



# AUSTRALASIAN RECORD

AND ADVENT WORLD SURVEY

EDITOR: R. H. PARR

WARBURTON, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA

Volume 73, Number 6

February 10, 1969

## *They Remembered Others*



Photo: Townsville "Bulletin" (used by kind permission).

## Christmas-time Brought Tears---of Gratitude

M. M. STEWART Public Relations Secretary, North Queensland Conference

TEARS of gratitude rolled down the cheeks of an elderly Aboriginal widow who lives in an old abandoned war-time concrete bomb shelter, when children from the Townsville District Seventh-day Adventist School decided to spend their last day of school for 1968 delivering Christmas hampers to her and other needy people.

When the school's headmaster, Mr. R. W. Menkens, mentioned the children's intentions, a reporter and cameraman came "on the double" from the *Townsville Bulletin*, a large provincial daily. The result—a fine picture story four columns wide, five inches deep, captioned "Children Extend Hand of Kindness."



# AN OPEN LETTER

*to Pastor and Mrs. David Ferris,  
Veteran Missionaries to New Hebrides*

Dear Pastor and Mrs. Ferris,

If your life depended on it, Pastor Ferris, I guess you would never remember me, but that is just another wonderful thing about the faith to which we belong. It does not matter. To say that we have both been missionaries and love our work makes us at once one with each other.

You would not remember the young red-headed girl who leaned on your knee and drank in every word you said. How we children loved those stories! For me, you helped make that camp in New Zealand, and deepened the burning desire to train as a missionary nurse and go and help the heathen.

My! Those stories you told! Witch doctors, devil business, devil drums beating in the night, new frontiers opened!

We had been conscripted volunteers peeling vegetables in the "veg house." I wonder if you really liked those "vegies" or whether you were purposely sowing seeds in our fertile hearts to ensure another crop of missionaries to carry on the work you so deeply loved.

Years passed and we met again. This time I was a happy bride on honeymoon in Nunawading at the camp and again we were all peeling potatoes in the "veg house." The stories were flowing again, of ships, erupting mountains, medical mission work and souls won to God. Part of my life's dream had been fulfilled. At least I was now a nursing sister . . . but still the mission field seemed a long, long way away. Years passed again and one glad day we received a call to the New Hebrides. It crossed my mind at the

time that I should write and tell you that your seed had borne fruit. The trouble was I did not really remember what field you had worked in, and, well, like all these things, the idea was shelved.

Maybe two years went by and one Sabbath afternoon when I and my two small children were spending a week-end at Baiap, Ambrym, during the running of a Dorcas school, I inquired what the two sets of concrete steps were doing sitting in the middle of the empty lawn.

"Oh," they said, looking at me as though I should know better, "they're the steps of Pastor David Ferris's old house. We leave them there as a memorial to all our old history before."

"David Ferris's house?" I almost squeaked in surprise. "Why, you mean the David Ferris who was a medical missionary and lived in a place where later the mountain blew up and almost ruined the island?"

"Yes, missus," they assured me, "this is the same place and that was the same man."

What a parade of thoughts that started in my mind.

I remembered how your wife felt like weeping when all the volcanic ash would fall with the rain drops on her nearly-dry washing. Why, had that not been happening to me on this walkabout? I remembered how the gardens would not grow because the acid ash would ruin the crops. I wondered how many times you, too, could taste the fine grit in the pumpkin tips when you had to eat them because there was no other green vegetables available. Later I stood near the



Another veteran, Grandma Phoebe, comforter of all (whom Pastor and Mrs. Ferris will remember).

(All photos: Isobel Paget.)

spot where the old mission station had been. Now, of course, it is covered by many feet of erupted lava from the volcano. What a terrible thing it must have been to see one's hard work swept into the sea before the ever commanding hand of the mountain. People began telling stories out of the past and several would end by saying, "Oh, yes, it is because Pastor and Mrs. Ferris that so and so or this one is Christian today."

I remembered clearly the story of the old devil priest who had been trapped in a village back in the hills when the mountain erupted. He was a cripple and as the lava came down he was deserted by the rest of the villagers because he could not move quickly. He was lucky he was not clubbed to death. When he saw the lava approaching, he hobbled into the nearby Presbyterian church and prayed to the God of the Adventists, because he believed we were following the Bible more closely. He hobbled to his cookhouse and sat on his mat. He could see the trees burn and explode as they were consumed by the oncoming lava. It rumbled nearer and nearer, closer and closer to his house; the burning, acrid smoke stinging his eyes and throat. He flung up his hands to try and ward off the burning ashes. He wondered how this God whom the Adventists worshipped could help him now.

Suddenly his eyes opened wide with amazement. Standing before him with their arms outstretched were three white shining beings, their backs toward him. The lava stopped, piled up a little and then divided and ran either side of his humble little house. It rejoined some distance behind the dwelling to continue on its merciless way. There he was, alive but still trapped in the white hot



Captain Daniel, the senior boat captain, who has given forty years of mission service.



Edna, who is now the preceptress at the Parker Missionary School, Aore.





The new breed of New Hebridean workers—Evangelist Gideon Daniel and his wife Miriam, a Welfare worker for her people.

lava! His shouts for help and the sound of his devil drums were heard by nearby villagers who thought it was his devil spirit calling. They ran to your home, now many miles to the north, to get you because your God gave you power over evil spirits. They say you tied rice bags and banana leaves around your boots to avoid being burnt!

I had the privilege of walking in there with one of the old man's grandsons as guide. The result of this miracle was that most of his family joined the mission and some of our most faithful workers come from this line. Unfortunately, this man, our guide, was not numbered among them. I stood where the third angel must have stood and broke a piece of volcanic rock and took it to New Zealand with us on furlough and did what you did . . . told stories to the juniors.

We knelt on that hallowed spot and re-consecrated our lives to the Lord and asked our guide if he, too, would surrender his life to the Master. He removed his hat and bowed his head and said softly, "Might, sometime me me join with em you fella all Seven Day."

Two weeks later we heard that he had suddenly become terribly ill and died very quickly. It was a sobering thought to those of us who met him.

Next morning I was awakened by soft whispering voices outside the door of my house. I got up and pushed out the shutter. "Who is it?" I asked.

There was an embarrassed silence and then I noticed some of our Adventist Dorcas ladies were talking to a few ladies from another mission. One of our ladies asked, "Missus, did you sleep well last night?"

"Why, yes," I replied. "Very well in fact, for we walked a long way yesterday."

"Missus are you sure something didn't come and disturb you in the night?"

"No," I assured them, curiosity mounting within me. "What happened?"

Another embarrassed silence followed, then one, then another voice broke into the local Baiap language. My scant understanding of the language was enough for me to guess what the trouble was. Keeping a sober face but laughing within, I listened. "See? I told you that Yapu would be all right. Don't you think that Jesus can protect us from the evil spirits?"

"Yes," said the Presbyterian lady. "But when Chief Tynmal put the curse on the place even Presbyterians have died from the shaking in the night."

"Yes, my sister, I believe you, but if you kept all of God's commandments and walked in all the light then evil spirits would have no power over you." Turning to me, Edna (whom you probably remember well) said in English, "You see Mrs. Paget, Tynmal, the high chief, put a very strong curse on that place that makes it 'tambu' for anyone to go there, especially women. People who have dared to break his law have died in the night from 'the shaking,' or been very ill."

"We knew all this but just wanted to prove to these people that these things have no hold over us now as true Christians. We were almost not allowed to pass there yesterday but we argued strongly that we were here on Ambrym doing God's work and that He would protect us. These ladies couldn't sleep in the night so got up early to see if you were all right."

I smiled and thanked them but thought of the Hebrew worthies. "Our God whom we serve is able to protect us." We left Baiap to return home again, hoping the experience would be topical conversation around the "lap-lap" for a few days.

The tourist fever is beginning to be felt here and we are happy to receive visitors from all over, to this British and French outpost. Among them have been our former veterans, Pastors A. G. Stewart, Ross James and Mrs. Norman Wiles. How nice it would be to welcome you and Mrs. Ferris, too.

In Baiap language, which we hope you have not forgotten, Me esi Kiniem Baiap Sipa Yapu. God fe pwer mane ngok.

The invitation is wide open to you both.

ISOBEL M. PAGET.

☆ ☆ ☆

"A man is great when he measures up to the expectations of his friends, when he sets a goal for his life and works toward it with unflinching courage, when he attempts the difficult and sticks to it until he has made something happen, when he has been able to forgive the small and the petty people with whom he has to work, when he has chosen the unprofitable right in preference to the profitable wrong."

## DEDICATION OF LOWER HUTT CHURCH

J. V. McGAVIN  
Lay Activities Secretary, Lower Hutt

November 23, 1968, was a very happy Sabbath for Lower Hutt people and friends who took part in the dedication of their church. A special programme was arranged for the day, and the church was beautifully decorated with flowers.

Pastor F. L. Stokes, president of North New Zealand Conference, and Brother I. R. Stratford, secretary-treasurer of the North New Zealand Conference, came from Auckland for the occasion, and they, together with Pastor V. Wood-Stotesbury, conducted the dedication service. Pastor G. Miller, MV leader for the conference, took the afternoon meeting.

Everyone again assembled for close of Sabbath, and this was followed by a social evening in the church hall.

