could accompany him on a future trip and help out in their specialties. This led to taking a team of an anesthesiologist, scrub nurses, and radiologist on yearly South Pacific trips to hospitals at Sopas, Atoifi on Malaita Island in the Solomons, and Aore near Santo in the northern group of islands in Vanuatu, to do elective surgeries⁵ (and emergency procedures when they arose) beyond the ability of the hospital doctors. This also gave enough surgical cases to maintain accreditation of the nurses' training program at Sopas.

"A Walking Blood Bank"

Another team, including a pathologist, heart surgeon, and gastroenterologist, all of them not Adventists, accompanied us on a trip to the Kingdom of Tonga to help set

up a "walking blood bank." Teams went to all the villages, to type the blood of all villagers, over eight thousand of them; each person was then given a card with his or her name and blood type, so that in event of an emergency, blood could quickly be donated in the right type and amount. A central record of the names, villages, and blood types was also kept at the government hospital and Adventist mission, so this vital information would have redundant safekeeping. This prepared the way for an open heart team from Sydney Adventist Hospital to come to Tonga to do open heart surgery.⁶

Also around one thousand samples of blood were sent to the United States to ascertain what health problems were endemic in the country—vital information for the local government Health Department.⁷

A highlight for each team member was the arrival, about noon everyday, of Melva Lee and Cleo Barnard with cool drinks, since there were no air conditioned clinics to work out of – only a small card table set up in the shade of a tree. They also brought a great assortment of sandwiches they had spent the morning preparing for everyone. Each day they made the rounds of all the villages where the teams were working.

The team from USA was invited to the palace for an audience with the King of Tonga, Taufa'ahau Tupou IV. He expressed great appreciation for the work of the Adventist mission and the contribution Adventists were making to the island kingdom.

Our non-Adventist colleagues came in especially handy at meal times. One night our host, Oscar, invited us to be his guests at an evening cave dinner and program. As the umu⁸ was opened, he proudly announced to all the assembled guests that he had fixed goat for the Adventists instead of pig, and ordered them to leave the goat for the Adventists! We quietly asked our colleagues to eat all the goat they could hold. We didn't want to appear ungrateful for our host's good intentions. Another potential problem was solved when we arrived at a dinner prepared by the

king's staff, and found a huge platter with suckling pig as the center piece. There was great relief when the Methodist pastor was asked to say the blessing instead of John Lee, the Adventist mission president.

Several nurses accompanied Dr Barnard on a public health trip to Fulton College in Fiji, and to Beulah College in Tonga, to check the students for parasite infestation (hookworm or whipworm), treat the parasites (drug companies donated the medicines), and educate the students in the life cycle of parasites so reinfestation could be avoided. All these volunteers considered it an honor to pay

their own way and donate their time; many have said it was the highlight of their lives.⁹

In Tonga the team, who had been accompanied by Dr Farag of the Australasian Division, had a very cordial relationship with Dr S Tapa, the chief medical officer of the kingdom. At a concert put on by Beulah College, they were publicly thanked for their contribution to the health of the people.

Dr. Marion Barnard's brother, Dr. James Barnard, had



Dr Jo-Ellen with the arrow tip.

all the hospitals save any extra supplies for missions. Companies also donated at his request. Nurses who went on the trips told their friends and they all saved everything possible for Dr. James to package and send to our mission hospitals around the world.

When missionaries he had met on these trips had special financial needs, Dr Barnard was always ready to help. A few such projects included a bulldozer to build airstrips in the Solomon Islands, salaries for national workers, tuition for students, tents for evangelism, funds to build churches and schools, Bibles, Spirit of Prophecy books, and personal items unavailable to isolated missionaries. He even gave long distance medical advice and arranged for an Indian lady in Fiji to come to Bakersfield for open heart surgery. All hospital and medical services were donated. As he said, "I like to water the dry spots."

On Our Way Home

As we were walking down the hill from Atoifi hospital



The tumour

to the airstrip to start our journey home, we were met by a lady with a huge tumor of her upper jaw, protruding through her mouth. Obviously, eating was next to impossible. We examined her and promised to come back and remove the tumor. As the time for our return drew near, Dr. Barnard advised bringing her into the hospital for transfusions and tube feedings to ready her for surgery. Ian Cameron faithfully prepared her tube feedings in the blender at his house, and she began to improve. Finally Len Larwood revealed that she was in shape for the operation. We bought our tickets and headed for Atoifi.

Even in the best of circumstances, this was a challenging case. An unforeseen complication brought the procedure to a grinding halt midway through the operation: the ancient electrocautery machine had quit, and we were left holding pressure on tissues to control the bleeding. But, missionary *par excellence*, Len Larwood was able to get the machine working again, and the case concluded successfully. His wife, Betty, did an excellent job of anesthesia.

The next morning the lady's husband, a local Adventist pastor, presented Dr. Barnard with a beautifully carved bird as a token of appreciation — prompting Dr. Barnard to remark that this was "the only surgical fee I've not had to pay taxes on."

On our next visit to Atoifi we were asked if we would like to see the lady; of course we were eager to see the long-term results, and we traveled by canoe across the bay to find her

out helping her husband with his ministry. (Before the surgery, she wouldn't leave her home because of embarrassment over her appearance). Later, Dr. Doug Easthope from Australia kindly fitted her with dentures, and now she looks happy and normal. While visiting Australia I had the happy opportunity to meet Dr. Easthope and learned that we "shared" this patient. What a joy to belong to the family of God!¹⁰



Dr Joeli Taoui, a Fijian expatriate in Vanuatu.

Dr Joeli Taoui

A final experience deserves mention. We were at Aore hospital (in Vanuatu) many years ago with Dr Joeli Taoui, a saintly missionary doctor whom it has been a privilege to know. Whenever our team visited, his family moved out of their house so we would have a comfortable place to stay, and on one such visit we went to the outer islands to hold clinics. After collecting several patients who needed surgery back at the hospital, we had them on the mission boat with us.

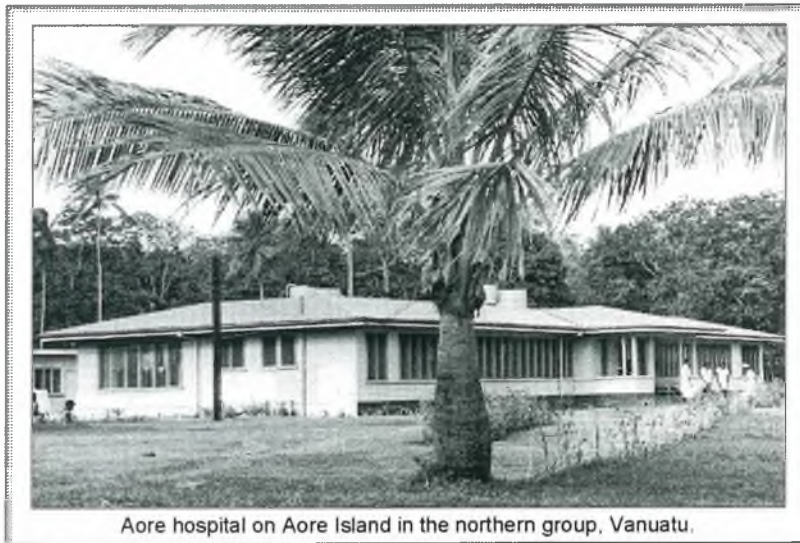
Next morning my mother said she thought she might have appendicitis, and our examination proved that she did indeed. At the time we were far from the hospital on a slow launch that would take hours to return. (When Dr. Barnard returned home, one of his first acts was to send Dr. Joeli money for a faster boat).

By radio, the hospital was told we were returning with an emergency appendectomy patient, and I will never forget the feeling in the pit of my stomach when we arrived at the Aore dock and saw the lights ablaze in the newly-constructed operating room window high above us on the hill. My mother was taken up the pathway to the hospital, and we helped her onto the operating table.

Our only option was a spinal anesthesia and we knew



Mrs V & Dr J Kizziar, Miss Dorothy Touchstone, Cleo, Dr Marion, Dr Jo-Ellen Barnard, Mrs Grace Farag, Mrs & Dr Paul Gaver in Vanuatu.



Aore hospital on Aore Island in the northern group, Vanuatu.

how scarce supplies can be in the mission field. We also knew that disposable surgical supplies often, of necessity, have to be reused, and the dreaded possibility of meningitis crossed our minds at almost the same moment as my father and I exchanged concerned glances. As if reading our minds, Dr. Joeli said reassuringly, "No need to worry. This needle just arrived last week in a package from your brother." My eyes welled up with tears as I recalled the text, "Cast your bread upon the waters, for after many days it shall return to you."

But all instruments in the mission field are not new and fresh. As my father made the incision he barely went through the skin; normally, he always goes clear down to the muscle. I thought, "*Daddy has lost his nerve, because the patient is mother.*" He must have known what I was thinking, because he handed me the knife and said, "Why don't you go through the muscles." When I tried to, the knife hardly seemed to make a scratch – it was as dull as that.

Fortunately, her appendix had not yet ruptured (although it came close). Dr. Joeli gave her his best World War II vintage bed by a window with a beautiful view of the palm-fringed bay. She would never have had a view like that at home.

Our host, Dr. Joeli, himself needed to have some surgery done, and had been waiting for us to come. On arrival we had tried our best to get him to let us do him right away, so we'd have time to give him post-op care. True to his unselfish nature, he declined, saying there were many patients needing surgery, and we could do him at the end, if we had time. Finally, after my mother's surgery was done, he said we could do his surgery. He asked us what we wanted to give him for pre-op medications. "Pethidine," we replied, and he hung his head, then shuffled his feet. Finally he admitted to us, in a soft voice one could hardly hear, "There is no more pethidine. I gave the last to your wife this morning." I could not hold the tears back as I realized that this Godly missionary had given to someone else the last available pain medicine, knowing he himself would have to go without it.

How much richer our lives have been for all the wonderful experiences we've had in the South Pacific. How exciting heaven will be to see again all our friends from around the world who heard the same call and answered.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

"But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Matt 6:19-21.¹¹

Editor's Note

The contribution of the Barnard teams did not go unnoticed. On 26 May 1976, the Executive Committee of the Australasian Division expressed its gratitude saying: "that we express to Dr and Mrs Barnard from the USA, our sincere appreciation for their interest in our mission field programme as evidenced by their many visits to the Western Pacific Union Mission in voluntary service and financial contribution."¹²

References:

- ¹ A large bird somewhat like an ostrich.
- ² "ENT" means ear, nose & throat; often a department in a hospital. Also an otolaryngologist, one who specializes in problems relating to the above physical organs of the body.
- ³ A "thyroidectomy" is a surgical procedure which cuts out the whole or part of the thyroid gland in the throat.
- ⁴ Dr Marion Barnard was buried on 24 January 2001 in Greenlawn Cemetary on Panorama Drive in Bakersfield, his home town. Many civic leaders were present and letters were read from political figures including the Governor of California and the Chairman of the Ways And Means Committee of the United States Congress.
- ⁵ "Elective surgery" is surgery selected by the patient or person concerned, not usually urgent or for a life threatening condition. Dr Barnard's son, Dr Marion Barnard II, also went to Sopas c 1967. He and Sami Srour, an orthopedic surgeon, helped with these cases.
- ⁶ The team visited Tonga to set up the "walking blood bank" for two weeks in August 1983. The Sydney Adventist Heart team went to Tonga in February 1986. The group of 37 volunteers, comprising medical, nursing and technical personnel, were members of the "Operation Open Heart for Tonga" team which successfully completed 15 heart operations.
- ⁷ Report in a letter from John Lee, president of Tonga & Niue Mission.
- ⁸ Traditionally an *umu* is a stone oven. It consists of a shallow pit lined with stones on which a fire is lit and later cleared away. The food is then placed upon the hot stones and covered with leaves.
- ⁹ Far from feeling that it was a "sacrifice" to do this mission service, they considered it a wonderful privilege.
- ¹⁰ See Doug Easthope's story in JPAH Vol 3 #2.
- ¹¹ The surgical team at this time consisted of Drs Marion Barnard, Wesley Kizziar, Jo-Ellen Barnard, Paul Gaver; surgical nurses Dorothy Touchstone and Mrs Gaver. Mrs Cleo Barnard and Mrs Veretta Kizziar supported them. In a report published in the *Australasian Record* of 27.1.69, Dean Giles, president of the New Hebrides Mission writes, "Thirty major operations ... were performed in a few days by the Adventist team from Bakersfield, California ... Scores of patients with a large variety of illnesses had foregathered at Aore... Consultation began as soon as the team arrived in from Noumea and the last operation was completed before the departure of the mission ship *Pacificque* on the final day." Dr Barnard left behind a considerable amount of equipment for Dr Joeli. A large amount of goodwill remained and the mission was profoundly grateful.
- ¹² Minutes of Fifteenth Meeting of the Australasian Division Executive Committee Wairoonga, May 26, 1976, p 177. ❁



FORWARD THINKING & PRACTICAL PLANS

—establishing training schools in Papua and in the Mandated Territory of New Guinea in the 1930's (Part 8)

Alfred G Chapman



See CV in Vol 3 #1

Synopsis: Following expansion of mission activities in Papua, at Belepa and at Korela, an additional site was obtained at Aroma in 1929. When new schools were established in these areas, it meant that there was an urgent need for a training school to prepare Papuan teachers for all the schools now operating in the territory. A similar need also existed in the Mandated Territory. At the end of 1930 there were 5 expatriate families in Papua and one in Bougainville. From this time on, Adventist mission work began to gather momentum and

make significant progress.

A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR PAPUA

Mirigeda Selected

THE NEW HEADQUARTERS and the training school were located on Bootless Inlet not far from Tupuseleia and became known as Mirigeda Mission from the Motuan *Miri* —sand, and *geda* —mat, referring to the fine sand which is found there on which the people of the village sat when they first came down to the coast.¹ Earlier attempts to obtain land in the area had been unsuccessful though Mea, a Tupuseleia (or Tubusereia) student at Bisitabu, had invited the Mission to obtain land from him and establish a school there.

Difficulty in Leasing Land

Once more the Comity Agreement hindered in the development of a Seventh-day Adventist mission station.² In the meantime, some freehold land at Vari Vara Creek held by Doctor Simpson was being acquired by the Mission. This would be the nucleus of a new station. However, in addition to this piece of land which it was proposed to purchase and use for mission purposes, Pastor Lock privately applied for the lease of two hundred acres of nearby land. He stated in connection with this application that it was planned to use the ten acres of freehold for the mission but that the two hundred acres would be for his house, for grazing for his cattle and for gardening purposes. The two hundred acres contained a hill which rose to an elevation of about 130 feet, making it a much more pleas-

ant location for a house than the lowland country nearby. In connection with this application it was stated by the Lieutenant Governor that it was probable that this land would be used to assist the mission programme and would thus serve to break down the "Spheres of Influence".³ The London Missionary Society commented in general terms on this possibility when the Secretary of the Papuan District Committee wrote:

The refusal to grant land to the second body or Mission might prove inadequate, to prevent breach of the peace for the simple reason that land can be procured privately and lent for religious use. Whether any Mission would utilise such a course, I do not know. We would not, and perhaps others would not, as a means of getting into already occupied territory.⁴

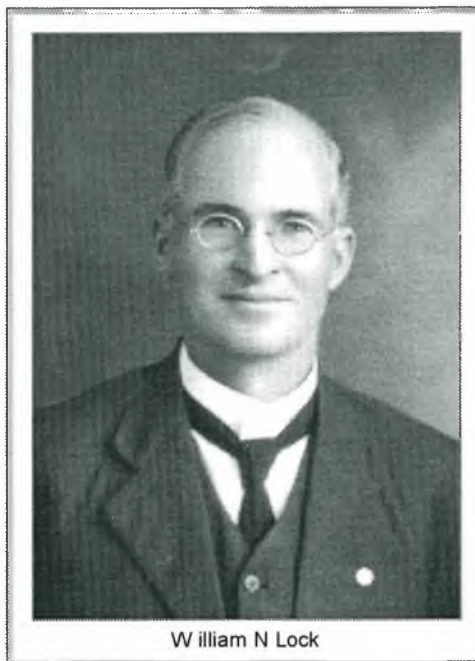
The Lieutenant-Governor advised the Prime Minister that the application be granted.⁵ Reference was made to the provisions of *Section 16* of the *Commonwealth Constitution Act* as a reason for not extending the policy of the Spheres of Influence. This letter was minuted by several hands one of which wrote, "Approved CWCM 17/3/32". However, the "approved" was struck through with three parallel lines. The Lieutenant-Governor advised then that:

before this application be granted, the advice be sought of the Anglican and Methodist Missions, and of the London Missionary Society, and of the Roman Catholic Mission.

The Lieutenant-Governor considered that the granting of this lease, as he advised, would in all probability lead to the end of the Spheres of Influence policy, "to which the Papuan Government has, for at least the last twenty-five years, been opposed".⁶

The Comity Agreement Stifles Development

An effort by the Roman Catholic Mission to start mission work in the Kabadi District came at about this time and led to correspondence between the Administration and the London Missionary Society. In this we see more clearly than in the correspondence dealing with the Seventh-day Adventist Mission a description of the way in which pressures were being applied on the one



William N Lock

hand to uphold and, on the other hand, to modify or abolish the Spheres of Influence policy.⁷ We have the acting Resident Magistrate at Kairuku deploring the possibility of the breakdown of the Spheres of Influence which would result in the Roman Catholic Mission beginning work in villages where the London Missionary Society had established work. He feared that this would result in friction and ill-feeling which could readily degenerate into active hostility. This letter also mentioned an incident in which a representative of the Roman Catholic Mission and of the London Missionary Society had been in court on a charge of assault. The fact that the two missionaries had been unable to work in harmony in the one village was used as an argument in favour of continuing the restrictive policy of the Spheres of Influence. The Secretary of the Papuan District Committee of the London Missionary Society made some personal suggestions as to means by which the Government could maintain the Spheres of Influence which, as has been noted, was being eroded by the ability of the newer missions to obtain freehold land or to take over improved leases, or to make use of native facilities provided by the locals on native land. To limit these ways of circumventing the Comity Agreement, it was suggested that the Government could decline to register mission schools which were rivals of the schools of another mission. It could also forbid the operation of day schools which competed with established schools, authorising Magistrates to make the necessary decisions.⁸

The Importance of Schools to Missions and People

This was the pressure to maintain the policy. Note how it was at this stage directed not at the preaching of the mission but at the operation of schools. Thus closely was evangelistic activity at this stage linked with educational activity. The people were wanting schools, the Government was not providing schools, many areas had insufficient schools, though some might be established. The missions preached the gospel and taught schools. In the minds of the missionaries the preaching was the important point, the schools a means to an end. To a large extent the Papuan people were beginning to look on the schools as the more valuable part of the mission program.

