

~~2.7.89~~

Dear Joan

You are so kind

27.8.89.

① thing by her

Dear Joan,

We find your life of
 Ann Elysa simply marvellous!
 Congratulations on achieving
 such a full account of her
 life, ^{the} putting it together ①

We are sure you have done the right
 I hadn't realised that the
 Ellis family had planted the
 coconut palms in the Avenue
 Solente where Henry took
 the Quelques of his
 settlement scheme -

I can just see Anne Elysa
 making a home for her men;
 sewing up curtains & no
 doubt covering packing cases!
 We are in the throes of not
 knowing if we can get a
 flight to Adelaide on the 31st
 & if not should we endatche

The long journey by car. We
haven't done it for some
years but we are to
celebrate our Diamond
Wedding with Alice &
family, if possible.

Yes Harry will get you
a copy of Tanager Traditions
from the Melbourne University
Press next month. We have
received one copy & it
looks good.

which has renewed the great interest which she
used to have in anything connected with the island. 8

Dear Dr Lavery

I enclose the promised
photograph of Annie Elyza
which I received from Joan
Milne about 2 weeks ago. The
lady had a lovely, serene face
& it is sad to think how she
must have suffered.

Another letter yesterday
from Joan expresses her thanks
for the books you sent & tells of
the tremendous thrill that has ^{she gets}
^{been really then} developed. I'm inclined to
think that she has written to
you as she writes of sending
a cheque.

We were in the National
Library ^{today} browsing through J. T.
Arendel's diaries & ^{unearthed} found some
important facts about Rame
Island history. We also saw
the original picture, which is
much brighter than that on
the card, & took the opportunity

11
to pick up some information on
reproductions which I
enclose.

(Mrs Milne)

29.6.89, 13

Dear Joan,

Did I thank you for the excellent photo of Annie Elysa? I do hope so.

D^r Harvey returned it to me after having had it "suitably copied". He thought it was only on loan, I don't know why, but ^{we are} ~~you~~ glad to have it if that is alright? The photo would go to the Maude special collection in Adelaide University's Barr Smith Library.

July 1st. Another co-incidence, I was interrupted & yesterday your very exciting letter arrived. Harry was at the National Library searching for

information on Raine Is!

We are delighted that you are writing about Annie Eliza Ellis + that you have her diaries - wonderful. Dr Lavery will be very happy indeed.

We are going again to the Aust. National Library to copy from the Beundel Diaries the entries about Raine Island. We have already found the days, year + the ~~week~~ months but Dr Lavery has requested the actual entries. Harry is working on the early history of Beundel + the Guano Trade for ~~Dr Lavery~~ for him.

Harry asks if you are aware that the Gimble Papers, now entitled "Tungaru Traditions" are ^{entirely} anthropological field notes + intended for reading by specialists +, we hope, for the

Gilbertese people themselves.

There is no continuous narrative
so cannot be read as a book.

Letter written 2.7.89.

Annie Eliza Ellis

Died on Raine Island

25th June, 1891



Annie Elija Ellis.

Died on Raine ss. 25.6.1891

U 75



ANN ELIZA ELLIS

b 1839 - d 25 June 1891

Raine Island became a reality to me again last Christmas. With the usual greeting from a long time family friend Mrs Honor Maude came a letter telling of relatives who had visited Raine Is. and of how it had come into its own. It is now the Raine Is. Corporation under the Queensland Government, and the letter ended with the sentence, "There are two graves there - one Annie Eliza Ellis wife of George Ellis, and surely she must be your grandmother Joan". Immediately there came to me a mental picture of a huge and sombre Beacon at the edge of a desolate reef, and being told my grandma was buried in the shadow of that beacon.

These fragmented thoughts, pieced together, have made me try to gather anything that would more or less, for me, clothe the memory of Ann Eliza. At least it is a profound tribute to an heroic young English gentlewoman who travelled with her husband out to Queensland, Australia. They landed in Brisbane on 5th January 1865 from the sailing vessel "Golden City". George was by profession a chemist and they settled in Roma for a few years, and then came to New Zealand. Here they farmed land at Taotaoroa out of Cambridge in the Waikato, not very successfully. George was at that time in touch with a relative by marriage of Ann Eliza's - John T Arundel - a South Pacific Trader, copra dealer, whose London based Company also prospected and worked several phosphate guano islands around the Gulf of Cerpentaria and the Great Barrier Reef. So began the Ellis family involvement with the Pacific in those early days. George threw in his lot with John T Arundel and ultimately the three older boys were all employed by the Company. At this stage of the family's life it all seemed logical.

