IN MEMORIAM

At 5.35 p.m. on April 7th, 1972 a Piper Aztec twin-engine plane, owned and operated by the Summer Institute of Linguistics, crashed soon after the starboard engine had caught fire. All seven people aboard were killed instantly. They were:

DARLENE LA VERNE BEE, Ph.D - 1932-1972 Dr. Bee commenced work with the Usarufa people in the Eastern Highlands District in 1958. She was an outstanding scholar, earning her Ph.D. in Linguistics at the University of Indiana. Dr. Bee was also the Principal of the New Zealand Summer Institute of Linguistics in Auckland. Her presentation of linguistics at the school was an opportunity to express her new, original ideas which she termed Neo-Tagnemetics. These new concepts reached their maturity in 1971-72, and all of the lectures were typed for possible publication.

MILDRED FRANCINE - 1936-1972 and OREN RAY CLAASSEN - 1940-1972. The Claassens worked with the Rawa people of the Madang District. Mr. Claassen’s study of the Rawa folklore showed keen insight and he would have been a very able translator aided by his wife, Francine.

DOUGLAS NEIL HUNT - 1931-1972. A former New Zealand businessman, Mr. Hunt became a missionary-pilot in 1958. He flew for several years with Missionary Aviation Fellowship both in West Irian and Papua New Guinea and joined the Summer Institute of Linguistics in 1966. Mr. Hunt is survived by his wife and four children.


NORE and BEB. Nore was on his way to Ukarumpa in order to help in the checking of the Suena Scriptures translated by Darryl and Lael Wilson. He is survived by a family of nine. Beb who comes from the language area of the Buangs gave substantial assistance in the translation of Scriptures into his native language.

The Editorial Board of the journal wish to express their deep-felt sympathy to members of the Summer Institute of Linguistics over the tragic loss of so many precious lives.
A TIME FOR DYING*

Perhaps the moment after
ecstacy;

After feeling the full
fierce force of life;

After knowing love,
and while love is
still warm

Perhaps that is the time
for dying;

Before everything and one
has turned sour;

Before life is a burden,

Before the thrill of waking
to a new day is gone;

Before we long for death...
to die while
bursting with life,
brimming with vitality,
longing to live ---

Perhaps this is the time
to die and live.

* Written by Miss Darlene Bee on February 26, 1971