

A PACIFIC LIFE

The Memoirs

of

George R Hemming

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CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

Shirley has been at me to set down the facts about my life. I don't think my life has much about it to be set down on paper. It hasn't been all that arresting or dramatic or interesting.

I was born on 11th July 1908 and I've been told that I was very premature. I must have been in a hurry to see the light of day and I've been in a hurry ever since.

My two older sisters and I had a very happy childhood and we were fortunate to have a mother and father who were very good to us and very fond of us. Our family I recall had a very large house with broad paddocks and although we must have left that house quite early in my life I have vivid memories of the place and would like to see it again even though all its former glory would be gone and replaced with several modern dwellings each on a quarter of an acre. It had previously been the Vicarage of the parish of Gympie. The rooms were very large, verandahs all round with a semi detached kitchen, laundry and servants' quarters. There were also large stables adjoining the house. I'm too old now to go back there.

There were dozens of roses planted in the front garden and I remember my sisters and I dissected endless seed cases looking for babies. We never found any but even up to the time when I had delivered many babies as a medical student I still thought of an origin in a rose garden as more likely than the usual method of reproduction. There was something to commend the concept in that the seed case was instrumental in propagating new roses.

My father was at that time Secretary of the Gympie Stock Exchange and he was a shareholder in several of the gold mines. But the days of the gold mines were soon to come to an end. Rising wages and the increasing cost of recovering gold rendered the industry uneconomic. I am assured by people who should know that there is still gold to be mined in Gympie but the old mines are full of water and it would be costly to put them into production again.

With the family's waning fortunes we left the old home of happy memories and lived in three different houses in Gympie in turn.

I can still recall happy holidays at the seaside from Gympie. We would go off by train to Pialba, a seaside resort some distance from Gympie. The owner of the boarding house where we stayed had a gramophone - we listened to it for hours on end. On another occasion we went to Noosa which had surf and coloured sands. Strange how some things are indelibly fixed in the mind. My father took me fishing in Noosa and there I caught my first fish. It was a bream, not very large.

On these holiday jaunts we passed through Maryborough which boasted a boys' secondary school. My cousin attended this school as a boarder. I envied his good fortune in going to a boarding school. On Guy Fawke's night my cousin and some of his friends persuaded one of their number to sit on a kerosene tin in which they placed a very large and powerful bungler. They exhorted him to sit very tight on the upside down tin but he lost his nerve at the last minute and the result was disastrous. He recovered from his injuries eventually but the culprits were expelled.

We left Gympie and came to seek our fortunes in Brisbane. I wish I could recall how old I would have been at this stage. Our first house was at Eagle Junction, a suburb of Brisbane - I remember singing in the choir at the local church. The priest in charge was an oldish man, Archdeacon Osborne. We choir boys fixed a sapling under the floor of his trap. Then we hid to observe the result. As the horse pulled the trap away the trap rose in the air and having raised a foot it came down to the ground with a wallop. Crazy what kids will do.

An incident in this house comes to mind. Some prophet of doom had foretold that on a certain day at a certain time the end of the world would occur. The end was timed for 3 PM on a certain Sunday afternoon. I was at home alone and it so happened that there was the father of a thunderstorm with lots of lightning. I was persuaded of course that it was the trump of doom but when nothing untoward eventuated I assumed that the prophet had been out in his calculations. I have always regarded such world shaking prophecies since then with some reserve.

From Eagle Junction we went to a grocer's store at Kalinga in Brisbane. I would have been about ten or eleven years of age I imagine. We had a horse and cart at the back of the store. I recall going off in the cart to the city markets to bring the supplies of potatoes and whatever to the store. The local doctor was named Dr. Winterbotham pronounced Winterbotham who was said to be a cold stern man.

I don't know how long we were in that store but we eventually moved on to live at Sherwood, a pleasant place in those days on the Brisbane River. We lived in an old Colonial style house which I am told is preserved as an example of the earlier architecture. I went to the Sherwood State School and took the Scholarship Examination to enter the Brisbane Boys Grammar school. I was thirteen years of age at this time and after two years of secondary education I left school and entered the Teachers Training College. From that point I can be precise about dates because I have certificates such as a Teaching certificate and so on.

We lived in the house in Sherwood for many years and it was there that my mother died. I remember her as a beautiful woman with a very calm and kindly disposition. She was still young when she had a mastectomy for Carcinoma of the Breast and she suffered a good deal towards the end and eventually died from a haemorrhage in the operation scar. I was at home when she died, with the rest of the family at work or at school. She called me in and said simply, "Good Bye Cliffe." I can still see her saying that. I went off to the corner of my small room at the back of the house and wept. I was always proud to go out with her. To this day I can recall her in the Anglican Church in Gympie at Evensong in a blue dress. Why did she have to die so young before she could see her family grow up and have families of their own?

While we lived at Sherwood I had a good friend in a young fellow about a year younger than I was. He had a sailing boat, a skiff. These boats were extremely fast, very light, built of cedar and we raced this boat regularly in the Indoropilly reach of the Brisbane River. He was the skipper and I was the forehead hand whose job it was to put up the sails. As soon as the buoy was rounded the balloon or spinnaker had to be up and filled with wind; in this way valuable yards could be saved. On one occasion there was a small spike of sharp metal protruding from the spar which held the sail out and as I brought the spar into the boat it caused a deep gash in my hand from the base of the right thumb to the wrist. It bled profusely but when I got home I pulled the edges together with sticking plaster. One essential thing for a boatie to master is the art of passing urine in a lively boat. That was an art I never mastered and getting home after a day's sailing was often uncomfortable particularly when one was wet all over, cold, and having to paddle home after the wind had dropped. My friend was a great athlete excelling in long distance swimming and running and diving. He went to Sydney to study medicine and had an interesting career in Surgery. He spent his life in surgery in country hospitals in Southern Queensland. We never met again. He once passed through Fiji and he wrote to me but it was impossible to make the journey to Nadi to meet him at the time.

In my last year at the Grammar School I won the School Cross Country Race which was open to all the school and for a Junior to win it was something. I received a gold medal

for my pains. I remember about half way through taking a large drink of water from a horse trough on the route near the Brisbane Museum.

SCHOOL TEACHING

The following year I entered the Teachers Training College for a two year course to qualify as a primary school teacher. The Training College was a new and challenging experience in that it was co-educational and as we were well into adolescence it was not unattractive. Some of the students had senior qualifications but all our lectures were together. We had dances from time to time and a good time was had by all. We studied several academic subjects as well as school management, teaching methods, music, art and the skills of education. The students were let loose in schools at the end of two years' study.

My first appointment was as an assistant teacher at the Milton State School. This was a large school for boys and girls and there were more than a thousand pupils. We younger teachers were not permitted to use the cane but the Head Teacher whose name was Steele made up for the rest of the staff. I remember teaching a large class of boys when the girls were at sewing and he took the class next to mine. He distributed a pack of arithmetic cards which each boy had to work out and as they finished the card they were marked by the monitor who had a book of answers. Mr. Steele looked on to see that nobody spoke or indeed looked up from the arithmetic. From time to time somebody copped it for some minor infringement. That wasn't exactly what we had learned at the Training College.

I taught at Milton State School for I suppose two or three years and then I was transferred to a beautiful place called Springbrook. It was a delightful mountain resort in Southern Queensland about twenty miles from the Gold Coast. I lived at the only boarding house and used to ride a horse to school although at times I would walk to keep fit. It was fairly high above sea level and was part of the National Park. There were various peaks - for instance go to the south and you overlooked Coolangatta and Tweed Heads. To the east were Burleigh Heads and turn left and you would see Southport. Very occasionally I would ride a horse down to Southport. It was a tiny school on the edge of the scrub with large boulders and nests of bower birds on the ground between the rocks. It was a bird sanctuary and no shooting was allowed. I suppose there were twenty or thirty pupils, the children of farmers. They were delightful kids. Every afternoon I played tennis with the son of the owner of the boarding house or with visiting tourists. If you play that much you can't help getting good at it.