The programme culminated in the showing of films taken during the building of the church, and great interest was shown as various people were recognized, busily working on the construction job.

Many hours of voluntary labour were put into the building, and the church was opened in July, 1961. It is with grateful thanks that we have now been able to dedicate our church, and we pray that it will be a means to draw many souls, leading them into the kingdom of God.



## Editorial

# MAN (OR WOMAN) OF THE YEAR

Each year, in December, "Time" magazine announces its Man of the Year. As the year draws to its close, "Time's" readers send in their suggestions. Some are sound and sensible; others are outlandish and preposterous. At the end of 1968 there was the usual assortment of names put forward (all with strong reasons) for the honour.

We noticed, among others, the following: the American ("in his agony may be seen the greatness of his idealism . . ."); the Biafran ("for defending his freedom against impossible odds . . . and for showing the rest of us heroism and determination equal to anything since the fall of Jerusalem to the Romans"); Governor Nelson Rockefeller ("he would be the thirty-seventh president if the American people had their way"); George C. Wallace ("surely no other single individual has succeeded in striking fear into the hearts of so many Americans this year"); Walter Washington ("as the first Negro mayor of our nation's capital, he has proved to be steadfast and undaunted in his dedication to equality, unity and peace"); Ralph Nader ("the American consumer's first secretary of defence"); the assassin ("without his influence things might have been different"); Robert McNamara ("for his efficient running of the world's largest destruction and construction machines"); the peaceful dissenter ("he condemns the evil elements of modern society, not society itself"); Chung Hee Park, president of South Korea ("our friend and ally"); women ("one of the largest and most influential groups of all"); Pierre Trudeau, prime minister of Canada ("someone suggested that he should face south and 'come on down.' As far as I am concerned, he should face east and start swimming"); Harold Wilson ("he tries hard"); Clark Clifford, secretary of Defence in the U.S. ("who coaxed President Johnson into making the most important decision of 1968, to stop the bombing of North Vietnam and to seek a compromise settlement of the war"); Averell Harriman ("this tireless American diplomat is working night and day for peace"); Snoopy, a comic strip dog ("all round athlete and a real humanitarian"); Dr. Philip Blaiberg ("on the first anniversary of his historic operation"); the Olympic athlete ("black and white, male and female, skier or track star, American, Asian, African, universal. The athlete brings peace to the world. . . . He strives for the better and destroys only when he breaks a record"); the late Karl Barth ("whose 'Church Dogmatics' has become as much a part of Christian thinking as the writings of Augustine and Luther"); the human being over thirty ("who kept his sanity through this ghastly 'year of the psychotics' and who still believes that, somehow, decency will prevail") . . . and so on.

Then "Time" went ahead and named three men whom no one had suggested—or at least they were never mentioned in the correspondence published—the three astronauts who circled the moon in their space craft. They just managed to get into the year by the skin of their teeth—that is why no one had thought of them.

Whether this was a universally acceptable choice is hardly the point; the editors of "Time" are supreme in this appointment, their decision is final, and, one supposes, no correspondence will be entered into, etc.

We fell to wondering, when the appointment was made, that if THIS journal were to make such an award, who would get it. Of course, such a thought is nonsensical; you wouldn't expect such a conservative journal as this to do such a go-ahead and modern thing as that, would you? After all, it's never been done before, which, to most of us, is all the reason you need for never doing such a thing—ever. But that is precisely where you are wrong. This year, after having consulted with nobody and having taken counsel from the same party, we here and now announce that we, too, are going to announce OUR "Man (or Woman) of the Year." We are not

going to ask for suggestions, lest we get such an avalanche of names that we become confused. This is off our own bat; you may agree or disagree to your heart's content.

Our Man of the Year is. . . Well, before we get into that, let's describe him, and perhaps you will recognize him. And then, if you don't, we'll name him.

An ordinary-looking person, who occupies, generally, the same seat in church nearly every week; is seldom in the lime-light and rather shrinks from the public eye; has no special ability when it comes to speaking in public; maybe he can keep a tune, maybe not—no one has ever heard a public performance of a musical item from him; she feels a lack of special talent and has something of an inferiority complex which makes it difficult to meet people; would rather avoid talking with strangers if at all possible; makes little parade of religious feeling and is not emotional—rather diffident, almost, when it comes to saying anything about her Christian experience; wishes fervently that there was something positive she could do, but can't think of anything; has tried to do his best but can't seem to shine at anything. Has held minor church office but feels inadequate. Is faithful, however, and does his best. Pays a regular tithe and is always on time for Sabbath school. Is strangely uncritical of the preacher and tries to get something out of even the most ordinary sermon. Because of her inferiority feelings she does not relish the campaigns of the church which have to do with knocking on doors, though doesn't mind popping material in letter-boxes. Knocking on doors, meeting people, talking with them, this is something else, and the thought of it terrifies her. She would rather dip into her own pocket, give a donation and quietly go on her unobtrusive way. Especially does she feel this way about the Appeal for Missions campaign. Comes February and, quite unseasonably, she develops cold feet, a bad attack; breaks out in cold sweats—even when the mercury is hovering around nineties. Determines (secretly) that this year she won't go out, that this year she'll just give a donation, that they'll never miss her, that she's finding the hot sun just too much to cope with, that . . .

Then he takes himself in hand, talks to himself like a Dutch uncle (something like that which is printed on the page opposite, incidentally) and tells himself that this is no way for a Christian to talk, that this is no way for anyone to go on who has tasted of the love of God and who is looking for the Lord to come. So he girds up the loins of his mind and, when the Appeal Rally Day comes, he is there, ready, willing and smiling, prepared to set himself an aim that is just a little bigger than his attainment of last year, and determines that, by the grace of God, he will stick at it until he gets it.

Tenaciously and positively she attacks her task, calling at every house; she is never bumptious, rude or even ungracious; a curt refusal she accepts with such Christian charm that even softens the flinty heart of the antagonistic prospect; she is ready to speak a word in season, is eager (but not offensively so) to give a reason for the hope that is within her. And when the goal is met and the campaign is over, she quietly and unostentatiously passes in her money, and thanks God for the privilege of having a small part in the work of sending the gospel to all the world.

This, then, is the "Australasian Record's" Man and Woman of the Year. Does he/she go to your church? Is it, by any chance, you?

And just incidentally, we somehow feel that, apart from being OUR Man and Woman of the Year, they just may be God's choice for the title, too.

Robert H. Parr



# I DON'T LIKE INGATHERING

I don't like Ingathering. I have to leave a nice warm house, the cosiness of a crackling fire-place, the sit-down-and-cuddle-me time that I usually spend with my children. I have to go out into the night, where it's always cold, or snowy, or rainy, and knock on doors I don't want to knock on to bother people who don't want to be bothered and ask them for money. I don't like Ingathering and I say I won't go.

*(Then I remember a manger in Bethlehem. And a Christ who was willing to leave heaven for me.)*

I don't like Ingathering. I'd rather give my goal than go out and face people at the doors. I'm not a good solicitor anyway, and I'm always embarrassed to ask people for money. My soul cringes at the thought—it's too much like begging, too humbling.

*(Then I remember Christ who was humble enough to walk the dusty paths of Judea for me.)*

I don't like Ingathering. Dogs yap, children howl, and people, snuggled comfortably in their homes for the evening, growl at me. Or they insult me, or slam the door in my face. No one should have to put up with this kind of thing, I think.

*(And then I remember that they spat in the face of Christ.)*

I don't like Ingathering. The wind blows, and the snow gets in over the tops of my boots; my fingers grow numb. I'll quit, I think.

*(Then I remember—Was it blood on Your face, Christ? And did You want to turn back, too?)*

I don't like Ingathering. I think I won't go out this year at all.

*(And then before my mind pass the starving children of India; a leper holds out hands with fingers eaten from them; an old grandmother, her home torn away by a tornado, sobs heartbrokenly; the frightened, hungry eyes of a Vietnamese child stare up at me. And I hear Christ saying softly: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me!")*

Does Christ speak to you like that? He does to me.

Mrs. W. K.,

*Northern Light*, March, 1968.

# Milne Bay Camp Meeting

L. I. HOWELL, President, Milne Bay Mission

The Milne Bay Mission camp meeting, held toward the end of October, 1968, was one of deep spiritual interest. The Ramaga Central School was the site, where the commodious buildings and lovely grounds provided facilities and setting for such a pleasant occasion. Pastor McCutcheon, the president of the Coral Sea Union Mission, was in attendance and he contributed greatly to the success of the meeting and the uplift of the folk in attendance.

Due to the hard work of the school staff and students, the grounds provided a picturesque setting for such a gathering. The gardens were producing bountifully and there was an adequate supply of food for all. Some of the produce from the students' gardens was sold to the local hospital and helped greatly to swell the annual camp meeting offering.

The various local districts were well represented, there being about two hundred in attendance. Most came by ship from the outlying islands, others, the more active folk, walked over the mountains from the north coast, and were brought across the bay by the mission ship "Vinaritokae." Accommodation was taxed to the limit and plans were discussed for native-material buildings to be erected near the school compound for future gatherings.

Reports of the various workers stressed the need for more labourers and increased facilities to keep up with expanding openings. Milne Bay is a difficult field, as most of the people have some mission affiliation and are very self-satisfied. However, those who do "come out," do so as individuals—"One of a city, two of a clan."