Papuan Administration Attitude to Comity Agreement

The attitude of the Administration towards the Spheres of Influence was expressed by the Lieutenant-Governor in a memo to the Government Secretary.⁹

The great difficulty that I have always felt in the matter is that I cannot think it right that the Papuan Government should be called upon to decide what particular form of Christianity should be taught in any particular district.

The Lieutenant-Governor and the Executive Council of Papua were in favour of granting the present lease application and weakening, or ending, the Spheres of Influence policy.¹⁰ This view is expressed on numerous occasions when applications were considered.¹¹ The Lieutenant-Governor considered that the granting of the application by Pastor Lock for land would probably bring the Spheres of Influence policy to an end.¹² He advised therefore, that the views of the mission bodies operating in Papua should be sought as:

it has been practically promised to the Anglicans, the Methodists and the London Missionary Society that the policy of Spheres of Influence will not be abandoned without hearing what they have to say on the matter.

General concern on the part of Seventh-day Adventists over the difficulty experienced in obtaining land in Papua found expression in the resolution that A H Piper and A W Anderson visit Canberra to discuss this matter with the authorities, though it is not clear whether the visit took place and if it did what effect it had on the mission activities or government policy.¹³ It is possible that had the Seventh-day Adventists been willing to make an issue of the matter, they would have been far more successful in their applications. This is suggested by the statements made by the Lieutenant-Governor on more than one occasion to the effect that he did not see how the Spheres of Influence policy could be maintained in the face of a serious or determined challenge.¹⁴

Use of Mirigeda Land

In connection with this lease application it seems that although the lease was first applied for by Pastor Lock on a personal basis, it was treated as a mission application. So it is said above, that granting of the application would probably mean the abandonment of the Spheres of Influence policy. So the Lieutenant-Governor writes of "previous correspondence on the grant of a lease of land near Tupuseleia to the Seventh-day Adventist Mission."¹⁵

The correspondence reveals an enquiry by the Papuan Government as to the use being made of the land, and a statement by Pastor Lock detailing the work done in preparing the land for planting and of the crops planted.¹⁶ These included by late October 1932, manioke, pineapples and bananas. It was planned to plant also, beans, peas, corn, rape, sweet potato, pumpkins, melons, tomatoes and chinese cabbage. Fruit trees were *en route* from Australia, an order had been placed for lucerne seed, and consideration was being given to the obtaining rice seed to try on the swamp land. This activity created a very favourable response on the part of Lieutenant-Governor.¹⁷ His letter of November 7, 1932, to the Prime Minister speaks of the good use the Mission is making of the land, emphasises the importance of agriculture and concludes: "we are therefore particularly gratified in this action taken by Mr Lock."

Lieutenant-Governor Visits Mirigeda

In view of the fact that the first group of workers went to the site from Port Moresby on September 28, 1932, it is clear that there was considerable activity. Not long after the correspondence noted above the Lieutenant-Governor and his party made a visit to the station.¹⁸ As this was reported in a letter from Pastor Lock to the Australasian Union Conference, printed in the *Missionary Leader* for January 1933, it must have taken place in November or early December. This visit indicates both the keen interest of the Lieutenant-Governor in the venture at Mirigeda, and the cordial relationship that existed at this time between the Papuan Government and the Seventh-day Adventist Mission. A concrete expression of the Government's desire to assist the educational work of the Mission was the handing over by the Government to the Mission, of all the equipment which the Government had

earlier provided for the school for white children at the Bootless [New Guinea] Copper Mines, which enterprise had closed down.

Papuan Administration Support

In passing, it should be noted that this was not the first instance of the Papuan Government making a gift towards the Mission's program. The Australasian Union Conference Executive Committee minutes reveal that the Papuan Government had made a gift of £50 and it was decided to apply this to purchase equipment for the four main mission stations at Vilirupu, Vailala, Aroma and Bisiatabu.¹⁹ Just to indicate the value of £50 in those far off days, we note that the school expenses budgeted for in 1931 were: Bisiatabu, £18 10 0; Vilirupu, £27 15 0; Vailala, £13 17 6; Lailaura, £9 5 0; a total of £69 7 6.²⁰ It can be seen that the equipment handed over to the Mirigeda Mission from the old school at Bootless, would give a considerable help to the Mission.

Mirigeda Training School

The action taken to establish at Bisiatabu a training school for the Papuan area was not long in force.²¹ The new site at Mirigeda was so much more advantageous that formal action was taken to make this the site of the training school under the leadership of C J Howell.²² In 1933, it was allocated £250-16 0, and in 1934, £279-2-0, so that it soon began to absorb its share of the budget.²³ Buildings were to go on the little hill which rose about 130 feet above the creek and plain giving a fine view of the country and the ocean about one and a half miles away. North of the hill lay about one hundred acres of flat, fertile soil where the gardens were being planted, westward was a lagoon from which water was pumped to supply the station.²⁴

The pioneer party included Meanou also known as Mea, and three Papuan young men. They were soon joined by others who planned to go to the school and on November 26, there were present at Sabbath School, fourteen mission people and thirty-four visitors from the village. By this time a house had been finished for the young men and a house for Mea who was the teacher. Mea had been the one to direct attention to this location as a suitable site for a mission station and had been one of the earliest Motuan speaking people to go to the Bisiatabu School. Now he was taking a leading part in the establishment of the Mirigeda school. He was from the nearby village of Tupusileia, and in fact, he was an owner of the land that had now become the mission site. For a period of six years since he had first come to the mission at Bisiatabu to seek to arrange for the establishment of a Seventh-day Adventist Mission station for his people on his land, he had maintained this purpose and now not only was the station established but he him-



The Diari

self, was able to take a leading part in presenting the mission message to his people.²⁵

Mirigeda School Opened

When the pioneer work was done, with houses and other buildings ready and gardens planted, Cecil J Howell and his wife moved from Bisiatabu where they had been in charge of the school, to Mirigeda which was to be the new training

school. On August 21, 1933, they met with the twenty-one students for the first time in the classroom at Mirigeda.²⁶ Thus began the schoolwork which was to continue there until the war came in 1942 to force closure of the school and destruction of the buildings. The students were people from the areas where the Seventh-day Adventists had already been established. The Mission Vessel *Diari* had made a trip of approximately two hundred miles to the west to bring in the senior students from Vailala, and another trip to the Vilirupu area about one hundred miles to the east to bring in those from Korela and Aroma who were ready to go to the training school. It is interesting to note even in this first group of students girls are reported.²⁷ It has not always been possible to attract girls to the schools and generally, where there have been girls, there have been far fewer girls than boys. However, it has been an aim and endeavour of Seventh-day Adventist Missions to provide education for both and this has been done wherever the people have allowed their girls to come to school.

The first academic year at Mirigeda was short, having begun late in August, but when the students went home for vacation it was with the desire to return in the new year. In 1934, the enrolment rose to thirty-two. As many of the students were married men and their families came with them to live on the mission, there were about fifty people to be housed and fed besides the staff.

The school principal was still C J Howell, and he was assisted at this time by a Rarotongan, Solomona from the Cook Islands, who continued to work in Papua until his death. Mrs Alma Wiles was also connected with the school at this time. A trained nurse, she had, with her husband, been a missionary on Malekula, New Hebrides. He died there

of fever and Mrs Wiles later came to Papua to establish maternal and infant welfare work centred on Aroma. For some time she was at Mirigeda particularly to care for a dispensary and clinics, and to teach the students how to relieve suffering by use of simple treatments so that they would be able to give help to the sick where they might be located. On the same station the Superintendent of the Papuan Mission also lived. This was W N Lock. C J Howell was at this time, also the Secretary of the Mission. The MV *Diari* was kept at an anchorage on the coast about one and a half miles or two miles away.

It is interesting to note that even in this first group of students, girls are reported.

Travel — Mirigeda to Port Moresby

Communication with Port Moresby was by boat or by truck. By boat, it was necessary to get down to the wharf, onto the boat and around the bluff headland called Taurama, or Pyramid Point, which faced a break in the reef. The waters there were generally troubled, characterised by confused currents and swells and though the trip was short, it could often be unpleasant. When travelling by truck the nature of the journey varied with the weather. The route lay from the station to the railway, now abandoned, constructed by the copper mining company to bring its ore from the mountains to the coast. After following the line for about three miles the road branched away through the bush, across the flats, creeks and hills to Sapphire Creek, about seventeen miles from Port Moresby where it joined the main road from the town to Bisiatabu and Sogeri. Travel by road could be rough and was uncertain, subject to bogs and flooded creeks, but if one chose to go to town by truck, at least one was spared the trans-shipment of goods at each end and one had the convenience of the truck in town. Journeys were undertaken more from necessity than for pleasure but on the other hand, the station at Mirigeda could not be considered isolated.

Financial Provision for Mirigeda

We have noted earlier that finance for the support of the mission came from several sources — the direct offerings of church members, the donations of the public at the annual *Appeal for Missions* campaign, and now we find a third source of support. Year by year the Signs Publishing Company published a set of books, generally consisting of a volume of *Uncle Arthur's Bedtime Stories*; an evangelistic book presenting aspects of the church's doctrines; and a devotional book. These were printed in considerable volume and the church members undertook to sell them to the public. This program was known in the church as the *Big Week* program. Proceeds were dedicated to particular mission projects and when Mirigeda was being established it received *Big Week* support.²⁸

A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NEW GUINEA Early Uncertainty

Just as in Papua there was a deeply felt need for a training school, yet a certain hesitation and uncertainty in selecting a location and in actually founding and running such a school, so a similar situation developed in the Mandated Territory. Certain sites were tried, and several changes were made before one of the choices seemed to



Top: Alma Wiles in PNG; Robert & Emily Tutty with Lucille.

be right and a school was established that seemed to satisfy the requirements.

Training at Rumba

As the work in the Mandated Territory began on Bougainville, so the first schools began there, and there too, the missionaries began to express the need for schools where the local people could be trained to work for their own people. Robert H Tutty commented on the Lavilai site soon after its establishment, expressing the hope that "one day a more suitable place for the main station on Bougainville" might be found.²⁹ A few years later he saw that "to preach the gospel to every creature in this generation, would be an impossibility unless we could train [nationals] to carry the good news to their own people."³⁰ As the mission began to penetrate New Britain and New Ire-

land and looked further to the north-east end of New Guinea where doors were open wide for Seventh-day Adventists to enter, once again we find expressed "We need a local training school in the Mandated Territory in order to train the local [people]."³¹

Training at Matupi

On New Britain, Matupi Island near Rabaul, became the first headquarters and school for the Mission.³² Rumba, on Bougainville, became the chief Adventist school on that island in 1930, though only ten scholars were there at that time.³³ It did, however, have fertile soil and plenty of water though it was three hours walk over the mountains from Kieta. The urgent need for workers and the lack of a training school led to untrained men being used in answering the many calls which began to come into the New Guinea Mission. The superintendent reports that:

...during the past twelve months, we have had our first ingathering of souls inasmuch as four people were baptised ... two are being sent out this month to assist in new missions.³⁴

The school at Matupi engaged the attention of Arthur S Atkins, his wife and Mavis MacLaren, wife of the Superintendent. It was not, however, at this stage considered to be a training school, though young men from its classes did take time out to do mission work.³⁵ So when the mission was able to enter Mussau and Emira, the Solomon Island missionaries who led out were both assisted by Matupi young men.³⁶ They went on the basis that they would be there for three months after which they would return to school, being replaced by other students for a similar period.



Arthur S Atkins

Possibilities on Mussau

As Atkins visited the schools established by the Solomon Island missionaries there, he noted one site of which he reported "...this mission would make an ideal site for a school, the ground is good, high up and cold at night, with an abundant water supply."³⁷

After a visit to the islands of Mussau and Emira, T W Hammond

made a report to the Australasian Union Conference on what he had seen. This report was published in the *Australasian Record*. After noting that on Emira forty-one people were baptized and that, "On Mussau, every man, woman and child has joined the mission," he considers some of the implications.³⁸ He sees first that the situation is a wonderful demonstration of the possibilities in the unentered fields in this territory if only efficient local teachers can be found to work for them. This arises from the fact that it was Solomon Island missionaries who first lived among the people of Mussau and Emira and made such an impression on them. The second implication is that, "a training school should be provided where the most promising of them can be trained as teachers." As time passed, the people of Mussau themselves began to desire to become missionaries and this built up a pressure to provide training for them.³⁹

Boliu Chosen as a Training School

As a result of these reports and in harmony with the usual policy of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, a decision was made to start a training school on Mussau and a site was chosen at Boliu.⁴⁰ This was an elevated spot adjacent to a good anchorage. Once a start was made, the people maintained the eagerness they had earlier felt and a membership in the Sabbath School of one hundred and nine with an average attendance of ninety-three for the Second Quarter of 1933, indicates the solid basis of their interest. It cannot, however, be used as a basis for determining the actual school enrolment as it would include staff and their families, as well as the families of any married students. However, it could perhaps be compared with the report of forty-eight people at a Sabbath School held at Mirigeda in November 1932, when fourteen were connected with the mission. It is evident that Boliu had the potentialities of greater numbers as there was a large pool of local Adventists to feed it.

The Mission Policy Regarding Training Schools

The recognition of a need to have training schools was not awakened only by the growth of the missions in Papua and New Guinea, nor was the need recognized only by the missionaries in the fields concerned. As far back as 1914, the *Session Minutes* of the Australasian Union Conference record a vote that "Island students be recommended to Buresala, Oroua and Australasian missionary College by Island workers."⁴¹

Thus, a pattern had already developed which called

for the provision of schools in the missions as well as at Avondale in Australia, where young people could advance beyond the rudiments provided in the mission schools at village level and could be trained for mission service. In the report for the Quadrennium, 1925-1929, as printed in the *Australasian Record*, mention is made of two new training schools established during the period, one at Aore in the New Hebrides and the other in Samoa, so that here was then a reported total of five training schools in the mission field.⁴² A minute of the Australasian Union Conference Session has this to say:

Whereas it is our experience that the educational and evangelical go hand in hand in conducting work in the mission fields,

VOTED: that we encourage our missionaries to conduct their work on educational-evangelical lines by establishing village schools, district schools; and when the field is sufficiently developed, advanced schools should be established.

Furthermore, from our district schools suitable students be selected for the advanced schools; and that calls for local teachers for villages be considered by the mission committee, and that all appointments be made by that body.⁴³

The Search for a Central Site

The development of the Papuan Mission and the New Guinea Mission led to efforts to secure sites on which to establish training schools. We have seen that in Papua, first Bisiatabu and then, when it was finally obtained, Mirigeda became the training school. In New Guinea too, efforts were put forth to find a central spot. So the Superintendent, Gilbert MacLaren was directed to "investigate a site for a training school."⁴⁴ Later that year it was voted that study be made by the *Quorum* Executive Committee of the purchase of the school property for the Territory of New Guinea.⁴⁵ Thus, while the schools at Boliu on Mussau, at Rumba on Bougainville, and at Matupi near Rabaul were developing some of the functions of training schools, there was a concurrent effort to find and purchase a suitable site for a training school which could serve the whole New Guinea area as it had then developed

The Put Put Site

It was not until almost five years later that a suitable site was located and a deposit was paid on the Rugen Plantations Limited property at Put Put, a few miles along the southern coast of New Britain to the west of Rabaul.⁴⁶ This enabled the Committee to study the site more closely and consider its suitability. The pressure from the field for a central



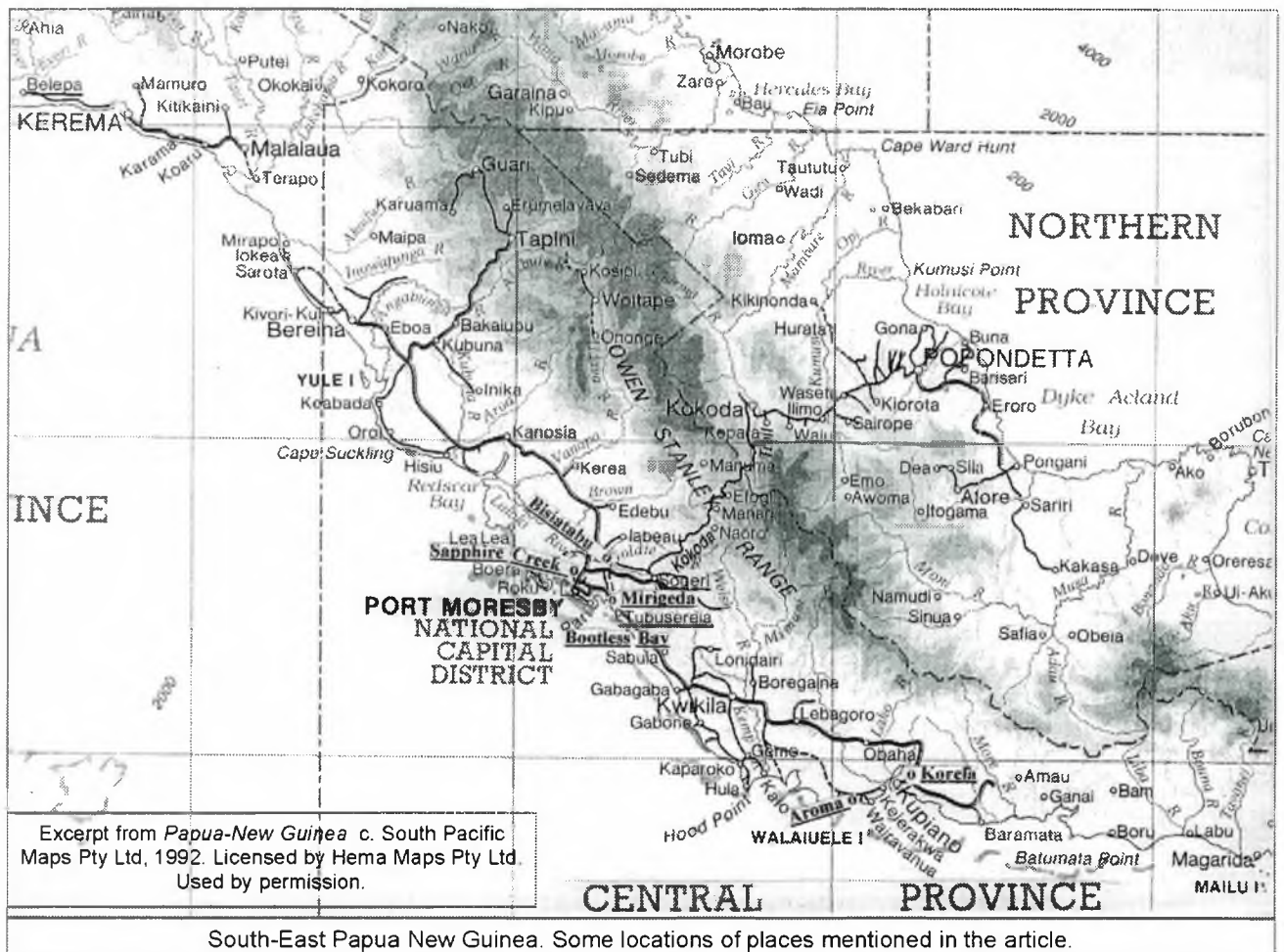
Gerald & Winifred Peacock

training school had been growing rapidly with the spectacular advance of the mission in Mussau, then during 1934, on to the mainland of New Guinea at Salamau and further into the Ramu Valley at Kainantu⁴⁷ and in the Admiralty Group. A telegram from Peacock in New Guinea was reported to the church. He advised "Central training school imperative."⁴⁸ The committee having sent some members to inspect the site, and being satisfied, took action to purchase the property at Put Put.⁴⁹ So the search for training school sites in both Papua and New Guinea was satisfactorily completed for the time being and the work of building and staffing the schools was under way.

