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AND ADVENT WORLD SURVEY

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“This One Thing I Do”

Address by DR. B. B. BEACH, Secretary, Northern Europe-West Africa Division, at the funeral service of Pastor John F. Coltheart, Stanborough Park Church, Watford, England, on October 14, 1974.

“I HAVE FOUGHT long and hard for my Lord, and through it all I have kept true to Him. And now the time has come for me to stop fighting and rest. In heaven a crown is waiting for me which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me on that great day of His return. And not just to me, but to all those whose lives show that they are eagerly looking forward to His coming back again.” 2 Timothy 4: 7, 8, The Living Bible.

These words of Paul reflect the life and thinking of John Frederick Coltheart, whom we fondly remember today.

It is said that when nature has a work to be done, she creates a genius to do it. When God has a work to be done, He calls a diligent servant and gives him more than genius, an unction from on high. John Coltheart was such a servant. His was not a long life, but a full life. He did not go to death as an old man, but death came to him. Benjamin Franklin, that font of simple wisdom, wrote in “Poor Richard’s Almanac”: “Wish not so much to live long as to live well.”

John Coltheart was born on a summer day in 1924—two weeks before Christmas—in Launceston, Tasmania. He did not have a very promising start because he was very sick when a young child and the doctors indicated that he wouldn’t live. His parents—of good Methodist stock—accepted the Advent message when he was six years old and guided him into the church. At the age of fourteen he was baptized by Pastor George Burnside who will be conducting the funeral memorial service in Australia on October 27. John Coltheart brought his first convert, a friend and schoolmate, to be baptized with him.

It was the inspiration of a persevering mother that led him to want to become a minister, instead of a metallurgical chemist. He went to Avondale College where he did very well and was chosen one year as Dux of Avondale College.

While in college taking the ministerial course he engaged in a public evangelistic campaign with David K. Down, who later became a missionary to India. Souls were won. While other students enjoyed socials or went to picnics, John was working or involved in evangelism.

When he graduated from Avondale in 1945 he received a call to New Zealand.

Typically, there was no dilly-dallying on his part. He simply sent a telegram home saying he was leaving for New Zealand. He spent Christmas on board ship and saved money by sleeping up on deck.

He started work at Whakatane with Alvin Cook (today Ministerial Association secretary of Trans-Africa Division) and helped raise a company the first year. Here he had a somewhat disheartening experience: he was burned out while away at the meeting hall. He learned a lesson we must remember today: “All things work together for good to them that love God.” In fact, some 128 kilometres away there was a charming young nurse, and she with the other church members got the news about the young Australian minister who had lost all his things, and

they prayed for him. Before too long Raye Williams was introduced to the fire-victim and on another summer day in 1948 John Coltheart and Raye Williams were married. Thus began a fruitful evangelistic partnership which lasted for twenty-six years.

Ordination came in December, 1952, and then came campaign after campaign, in city after city. John Coltheart didn’t have the outlook of a residential-congregational minister hovering over the faithful flock, but the pioneering spirit of the evangelist breaking new ground and winning new souls—his was both spearhead and reaping evangelism. And so he conducted large campaigns in half a score of countries, speaking to large audiences, 10,000 in Sydney, 8,000 in London, and regularly between 3,000 and 5,000 when launching his campaigns. Only Heaven knows how many souls he, together with his teams, has won—perhaps 2,000 to 3,000 as a direct result.

He came to England in 1965, and in 1967 he became the Northern European Division evangelist. Later he became secretary of the Ministerial Association. After London, great cities like Bristol, Stockholm, Edinburgh, Rotterdam, Helsinki, Oslo, and Amsterdam heard his voice and message. He was eloquent because truth was on his side. He was simple, because his thinking was clear. One passage of Scripture summarizes the tone or quality of his mind: “This one thing I do.” Phil. 3: 13. Evangelism—this was his only real interest and he gave it everything he had, including life itself. Oh, yes, he was interested in mineralogy—he had a fine rock collection—but this was a pleasant hobby for the purpose of relaxation. But evangelism was the overpowering force and influence in his dynamic life. There was a singleness of purpose in his ministry: he knew what harbour he was making for, and therefore



The late Pastor J. F. Coltheart.

Photo: P. Sundquist.

made good use of varying and difficult winds.

However, I would say, with all due respect, that John Coltheart's greatest contribution was not really the great campaigns as such which he conducted. His most lasting gift to God's church in Europe is the spirit of evangelistic success which he has instilled in scores of workers from Britain to Finland. When he came to Europe, he met with an army of pastor-evangelists loyally going into battle, not used to victory and almost expecting defeat. He galvanized their evangelistic spirit. He gave them a new sense of mission and success. He showed that public evangelism can still attract large crowds. He said: "Where I am one, I want to raise a hundred evangelists."

News of his death in St. Albans, on Monday, October 12, swept like a prairie-fire throughout the Division. An avalanche of messages, from all parts of the world, has poured in. One recurrent theme found in these letters, cards and cables is "He changed my life; I received more help from him than from any other person in my ministerial labours; he has given us a new sense of evangelism, a new evangelistic spirit!" And the greatest tribute to John Coltheart will be as the evangelists go out and preach the gospel truths as he taught them. Thus we will honour him more with remembrance than tears, and more with active soul-winning than remembrance! He is great who makes other men greater.

Many have mentioned the heavy loss the church has incurred. Who can replace him? I am reminded of the prophet Elisha's last illness when the king visited him and wept over him, thinking of what Elisha meant to Israel. And the king cried out, "My father! My father! the strength of Israel, its chariots and horse-men. What are we going to do?" Elisha said: "Take a bow and arrows and shoot"; and the prophet proclaimed: "This is the Lord's arrow, full of victory . . . for you will completely conquer." [See 2 Kings 13: 14-17, The Living Bible.]

And friends, we will completely conquer. John has left us the Coltheart method—though he would humbly argue that there is no such thing. But we will have the arrows of emphasis on Bible Lands, his psychological approach, his many colour transparencies, his all-day Sabbath Seminars. He did not copyright, but he shared his creativity. But there are other arrows. One Coltheart—John—has laid down his ministerial burdens. Another Coltheart—David—will pick up his father's ministerial mantle this coming January. Waiting in the evangelistic wings is another Coltheart son—Alvin—training at Newbold College for the gospel ministry. To live in the hearts and ministry of fellow workers and two sons left behind, is really not to die.

We earnestly prayed for John's recovery. People sometimes talk about the pain of unanswered prayer. How about the pain of answered prayer? God answered with-

out delay. God said No. The answer our prayers receive is not always the answer our finite hearts desire. When we ask God for an answer we must not complain if the answer hurts us, because we do not know the end from the beginning.

It is only right that we today unabashedly remind ourselves that we "sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." 1 Thessalonians 4: 13. If all our ambitions, dreams, studies, friendships and loves were to be swallowed up in the stark calm of death, then life indeed would be a mean trick, and Hemingway would be right in saying that we are simply a colony of ants on a burning log. Marlene Dietrich used to sing a song which presents the pathetic picture of those who have no hope:

Where have all the flowers gone?
Young girls have picked them, every one . . .
Where have all the young girls gone?
Gone to husbands, every one . . .
Where have all the husbands gone?
Gone to soldiers, every one . . .
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Gone to graveyards, every one . . .
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Gone to flowers, every one . . .

And so the carousel of questions begins another forlorn turn and round of questions. But thanks be to God, for us the question is not "Where have all the flowers gone?" but "What can separate us from the love of Christ?" and the ringing, victorious answer is: "For I am convinced that there is nothing in death or life, . . . nothing in all creation that can separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord." Romans 8: 35, 38, 39, N.E.B.

And so, what has happened to our friend? Quite simply this: he has been called out of this time scheme, while time continues to run for us that remain. Death is thus for him just an interlude, the briefest of pauses. When he awakens on the resurrection morning, the intervening time period, be it long or short, will have vanished in a twinkling of the eye. He will begin to think where he ceased. The last sensation, the pang of death, will be replaced, says Ellen G. White, by the first glad thought, "O death, where is thy sting," and "where is thy victory?"

The faithfulness of the loving heavenly Father now enfolds him and we have this unshakable assurance: "Those who belong to God shall live again! . . . Those who dwell in the dust shall awake and sing for joy." Isaiah 26: 19, The Living Bible. So let us meet the world with joy! A joy that can survive even sufferings and sorrow and death.

"What these persons [brain workers] need is a more active life. Strictly temperate habits, combined with proper exercise, would ensure both mental and physical vigour."—"Ministry of Healing," page 238.



THAT TIRED FEELING

(Part One)

FATIGUE is a symptom produced by a variety of conditions, among which are anaemia, hypothyroidism, hypoglycaemia, infectious hepatitis, mononucleosis, and even 'flu and the common cold. But if a medical check-up has not uncovered an explanation for your chronic tiredness, the problem may be in the area of physical fitness, nutrition or psychological well-being.

First, consider the fact that you may be tired from carrying around excess weight. If you don't believe it, try doing your usual activities while carrying around an 11 kg (twenty-five lb) bag of flour.

With your doctor's approval, begin an aerobic exercise programme such as the one recommended by Kenneth Cooper, M.D.* His programme calls for brisk walking, running, cycling, or swimming. This kind of exercise is important not only to help shed unwanted weight, but to increase the body's ability to deliver oxygen to the tissues, where it is burned to produce energy. To be effective the exercise must be continuous for at least twenty minutes or until it causes deep breathing and perspiration. Calisthenics or isometrics, while useful in muscle development, do not produce the aerobic effect.