## Memorable Day

Sabbath was a memorable day. The eleven o'clock service, taken by Pastor McCutcheon, was deeply spiritual and the call for reconsecration met with a full response. In the afternoon twenty were baptized in the sea in front of the school building. One young girl who was sick with malaria was baptized the following morning, making a total of twenty-one. Among them was a young mixed-race woman who is now praying that her husband will follow her example. Again the school proved an evangelizing agency and a number of the students participated. Many more would have liked to have gone forward but were counselled to wait on account of their tender years.

One pleasing feature was the baptism of two children of a man who used to be in charge of the hospital on Gesila Island, now our mission headquarters. On arrival here some years ago we interested him in the Voice of Prophecy and he did the course but did not make a decision. He now lives in retirement not far from Ramaga and sent his children to our school. Now that his son and daughter have led the way he has renewed his interest and is in regular attendance at our Sabbath meetings, bringing with him some of his neighbours. Following the baptism, a call was made for those who wished to join and many came forward and had their names enrolled by the district directors.

After the baptism a missionary meeting was held when the needs were presented. Each district appointed a representative who brought the offering previously collected, and the amounts were chalked up on the board. The total was \$240—more than 100 per cent increase on last year's offering of \$117. This meeting lasted till sundown. In the evening there was an investiture when Naphtali, the headmaster of the school, invested sixty-six, ranging from Helping Hands to Companions. To close we had an interesting film programme and the meetings were brought to an end for another year.

It was with a deal of sadness that we bade farewell to these dear folk, as we realized that this would most likely be the last camp meeting we would attend in the mission field. We pray that God will keep them until we all meet in His kingdom.



# Health Reform---A Balanced Programme

DR. CALVIN H. PALMER, M.B., B.S., Sydney Sanitarium and Hospital

WHEN King Solomon built his magnificent temple in Jerusalem, a variety of building materials, such as cedar wood, marble, brass, gold and silver, was used. Each had its place in the creation of a perfect edifice of strength and beauty for the worship and glory of God. Similarly, in the development and care of the body temple a variety of health factors is necessary. Neglect of even one of these requirements can mar the full stature of the perfect man. Some of these essentials to buoyant health are physical, others are mental, and still others are spiritual.

Let us consider, for example, the importance of exercise in maintaining bodily tone. In the writings of the Spirit of Prophecy we find over two hundred references that emphasize the value and the necessity of bodily exercise to promote physical, mental and spiritual health. In spite of this admonition, how few of us sense the importance of exercise as a vital part of health reform, or maybe we limit this doctrine, so much emphasized among us, to those aspects wherein we differ from the accepted practices of modern society, such as smoking, drinking and errors in diet.

For most of us, a brisk walk of three miles would work wonders. Another contributing feature to sound health is correct posture. Here there is astounding ignorance. Recently, there was an investigation of the effects of posture on health conducted at the University College Hospital. It was demonstrated that one of the most common causes of any fatigue was failure to breathe deeply, and this, in turn, was associated with poor posture. Further, it was proved that faulty posture was a most common cause of backache. Could it be that many people who are swallowing patent kidney pills would be both better in health and in pocket by sitting straight and walking erect?

Our health is directly influenced by the way we dress. Take, for example, footwear. At birth, only 2 per cent of babies have some abnormality of their feet. Yet, at the age of sixteen, 70 per cent of young people have defective feet. In many cases, this can be traced to ill-fitting or faulty footwear.

## Diet Over-Emphasized?

No discussion on health would be complete without a reference to diet. Some might be inclined to feel that we rather over-emphasize the role of diet, so that it assumes a religious aspect. In reply to this, let us again consider the building of Solomon's temple. How careful were both architects and builders to assemble only the best materials the ancient world could provide. These were laboriously obtained from distant lands, for nothing of

an inferior nature was to be built into a structure dedicated to the worship of Israel's God.

Likewise, the Christian, conscious that he himself is the handiwork of the Creator, will be just as particular as to what goes into the building of the body temple, in that it should be the best obtainable. Every cell and tissue of our bodies is built from the food we eat. Hence, a health-giving diet is not just a fad—it is an essential part of Christian living.

When God said to Adam, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." He was really bestowing a wonderful blessing upon mankind. Work, with its attendant mental interest and bodily activity, is essential to health. When one dispenses with the privilege of work and neglects the interests and activities he has been accustomed to, he does so only at the expense of becoming prone to physical infirmities and mental deterioration. It is a blessing to rejoice in that God has given each one, not only a life work to accomplish, but also gifts and skills to be developed and used as long as strength and intellect last.

Natural law reveals a balance between opposite forces. So, in the laws of health, there must be a balance between

mental and physical work, between activity and rest, between concentration and relaxation, and between temporal necessities and spiritual interests.

Herein lies a challenge to re-assess one's daily programme, as to whether the physical, the mental and the spiritual demands are realistically and evenly balanced.

## The Unhappy Sick

One of the main causes of ill health is a troubled mind. Dr. Leslie Weatherhead, in his book "Religion, Psychology and Healing," says, "More people are sick because they are unhappy than are unhappy because they are sick." This raises the question: How can one promote mental health? It is just as possible to promote mental health as it is to promote physical health.

In your conversation, dwell on those themes that are praiseworthy, rather than on that which is blameworthy. "Nothing tends more to promote health of body and of soul than does a spirit of gratitude and praise. It is a positive duty to resist melancholy, discontented thoughts and feelings."—"Ministry of Healing," page 251.

In your actions, take delight in doing something that will bring happiness to others. "When the mind is free and happy from a sense of duty well done and the satisfaction of giving happiness to others, the cheering, uplifting influence brings new life to the whole being."—"Ministry of Healing," page 257.

In your worship, thank God for daily blessings and trust in His love. John Wesley expresses the thought very beautifully in these words, "The love of God creates unspeakable joy, and perfect calm, serenity and tranquillity of mind. It thus becomes the most powerful of all the means of health and long life."

Health is the harmonious adaptation of the world within us to the world without, and no person can attain perfect harmony with his environment except through the One who created both him and his environment. Hence, as we search deeper and deeper in our quest for health, that search will be fully rewarded only as it leads us back to God, the giver of all life and health.

James 2:10 reads as follows: "For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." Is it not reasonable to apply this text both to God's commandments and also to the laws of health? It must be, for in "Counsels on Health," page 25, we read, "Our first duty . . . is to obey the laws of God. These include the laws of health."

Instead of condoning an unbalanced approach to health reform, how much greater blessings of health and of spirit we shall enter into by considering and observing all the laws of health. By doing this we shall be fitted to walk in the presence of the One who said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

## WITHHOLD NOT LOVE!

BERTHA R. HUDELSON

Withhold not love! It feeds the heart  
And nourishes the mind. It is a part  
Of life's blood. Search and find a lonely  
soul

Who suffers from this lack; make this  
your goal.

Withhold not knowledge! Teach the sinner  
he

May be made whole, enjoy security  
In God's warm waiting arms if he'd but  
read  
The great Book's promises, and then take  
heed.

Withhold not sympathy! It is a cure  
For broken hearts, discouraged minds. Be  
sure

To search for those made prisoners of  
grief,

And with God-guided kindness bring relief.

Withhold not prayers for those you meet  
each day—

For those unknown in lands far, far away.  
Prayer brings God near, how comforting  
the thought!

Unless we trust in Him, life counts for  
nought.





# News From All Over

Compiled by ANNETTE POLLARD

**CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.** The books of Adventist author and editor Arthur S. Maxwell reached a world-wide circulation of 44,597,692 copies by December 31, 1966, according to a report recently compiled through the co-operation of Pastor Maxwell's several publishers. This means that Pastor Maxwell, who completed his 103rd book last April, is one of the most widely-read authors in the world. He has turned out at least one book, and sometimes as many as four books, a year, ever since 1923. His first books, published in 1920, were titled "After Many Days" and "The Secret of the Cave." The latter one is still in print. Foremost in sales among the A. S. Maxwell books are "Uncle Arthur's Bedtime Stories." Almost thirty-two million copies of the books have been sold since he wrote the first one in 1924 while an assistant editor at the Stanborough Press in England.

**NEW GUINEA.** A new river truck has been purchased for the Ambunti district in New Guinea. A barge powered by a fifty horsepower outboard motor, the river truck can carry a ton of supplies at speeds exceeding thirty miles an hour. This type of transportation is a help to the river work much as the small plane is to the interior mountain regions. In the area where this truck will be used, there are 500 miles of navigable waters on the Sepik River alone. In addition, there are the May, Kerum, Harawari, and other rivers to be reached. The first and only river truck working in this area was purchased in October, 1967. Before that time days were spent in travel from one river village to another. The purchase of the new river truck will aid in getting medical supplies as well as the gospel message to the river dwellers of that area. (See story, page 9.)

**BIAFRA.** The International Red Cross sponsored three Seventh-day Adventist doctors and a male nurse to give medical help to refugees in Biafra. The team will set up clinics to give medical help and to serve as distribution centres for relief clothing and food. Headquarters for the team will be the Northern Ngwa County Hospital, which is government-owned but operated by Adventists. A \$100,000 contribution was made by Adventists to help with the project.