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in



MEANOU PERUKA

—providential leading in the spread of the Gospel
Papua in the early 1930s

Thomas Davai



Thomas Davai, M.A., was born in the village of Mumuiru, Rigo district, Central Province of PNG in 1953. At that time his parents were coming out of heathenism. In the late 1950s his father died from a snake bite so his mother struggled to care for them both.

While in Port Moresby at school, he had Bible studies with Bill Liversidge and Aaron Lopa, being baptised by Pr L. Lock on 29 Nov. 1969. In pursuit of a better education he later studied at Kabiufa Adv. College, Sonoma Adv. College, P.A.C. (B.A. in Theology), Avondale College (M.A.) in 2002.

He has served in various positions of responsibility since 1969—PNGUM Assc Sec, 1985-90; Western H Pres, 1996-2000, PNGUM Sec, 2001-02, Pres 2002—.

Thomas & his wife Tiora have 4 children—Ravu, Jonathan, Rimev, Nara.



John Mea (Ioane)

*fourth son of Meanou
Translator & local church
leader at Tubisieraia*

IN THIS ARTICLE we would like to deal with the spread of the Seventh-day Adventist church along the Papuan coast of Papua New Guinea. One of the factors we wish to highlight here is that the London Missionary Society (LMS) made a tremendous impact on the lives of the Papuan coastal people. We will also see that their missionaries have had an impact on the Adventist work along the coast and other centres within the Southern region of the country with the gospel moving rapidly to other centres. We will give a brief background of the work of the LMS missionaries for their strategies were providential in the spreading of the gospel as understood by Seventh-day Adventists

Arrival of the LMS in Papua

The first LMS missionaries arrived in Papua in 1872. Doctor W G Lawes came to Port Moresby in 1874 and brought with him some missionaries from the Cook Islands. Some of these South Sea pastors were stationed at Manumanu just north west of Port Moresby. Due to malaria and other tropical diseases they moved from Manumanu to Hanuabada in Port Moresby. So badly did malaria affect the pastors at Manumanu that they had to be taken to Cape York, until they were better. While they were recovering at Cape York it was learned that Captain Moresby had discovered a new harbour on the central coast and believed two of the villages there, Hanuabada and Elevala, would be a better place for the missionaries than Manumanu.

This was another providential leading because the Motu people (from Hanuabada and surrounding coastal villages) were easily trained.

The physical features and ways of living in Papua were somewhat similar to those of the Pacific Island missionaries — so the message was adapted quite easily.

LMS Training College

For thirty years Doctor Lawes worked in the training of national pastors and did much translation work, including the New Testament in Motu through which local people were able to gain knowledge of the

Word of God.

Doctor Lawes who had been based in Port Moresby moved to Vatorata (thirty-six miles east of Port Moresby), to start a training college for Papuan preachers. It attracted many young Papuan preachers to train for the Lord to become missionaries.

The Samoan and Cook Islands missionaries had taught the local people to sew, cook, dance and sing. This helped the LMS mission to spread among the coastal villages very quickly. Thus the Central coast became dominated, by the LMS so that when other mission bodies came to Papua they sought other areas to preach the gospel.

Spheres of influence. The "Spheres of Influence" agreement was a Comity Agreement which took place in Rabaul in 1890. Three mission organizations were represented, the LMS by W G Lawes and James Chalmers; the Anglican church by A. McAllen and the Methodist church by G. Brown. In this agreement the southern coast of Papua from the West Irian border to Milne Bay was the territory of the London Missionary Society. The Anglican Church were to work the North coast of Papua from Milne Bay to the border of German New Guinea. The islands forming the Eastern Province of Papua were assigned to the Methodist Church. These organizations were already working in these areas. The government was not part of the agreement but accepted it, and worked with it, so that no land in those areas could be leased by other mission bodies.

Seventh-day Adventists in Papua

Having had experience in mission work in Fiji, Pastor Septimus Carr was appointed to pioneer work in Papua. He and a Fijian, Peni Tavodi, arrived on 7 June 1908. A search was made for a place in which to establish work. However because of the Comity Agreement it was found that it was not possible to get a mission lease anywhere along the coast. However it was found that some Koiani people about 30 miles inland from Port Moresby were interested in having a school established in their area. Since it was not possible to get a mission lease, application was made for an



Griffith & Marion Jones

agriculture lease of some 200 acres at Bisiatabu. To justify the lease 15 acres of rubber was planted and for some years the rubber produced helped the finances of the mission.

Pastor and Mrs Carr returned to Australia in 1914. After their return Mr Arthur

N Lawson was appointed to lead the work at Bisiatabu. Later it was reported that Peni died of snake bite, but some years later it was found that he had been killed by the Koiani's because he had shot one of their village pigs which had raided his garden. Because of the lack of development Pastor Griffith F Jones, who had led out in the development of strong work in the Solomon Islands was asked to go and help the work at Bisiatabu. A school was established. He also made a trip along the Kokoda trail and found an interest at Efogi. When Pastor Jones left Pastor Gerald Peacock was appointed to lead out in the work and a much stronger work developed.

One day when Pastor Carr was travelling along the road to Bisiatabu, he met a group of men working on the road at Sapphire Creek. In conversation the theme turned toward spiritual things including the good news of the return of Jesus. This sparked a great interest in Meanou, one of the men working on the road. After his return to his village Meanou thought about this for some years.

Pastor William N Lock was appointed to pioneer work in the Efogi area. After settling in a little at Bisiatabu he made a trip to Efogi and marked out a place for the building of a house in which to live. A carpenter was needed to

do the work both there and at Bisiatabu. Mr Albert Bateman went out and built the house at Efogi. Returning to Bisiatabu he built a church and a girls' dormitory later returning to Australia.

While Mr. Bateman was working at Bisiatabu a man from the Gulf Province by the name of Kiki came looking for work. Mr Bateman was happy to have him as a helper for some months. Later he went

back to the Port Moresby area and became a storekeeper for Steamships Trading Company at Mirigeda, which is not far from Tubuseria village, the home of Meanou. When he discovered that Meanou was interested in training to be a missionary he told him about the school at Bisiatabu. In giving him the picture of the Adventist mission, he said that they worshipped on Saturday and did not eat pig or wallaby and that they used picture rolls in their work. This sparked an interest in Meanou.

About this time some government officials were seeking people to go to Koitaki to carry cargo. Mea joined the group so that he could spy out the church that Kiki had mentioned, because Bisiatabu was on the road to Koitaki. Now remember, all coastal villages were under the control

of the LMS, but here Mea was on a different move to bring changes to his people. Having finished his carrying at Koitaki, Mea went to Bisiatabu and talked with Pastor Peacock and Tevita, another Fijian who had taken Peni Tavondi's place. Mea's interest grew to the extent that he promised that he would come and see them the following week. Pastor Peacock was called to be president of the work in the Solomon Islands and the Lock family returned to Bisiatabu.

The following week Meanou, his wife Iamo and two children, Peruka and Karoho, left for Bisiatabu. It was an emotional experience, leaving their home and going to a place and environment unknown to them, and a strange religion. Then too the coastal people lived in great fear of the Koiani people, who were great workers of witchcraft. Meanou's father, Peruka, tried hard to dissuade Mea from going. So Meanou and family arrived at Bisiatabu and after building a house in which to live he settled in and became an avid student.

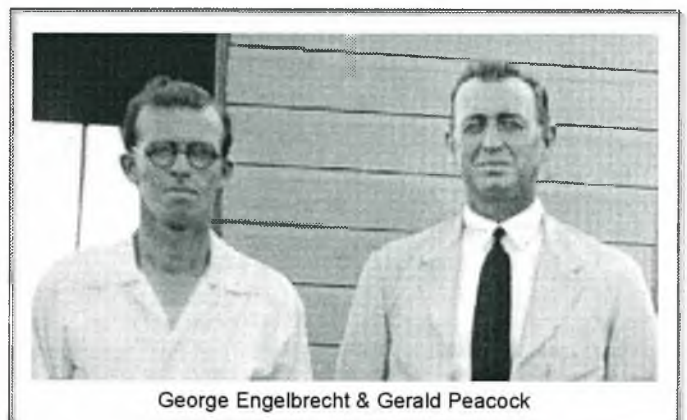
In 1928 Pastor Lock discovered the possibility of commencing work in the Vailala area. To lead out in that work Pastor George Engelbrecht came to Bisiatabu. He was there for a few months learning the language. Meanou taught him the Motu language and helped him translate some hymns. When Pastor Engelbrecht moved to Vailala Peruka Mea went with him supposedly to carry the medicine box. In 1928 Meanou was called to Vailala as an Adventist missionary. While in that area Mea built one church in the village of Hiro. At the end of 1930 Mea returned to Bisiatabu with his family. Because of the difficulty of finding a ship on which to travel Meanou and family were able to travel on a lagatoi (canoe) belonging to the Gaire village but with some relatives of Mea. The lagatoi was returning from their annual trip to the gulf country



Iamo & Meanou with 2 children, Peruka & Karaho



Albert Bateman



George Engelbrecht & Gerald Peacock



Ross & Mabel James with their two children

where they had bartered pots for bundles of sago.

Work Started on the Aroma Coast

In 1931 a new challenge was given to Meanou—to help open work along the Aroma coast. An interest was sparked in that area when Pastor Ross James had visited there while guiding the work in the Korela district while Pastor and Mrs Mitchell were on furlough. When the Mitchells returned from furlough they fostered the interest and a call was made for Pastor Ross James to lead out in that work. They were able to establish a station on a small block of freehold land which had been purchased from the Burns Philp Company next to the Pelagai village. To help in that pioneer work Meanou and family were asked to transfer from Bisiatabu. This was quite a challenge. When the family arrived there they had to spend the first night on the beach because they did not know the people there. However, next day accommodation was found

Preaching and giving Bible studies became extremely difficult because of the opposition of the locally established church. However, Meanou found a man he knew, by the name of Galama Pau. He had worked with him on a coconut plantation at Bautama owned and operated by Mr Osborne in the late twenties. While working on the plantation together they had become good friends.

At the same time another worker, Wari Karo, from Irupara village told Galama that he would be happy to give him his sister for a wife. When they finished their work on the plantation Galama and Wari Karo went to Wari's village at Irupara and Galama and Wari's sister, Kila Kapa were married. So a new worker family began in this way. It was through this union that God's work was later established in Irupara village. After returning to his home village of Egala-auna, which was one of the Aroma group of villages, Galama became a missionary for the local church. So, when Meanou and family arrived his friendship with Galama was renewed. They discussed spiritual things together and Galama eventually requested Meanou to have Bible studies with him. They were conducted from midnight on so that they would not be seen by the local church authorities. As a result of these studies Galama became convinced of the message and resigned from his work with his home church.

Child Preaching at Aroma

In that same year (1931) Meanou and his wife, Iamo, started conducting Branch Sabbath Schools in the Aroma villages. Iamo used to teach her children, especially Paul, who was born not long after their arrival at Bisiatabu, all the Memory Gems and Memory Verses of Sabbath School lessons and he was very good at reciting them by

memory. Iamo arranged for Paul to stand in front of the audience during Branch Sabbath Schools and he would recite them. Many people were impressed with what young Paul was doing Sabbath after Sabbath. One of the men, Ravu, approached Meanou with the request that he, Meanou, take his young son, Gapi, with him to Bisiatabu, so that he might become like Paul. Galama was seen as a future missionary so it was planned that he should also go to Bisiatabu for training.

So in 1932 Galama and Gapi set out to go to Bisiatabu, but Galama never got there because he took sick along the way and died in Tubusercia village. However, Gapi did get there. Following his education at Bisiatabu he went on to the training school at Mirigeda and completed his education there. Gapi served for many years and is now living in retirement, and still winning souls for God. Thus the villages of Aroma were opened to the message of the Seventh-day Adventist church.

In mid 1931 Pastor Laurie Howell replaced Pastor

James at Pelagai and worked along with Mrs Wiles, a nurse, who had been giving very valuable service especially in infant welfare work. When the message entered Irupara village Aunama became Mrs. Wiles' assistant and remained so all the years that Mrs. Wiles continued her service in Papua. Although Galama did not become an Ad-



Gwen & Laurence Howell

ventist missionary two of his sons, Kila and Joses served the Lord for many years. Kila was among the early Papuans ordained to the gospel. He is now resting waiting for His Lord's return. Joses served as a teacher for many years but he died in January 2003.

The Beginning of Mirigeda Training School Through Meanou.

Because he could not obtain a mission lease Pastor Lock made a search for freehold land on which a training college might be established. He found a block of freehold land by a creek that would be very suitable but it was too small. He then discovered that adjoining that land was a very suitable block of crown land. In those days all village schools in Papua were conducted by mission bodies. Once a year a government inspector would make an inspection of these schools. To help in this exercise Pastor Lock took him on the mission vessel *Diari*, to visit some schools. The inspector was favourably impressed with the Adventist schools and appreciated the help given by the mission boat. This helped some government officials to think that may be the time had come for Seventh-day

Adventists to obtain land on a mission lease. An application was made for this land and to the delight of the Mission a lease was granted, the first mission lease. This land had originally belonged to the Meanou clan so their favour helped to obtain the lease.

The college was established at comparatively little cost as buildings were purchased from the closed Copper Mining Company in Bootless Bay, and moved across in sections and rebuilt on Nagina Hill, which was only a couple of kilometres away. Cecil J Howell was the first principal. In 1934 Stanley Pennington replaced him. Then Ken Gray took over and served until war came and closed activities there.

How the Work Started at Irupara Village.

Galama and Valavu had both married young women from Irupara village. It was because of them that some young boys from Irupara went down to Aroma to stay with them. By then Galama had been converted through Meanou's influence. These young men were, Kila Veleke, Kila Kai, Oli, Rupa, and Kila Lema, (all became missionaries and are now retired). All went to Aroma and attended school at Pelagai. From there they went on to be trained at Mirigeda and then took the gospel to Irupara village. Some of the best administrators hailed from Irupara. Outstanding among these were members of the Oli family. Four from this family have become local mission presidents, Lui Oli and his brother Joseph, now retired, Lui's son Walter is presently president of the North Papua Mission, and Lui's nephew, Peter, now president of the Central Papua Mission

Other Missionaries Influenced by Meanou

Meanou had some contacts from Barakau, a village ten kilometres east from Tubusereia. He studied with Taunao Lohia of Barakau and he became a missionary to Wanigela village in the Marshall Lagoon, and then to Domara village. Another man whom Meanou brought into the church was Morea Rei from Tubusereia. He went to Gaivakala village in the Aroma area as a missionary.

Pioneers from Mirigeda

Among the initial intakes at Mirigeda in 1933 were Peruka Mea, Hibo, father of Pastor Yori Hibo who was president of the Central Papua Mission, and also president of the Papua New Guinea Union Mission for five years (1991-95), and now living in retirement. Paiva, and Maneva Golo who was from Wanigela village. These men graduated in 1936. Hibo and Maneva were appointed to work at Efogi. Peruka and Paiva stayed back at Mirigeda, and Paiva later became a missionary.

Meanou's Last Years

Within a year or two of his return from Aroma Meanou's wife Iamo died at Tubusereia. A short while before that Raka Egi and his wife Bolu had gone to train



Standing: Peruka's eldest son, Tuedi Mea; Back: John Mea, Peruka Mea, Margaret Chapman, Hekoi, Peruka's wife; Front: Lennard, Dika, Bobby; Lohia in front of Hekoi.