To comment briefly on the early farming days. George would disappear on trips. These, I gathered were mainly to become conversant with the working of the Company. Ann Eliza must have coped with the four boys, James, George, Bert and Ernest, the farm and the hired help. On returning home, George Snr. invariably brought back sacks of phosphate which he somehow managed to have transported. Possibly it finished its journey going by barge up the Waikato River and landed at Cambridge. Naturally, the land responded to the fertiliser spread around and the farm out on the Cambridge hills began to flourish. The boys were country boys, and life was kept on an even keel through to their late teens. Around this time George Snr. was managing several islands where there were copra plantations. James had already been channelled into this side of the business and it was suggested Bert aged 18 would be included in the planting of around 20,000 coconuts on Hull Is. Would he!! They were taken there by the schooner "Olive" with three Niue boys, supplies in the form of ships biscuits and rice, etc., a large punt and building material for two shacks. The Captain's final words on leaving were to James, "You're the King of the Island" - to Bert, "And you're the Prime Minister", and so the big adventure for Bert began.

After giving up the farm Ann Eliza travelled with her men when possible and shared their lot. In her gentle accommodating way she was very much a part of life either travelling by schooner, living at the camps they established or in available huts or houses - very much on the move, constantly packing up and unpacking. She obviously enjoyed this type of living. She

took a lively interest in all her fellow beings and somehow it appealed to her. She was always drawn to the beaches. She found rest for the spirit and real pleasure wandering along the shore, particularly in the cooler part of the day. Collecting shells, sea urchins, rare bits of coral and brightly coloured crab-backs, were very much her thing. Bird life also fascinated her.

Early in 1888 she was at Baker Island with Bert. The Company's Laboratory was situated on Baker Island and Bert's work interests were closely linked with prospecting and the laboratory there. At this time at Baker Island they experienced a unique storm with tremendous tides and surf beyond belief. The wharf was carried away, houses swept out to sea and chaos and destruction reigned. Her comment on that disastrous time was, "I can hardly imagine feeling more helpless than we did. One thing struck me pleasantly, that everyone did their part cheerfully and to the utmost and there was no fault finding". The Ellis boys, James, George and Bert continued to gain experience on a number of islands, Rocky, Lady Elliot, Howland, Hull, etc. Small scale operations, difficult conditions, but by now it was evidently in the blood.

She records the schooner "Olive" arriving from Howland Island with her husband George on board after a very rough passage, and they had a peaceful March - April together but early in May the "Olive" was unexpectedly sighted and the news was broken to them that their son George was involved in a terrible accident. James and George, with a party of Niue boys, were planting at Howland Island. The Niue boys were not catching enough fish so George went with them to the reef with the idea that a charge of dynamite would solve that problem. Disaster - it proved to be a faulty charge. Isolated, no communication, absolutely no medical care. James fortunately did his best which seemed to consist of his mind turning to the Good Samaritan; so he poured oil onto the wounds. George lived through quite a long life with one arm, a glass eye, a jaw that had been half blown away, his nose damaged and he also suffered deep wounds to his neck and chest and was to lose the use of one lung. The schooner "Olive" had been delayed and when ten days later it arrived, George and James left for Baker Island where Ann Eliza was hurriedly taken on board, and they left for Apia approximately 5 sailing days away. They were becalmed, suffered a bad storm, and took a further 10 days. Ann Eliza nursed, comforted, cared for her poor shattered son in difficult cramped surroundings, and at times with the vessel quite literally at the mercy of the seas. At least there were always two of the crew to help with the lifting and James continued to help with the dressings. George being kept as mobile as possible was a saving factor as his lung was in a critical state. It makes for an incredible story and how they both survived is rather beyond belief. He had medical care at Apia and after 5 weeks left for Sydney. While in Apia mail arrived and Ann Eliza learnt that her Pappa had died - distance tends to make grief more acute. Even leaving from Apia was dramatic as political upheaval and unrest made for a hurried boarding.