**SEOUL, Korea.** The orphanage operated by Seoul Sanitarium and Hospital in Korea has, since 1953, placed 512 children in adoptive homes. At present the orphanage cares for 154 children, twenty-five of whom are pre-schoolers, sixty of primary school level, seventeen in high school, twenty in college or doing the nurse's training course, twenty-five babies in foster homes, and some of various ages who are not attending school. There are twenty-two Korean members on the staff, including teachers for the primary school level. Since 1953, 336 children have been sent for adoption to the United States and two to Australia, and from 1964 to the present 174 have gone to Scandinavian countries. In the latter part of 1967, Denmark was opened for adoption, and the first group of seven journeyed to that country in early August.

**SEATTLE, U.S.A.** The Washington Conference Temperance Department received from the Seattle public school system a request to purchase nine of our Narcotic and Stop Smoking films, as thousands of high school boys and girls are now addicted to both the tobacco and the drug habit. A principal of a school also rang asking for help with the smoking problem, as he had found two of his first graders smoking cigarettes, and he felt it was time that the citizens of the community took a very serious look at the problem of smoking among the youth.

**CALIFORNIA AND ARIZONA, U.S.A.** Some 102 signboards in southern California and Arizona now invite passers-by to request a copy of Arthur S. Maxwell's "This Is the End!" The one-month programme involves three conferences, and workers in these areas are prepared to execute a careful follow-up of every request.

**VIETNAM.** Catholic leaders in Vietnam have given Adventist literature evangelists a letter of recommendation to use as they call on Catholics. This came about when a Catholic priest visited the Saigon Adventist Publishing House for the dedication service of the new business offices and returned two days later with a delegation of fifteen. Top Catholic leaders spent two hours with Pastor Giao and Pastor V. L. Bretsch learning something of Adventist publishing work. Before leaving, the priest purchased a copy of every book printed in Vietnamese. The following morning he returned with a letter of recommendation.



**MICHIGAN, U.S.A.** Pastor and Mrs. W. A. Fagal visit with Clare Virgil, Olive Marrs, and Arthur Dodd, who were present for the first singing of the hymn "The Old Rugged Cross" in Pokagon, Michigan. It was during a Methodist evangelistic revival that writing of both words and music by George Bennard was completed. When the song was sung for the congregation, it had an immediate impact and has since become world famous. "The Old Rugged Cross" ranked number one in North America in a recent Favourite Hymn Poll sponsored by the Radio-Television Department of the General Conference. Mr. Dodd, who is holding his violin in the picture, played his violin when the hymn was first sung.



# LISMORE MISSION REPORT

MRS. E. A. CHERRY

ONCE AGAIN we would like to share with our many "Record" friends in Australia, New Zealand and other places the good news from the Lismore mission. When we returned to Australia early in 1968 after five happy years in New Zealand, we were appointed to the beautiful Northern Rivers area of New South Wales and located in Lismore, a beautiful city with a population of about 19,000—and lots of delicious tropical fruits.

We had much to thank the Lord for during this mission, as this area has not been easy to work in the past, and now as we look back on the year that has gone we can say, "Praise the Lord for His goodness." Already forty-three precious souls have been baptized and there are still many more in the valley of decision, and we feel that some of these dear folk, with a little more time, will take their stand for the truth for these last days.

My husband had working with him three young men—Brother B. Roberts, Brother M. Smith and Brother G. Parfitt—and these young men have been a wonderful help to the church and the folk attending the mission.

We were fortunate to have the use of the nicest hall in the city, and even though the crowds were not as big as we had been used to in recent years, nevertheless a good number continued to come regularly. Some bore the brunt of sarcastic remarks from their so-called friends for attending the Adventist lectures. However, they were not discouraged but continued to come and many have now taken their stand for the Lord.

## Sabbaths Granted

During the mission we have seen the Lord going before us. Sabbath work was



Some of the folk baptized in December, 1968, by Pastor Cherry, in his Lismore mission.  
(Photos: L. J. Cherry.)

one of our problems up here as there are no factories and work is very scarce. Still the Lord overruled and some have been able to remain at their work and have been granted Sabbath off. For this area, we feel that this is a miracle, and thank God for His mercy. One young man in charge of a section of a large store felt that he could never get the Sabbath off and so applied for another two positions. When these were not open for him he decided to speak to his manager, but felt it was useless, as a few years previous in this same store and with the same manager, another young man had asked for the Sabbath off and had lost his position.

He visited the manager in his home and told him the story of his desire to become an Adventist and how he just could not work any more on the Saturday. The manager listened quietly and then asked for a little time to think the matter over. A couple of days later he told the young man that he was willing "to try it with Saturdays off" as he did not wish to lose his services; so he still works at the large store but has the busiest morning of the week, Saturday, free to attend God's house of worship. This young man and his wife were baptized with a group of others just a few days ago.

## Now to Maitland

In a few weeks we are to move to Maitland where the conference wishes Pastor Cherry and another three young men to conduct another mission this year. While we are loath to leave this lovely

spot we know that the Lord has His precious jewels in Maitland also, waiting to hear the message for these last days, and so we move again.

As we leave Lismore we would like to say a big thank you to all the church members who worked so hard and gave of their time and talents to help make the Lismore mission a success. Their names are too numerous to mention but we are sure that in the record books above, their faithfulness is recorded by the angels and one day they will hear from the Master the words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

☆ ☆ ☆

## Make Truth Clear and Plain

"Our publications have a most sacred work to do in making clear, simple, and plain the spiritual basis of our faith. Everywhere the people are taking sides; all are ranging themselves either under the banner of truth and righteousness or under the banner of the apostate powers that are contending for the supremacy. At this time God's message to the world is to be given with such prominence and power that the people will be brought face to face, mind to mind, heart to heart, with truth. They must be brought to see its superiority over the multitudinous errors that are pushing their way into notice, to supplant, if possible, the Word of God for this solemn time."—"Colporteur Ministry," pages 1, 2.



Left to right: Pastor L. J. Cherry, Jonathan, Mrs. E. Coombs and Mr. Coombs. This picture has a special significance for Pastor Cherry. In 1956, in Bundaberg, he baptized Mr. and Mrs. Coombs and three of their sons. Jonathan is the fourth son of the family and has now joined the rest of his family in the church. Two of Jonathan's brothers and one sister are in the organized work.



# 1,000 Miles in New Guinea Hinterland

ALEC C. THOMSON, President, Sepik Mission

MOST CHILDREN know the chorus, "Go tell it on the mountains," but here in the Sepik Mission we have another verse, "Go tell it on the rivers, over the swamps and everywhere." That is where we have been.

In the last three weeks with our river truck we have been over 1,000 miles on the mighty Sepik River and tributaries to within a few miles of the West Irian border with New Guinea. We entered some of the most primitive areas of the island and bordered on one of the few, as yet, unpatrolled areas.

During the three weeks period it was my privilege to have a visit from Pastor and Mrs. Howell, veteran missionaries of Papua-New Guinea for thirty-eight years. They helped with district meetings and during this time Mrs. Howell opened a new school built by the people of Bagran village on the River Keram. Nineteen people were also baptized and at a call made at the time of the baptism, twenty-three new candidates came forward to signify their desire to prepare for the rite.

We later delivered the Howells to Brother Smith of Maprik, 150 miles up the Sepik River, and then we proceeded to Ambunti.

Brother Lundstrom with some national workers joined me as we journeyed another 160 miles to the May River. This is a new area which has had many setbacks; the work is now onward. Five families have settled in various villages, one of which had never seen a missionary until October last year.

## New School, Church

In this area we officially opened a new school and dedicated a new church and then baptized four young men.

We later went four hours' journey up a tributary and walked for two hours into a new and unentered area where the people had asked for a worker and had begun to clear an airstrip in the jungle. We were able to leave a family with these people who only a few weeks before had had five of the tribe brutally murdered by some of their enemies. In this territory we were surely in "the regions beyond," on the border of one of the few remaining unpatrolled areas of New Guinea.

We had travelled the broad Sepik, the narrower tributaries and finally the creeks (here called "barats"). We had negotiated sand banks, floating timber and debris, navigated between giant trees stranded in and across the creeks, sometimes planing at speeds to thirty miles an hour, sometimes paddling, sometimes only drifting to negotiate the many tree trunks or mud banks protruding from the black waters of the barats.

One thousand miles, but never a mishap. One thousand miles to tell the gospel over the rivers and over the swamps of the vast Sepik waterway, and Jesus fulfilled His promise, "Lo, I am



The "river truck," capable of zipping along at 30 m.p.h. on the Sepik. In this Pastor Thomson made his 1,000-mile journey.

(Photos: A. C. Thomson.)

with you always, even unto the end of the world." His protection and guidance was very much in evidence. We bowed our heads as we finished our journey. The engine was silent and our voices were lifted in prayer to thank Him for His protection and watchcare.

## "It's Jewish"

When we present God's holy law  
And arguments from Scripture draw,  
Objectors say, to pick a flaw,  
"It's Jewish."

Though at the first Jehovah blessed  
And sanctified His day of rest,<sup>1</sup>  
The same belief is still expressed,  
"It's Jewish."

Though not with Jewish rites, which  
passed,  
But with the moral law 'twas classed:<sup>2</sup>  
Which must exist while time shall last,  
"It's Jewish."