Cigarettes and alcohol also reduce the amount of oxygen that reaches the tissues, thereby creating fatigue.

A brief midday nap (not longer than fifteen minutes) may give a fresh boost of energy, but Dr. Cooper recommends, instead of a long nap, a brisk walk or run to recharge quickly.

A cold shower following a hot one will also increase the supply of energy-giving oxygen to the tissues by stimulating blood circulation.

Fatigue may be due to a combination of the factors mentioned above. Next week's column will take a brief look at some of the nutritional aspects of increasing vitality and stamina.

* "The New Aerobics" by Kenneth H. Cooper, M.D., available in paperback, is a detailed guide to a progressive exercise programme adapted to a person's age and degree of physical fitness.

"God's servants are not to be easily discouraged by difficulties or opposition. Those who proclaim the third angel's message must stand bravely at their post, . . . fighting the good fight of faith, and resisting the enemy with the weapon that Christ used, 'It is written.'"—"Gospel Workers," page 264.

FOUR TIMES A MISSIONARY

LAURENCE A. GILMORE, Communication Director, Greater Sydney Conference

WHEN Pastor L. N. Hawkes stood with his wife, Freda, in front of the mounted copper map of Africa-to-the-Pacific, in the TAA terminal in Sydney on Tuesday morning, November 26, 1974, bound for Papua New Guinea, he may have been setting some sort of a record. This was to be the fourth time that he had farewelled loved ones and set out as a missionary for distant lands in the Pacific.

Young Lester was only five years old when he heard that master story-teller, the late Pastor S. H. Gander, present a black-and-white glass-slide talk down in his birth-place of Warburton, Victoria. Right then he decided that one day he would be a missionary. Some other things may also have motivated him, for the Rev. John G. Paton was a forebear, and he has cousins in the Ferris family who have left their indelible imprint on Adventist missionary exploits.

Greek and Hebrew did not seem the most practical subjects to major in for a future missionary planning for a life among stone-age people, so after a year at Avondale College, Student Hawkes specifically chose the nursing profession as being the rational approach to future mission work. He made his mark at the old "San" from 1942 to 1945. Five months before graduation, he was appointed to Papua in August, 1945, but this appointment could not be taken up in war time. "Go west to Orange in New South Wales and help Pastor M. Ball in his mission," the leaders said. The mission tent was burned down just before his departure, and so budding Evangelist Missionary Hawkes

was sent instead to Parramatta, there to help Pastor M. Grolimund.

Established Medical Training School

Papua welcomed the young Brother and Sister Hawkes in September, 1946, to the old Aroma Mission Station which was later transferred to Madana. After the first furlough it was relief work as they cared for Bena Bena, Yani, Saidor, Kabiufa and other places. In the Eastern Highlands, Pastor Hawkes set up the first Medical Training School at Omaura, from which graduates emerged in 1955. When the inevitable problem of children's schooling arose, the Hawkes family were granted permanent return.

Hardly had he had time to plant the garden with kau kau or corn in Australia than Pastor Hawkes was called to distant Pitcairn Island from 1956 to 1959. Then he laboured in evangelism in the Auburn-Guildford churches of Sydney while back home again, and assisted the late Pastor J. F. Coltheart in a city-wide mission.

During their third term of mission service, Rabaul was to have this family as Pastor Hawkes served as a departmental

leader for some eight years. This ended in 1970 when the Parramatta church in Greater Sydney received a new pastor with a long record of mission service behind him. In 1972 Pastor Hawkes became the Health and Temperance Secretary of the Greater Sydney Conference until his recent call as president of the Eastern Highlands Mission based at Goroka in Papua New Guinea.

It is interesting to note that all of Pastor Hawkes' ministry in Australia has been in the Sydney area. Strange as it seems, his circuit has been mainly confined to Parramatta, Auburn, Guildford and the city. What a loss to other Conferences!

Achievements in Health Department

Things really happened in Greater Sydney Conference when our man headed up the Health Department. He lectured in two years to 95,494 people, of whom no more than 5 per cent would be Adventists, and the others knew that it was a Seventh-day Adventist minister who was standing before them. Calls to lecture on drug problems and on health-related topics often came from the Police Drug Squad or the State Department of Health. Pastor Hawkes has addressed customs officers; police; public schools; denominational schools of every type; Rotary; Apex; the R.S.L. and you-name-it . . . even inmates of Long Bay Gaol; reform schools; hippie communes and many more.

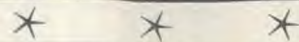
Without question, the practical ministry of the 5-Day Plan to Stop Smoking clinics has helped hundreds of thousands of people and brought Adventist ministers, doctors and laymen into a close personal relationship with the smoking sufferers. The participants speak most favourably of the compassion and concern of the Adventist Church toward them. From a beginning of five clinics in 1970, Pastor Hawkes organized thirty-nine clinics in 1972; sixty-four in 1973 and seventy-five in 1974. Attenders increased from 118 in 1970 to 1,692 in 1974.

"Bamahuta" or "Au revoir" or "Good-bye"—the words mean the same thing—parting from loved ones and good friends. We are sure that RECORD readers around the globe will be praying that God's ever-watchful eye will be upon these courageous missionaries as they climb the mountain tracks or wing their way across the skies in the little planes, or ride out the high seas in those rugged mission vessels.



Pastor and Mrs. L. N. Hawkes stand in front of the Africa-to-the-Pacific map in Sydney TAA terminal. Photo: L. A. Gilmore.

EDITORIAL



A CRY IN THE NIGHT

"Dear Editor,

"Like so many other church members, I am concerned over all those (young and old) who 'leave the church.' We are prone to think, 'It could never happen to me.' But it CAN—even long before the really troublous times fall upon us. It happened to ME. While literally sitting in my church pew, I said to myself, 'You never thought it could come to this. You know the church is right. You could, without very much effort, find all the Bible verses to prove that our doctrines are right, but you have found difficulty in putting it into practice. While you felt warm toward the church, there was always some little thing you would fix up later. It would be easier LATER. Even if you were on your deathbed it would not be too late to repent. But here you are NOW sitting in the church, knowing that you are not a part of it. You are LOST. You are concerned, TERRIBLY concerned, but you don't seem to be able to do anything about it.' It can't be too late, but it FEELS too late. For ME it IS too late. Would the pastor understand, or would he just tell me what I already know? What shall I do? What CAN I do? I feel powerless to even pray."

This is the first paragraph of a letter that came to the editorial desk a little while ago. It was from a young woman (I wonder whether she still considers herself to be young?) whom we had known for these many years, a talented young lady, a most articulate and charming girl (and this is not meant as flattery if she chances to read this) and one whom others would have considered to have more than her share of ability. The world, it would have seemed in those days not-so-far-off, was at her feet.

Now, as the neat typescript of the letter stares inscrutably up, the heart of any reader must detect the awful truth that something went wrong somewhere. If you do not sense it, she spells it out for you in those almost bitter (but she is not bitter) words, "You are LOST." It is a cry in the darkness, a cry in the night, a cry of a thousand voices in similar circumstances, a cry for help which they believe cannot be given. Thus it is a tragic cry, because those who utter such a cry as this believe that there is no hope for them—and that, in itself, is their greatest tragedy. For the soul that thinks itself lost is not inevitably lost at all; and the voice that cries for help is the one that will surely be answered.

The problem we face is that there are so many around us who feel exactly as this young woman does, and we do not know about it. We of the ministry stand up and we preach our sermons, we shake hands at the door with our benign smiles and wish the worshippers God's blessing, but we cannot know what torments are tearing our congregations apart. We cannot know all the nuances of domestic issues, of parent-child relationships, of financial debilities (due either to "bad luck" or bungling mismanagement—it hardly matters); we cannot know all the play and interplay of emotions between individual worshippers in our congregations, and because of this we must deem ourselves to be ineffective and unworthy shepherds. And we are, even though we may not be entirely to blame. The very demands upon our time, the limitations of our earthly natures which ensure that a man can cover no more territory at a given moment than his boot soles can cover, these things set the limits of our effectiveness to a certain extent.

But that does not ease the hurt when a soul cries, "I am LOST!" and reckons himself/herself separated from God because of past acts or present problems. The young lady whose letter we have quoted above is not an evil woman. On her

own say-so, she has made her mistakes, but she has repented bitterly with tears. On her own admission, she missed the mark here and there, but who shall cast the first stone? Is anyone worthy to point an accusing finger?

But let the letter continue. . . .

"Statistics prove that children who attend church schools are less likely to leave the church than those who don't. This kind of research is good. I wonder if another form of research would be helpful. Has any church pastor compiled a full list of all the people in his district who have left the church, and merely ASKED them why? What I had in mind was to skip the sermon, the plea to come back, and even the prayer, at this stage. Pray in the car, pray as you walk to the door. If you can't overcome your irresistible urge to pray WITH the person, ask permission tactfully, but keep in mind that the person may feel obliged to say 'Yes' and not mean it.

"What you are after is facts. You are not just picking on one person. You are making a survey. You are not asking the person to divulge anything he doesn't want to. . . . Be very judicious with your questions, and curb your irresistible urge to smother the person with help and advice. . . . Believe me, there can be a great deal lost if you rush in with sermons, prayers and perfect solutions. And you don't want to lose the person, do you?"