Her first plan on reaching Sydney was to find lodgings near the hospital. After all the tending and constant care she obviously found it difficult to relinquish this care but of course hospital was vital. His wounds needed tidying up and were still in a dreadful state - no penicillin and antibiotics in those days. She was a woman of standards which she cherished and maintained. She noted after her father's death she had no 'mourning clothes' but on leaving George at the hospital made for the stores.

Over this period the doctors who saw George were completely amazed that he had survived and in no uncertain way showed their admiration of Ann Eliza; one with a hug and fervent, "You're a marvel!". She gave the best part of a year with infinite patience, love, skill and understanding humour to restoring a quality of life to her son - she records, "George made a joke today". Thanks be to God for the strength and faith of two brave people.

When the Sydney doctor more or less gave the all clear for George to be on the move again they took passage on the "Alamanda" for Auckland - a rough but fast trip and arrived in Auckland late December 1888 expecting to shortly join the "Olive". Her youngest son Ernest was on the wharf to meet them and he'd grown so tall the boys didn't recognise each other.

There were relatives to stay with and they had a happy and varied time meeting up with old friends. The boys even had the opportunity of a short holiday in Cambridge. As things worked out it was just as well as hopes for being on their way were dashed - the "Olive" having a change of schedule.

It's of interest to mention the friendship between the Stewart family and their one-time neighbours, the Ellis family. It was most heart-warming to read of their mutual pleasure on meeting up again, as they did, on several occasions. The fates of the two families were inextricably interwoven. (Ann Eliza and Gran Stewart.)

The weeks following must have been taxing with their uncertainty. However word eventually came through that another schooner the "Ryno" had been chartered and then followed much feverish repacking as they had to take extra provisions for themselves on the voyage. They had all of 1½ months in Auckland and on the 15th February, after yet more purchases, they went on board. It seemed they were taking some of their long stored belongings up to the Islands as endless boxes were collected from here and there by Ernest. Ann Eliza was relieved to see the cabin had been cleaned but still smelt of cockroaches. Not to be wondered at as there was a deep cupboard with three drawers well stocked with cockroaches and also a locker topped up with dirty crockery. However as the trip progressed with its patches of good and bad weather, the "Ryno", named after a Scottish goddess, proved to be a splendid sea boat taking in very little water and was hardly ever wet up aft. They sailed the next day, the "Ryno" drifting along so gently that the boys spent the day fishing, ten schnapper; so fresh fish on the menu that night.

Things seemed to go smoothly weather-wise but the cockroaches were most trying. After all, to wake with 6 large ones sharing one's pillow was not funny. Trouble struck around the 7th March early evening when all was peaceful; a black squall suddenly rose up and they were engulfed. The foremast snapped off in two places, the middle part being carried away and the anchor thrown up on deck. Utter confusion, then the heavy rolling of the vessel and the weirdness of their plight. They continued to be dogged by heavy squalls. Work on the mast had gone ahead steadily and when a week later calm came it was ready to raise. Heavy work for all hands and George was at the wheel most of the day. Calm weather, sails repaired but not much headway though they were once more on course. From the 7th March until the 16th April proved to be a time to be got through. Around the 10th April they were within 19 miles of Howland Island but were caught by the current and drifted away -- terrific rain - calm - frustration - on course -- a breeze, and then two months after leaving Auckland they were being landed at Howland Island and were a united family again -- wonderful! And of course George was the centre of interest and admiration.

The house waiting for her had 2 rooms and a small one for bathing in plus verandah, back and front. The boards had been used twice before so one was aware of many nail holes and patches of white wash but it was home. Bert and James each took a brother to their one-room houses.

For Ann Eliza there were boxes brought ashore to be unpacked and these were added to ones from previous camps at Baker and Canton Islands. She preferred not to think of the ones left at Apia, all these, with the five heavy packages from New Zealand waiting. A very tiring time as wet had found its way into several, and always there seemed to be washing. "Man may toil from noon to set of sun but woman's work is never done."

Just after the time the "Ryno" was hit with its problems, Apia had to cope with the fearful hurricane that wrecked 14 vessels. They were very thankful that this news did not reach Howland Island till after they had arrived or they would probably have been given up for lost. The weather at last really settled and they all had the heartening relief of the "Carnovanshire" loading in 3 weeks and sailing off with 2000 tons of guano on board.

Always weather and shipping was paramount and it is hard to comprehend just how vital a part it played in those days of schooners and no drying facilities for the worked guano. The "Corunna" on one occasion was cited as having been a total of six months in obtaining its full load of guano; moored to the buoy only when conditions were suitable.