If from the Bible we present  
The Sabbath's meaning and intent,  
This answers every argument—  
"It's Jewish."

Though the disciples, Luke and Paul,  
Continue still this rest to call<sup>3</sup>  
The "Sabbath day," this answers all,  
"It's Jewish."

They love the day of man's invention,  
But if Jehovah's day we mention  
This puts and end to all contention,  
"It's Jewish."

O ye who thus God's day abuse,  
Simply because 'twas kept by Jews,  
The Saviour, too, you must refuse,  
He's Jewish.

The Scriptures, then, we may expect  
For the same reason you'll reject;  
For if you will but recollect,  
They're Jewish.<sup>4</sup>

Thus the apostles, too, must fall;  
For Andrew, Peter, James and Paul,  
Thomas and Matthew, John and all  
Were Jewish.

So to your helpless state resign  
Yourself in wretchedness to pine;  
Salvation, surely you'll decline,  
It's Jewish.

<sup>1</sup> Gen. 2:1-3. <sup>2</sup> Ex. 20:8-11. <sup>3</sup> Acts 18:1-4.  
<sup>4</sup> John 4:22.



Always a crowd gathered as the river truck pulled in at the villages on the river bank.



### Three boats and a man

## HOUSEBOAT HOLIDAY

SHIRLEY HANKINSON

PASTOR CROSS, MV secretary for the South Australian Conference, has done it again. With his special ability for transforming ideas and dreams into reality, he gave sixty fortunate young people a wonderful long week-end.

What a week-end it was! Three modern houseboats on the wide and fascinating Murray River, perfect spring weather and leaders (pardon, "admirals" and "captains") to challenge any sailor lad or lass.

Admiral Box was there to help make the unusual programme go. Admiral Cross was ably assisted by his three captains—Laws, Tolhurst and Hankinson; not to forget the ships' cooks, Mr. and Mrs. R. Parker, whose fine culinary efforts made common the saying, "Home was never like this!" Whoever had fruit salad and ice-cream on a wilderness river bank before?

#### "Fantastic!"

The camp on the river had everything—a happy blend of spiritual, social, mental and physical activities. To use one of the adjectives that worked so hard for the young people, it was "fantastic." With most of the "sailors" aboard and settled in before Sabbath, the week-end began with worship, tea and an evening meeting on the banks of the Murray at Martin's Bend, a mile or so upstream from Berri.

Pastor Box, in his Sabbath service, set the theme for the week-end. An experience of one's own is needed if youth are to survive as real Christians in this world of today. The final testimonies in Monday morning's meeting showed that the discussions and thought-provoking meetings had succeeded in helping many to

better understand the meaning of real Christianity, the times ahead and the need of personal preparation.

#### Fun in the Sun

What fun it was to sail up the river before breakfast! What fun to ski, flying past the houseboats behind the young people's own speed boat or to scuttle in and out and round about in the smaller boats! Fun, too, to be first into the lock (just below Renmark) that raised us all

up over ten feet higher to a broader serene river, fringed by weeping willows. Fun to join one of Owen Christian's sing-songs as the boats cruised along, to sunbake on the top decks or sing around the camp-fire in the evening. Unexpected sandy beaches enticed us to swim and sunbake for an hour or two and helped make many crew members close relations of the American Indian.

Finally, and all too soon, it was Monday evening and the "sailors" disembarked, piled into their more conventional transport and headed for home—elated, refreshed and happy after a truly notable first, the "Houseboat Holiday Camp" in South Australia.

☆ ☆ ☆

Life must not be taken for granted. It is our heritage from God and should be expressed gratefully by noble living and in the spirit of Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister.



Typical river bank scene for worships and Bible study on the Houseboat Holiday.



Houseboats and passengers being lifted in the Renmark Lock.

## BEYOND TOMORROW

WELDON TAYLOR HAMMOND

God knows our trials; He shares our burdens;

His eyes behold each falling tear.

His plans for us beyond tomorrow

Should fill our hearts with hope and cheer.

Our precious loved ones who sleep in Jesus  
Shall rise again at His command.

We must not fail beyond tomorrow

To greet them on the golden strand.

O great salvation! amazing wonder

That Christ should die on Calvary,

That we with Him beyond tomorrow

Might live in peace eternally!

Beyond tomorrow, when Christ shall reign,

There'll be no heartaches, no tears, no pain.

Beyond tomorrow no grief nor sorrow,

And those long parted shall meet again!



## ANOTHER NEW CHURCH IN NORTH QUEENSLAND

There are now twenty organized churches in North Queensland. Seaforth joined the sisterhood on October 26, 1968.

This church made history on its organization day—instead of raising an offering for its own needs it gave \$116 to its new young sister, Mount Isa.



The twenty-five charter members vote one of their number into membership. Looking on happily is the church pastor, Brother F. Mackay.



Leading out in the organization were the platform personnel (left to right): Brother F. Mackay (church pastor), Brother H. J. Tressler (conference secretary-treasurer), Pastor W. A. Townend (conference president), Brother S. Warren (leading elder) and Pastor L. Webster.



The organization completed, new officers, members and visitors assemble outside the church building to fellowship and give thanks to God for His blessing on the church.

(Photos: M. M. Stewart.)

## "And a Little Child..."

IVY M. WILLIAMS

He was only nine (going on ten), so, provided he had been attentive during the preliminaries, I did not always insist that he listen to the sermon, especially if the subject was beyond the comprehension of a young boy. Sometimes he quietly read a favourite, suitable story, but today it was different!

Today he was sitting on the edge of the pew, his book threatening to slide from his knees onto the floor. His eyes, fixed on the preacher, had that earnest, attentive look of breathless concentration that is peculiar to the very young.

The preacher (who will never know the rapt attention at least one member of the congregation was giving him) was speaking on the first two members of the human race—of their lofty stature (literal giants!) of the beauty and of the splendour of the earth around them. Of course, he went on to speak of the entrance of sin, with its marring qualities, but I think it was the mental pictures, conjured up by mention of those real, splendid giants, that captured one young boy's imagination.

That night he lay in bed, wearing that freckled, cherubic look that boys only have, fleetingly, when they are fresh from the bath. His hands were clasped behind his head and as I bent to kiss him goodnight he said, "Mum, let's have Talking Time."

Now, this is a family institution and sometimes is employed as a delaying tactic, but, as I sat on the side of his bed, it seemed he really did have something to talk about.

"Mum, what's the Human Race?"

I explained that it was a term that covered all the people who have ever lived, and there was a throaty chuckle from the bed.

"Oh! I thought it was funny. I thought it meant all those giants, lined up ready to run a race. Mum, wouldn't they look peculiar all sitting up in church, with their big feet!"

This time I patiently (I hope) pointed out that Adam and Eve and their descendants did not worship in churches as we do today, and, also, that all creation was in proportion, so that even their "big feet" would not be conspicuous.

"Will there be any ant-eaters in heaven, Mum?" Apart from being rather breathless from trying to follow his mental gymnastics, I was caught "on the hop," so to speak, as I had never really considered the ant-eater in the light of eternity at all. However, while I sat pondering, he (as children are prone to do) gave his own answer. "No, I guess not. God wouldn't allow them to go around licking up all those dear little ants!"

By this time I had collected my startled wits and reminded him that God's creatures were not originally made to prey upon each other—they were not meant to "hurt nor destroy." I quoted the verses of Scripture about the lion and the lamb and pointed out that in heaven he could play with the lion and assured him that the "dear little ants" would be quite safe!

His face was literally shining as the reality of this dawned. And then—"Mum, why doesn't Jesus come and take us home?"

"Well, I guess, dear, He is giving us more time. Some people aren't really ready yet."

There was a gasp of dismay. "You mean some people aren't ready to go to heaven? Why, Mum?" (And his face was really glowing now and his eyes dancing with anticipation.) "I'm ready RIGHT NOW!"

As I closed the door of his bedroom, phrases such as "except ye become as little children," and "a little child shall lead them" went through my mind. I have been told it is bad policy to point out the moral of a story so I would not dream of doing so. Instead I will just mention that I wondered to myself, as I went about my work, how many of us older folk would really echo, "I'm ready RIGHT NOW!" Or, if we were basically honest with ourselves, would rather say, "I'd like to get SOME mileage from my new car."

"I would like at least to move into our new home."

"I would like to see the children grow up—enjoy them a little."

"As soon as my son graduates—then I'll be satisfied and perhaps be able to think about getting ready for heaven."

And so on!

"And a little child. . . ."





## LETTERS to the EDITOR

### Thank You

Sir:

Thank you for announcing in the "Record" last year, the plans which we had made to honour our parents, Pastor and Mrs. Clarence H. Davis, on the occasion of their golden wedding anniversary.

It has been many years since I last visited Australia with my parents while on furlough from China, and I did not realize how long the memories of more than half a century ago. I incorporated all the messages in a large scrapbook and wish to thank very sincerely everyone who helped to make their day so memor-

able. Their thoughtful remembrance brought much pleasure to Pastor and Mrs. Davis.

Natives of Australia, the Davis family spent forty-nine years in the Orient as missionaries. Clarence Davis was a full-time literature evangelist for the New South Wales Conference before being called by the General Conference to the China Division. When the present regime took over in China, Pastor and Mrs. Davis had to move out of that country to the island of Formosa. Later they spent eight years in Korea. For eighteen years Pastor Davis served as union mission president in China and Korea.