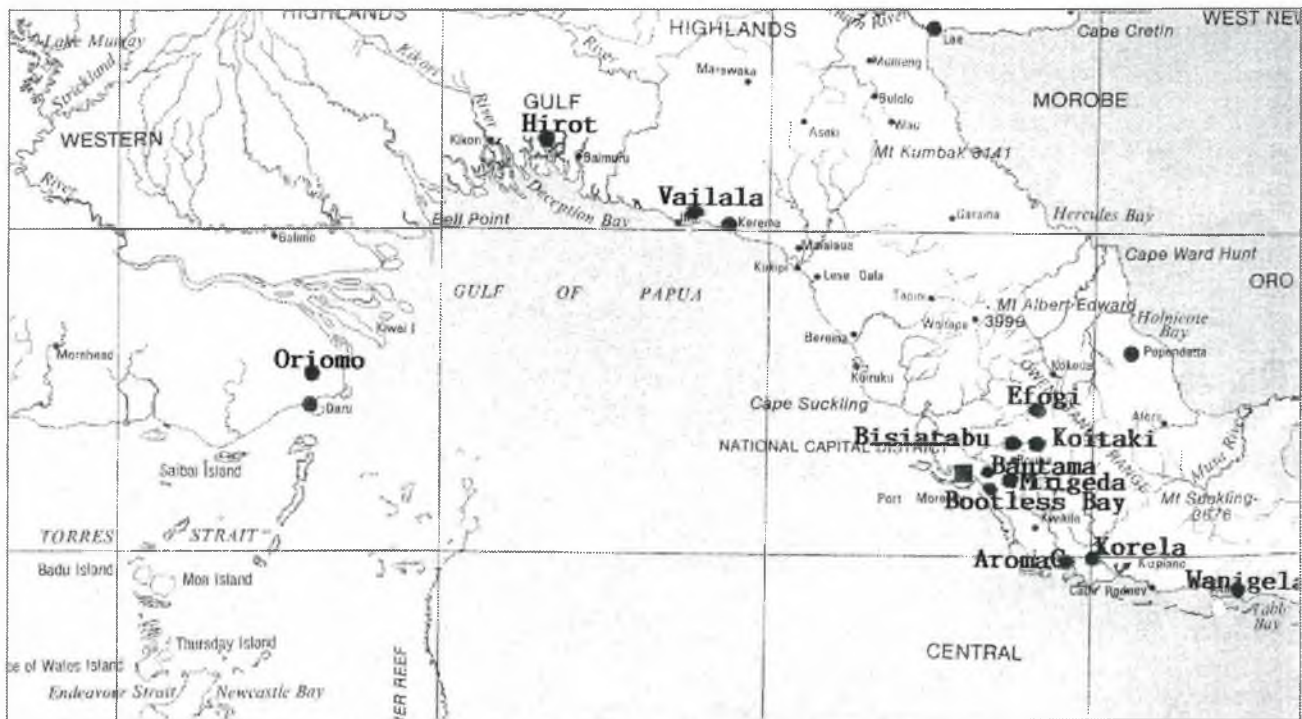
as workers for the London Missionary Society. However through the influence of Meanou they returned to Raka Egi's village and then went on to train at Bisiatabu. Before Raka had finished his training he returned home for a break and shortly afterwards, died. Some time later Meanou married Bolu but they did not have long together as before their child Ioane (John-the John Mea who co-wrote this article) was born, Meanou died.

Meanou's Influence Carries On

After some years of service Meanou's first son, Peruka, returned to his home village Tubusereia and served the church well there. Meanou's second son, Karoho — also known as John Mea— worked as a carpenter for a number of years in Madang. Many of the members of the Madang church are members there because of Karoho's witness.

The third son, Paul, began his service for the Lord as a literature evangelist in Port Moresby. Then he taught at the school at Bisiatabu for some time. When Pastor Ernie Lemke pioneered work at Oriomo, inland from Daru, Paul was his right hand man. Then he moved on to become a teacher at the Belepa school. There he contracted a sickness which eventually caused his death. However death did not come for years and through those years he supported his home church well and raised a company at Seme, including the building of a church. Seme is about thirty kilometres from Tubusereia. At the time of his death Paul was studying with a group of people at Barakau village.

Some little time after Meanou's death Pastor Kairi married Bolu and Meanou's fourth son Ioane (John Mea), growing up in the Kairi family, moved from place to place and supported his step-father, Pastor Kairi, in his work. Because the school at Mirigeda had been destroyed during the war, a new training school was established post war at Bautama. In 1952 he went to school at Bautama. At the end of that year John went to be with his half-brother, who was working at Vailala and continued his education there. Because of Paul's illness John returned to Tubusereia. Some little time after that plans were made for the building of an Adventist church at Tubusereia. John worked along with the committee which laid the plans for the building of the church. The church was dedicated on November 24, 1964. Since that time the three brothers, Peruka, Paul and John were leaders in the church, but since Peruka's death in 1996 and Paul's death in January 2003, John now carries on in a leadership role and weekly translates the Sabbath School lesson into Motu. He has sufficient copies photo-copied for those who need it. So the contribution of the Mea family to the advancement of the mission of the church has not been insignificant. ❀



Papua-New Guinea: Some of the locations mentioned in this article.
The Aeroplane in Papua New Guinea, Vol 1, p 286,7. From Ballus. Used by permission.

WINDOWS ON THE MISSION FIELD

“Up to One’s Ears” by Beryl Stafford



One day Calvin was visiting in a nearby village in East Simbu in Papua New Guinea. While talking to the headman, whose pigs were close by, Calvin used the thin cane he had with him to tickle behind one pig’s ear. Just the weight of this small cane in that position caused the pig to lie down and remain still. As long as the cane was pressing lightly behind its ear the pig would not move. When the cane was lifted the pig got up. When the cane was pressed behind its ear again the pig lay down. It was a discovery which was to prove extremely useful.

Some time later a pig got into the school garden. Everyone ran to catch the pig and it was duly tied in the usual method with a rope to its front leg. We tried to get it up the hill to impound it until the owner paid some compensation. Because the pig would not move, Calvin hit it with his cane but the pig only turned and snarled at him. So he went up ahead and took the rope while the nationals tried to urge the pig forward. As soon as the pig saw Calvin in front it charged at him. He found it very difficult to get away from the pig because of all the tussocks on the hillside. In trying to outmanoeuvre the animal, Calvin slipped and, much to his surprise, landed astride the pig. He remembered the earlier episode at the nearby village and pressing a thumb behind each ear of the pig was able to subdue it without a struggle. Calvin called the teachers and schoolboys to come and secure the pig’s mouth so it could not bite. It continued to squeal in protest at its imprisonment until its owner brought some compensation of food for the damage done to the garden. ❀

HISTORY—A VIEWPOINT

“There is no such thing as a totally objective historian. No one studies the sources without any bias whatsoever. Like everyone else, the historian is steeped in the stream of history and can no more escape the prejudices of his generation than he can escape the air he breathes. He observes the past through the glasses of current philosophical outlook. In this sense history is an on-going dialogue between the present and the past. Every new generation must rewrite past history to make it intelligible to itself.”

Schwantes, Siegfried J. *The Biblical Meaning of History*. (Pacific Press Publishing Association, Mountain View, CA.1970) p 9. ❀

OUT OF TRAGEDY, A NEW HOPE

—early developments at Dovele on Vella LaVella in the Solomon Islands

Nathan Rore



Nathan Rore

was born on 27 Feb 1928. From 1948 to 1950 he attended the Betikama Missionary School on Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands. 40 long & fruitful years of service began in 1951 when he was appointed to teach at the Betikama School. On 5 March of the same year he was married to Mary Bambu at Boro on Vella LaVella, by Wallace Fergusson.

His subsequent appointments were: 1954-55 Asst Education Director BSUM; 1956-58 principal Boliu Central School on Mussau; 1959-63 Asst President North Bismarck, & New Ireland Missions; 1964-69 Asst President, Sec/Tr. & departmental director, Manus Mission, and in 1970 Asst & departmental director Bougainville Mission. Nathan served as president of Malaita Mission, 1971-80, of Eastern Solomon Is Mission, 1981-85 and of Western Solomons, 1986-90.

Nathan and Mary had six children: Rosemary, (teacher Betikama); Allan (deceased); Judith & Vaine (officers, SI Health Dept); Clezy (officer, SI Parliament); and Calvie (deceased).

Nathan attended the General Conference Session in Vienna, Austria, in 1975 as a delegate, and also visited 17 countries. In 1987 Nathan was awarded an MBE for his services to the community. Mary is now confined to a wheelchair and Nathan's health has deteriorated. They now stay temporarily at their daughter's place at Betikama in Honiara so that they can obtain medical attention.

UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS British soldiers leapt ashore from their boats and, guns in hand, began their stealthy march along the jungle trail towards the village of Malatiro. An hour later, just as the first rays of light tinged the eastern sky, the soldiers attacked. The sound of gunfire shattered the calm of the jungle as villagers ran screaming from their huts. Firing indiscriminately, the soldiers gunned down men, women and children. Huts were set on fire and within a short time the whole village was ablaze.

Mother Tumuteko heard the crack of the rifles and saw the flames destroying her village. Fearful at what was taking place she rushed out of her house and headed for the safety of the tropical forest. In her haste to flee she overlooked her son, Sasa, who was still asleep in his bed. Realizing her mistake she rushed back to the house calling his name above the noise and confusion reigning everywhere. As she battled the heat and smoke she suddenly came face to face with the men of the government raiding party who quickly raised their rifles and gunned her down. She felt the sting of the bullets as they struck her body. Tumu crumpled and fell to the ground, mortally wounded. Life ebbed away as she lay there, her blood mingling with the dust of the village.

Hours later, frightened villagers crept out of their forest hideouts and made their way back to where their homes had been. There they found little Sasa sitting in the ashes beside the body of his dead mother. In just one day the murderers who had come to the village had made Sasa an orphan. He was taken to his grandmother and it became her responsibility to care for and raise him.

Before long schools were established, and in 1920 Sasa the orphan attended one near his village. There he learnt of the gospel of Jesus Christ and was converted to Christianity. The love of his Saviour and the joy of the gospel flooded his life and drove out the powers of darkness. In time he became a torchbearer for the 'Light of Lights'.

Christianity Comes to Dovele

Around the turn of the Twentieth Century the British Administration in the Solo-

mon Islands was trying to stamp out heathen head-hunting raids. The fierce warriors of Vella LaVella, particularly in the district of Dovele, were constantly urged by their devil priests to go on murderous raids to the island of Choiseul. In 1900 the first commander, Captain Davis, came through Dovele Harbour in his ship the HMAS *Royalist*. He was commissioned to stop the heathen head-hunting raids, using whatever force was necessary to enforce law and order. Captain Davis was ordered to go to the District of Dovele to punish the people there for the recent raids they had made on villages on Choiseul.

Eighteen years later, a second Captain plied the same waters of Dovele. This time it was the MV *Advent Herald* under the command of Pastor Griffith F Jones. With Bible in hand, his commission was to proclaim the "Three Angels' Message" to every town, and every creature, to teach law and order from the Heavenly Government.

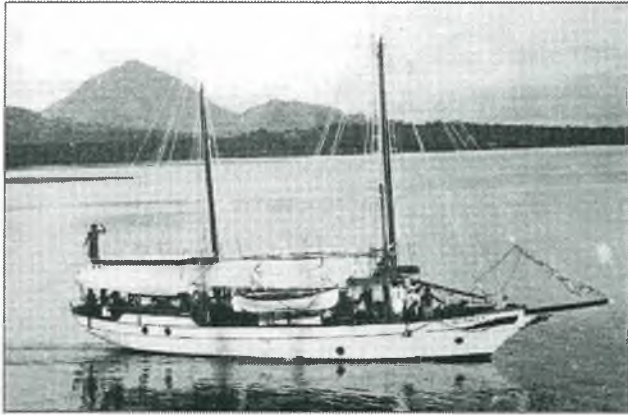
This led to great success, and the light of Jesus Christ began to illuminate the darkest area of Dovele district.

Pastor G F Jones arrived at Viru Harbour in 1914 to open up the work of the Seventh-day Adventist Church in the Solomon Islands. During this time a man by the name of Vakapala of Dovele left home with some of his friends from Marovo and went to Sasaghana where he found a girl by the name of Duri, sister of Barnabas Pana, and took her as his wife. He was living with the people of Sasaghana in the Marovo Lagoon where Pastor Jones set up his headquarters after moving away from Viru Harbour.

Vakapala was interested in the work and teachings of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, especially when he saw children read and write and sing songs. He decided to send a message back to his home at Dovele and ask the chiefs and their people to send an invitation to Pastor Jones to bring the Seventh-day Adventist Church to the Dovele district.

In 1918 Pastor Jones called in at Boro in the District of Dovele for a visit while he was on his way to Rabaul for some special meetings. In 1919 Pastor Robert and Emily Tutty landed at Boro with their native assistant Barnabas Pana to open up the work.

On their arrival a chief by the name of



Robert & Emily Tutty arrived on the *Melanesia*



Emily Tutty attending to the sick at Dovele hospital



The church at Dovele in 1921. It is possible that the two ladies on the left are Mrs Tutty & Mrs Wicks.



The school at Dovele in 1923



Baptised members in 1923

Vare was willing to accept the missionaries and decided to take them to his land at Igotalibut. The other chiefs did

not agree with Vare's idea because there were no people and children on his land. It was then decided that the missionaries be placed at Boro as Vakapala suggested and this became the birthplace of the SDA Church on the island of Vella LaVella.

Here the fierce warriors and heathen head-hunters of Dovele welcomed Pastor and Mrs Tutty. There was no home available for the missionaries, and no church building where they could meet with the interested people; therefore a large Rava (a big custom house) where heathen customs were practiced was chosen to be the home and meeting place of the missionaries. It was divided into three sections. The first section or part of the Rava was set aside for the Tuttys' home. The other end of the building was used as a storage area as well as a kitchen to supply meals to the people gathered for special meetings. The centre part of the Rava was used as a church building where worship was conducted every morning and evening and on Sabbath.

The new home for the missionaries was dark, black and dirty, caused by the smoke that came from the kitchen at the other end of the building. It was also smelly and unhygienic. The young couple accepted the conditions they faced and began to work.

The First Sabbath School

Young and old flocked to hear and see the white man who had just arrived. With their naked and mud-covered bodies and pipes in their mouths the devil worshippers came and attended their first Sabbath School in the Rava at Irvabika. The worship of the true God was introduced and soon a great change began to take place. Devil worship and beliefs in spiritualism gave way. The power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ had broken the bars of Satan's prison house and set men free!

Islanders with a head-hunting background who believed in spiritualism and superstition and worshipped thirteen different pagan gods became the recipients of God's grace and became "Partakers of the Inheritance of the Saints in Light."

The first school

The missionaries soon opened up a new school at Boro to teach the people how to read and write. They were initially taught how to pronounce the letters of the alphabet and it wasn't long before they were able to read and write in their own language.

Simple Bible stories about the love of God and the saving power of Jesus Christ that superseded the power of the devils they served and worshipped were told and

retold in school and in Sabbath School.

This special song was taught in Sabbath School and in school—

Come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus
 Come to Jesus just now.
 Just now Come to Jesus
 Come to Jesus just now

The words and the melody of the song had an appealing message to the hearts of those devil worshippers and they decided to “Come to Jesus just now.”

In later years the home and church building was moved from the beach and built up on the hill where it remains to this day.

Sasa the orphan

Sasa Rore had only three years of formal education when he attended Pastor Tutty's primary school at Dovele. After this short period of education, Sasa entered God's service teaching in the Methodist village of Sapalei, north east of Vella LaVella, where Pastor Tutty had recently opened the work after his arrival at Boro. Pastor Tutty decided to establish his headquarters on the island of Vella LaVella. It was here in this village that Sasa found his life companion. Titidonga came from a Methodist background, although her parents joined the Adventist church after witnessing the miracle of the healing of their son. After praying for Titidonga's sick brother,



Pastor Sasa Rore

Pastor Tutty was invited by Titidonga's parents to come and open an Adventist church in their village. As a result, Titidonga's parents and other villagers left the Methodist church and joined the Adventists. This village became the home of Sasa and Titidonga and their 9 children.

After the Second World War, Sasa visited all five States in Australia as well as New Zealand where he met with church leaders whom he had worked with in the Islands. These included Pastors R H Tutty, J D Anderson, Norman Ferris

and others. In 1950 Sasa attended the General Conference Session held at San Francisco in the United States of America. There he met some of the young men who had served in the army on Guadalcanal during the war. These dedicated young men had been a great blessing to Sasa during his time in Guadalcanal and the Eastern Solomon Islands Mission. Tithes and offerings, faithfully given by the soldiers, were collected by Sasa during his visits at the end of each quarter. As a result, there was never a shortage of money to pay the workers' salaries during the war years on Guadalcanal.

In 1946 Sasa was transferred to Kukudu to assist the late Pastor W R Ferguson. After only six months he was transferred back to Kopiu in the Eastern Solomon Islands Mission.

From Kopiu he was called to Lae, the Coral Sea Union Mission (CSUM) Headquarters in PNG. Here, he worked as Field Secretary for the CSUM for several years before returning to the Solomons where he became the first national president of the Malaita Mission in 1952. In 1955 Titidonga became very ill, so they returned home to Dovele. In 1957 they were again called to the CSUM where Sasa served as President at the Madang Mission until his retirement in 1968.

He and Titidonga enjoyed 12 more years together until his wife died in 1980. From that time on his sons and daughters cared for him for another eight years until he passed away in 1988. Thus ended the life of little Sasa, the boy who was miraculously saved during the bloody raid of the British Administration in the Solomon Islands.

For 42 years Sasa Rore served the King of Kings. He taught, preached, and administered the work of the Seventh-day Adventist Church and proclaimed the Three Angels Messages of Revelation 14 to all people everywhere.

Both Sasa and Donga are now waiting for the call of the Life-Giver when they will be able to join with their loved ones whom they left behind and also be with those for whom they had untiringly laboured and prayed during their years of service as workers in the church they loved.