You know, whoever you are that goes seeking the lost, whether ministry or laity, this girl is talking a lot of good sense. You don't want to lose them, of course, otherwise you wouldn't be there. But you CAN overwhelm a wandering soul with your wisdom, and you can frustrate a weeping heart with your foolish eagerness. We are all liable to make that mistake. It takes one who has felt her lack and who can look objectively at her situation to say it so clearly. But she hasn't finished her letter. Hear her out. . . .

"Do not despair if no one comes back to church. You have given the person a chance to talk. He may realize that his reason for leaving is invalid. He will certainly think. He will appreciate the fact that no pressure at all was applied. You may come up with some wonderful answers for keeping more people from leaving.

"There are some people who don't want to come to church, but at the same time they wish they did want to come."

That last sentence (the closing sentence of her letter, incidentally) is the most poignant cry of all. This woman (whose name, sad to say, is Legion) imagines that she is lost (though you and I know full well that she needn't be), and she is scared. Yes, she is scared because she knows the doctrines and could substantiate those doctrines with Bible texts. But something is lacking. Something hasn't clicked. Something has prevented the full realization of what Christ can do for her (and for anyone who has slipped and fallen) from penetrating the consciousness, the understanding. Satan (if you prefer this kind of terminology) has built a barrier between her and her Lord which will not be easily broken down.

This editorial does not pretend to list ten points (or even two) which we ought to follow in order to find the owner of the voice that emits its cry in the night of hopelessness. It does, however, make so bold as to make one point, a thought that throbs through the letter itself. It is simply this: Many who are lost or who feel themselves lost, are so because they have no one with whom they can have the relaxed joy of ordinary fellowship. So many who drift away from the church have no other quarrel with us than that we will not give them a little of our time—and (most important) of ourselves.

Robert H. Parr.

Veteran Minister Welcomes Newly Ordained Men

LAURENCE A. GILMORE, Communication Director, Greater Sydney Conference

"YOU ARE NOW fully accredited Seventh-day Adventist ministers. . . . In the fearful storm that is about to break upon the world, and in the persecutions that will fall upon those who faithfully preach the truths of the third angel's message, you will doubtless have a share. . . . I now welcome you, dear brethren, to a life of service for Christ," said Pastor W. G. Turner when speaking on Sabbath afternoon, December 7, 1974, at the Wahroonga church.

Almost ninety years of age, and being fifty-eight years an ordained minister, our veteran former administrator in Australia and the United States, looked the very picture of good health and happiness. He was extending the official welcome to six men of the Greater Sydney Conference: Pastors E. J. Garrard, T. Kallio, W. B. McHarg, K. R. Price, R. H. Sills and A. H. Waldrip, who had just been ordained to the gospel ministry.

In his address, Dr. C. O. Franz, secretary of the General Conference, noted that the ministry is a calling and not a profession. In law, architecture, dentistry or medicine, people are trained for a profession. "We cannot call these men, for God has already done this, but we can recognize this divine call. No service of the church is more joyous yet more serious than that of ordination," said the guest speaker.

The charge to the ministers was delivered by Division president, Pastor R. R. Frame, while Ministerial Association secretary, Pastor C. R. Stanley, offered the ordination prayer. In his biographical sketches, Pastor F. T. Maberly, president of the Conference, commented that three of the men would be leaving soon for other locations.

Biographical Sketches

Pastor E. J. Garrard was born in Queensland and has given thirty-eight years of denominational service in secretary-treasurer responsibilities. His present office as director of Trust Services for this Conference, brings him into a close ministerial role with church members in their private affairs in their own homes.

Pastor T. Kallio and his wife come from distant Finland where, as a literature evangelist, he worked for eight summer vacations. He studied at Newbold College in England before coming to Australia, while his wife is a double-certificated nurse of the United Kingdom. He has been five years in the Greater Sydney Conference.

Born in Burma, **Pastor W. B. McHarg** has worked in this Conference for five years and will be transferring to South New Zealand. His father-in-law, Pastor R. H. Abbott, was a member of the rostrum group on this occasion.

Pastor K. R. Price comes from Victoria, and his late father, Pastor R. Price, was for many years a Publishing Department leader. He studied at Carmel College and has been in Sydney for four years. He and

his wife Susan are moving to Vila, New Hebrides.

Currently minister of our church in Norfolk Island, **Pastor R. H. Sills** hails from South New Zealand and was a literature evangelist in the North Island prior to commencing study at Longburn College. He has worked in Greater Sydney for the past four years.

The grandson of Pastor and Mrs. W. G. Turner, **Pastor A. H. Waldrip** was born in Washington, D.C., in the United States. For seven years he has worked in the Greater Sydney Conference. He is under appointment to North New Zealand.

All of the newly ordained ministers are graduates of Avondale College.

We believe that the congregation in the nearly filled church prayed, as Pastor A. N. Duffy sang: "Take my lips . . . my voice . . . my will . . . my hands . . . my feet" and let them be "consecrated, Lord, to Thee," that this would be the experience of our new pastors of the remnant church.

May the guidance and the blessing of Almighty God be known as these brethren minister wherever they are called.



The six brethren who were recently ordained to the ministry in Sydney are pictured here with their wives and Pastor Franz. Back row (left to right): Pastors E. J. Garrard, R. H. Sills, T. Kallio, A. H. Waldrip, K. R. Price, W. B. McHarg. Front row: Mesdames A. Garrard, J. Sills, K. Kallio, Pastor C. O. Franz, Mesdames V. Waldrip, S. Price, W. McHarg.
Photo: L. A. Gilmore.

Sixty-four Years of Service . . .

For God and His Fellow Men

MARY STELMAKER, Communication Secretary, Avondale Memorial Church, North New South Wales

ON SEPTEMBER 25, 1884, Harold Wicks was born at Burham, eighteen miles south of Christchurch, South New Zealand. Since, as a young man, he wanted as much training as possible in engineering, he attended night classes at Canterbury University from 1899 to 1905. At the completion of an engineering apprenticeship he became foreman of an engineering shop.

Seeking to further his experience, he left New Zealand in 1907 and went to England. After three months there he travelled on to New York and up the Hudson River to Schenectady, the location of the General Electric Company. Here he was successful in obtaining a position in the instrument department of the standardizing laboratory, becoming one of the 18,000 workers at the plant. A transfer to the drafting office gave him additional experience.

A firm believer in Christianity, Harold attended Church of England and Methodist churches and joined the Y.M.C.A. It was while he was in the United States that his mother became a Seventh-day Adventist. After a year and a half, Harold

returned to New Zealand and became manager of the electrical department of his old firm.

One day while talking to his father he said, "What's this nonsense of Mum keeping Saturday for Sunday." His father replied, "If you believed the Bible you would keep it, too." This was a jolt to Harold that set him thinking and investigating the Scriptures. In October, 1910, he decided that he, too, would keep Saturday. He was baptized in 1911 at the Lower Hutt camp meeting.

This meant of course that he lost his job. He taught engineering at the Christchurch Technical College for a time, but with a desire to share his knowledge of the truth he became a literature evangelist and spent the year 1911 canvassing in Dunedin. In 1912 he was asked to enter ministerial work in Auckland.

After a year here the brethren suggested that he train as a nurse at the Sydney Sanitarium. Here Harold successfully completed the short two-year nurse's course, and also managed to win the heart and hand of a Sanitarium graduate,

Madeline Bates. They were married the day after Harold finished his course, and were given a surprise wedding breakfast by Dr. Freeman and Dr. Sherwin. That same week the newly-weds left for an appointment in the Cook Islands.

Service as Mission President

Following five years in the Cook Islands, the Wicks family, now three with the arrival of Allan, transferred to the Solomons. While passing through Wairoonga en route to the Solomons, Harold was ordained to the gospel ministry. He served as president of the Solomons for seven years and during this time Ethel was born. The next move was back to the Cook Islands for a further ten years as president.

Tragedy struck the Wicks family in 1937 while at Rarotonga when their dearly-loved wife and mother, weakened by malaria and the rigours of mission life, passed away. The saddened family returned to the homeland in 1938 and Pastor Wicks laboured in Tasmania till 1941 and then in Queensland from 1941-1943.

It was here that he met Miss Gwen Hadfield whom he had known in New Zealand. Miss Hadfield had held departmental responsibilities in Auckland, Sydney and Brisbane. They were married in 1943 and soon after went to Tahiti for a short term.

Positions at the Avondale Memorial church and at Macksville concluded his official service, but in retirement Pastor Wicks has made a very fine contribution. At Macksville he supervised and helped to build the church and hall.

Since moving to Kressville in 1968 he has repaired and despatched to the mission field sixty-eight sewing-machines and has five more ready for despatch. This has been a consuming interest, linking his mechanical skill with his knowledge of the needs of the mission field. Pastor Wicks still has plenty more machines in his workshop to work on, so at the moment does not require any more.

With mission service in their blood, is it any wonder that today two of Pastor Wicks' grandchildren are active missionaries? Jennifer Steley (daughter of Allan) and her husband Dennis both teach at Betikama on Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands. (It is interesting to note that it was Pastor Wicks who opened up the work on Guadalcanal at a place called Talise on the south coast in 1926.) Kevin Stafford (son of Ethel) and his wife Marilyn are at Kabiufa in Papua New Guinea.

Pastor Wicks has recorded some of his life's experiences. He also has fourteen photograph albums with all the pictures documented, which show the progress of the work in the places where he has served, during his time there.

Last September, Pastor Wicks had his ninetieth birthday, and of those ninety years he has given sixty-four in dedicated service to the Adventist Church. This, he says, has contributed to his longevity and given him true and lasting happiness.



Pastor Wicks busy reconditioning his seventieth sewing-machine. Sixty-eight have already been despatched to the mission field.