I am enclosing a picture which was taken and used by the local newspaper. If you have room to print it, with our appreciation to all those who sent messages, we would be grateful.

The two sons and two daughters and their families, including eleven grandchildren and one great-grandchild, were all present to help celebrate this milestone in the lives of their parents. Thank you so much for your part in making it a success.

Very sincerely,

Mrs. Violet Davis Bates,  
P.O. Box 84, Loma Linda,  
California 92354.

### A Pioneer Remembers

Sir:

I have just had a chat with the secretary of the Adventist Brass Band Association and learned to my joy that there are at least twelve brass bands, with numerous trophies and championships to their credit, scattered around this division. As one of the Old Brigade, and just in case these boys had the idea that they were starting something new, I let my

mind drift back through memory's lane to the turn of the century when this denomination could only boast of one brass band, with never a trophy or a championship to its credit.

The accompanying photo of The Echo Publishing Company's brass band was taken in Albert Park, North Fitzroy, in the year 1900. Our band was at that time recognized as one of Melbourne's crack bands. Our bandmaster was Mr. Eddie T. Code, one of Melbourne's top-notch conductors.

Mr. Code had had the band practising a special piece of music for some time before he told us he wanted us to compete in the forthcoming contest, and that the music we were playing was the test piece. Feelings in the band were somewhat mixed. Denominational teaching at that period was that it was decidedly wrong to enter into any kind of organized sport of a competitive nature. So the contest was out. Mr. Code consoled himself by persuading some of the weaker conscientious members to play with his No. 2 band, Burwood City, and they won the contest.

In the meantime our leaders were having second thoughts and it was decided that while not contesting, we would do all we could to help by playing the competing bands on and off the stage in the arena. The adjudicator was Mr. Ord Hume, one of England's most famous band masters and composers. At the conclusion of the contest, before giving his awards, he said, "Gentlemen, the band that should have been competing was the one playing the others on and off the arena. In my opinion, an ideal band to lead a regiment."

Thereby, of course, hung a tale. Our drum major was an ex-officer of the Coldstream Guards, and when he took us for marching drill he used a paddock that had been ploughed and the grass allowed to grow in the furrows. He marched and counter-marched us this way and that, till with bruised lips and aching legs we would beg for mercy. His ready reply always was, "Learn it the hard way, boys, then when you get out on the road you will be glad you did." We were.

We were one of the six bands selected to greet the Duke and Duchess of York when they made their royal visit to Australia. Our first task that day was to collect 6,000 school children from the Fitzroy Gardens and march them through the city to a rendezvous in the Domain along St. Kilda Road. The day was a long one, filled in by various contacts with the royal couple, and it was late at night when, weary and hungry, we were allowed to go home. I did hear one young bandsman, when asked by his mother what he thought of the duchess, calmly reply, "Aw, Mum, she is not half as pretty and good looking as you!"

Following the death of Queen Victoria, the British Government sent a unit from each regiment in the Queen's Army on a visit to each of the capital cities of Australia. We were one of the bands selected to participate in the various ceremonies



Pastor and Mrs. Clarence Davis—on the occasion of the celebration of their first fifty years together.





THE ECHO PUBLISHING COMPANY BRASS BAND, 1900.

Back row: Louis Romero, Mr. Weimer, Adolphe Bussau, George Howse, George White, Robert Hare.

Third row: George S. Fisher, Harold E. Carr, Albert H. White, Ernest White, William Bowes (Sen.), Fred Davis, William ("Billy") Bowes (Jun.).

Second row: Harry Stockton, A. W. Anderson (conductor), N. D. Faulkhead, Edward Parkinson, Cecil H. Pretyman, William Somerville.

Front row: R. L. Bond, Reuben E. Hare, Leslie Michaels, Louis Faulkhead.

● The above photo of the Echo Publishing Company Brass Band was taken in North Fitzroy about 1900. Many of its members came to Warburton when the Signs was established in 1905. The band was complimented by Ord Hume of military band fame, who said that it was "an ideal band to lead a regiment," and that their playing had the "snap and lift that very few bands have."

and services held in Melbourne to commemorate the reign of "The Great White Queen." It was an honour to march, counter-march, or with muffled drums in slow march, to lead these units in the various functions held.

I have not said much about the photo (which, by the way, does not show the full band complement, a number being absent), but a careful look at the men shown will reveal men, some of whose names have become a byword for their influence and integrity in the publishing work, the health food work, the evangelistic work, and in the general work of the Adventist Church. The band was always ready for service and played regularly at the Helping Hand Mission in Little Bourke Street, and at church functions held in the Temperance Hall, Russell Street.

The band regularly ran its own mission effort. One such that I call to mind was held in the Collingwood Town Hall where, following a stirring recital in front of the hall to draw the people, the band would go inside to provide the music for the hymns. The double B flat bass player, a black-bearded, blue-eyed Irishman, would doff his uniform cap and coat and don a frock coat, and, still with the tell-tale red stripes down the legs of his trousers, would proceed to give the address.

Of the personnel shown in the photo, only two are alive today. Mr. Harold E. Carr of Sydney, and myself. I am certain that my comrade of the yesteryears will join me in a salute to the bands of today. They are treading in the tradition laid down by those who have gone before. We wish them Godspeed as they endeavour to brighten the corner where they are. We agree to the full with that philosopher who wrote those famous words, "Teach a boy to blow a horn and he will never blow a safe."

Reuben E. Hare.

### Excerpts from a Missionary's Letter

## MOTES IN THE SPOTLIGHT

[By courtesy of Mrs. F. P. Ward, long-time missionary to Pitcairn, we gather some snippets of interest from a letter written to her by Mrs. Fred Mote, who was Glenna Hockley of Wairoa before her marriage. The Motes have served in Saigon at our hospital there and now enjoy the comparative serenity of Penang where Dr. Fred Mote is one of the medicos at the Penang Sanitarium.]

"Penang is a beautiful island of 110 square miles (fifteen by nine miles) with a population of 458,000. Georgetown is the main city on the island and has a population of 320,000. There is a good road around the island about forty-five miles in length and it makes a very pleasant drive along the beach and over the hills.

"Our tap water is pure. We neither boil nor filter it since we live in a civilized country now. There is good drainage for the frequent downpours. Open cement drains are required around all houses, and these drains empty into deep concrete drains down each side of every street. In Saigon, we saw what happened with no provision for drainage. We saw and we waded! Some folk waded even in their own homes every wet season. Ugh! . . .

"Our neighbours? That is an interesting subject. The Khoo family lives on one side, all three generations of them and a young slave girl. They are friendly, but not too friendly. There is a polite reserve that our children have tried unsuccessfully to penetrate. They are Buddhists and pray before their shrines. One is on the front porch and we frequently see the patriarch of the family bowing with smoking joss sticks before that shrine. A partially crippled daughter shuffles around their house frequently, incense burner in hand, waving the smoke in circles to ward off evil, we suppose. Next to the Khoos live the Chew family in 'Harmoniville,' as their establishment is called. The Chews are Christians and what a tremendous contrast between these two families! Mrs. Chew is a wonderful person and we are great friends. She is also a piano teacher and Merylin is one of her pupils. Merylin is doing extremely well under her capable tutoring. We have a rental piano for practice purposes. It is a horrible old clunky piano which I hate passionately, but it serves its purpose. We have ordered a new Yamaha grand piano (6 ft. 1 in. in length) and we hope to get it in a month or so."

[Postscript to that paragraph indicates that the piano has now arrived and it is all they had hoped for.]

"There are three Adventist churches on Penang: the English, Chinese and Malay companies. Our English-speaking group is full of life due to the presence of many fine young people. Ten more young people have been baptized since we came. In the first six months of 1968 there have been 164 converts in all of Malaysia and Singapore."

[This is a commendable figure, since government regulation forbids the proselytizing of Moslems in Malaya.—Editor.]

"There are two hospitals on the island: the government hospital and Penang Adventist Hospital, commonly known as the 'mission hospital.' Our hospital is quite modern (perhaps the nicest in the Far Eastern Division) and has a 130-bed capacity with an 'heirport' (nursery).

"Many patients come across from the mainland for treatment. There are four



doctors here and a lady doctor who works part-time. A large variety of diseases are treated, including many forms of cancer, which is quite prevalent.

"There was much excitement in the hospital compound soon after we arrived and while we were still staying in the guest house. Police, using spotlights, swarmed all over the hospital compound and the entire neighbourhood. Some detectives cruising around town spotted a man on the police 'most wanted' list. As they closed in on the fellow, he fled, with the detectives energetically pursuing. Suddenly he turned and fired several shots into the front detective's chest and abdomen. Then they lost him. He stopped a car and ordered the driver, at gunpoint, to take him for a ride. The driver was told to stop outside our hospital and the criminal again fled on foot. Hence the all-out police search. To complicate matters for everyone, the detective was Malayan and the criminal Chinese and there was great fear that the riots and murders would break out again. I should also mention that we slept through all the commotion. We have done that before. We lived in Vietnam too long, I suppose. Spotlights and police raids do seem a little tame in comparison to terrorist bombings and automatic gunfire in the streets!"