Sasa's son Nathan & his wife Mary



Villages on Vella LaVella Island in the Western Solomon Islands. The district of Dovele is on the NE. Copyright South Pacific Maps Pty Ltd 1993. Distributed by Hema Maps (Australia). Used by permission.

LIBRARY DEVELOPMENT IN FULTON COLLEGE & OTHER PACIFIC ISLANDS EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

Brian Townend



Brian Townend MA is a graduate of Avondale College, New Zealand Library School and Pacific Union College (USA). After serving in teaching and pastoral work in New Zealand for four years, he spent eleven years as a teacher at Fulton College, Fiji. He was principal of Vatavonu Central School, Fiji from 1961-1964, then librarian and lecturer in education at Avondale College 1968-1971. During the six years he was Primary Schools Supervisor in the Trans Tasman Union Conference he assisted twenty eight schools in developing libraries funded by the Australian Federal Government. In 1978-79, he returned to Fulton College as Director of Primary Teacher Education. During 1981-83, he established the library for Pacific Adventist College (now University) in Papua New Guinea. He returned to Avondale College as head librarian for the next nine years. Since retiring at the end of 1992, Brian, with his wife Daphne, has worked as a volunteer in a dozen libraries, especially installing computer library management systems. The Townends live in the Avondale Retirement Village, Cooranbong, NSW.

INTRODUCTION

IN THE EARLY YEARS of Seventh-day Adventist educational institutions in the Pacific, the development of library resources did not have a high priority. The teaching methods in general were similar to those in colleges even in developed countries. The emphasis was on learning from textbooks summarised in notes by the teachers, rather than by studying a wide range of literature. Any libraries in the schools and colleges were meagre, composed mainly of a few reference books such as dictionaries, a concordance, a few theology books, and some narratives, fiction being well nigh absent.

During the later decades of the twentieth century, libraries gradually expanded, becoming a source of general reading, and background material to support the study program. This article is based on my experience primarily with Fulton College, supplemented by my lesser contact with the development of the library services in several other schools and colleges throughout the Pacific. This personal contact has been updated by comments supplied by former students and staff of several schools, in-

cluding some with which I have not been associated. These additional opinions are included as quotations from the writers who remain anonymous.

FULTON COLLEGE LIBRARY

Beginnings

Fulton College was established in 1940, by the consolidation onto one campus of three schools that had been operating in other locations. The classrooms, dormitories and staff homes of the boys' school at Buresala on the island of Ovalau, the girls' school at Navuso on the Wainibuka River, and the training classes from the Indian school at Samabula in Suva were dismantled, transported to and re-erected at Tailevu, 48 kilometres from Suva.

By 1953, the Fulton Missionary College had 150 students in classes including high school Forms 1 to 4, and two year training classes for Ministerial, Teaching, Business and Building Construction courses. The only library was housed in one small cupboard at the back of the chapel. On the rare occasion that a student would want to borrow a book, it was necessary to approach the Bible teacher as he walked from class to



Fulton College as it is today. The library extension is at the base of the tower.

his home at lunch time. The borrowing procedure was quite involved - two desks would be dragged from in front of the library cupboard, the padlock on the two cupboard doors would be opened, and the books exposed to view. There were about four shelves of books, including most of the E. G. White books, some general books on religious topics, a few books on teaching methods, a few narratives, one or two poetry anthologies, and a small number of history and science books. The "librarian" would write in an exercise book the name of the borrower and the title of the books borrowed.

Most of these books had been rescued after a severe cyclone had demolished the homes of the president and the secretary-treasurer of the Central Pacific Union Mission in Suva the previous year. They had been carefully dried out and despite the water damage had been eagerly sought by Fulton.

Administration had allocated a budget of £50 (\$100) for library purchases in 1953, but the only two books that were purchased were Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* and a small paperback edition of Parham's *Fijian Plant Names*.

Establishment

In 1954, teachers began to spend the total library budget to acquire books that they could recommend to students to encourage them to read for pleasure, and to expand their understanding of their class subjects. Very popular were editions in simplified English of traditional fiction such as *David Copperfield*, and several series by a Catholic teaching sister, Gwen Cross, on science topics, industrial processes and life in other countries. When teacher, Don Powell, took charge of the library in 1955, the stock had grown to the extent that the library was transferred from the chapel to two cupboards in the main classroom. There was no catalogue as such, but Don organised the books with a card-based lending system, and students began borrowing on a regular basis. English teachers instituted a plan whereby students were required to keep a record of their reading, ensuring that non-fiction topics were read in addition to a prescribed minimum of narratives.

Year by year, class levels in the college were raised, and Forms 1 and 2 were transferred to day classes in the primary school. Entry to training courses was still permitted after Form 4, but students were encouraged to spend one or two years in Form 5 before entering training, preferably after sitting for Cambridge O-level senior certificate. This necessitated increased library facilities. In 1957, a very prized acquisition was the purchase of the first set of encyclopaedias, the *Oxford Junior Encyclopaedia*.

By the late 1950's, the library collection had increased so much and its status had risen to the extent that it warranted more than cupboard accommodation. Room 4, the classroom where most of Form 5 subjects were taught, was fitted with timber book shelves, making the books freely accessible. It was quite a notable feature that this furniture had been crafted by Alfred Miller, a student. Full-sized tables with chairs replaced the primitive benches that had previously been the sole seating for stu-



Pastor & Mrs Arthur Dyason

dents.

"We used to let one class at a time have access to a small room...there were very few books of any real help to students."¹ One evening, there was great excitement when the "library room" was brilliantly lit with the first two sets of fluorescent tubes to be fitted anywhere in the college.

Organisation

When Pastor Arthur Dyason returned as principal in 1960, a significant rebuilding program was commenced. Proceeds from a worldwide Sabbath School special projects offering (£153,000, \$306,000) were dedicated to the construction of a classroom and administration building. This building was planned with a library as the central feature.

The architect, Gordon Larsen, had designed libraries in New Zealand, so was able to plan a facility that was both comfortable and adequate for the changed academic needs of the college. When the building was completed in 1964, Pastor Eric Wolfe was happy to be able to set up a really efficient study centre. "What a wonderful change came in 1963. We had space, and a few more helpful books. But the resources were still very inadequate for the level and type of training we were trying to give."² "The library had quite a good supply of general reading books like the Destrin series, that I read regularly."³

My first task when I took charge of the new library in 1965 as an additional duty to my regular teaching load and dormitory supervision was to make the library collection more readily accessible to users by fully

classifying the books and establishing a catalogue. To avoid the expense of buying a book of classification schedules, I visited the library at the British Council in Suva and copied out by hand the classification numbers for the subjects expected to be needed at Fulton. (Photocopiers were unknown in Suva at the time.) Two students were appointed for work-line duties in the library. With their help I fabricated a catalogue cabinet and drawers. The girls very carefully typed out cards and processed the books for circulation. This involved spraying with insecticide to discourage silverfish and cockroaches, varnishing all clothbound books, and covering with plastic to prolong the life of the books. Suva City Library had

The Fulton College library was evaluated as the best library in the country after the Suva City Library

found that covering books in this way extended the number of borrowings ten times. Keith Clouten, librarian at Avondale College in Australia, was very helpful. Whenever there was a question of library procedure that was beyond the scope of the local staff, Keith would reply very promptly with practical suggestions.

Development

One small advertisement in the Literature Wanted column of *Adventist Review* resulted in a large number of people in overseas countries sending parcels of magazines and some books to the college. Distribution of magazines for "Sabbath reading" became quite a feature of dormitory life. Unfortunately, only a few of the books received were suited to the needs of the students. Many were books that were of no further use to their owners who had generously "sent them to the mission field". On one occasion, the college had to pay for sea freight on several cases of books that had been donated by a well-meaning church, but very few of these books were of any use. It was realised that a larger number of more useful books could have been purchased in Suva for the cost of the freight.

However, from these overseas contacts, some very helpful regular donors developed. One such gentleman was a retired publishing house manager, Hubert H Rans of California. He would frequently send lists of books that he had available. The Fulton teachers would select titles that seemed to be appropriate, and Mr Rans would despatch them. On one occasion, Mrs Rans, a retired nurse, wrote in jest saying "I work part time to pay the postage on Hubert's parcels". Another such friend of the college was Grace Schnitzler. Her frequent cash donations resulted in the purchase of books and several other useful items of equipment for the college. When she passed away, her will bequeathed a significant amount to the library. This enabled the purchase from Seventh-day Adventist publishers of copies of every book they published that was suited to the needs of Fulton. In addition, hundreds of encyclopaedias and other reference books were obtained. The resources began to be more useful to students.

When the college administration recognised the potential of the library in the ongoing development of the college, they authorised me to undertake a professional training course with the New Zealand Library Association. The flow-on from this was that when a survey of libraries in Fiji was undertaken by the British Council, the Fulton College library was evaluated as the best library in the country after the Suva City library. By the end of 1967, when I was transferred to be librarian at Avondale College, there was a total of over 15,000 items catalogued, and the library was functioning as a vital part of the academic program at Fulton.

For the next twenty years, the library

slowly expanded under the supervision of a succession of teachers who carried the librarian's role in addition to their other duties. Very few of these teachers had any previous library experience, but their interest and dedication were appreciated. A qualified librarian from Canada, Mrs Gardner, spent several months in upgrading the catalogue. But budget restraints prevented the library holdings keeping pace with the rising academic demands of the college. "In spite of its limited resources, the library provided me with sermon materials from both religious and secular sources"⁴ "There was a core of older books which had not been updated substantially for many years. ... Limited decent books contributed to the learning style of the students which tended towards memorisation of concepts due to the limited opportunities to read a range of ideas on any subject".⁵ "The library was always given a pittance due to the sheer range of other needs."⁶ "I do not recall ordering any new books for my department because there were no funds anyway".⁷

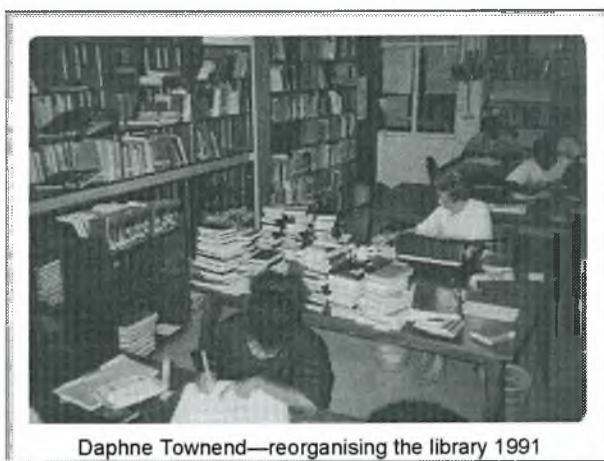
By the end of the 1970s the library was trying to support three-year tertiary diploma courses in addition to several two-year certificate courses.

There was some relief in the demands on the library when these three-year diploma courses were transferred to Pacific Adventist College in 1984, leaving Fulton with only high school and certificate level training courses. However, by 1990, there were renewed pressures on the library service, as the academic level of the college was again expanding. The high school classes now catered for Forms 5 to 7. Negotiations were proceeding to upgrade the Theology certificate to a diploma level that would be recognised by the South Pacific Association of Theological Seminaries. The Primary Education certificate was to expand to a third year, and additional commerce courses were to be offered. The academic staff realised that the library would need extensive review to enable it to service

these additional demands. Michael Rigby, assistant librarian at Avondale College, responded to a call to survey library services at Fulton. He reported that the absence of professional leadership had resulted in a decline in the efficiency of the library service, the card catalogue having become so confused that it was practically useless. He advised a significant increase in the acquisition of books to support the expanding academic programs, and the installation of a computer

library management system to maintain an efficient catalogue and to control borrowings. It would also be advisable to have an electronic security system to discourage the loss of books. (Several years before it had been discovered that one student had frequently mailed library books to friends in his home island.)

In response to Rigby's report, the administration provided additional funds, and invited my wife Daphne and me to spend a month at



Daphne Townend—reorganising the library 1991



Mrs Fulori Bola



Mrs Kutan Oli working in the library.

Fulton in 1991. In that time, a computer library management system was installed, and a start was made on entering the holdings on to the database. Mrs Ivamere Levuimata was trained to continue this work with the aim of having the transfer to computer management achieved as soon as possible. Unfortunately, within a few weeks, Mrs Levuimata was called away from her library duties to cope with an emergency teaching position in the primary school.

For 1992, Mrs Fulori Bola was appointed as part time librarian and college teacher. This would have been a very successful arrangement, as Mrs Bola was not only an efficient teacher, but also had observed the operation of academic libraries while completing her Master of Arts course at Avondale College and La Sierra University. Again, however, the library was deprived of much help from Mrs Bola when it was necessary for her to carry an unexpectedly heavy teaching load.

This unsatisfactory arrangement for library leadership was rectified in 1994 by the appointment of the first full time professional librarian in the person of Mrs Kutan Oli who had been librarian at Pacific Adventist College. Under her guidance, the library holdings were increased, and the computerisation program continued. In physical plant, library service was improved by the installation of a photocopier, and a personal computer by which students could consult CD reference works.

"The library was the primary base of information and research for students. With the coming of computerisation and the commencement of the use of CD ROM as a source of information, basic information became more accessible to all. The scope of material was adequate; however the depth was sadly lacking, especially for magazines and journals."⁸

Kutan returned to Pacific Adventist College at the end of 1996, and her place was taken by a Fijian lady, Mrs Nerely Tuwai.

In 1997, Daphne and I were again called to help out. We were faced with a massive backlog of cataloguing. One store room was so completely filled with dozens

of cartons of purchased and donated books, that the door could not be fully opened. In four months, we were able to clear the backlog of cataloguing and commence using the electronic loan system. In order to house the additional books, new shelving was constructed by the local carpenters. This necessitated the removal of several study tables further reducing the efficiency of the library. However, this was partly offset by clearing general teaching equipment from the area under the tower and setting it up as a periodical study area, with desks to cater for the installation of more computers for student use. Three teachers were trained in various aspects of library procedures in an attempt to ensure continuity of organisation.

Extensions

As the new millennium approached it was very apparent that the library was incapable of providing satisfactory study facilities. Teaching requirements for the high school classes had broadened and training programmes once again included diploma courses. The ultimate achievement was the introduction of degree programmes in association with Pacific Adventist University. Major extensions were imperative. The college administration explored ways in which this could be achieved. John Morris, a business man of Sydney, Australia, who for many years had been instrumental in obtaining equipment and resources for Fulton, took a particular interest in the project. As the library occupied almost all the available land on the hilltop, lateral expansion was impractical. A decision was made to build down the hill in front of the tower. In March 2000, a portion of the world-wide Sabbath School special projects offering was allocated for this purpose. Completed for the opening of the 2002 college year, the extensions provided additional book stacks, more work stations for electronic resources, and a considerably larger number of study desks. "However, the college still needs more books than they have."⁹

OTHER LIBRARIES

The development of Fulton College library outlined above is, in many ways, typical of that in other Seventh-day Adventist schools and colleges in the Pacific. For 50 years I have had the privilege of contact with many such libraries in several countries, in various capacities. In some cases, such as Pacific Adventist College and Isa Lei High School in Suva, Fiji, my wife Daphne and I have been fully responsible for the establishment and initial organisation of the library. On other occasions we have conducted projects to reorganise libraries that have been in need of revitalisation. We have spent from one to eight months on site, or given specific guidance during short visits or by mail, to local librarians.

These contacts have revealed a widely varying state of library services, from non-existent to excellent. "Our next place of service [a high school] had no library whatever."¹⁰ "We had a comprehensive computer catalogue with 8,000+ titles, with every book bar-coded and every student with a bar-coded borrowing card. We had established a vertical file and an aids facility for teachers"¹¹



Sione Ausage—a student librarian in training

Regardless of location, all libraries have experienced similar problems and face the same difficulties, but are gradually improving their service. Rather than identify specific schools, I will summarise my findings with selected examples, and again draw on anonymous comments from former students and staff.

Book resources

Some schools have made very commendable acquisitions. I was thrilled when visiting a new school, where the students were still housed in thatch dormitories, to see a bamboo shed with the significant sign "LIBRARY" above the door. Inside, above the dirt floor, were shelves of books including the *SDA Bible Commentary*! A good start! I was not surprised when returning 30 years later, to see students and staff busy studying in a large library with thousands of books.

The most widely held general reading books in most schools were the SDA story books from series such as *Destiny*, *Trailblazers* and *Penguin*. "In my three schools I greatly enjoyed reading many inspirational stories of God's leading in people's lives."¹² "I found suitable character-building stories to read on Sabbath."¹³

Most schools have found their stock of non-fiction books inadequate to support the study program as indicated in such comments as "Not enough resources for our Grade 10 assignments."¹⁴ "Empty shelves with very few books."¹⁵ "In the late 1970s the book supply was better than in some other schools, but not for information, mostly leisure reading."¹⁶ The poor state of library stock was reflected in "I never went to the library. We never had any research assignments."¹⁷

By the 1990's, there was a general improvement. "We used the new library building, for newspapers, magazines and occasionally for assignments."¹⁸ "The situation is constantly improving."¹⁹ Unfortunately, not all schools shared this improvement.

But, no school ever has enough books for all its needs. "Very few useful books. No updated information."²⁰ "Many of the students did not use the library - the books were too old."²¹

These comments reveal that a budget, no matter how small, should be set aside each year for the purchase of new books. If this is supplemented by donations of books, care should be taken to ensure that only such material as is relevant to the local conditions is retained. I doubted the usefulness of a Form 3 Latin text book, a Greek dictionary, or a novel in the Spanish language to a junior school in the jungle! In another location it took us three days to sort through a large consignment of gifts to choose suitable books, some for the library, and some to give to students. Half of the books were collected the next week by a local firm who shipped them to a paper recycling company back in Australia. On occasions, good gift books that are in excess of the needs of the library have been sold to students at nominal prices to provide funds to make purchases.