The experience related here took place in December, 1921, and is one of numerous experiences recorded by Pastor Wicks.

Guided by Lightning

H. WICKS, Retired Pastor and Missionary

BROTHER AND SISTER WRIGLEY had been in the Solomon Islands just about a year, stationed at the village of Ughele on the Island of Rendova. They had suffered repeated attacks of malaria, and now as mid-summer approached, the fever flared up, and in a few days they were both prostrated with it and could not leave their beds. There were no other Europeans for miles around and the natives on the mission were very much concerned, so they arranged to get a message through to us.

First of all they sent a canoe across the open sea to the adjacent island of New Georgia, where there was a little company of Adventists on an island in the Rouviana Lagoon. These folk then sent a message by canoe to the southern area of the lagoon and from there across country to the Viru mission. From Viru the message was sent up a river and across country to the Nono mission, which was in the extreme west of the Marovo Lagoon, and the Nono people brought the message to us at Telina, reaching there about 3:30 p.m.

As soon as we received the message we decided to go at once to their help, and a message was sent to Brother J. Radley, who was the engineer on the "Melanesia," to get the ship ready for the trip as soon as possible. It was 5:30 p.m. before we could get away, but we decided to go and to get as far as we could in daylight, then to anchor when it was too dark to see our landmarks, for the way between Sasaghana and the Njai passage was treacherous, and we had to negotiate this by observing the land and hills on either side.

The sun had set before we reached Sasaghana, but we kept on, prepared to

anchor several miles the other side. By the time we reached this place it was almost dark, but at that moment an electrical storm broke over the island of New Georgia. At each flash of lightning we were able to see our landmarks so we went on, and the electrical storm continued over the next hour and a half until we reached the Njai passage, had crossed the Bili bar and were in the open sea with a straight run to Ughele. I do not remember a flash of lightning after we were over the bar, and I was on deck all night.

Before daylight we were anchored in Ughele harbour. I went to bed and Mrs. Wicks went ashore and found Brother and Sister Wrigley very sick. She worked with them for three days before they were well enough to travel. They then came aboard and we took them home with us to Telina where Mrs. Wicks cared for them for about two weeks longer until they were sufficiently recovered to return to their home at Ughele. We thanked the good Lord for the storm that He sent that night—it certainly meant a lot to Brother and Sister Wrigley.

EVANGELIST INVESTED

MARYBOROUGH CORRESPONDENT

SOMEONE has very well said that the children and young people of our church are its most important members. The very conservation of the church and the final spreading of the gospel will rest to a large extent on the shoulders of these young people who occupy the pews in our churches today. But to take the gospel to the world they must do more than occupy those pews. Now is the time when they must be trained to fill these positions of responsibility that are soon to rest on them.

It is for this very reason that the Missionary Volunteer programme exists within our church, and particularly the Master Guide programme which is training leaders to lead these young people. People who are invested as Master Guides are letting it be known that they recognize where their priorities lie.

In Maryborough, Queensland, on November 30, 1974, an Investiture service was conducted by Pastor R. E. Possingham, Youth director of the South Queensland Conference. Along with many JMV's, Brother David Rayner (their leader) and



Pastor G. F. Williams.

the church pastor and evangelist, Pastor Garrie Williams, were invested as Master Guides. Pastor Possingham said that in his experience as a Youth leader he had only once previously had the privilege of investing a church pastor as a Master Guide.

This accomplishment was particularly commendable in the case of Pastor Williams as he had been very busy conducting two evangelistic campaigns, both lasting from March to October, as a result of which forty-five souls were baptized. Pastor Possingham emphasized the fact that it would be good if many more church pastors would set the example as Pastor Williams had, and let it be known that they took the aim of the Missionary Volunteer Society as their own—"The Advent message to all the world in this generation."



This picture taken in 1920 shows Pastor Wicks with assistants as he commenced translation of the Bible into the Marovo language.

AUSTRALASIAN DIVISION'S FIRST

LAURENCE A. GILMORE, Com

IT WAS A COMPLETED JOB. To leave the footpath edge to find that place in a pew inside the beautiful new Chinese church in Strathfield, New South Wales, was to find everything in order for the official opening. No paint tins or off-cuts of timber could be seen peeping from a hastily found spot at this place. The hard work was all over and members were visibly relaxed as they waited for visitors and the proceedings of the two days on Sabbath and Sunday, November 16 and 17, 1974.

The Sabbath school met in the church hall, for our Chinese membership is most anxious that a deep spirit of reverence be strengthened in their new church life. Thus, the complete school will meet in the hall and transfer at intermission time to the church for divine service. Let it be noted that this is no ordinary hall but a standing building which has been literally made anew and a credit to any church company.

To our delight, Sabbath, November 16, 1974, was one of mild temperature, when we had all the right personalities present for the occasion of dedicating this church—debt free. In a world of soaring costs from sandpaper to carpeting, a deep spirit of sacrifice and a quiet Oriental determination enabled the members to present their tabernacle unencumbered by debt.

"We are not to be a light that is coloured but a light that shines," said Division president, Pastor R. R. Frame, as he gave the sermon. Though the preacher

stood tall, while his translator (Chinese church minister Pastor E. H. Ho), provided a marked contrast in height, it was a delightful blend of East and West, for they were bound together as brothers in Christ Jesus with a message for all men. Not all of the older worshippers understood fully the English language, and the translation helped them.

Building Completed—Outreach Continues

"This is indeed a beautiful building, but better still is a beautiful people doing God's will. It was said of Solomon's temple that 'all the work was finished.' Your physical work is finished here and even your financial work, but now there is a beginning of a newer and warmer experience in Christ—that demonstration in love—that outreach," said the president.

Chinese musician, Mr. B. Chan, sang his own composition as the "Praise on Dedication," and the melody carried that "certain something" so typical of Oriental music. It was a fascinating blend of Western and Eastern hymnology:

"Warm as the glowing sun
So pour Thy grace on me,
And wrap us round with kindly love,
And draw us unto Thee."

The formal act of dedication was conducted by Pastor S. M. Uttley, president of the Trans-Commonwealth Union Conference, who had been president of the Greater Sydney Conference when the Chinese church was organized. A grateful congregation knelt for the prayer of dedication offered by Pastor C. D. Judd,

president of the Trans-Tasman Union Conference.

Other personnel of the official party were Greater Sydney Conference president, Pastor F. T. Maberly, and secretary, Pastor W. H. Simmonds, plus the incoming new minister for the Chinese church, Pastor J. Y. Chan, and the senior elder, Mr. D. Fook.

Fifty Years Witnessing by Mrs. Hon

Everything has a beginning. Back in the early 1920s a Mrs. Lockyear worked in the Hon home in Glen Innes, New South Wales. This lady loved her Lord, her church and witnessing for "the truth." In late 1923 Mrs. C. Hon was baptized in the Stanmore church as a result, and that started a sharing of faith by this wonderful Chinese lady and this has gone on for fifty years and has not stopped even yet. Wherever Mrs. Hon "touched down," she won people. In her travels through the country areas or down in big Sydney or the far coast, the Chungs and the Longs—and so many more—became members through her ministry.

In 1939, her son Pastor E. Hon and his wife came to Sydney and were invited to work among the Chinese people for some fifteen months to see how things might go. That trial period became a fruitful ministry of thirty-one years until retirement.

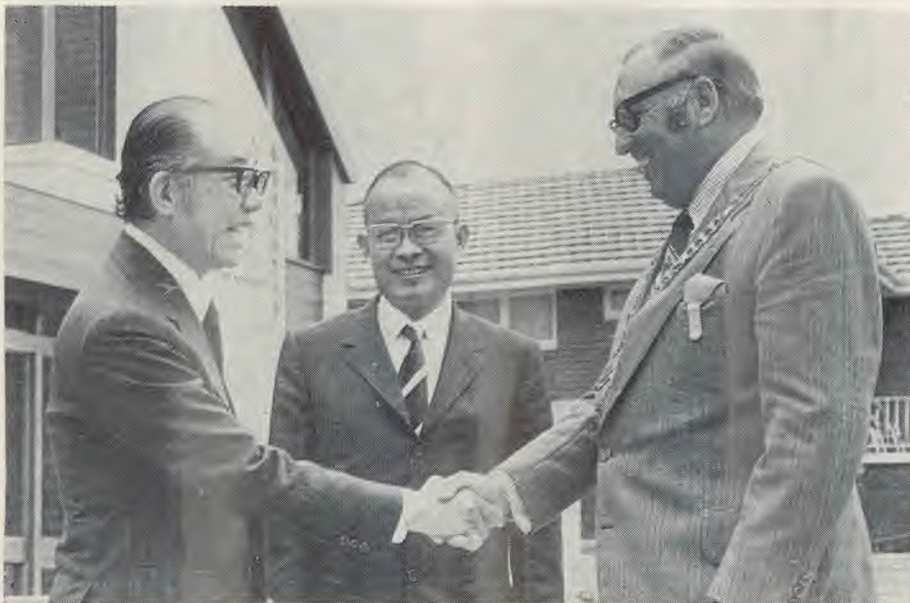
To the Stanmore church around war-time came Chinese people to worship, and in the post-war years the numbers increased with students and adults from overseas. In time they moved out to the old Marrickville church, and finally this building was sold and the proceeds devoted to a new church property in Strathfield.

With the coming of Pastor E. Ho as minister, the church gathered strength in organization and work, to climax in the present new building. How wonderful that Sister Hon senior, now in her eighty-sixth year, a true mother in Israel, could be present at the dedication!