At times especially in the winter it was quiet and I could do plenty of study. I was doing a degree in Arts at Queensland University. They had a very good Correspondence Course for Bachelor of Arts and other degrees. I found correspondence courses much better for study than attending lectures. I had done a few subjects as an Evening student but the

lecturers were not that good whereas the regular lectures posted to the students actually gave the student all that had to be mastered and assignments were corrected and assessed. At the present time University costs are astronomical and need not be so. Most of the lectures in any discipline would be better committed to paper than delivered by word of mouth, the students would know what was actually required of them and they could be alert when they tried to assimilate the material. Add to that most lectures could be presented on video tapes which could be used to much greater advantage if they could be recalled for points not understood.

I remember the day I first arrived at Springbrook. I walked across the road and over to the edge of a cliff. The cliff face was re-entrant as it approached the forest some two or three hundred feet below and seeing it for the first time the trees appeared to be coming up to meet me on the face. It was awe inspiring. I eventually got used to it and eventually could sit on the edge but if anybody fell over it would be a once only experience.

The road up to Springbrook was one way only. There were hours to go up and hours to go down. The school was at the top of a steep hill which was hazardous to manoeuvre in wet weather because if you went into a skid the journey down could be much too rapid. But the local people had it all taped out. In very wet weather they would cut a large limb from a tree with leafy branches and tie it on behind their vehicle, be it car or horse and cart, and then descend the hill at a sedate pace.

The boarding house had a herd of cows. There was plenty of thick fresh yellow cream and they made their own butter. Further there was cream on the table at every meal. I put on weight but the constant tennis kept it in check.

But all good things come to an end. I think it was about twelve months later that the long envelope came from the Education Department. I was to go on transfer to another country school. I was given a requisition to go by train to a country town named Kilcoy and to travel by timber truck to a place called Jimna. It was a Provisional School, that is one provided by the local people but staffed by the Department of Education. I was to be Head Teacher with a staff of one assistant. I was going up in the world of Education but not exactly by leaps and bounds. There were about forty five pupils in the school and the settlement of Jimna was distinguished by having one industry only. There was one store owned by the timber company Hancock and Gore which contained only the bare essentials of living. Anything apart from say matches, tobacco, flour and kerosene had to come up from Kilcoy by timber truck. And you'd better keep a few essentials on hand because when it really rained the road to and from Kilcoy was no go.

There was a German family on the Kilcoy road. They said some funny things or rather people said they said some funny things. There were two boys Harold and Herman and the

mother told someone, " They are very much alike, especially Herman." At another time she remarked that it was sad about Harold, "He had his tonsils out and it was a pity because he was so fond of children."

On one occasion I walked from Kilcoy to Jimna. I had occasion to go down to Kilcoy, I suppose about fourteen miles from Jimna. No trucks would be going up into the hills until late in the afternoon so after a night's sleep at the hotel I decided to walk up to Jimna. I had not had any breakfast so I decided to call into a farm house and ask for something to eat. They looked at me as if I were some kind of a nut case but they asked me in and brought me some breakfast - a very large kumara and seven, yes seven fried eggs. I did the rest of the journey without further food.

There wasn't a great deal to do at Jimna. There were tennis courts which I practised on but the main pastime was shooting. The manager of the mill was a great buddy of mine and we used to go shooting regularly in order to get some fresh meat. There was wonderful shooting - pigeons, bush turkeys, wallabies, deer. But I had an experience which shook me. There were two pigeons side by side high up in a dead tree. It was my turn for the shot. I took careful aim and brought down one of the pigeons. So far so good. But some hours later as we returned from the afternoon's shooting we looked up at the tree. It was nearly dark but there was the lone pigeon circling round and round the tree. I didn't want to go shooting for a long time although later I had to go shooting in the Soloman Islands to get some fresh meat for my family. The only meat we got at the boarding house where I stayed was corned beef. They didn't ask what we would have simply "wet or dry" indicating sliced corned beef or some sort of a rissole. Neither was worth eating.

I enjoyed my years as a school teacher especially at Springbrook and Jimna. Both were isolated areas with great tracts of scrub or forest around them. It was a great scenario for study and I did a B.A. Degree. Lighting was a kerosene lamp but it was satisfactory if you got close enough to it. Jimna was the head waters of the Mary River which flowed through Gympie. There was gold to be had by panning in the tiny streams around the mill. You could make wages by panning for gold but it was hard backbreaking work and the big reward never turned up.

THEOLOGICAL STUDIES

It was at Jimna that I took the decision to resign from the Education Department and enter St. Francis Theological College. That was at the beginning of 1932 when I was twenty four years of age. It was a difficult decision as my father had been ill and after my mother died

he married again and had a wife and two young children to provide for. School teaching provided a good living and it seemed risky to resign from a good job. I had read a book by Leslie Weatherhead which specific instructions on seeking the guidance of God when serious decisions have to be made. I put his recommendations into practice and came up with the answer to enter the college. I think it was a good decision.

Life in the College was an entirely different kettle of fish from teaching. The discipline was very specific. Each day began with Matins, Meditation and the Holy Communion in a beautiful little chapel. Breakfast followed; then lectures, lunch and some more lectures followed by communal work or sport. Next Evensong, followed by Dinner and after that the lesser silence when we studied in silence. The last office of the day was Compline at 9 PM and we were silent until the chapel services the next morning. It was a pleasant discipline and encouraged study. There was a large garden patch which supplied a good proportion of our vegetables. There was a good tennis court and we also played hockey during the season. There was an initiation ceremony conducted by the students which I escaped because the previous ceremony had gone a bit too far. At a late hour of the night all the students went to a park some distance from the College and there the new students were divested of their clothing and were solemnly branded with tar with the letters A.C. for Anglo Catholic to remind them of their churchmanship. They had to make their own arrangements for their return to the college. Fortunately it was dark. One of the students complained to the Principal that he didn't think that Our Lord would approve of the behaviour. The Principal on the other hand thought that Our Lord would not have been averse to a bit of good clean fun. The branding was executed on the area anatomically designed for branding.

There were several examinations leading to a Licentiate in Theology and I found the course a good deal more exacting than medicine except for my first year without a knowledge of Chemistry and Physics.

During my second year I got the idea of doing Medicine with a view to medical missionary work. It only entailed six years study. So as soon as I qualified in Theology I went to Sydney to look for a bishop who would ordain me deacon. The Archbishop of Sydney could not agree but then I got news that Brisbane was to start a first year of Medicine. So back to Brisbane and Archbishop Wand was quite happy to give me curacy at Hamilton parish in Brisbane. I had never matriculated in Science - a prerequisite for Medical studies - but I was enrolled as a post graduate student in Arts. There were twenty-one of us in this first year of medical students and I was somewhat older than the rest of the students. They were a fairly bright lot, several of them with open scholarships. I was not that bright and had not been trained in Chemistry and Physics. Biology I understood but without the basics of chemistry and Physics it was all uphill. I soon realised that a lot of it I would have to learn by heart.

However I made it at the end of the year and the next five years were a lot of work but it was all down hill after that first year.

MEDICAL STUDIES

One of my duties as an assistant curate was to conduct the boys' club on Friday nights. There were no less than six race tracks in the vicinity of the church and some of the trainers' families came to the club. They would come up to me and give me advice on form. "Father, Serlodi is going in the second race. Put what you've got on him." I never did take their advice. But I doubt if I would be so reticent today. As the great Dean Inge once observed, "There is a sclerosis of the conscience as well as the arteries with old age." I could have made a lot of money at that stage if I had followed my youth club members' advice. As it was I got along on the princely sum of one hundred pounds a year and my University fees were fifty pounds per annum. It was a tight squeeze.