As the years go by, a program of regular weeding is necessary. What value could there be in a set of 30-year old travel guides that specified location and costs of hotels in countries in every continent! Twenty year old books explaining computer languages that are no longer in use have no place in a school that does not have a computer! Story books with attractive covers, but with half (or even

in several cases with all) the pages missing need to be discarded.

One school with a well-organised and catalogued library in a large concrete-block building had so many books that many had to be piled on the floor. When inappropriate books were weeded out, there was ample space for all books on the shelves. The effect of this weeding was still evident by a comment made six years later - "Better than most of the libraries in our other SDA high schools."²²

Organisation

The necessity of organisation of the book stock has been recognised in most schools, but most still have significant weaknesses that reduce the effectiveness of the collection. While fiction and narratives are relatively easily selected for use when they are arranged in the order of authors, non-fiction books have sometimes been arranged by size and colour rather than by subject! However, in many cases, arrangement of non-fiction has been accomplished by some form of Dewey decimal classification, but this is not always applied with consistency. One library had three copies of the same book shelved in three different subject areas, with three different classification numbers.

Even some of the smallest libraries have attempted to make a catalogue. In some cases, an enormous amount of effort has been put into writing out an "Accession register" or writing subject lists in books, but this work is fruitless, as such lists cannot be kept up-to-date, and are well-nigh useless for locating books. Several card catalogues have been established, but not all are carefully maintained. If the catalogue cards are not filed in the correct order, the books they represent can hardly be found. There has been some lack of accuracy in the typing or writing out of these cards. In one catalogue, the name "Seventh-day Adventist" appeared in seven different forms.

The greatest problems faced by all libraries are those caused by changes in school staff caring for the library. Although most teacher-librarians in our schools are not professionally qualified, they can be commended for having done their best under difficult circumstances. There are those who have so enjoyed their work in mission school libraries that they have changed professions and become full-time librarians. However, in most schools I know, there have been significant and even serious consequences as a result of changes in staff. In one "rescue" operation we conducted there was evidence of four major attempts to "put this library straight". And the fourth such attempt returned to procedures established by the first original organisation! To avoid these sequences of "re-organisation", some schools have prepared manuals which set out clearly the policies and procedures that have been established. By following the manual a newly appointed staff member may know how to proceed. However, such manuals have not guaranteed continuity of procedure. Two years after we had set up one library, and left copies of a manual of procedures in the library and in the principal's office, a new staff member contacted me with a sad story that "this library is in a terrible mess. Could you please send me instructions that would help me put it straight?" I simply wrote a letter advising that she refer to the manuals that I had left in the school two years before. Apparently these had been ignored, hence "the

terrible mess”.

A few weeks ago I received a letter from a friend who had spent several years in a certain school, but was now located on a different campus. She described the work she had done in developing the library, “We catalogued 20,000 books, and reorganised the card catalogue. A large audio cassette collection and a video lending library with hundreds of videos was catalogued.” Then she expressed her misgivings, “that library has had a sad history. Over the years some staff members have exerted much effort to ensure the books were catalogued well. They leave and nothing is done for years until another teacher comes and begins the process again.”²³ Another friend expressed similar sentiments, referring to the school mentioned earlier. “I dare not imagine how much of it might still be there! It sometimes doesn’t pay to find out what happens to all one’s work once one has left.”²⁴ It is sad that such experiences can be too often repeated.

Student help.

Most libraries have benefited by having students allocated for work duties, but they need to be trained and carefully supervised. In one school, the newly arrived principal told me that he had assigned some girls to “tidy up the library”. A couple of hours later, when he went to check them out, they were very pleased to tell him that they had “scraped off all those untidy white papers from the backs of the books”. He then explained that those “untidy white papers” were classification labels so that students would be able to locate what they needed! He then trained those students to work in the library where they later served efficiently.

Several students thus trained who have continued to develop their library skills are currently running efficient libraries in their schools. Some have even qualified as professional librarians.

THE FUTURE

“It’s good to notice that many of the high schools, and some of the primary schools in our island administrative unions now have library resources that help meet the needs of present day students.”²⁵

In the face of a constantly rising level of education in the Pacific, it is hoped that Seventh-day Adventist schools and colleges will continue to make their libraries more effective. This will require continuing and increased support and guidance at all levels of administration. Other modern facilities are needed in addition to books. “I believe that the internet and access to the www is a positive resource base of information for all our island libraries and must become the information centre for the future.”²⁶

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- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|
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| 3 Student, 1965 | 4 Student, 1978 |
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| 9 Teacher, 2001 | 10 Teacher, 1980 |
| 11 Teacher, 1985 | 12 Teacher, 1970-1980s |
| 13 Student, 1974 | 14 Student, 1976 |
| 15 Student, 1970s | 16 Student, late 1970s |
| 17 Student, 1980s | 18 Student, 1990s |
| 19 Teacher, 2002 | 20 Student, 1990s |
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From 1941-44 the educational institution was known as Fulton Training School; from 1945-1948 as Fulton Missionary School; from 1949-1971 as Fulton Missionary College; from 1972 onwards Fulton College.

Note: Some of the names on the map have been anglicised as Europeans would pronounce them. They are not spelt the way the Fijians would spell them, eg Samambula=Sanambula; Nanggarawai=Naqarawai; Matathula=Matacula etc. ☼



Showing the positions of the three schools combined when Fulton College was set up—Buresala, Navuso, Samambula
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ESTABLISHING THE FIRST PERMANENT BASE OF OPERATIONS IN VANUATU—Part 7 Death of a Missionary—1920



Les Parkinson

See CV in Vol 1 No 2

Synopsis: Nakambat and his brother befriended missionaries visiting their villages and eventually gave land for a station to be established near the inland village of Tannam where 302 people lived. Following a temporary stay in the village, and also furlough, the Wiles returned to their base at Matanavat ever keeping in mind the property at Tannam.

An incident involving the killing of a French recruiter about 12 kilometers away saw the Wiles transfer temporarily to Atchin for a year. Once the ban on visiting the area was lifted, the Wiles, with official permission, returned to once again live among the people, this time in a new house erected on the Tannam land. However, village unrest continued over the punitive shooting of some of the people by a French and British armed group. In revenge some villagers wanted to take Wiles' life, but there were occasions when some protected his home. When a bout of fever occurred, Norman and Alma recuperated on Atchin and then returned to their home at Tannam.

ON 26 MAY 1920 Andrew Stewart sent a wireless message to Australia to say that Norman Wiles had died of black water fever amongst the Big Nambas people. It was reported in the *Australasian Record* of 14 June 1920 that he was about twenty-seven years old, a native of South Australia. He had graduated from the Australasian Missionary College in 1914 and had that same year been appointed to work in the New Hebrides (Vanuatu). He was a courageous missionary—willing to work amongst cannibals. He loved them, and freely gave of his best for their benefit. In October 1919 the Union Conference committee had voted that he be ordained to the ministry but he died before this could be done.¹

Andrew Stewart wrote of the events surrounding his death. On Sabbath 1 May 1920, although he had not felt well, Wiles had made his usual visit to a large village about 5 kilometres from his home. On returning home he was seized with chills and other symptoms of black-water fever. Alma and Norman immediately commenced treatment but severe chills continued. By Tuesday he began to lose consciousness and at Midday on Wednesday he had passed to his rest. His watching, grief-stricken wife only had the local people of wild Malekula to whom she could look for help and sympathy. She had sent messages to Atchin but they did not reach there till Saturday. A recruiter's ship was

anchored off the mission station and the local captain with some of his crew had assisted Alma Wiles in performing the last rites for her husband.

Stewart quoted a poem which describes the situation well.

His faithful wife, with trembling hand,
Brought forth the linen sheet,
Bound on the gently folded band,
And veiled that face so sweet
The natives helped her dig the grave
And ere that evening fell
Consigned thereto the truly brave,
And weeping sighed, 'Farewell'.

Alone our brother lies at rest
On Malekula's soil,
'Twas that her sons might learn of Christ,
He spent his life in toil
A few short years, - but who can say
What fruit that life may bear?
'An hundredfold', O, let us pray
That harvest may declare.²

Alma Wiles returned to Australia on the *Makambo* arriving in Sydney on July 18, 1920.

Later Stewart wrote:

The empty mission house at Big Nambas [Tannam] makes us feel sad. While Brother and Sister Wiles were there we felt the torch was kept burning in that dark part but now that they are gone the weight of that burden seems to press upon us continually.³

*We visited the
grave on the
hillside about
one hundred
yards from the
house*

In October Stewart made another trip to Malekula and met a number of the Big Nambas people at Tannam, Tanniel and Matanavat. He took with him one of the young men from Matanavat who had attended Norman Wiles' school because he knew the customs and language of the people. He was armed with a musket and clothed only with his usual belt and pocket handkerchief.⁴

When Stewart arrived at the mission site he found that the Big Nambas had broken into, and taken objects from the house. They denied having done so. With the help of those with him Stewart removed most of the articles of much value but left some, such as tools, timber, chairs, linoleum etc. Each time he visited the area he found some more items missing and was having difficulty in getting within speaking distance of the people. When they saw him coming they would hide in the bush or long grass. This frustrated Stewart and he decided to try to get in touch with one of the chiefs.

The problem was solved when he and Hetum, his

guide, went on to the top of the hill and along through part of the village. The children and adults disappeared when they came in sight. Eventually they came across a dozen men carrying a long pole with one hand, a musket in the other. They were reticent to approach Stewart and Hetum but eventually did so. The men finally took Stewart and Hetum to the dance-ground where Stewart beat the drum until a fair number gathered around and he told them that he wanted them to feel as before, and suggested that they have a school, and they agreed.

He noticed a big bushy whiskered man whom he had not seen before among the group. This man had run away from a neighbouring tribe when he quarrelled with his brother. He had come to Tanmaru with his six wives. When Stewart commenced singing one of the hymns that Norman Wiles had translated he came and stood in front of him and looked at his face. He then put his gun against a tree and listened in amazement as Stewart and the young men continued to sing. Soon the young chief, Vil Vil, who had been hiding in his house, came out sat down and joined in the chorus.⁵

By the time Stewart and Hetum were due to leave the estrangement was broken. Stewart had humoured them a good deal and felt the old confidence had returned. Vil Vil and a number of his men walked down to the beach with the two missionaries and before they climbed into the dinghy to go to the *Eran* Stewart told Vil Vil that he was expecting another missionary to come soon. He appealed to him to look after the house. Vil Vil promised to place a tambu on the buildings to stop any further pillaging.

On Monday, 5 September 1921 Stewart took Harold Blunden and Donald Nicholson to visit the villages of Matanavat and Tanmaru.

Harold Blunden wrote:

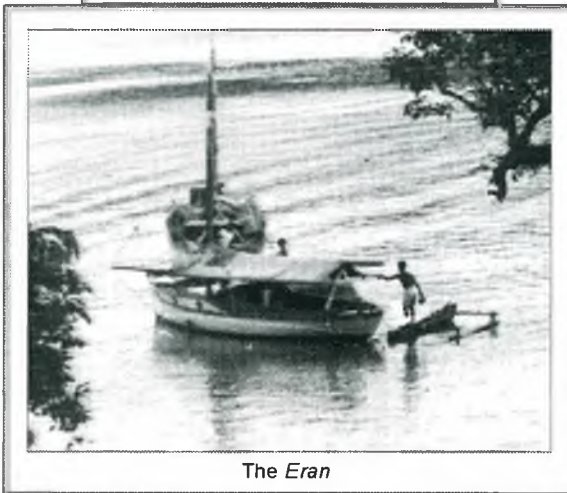
We visited the grave on the hillside about one hundred yards from the house. In the friendly shade of an overhanging tree, Sister Wiles chose to lay her loved one, and Pastor Stewart has cemented in the grave and built a picket fence around it, setting over it a polished painted stone on which is the simple inscription.

Norman Wiles
Missionary
Born, August 25, 1892. Died, May 5, 1920
'Greater love hath no man than this'⁶

The party climbed the mountain toward the



Andrew Stewart with Vil Vil the Big Nambas Chief



The *Eran*



The Nicholson family

village of Tanmaru and on the way met old Nakambat walking about aimlessly. He was pleased to see them and led the way to the village. About a kilometre from their destination they met Vil Vil. The three Europeans were first taken to the compound of Nakambat and met his seven wives and also to the compound of Vil Vil where they met his five young wives. Blunden estimated the age of Vil Vil to be about nineteen or twenty. Not long afterwards the missionaries returned to where the *Eran* was anchored. The walk back to the beach took less than an hour and when they were about two hundred yards from the beach Blunden and Nicholson stopped to drink from a creek. Andrew Stewart walked ahead. It was almost dark when

they heard two or three shots fired but did not take too much notice of them as the Big Nambas often shoot pigeons. When they came onto the beach two of the crew were rowing the dinghy to take them aboard the launch and were excitedly yelling out a warning to Andrew Stewart. Blunden and Nicholson knew then that something was wrong. They then heard Stewart shout, "Look out, they are shooting".

Blunden and Nicholson hid behind some large rocks and looked toward the area from whence the shots were being

fired. They soon realised that if it had been the intention of the Big Nambas people to shoot them they would have been easy targets. The cause of the trouble was attributed to a recruiting vessel which had a few weeks previously

recruited several people from the Tinamat Big Nambas village. On the day the shooting took place some of the crew had gone ashore to gather firewood.

Blunden recorded the event.

They [the crew] were at work for only a few minutes when a rifle and two shot guns were discharged from the bush. Two men were shot, one above the left ear with pigeon shot, and the other on the thigh with pigeon shot and in the arm at the elbow with ball. The man who was struck in the arm fell, and the others rushed for the water and plunged in to swim aboard. In the meantime two boats were sent off, one to pick up the wounded man and the other with armed men to cover the rescue party. They sent a man ashore to pick up the wounded man while the armed men aboard the dinghy discharged their muskets into the bush as a warning to the Big Nambas people to keep off. It was these shots that we had heard while drinking at the stream in the bush. Had we been fifteen minutes earlier on the

scene we would have been witnesses of the whole affair or, had these men any designs on us we were absolutely at their mercy ... We slept on the launch instead of on the beach that night, and were awake and up at an early hour from our hard beds.⁷

At day-break the mission vessel sailed for Atchin.

When Andrew and Jean Stewart left for Australia three months later in late December 1921, Donald Nicholson had the oversight of Atchin and Malekula and also encouraged the burgeoning interest on the island of Ambrym

In a letter to the *Australasian Record*, Nicholson wrote:

The Big Nambas [Tanmanu] are still waiting, and they assured me that they would allow their youth to attend

a school if it were in their midst. They requested us to return in a month's time.⁸

Nicholson visited the area regularly until the Parkers arrived back in Atchin in 1923.

References

- ¹ Editor, *Australasian Record*, 4 Jun 1920
 - ² A G Stewart, *AR*, 9 Aug 1920
 - ³ Ibid
 - ⁴ Ibid, 29 Oct 1920
 - ⁵ Stewart, 10 Jan 1921
 - ⁶ H M Blunden, *AR*, 26 Dec 1921
 - ⁷ Ibid, 9 Jan 1922
 - ⁸ D Nicholson, *AR*, 9 Oct 1922
- The 'recruiters' were people who took the locals by force to work in other countries



ALMA WILES POIGNANT SUFFERING IS REVEALED IN HER DIARY—

these extracts tell the story of that terrible time of suffering and death.

HARD AS IT ALL WAS my Father strengthened my faith so that I never doubted nor was my confidence in Him shaken. I know it all must be for the best somehow. Again and again I plead that if it could be to his honour and glory my darling might be spared to me, but He gave me strength to add "Thy will be done." Perhaps my Father saw that the tests that would come to my dear Norman might be more than his faith would be able to stand and so was placing him in safe-keeping for me. Perhaps too it was the only way that our prayers for those people whom we both loved might realize a Saviour's love. If it would lead them to my Saviour would I be willing to make the sacrifice? Yes I believed that with all my heart I would answer "Yes" for would Norman not be willing if he could realize. I believed he would. But again the prayer was on my lips, "If it can be thy will O my Father, save him, O save him to me, but thy will be done. And if he must go give me strength to bear it and O for his sake keep me faithful that I may have him back again."

At 5 am I could see that he was failing again. But I had wept till I had no more tears to shed. With the first signs of dawn I began to watch for that promised boat's crew for at last Bukul remembered seeing Norman hide the rowlocks under a small stone. Again I roused the boys and had them whistle across the gully but this time there was no response. Perhaps they were on their way across to us...

Norman was now having no more chills and for this I was thankful for his suffering was terrible. I had prayed that when the last one came that he might have no more.

... As soon as it was light enough I kept rushing to the verandah and straining my eyes—first up to see if I couldn't distinguish a figure coming over its brow, and then to the ocean to search for the first signs of life on that ship

or a boat coming ashore—but all in vain. It seemed more than I could endure, and I paced the floor in agony, my ears ever alert for the first sound of approaching voices.

Hungry? No, but a sense of duty made me chew a bit of dry zwieback. Once again I turned to Bukul pleading that he go to the beach and try to signal the captain but he said it was no use. Then as to add to my anguish told me to go saying he would look after Norman. But no I would never leave him with breath remaining. I watched the coast for the first sign of the launch but it was never again to be my privilege to see it round that point. It seemed there was no help anywhere. All I could do was to lean on that one never-failing arm and plead for help from somewhere.

All this time my poor boy lay, the only sign of life being those heavy breaths, and terrible heart beats at an unnumberable rate, a gurgling all through his body and a belch of wind now and again...

Again there was a murmur of voices and at last Vil Vil and several men appeared. What a relief, but it was only momentary for he had come to say he had no boat's crew. Again I showed him my dying boy and he really seemed to be touched, and he said he would send someone and hurried off to the beach. Again I was alone but the feeling that at least something was being done was some relief. I would go in and sit by my boy and again kiss him, for I was loathe to leave him even for one moment, and then hurry to the door to catch sight of the launch, or the boat which I felt sure would round the point for Atchin. As the morning wore on and it drew nearer the time when Brother Stewart usually came, I watched the more closely—but all in vain. Oh how I longed for someone if it was only an unsympathetic islander, and I prayed that if my

boy must be taken I might not be alone. Minutes seemed hours as I sat there with my hand under that chin, and now and then placing a kiss on that brow —for all the kisses he ever received must be while there is still life —and longing for anyone so it was someone. ...