It was a two-day ceremony, for Sunday saw the official opening with Alderman D. Haynes, Mayor of Burwood, and special guests, Dr. and Mrs. Shun Chan from Hong Kong, present. The mayor stated that it was a distinct honour to be present, for when he was a resident in Singapore he had enjoyed the open hospitality of the Chinese people, and he was glad that he might reciprocate in a small way.

Benefactor Helps Dream Come True

As reported by church minister, Pastor Ho, one man helped in a very substantial way the realization of the aim to build



With Chinese church minister, Pastor E. H. Ho, looking on, Dr. Chan (left) greets Alderman D. Haynes, Mayor of Burwood. Photos: L. A. Gilmore.

CHINESE CHURCH

ctor, Greater Sydney Conference

a Chinese church. Some time earlier, Dr. Chan shared in a dream with Pastor Ho who was visiting Hong Kong on one occasion. They suggested it was time to build a unique church in Sydney—not just another one—but a place which would become a base for Asian students and residents.

At the official opening our good financier from the East stated publicly: "I feel the money given to us makes us stewards for God. What I have given to the church is but my responsibility. I hope that this will be but one of many Chinese churches in Australia." These noble words came from a man who has helped in big donations for Chinese buildings in Vancouver,

British Columbia; San Francisco; Hong Kong; and now in Sydney.

Buildings do not just get there, for they require an idea. Mr. James O'Young, Adventist Chinese architect, has brought into being a place of worship quite different from others seen today. It is the incorporation of those Oriental styles which make it challenging and beautiful. As one listens to the preacher of the hour, a circular shaft of light from high up in the ceiling illuminates some sixty-six modules in staggered positioning, and upon each one is a carved Chinese character naming a particular Biblical book. That same light falls upon the preacher and the written Word.

Invitation to Visit

A few humble words are totally inadequate to describe this new church, and visitors to the Sydney area would be the richer in experience by visiting this house of praise and worship. Dividing the mothers' room and the vestibule is a timbered screen made from sawn sections of the old pews taken from the Marrickville church. These pieces of New Zealand kauri, probably brought over in the 1800s, now carry beautiful Chinese carving executed by an Italian member who worships with his Eastern friends. Church—Sabbath school rooms for the children—youth chapel—hall with cooking facilities—even the required car park—it is all there.

At the time of writing, the church is being fully used. To date there has been a baptism, a funeral and the first wedding. Members around the Division will pray, we believe, that our brethren and sisters of Chinese origin will find happiness and divine blessing as we all live our days until the coming of the Prince of all mankind.



Mrs. C. Hon, the founder of the Chinese Adventist community in Australia, seated in the vestibule of the new church.



Pastor R. R. Frame, Australasian Division president, delivering the opening address at the new Chinese Adventist church.

"How to Get a Millionaire to Help Build Your Church"

EDWARD HO, Minister, Chinese Church, Greater Sydney Conference

A FEW WEEKS AGO, the fine new Chinese church in Sydney, costing \$182,000 (land included), was not only officially opened, but was also dedicated debt-free. This, in itself, is quite a record. Pastors R. R. Frame, C. D. Judd, S. M. Uttley, F. T. Maberly and W. H. Simmonds, who conducted both ceremonies, could not recall any church which had been so fortunate as to do just that.

With a membership of eighty, half of whom do not have wage income, and most of those who do paying off cars and homes, it was quite a miracle to complete such a beautiful church debt-free.

Now, we are extremely grateful to the members of the old Marrickville church because they, with the support of the Greater Sydney Conference, donated their entire church property to us, so we did not have to start right from scratch. In honour and memory of their gift, a

feature wall, constructed from the almost century-old Marrickville church pews, has been incorporated in the entrance foyer of the new church.

Under the dynamic leadership of Mr. Roddy Wong, chairman of our fund-raising committee, the members began to develop an obsession to raise money by selling soy sauce, Sunlong rice, fried rice (no chop-suey), Chinese toys, and at one stage, everyone was saying "I like Swipe" (no one seems to like it any more now-

adays). Mr. Bryce Chan ran a concert netting \$1,000. Children collected money; a "mile-of-cents" was organized, besides many film evenings.

Doctor on the Job

But house-painting brings in really good money. The first house we painted swelled the building fund. On our first job, I felt our workmanship (at least mine) was somewhat unskilled, but fortunately a developer soon pulled that house down to



Chinese church minister, Pastor E. H. Ho (left) with the architect, Mr. J. O'Young. Photos: L. A. Gilmore.



Dr. and Mrs. Shun Chan outside the new Chinese Seventh-day Adventist church in Sydney. Dr. Chan's generosity made it possible to open and dedicate the new church free of debt.

make way for units, saving us some embarrassment. This will illustrate how obsessed we were for fund raising: One of our members at that time was Dr. D. Kuo, who found this house-painting job. He would come from his surgery, put on his dust coat and start to paint. The phone would ring and he would take off his dust coat, make a house call, and then come straight back to the job!

In our church we have an architect, Mr. James O'Young, who is not only brilliant, but who was willing to spend thousands (no exaggeration) of hours on the project. Mr. George Bettesworth, architect, of Hurstville church, gave much help, too. We have a structural engineer, Mr. C. W. Ing, whose skill saved us much expense. Then there were Mr. D. Fook, who helped in the pricing of numerous items; Mr. K. Go in charge of plumbing; and Mr. G. Law with his skill in technical drawing.

Now with all these voluntary professional contributions, it was possible for me to approach a Chinese multi-millionaire Adventist businessman, Dr. Shun Chan, chairman of Crocodile (Shirt) Garment Co., Hong Kong, for help.

Gentleman's Agreement

He had heard what our members were doing and promised to contribute. There was, however, a gentleman's agreement made between Dr. Chan and myself, viz: he would donate half of the estimated building cost (\$A50,000), and Edward Ho would ask for no more. When the building contract was sighted the cost had jumped

up to \$110,000. I merely reported this to him, kept my promise, and did not ask for one more cent. He replied, volunteering an extra \$5,000 for which I was very grateful. Through this act on his part I considered the agreement breached and therefore no longer operative! And just as well, for a few months later we faced a financial crisis. Seeing that there was no agreement for me to keep, I told him that in one special offering our members had given \$2,000 and I asked him to donate an additional \$5,000. He consented without even thinking (I believe).

As I look back, even though we had our share of problems caused by strikes, rising costs, etc., I can truly say that we had more ups than downs. The Conference assisted with two grants of \$2,500. Dr. Phoon, an Anglican, donated a beautiful organ to our church. Five brand-new pianos were given for our Sabbath school divisions. A church elder, Mr. D. Ap, gave three pianos, and a Chinese Methodist lady gave the other two. Then a member, Mr. Lee, came to see me. He had invested in a 5-acre block of land. He knew how short of funds we were and he offered the land valued at \$24,000 to the building fund. Knowing him as I did, I tried hard to dissuade him (ever heard of a pastor doing that?) until he got angry, so I gave up.

The Pastor's Successful Arithmetic

Then the credit squeeze came, and it was only a few months before our opening that we managed to get a buyer for that land who had money, but naturally offered

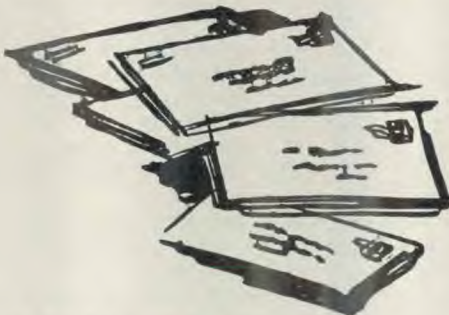
less. With this unexpected gift unexpectedly sold, I wrote a very long letter to Dr. Chan, offering to save him \$2,000 if he would give \$6,000. Sometimes pastoral arithmetic may not be brilliant, but it works. I said that when we opened the church, we would need \$9,000 to pay off every debt so that we could dedicate it at the same time, thus saving him and his wife another trip here later on for the dedication.

In the meantime we asked the members to give a last, final, big building offering which should bring an end to all building offerings. They gave over \$3,000.

As far as building offerings are concerned, we had to keep our word not to lift another one. But there was nothing to prevent the members making their final gifts to the new house of worship. The pensioners, the children, the youth responded by donating a clock, curtains, flower stand, hymnboard, landscaping costs, offering bags, pulpit furniture, stove, vacuum and wax machines. Total cost, \$3,500. Working bees saved another \$8,000.

After forming a pattern of encouraging members to give, suddenly I felt sad when there was no need to ask for more. Strangely, we actually ended up with a small surplus!

So, to answer the big question on "How to get a millionaire to help build your church," I would say: **If the members do their part**, and you still need him, ask me for his telephone number. (If it is for a Chinese church, of course.)



LETTERS to the EDITOR

PLEASE NOTE: Letters are accepted for publication at the discretion of the editor; the receipt of a letter does not mean that it will necessarily be published. Correspondents should also understand that their letters will be sub-edited to bring them to a suitable literary standard, though every effort will be made to preserve the essential point of the original.

Pseudonyms may be used for publication, but the original must have the full name and address of the writer.

Letters published may not necessarily represent the ideals or the teachings of the denomination; such are found in our editorial, devotional and news columns.

ARTICLE'S IMPACT WEAKENED

Dear Editor,
It has been a wise move to allocate an "opinion" column to safeguard solid down-the-line Seventh-day Adventist teachings from slightly skewed ideas.