My time for study was limited throughout my medical course as I continued as an assistant curate until I qualified. There were many engagements in the parish in the evening, choir practice, Sunday School teachers' training, various clubs and so on. Many nights I would not get down to study till 10 PM so some desperate measures had to be devised to be sure of a pass. I therefore prepared packs of small cards and in the vacation preceding the coming year's work I would summarise from text books the things that had to be learned by heart. For instance we studied Anatomy and Physiology in the second and third years. The essentials were committed to the packs of cards. These could be handled in the palm of the hand and checked over at all sorts of odd moments, in the tram, in the toilet, while waiting for a meeting to start - all sorts of odd times when you don't have to think about anything in particular.

The best teacher in my book during the course was Sir Raphael Cilento who taught us Social and Tropical Medicine. He didn't give us lectures as such. Instead he would hand us at the beginning of each lecture, an exposition of the subject in hand. Take Leprosy as a subject. His typed lecture contained all we needed to know and after that was up to us. He just talked to us about cases he had treated, interesting sidelights and his experiences in New Guinea. The student knew exactly what he had to know which is vitally important.

The six years of medical study passed very quickly. There were so many new subjects and new things to learn. I was surprised to find that competition with other students was not difficult. Many of them had high marks in matriculation and I was somewhat older than the rest but my methods of study paid off and when the finals came out I was just pipped for top marks by my friend Harry Wilson, both of us with three merits in Medicine, Surgery and

Obstetrics/Gynaecology. The war had broken out in our last year but we were obliged to finish our course and I had already arranged to do my Hospital Year in Fiji with the Colonial Medical Service.

Some amusing things happened during the six years of medicine. It would be tedious to enlarge on them. One thing comes to mind. In the final exams in Obstetrics the Professor asked me to mark out the foetal heart on a woman's abdomen. I listened and heard a very faint heart beat. He smiled and showed me an X-ray which showed that the bones of the foetal skull were displaced and overlapped. He asked me what that indicated and I told him that it indicated a dead foetus. I said to him, "Please Professor just listen where I indicated." He just smiled but didn't listen. Some time later after the results were out I asked him about the foetal heart. He laughed and said, "She was finally delivered of an anencephalic monster which lived for a short while." So my friend Kingston and I had heard the heart after all and the other nineteen students had been misled and the learned Professor hadn't listened at all.

Another time we were in residence at the Obstetric Hospital as we were required to deliver twenty babies as part of our training. We were on call all night and in the midnight hours some odd things happened. The senior Night Sister was a bit of a bite and after being a bit objectionable one of the nurses told us that she had put her in her place. She had taken her midnight cocoa made up with S.E.B.M. (Scalded expressed breast milk.) Maybe the milk of human kindness was what she needed.

MARRIAGE

At the beginning of my last year in Medicine I married Phyllis Amy Burdon. We had been courting since I decided to do Medicine. She must have been very patient because between Medicine and the Church there was little spare time. She was a Biologist and taught at St. Aidan's School at Corinda about twelve miles from Brisbane City. We were married in a little church which I was in charge of, practically in the grounds of the Brisbane General Hospital and over the street from the Medical School. We went to Caloundra for our honeymoon. We lived with one of the parishioners of St. Luke's Church; they gave us a veranda, a small bedroom, and we had the use of the bath room. It was near the Hospital and Medical School so I could walk to work.

After I qualified we set out on our adventures to Fiji. We went to Sydney and went off in a gracious old ship with three funnels to Suva where I was to work as House Surgeon. We took all our possessions with us and between us that didn't amount to much luggage. We had

been booked at a small boarding house in Sydney and from our tiny bedroom looked down on the traffic far below. It made me giddy to look out.

FIJI

The sea voyage to Fiji was an eye opener. It was the war years and we had to black out at night. We were protected by a tiny man-of-war which we seldom saw although we occasionally spotted it on the horizon. Every so often the ship would zigzag and this was upsetting to a poor sailor like myself. Mercifully the passage was very calm. The Empress of Russia was a lovely ship and the food was superb. We were sorry to leave the ship. Not long afterwards it was sunk by German submarines.

We were met on the wharf at Suva by the Matron of the Hospital. A room was booked for us at a boarding house not far from the hospital where I was to work. The Colonial War Memorial Hospital had about two hundred and eight beds and two other hospitals to look after namely a large home in Toorak with about thirty beds and a school building with about forty patients with tuberculosis. Phyllis worked in the Laboratory at the Hospital. The day we arrived she dissolved into tears. The room we had was so tiny. But she soon recovered. She was not easily discouraged by such a detail as a small room in which to live. Looking back I would have to say that Phyllis had a lot to put up with. During the first six years after qualifying I worked very hard and there would have been very few nights when I was not called to the hospital for some emergency or other. Often there would be major surgery to be done and sometimes obstetric emergencies would claim a lot of time often ending up as a caesarean section. Phyllis was then on her own and Beth was born at the end of my work at the C.W.M. Hospital. All the medical staff at the Hospital were 'manpowered' because of the war and we were not permitted to enlist into any of the armed forces.

Two events conspired to catapult me into purely surgical work. The surgeon at the hospital suffered a fairly severe coronary occlusion. He was quite young and a very game surgeon. He would operate on anybody for anything if he thought he could relieve the situation. When he had his infarction I was put into the entire load of surgery at the hospital which meant that I was always on duty or at least on call. Secondly the American Forces had a large presence in Fiji. They were an elite team of physicians and surgeons and nurses representing most of the specialities. Their job was to receive the casualties from the retaking of the Solomon Islands from the Japanese. In the event they did not get any casualties apart from psychiatric cases who managed to keep the psychiatrist very busy. They were spoiling

for some medical activity. The American doctors were given temporary registration in Fiji and I organised surgical lists involving all the surgeons. We operated all day and every day. They would preside on the first case while I assisted and I would do the second case while their surgeon assisted. It was a wonderful training in surgery. Further I was in charge of the obstetric hospital and any abnormal cases from the Private Nursing Home.

Phyllis stood up to the stress with flying colours. Our youngest had not yet arrived but she coped with the babies and even worked in the Laboratory of the Hospital.

The demands of my work at the hospital were enough to keep anybody busy. But there was more. The Rector of Suva was a Commander in the Royal Navy. He was called up to take command of a ship. I was asked by Bishop Kempthorne to look after the Cathedral in Suva with his help when he was available from his diocesan duties. This involved quite a bit of work in the church. Apart from the usual services the Evensongs were very popular with the American Forces and we entertained them after the service at the Vicarage where we lived. We had discussions on all sorts of subjects and some most extraordinary ideas eventuated. I recall one such discussion. One of the soldiers wanted to know whether the presence of the American forces contravened the spirit of the sixth commandment. There was a very colourful character named Dr. Beattie who was a keen churchman. He was a most unusual person who took a keen interest in things ecclesiastical. His comment was that the sixth commandment was in the singular and did not therefore apply to warfare. Another thinker enquired of Dr. Beattie if his comment also applied to the next commandment (Thou shalt not commit adultery.) After the war was over Bishop Kempthorne built his Cathedral on a very commanding site in Suva.

The Clerk of Works for the Cathedral was Dr. Beattie. I don't know whether he drew the plans of the Cathedral but at any rate he had a great deal to do with the design. There is an interesting sidelight about Dr. Beattie. He died in Levuka and was buried there. His wife, who was as colourful as he was, claimed that he had appeared to her saying that he was unable to rest as he was buried facing west (or east I forget which but at any rate the wrong way round.) There is an interesting thought here. I fancy that a priest is buried facing east or west (I know not which) which is the opposite of a lay person. I hope to get around the confusion by being cremated. After cremation it would be difficult to say whether the remains were east-west or vice versa. Incidentally I am told that permission to open the grave was given by the Governor and Mrs Beattie's fears were correct.