**BROADHEAD—HAMPSTEAD.** On December 26, 1968, two well respected members of the Wahroonga and Tumut churches, New South Wales, respectively, were brought together under the blessing of God in holy wedlock. Ken has given almost twenty years of valuable service at the Sydney Sanitarium, while Margaret has selflessly cared for her aged parents. Loved ones and friends assembled together in the Tumut church hall for a delightful breakfast prepared by the ladies of the church. We wish Ken and Margaret God's richest blessing in their united lives. W. H. Dobie.

**BLACK—NORMAN.** On December 29, 1968, in the Avondale Village church, Cooranbong, New South Wales, Christopher Black and Mary Norman met at the marriage altar to exchange vows. Mary has been employed in the office of the Sanitarium Health Food Company, Lewisham, Sydney, while Chris is cashier at the Greater Sydney Conference office in Strathfield. The bride's parents from Victoria and a number of relatives and friends joined in wishing the happy pair God's richest blessing for their future happiness. Claude D. Judd.

**HINZE—HARRISON.** Gregory Edwin Hinze and Shirley Ann Harrison were married in the Dundas church, New South Wales, on January 5, 1969. The bride's parents are members of the Auburn church while Gregory's parents attend the Parramatta church, and both families are known for their active support of the church. Greg and Shirley will make their home in Melbourne where Greg will take up his appointment on the staff of the Nunawading church school. Friends and relatives joined in wishing them God's richest blessing for the future. Claude D. Judd.

**PASCOE—JONES.** In the Wahroonga church on December 31, 1968, Wilfred Henry Pascoe and Barbara Dawn Jones exchanged marriage

vows. Wilfred, the son of Pastor and Mrs. H. M. Pascoe of Moruma, New Guinea, is an evangelist of the North New South Wales Conference. Barbara, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. H. Jones of Warburton, Victoria, has just graduated from the Sydney Sanitarium. They are devoting their lives to active service for God, and plan to set up their home in Maitland. Their many relatives and friends join in wishing them every happiness and blessing as they walk life's path together. H. M. Pascoe.

**PRICE—JOHANSON.** On December 22, 1968, the Perth City church was the scene of a very pretty wedding when Kevin Ross Price and Susan Patricia Margaret Johanson were united in holy wedlock. Kevin is the younger son of the late Pastor R. N. and of Mrs. Price of Morisset Park, New South Wales, and Sue is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Johanson of Como, West Australia. It was a pleasure to all to have Sister Price present for the happy occasion. The best wishes of relatives and friends are with this young couple as Kevin completes his ministerial training, and as they dedicate themselves to the Lord's service. C. S. Adams.

**STERNE—GOODIN.** The happy hearts of Peter Kenneth Sterne and Diane Judith Goodin were linked inseparably by the vows that made them one at the altar of the Aitkenvale church, Queensland, on Sunday afternoon, December 15, 1968. Midst orchids and other beautiful tropical blossoms and surrounded by a host of friends, Peter and Diane pledged that they would establish a Christian home. May the radiant happiness of their wedding day always be theirs. M. M. Stewart.

**COOLING.** Mary Jane Cooling was born on June 4, 1907, and died on December 25, 1968. She was a mother in Israel and very much loved by those who knew her. Baptized by the late Pastor Mervyn Whittaker in 1931, Sister Cooling had thirty-seven years of happy fellowship in the Toowoomba church, Queensland. Now she rests in the lawn cemetery of that city waiting the call of Jesus. We extend our sympathy to her husband, George, and her four children, Joan (Mrs. T. R. Potts), Isaac, June (Mrs. D. Jull), and James. May the ministry of the Word continue to breathe peace into the hearts of these loved ones. D. A. Brennan.

**COLLMANN.** It is with great regret that we report that Doctor Roderick R. Collmann of Collins Street, Melbourne, lost his life in a car accident at Geelong, Victoria, on the morning of December 21, 1968. The only son of Dr. and Mrs. R. D. Collmann, so well known in Melbourne, Roderick had risen to eminence in his profession and specialty of ophthalmology. After specialist training and work in London for six years, he became widely known and very highly regarded in his practice in Melbourne. Left to mourn his untimely passing are his wife, June, his two children, Richard and Louise, and his father and mother, all of Hawthorn. After a service at the funeral chapel, in association with Pastor H. S. Streeter, we tenderly laid him to rest in the loving care of God, at the Burwood cemetery on Tuesday, December 24, 1968. Llewellyn Jones.

**FEHLBERG.** Another link with the early days of our work here in Tasmania was broken on Sunday, December 29, 1968, when Ada Eliza Fehlberg passed to her rest to await the call of Him whom she had served for the past eighty-one years. It was none other than Pastor S. N. Haskell who brought the message to the Fehlberg home, and right from an early age Ada decided to serve the Master. She attended the Avondale College and the Sydney Sanitarium and Hospital to further prepare herself for greater service. She was predeceased by her husband and leaves to mourn one son, John, his wife and daughter. A large company of relatives and friends gathered at the funeral home in Moonah and at the graveside where the writer directed the minds of all to the glorious day so soon to come when all those who love the appearing of the Great God and Father of mankind shall be re-united. A. D. Pietz.

**HALES.** The long and fruitful life of Brother Loyla Arthur Pritchard Hales took him from his birthplace (1889) in Sydney, Australia, across to Canada, down to Florida, U.S.A., where he met and married his wife, Lilian, and then finally to Greymouth, New Zealand, where he settled down and raised his family. Here he learned of the Advent message and was baptized by Pastor Pascoe forty years ago. God granted him a full and interesting life, a happy marriage, eight children, and twenty-six grandchildren. On December 13, 1968, he was buried from the Grey-mouth Adventist church that he had helped to build. Our God has promised that the vanished hands once firm and strong will reach out to us again when our Lord shall come in His glory. A. N. Riggins.

**HAMMOND.** Lilian A. Hammond was born in England in 1887 and as the result of a motor-car accident, died at Morisset, New South Wales, on December 20, 1968, being buried at Cooranbong on December 24 in the presence of her family and many friends. The widow of the late Pastor T. W. Hammond, Sister Hammond was active in church and community life until her death and was highly respected for her consistent, godly life all through the many years of her connection with the Adventist message. To mourn her passing she left three sons, Dr. Charles of Brisbane, Dr. Brian of Sydney, and Wallace, principal of our West Australian Missionary College, two daughters, twenty-one grandchildren and three great-grandchildren, nearly all of whom faithfully follow the example of their parents. To each we extend our deepest sympathy, but are very conscious that as she now rests near her late husband, soon they will rise to rejoice with their family and the great multitude of the redeemed, when the Lord shall appear to gather His own from every land and age. Officiating at the graveside were Pastor Jorgensen and the writer. W. G. Turner.

**LONG.** Francis Long, born at Nyngan, New South Wales, on January 19, 1893, died suddenly at the home of his daughter at Balcolyn on December 26, 1968. He had seven children, three girls and four boys: Joy (Mrs. Thomas), Frank, Jean (Mrs. Hanson), Jack, Moya (Mrs. Meekings), Noel, and Malcolm who mourn the loss of a good father. Words of sympathy and comfort were spoken to the sorrowing loved ones at the home and at the Avondale, New South Wales, cemetery by Pastor H. J. Halliday and the writer. A. C. Ball.

**LONG.** All her life Sister May Pemberton Long had been a devout Christian, but it was only eight short years ago that, under the preaching of Pastor Cherry, she heard and accepted God's truth for these times. Since then she has been a faithful member of the Auburn church, New South Wales. Her kindness and Christian virtues endeared her to all who knew her. Almost without warning her heart failed her on the evening of December 18, 1968, and she peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, aged seventy-seven, confident of resurrection to immortal life when Jesus comes to be glorified in His saints. To her two sons, Walter George Smith and Gordon Pemberton Smith, and to a gathering of sorrowing friends a message of comfort was presented, first in the funeral parlour and later at the graveside. We laid her to rest in Rookwood, and there she awaits the Life-giver's call. A. L. Pascoe.

**POLLEY.** Arthur Lewis Polley laid down life's burdens on Sunday, December 29, 1968, at the ripe age of eighty-five. He was a faithful member of our Glenorchy church, Tasmania, and he will certainly be missed by its membership. He leaves to mourn, his wife, a daughter and a granddaughter and their husbands. Words of comfort and hope were spoken both at the Glenorchy church and at the graveside to a large number of friends and relatives who had come to pay their last respects to a man highly thought of in the church, the community and the home. Tenderly and confidently we laid him to rest to await the call of the Life-giver. A. D. Pietz.

**REYNOLDS.** Taynor Phoenix Reynolds died on Sunday, December 22, 1968, at the age of seventy-four years. He lived in the Gympie district, Queensland, for the greater part of his life, and entered into many of the activities of the community. He was highly respected and loved by all, as was evidenced by the large number who attended his funeral at Gympie on December 24. He was associated with the Gympie Seventh-day Adventist church for many years. To his sorrowing wife and relatives we extend our deepest sympathy and point them to the blessed hope of the resurrection morning. A. White.