However, I feel the impact of James Ward's article, "The Electronic Circuitry of Babylon" (RECORD, 6/1/75), has been considerably weakened because it has been represented merely as "opinion."

The excellent and sobering points on modern Babylon and the media may well be a partial reason for our waywardness and sleepiness. After all, aren't we told: "Thou sayest, I . . . have need of nothing; . . . and knowest not that thou art . . . blind." Revelation 3:17? Should we neglect this area of consideration knowing full well the tremendous influence of the electronic media?

L. Morris,
Greater Sydney.

Editor's note: Not everything that appears in OPINION is relegated to this segment of the paper because we do not agree with it, or because it might be strong meat. We make this section for such articles as Mr. Ward's, specifically so that he might have a window on the world.

APPRECIATION OF TIMELY MESSAGE

Dear Editor,
After reading an article in the RECORD, 23/12/74, by B. L. Crabtree on "The Family and Moral Standards," I thought how timely and forcible this article was.

Unfortunately, not every home gets the RECORD. To my mind an article like

this should be read in all churches or printed as a leaflet and handed out to the people after church service, so as to bring home to them this message which is so important.

In this way it would impress all the family, especially of the danger of TV. My son would not have one in his home, and God has blessed this family. Where I am staying I am grieved by the way the television set is not controlled, by a professedly Adventist family. To be carnally minded is death. To be spiritually minded is life.

"Reader,"
North New South Wales.

PLEA FOR TOLERANCE

Dear Editor,
In reply to "Deeply Concerned," New South Wales (RECORD, 2/12/74), who, among other things, questioned money-raising methods:

We as people have not been appointed judge of anyone, so we cannot say which of our church members have their priorities wrong, as each person thinks he is right. If we all saw things the same way, we wouldn't have any arguments about anything and it would be all nice and peaceful. We need only look at the

(Concluded on page 14)



While on a visit to the Mater Hospital in Bundaberg, Irish entertainer Patrick O'Hagan listens to eighty-five-year-old Mrs. Violet Moss as she sings to him. With them is the matron, Sister Kay Winifrede. Photo: courtesy of the "Bundaberg News-Mail."

A PIONEER STILL SINGS

GRACE WILLS, Communication Secretary, Bundaberg Church, Queensland

MANY RECORD readers will remember Sister Moss of Bundaberg, Queensland, and the late Brother William Moss, who spent about fifteen years as full-time Appeal for Missions collectors up in northern and western Queensland many years ago.

Last August, Sister Moss had a fall when she went to her front door to give a donation to a Salvation Army collector. She had to have a pin put in the broken leg and has been in the Mater Hospital ever since. At the time of writing she is waiting for a vacancy to become available in the Pioneer Homes for the Aged in Bundaberg.

She is a favourite with the staff of the Mater Hospital who call her their "hospital angel." She still has a pronounced Scottish accent and they love to have her sing the old Scottish songs to them. But if it happens to be Sabbath, no amount of persuasion will get her to sing anything but hymns, which the staff also enjoy hearing.

Sister Moss sometimes reminisces about earlier days. It was about 1930 that they first heard the Advent message, and Brother Moss accepted it two years before she did. Speaking of the years they spent collecting for missions, she tells of how kind folk were to them in these outback districts, often inviting the Mosses to be their guests overnight, thus saving them the necessity of pitching their tent. They formed many enduring friendships during these trips.

Since those days, the Mosses have been for more than a quarter of a century residents of Bundaberg and members of our church here. Brother Moss was for many years an elder until his death a few years ago. Until Sister Moss's sight began to wane, she held the office of church treasurer for some fifteen years.

Recently, Irish entertainer, Patrick O'Hagan, gave a recital in Bundaberg. Before leaving, he visited the Mater Hospital to entertain the patients, and he in turn was entertained by Sister Moss. He sat beside her chair and held her hand while she sang "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" and "Auld Lang Syne" for him.

LEAVES FROM A MISSIONARY'S DIARY

MOLLY RANKIN

October 25

I made a mistake today. I hurt a man. It happened like this:

I was very busy doing a thousand things when I ran outside to get some eggs. There, standing by the fowlhouse were several Omaura men, and among them was Aitu, one of the brothers who dig gold.

"Morning, Aitu," I said brightly. "Yu stap gut?"

"Ah, Missus," he said sadly, "plenty trouble he come up long me."

I did not bother to enquire what trouble. I was busy and my mind was preoccupied. I had forgotten about the fights up at Omaura and the fact that Amo, Aitu's younger brother, was one of the men who had been imprisoned. I had forgotten the story I had heard about Nanape wanting to take revenge and going up to Saiora to wreck some of their gardens.

All I remembered was the sight of Aitu's wife as she had been brought into the hospital a week or so earlier. Evidently she had been in the garden early and had come home when it began to rain. As she stood at the door, dripping wet, Aitu had asked her to pass him his hat.

"Just a minute," she had said, "I'm wet."

"I can't wait," he replied in pre-breakfast ill-humour.

"All right! Here!!" She reached inside the house, picked up the hat and flung it at him. Now, although Aitu is a nice enough fellow, he is very quick-tempered, and on this particular morning he was hungry and it was raining and he was cross. He picked up a stick and hit her.

When her son brought her in she had a very nasty cut on her head and dried blood on her bare back where it had run down and soaked into her skirt at the waist.

Now if there is anything that annoys me above a bit it's the way Papua New Guinea men beat their wives. Sometimes the wives deserve some rebuke, but mostly it is because the men have got out of bed on the wrong side.

When I saw Aitu this morning I remembered his wife, a good woman and regular church member. Without finding out what was upsetting Aitu I said:

"Oh, Aitu, mi sori long lukim meri bilong you. Why did you hit her like that? She is a good woman. That isn't the fashion of a Sevenday."

Poor Aitu looked despondent. He hung his head while I said a bit more and then he walked away, shoulders sagging and head drooping on his chest.

Sure, he needed talking to for hitting his wife, but right now with one brother in prison and another one expecting the police to carry him off any moment, it was not really the time for me to say my little bit.

It seemed like kicking a man when he is down.

Adelaide Adventist High School . . .

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT FOR 1974

R. A. ECCLESTONE, Principal, Adelaide Adventist High School

NO GREATER PROBLEM confronts parents, teachers and administrators in the Seventh-day Adventist Church today than that of training the children to meet the present challenge of the world and of preparing them not only for a happy, satisfying life here, but fitting them for an eternal life hereafter. Of all age periods, the teenage group probably presents the greatest challenge. This adolescent period is sometimes called the "storm" period of life. It is, undoubtedly, that time of life when the battle for a good, clean, righteous life must be largely fought and won.

The end of 1973 saw us hopeful of reaching 100 students for the first time. February this year [1974] proved that even the optimists had underestimated. Our opening was 120 and currently it stands at 115. This represents a 300 per cent increase in three years. Surely we have much to thank God for in that respect alone. While we would like to see our enrolment continue to increase at this rate, we are forced to recognize that with an expected enrolment of 140 next year our classroom accommodation and resources will be stretched to the limit.

Increased Facilities

The school plant has continued to show pleasing development this year. In excess of \$24,000 has been spent in this area. Greatly appreciated by staff, visiting speakers and students alike has been the provision of our well-appointed, 150-seat assembly and worship room. This facility has greatly added to the tone and reverence of worship periods.

One of the most important centres in any school is the library and resource area. To facilitate the efficient functioning of our library we have secured, for the first time, the services of a non-teaching librarian, in the person of Brother Cleve Robson. Under his direction nearly 1,000 new volumes have been catalogued, covered and placed on the shelves in a little over six months.

On the academic side, our students have been working hard to prepare themselves for the public examinations. Eighteen candidates have just sat for the Leaving Certificate and ten for the Matriculation. Last year eight candidates sat for the Leaving Certificate and all gained sufficient passes to proceed to Matriculation studies. This high rate of success is gratifying to the leadership and staff of the school, and an encouraging reward for all their hard work.

As a school we are delighted to note a growing trend among our students to look toward our senior training institutions as the next logical step in their preparation for service. By so doing, young people from this high school will continue to make a significant contribution to the work of God.

Spiritual Progress

One of the important aspects of Christian development is that of mission-

ary endeavour. Every student in the school participated in the annual In-gathering campaign. In a little over half a day they collected \$709.

Our mid-year Week of Prayer was conducted by Pastor C. Christian. As the result of his clear and convincing presentation, thirty-five young people indicated that they desired baptism. Pastor Craig, our school chaplain, conducted two classes each week. Twenty-one of our young people will have gone forward in baptism by the end of this year [1974].

With the abolition of the Public Examination Board's external examinations in



The big moment arrives for Leaving Certificate student Trevor Luzak at the Adelaide Adventist High School Speech Night, as deputy principal, Mr. Roy Hollingsworth, hands over his report book.

Photo: M. M. Stewart.

Form Four, the door has been partially opened for the development of new ideas and courses of study more suited to Seventh-day Adventist philosophy. As our student numbers grow and staff increases, we anticipate an even greater flexibility in our programme in the future.

(Concluded next page)

HILDA BARTLETT'S

Menu Masterpieces



No one food contains all of the essential nutrients in the desirable amounts, so there is no food that is a balanced meal in itself (except in the case of mother's milk for new-born infants).

Variety is the keynote, and is the best, practical way of providing a nutritious diet.

NUTOLENE SWEET AND SOUR

Boil 2 cups noodles in salted water until tender. Drain.

Fry 1 large onion and 1½ cups celery (or capsicum), both cut fine, in 2 tablespoons of oil until soft, but not brown.