At one stage of my time as surgeon at the C.W.M. Hospital in Suva I was mixed up with a very long legal enquiry. There was a certain doctor in the Medical Department who was alleged to have done some rather unsavoury things. The governor wanted him quietly transferred to another Colony. He was Medical Officer of Health and he dug his toes in. He

was asked to go but he refused and to unload a Civil Servant is not that easy if he chooses to resist. The only way to dispense with his services was to find him guilty of the charges against him. According to the rules he had to be tried by a court consisting of a Senior Judge, a Member of Legislative Council and one of his peers. I came into it as one of his peers. It was terribly prolonged. I couldn't always be spared from the hospital and if an emergency of sufficient gravity came up when we chose to sit we had to adjourn. So the trial went on for months, there were endless charges none of which amounted to anything substantial. There was a very colourful character hired by the doctor to defend him. The Member of Leg. Co. was Mr. Trotter and I doubted whether anything had been proved. The Chief Justice took the attitude that he was very anxious to get rid of him and we could find him guilty of charge number four. Trotter and I thought differently and in any case if he had been guilty of the lot it was no great deal. We couldn't agree, Dr. Beattie had the last word when I told him the story. He said, " For a doctor to seduce his patient is indeed reprehensible but for a doctor to seduce his nurse is neither reprehensible nor indeed unusual." Trotter and I persuaded the C.J. that the case against the accused was not proved and he was not dismissed. He was however transferred to another Colony.

While I was in charge of surgery at the C.W.M. Hospital I had occasion to do a large number of caesarean sections - Indian women in particular were prone to disproportion, a foetus too large to pass through the pelvic passage with reasonable ease. It is a most satisfying operation. You are up against an emergency and then with a simple operation the emergency is solved with relief to the mother and a healthy baby all achieved in say twenty minutes. My duties were confined to abnormal obstetrics and there were a large number of such cases. The Medical Officer in Charge at the time was Dr. Worger. He was a very large man. He left his work at 4.30 PM precisely and it was said he never left an unanswered letter on his desk. He was a good surgeon but he seldom operated.

THE WAR YEARS

During the hours of darkness Suva was blacked out in the war years. The motor cars had a black hood over the headlights and it was difficult to drive in the dark streets. It was easier to walk to the hospital at night during the blackout. At a later stage there was a Vicar appointed to the parish of Suva and we were allocated a house in Waimanu Road close to the hospital.

The women's ward at the hospital was requisitioned as a ward for venereal diseases at the request of the Commander of the U.S.A. Forces. It was surrounded and caged in by copious barbed wire. In spite of this initiative the incidence of gonorrhoea remained high. I

remember one particular case. She had been in the isolation ward for some weeks and it was a source of surprise that she did not respond to treatment. On one occasion her swab came back from the Laboratory; "No gonococci seen. Large numbers of motile sperm are present." Barbed wire was clearly not a cure for gonorrhoea. Love will find a way.

At the time of the recapture of the Gilbert Islands from the Japanese I was sent to Nukofutau the capital of the Ellis Islands to visit all the islands separately, arrange meetings with the people and assure them that the British Empire was alive and kicking and concerned about their welfare. It was an interesting trip extending over some weeks. I lived at the British Residency on the island which boasted a Commissioner with one officer and thousands of Americans. There were endless slit trenches which were safe apart from a direct hit. There was a long air strip able to cope with large bombers and our aircraft were kept in revetments along the air strip. The Resident Commissioner was Mr. John Falvey later Sir John. Every night sirens would blast forth when we would scurry to the slit trenches and wait there until the all clear was sounded. We were bombed every night and further when I went to another island the Japs would single out that one for a visit. I collected a number of goodies from the American store for servicemen on the island and also native weaving. The Ellis Islanders were very expert at producing mats and similar objects of much finer texture than similar objects in Fiji. I prepared a long and interesting report on the exercise and presented it to the Director of Medical Services but I doubt if anybody has got around to reading it yet. John Falvey assured me that I would be offered all home comforts on my various visits where I stayed the night. These offers never eventuated - I have always been of insignificant stature and appearance.

My decision to do medicine was in part due to the fact that I didn't feel I had the gifts to equip me as a priest in a parish. On mature judgment I now realise that God can use any set of gifts for his purpose but I saw myself as a missionary in medicine rather than as a full time priest. And I had always visualised service as a doctor in the Pacific Islands. I offered myself to Bishop Baddeley of Melanesia but of course during the war years the Mission had to lie low. He set a great example to his staff in Melanesia. He told them that they should stay on during the Japanese occupation but avoid capture. The Japanese visited the Hospital on Malaita but decided not to move in. The staff went into the bush and the Japanese moved on. The Bishop told me to stay on in my present job at the C.W.M. Hospital and if the need arose he would send for me. So I stayed on at the hospital in Suva.

TO THE SOLOMON ISLANDS

But in 1946 there was a letter from the Bishop stating that circumstances made it a matter of urgency to have me come to the Hospital of the Epiphany at Fauabu. I asked the Director of Medical Services to send me to the Solomons with the Mission Hospital under my care. He wouldn't agree to that so I had no option but to resign from the Colonial Service and to go independently to the Mission Hospital. Phyllis went ahead to Brisbane with Beth and John and awaiting the arrival of our third child. I came on to Australia flying out of Suva on a Short Sunderland. We came through a hurricane after a terrible voyage. All on board were sea sick including the crew. During the voyage the Pilot sent me a message with the information that he feared the plane would break her back. That didn't happen but I was so ill that I was past caring. We touched down in Noumea with high winds and choppy seas and eventually came ashore. I remained sea sick after we got to the hotel but after a night's sleep I was ready for the next hop to Brisbane where Phyllis met me. We were to wait in Brisbane until our next child was born and then go on to Melanesia and in the meantime I did a job in Brisbane in the office of the Medical Officer of Health. It put the time in and paid the bills.

In due course we set out for the Solomon Islands in a Burns Philp ship, the Morinda. We had to go to Sydney to join the Morinda, a smallish trading ship which made regular trips to the Islands. The Morinda always sailed with a list to port or starboard I forget which. The passage was calm and it was quite an enjoyable trip. But there was a catch. Measles developed on board and we were put into quarantine in the New Hebrides. There were five of us, Phyllis and me and the three children Elizabeth and John and Susan, the latter a babe in arms. During the trip we had landed on Lord Howe Island and Norfolk Island. There were two landing posts on Norfolk, one on the north and one in the south, which were used according to the weather. The Morinda stood off shore and we were rowed ashore in a long boat. There was a large swell and we jumped for the rock landing as the boat came up on a wave. Susan was thrown by a seaman and duly caught by a man on the rocky ledge where we landed. Norfolk was a most interesting place with the beautiful Melanesian Mission Church and the remains of the Penal Colony. It was a pleasant interlude from the sea journey. We were off-loaded at Vila in the New Hebrides, now called Vanuatu. We were put up at a Mission Station and looked after by the two missionaries there. I have forgotten how long we were quartered there but it was some weeks before we could proceed to the Solomons. Eventually we were picked up by the Southern Cross and continued the journey. The Bishop was on board. We had a tiny cabin for Phyllis and me and the three children and we hopped from island to island discharging stores as we went. We were welcomed by the missionaries on the various stations and it was good to get such luxuries as fresh fruit and occasional eggs especially for the children.

The Southern Cross was a small vessel but fairly fast and the unwonted motion of a small ship was an insult to my sea sick make up. The weather was not too bad but I remained sea sick. Phyllis and the children weathered it better. Finally we approached Malaita but we

passed through a terrible storm at the end of the journey. We shipped a lot of water and things floated round the tiny cabin. When it became quite impossible the sea sickness left me and I was able to help Phyllis with the children and the wet luggage.

So finally after many trials and tribulations we arrived at the Hospital of the Epiphany belonging to the Melanesian Mission which was the name of the Anglican Church in the British Solomon Islands Protectorate. We were very happy to get our feet on dry ground as we finally came ashore from the Southern Cross. I was pleased to get to the end of that sea voyage when I felt mildly seasick throughout, and felt ashamed that Phyllis had to bear the brunt of the care of the children unnaturally confined to a small space.