Then it was 'Sail Ho' again as a barque from Lyttelton hove in sight having made the trip in 23 days compared with their 2 months. Ann Eliza obviously enjoyed both listening to and talking with the captains of different nationalities from the varied chain of little vessels that came. They told of their joys and sorrows and the families they saw at such rare intervals and obviously found in her, friendship and understanding.

There were two heart-warming occasions when thankfully they were all together. There was thanksgiving and rejoicing on the Sunday of 9th September as it was their Silver Wedding day and she felt so thankful that in the midst of so much separation they were all together. By the next Sunday James had left for Hull Island.

Then again a year later on Raine Island she wrote, "Yesterday was the 26th anniversary of our wedding day, or rather I should say we have been married 26 years and looking back I feel we have very much reason for gratitude to our Heavenly Father who has led us by ways we have not known and will still guide us we trust to the close of this life and entrance to another purer and brighter." Such was her faith.

Inevitably, Ann Eliza had to cope with many trials. When, as happened at times, she had to join the vessel at the moorings and a heavy surf was running, it meant going down the chute. She found launching into a little black hole very daunting. It was even worse when, as happened once on returning to Howland, she had to be hauled up the said chute, which she described as a most humiliating experience for an awkward woman.

Another traumatic experience was a population explosion of rats; probably the constant war on rats had not been kept going during the months she was caring for George. She cites sixty being caught and killed in the house. Imagine 8 rats in one's bedroom at one time. "The father" was away. They had devised a cunning rat trap of a drum with bait at the bottom and a plank leading to the rim but one had to be swift in replacing the plank across the top at the given moment; much squealing went on.

George Jnr. made a brave and good recovery. When the boys were all together, they had a little band. George was drum major with a stick tied to his arm. He kept himself busy when in Auckland; attended auctions, bought himself clothes 'suitable and unsuitable', attended sports and was generally useful. To update George a generation or two, he's remembered as having a twinkle in his one eye, being watched with admiration as he neatly topped with his one hand, a soft boiled egg. He also had an excellent vegetable garden.

One can't help but think the unstinted, wise, mothering care by Ann Eliza gave him the hope and confidence over those long months. She wrote a day-to-day check on George during the long and acute stage of his accident. She negated her own feelings which at many times must have been almost overwhelming. One reads she felt faint; another time, "have a headache and feel low", but all in low key.

Ann Eliza was a needle woman and a home-maker. There is a most beautiful patchwork quilt made by her which somehow has survived. She had a very practical touch as shown in comments such as, "shirts to be made for Ernest, underwear for George and three pairs of trousers to be finished". At Raine Island, "I'm busy making pillow cases and table napkins for the mess room and mending the two ensigns; the larger one 15ft by 10ft, with patches and darning needed everywhere; heat as bad as ever".

On the relatively few occasions that they were all together and given the opportunity to live a normal suburban life, as it did in several short bursts, she made the most of it; "the boys and I truly enjoying the home feeling". Describing rented rooms, "... the front door opened to a well-furnished hall, drawing room nicely furnished, a good piano and lovely ornaments". She had three redletter days, staying with a Mr & Mrs Newman in Remuera. "Their home is not like colonial houses; I think they brought it from England."

At Raine Island it was a more settled time. She took an intense interest in birds and all living creatures. Those around the house seem to have their characters assessed. "Landrails feed around, almost as tame as fowls. They are all on fairly good terms; two snipe come to feed nearby. An Australian robin comes into the sitting room to catch flies and perches on the pictures. Another lovely little bird comes and spreads out its tail, like a peacock." The rabbits came from the Phoenix Island and evidently belonged to the carpenter; named Jacob, Joseph and Moses - Jacob was a tyrant. Little Jack, Ann Eliza's Scotch Terrier, was her constant companion and, to quote, "used to look up at me with great satisfaction when we were alone". Moving from Island to Island, invariably their dogs went too. In this instance, "like mother, like sons".

It's hard to piece together the months or indeed the years. At some time, Ann Eliza had a trip back to England and then, around 1866, her husband George had been poorly for a considerable time and needed a break away from the tropics. So they travelled to Auckland where there were friends and relatives. George went on to Cambridge and a spell there seemed to provide the turning point for him. He held the over-all management of several islands that had been planted and by now apparently yielding very satisfactory supplies of copra. The three boys were all on the Company's payroll, James and George being still with copra.