Add 1 453 g (16 oz) tin tomato soup

1 226 g (8 oz) tin Nutolene, cubed

170 g (6 oz) mild cheese (grated), or cottage cheese if preferred.

1 453 g (16 oz) tin crushed pineapple.

Pour into casserole dish or individual ramekins. Sprinkle with more grated cheese, and bake in hot oven until cheese is browned and mixture is well heated throughout.

Serve with green peas, or tossed green salad.

ADELAIDE ADVENTIST HIGH SCHOOL

(Concluded from page 13)

It has been my pleasure to work with an energetic, enthusiastic and highly cooperative staff this year. The team spirit has been excellent, and each member of the staff has been vitally interested in the well-being of our students.

Many people contribute to the success and happiness of a school year. To the members of the High School Board, to the Home and School Association, to the staff, to the parents, to the students and the numerous visiting speakers I would like to express my personal thanks and appreciation. But above all, we express our heartfelt thanks to our heavenly Father for His providential care and leading in our school this year.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Concluded from page 11)

twelve disciples; each was different. There are still more Peters and doubting Thomases than loving Johns. Only God knows the heart and will judge accordingly.

Much of this letter by our member is good counsel, but people will follow fashion or tradition, no matter what religion they claim.

The Spirit of Prophecy admonishes us not to be too far out either way, in whatever the fashions may be. The long dresses were worn in Sister White's day, also the long hair and different types of beards. So actually it is only history repeating itself. The only difference is that we have nicer fabrics for the dresses today.

I am seventy-one and even I like a long frock, but I doubt if I am wearing it to receive praise and admiration from my friends as our letter-writer suggests. When wearing short dresses females are criticized, too, so they can't win. I am sure the long dress is nicer.

The human being is a funny person, but how lovely that God loves us still, so long as we repent and have faith in Him.

I find that rather than give a donation outright, many people would rather make cakes or articles for a sale. If we examine ourselves, we will find we all have our peculiar ways that may aggravate someone else. Thus it will go on till the end of time. But if we wish to follow in Christ's footsteps we must be tolerant of the people WE think are wrong. If we haven't love in our hearts for our fellow men, as Jesus had, we haven't gone three yards along the Christian path.

Go to the Bible and it shows that all the great men of the Bible fell down in their greatness. Abraham, Moses, and David were a few, but God loved them, and their repentance and faith saved them. It is such a comfort to have the Bible promises, which are all conditional on our obedience to the rules set down by God. So let us all be very humble and realize our own mistakes, and for the mistakes of others be able to say,

as Jesus did, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Dorothy M. Bonser,
Western Australia.

AID TO BANGLADESH

Dear Editor,

In a recent "Four Corners" television programme the present serious food shortage situation in Bangladesh was featured.

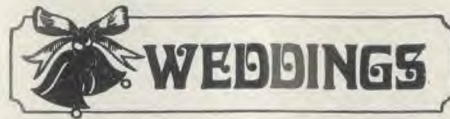
Are there any departments within the Seventh-day Adventist Church which can receive money that will be used in helping the people in Bangladesh?

Perhaps your reply could be through the RECORD as there may be other church members who would like to help.

"Enquirer,"

South Australia.

Yes; if anyone wants to contribute, we will see it gets there safely.—Editor.



Would those who send notices of weddings and obituaries please remember that two facts must be included in every notice. These are the date and the place at which the death (or burial) or wedding took place. Without this information the notices cannot be published.—Editor.

BRABANT—MINNS. Sunday morning, December 22, 1974, was a very happy one for Peter Brabant and Julie Minns, when they came together to exchange wedding vows. Both come from well-known New Zealand Adventist families. Peter is the son of Brother and Sister K. Brabant of Whakatane, and Julie is the daughter of Brother and Sister R. Minns of Rotorua. In the delightful setting of the new Rotorua church, friends and relatives, many having come from distant places, witnessed the joyous and solemn vows before the altar. As Peter and Julie establish their Christian home in Whakatane, we wish them every happiness in walking life's pathway together. Roger R. Nixon.

DAVEY—BURDETT. On Sunday, December 29, 1974, at 5.00 p.m., Jennifer Ann Burdett was escorted on the arm of her father to meet John William Davey in the beautiful Fremantle church in Western Australia. John, a cabinet-maker, has been Sabbath school superintendent and Pathfinder leader, and the couple passed through a guard of honour formed by the Pathfinder Society. Jenny is a secretary with the Sanitarium Health Food Company, and we wish them God's richest blessing as they begin another Christian home. Graeme Loftus.

FLEMING—ABBOTT. Patricia Abbott named December 22, 1974, as the date on which she and Neil Fleming would be married. Right on the appointed time, Pat walked down the aisle of the Warburton church, Victoria, to be united in wedlock with the man of her choice. She made a charming bride, and Neil was justly proud to take her from her father's arm. Neil's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Flemming, are Warburton identities, whereas Pat's parents come from Sydney. It was a happy occasion for all, and we trust that the Lord will bless Pat and Neil as they settle, for the present, in the Warburton area. Robert H. Parr.

KENWORTHY—LIGGETT. When Noreen Liggett came to Western Australia on a working holiday as a nursing sister, she had the double honour of nursing the Governor during his recent illness, and meeting Linwood Kenworthy shortly afterwards. The couple were married in a quiet yet beautiful wedding on Thursday, November 28, 1974, at 6.30 p.m. in the beautiful new Fremantle church. Noreen's parents and sister travelled from New Zealand for the occasion, and together with Linwood's family, wished the newly-wed couple all of God's richest blessings as they began their new life together. Graeme Loftus.



CLARK. On December 18, following a service conducted under the banyan trees not far from the home where Sister May Clark breathed her last, a large number of Pitcairners walked with measured tread some four hundred yards to the Pitcairn Cemetery, where we laid her to rest. Hyacinth May Clark (nee Coffen) was born on Pitcairn nearly eighty years ago, the daughter of a ship-wrecked sailor. A lover of children, long to be remembered for her constant kindnesses to them and to their parents, May is survived by her husband of over sixty years, Roy, the son of another ship-wrecked sailor, and two of her sisters, Millie, in whose home on Pitcairn she passed away, and Ella, resident in New Zealand. Sister May's rich hope in the resurrection and in her Saviour was reflected in the song requested by Brother Roy, "We shall still be joined in heart, and hope to meet again," and in May's last request sung by the open grave, "In the resurrection morning we shall rise." Pitcairn church elder, Brother Ben Christian, associated with us in praying Heaven's benediction on a life of unselfish service to her fellow Pitcairners. John J. Dever.

DIPPELL. Eva Elizabeth Dippell quietly passed to her rest on Wednesday evening, December 4, 1974. She was born in Toowoomba, Queensland, seventy-one years ago, and gave her life's service in this area. Despite her failing health she continued to do in the home what she was able, and attended the Toowoomba church until it was physically impossible. As a faithful daughter of our heavenly Father, she now awaits the call to life unending. To her husband, three sons and their families who mourn her passing, we extend our sincere sympathy, and pray that God will heal the wounds of their sorrow. H. A. Grosse.

MAXWELL. While a patient at the Fremantle Nursing Home, Western Australia, Sister Elizabeth Isabel Maxwell, aged eighty-two years, unexpectedly passed to rest on November 23, 1974. Through the combined ministry of Pastors R. Kranz and Ivor Kinnersley, both now in London, she accepted Christ into her life and joined the Cottesloe church, Western Australia, where her influence and Christian witness won the admiration of the membership. Privately interred at the Karrakatta Crematorium, this beloved sister will await the morning of Christ's return and the resurrection to life immortal. G. I. Wilson.

MINER. Albert John Miner attained the advanced age of ninety-one years before quietly passing to his rest on January 4, 1975, at the Dudley Rest Home on the outskirts of Newcastle, New South Wales. Brother Miner was baptized nearly twenty-five years ago as the result of a combined witness by his faithful wife (who predeceased him nineteen years ago), and the Burnside mission held in Newcastle in the early 1950s. He remained a loyal and devoted member of the Wallsend church, where he will be missed each Sabbath. On January 7, funeral services were held in the Wallsend church and later at the Wallsend Cemetery, where he was interred beside his late wife. Words of hope in the promise of a glorious resurrection were spoken to the three daughters and one son who survive. Assisting the writer in the last rites were Brethren J. Bennett and G. Granham, elders of the church and long-time friends of our late brother. V. J. Heise.

NELSON. William John Nelson was born in Scotland seventy-five years ago, and died at his home in Fishing Point on Lake Macquarie, New South Wales, on December 27, 1974. He spent most of his working life on the coalfields at Kurri Kurri, New South Wales, where members of his family accepted the Advent message under the ministry of Pastor A. S. Needham. Though not a member himself, his sympathies were always with the remnant church. To his dear wife and family, words of hope and consolation were spoken by the writer, assisted by Brother N. Robe at the Toronto church, and later at the Beresfield Crematorium. V. J. Heise.

ROBERTS. A truly great Christian gentleman, Leslie Roy Roberts, fell asleep in the Lord at the Melbourne Repatriation Hospital, Victoria, on December 24, 1974, at the age of fifty-seven. The writer and Les were close friends for many years. He accepted present truth under the ministry of the late Pastor L. F. Were, and was baptized at the Geelong camp. In 1938 he married Miss Elsie Cawthorn. Four children

were born to them, Leon, employed by the Sanitarium Health Food Company in Lower Hutt, New Zealand, Glen, assistant Youth director in the Victorian Conference, Maree (Mrs. R. Fitzclarence) and Alan, of Maffra. Les was elder of the Sale church for many years, and also served on the executive committee of the Victorian Conference. These, with his sister, Mrs. W. J. Cole, mourn his passing, but rejoice in the blessed hope. The writer conducted the services at the Sale church, and at the Maffra Cemetery. W. J. Cole.