**SCALE.** Our dearly loved Brother Herbert (Bert) Heddy Scale was born sixty-four years ago and peacefully passed to rest in the Newcastle Royal Hospital after a prolonged and painful illness. In these eastern states of Australia Bert was widely known for his loving disposition and many kindly deeds. In much suffering he revealed constantly an unflinching confidence in his Lord and an unwavering faith in the blessed hope. Baptized at the age of seventeen, Bert's witness for God continued faithfully until the end. A wife, two daughters, Margaret and Yvonne, and two sons, Ivan and Lynton, are comforted by the sure and certain knowledge that their husband and father will very soon be fully restored to them on the glorious resurrection morning. We laid our dear brother to rest in the Avondale cemetery on November 15, 1968. A. P. Dyason.

**SCHNEIDER.** Eliza Martha Schneider passed peacefully to her rest on Christmas day, 1968, aged seventy. This brought great sorrow to her family, especially to her husband, Brother E. Schneider, of the Yeppoon church, Queensland. We believe that this dear lady was ready to meet her God. Brother Schneider looks forward to the resurrection morn in the hope of the reunion with loved ones now sleeping. A. G. Byrne.

**WATT.** John Brown Watt of Ayr, Queensland, fell asleep in death on Wednesday, January 8, 1969. He was born in Scotland in 1893 and with his wife migrated to Australia immediately following the war, and chose to settle down in the rich Burdekin cane-farming district. Brother Watt was baptized by Pastor A. Mitchell in 1961 and although unable because of sickness to attend meetings regularly, yet his love and faith for his Saviour was still strong. To his wife Christina and friends gathered, words of comfort and hope were spoken in the Ayr church and Townsville crematorium. Brother Watt now sleeps, soon to hear the call of the Life-giver on the resurrection morning. E. A. Ferris.

**WEGENER.** Sister Marie Louisa Wegener, a mother in Israel, found rest after months of painful illness, on January 9, 1969, at the age of seventy-nine years. Sister Wegener, formerly a member of the well-known Howse family, will be greatly missed by the members of the Nuri-oopa church, South Australia, of which she was a member, and her husband, Brother Ted Wegener, now retired, was an officer for many years. Of her it could be well said, "Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." Our sympathy goes out to Brother Wegener and the five sons and two daughters who were all present at the services conducted at the funeral parlour and at the Angaston cemetery where Sister Wegener now sleeps awaiting the call of the Life-giver. S. C. Butler.

**WRAY.** Sister Daisy Wray passed to her rest on December 24, 1968, at the age of seventy-eight years after some months of painful illness. Much joy and satisfaction came into her life, and that of her husband, when they attended a mission effort run by Pastor John Wade in Glenelg; and with them, to see the light of truth was to obey it. Pastor H. Roberts was associated with the writer in services at the funeral parlour in Brighton, South Australia, and at the graveside in the North Brighton cemetery on December 26. Our sympathy goes out to the bereaved husband, Brother Leonard Wray, and the members of their family who were pointed forward to the return of Jesus and the resurrection as the bright hope of the future for the Christian. S. C. Butler.

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## RETURN THANKS

The members of the family of the late Henrik Carl (Charlie) Jensen wish to thank all who so thoughtfully sent flowers and other expressions of sympathy on the occasion of his passing to his rest. Would all kindly take this as a personal word of thanks, and be assured that your thoughts and prayers were very much appreciated. L. Jensen.

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## AUSTRALASIAN RECORD

and Advent World Survey

Official Organ of the

AUSTRALASIAN DIVISION OF SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS

Editor - R. H. PARR  
Associate Editor - F. T. MABERLY  
Office Secretary - ANNETTE POLLARD  
Wairoa Representative - WENDY BLANK

Single Subscriptions in Australia and New Zealand \$2.50 per year (post paid).

When mailed to territories outside Australasia and territories annexed thereto (Papua, New Guinea, Lord Howe and Norfolk Islands, Fiji and Western Samoa) \$2.25 extra for British Commonwealth and foreign postage is required.

● Order through your Book and Bible House, or send direct to the Signs Publishing Company, Warburton, Victoria, Australia. 3799

All copy for the paper should be sent to The Editor, "Record," Signs Publishing Company, Warburton, Victoria. 3799

Appearing regularly in the *Australasian Record* are articles from the *Review and Herald*, the general church paper of the Seventh-day Adventists, published at Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

Printed weekly for the division by the Signs Publishing Co., Warburton, Victoria.

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## FLASH POINT . . .

- ✧ Recently we received a newsflash to the effect that Pastor Osborn of the General Conference Treasury Department had passed through Wahroonga; the report went on to say that he had formerly served as president of the Middle East and South American Divisions. For "president" please read "treasurer."
- ✧ Attention missionary workers! The Signs Publishing Company has stocks of the "Signs of the Times" (issues of late last year) which it is willing to sell to churches or individuals for missionary work—and at a greatly reduced figure. For six cents each you may order them from the Sales Manager, Signs Publishing Company, Warburton, Victoria. But if you have a nose for a bargain you won't pass this up: order them in 250 lots and the price drops to five cents a copy!
- ✧ While the young people of the Trans-Tasman Union Conference were having the time of their lives in Auckland at their Youth Congress, their counterparts in the Trans-Commonwealth Union Conference were not sitting forlornly by wishing they had somewhere to go. From West Australia came a bus load of young people under their MV leaders, Pastor Ken Martin and Brother Malcolm Allen, and they made a tour of the Eastern States, making a feature of visiting the Snowy Mountains scheme. At the same time a bus tour from Victoria was introducing its complement of young people to the delights of Queensland's Gold Coast, Sydney and points between. All very successful, we are told.
- ✧ Mr. David Sutcliffe, a teacher from Longburn College, has accepted a secondary school teaching appointment at Avondale. Prior to going to Longburn, Brother Sutcliffe had served for a number of years in the Bismarck-Solomons Union Mission in teaching work and later as principal of the Jones Missionary College.
- ✧ Pastor K. S. Parmenter, president of the South Queensland Conference, has accepted a call to the presidency of the North New Zealand Conference.
- ✧ Pastor R. A. Vince, principal of Longburn College, New Zealand, has accepted a call and will shortly take up his appointment as president of the South Queensland Conference.
- ✧ To fill the vacancy caused by Pastor Vince's transfer to the South Queensland Conference, Brother E. G. Krause, a teacher at Longburn College, has been appointed principal of that college.
- ✧ Mr. Colin S. Fisher, accountant of the North New Zealand Conference, is transferring to Sydney, where he will be the accountant of the Trans-Tasman Union Conference.
- ✧ Pastor R. G. Robinson, an evangelist of the North Queensland Conference, has accepted an appointment as a departmental secretary for the Tasmanian Conference.
- ✧ Mr. John Chermiside, Book and Bible House manager of the South New Zealand Conference is to transfer to the North New Zealand Conference to work in a similar capacity.
- ✧ Mr. C. E. Akroyd, Book and Bible House manager of North New Zealand Conference, has accepted a call to the same position in the Victorian Conference.
- ✧ Mr. Lance Hooper, a teacher from Longburn College, has accepted a call to teach at the Mullumbimby (N.S.W.) church school.
- ✧ Mr. Graham K. Satchell is transferring from the North New South Wales Conference to the Greater Sydney Conference for evangelistic work.
- ✧ Mr. David Blanch, a 1968 graduate from Avondale, was appointed to the Greater Sydney Conference, but this appointment has now been changed and he will be connecting with the North New South Wales Conference for evangelistic work.
- ✧ Miss Milka Pavlica is transferring from office work in the Greater Sydney Conference to the North New South Wales Conference for office work.
- ✧ Mr. and Mrs. Colin Crawford and daughter returned to Rabaul, New Guinea, on January 16 after completing their furlough. Brother Crawford is a teacher at the Jones Missionary College, Kambubu.
- ✧ Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wilson and family recently returned to Australia for furlough. Brother Wilson is a teacher at the Jones Missionary College, Kambubu.
- ✧ Mrs. J. R. Richardson and family arrived in Sydney on January 15 and will shortly leave for Avondale, where the children will commence the new school year. Pastor J. R. Richardson, who has been the president of the Papuan Gulf Mission in the Coral Sea Union Mission and is transferring to the Milne Bay district as president, will come south about March after changing locations and looking over his new field.
- ✧ Pastor and Mrs. L. N. Hawkes and family have arrived in Australia for their furlough. Pastor Hawkes is the Medical secretary for the Bismarck-Solomons Union Mission and also secretary for the Lay Activities, Sabbath School, Radio-TV and Publishing departments.
- ✧ Mr. John Chan of Hong Kong, a graduate of Avondale College in 1961, is connecting with the Greater Sydney Conference for field work.
- ✧ Miss Olwyn Ward of New Zealand has answered a call to nursing work at the Sopas Hospital, Wabag, and flew out to New Guinea earlier this month.
- ✧ During late December, Pastor H. M. S. Richards, Jr., associate speaker of the Voice of Prophecy in America, passed through Australia and New Zealand on a private visit. Pastor Richards had just conducted successful evangelistic reaping campaigns in the Far Eastern Division, and detoured via Australasia on his return home to Glendale, California.
- ✧ Two weeks ago we offered, for 25 cents, our front cover piece "What Is a Grandma?" on art paper, suitable for framing. Printing of this is about to start, so if you want one (and some people want four) WRITE NOW (or it'll be too late).
- ✧ "Finally, brethren . . ." (from Pastor M. C. Bland): Speakers (public or otherwise) should remember: the longer the spoke the bigger the tire.