By this time the guano side of the Company's business based in the Central Pacific was virtually worked out. Plans were underway to concentrate on working the deposit at Raine Island, 2000 odd miles away and off the Queensland coast. George Snr. was to be manager and as the Island was uninhabited most of the time, it was a case of starting from scratch. The project was on a larger scale than had been previously undertaken and needed a great deal of planning and organising.

The last few months moving around the Islands with her husband was interesting and fulfilling. The parents were able to meet up with the boys several times, making the most of it as that phase was drawing to a close. It also gave Ann Eliza the opportunity to renew friendships.

There was to be quite a migration from the Central Pacific to the north of the Barrier Reef. So, of necessity, once more there was the packing up of all their belongings that had been accumulating at Howland Island. A party of five was to travel on the schooner "Maile". To quote, "After a quiet Sunday, preparations were made, with great spirit. From three to four hundred boxes were put on board. The houses were taken down - the carpenter's large store, the boys' laboratory, and lastly, our own house. The township looked very forlorn when we walked along and saw only a few boxes and boards where the houses had so recently stood. I could but feel thankful they had so well served their purpose and were removed with our goodwill and not by an enemy".

Hearty cheers passed between those going and those remaining, and given a good breeze, the "Maile" was soon out of sight of land. Evidently, the vessel was so loaded moving around was most awkward as "the decks were piled with timber almost to the top of the bulwarks, a large buoy, four of our boats, including the large punt, several tanks and the ship's boats were on the timber". Mercifully they had a trouble free journey; the wind was good "the speed refreshing" and they did on an average 150 to 200 miles a day. They did the journey in 17 days. The first sighting of Raine Island was the Beacon "showing up grandly over the ocean". Later she described the Beacon "like a castle in chess". However, the wind being too strong they were unable to anchor, and sundown approaching, the Captain decided to put to sea but there again wind or current was against them, so the night was spent tacking too and fro between the Island and the reef. Two volunteers were put ashore to keep a fire burning all night, to be a guide. Then two days were spent at anchor about 5 miles distant before they could safely be moored and then, with a heavy anchor being lodged on the reef and a steady breeze keeping her off shore, unloading began. They camped on shore and within a couple of days other vessels with labour, timber and supplies arrived from Cooktown and the settling-in commenced. They had both Chinese and Malay labour so that meant two lots of housing. A great deal of hard work and long hours must have been necessary on the part of the ten European staff and the 100 or so mixed labour workers. The mind rather boggles at the thought of starting,

organising, housing and supplying the needs on that isolated, windswept and at times bleak island. The lack of a steady supply of water was a worry; four wells were sunk but the water was bitter. If a supply ship was delayed as it sometimes was, and the water low, it had to be rationed. So it was decided an attempt at condensation must be made. It sounds a rather Heath Robinson affair with a 400 gallon tank as a boiler, a hundred or so yards of galvanised pipe, to condense the steam. Drift logs split supplied the firewood. Thus a time of crisis was coped with. A condenser was a necessity, even if an expensive one. About seven months later we read, "They are having heavy work getting the condenser ashore - a large affair to make 1000 gallons of water in 24 hours".

Basically, one feels Ann Eliza enjoyed Raine Island. It was different. She appreciated the house the company built there, writing it was quite an improvement to the others she had lived in. It was built from new timber and was adequate for their needs. Once again the home-maker urge was evident. She ordered cotton prints from Cooktown for curtains, etc. Pictures were hung, shelves put up and her porcelain ornaments appeared. A whole corner was devoted to shells which really, one gathers, remained her first love. Her walks often developed into shell hunts and she obviously enjoyed being able to send off boxes of shells to friends living in different parts of the world. Bert, who also was drawn to the beach and the reef, always seemed to have Ann Eliza in mind and heart and would return at times with a real treasure. The fact that the 'Real Treasure' might be at the bottom of quite a deep hole and be the home of a hermit crab, prompted her to make him a thick glove to wear. The reef always fascinated them both; the Raine Island reef was different from any of the others they were acquainted with, in that it had no deep channel. She describes walking to the edge, "It has coral such as we have at the lagoon at Hull Island only in its earlier stages - a mass about the size of my fist with the pattern in it, covered with a large gelatinous or white of egg like substance, just as Professor Drummond describes all life forms. Then at a more advanced stage the jelly like substance is gone and the green mass growing and hardening. Other kinds spread over the reef like a bright green running plant which George thinks gradually forms the stone coral of the reef. We saw a lovely cluster of violet coral and Bert brought home a beautiful delicate pink piece - they fade when exposed to the sun".