Kambi with a towel kept chasing the flies and together (the people had gathered in) we watched those fleeting breaths. Those eyes that had so often looked lovingly upon me would never do so again. Those lips that had so often formed kisses and spoken loving words would do so no more. Those hands that had so often been thrown around me or worked for my comfort were still. Oh how I longed for just one more word, one more caress. Then about 10:00 o'clock came those two last long expirations, his eyes flew open and I knew he was gone. It was only then that the last vestige of hope was really gone, for while there is life there is hope. "Alone," oh how few know the meaning of that word, "If there was only someone to stand by me and bear with me the terrible anguish of that hour!" The terrible realization of facing the hard unfriendly world alone!

Now it seemed my wall of protection had been torn from me, and I was open to everything with none to help me bear. I was not fearful of the people who harassed me —I knew my danger but felt no fear on their account. It was the terrible thought of facing life's battles alone that shook my whole frame as I closed those eyes and threw my head on my arm beside him. But only for a moment could I linger thus. If only someone else were there to just take charge of things I could leave him now but no, there was none, so my own hands must perform those last rites, and so as if touched by an electric current I sprang into action. The people helped me lift him on to a board and remove the bedding... (Right to the last Norman's heart thumped at the rate of 120 to 160. His face was drawn from pain and his whole body even to his eyeballs was as yellow as could be)...

And even at that moment there was much I realized I had to be thankful for, and not the least thing was the presence of mind that had been given me all the way through. Then too since Norman went down I myself had had no fever. (*Masain mira ema kovajin*)...

Just as I finished laying Norman out the Tanmiel boys arrived —Natan, Leli Sal, or Natan Soluperi and Jugleli (John's brother). They seemed like a God-send and I never appreciated the arrival of anyone more. I believe they were especially sent in answer to my prayer. Watch the tears roll down those brown cheeks as they gaze upon the one who has been their teacher and then try if you can, to convince that islanders do not feel. Hastily I snatched up the letter I had written, bit by bit and placed it in an envelope without even taking time to add that the end had really come. This I placed in their hands, begging that they let nothing detain them, that they stop for neither food nor rest until they had delivered that letter at Atchin. With one last plea that they remember that all this was so that that they might learn at school I hurried them off...

Now my thoughts turned to myself. I must do the



Norman Wiles

work of two now, so I just must take things calmly and do all in my power to keep my strength up...

Still through it all my confidence in my God was not shaken and never did I question "Why." Right then I realized that I had so much to be thankful for. My one prayer from then would be "For Norman's sake keep me faithful." The hope of the resurrection and a soon-coming Saviour never seemed so dear but how could I wait till that time should arrive. So I went back to the room and knelt in prayer by the bedside of that loved one...

At last daybreak came and I watched that shadowy coast take shape and strained my eyes for the first glimpse of the

launch which I was sure would come that day. "Surely my trial is sufficient and the Lord will not allow me the additional and severe test of laying my own loved one to rest." But He in His all-wise providence deemed otherwise. My trial was not yet complete. From henceforth I must bear my own burdens so I must begin to learn that lesson now. The evening before the people had approached me regarding the burial saying that they "savvy cover him up Master." But I had refused saying Brother Stewart would do that. While life lingered I would not have left him to anyone for a moment but now I would gladly have left all the responsibility to anyone who cared for that precious form.

At daybreak the captain and his boy left me, promising to return later and fix up a coffin if Brother Stewart did not arrive. Hour after hour I waited, the suspense all the time growing more unbearable. Oh if someone would only come, even if it were only a local person to sit on the verandah—someone I could speak to or even just the feeling of someone near. Finally about 9am the pig calls began to resound in the distance and to grow nearer and nearer. Oh how welcome even those sounds were and still more so when at last I began to hear voices. But again and again they would die away just as I would expect to see someone come out from the trees and then a few minutes later as if to mock me they would come echoing up from the valley below—they had quietly slipped past. Finally some people came along but not to stay very long and again I was alone. If ever work was a blessing it was that day, for I never could have borne the suspense without it. But there were quilts, nets, blankets, etc to boil, the house to straighten up, etc., sufficient to more than occupy my time. Once I thought the launch was coming but it proved to be only the boat of the Frenchman anchored at Espejel Bay. Time and again I scanned that coast but only to be disappointed. Still I kept myself up for I knew not what still lay before me. Why the captain had not returned I could not understand.

Finally at two o'clock I could bear it no longer so having a long last look at that precious dust I locked the house and made my way to the beach. There I learned that the captain had been to Matanavat and found that the letter had not been hurried on as I had requested so quite likely Brother Stewart was quite ignorant of our need... Once more I wended my way up that hill, not knowing where to turn next. How terrible it seemed to be climbing

that hill alone —we had always gone together before. Once more my eyes found their tears and I wept aloud as I hurried up the hill, for somehow I felt I had done a terrible thing to leave Norman even that long. I would hardly wait till I reached the house to rush into the bedroom and see that everything was all right. And then I came out and threw myself on the bed which stood there and poured out my grief aloud. "Oh my Father, must I bear it all alone, all alone, Father? Can You not send someone!" I was ready to say I could bear it no longer, but the words were stayed on my lips,— no if I hadn't a faith that could sustain me through trial it wasn't worth much. But O how I longed for the touch of a loving hand for the sound of some voice to break the terrible silence...Only the work which we both loved so, still buoyed me up. Yet through it all I never felt my Saviour nearer than then. There was that abiding presence such as I had never felt...

At length I heard voices and then the captain came up on the verandah and spoke. How welcome was the sound of a human voice to break the silence. Together we walked up the little hill and across the flat to search for a suitable place to lay that precious dust in the care of the Lifegiver. He wished it to be just at the back of the house but we finally chose a secluded spot some yards from the house, yet just out of sight, under the shade of two hardwood trees. Bamboos on the other sides close in the sacred spot.

Several times the captain and local people wished to lay him away but I kept putting them off still feeling that somehow Brother Stewart would be impressed to come. ...The grave had been dug but when I went to see it, it was so shallow I could not rest so begged them to dig it deeper. (The thoughts of wild pigs, and local customs were too vivid in my mind to let him rest so near the surface).

I felt I had stood all I could, so now gave the captain and one of his crew a sheet, a towel, and the two local mats which Brother Stewart had given me. One mat was wrapped and tied around him while the other formed an outer covering. While I did this I went out and once more looked at our little garden. That one last look seemed more than I could stand—it was better for me to leave him to them now. Several times the captain hunted me up to ask if I were ready but each time I would scan the coast longingly for the sign of a launch and wave them back. But the sun was creeping lower so at last I must give the word and they bore that precious dust around the side of the hill while I followed. As we reached the spot that hole still looked so shallow so all waited while I urged them to

dig still deeper. At last we laid him carefully in, facing the hill over which lived those for whom he had so willingly and cheerfully given his life. All through his suffering never once had a murmur escaped his lips. When the thought of a service was mentioned the captain had said, "*Me savvy make him church along Master.*" My heart was too full for words so I stood silently while he repeated a service which he had learned and then offered prayer in his own language — I could not understand anything...As I gazed out over the ocean the sun had already slipped into the sea — a symbol it seemed of the end of my joy and happiness and yet there was that determination in my heart to meet life's battles bravely. Because sorrow had crossed my life that was no reason why I should cast a shadow over everyone with whom I came in contact. How selfish to seek comfort by continually reminding others of my grief. Before I saw a white face I determined that no matter how I felt I would, with my Saviour's help, show a bright face to the world. My sorrow would be sealed in my own heart, and my tears shed in the dark alone...

I wrote a few lines to Brother and Sister Stewart not knowing when or how they would get it. The local people had all become tired and gone home, so there was only the captain, three of his boat's crew and I at the grave. The captain and his men returned to the boat.

I had not been alone very long when dear old Nakambat arrived. He had broken their rules of mourning and hurried down to see the face of him whom he called master and really loved. He did not say much but that hard grasp and those few words of affection for his



master showed a warm heart under a brown skin. He was anxious to know whether I would stay and teach and at first did not like the idea of a new master whom he did not know. We had a long talk, and I cannot but feel that that dear old man was in his own way doing all he knew. He still had just as keen an interest in school and promised to be friendly to whoever might take our place... All morning long he sat around ordering his men to do the little things I asked...

About 9am the captain returned saying that the wind had changed and was favourable for him to go home, so he wished to go. There was no use trying to persuade him otherwise, so I asked him if he would take me to Atchin. This he reluctantly agreed to do, saying we would leave at noon...

Being a poor sailor I dreaded the boat trip, but to my surprise I did not get one bit sick. At 1pm we started. The captain had tried to get something for me to eat, and I was able to eat some crackers and jam. The wind was good



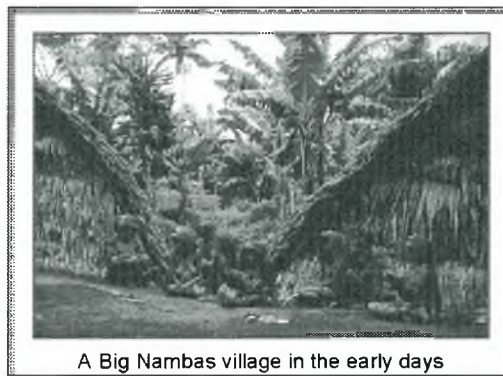
Norman Wiles' grave somewhat later—the picket fence is gone

and we reached the Tanmeil landing a little before dark. I was anxious to go to the village to learn whether anyone had gone to Atchin... We met some of the people, among others Billi, and found the letter had been sent on to the next village. It was nearly dark... so we hurried back to the beach... They all rowed off leaving me sitting on the canoe in the rain... Minutes seemed hours as I sat there, cold, wet and alone for no one came. Finally about 9pm there was a splash of oars and the boat's crew pulled in to tell me that as the wind was favourable their master had decided to leave for Santo (40 miles north) and that I might go with him or stay as he feared the sea to take me on to Atchin. Not knowing what else to do I scrambled into the boat and we were soon alongside the ship.

As I heard the captain's proposition I felt I could not accept it. He would not even promise to take me to friends in Santo... I am sure Pastor Stewart had never received any message from me (although at Espiegel Bay we had left a note with a Frenchman who was anchored there) and should I get to Santo there would be no way of getting back or sending him word... I begged to be rowed to Matanavat some eight miles away. There I would at least be on Malekulan soil and could walk if no other way opened. He finally consented and instructed his crew to land me on the beach and do no more. It was dark and they were less acquainted with the coast than I, so we had quite a time finding the passage. Somewhere about 10 pm ... I was landed with my things on the sand. As they had a lantern I constrained them to go with me to our old school drum that used to sound out the hour for school and we beat it hoping someone from the village would come down.

Then we hurried back to the sand and in a few minutes the light was fading from view, the splash of oars grew fainter and fainter, and that awful word "alone" came back with still more force... There must be something to break the silence so I sang aloud and repeated texts of scripture... The promises of Psalm 91 came back with more force than ever. As the time passed and no one came the only thing left was to wait until the moon should come up and then make my way to the village. By about 11pm it should begin to show, and God's clocks never disappoint us. But it could only help for a few yards, and then I must feel my way along a narrow path through the pitch darkness of the jungle. {end of Diary}

Alma Wiles made it safely to the village where she was treated kindly and given a hut in which to sleep. After explaining her situation to her new-found friends they provided her with an escort for the remainder of the journey of 16 miles northward along the coast. But on reaching the border of the next tribe she had to obtain a new escort from among them to proceed further. Though weary, fatigued and sick, she reached the gardens of the Atchinese located opposite the island of Atchin. Soon she was on her way across the sea with friends to the island, where she met the Stewarts and informed them of the tragedy that had befallen her. The captain she mentions in her diary was the captain of a local vessel—a non-European.—editor.



A Big Nambas village in the early days



MALEKULA REVISITED

Zelma Edwards tells of her Aunt Alma's return.

SHE HAD NOT BEEN BACK to Malekula since the night of Uncle Norman's burial and her escape in a little boat and through the jungle and eventually to the island of Atchin where Pastor and Mrs Stewart were stationed. My mother, Norman Wiles sister, had never been to Malekula. She wanted to go there with Aunt Alma and so they left Sydney on 22 May 1963.

They found many churches and groups of Adventists where in 1920, there had only been a handful of people interested in the words of truth. The people, most of whom had not personally known the Wiles but who had grown up hearing stories of the missionaries, gave them a tremendous welcome and showered them with gifts, and



Alma Wiles with her sister-in-law Vida Harris on Malekula.

many feasts, to celebrate. They realized that had not the Wiles come to their island many of them would not be Seventh-day Adventists.

One old man had eagerly awaited her coming for he remembered both Alma and Norman Wiles. He had been just a boy. Sadly, another man had also wanted to meet with Alma but had died just a few days before her coming. They had a wonderful time meeting with the people who did everything to make them feel welcome.

One highlight of the trip was to meet some of the descendants of the Big Nambas tribe—the people who had had a special place in the hearts of both Norman and Alma.

Later they went to Aore hospital where they observed Dr Joeli Taoui delivering a baby. When the baby, a little girl, arrived the mother asked my mother, (Vida Harris nee Wiles), to name her and she named her Janelle, after her granddaughter, my daughter. ❀



NORTHERN VANUATU

Keeping the programme going despite the disruptions of World War II

Albert Pietz



Albert Donaldson Pietz was born in Brisbane Australia in 1912. On completing the Ministerial Course at the A.M.C. in 1937 he commenced working for the church in Victoria in 1938, and in the same year married Mary Dunlop. Service in the Pacific Islands began when Albert and Mary sailed for Vanuatu (New Hebrides) in Nov 1941 but it was interrupted by WW II, recommencing early in 1943. The Pietzs served in the mission field several times but their service was interrupted by the sickness of their son, Donald. They spent 3 years at Atchin then 2 1/2 as Voice of Prophecy Instructor in Sydney. In 1949 Albert was called to be President of the New Hebrides Mission but had to return home. From 1956 was President of the Western Highlands Mission & then the Eastern Highlands Mission. Returning to Australia in 1962, he spent fruitful years as minister at Inverell, President of the Tasmanian Conference 1964-70. From 1971 he pastored churches in Brisbane. He retired in 1975 but then spent 2 1/2 years introducing the stewardship program in South Queensland. He then carried out many different activities both at home & in the mission field. His son Donald had passed away aged 16, Judith, one of adopted twins died aged 7 and Mary in Dec 1980. He married Wendy Blank in Oct 1981. They live in retirement at Alton Villas, Cooranbong, NSW, Aust.

IT WAS ON OUR FIRST DATE that Mary and I decided that we would be missionaries but it was six years before our dream would be realised.

November 7, 1941 found us mission bound to the New Hebrides (now Vanuatu) on the SS *Morinda* along with our good friends John and Marjorie Keith and their two girls, Joan and Valda, and returning missionaries Joe and Dulcie Miller and their daughter, Ruth. We made quite a party.

We arrived on Aore, an island near Santo, just two weeks later and spent a few days there getting initiated into mission work—giving injections, extracting teeth and making tanks.

On arrival at Atchin we experienced culture shock. It was hot and dusty, I remember, and what was to be our home was a floor with a few solitary studs standing, waiting to become the walls and rooms of our home. The mission station had been neglected and was badly run down. We were left in this strange and new environment to do the best we could. It was not long before we found out what needed doing and our days were soon filled with all kinds of strange activities such as; caring for those who were suffering from the dreadful pain and shock from poisonous rock fish found on the reef; circumcising young men at the request of their families (it was the custom there); treating a man who had had his hand blown off and his leg severely damaged from fiddling with a cap used in the explosion of dynamite.

We were just getting into some sort of



Bert & Mary Pietz and son Donald on Atchin, 1945

routine when all unsuspected, the *Le Phare* sailed in with the news that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbour and were on their way south heading for Australia. Word from headquarters in Australia was that we must evacuate and return there at the first opportunity. "Pack up", they said, "and we'll call back in a day or two and pick you up." What a disappointment just as we were beginning to enjoy our work.

It was from there on we were to experience some of the effects of war and the disruption it caused.

Holed up at Aore we waited, and waited, but no ship arrived. News was that the Japanese were really on their way. At long last the good ship *SS Morinda* arrived in Santo. Would we get on board? Fortunately we did. However, when we arrived in Vila people kept crowding on board until the passenger list was four or five times, perhaps more, than the usual capacity.

We arrived in Sydney on 1 April 1942, just five months after we had left. It would be almost a year before I was able to return. Since there were restrictions of entry into the islands for women and children, I had



"The house" 1941



Pastor Ross James

to return to the New Hebrides alone.

After serving in Tamworth for six months or more I had spent some time with Pastor Ross James with the idea of studying the Atchinese language. We had just settled into the programme when I received word to say the *Morinda* was about to sail. No date was given, for shipping movements were

classified information in those days so when the time came to leave it was a case of down tools and make for the wharf.

The voyage was straight forward enough but it was "black out" all the way and a constant dread that we could be attacked at any time. It so happened that the morning after we arrived in the Saigon Canal the "real thing" brought us to "boat stations" in a hurry. The bombs were aimed at air strips on the island so we escaped any real trauma.

I had arrived at my destination but what was I going to do from here on. Pastor John Keith and Algie Gallagher³ had preceded me but there was no way that they could have been alerted of my arrival, let alone the time of my arrival. Fortunately the *Morinda* would be in port for a day or two so I sat pretty on board hoping that the coconut wireless⁴ would somehow get word to the men at Aore. And it did!

In due time a canoe appeared in the distance. As it came closer I recognised Pastor Keith and one of the students from Aore. What a come down! The "seven day" mission was known throughout the Pacific for its fleet of mission ships. Now it was reduced to an outrigger canoe!⁵

John came on board, collected the mail and I, with my one and only piece of luggage, a suitcase, followed. We took our places on the canoe and headed off to the mission.