FAUABU

The hospital was on a flat area of land raised up from the beach and placed in a small bay with comparatively calm water most of the time. There were four wards, three of them with galvanised iron roofs and the fourth with a roof of sago palm. There was a very adequate outpatient building and an excellent operating theatre with good sterilisation facilities. The pharmacy was also adequate with batons to hold bottles during earth tremors which were common. There was a good watertight store room for food supplies for the hospital. There were two large houses, one for the nursing sisters and one for the doctor which we occupied. Our house was a couple of hundred yards from the hospital. Our home was very habitable, built on tall posts six or seven feet high and screened against mosquitoes. There were two bedrooms, a study and bathroom and we even boasted a flush toilet with a septic tank. The kitchen was approached by a landing from the back verandah. There was a building which housed the leprosy patients but new houses were to be built in the immediate future on another site. The new leper colony was sited some distance from the hospital on a beautiful site on top of a hill with a magnificent view.

There were native nurses who trained in the hospital and there were two houses for them and finally there was a house for the builder missionary who had come to rebuild the leper colony.

Elizabeth would have been about five years of age when we arrived, John about three and Susan arrived as a babe in arms. We had electricity which was generated by a small waterfall up in the bush and there were batteries to store the electricity.

The job was a young surgeon's dream. There were no other doctors on the island of Malaita and the population was about forty five thousand people. So there was plenty of surgery to be done. The theatre, sterilisation and lighting were all good.

There was a variety of surgical work. Cataracts were common. Patients were brought from a considerable distance as Malaita is a long narrow island. There were no roads and the patients were transported by sea in canoes. On one day a week we gave injections for Yaws, the current treatment was by injections of arsenicals or bismuth. People from the hills didn't wear clothes at all but female patients would come into the outpatients department and one skirt would serve for a large number of female patients. They went out into the scrub and the one skirt did the rounds of all the females there.

The heathen villages were very primitive. When a woman came to parturition she would be led out of the village and placed in a tiny hovel built of branches and leaves about eighteen inches high. There she was left to deliver her baby as best she could on her own. Mama Mattias, the priest from the next village to the hospital arrived one day with not one baby but two. He had heard the faint cries of the recently born babies in the bush and found the mother who had died giving birth to twins. They were cared for in the Hospital orphanage. The concept of leaving people in their native ways has little to commend it when you see the results at first hand and the noble savage idea is far from ideal. You've got to be on the edge of civilisation and live there for some time to get the truth of the matter. The results of native obstetrics were very bad indeed.

Bringing up three children on Malaita was not easy in those days. For instance there was no fresh milk. We saw fresh meat on only two occasions during three years. Occasionally we had fish and very occasionally we had turtle. But our only meat was from tins. Corned beef from tins was tolerable but all other tinned meat was hard to eat. After work in the afternoon I would go out into the bush to shoot pigeons which were seasonally fairly plentiful. They were high in the trees, too high to bring down with a shotgun. They were good to eat. I found out after the event that whenever I went out shooting alone one of our labourers would follow me at a distance. I never saw them on these expeditions but they were afraid that I might come to harm because of political disaffection.

We had a good garden and in particular I planted a large number of pineapples and when they started to mature we had plenty of fresh fruit so there were compensations. When the people came for their Yaws injections on Wednesdays they brought fruit, taro, kumara and so we had fresh vegetables. We got stores from Burns Philp in Sydney twice a year. Flour went off very quickly in the hot moist climate so it was hard to produce edible bread for much of the time.

We bought a wireless set in Brisbane before we came to the B.S.I.P. but somebody inserted the battery back to front so we had no news of the outside world.

We were all riddled with malaria. It was impossible to escape it and although we took paludrine regularly we all had positive blood samples. Actual attacks of the fever were partially controlled by Paludrine but fever broke through from time to time.

I bought some white leghorn hens so we got some eggs but there was no grain and hens don't lay well on the wrong diet. Ducks did better than hens. They wandered around and found things to eat. They laid their eggs where we could not find them and then emerged with several ducklings from time to time. They wandered down to the hospital looking for scraps of food. That was fair enough but they left traces of their presence in the kitchen and the wards which was not welcome. On one occasion somebody brought us half a dozen crocodile eggs for which they wanted some rice in exchange. These eggs were recommended for cakes. Phyllis dropped one of the eggs and there emerged a fully formed crocodile about six inches long. We declined the deal. On the other hand turtle eggs were laid frequently in the dry sand above the beach and these we used successfully for cooking. Crocodiles were plentiful in a stream which adjoined the hospital property. I shot two - one a small one which fell into the deep water of the stream. I didn't dive in after it as it might have had a big brother or sister in the water. The other one was very large and asleep at the time. I was fairly close to it but had only a 22 rifle and I don't think it would be harmed by a bullet of that size. It did however head straight for the water and swam away. The Solomon Islanders treated the crocodiles with the greatest respect. I understand that the villagers regarded them as more or less sacred and not to be trifled with.

We were about four degrees from the equator so there were no seasons, just the rainy season and the wet season. It rained practically every day. Food crops grew very well and one didn't have to worry about irrigation. It was always hot and the lack of seasonal changes made the weather monotonous.

There was a strong political movement called "Marching Rule". Nobody knew precisely what that meant. It was just after the end of the war and there was a strong anti-British feeling. We were building a village for our leper patients, of whom there were I suppose about thirty or forty. They were individual houses and walls up to about three feet with timber above that and galvanised iron roofs. Kitchens were detached structures built by the patients using sago palm for roofs and walls. The settlement was detached from the hospital on a raised ground up a hill approached by a metalled road. The view from the area was beautiful looking out to sea and the area provided good gardens. Chemotherapy was just beginning to take off at this time and several of the patients were using the newer drugs which are improving the outlook of the disease.

We had a fairly severe epidemic of poliomyelitis soon after we arrived at Fauabu. I visited several of the villages round about and it was not uncommon to find practically the

whole village affected. But by and large the disease was not as serious in the tropics as it was in more temperate climates although there were some more serious cases. I recall one patient who came in with complete loss of deglutition. We tube fed him for six weeks and he finally left the hospital with swallowing recovered and a slight limp. His arrival had a dramatic effect on the existing patients. When he arrived there was a fairly full hospital but overnight the news got around that the "sickness" had come. The hospital was empty the next morning. The patients, about eighty of them, had taken to the bush. That included one girl whom I had operated on to restore her right cheek and the right arm was sutured to the face. Probably somebody removed the sutures in the bush.

We had our troubles with "Marching Rule". Their leaders came to Fauabu and promptly removed our workmen, who we had engaged to build the leprosy accommodation. I was young and perhaps a bit hot headed. I emptied the hospital and sent a message to the High Commissioner that I was closing the so and so hospital and the so and so patients could make their own arrangements. It was a bit high handed but the situation was intolerable. It was not quite in the spirit of a missionary and certainly not in the spirit of our Lord. But it had the desired effect. They were soon back on the job. The District Commissioner at Auki suggested that the staff of the hospital should come to the Government Station at Auki to the south but we reckoned we were safer where we were. "Marching Rule" was a political movement connected with the war. The Solomon Islanders saw the might of the U.S.A. and the plentiful supply of food and other provisions to push the Japanese out of the Solomon Islands and compared that with the frugal supplies of Britain and looked forward to the day when the United States would come back. The origin of the term "Marching Rule" was never satisfactorily explained. It was very strong on Malaita and the villagers built a fence around the villages with a watch tower, presumably manned by sentries, to announce the return of the Americans.

We had a Nursing School in the hospital where girls were given a good training in nursing. There were usually two or three European sisters on the staff and they taught the students nursing techniques including obstetrics. Phyllis taught the girls English. They reached a good standard although there was no nursing qualification available at that time. The Sisters tutored the nurses and they took grades in the hospital exams but the lack of a Government School of Nursing precluded a recognised standard for our nurses.