Turtles were a continuing interest. They would waddle up in their dozens and at times they reminded her of a flock of sheep. They would dig and flip out the sand in most unlikely places, lay their eggs, mound up the sand on them, then rest from all that effort before returning to the tide. One time she recorded going for a long walk with George and was tired so she just sat on an old gentleman's back as he was drowsing in the sun and he didn't mind at all. Turtles seemed to be the main stay of the small European community - turtles and fish providing the necessary change in diet from the constant tinned food. Turtle steaks according to Ann Eliza are delicious, like beef only better, and the soup very nourishing. The occasional sheep was bought, killed and the whole island had fresh meat. They also managed to rear some chickens. However this comment looks as if at times turtles could be a mixed blessing. "Turtles as numerous as ever and as troublesome. One burrowed under 15 tons of railway iron which of course had to be moved for her, another under a stack of timber, and a third nearly rooted up the anvil in the carpenters shop".

They went through a period of extremely hot and trying weather which took its toll of them all. Cases of real sickness added to George's responsibilities. Faith in his bottles of medicine seemed to have remarkable results and of course cases of accident came his way too. His early training as a chemist certainly stood him in good stead. It is mentioned five months have slid by since leaving Howland Island and work continued steadily, with apparently little strife, but there was a period of shocking weather, with gales and very heavy seas running, so of course virtually no shipping. She notes she is jotting down careful records of the weather to compare with the coming years and writes, "So much of our comfort here comes from the weather - far more than from substantial housing".

The "Albatross" was the government survey ship. It had called to deliver census papers, etc., saying they would return for same in a few weeks. On the return visit, obviously there were V.I.P.s on board, so George went out to the vessel and naturally they came ashore to have a look around and be social. Ann Eliza wrote, "After a chat they went for a walk and expressed great interest in all they saw - the large amount of work going on, the birds, the beacon, turtle holes and young turtles, landrail, etc., all except the rabbits, at which they looked and shook their head and hoped we should be careful to exterminate them before leaving - to which of course we agreed". On the first visit of the "Albatross" they left a little dog that was ailing, much to the joy of Bert and pleasure of Ann Eliza, but she wished it would get over chasing chickens and the few pet rabbits. "Also, goes in for turtles with great enjoyment". It all must have agreed with her. The captain was very glad to see his little dog looking wonderfully better, apologised for not giving her to them, but thought better of it, as it was a great pet of his wife's.

By this time a certain work pattern had emerged and of course the paramount and main worry was the shipping of the phosphate guano. Favourable weather for the schooner and sloops, all dependent on sail, and the reef-strewn waters certainly held real problems. The constant worry was always there. As the little boats lightered the sacks of guano out to the vessel moored to the buoy, they were lifted out and up by hand and contents tipped down the hold. It was surely done the hard way. Also the mixed labour - they seemed to get on with it, not exactly trouble free one suspects but at least without any major breakdown of good relations.

That the basic continuation of Raine Island is assured is a most satisfying thought. The turtles still come in their own way and time, the birds - noddies, land rail, frigate gannets - still flock in their various cycles. Mankind's knowledge linked with appreciation knows how to guard this particular heritage and it is very much alive.

I would like to explain that my father was Albert Ellis (Bert). He was the young chemical analyst employed by the Company. A few facts have been gathered from his book "Adventuring in Coral Seas". While piecing together the facts, I have been brought into close awareness of my roaming forebears. My father's chapter on Raine Island ends:

"Our aspirations on Raine Island ended in 1892. The jetty and houses were taken down, tram lines lifted and the entire equipment removed. Once more the Tower Beacon was the dominant feature as it looked down on the little cross showing up clearly as before. We left another grave on the Island. The previous year our mother, after a short illness, had passed to her eternal rest and reward. Her grave is close to the tower Beacon and the coral beach she loved so well".

At such a time, grief was beyond words.

Joan I. Milne.

Joan Izod Milne (nee Ellis)
August 1989
Khandallah, N.Z.