SANDILANDS. Mrs. Phoebe Louisa Tapping Sandilands passed quietly to her rest on October 30, 1974, at the age of eighty-five years. While our late sister was born in Victoria, since 1921 she has lived in Western Australia, most of that time being spent in the Kendenup district. It was the year 1943 when Pastor Austin Cooke brought Mrs. "Sandy," as she was affectionately known, into the message. She will be greatly missed by her eight children, their partners and twenty-seven grandchildren. She also leaves twenty-four great-grandchildren. The last seven years of her life were spent in the Sunset Hospital in Perth. As her body was laid to rest in the Kendenup Cemetery, the large group of mourners were directed to the promise of the resurrection and reunion of the faithful.

Arthur J. Bath.

SHEPPARD. Lavinia Anne Sheppard was born on June 16, 1886, at Winslow, Victoria, and passed to her rest on December 11, 1974, in the Warrnambool Base Hospital aged eighty-eight years. "Granny" Sheppard, as she was affectionately known to her family and friends, was a consistent Christian witness to her faith in Jesus and the promise that He will return. Though she was unable to attend church services regularly for the past few months due to illness, the church members at Warrnambool will long remember her cheerful and kindly ways and her faithful attendance for more than three decades. Left to mourn their loss and to claim the promise of Scripture concerning the great resurrection day are three daughters, Mavis (Mrs. Ryan), Ailsa (Mrs. Chilton) and Valmai (Mrs. Brittain), and her son, Bertrand, and their respective families. "For yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." Oh, wonderful reunion day! It cannot come too soon! Roy Dubyna.

RUTLAND. It was an inspiration to associate with Brother and Sister Leo Rutland of Boyup Brook, Western Australia, after they learned that their infant son had been born with a serious illness. Like true Christians, they placed their baby in God's care with the prayer, "Thy will be done." On December 6, 1974, their son, Royce James, was called to rest after just thirteen days of life. As we laid him to rest in the Midland Cemetery, they acknowledged that God knew best. With faith they await the day when little children will be borne by angels to their mothers' arms. J. N. Beamish.

SEDGMAN. Many hearts will be saddened to hear of the passing of our highly esteemed Pastor Atholstan Sedgman, who passed peacefully to rest at the Sydney Adventist Hospital on November 20, 1974. Born in Perth on July 18, 1911, he attended Carmel College and later graduated from the Sydney Sanitarium, then served faithfully in ministerial work for twenty-four years in Victoria, then nine years in Western Australia. His buoyant optimism and love for his Lord endeared him to the hearts of all who knew him. His beloved wife, Maisie, and children, John, David, Carol and Lynette, mourn his passing. But all were comforted by the certainty of the glorious resurrection and the glad reunion morning that was emphasized by Pastors A. W. Knight, C. S. Adams and F. A. Basham, who assisted at the graveside. L. H. Barnard.

SMART. Lawrence Howard Smart was born in Christchurch in 1907, and closed his pilgrimage on December 17, 1974, in his sixty-eighth year. His passing has broken another link with the pioneers in South New Zealand. Mrs. Esther Clyne, who was associated with Mrs. E. G. White in Napier, North New Zealand, in the early 1890s, brought the message to Christchurch. Brother Smart's mother, and his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Amyes, were among the first group to accept the message. They were baptized about 1892 by Pastor Eugene Farnsworth, who arrived that year. They became charter members of the Barbadoes Street church, which was organized at that time. For most of his adult life Brother Smart has been church organist, first at Barbadoes Street and later at Ilam. He leaves to mourn his passing, his widow and two sons, Graeme and Barrie. We laid him to rest in the Waimairi Cemetery, Christchurch, New Zealand, and pointed his loved ones to the glorious resurrection day. K. J. Bullock.

WHITE. On January 2, 1975, Nancy Amelia White, wife of our highly esteemed Pastor Arthur White, passed peacefully to rest in the confidence of the blessed hope. Always a faithful and cheerful handmaiden of the Lord, she shared her husband's many years of ministry in the interests of the young people of the Advent faith, and today there are many who "Rise up and call her blessed." Pastor White, daughters Maureen, Vesta, Adrienne, Lorraine, and Nerida, together with their husbands and children, all take courage and comfort in the exceeding great and precious promises. A large gathering was present at the service held in the Landsborough church, Queensland, and the interment at the Nambour Garden Cemetery. "Until the day dawns, and the shadows flee away." T. F. Judd.

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AUSTRALASIAN RECORD
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FLASHPOINT

✧ Is there a doctor in the house? There are two in the Shinn household. Malvern and Gary Shinn, sons of Kelvin and Wilma Shinn (Brother Shinn is the manager of the Retail Department of the S.H.F. in Melbourne) recently graduated from the University of Queensland (that's where they produce the cream of intellectuals, said he modestly). Malvern (First-class hon.) plans to spend 1975 at the Ipswich Hospital, some forty kilometres from Brisbane, while Gary heads off for the Southport Hospital, a stethoscope in one hand and a surfboard in the other. Congratulations both, and may you make a fortune referring patients to one another.

✧ Stand by for some calls, transfers and general movement of personnel.

- Ivan Hill from house manager, Ilam Lodge, South New Zealand Conference, to Food Services director, Avondale College.

- A. C. Barlow from literature evangelism, Darwin, to pioneer literature evangelist, Portuguese Timor.

- Ron Ringrose from Aore mission station, New Hebrides, to manager of the dairy, Fulton College, Fiji.

- A. E. Jones, manager of Esda Sales and Service, to purchasing officer, Sydney Adventist Hospital.

- Dianne Tokely, a nursing sister at the Sydney Adventist Hospital, to matron, Sherwin Lodge, Western Australian Conference.

- R. W. Hall from Batuna, W.P.U.M., to Health Food Department for retail work, Perth, W.A.

✧ The following personnel adjustments (what a lovely phrase!) in the Health Food Department were approved at the Annual Meeting of the Division Executive Committee. The retirement of the assistant manager of the Cooranbong Factory, Mr. D. S. Faull, started a chain of events (but not all of those named), and we pause sufficiently long to wish Brother F. an eternity of retirement. Here are those listed for re-location:

- E. W. Grosser to assistant manager, Cooranbong Factory, from manager, Palmerston North Factory, N.Z.

- F. V. Bateman to manager, Palmerston North Factory, from assistant manager, Sydney Factory and Wholesale.

- H. L. Cole from assistant manager at the Brisbane Factory and Wholesale, to assistant manager, Sydney Factory and Wholesale.

- D. M. McBalrae from assistant manager, Adelaide Factory and Wholesale, to assistant manager, Brisbane Factory and Wholesale.

- A. G. Beecroft, who has just returned from the Northern Europe-West Africa Division, where he held the position of marketing manager, Granose Foods Ltd., to assistant manager, Adelaide Factory and Wholesale.

- R. A. Willis, senior sales supervisor, Canberra Retail, to manager, Canberra Retail.

✧ Miss Laura Fletcher, daughter of Pastor and Mrs. Austen Fletcher of South Africa, has been granted permanent return to Australia in order to attend Avondale College in 1975.

✧ Many of the Pink Ladies (no reference to their political views, of course, but rather to the colour of the uniforms they wear as they provide voluntary services in the Sydney Adventist Hospital) are not Adventists, and their contribution is greatly appreciated by the management, staff and patients of the S.A.H. It is gratifying to notice that since this volunteer corps was instituted, three of these good ladies have joined the church by baptism, and many others may be heard putting the denominational point of view.

✧ Comes the fourth quarter of 1975 and the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering overflow will be directed to the W.P.U.M. In order to strengthen the appeal to Sabbath school members around the world, the magic shutter of Eric Were has been called into service, and his film, "World of Islands" is due for release on July 1, this very year. The first ten minutes of the film centre on the Gilbert Islands and their people, and the final three minutes portray the needs of Kauma school (Gilbert Is.), Aore Hospital and school, and the New Caledonia Evangelistic-Educational Centre. Are you listening, Sabbath school superintendents?

✧ Incidentally, are you sure you know how to pronounce that word AORE? You will be saying it a lot during the fourth quarter, and it would be tragic if you called it anything but OW-RI (it rhymes with Maori).

✧ It is not to our credit that we tell you in February that the S.A.H. played host to over 2,000 people in December at their Carols by Candlelight programme on the hospital lawns. There was a total of 108 column-inches in the two Hornsby newspapers following the programme. Sorry to be so late with that piece.

✧ Some years ago, a survey was made of Adventists in California, digging into their way of life, their health and eating habits and whatnot. The result was that Adventists were found to average six years of life more than the rest of the community. But what of Australians? Well, right now the Community Health and Anti-Tuberculosis Association is conducting a similar programme (lasting about a month) at the S.A.H. They want to compare us with the general population, and hope to look at about sixty people a day and take details from a total of about 1,000. (If we come out all right and prove that we have a life span of considerably more than the rag-tag and bob-tailed, you'll surely hear about it. But if the results show that we are a weak and dissipated lot, with a life span of ten years less than such people as Al Cohol and Nick O'Teen, then you'll hear no more about it. That's a promise.)

✧ "Finally, brethren . . .": People will believe anything you tell them if you whisper it.