One of the penalties of being a missionary doctor in an isolated place like Fauabu was the absence of contact with colleagues. We had very few visitors at the hospital as Fauabu was not a port of call for local shipping except as a hospital. Canoes bringing patients came frequently of course but it was rare to have white visitors except for an occasional visit of the Southern Cross or other mission vessel usually bringing stores. This isolation can be

discouraging to effort. Medicine is always in a state of change and new techniques and developments can pass one by without one's peers.

BACK TO FIJI

We had been at Fauabu for nearly three years when it became clear that it was not a job for a man with a young family. Phyllis always felt the hot steamy weather and she and the children were becoming more and more prone to malaria. They all had attacks of malaria from time to time in spite of regular prophylactic paludrine and it became clear that we had to take the children away. I wrote to an old colleague in Fiji, Dr. Bill Paley, and he offered me a partnership in his substantial practice in Suva where he had practiced for many years. Bishop Coulton was very understanding and agreed that we owed it to the children to get them back to a better climate. Phyllis and I were of the same mind about returning to Fiji where there was work waiting for us and we had enjoyed our six years there although my own job would be very different. While I had been in the Colonial Service I had gone to the top in prestige because I was in charge of all major surgery in the Suva Hospital including all abnormal obstetrics. I was to come back to Suva as a General Practitioner in private practice.

We came out of Melanesia by plane through New Guinea. I can still remember the trip. We touched down in Port Moresby and had to go through Customs. For those years we had been on a pretty basic allowance of Four Hundred and Fifty pounds a year. I bought a light grey suit made for me by a Chinese tailor on the way out of the Solomon Islands. It was fine for Port Moresby but when we got to the winter weather in Brisbane it was very inadequate. Our heavier luggage was shipped direct to Fiji to await us there. I remember the dinner we had at Port Moresby. It was roast beef and roast potatoes, something we hadn't enjoyed for years.

We stayed with my wife's mother in Brisbane and in due course booked to return to Fiji in a Catalina aircraft. They were wonderful little planes and could fly long distances without refuelling. On the same trip the Governor of Fiji was on board with his wife. He rolled up his sleeves and helped the steward prepare lunch. We touched down in Laucala Bay in Suva and there was a long delay leaving the plane. This was too much for the children. They all dissolved into tears - the sudden change of conditions, the motion of the plane in the water, the cramped space and everybody very tired were just too much. Finally we got to shore and went to a house in Waimanu Road near the hospital which we had arranged to rent before we left Australia. That was in 1949 and I remained in that practice for five years.

Bill Paley was a fine man and a good doctor. We worked well together. I was very busy in this practice and before long we took on another partner, Dr. John Read. Dr Paley's health failed after a few years and he went to Melbourne for major surgery. Read and I carried on the practice.

Dr. Paley gave me a loan of three thousand pounds to buy a house at 34 Fletcher Rd. Laucala Bay, about three or four miles from the centre of Suva. That is the only loan I have ever had in my lifetime and I paid it back in twelve months.

Lauthala Bay was a good place to bring up our family, close to the sea with good swimming and the beach always available.

THE BAYLY CLINIC

One of my patients in my private practice was John Percy Bayly. He was a fervent rationalist so we were strange colleagues as I was a priest of the Anglican Church. It seemed a strange partnership but we both saw the need for the same thing, somewhere people could get very low cost treatment under good conditions. We were both fairly stubborn and unbending. 'J.P.' as Bayly was known to everybody wanted to build a clinic in Suva which I would run for seven years, which would handle medical needs and also the social needs of people. I said that I could only handle the thing if I had a voluntary staff of Anglican workers to handle the food and clothing and other needs of the very poor of the population. J.P. couldn't handle the Christian aspect of the show and he went to the Governor Sir Ronald Garvey. He complained that I was being stubborn. Sir Ronald advised him that he would only " get Hemming to do it on his own terms and that he had better go along with his ideas." J.P. gave in finally. He used to visit the Clinic when he came to Suva from Deuba every week and he would always look into the work of the Social Welfare Department. He came to be very proud of what was being achieved there in the way of feeding poor people and giving them clothes and medicine. In recent years since I left Fiji the Clinic has been moved to a larger building and a second building has been erected in Lautoka which is thriving there.

The fees in the Clinic were very small namely two shillings a time if people could pay. But the numbers were very large and when I left in 1982 after twenty eight years in charge of the Clinic the fees had climbed to fifty cents a time. Also we had private patients who paid more or less standard fees.

The Clinic started in 1954 with a doctor, two nurses and a receptionist. It gradually built up until when I retired in 1982 there were six doctors and a dentist on the staff.

The Social Welfare Department of the Clinic was I think its most important contribution to society as a whole. The workers were voluntary and members of the Society of St. Francis and St. Clare who gave their services for free. Apart from the office staff who interviewed the people coming for help there were ladies who prepared food parcels, and interpreters in the Fijian and Hindi languages.

People came for help in all sorts of problems including legal help which was supplied free to needy cases. We had a large supply of drugs which came to us from Medical Aid Abroad based in New Zealand and the Australian Red Cross also provided drugs which were distributed free.

We were into housing for the poor. Some of the tenants paid a token rental and the last series of homes we built were free for people who could not afford any rent.

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH

Soon after we returned from the Soloman Islands we went to live at Suva Point, correctly called Laucala Bay. This was four or five kilometres from the centre of Suva and we used to hold regular Communion services in the home of a parishioner. We came to live at Laucala Bay in 1950 and there were two allotments in the name of the Anglican Church. A movement developed to build a church for the people of the area and we determined to build it of stone with the voluntary labour of the parishioners. There was a very attractive building material at Lami consisting of decomposed coral. It was relatively easy to work and weathered into a hard stone of a pleasing cream colour.

Plans were drawn up and a building begun. The walls consisted of an outside and inside face of stone and between the courses of stone the cavity was filled with steel reinforcing rods and rubble. The walls were 15 inches thick at the base tapering to 12 inches at the beam. The old Cathedral was being pulled down at the time and the woodwork of St. Luke's Church came from the kauri framework of the old Cathedral and the galvanised iron roof came from the same source. Each stone had to be cut and articulated with the adjoining stone. So far as I can remember it took about five years to complete. Later a tower was added with a bell on the roof-top of the tower. Some years after that we bought a large old house at Tamavua which was pulled down and carted out to the church site to provide a vicarage and hall. I forget how long it took to build the vicarage and hall.

In order to consecrate the church it had to be on freehold land. The Director of Lands arranged to have the transfer to freehold for the church itself and that is the only freehold land in the area of Laucala Bay.

Practically all the furnishings in the church were donated and in most cases were hand made by the donors themselves. I recall that the Altar, the Font, the Prayer Desk, the Cross and Candlesticks and the Lectern were all gifts. There is a book in the Vicarage (I hope) which records all these donors and the history of the Church.

I was priest in charge at St. Luke's for many years. I forget how long and as the years passed I had an assistant priest on the staff. I put most of my effort at St. Luke's into going to the Indian population in the district. We had a very faithful congregation of Europeans who attended St. Lukes and in the earlier years while the N.Z. Air Force had a base at Laucala Bay many of the people in the Air Force attended our services. Being pleasing in appearance and of modest size it was ideal for a moderate sized wedding.

During the years I was in charge of the Clinic I was very busy but in spite of a large maternity practice I do not recall an actual delivery during the time of a church service.

PHYLLIS

Phyllis died in 1971 and she was buried from the Cathedral as St. Luke's was too small for the congregation. She was a very good and patient and supportive wife. Life in the Solomon Islands at Fauabau was a lonely existence for her. Apart from the few European Sisters in the Hospital and the three children she had no social life at all, had to provide food for the three children and me and it was difficult to provide attractive food - no meat, no fresh supplies of butter or bread and a small wood stove. But she was always there teaching in the Nursing School and providing for three young children. She felt the continued heat of the tropics more than I did. She was much more fulfilled and mentally stimulated in Fiji where she had a wide circle of friends and she enjoyed teaching Biology at the Adi Cakabou School, an elite secondary school for girls. During the war years she had worked in the laboratory at the Hospital.