So far, so good but it was a long way to Atchin from Aore—some 64 kilometres (40 miles). I couldn't very well continue long with John and Algie. Rations were meagre indeed. It was tough. A way must be found somehow for me to move on, but how?

Well, as is so often the case when we come to what seems to be the end of the road, the One who has all the answers, steps in and takes over. There were literally thousands of American Army personnel on Santo. The Canal was full of ships of all kinds and descriptions.

At times we would have a visit from both officers and crews who were looking for a little variation in their lives. One day a sleek patrol boat pulled in and had a look around the property. In the course of conversation the problem of transportation to Atchin came up and almost immediately they offered to take me across, usually a four hour trip in the mission launch. At the appointed time, true to their word, the Captain of the *Tangeia*, a floating engineer shop, and some of his officers arrived. I, with my faithful suitcase, got aboard and away we went. We seemed to be there in no time at all.⁶ The men fell in love with the island and from time to time came back, not by

ship now but by an amphibian aeroplane! It proved to be a nice break in the monotony for I was left with my suitcase to spend the next six months on what I call my "Isle of Patmos". Fortunately I had plenty to do. The principal thing, of course, was to finalise the work on the house but those were lonely days and nights. Although I was not only the only white person on the island, I was the only one for many miles around.

I did make a trip to Aore to see if any mail had come, but this time it was not in a speedy patrol boat but in a fairly large canoe under sail. A trip I will never forget. Going over was not so bad, we had the wind on our side but coming back, there was a strong tide running in the opposite direction and we finished up on the west coast of Malekula about two hours from Atchin. We went ashore finally, made a fire and cooked some bananas from a garden one of my boys said belonged to a relative, and ate them with dried coconut. A feast for a king! We then rowed on to our destination.

Six long months rolled by and this burning question was always the same. I wonder will Mary and Donald turn up today!

Finally the day did come. With a little forward thinking I had made arrangements for the Government Officer at Bushman's Bay to bring Mary and our son Donald up to Atchin. It would be so much more convenient than going up to Santo and then back to Atchin, particularly when we did not have any ships in operation. Well, the *Morinda* arrived at Bushman's Bay, on the east coast of Malekula about two hours of sailing south of Atchin. Mary and Don went ashore but the District Officer was no where to be found. There was a trader with whom we were on good terms but he, too, was away. So Mary and Don were left stranded. Finally they were given overnight accommodation but went to bed wondering what the morrow would bring.

Isn't it just wonderful how our God plans things for us. Just a little after daybreak a ship appeared and Stan Brusck, a trader from Aoba⁷ arrived. Seeing Mary's predicament he took them on board and brought them to Atchin. So far as I was concerned they were still in Australia. I knew nothing of all this and when "Sail-0" was heard there was great excitement. I went down to see what was going on and how thrilled I was to see that at last they were here and we were together again.

The news that the war in the Pacific had begun was a great shock but the news that peace had been declared was different and it came about in rather a strange way. We had been going along one day at a time absolutely isolated. No phone, no radio, certainly no newspapers. One day a launch came sailing past with every flag flying and bunting up and down every stay. "War i finis, war i finis" was the cry. It was great news. However it was not the end of our worries.

With the arrival of Charlie Tucker, an engineer, our ships began to operate again but that only created another problem. Where was the fuel necessary to make them serviceable? Here is where the Armed Forces once again came to our rescue or should we say, once again the Lord provided the answer?

An approach was made to the appropriate authorities and Captain Stone, the officer in charge of the large fuel dumps, gave us free access to petrol, diesel, and kerosene which were stored in abundance. We were soon under

way once more.

Because we had been so limited in what we could bring with us on our return, our clothing soon began to deteriorate. That was a real problem, so off we went to the seemingly never ending supply of all things—the military base at Santo⁸, where we had free access to the P.X. (the army post exchange). We were able to obtain some much needed clothing, soldiers' uniforms for the men and nurses outfits and men's briefs for the ladies.

There came a time when we were able to render a service by providing fresh fruit which was in short supply on Santo. Every now and then a landing craft would arrive at Atchin laden with tinned food in exchange for pineapples, pawpaws and bananas. It was a programme of mutual satisfaction.

Inevitably the time came when the Base at Santo became redundant. We were able to make the most of what was freely available. You name it, it was there for the taking. Whole Quonset Huts, timber of every shape and size. We obtained one ten-wheel truck, an ambulance vehicle, a fork lift and a jeep for around £120 for the lot. It surely was a time of harvest and proved to be a god send.

One little incident is worth recording. As is often the case, we found ourselves with two orphans to care for. We had neither milk nor teats in order to feed them. Once again the Lord came to the rescue.

Some New Zealand airmen heard about this interesting little island called Atchin and came to see for themselves. They called on us and in the course of the conversation we told them of our need for milk. "Leave that to us," they said and the next day there appeared a small plane that swooped down almost to sea level in front of our house, came straight toward us, then pulled up into the air and as it did a package of milk landed at our back door.

The Lord had wonderfully blessed His work in our absence, and it must be said that I believe that if we had never returned, they would have carried on till the Lord came. These people excelled themselves and proved faithful in every detail. Men like Pastor Joel who had the overall care of the work and Daniel, our most competent ships' captain. He had the care of the ships during the occupation. He hid them, took parts out of the motors and much, much more.

Then there were teachers like Japheth and Issachar, Sam, and Benjamin, a man short in stature with little education who went into the Big Nambus country, broke down barriers and raised up a whole new Adventist village in the vicinity of Norman Wiles' resting place. How he and Alma would have rejoiced.



The mission ketch Le Phare

We have a strong work there today.

Another instance that should be recorded is that of the school at Baiap. On my first visit after returning we anchored off Baiap, went ashore, and when I reached the village there was Japheth conducting school just as he had been during the time we were out of the field. A real example of dedication and faithfulness. Today, two of his daughters have graduated from

the Newcastle University, one of them a teacher in the North New Zealand Conference, the other a married woman with two children living in Australia.

By the time furlough came in 1946 we were ready for a well-earned rest and we took the opportunity to prepare for another term of service but that was not to be. That's another story.

References

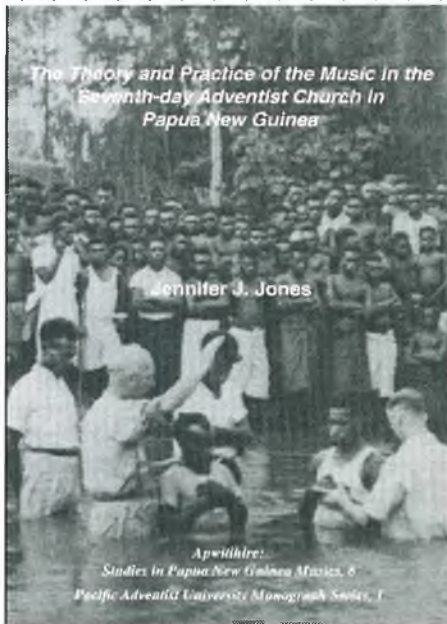
- 1 The New Hebrides had a condominium form of government--from 1906 the islands were jointly administered by France and England. In 1980 the country became independent within the Commonwealth, as the Republic of Vanuatu.
- 2 The *Morinda*, an 1100 ton vessel, was a steamship, fired by coal. She traveled at a rate of approximately 8 - 10 knots per hour and always with a list to port. She called at Lord Howe, Norfolk Island & Vila and sundry plantations and finally to Santo. Aore was served from Santo.
- 3 Pastor John Keith and Brother Algie Gallagher were forerunners of the missionaries who returned from the homeland after World War II. It was their responsibility to begin the work of assessing damage and reorganizing the work. Their work was severely hampered by a lack of transport. All of our ships, the *Le Phare*, the *Eran*, and *Rani* were out of commission and it was not until our engineer, Charlie Tucker, returned that we became mobile. Charlie Tucker had worked before the war in the New Hebrides and also in the Solomon Islands as ships engineer and maintenance. He worked tirelessly after the war to get the ships operational.
- 4 "Coconut wireless" is a term used to describe the way news was carried from person to person without technological means. It was amazing how quickly news travelled.
- 5 Unlike other island groups, the New Hebridean canoe is fitted with an outrigger. The canoe is simply a log from a corkwood tree, trimmed on the outside and hollowed out to give seating room. They can be quite large and equipped with a sail.
- 6 The patrol boat was an open cockpit type ship, perhaps 20 to 30 feet long (approximately six to nine metres), powered by two huge diesel motors and was capable of speeds up to 25 knots per hour. It was a very fast trip.
- 7 Aoba, now known as Umbai, is situated in the middle of nowhere between Santo and Pentecost islands. It was the district headquarters for that area.

⁸ Santo had been the staging post for the onslaught against the Japanese in the Solomon Islands. There were five or six airfields on the island and the Saigon Canal was a very safe anchorage for the allies fleet.

Special note: There is one thing for which I personally will be eternally grateful and that is that the US forces flew me and my son, Donald, without obligation, from Santo to Brisbane when he had what proved to be a terminal illness.



A group of national workers in Vanuatu at the time.



Book Review

Enquiries concerning this publication may be made to:

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Jennifer came from South Africa with her husband to serve for several years in the Pacific Adventist College in Papua New Guinea. While there she acquired the degree of Master of Literature in Ethnomusicology. This book was originally prepared as her thesis towards this degree and bears the stamp of detailed study of the music of worship in the Adventist church in the past, the present and the possible future.

Jennifer first gives a background to the Seventh-day Adventist Church followed by its history in Papua New Guinea and the development of its peculiar style of music of worship.

Then she describes the milieu of indigenous traditional music, the singing and traditional instruments and how the early missionaries dealt with them. In almost all cases a stigma was attached to the indigenous culture and there was a seismic shift into the peculiarly Adventist Christian life style.

Jennifer has unearthed a number of the Papua New Guinea hymnals where the words of traditional Western hymns were translated into either local dialects or the lingua franca. Perusing these will bring touches of nostalgia to many readers. With the passage of years, the nationalization of church leadership and the disappear-

ance of expatriates, there is a wind of change blowing. Jennifer has interviewed a number of leading church musicians and has endeavoured, by means of a questionnaire, to gauge the feelings of church members in relation to present music of worship and to the possible adaptation of indigenous music, song and dance.

She finds that change is taking place from two sources. Western music has flooded the country and church music is beginning to respond to its beat and style. The guitar and the keyboard dominate the instruments; the tropical climate is unkind to others.

Then there is a door opening to traditional music and instruments. Jennifer detects and welcomes a move to incorporate that which is acceptable by church standards. Indigenous singing styles adopted by other denominations, such as the perovera (the book contains a glossary), are finding acceptance. Perhaps the kundru (drum) and bamboo pipes will also sit comfortably at the front of their churches. Their counterparts have done so in Australia.

Change is inevitable and there will be indigenisation. All the church can do is choose wisely as to what it admits. After all, if indigenisation of liturgical music had not taken place during the Reformation, we would still be worshipping to Gregorian chants and plain song sung in Latin.

Jennifer has covered the topic thoroughly and her findings need to be taken into consideration by church authorities at all levels

David Caldwell, Valentine. NSW

Letters

1 *Training Secondary Teachers at Fulton College* Vol 4 No 1 p 35.

"On page 35 the addition of secondary classes at Beulah College was mentioned. In 1962 my husband Errol introduced the Higher Leaving Certificate into Beulah. As the article seems to state that secondary classes were introduced, 1970-74, we were wondering if secondary classes lapsed between 1962-70. You may be able to enlighten us."

Margaret Arthur, Lilydale, Victoria.

Don Halliday's response: "You are probably right in saying that Beulah already had secondary classes from 1962 and onwards. I do remember that many Tongan students wanted to come to Fulton to start at Form 3 rather than do the Higher Leaving in Tonga, and that was still the case in 1973 the year I left Fulton...When I went to Fulton in 1965, almost all secondary students in the CPUM came to Fulton with the exception of Tonga noted above..."

* **Dr Alfred Ghere Liligeto from USP, Suva Fiji, has kindly supplied the following information.** The names of the pioneers in the photo on p 36 from L to R are Billy Kaleva (PNG), Samson Panda (SI), Mettley Katovai (SI), Micah Navua (PNG), Otelia Olita'a (SI), Reuben Alu (PNG), Noave (PNG), Kosogani (PNG), Alfred Liligeto (SI).

* There was also a pioneers quartet consisting of Samson Panda (1st tenor), Otelia Olita'a (2nd tenor), Mettley Katovai (1st bass), & Jones Paul (2nd bass).



*The names of the three secondary teaching graduates are: Samuela Ratulevu, Finau, Samu Lawedrau.

Life Sketches

ISIKELI V TICOICINA was born at Wailevu in the Wainibuka district on Viti Levu in Fiji on 27 November 1937. He completed Form 5 then graduated from the Ministerial Course at Fulton Missionary School in 1959. He served the church in Fiji faithfully in various capacities for 31 years. In evangelism: West Fiji 1960-61; East Fiji at Somosomo 1962-63; Natewa 1964; Taveuni 1965; Qamea 1967; Labasa 1969-70. Departmental work at the Fiji Mission—Publishing Secretary 1966; Stewardship, Health & Temperance Director 1980-82. Teaching: Fulton College 1973. Minister of several churches: Suva 1970, 1992; Gau 1971-72; Tebara 1976; Naqia 1977-79, Labasa 1983-88, Rakiraki 1989-1991.

On 26 January 1961, Isikeli married Milika Liku. At the end of 1992 Isikeli retired and he passed to his rest on 22.8.96. He made a valuable contribution to the work of the Lord.

JOEL WILLIE came into his world in the village of Sanesup in Western Ambrym on the island of Ambrym in Vanuatu in 1915. He completed grades 2 and 3 on Ambrym and at Aore near Santo.

In 1942 he commenced his long and blessed service for the church as a teacher on the island of Ambrym. He taught on Tanna from 1943-47, Malekula 1948, on Ambrym in 1949. He served as a minister for his remaining years until his retirement: Malekula 1950-52; on Pentecost 1953-57; on Aoba 1958-61; on Ambrym at Linbul in the north 1962, at Bethel & Maranatha 1963-65, at Port Vato in the west 1966; at Winn—North-west Malekula 1967-69; at Lesasa on Pentecost 1970; on Efate at the Mission headquarters 1971; on Pentecost 1972; on Malo 1973; at Tevali on Paama 1974; in the Banks Islands 1975-76.

In 1958 he married Lалу and they had eight children: Matty, Jack, Elaen, Meriam, Julien, Enet, Ferres and Ena. Joel died on 15 June 2001 and his wife Lалу on 2 January 2004.

He is remembered by many as a willing and loyal worker. He and Lалу looked forward in faith to the day of resurrection.

2. Exciting Yet Purposful—Betikama Vol 4 No 1

*Dr Liligeto recommends 3 corrections and asks a question:

p 18 "la kale Haguruna" instead of "la Kali Hugaruna" p 20 "ngache" instead of "ngachi"

p 21 "Kituru Ghemu" instead of "Kituru Ghomo".

"My dad talked about a Pastor Howes who was at Rivivai School on Choiseul Is in the Solomons, between 1940 & 1941. Is this the same John Howse featured on your cover?"

Yes Alfred it is. On leaving Choiseul John Howse became the superintendent of Samoa, 1942-1945. **Editor**

*Pr Lyndon Thrift of Taree, NSW & Pr Ray Richter of Nerang, Queensland, point out that in the list of Betikama pioneers on p 21:

—Thugea & Wilfred Bili are the same person. Ray states that Thugea is the name of Wilfred Bili's village, and that he attended Kopiu School before coming to Betikama.

—Lyndon also indicated that Thomas Green was not at Betikama during his time, but Philip Luta was, and his name was omitted.

3. Refloating the Viking Ahoy

Milton McFarlane of Cooranbong, NSW, points out that in the CV on page 27 of Vol 4 No 1, Pr Fergus McFarlane's name should end with an "e" not a "d".

Photo Credits

Adventist Heritage Centre: p 2; p 3 #4 #6 #7; p 4; p 7 JT; p 8; p 9; p 12; p 16; p 17; p 20; p 22; p 30; p 31; p 32; p 36; p 37. **Australasian Record:** Front Cover December 1983; p 3 #1 14.10.68; p 6 27.10.69; p 7 27.1.69; p 13 7.1.46; p 16 18.5.25; p 21 8.8.21, 16.7.23; 18.5.25. **Rose-Marie Radley:** p 2 V; p 11; p 13 P; p 21 M; p 30 N. **Appeal for Missions 1931:** p 3 #2; p 33. **Brian Townend:** p 3 #5; p 23; p 25; p 26. **Albert Pietz:** p 3 #8; p 34; p 35; p 37. **Lester Lock:** p 3 #3; p 15 JM; p 16. **Jo-Ellen Barnard Walton:** p 5, p 6, p 7. **David Hay:** p 4, p 5. **Betty Chapman:** p 18. **Fulton College Makasoi:** p 24 1997; p 25 1993; p 26 1999; p 38 1970, 1999. **Alec Thomson:** p 33. **Zelma Edwards:** p 34; **Elva Shipton:** p 40.

These Were the First!—charter members of the Neiafu church in the Vavau group of islands in northern Tonga, 1914.



L to R: Anau Mafileo (became the wife of Saia Ma'afu), Finau Va'emolo, Lusiane Kaufusi (married Lasitani from Ha'apai. After his death she married Semisi Moala), Mate ki Tonga (a high chief), Bofaiva Va'emolo (Finau's sister. Became Mrs Otto Sanft and cared for the motherless children of her sister Va'i. Earlier Va'i had attended the Australasian Missionary College), Sione Fameitauu, Lasitani.
In front: Bert and Lily Thorpe with their daughter Elva.

Finau & Bofaiva were the children of Judge Vaemolo of Neiafu, Vavau. Two more of his children were baptised later. Nearly all of his children attended the Adventist school on the island. He was a good friend of the Adventist church.