My work at the Colonial War Memorial Hospital made great inroads into my time and I was seldom off duty. I was on call at all hours for emergency surgery and obstetrics so that we did not enjoy that much social life. Phyllis was very intelligent and would have done well in medicine but our life together, largely in the Islands, precluded that. We did not always agree especially in our differing outlook on biology and evolution but it was an amiable difference of interpretation. She was a great support in my work in the Church. No doubt she would have been more enthusiastic if I had chosen surgery for the best years of my professional life. It would of course have been much more remunerative than a missionary doctor and then a doctor for the underprivileged but she never complained about that.

MUSINGS

I am persuaded that the Bayly Clinic fulfilled a great need. It provided medicine of a good standard to a very large number of people and the social work in providing food for destitute families and cheap or free housing proved that housing could be a relatively inexpensive business where people could live in dignity and reasonable comfort. The Government Housing Authority set the standards too high and did not really solve the problem for the people at the bottom of the heap.

Some funny things happened at the Clinic. I recall one amusing incident. A mother brought her child to the Clinic with the story that she had swallowed a Fiji sixpence. The girl was 11 or 12 years of age. The mother had examined the stools passed by the child during the succeeding week and no sixpence had appeared. She couldn't afford an X-ray which would have shown up the coin very clearly and I wasn't prepared to pay for the X-ray without a struggle. I suspected that the coin might be held up at the anal sphincter. There was no sixpence felt by the examining finger but feeling forward I could feel a hard object in the vagina. I removed it and it proved to be not sixpence but a shilling. I have always looked on that experience as a parable of the costs of medical care. It doubles in the time that it takes for a coin to pass through the alimentary tract.

I never cease to be amazed at the amount of damages claimed in cases of medical misadventure. The claims against surgeons in particular will discourage surgeons from undertaking work which is difficult and demanding, and where an innocent error may lead to a staggering claim. Insurance against such eventualities will become so high that progress in some fields will be impossible. I read some years ago about a case with the unlikely name of Virginia O' Hara. She was operated on for the removal of excess fat in the anterior abdominal wall. She emerged from the surgery with her umbilicus 3 inches to the left or right of centre, I forget which and it matters not. She made a very large claim for those days for the U.S. \$854,219 as she felt that the mistake had robbed her to some extent of her sexual charms. The case came to court and she was awarded somewhat less than she had claimed namely U.S. \$200,000 but it was still a lot of money. I would be prepared to have my umbilicus 3 inches to the right or left or inferiorly or superiorly for that matter, for much less and take a chance on my sexual charms. The law should be fixed at so much per inch with a view to avoiding navel disasters in the future.

Apart from my curacies at Hamilton and Fortitude Valley in Brisbane I have always been a non stipendiary priest. I see non stipendiary as a need in the Anglican Communion. By and large I found the combination of medicine and theology a difficult one as in my surgical years there were often emergency calls which had to take priority over other demands and for some years I was exceptionally busy. But somehow we always got by. I see a great need for non-stipendiary priests as a financial necessity but also because the non-stipendiary priest has a rapport with the laity which is denied to the stipendiary clergy. Mind you I'm not pushing out the boat for a universal non stipendiary arrangement - there are many parishes and specialised jobs where paid clergy are required and desirable. But the Anglican Church let's face it has lost numbers. The statistics show that. The Church should be building up and preparing to meet the challenge for a missionary effort to regain much lost ground. We must not accept that people are losing faith. We need for the future a large body of non-stipendiary clergy to face the challenge of a return to a greater awareness of man's need for a spiritual content to life.

I also see a need for an order of school teachers within the Church. The state system of education has much to commend it but it is doubtful if the State will be able to continue to pay for the present system. Over the past five years the demand for Christian schools has increased. My original training was in Education and I am sure that a lot more of teaching could be developed on the lines of the child being educated much more with T.V. lessons making them more self educating. Further University Education could be had at a fraction of the present outrageous cost which is geared to increase alarmingly. As I pointed out before, my own university education was by correspondence which I found much more digestible than the old fashioned lecture system. There is bound to be a demand for more learning outside the University system as spiralling costs make a university education the preserve of the wealthy.

The study of science is a vast field but I have never found anything in science to be incompatible with my studies in theology. Two of our professors and one of our lecturers in medicine were rabid atheists who took every opportunity to rubbish religion on the grounds of science. But nothing they said affected any of my theological beliefs. I think Albert Einstein bridged the gap between religion and science. Most scientists tend to avoid the word God when referring to the mysteries of the universe, its vast forces, its origin and its rationality but Einstein had no such inhibitions. He said "My religion consists of a humble admiration of the illimitable superior spirit who reveals himself in the slight details we are able to perceive with our frail and feeble minds. That deeply emotional conviction of a superior reasoning power which is revealed in the incomprehensible universe forms my idea of God".

Let me say quite clearly that I regard Charles Darwin as a great scientist with great gifts of observation and insight into his findings but I can't go all the way with him. My first

wife Phyllis and I differed in our views about the theory of evolution and the descent of man. Some of our lecturers in medicine were very vociferous about the impact of evolution on theological thought. I was young and fairly eager and let it be known that I disagreed with their approach to the whole question of religion and science. Furthermore they were paid to give us the facts about their own line of science be it biology or bacteriology or zoology or whatever. It was all good clean fun and kept me awake during lectures. (A tendency to doze off has always been a difficulty with me.)

Thomas Huxley, a biologist and contemporary of Darwin wrote that "evolution in biology is the general name of the history of the steps by which any living being has acquired the morphological and physiological characters which distinguish it". Darwin believed and taught that all classes of animals and plants have descended from a few simple forms, the process being controlled by natural selection. Subsequently to Darwin's work and starting in 1861 a monk named Mendel reported on experimental work on pea plants. The findings of Mendel did not become generally known until after Darwin's death in 1882. Genetic studies explain how traits are passed by one generation to the next. Later still knowledge of D.N.A. which is part of each gene passes traits from parent to offspring and so controls how living things develop.

In "On the Origin of Species" Darwin had said little about the origin of human life. But in 1871 Darwin came out with the "Descent of Man" in which he showed the close resemblance between man's body and that of other mammals. This was specifically true of apes. The blood of apes resembles human blood and diseases can be exchanged between men and apes and babies of each species develop in comparable ways. From this evidence he deduced that apes and man and similar primates came from the same ancestor. He also brought out the fact that apes and man share certain traits such as memory, curiosity and boredom.

Now we are all agreed, I imagine, that Darwin explained a great deal about nature and humanity. But he did nothing to explain the origin of life in the beginning. Where did life come from? Science has not been able to reproduce even the most primitive living cell. When I contemplate the complexity of the atom, the nature of human anatomy and physiology and the whole structure of the Universe as far as we know it and the forces which keep it in comparative equilibrium I cannot believe that all that came about without a powerful designer behind it. Anybody who believes that it all happened by accident over millions and millions of years would believe anything. My professors and science teachers were very sure of themselves. I wish I could be so credulous. The jury is still out and I don't think we have heard the last word yet about evolution and the origin of life. I don't think we will get the last word during my lifetime but I still have an open mind.

While I was preparing this part of my memoirs an old lady came into my garden. She has a tiny dog on a long leash which stops at every object more than six inches above the ground. I think there must be a fault in the urinary tract but I'm better on human anatomy than the canine variety. To-day she stopped to talk. "George, I have a great favour to ask. Will you please give me six fresas from the garden, three blue and three yellow. It's the anniversary of his death just seven years ago today. He was such a nice man and we were so much in love. He loved fresas." I gave rather more than six - memories mean a lot. "Thanks George." It made my day.

There is a great deal more to be said about science and religion. But enough is enough.

SOCIAL QUESTIONS

I remember very vividly the depression in Australia in the late 1920's and early 1930's. I think the social implications of that depression were handled much better than the measures adopted today. I was a school teacher at the time working in Southern Queensland. Unemployed people received relief payments commonly referred to as the dole. The arrangement was much more difficult to swindle than the current procedure which is difficult to police. In the earlier depression in Queensland the recipients were required to work for the relief funds which gave them a sense of self respect. It was possible to organise projects which made work available and the payments for hours worked were related to current rates but for less hours of work.

Surely it is not beyond the capacity of the people in charge to organise satisfying work using simple methods and tools which are more labour intensive. In the depression of the 30's roads were built, reforestation was undertaken, parks were established and local community work was carried out. When the work was located away from the normal living area of the men involved they were accommodated in camps working for an appropriate period and then going home to their normal residential area with a period of rest related to the period they had worked. Fortunately unemployment is decreasing but there is still a deficiency of some seven percent and some authorities would be of the opinion that there will be, in the future, a deficit between jobs available and work force available.

You wouldn't read about it. I had just finished writing this paragraph and sat down to watch the news. There was a news flash about a record crop of apples in the Nelson area. They cannot get apple pickers in the area and must rely on "back packers" to clear their crop. There are 130 unemployed in the area according to the news but no unemployed prepared to pick apples.

In yesterday's Herald there was an item recording the cost of housing for some of the Government Ministers in Wellington. I haven't got the item in front of me as we gave the paper to someone but it stated that Mr. Simon Upton's house cost \$600 per week. Mrs. Shipley's house was slightly dearer but of the same order and there were several others in the same league. Rents of this order are quite unreasonable and unnecessary and give one grave doubts about the balance and sense of proportion of members of Parliament who put the country to such expense.

The gap between the rewards for the labour of different groups is too great in New Zealand. The rewards for Ministers of the Crown are clearly too great considered in relation to rewards for other people. Take for instance the man who collects the rubbish and compare this with a Minister of the Crown. The collector of the garbage has to be in good physical condition and he works hard and is subjected to discomfort in bad weather. The Minister has considerable responsibility and is in danger of losing his job at the mercy of the voters. So the rubbish collector should be paid X dollars per annum and the Minister should be paid X+Y where Y makes allowance for summary loss of income should the Minister lose his job or be voted out at the next election. It is claimed that if you pay the members peanuts you will get monkeys but one finds that many people who are earning very large salaries are still monkeys in spite of their very large rewards for their labours.

A few years ago it was revealed that the directors of the Westpac Bank in Australia were paid a million dollars a year and some were paid even more than that. I wrote to the Chairman of Directors and pointed out that I had always banked with Westpac but that I found it difficult to continue when such salaries were being paid. He wrote me a very nice reply pointing out that if they did not perform well from the Bank's point of view they would lose their jobs. I have never met anybody worth a million dollars a year.

I have always felt that doctors, dentists and lawyers are rewarded much too liberally. Until recent years they were educated largely at the taxpayer's expense or at any rate at a considerable discount. Now the cost of these courses in the universities is much too great and that is quite unnecessary. They could be organised to cost much less by presenting the lectures on the lines of correspondence courses and by using T.V. more widely in demonstration sessions. Further it is wrong to subsidise research from the student's fees. During 16 years of tertiary education the best lectures I received were those committed to print. They contained what was required to be known but they set limits on what was required to be known by the students. Such courses could be standardised for say four or five years with occasional extra lectures to contain new developments in the subject matter in hand.

I could go on and on about my ideas and convictions but I think we have had enough.

CONCLUSIONS

I've had a pretty long innings. I renewed my registration as a practicing doctor for convenience but this will be my last year in active work.

I have been married twice. First to Phyllis and after she died to Shirley. They have both been very happy marriages. Phyllis was the mother of my three children Elizabeth, John and Susan. I have been on the best of terms with all of them and I love them all as my prized possession. Phyllis and Shirley were very different personalities but I have been most fortunate to have had two different people who were ready to support me in a very busy life between medicine and the church. From 1940 till 1982 my life in medicine was unusually busy. Surgery and Obstetrics in the first ten years claimed so much of my time that I was never completely off duty. Then for the 28 years in the J.P. Bayly Clinic my time was not my own.

Phyllis and Shirley both accommodated to these conditions and were always supportive of my involvement in medicine. Both of them supported me in my work in the Church and in my retirement I still look after a small stone church in a rural setting not far from where we live. This church is a gem built of scoria and lined with beautiful timber. I'm still involved with this church at the moment (June 1995) planning for the future of the place. When that is arranged I hope to retire completely.

Shirley is a great help and encouragement in the present project. She is a very outgoing person with a wide circle of friends, married to a man whose aim is to be left alone most of the time. She is into all sorts of activities and always evolves into chairman or secretary or something.

Before signing off I should perhaps add a few ideas about religion. There has of course been a falling away in numbers in many of the Christian Churches. So much the worse for the world. Before I finally began to work in medicine I did 16 years of tertiary education. I left school at fifteen years of age. After that I did 2 years in the Teachers Training College, one year to matriculate to the University, four years as a correspondence student in Arts, one year reading to enter a Theological College, 2 years in Theology and 6 years in Medicine. 16 years in all. During these years I earned my living as a school teacher and later as a parish priest. But, and this is the point I want to make, the most relevant education I ever had for life was the six weeks instruction to be confirmed when I was eleven years of age. The actual lessons are a bit hazy but one thing is just as clear in my mind as it was at the time. Before each lesson the priest read without comment Galatians 5 verses 16 to 26. Teach the kids that and the

differential calculus and all the rest will be added unto them. "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.....and they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts." Take it or leave it life is a struggle between the flesh and the spirit. That implies a certain asceticism without which man is a pathetic and flabby figure. Personally my religion did more from a practical point of view than did my education.

Don't think that bigotry and intolerance are preserves of the religious only. The history of Christianity sure has some dark pages but we have come a long way in my lifetime towards tolerance and understanding. For instance the degree of understanding between Roman Catholics and Anglicans during the 60 years I've been ordained has been a spectacular development.

Christ's teaching on living is still supreme and just as relevant as ever. His ideas on love and forgiveness and mercy are still the most practical for everybody concerned in any situation. It is a strange idea that knowledge as such will lead to more enlightened behaviour. People believe for instance that the proposition is true of sexual behaviour. Teach the children all about sex in an enlightened way and they'll behave well. What nonsense. As medical students we knew all about sex but as a body of people we were scarcely notable for chastity. By all means give them the facts but also tell them something more important, something that St. Paul was going on about. 2 Corinthians 6 v.18-20. "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you which ye have of God and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price; therefor glorify God in your body, and in your spirit which are God's."

Strange how some words of Jesus make a deep impression and help you along the way of life. For instance Jesus said "If any man will do his will he will know of the doctrine whether it be of God." This is a formula which has stood me in good stead for more than half a century of active work. Jesus knew that his teaching was not going to be patient of absolute scientific truth. There always has to be faith. Then he propounds a formula which approaches closely to the scientific method. What he advises is "Accept God's teaching. Live by it. Apply it to situations as they arise. And if it works in practice you will know if it is true or not."

It has been my lot over a very long period to be engaged in both medicine and theology. There were of course times of excessive stress in medical work to be combined with the obligation of running a very active parish. From time to time it seemed impossible to carry on in faith and hope. That is when you must do what the man said. Celebrate the Divine Sacrifice and you will know for sure whether you have received the power of the Living Christ by the very action of the Sacrament. Try it and you will know whether it is true and of God. And that's what the Man said.

It's time I stopped. In spite of everything I'm still left with two things which stand no matter what. Nothing can shake my belief in two important things, namely compost and the Anglican Church: not necessarily in that order.