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EDITOR: R. H. PARR

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In Libya's Benghazi Adventist Hospital

AN AUSTRALIAN MISSIONARY DOCTOR IS SAFE

ROBERT H. PARR

CONCERN for the safety of Dr. Sally Kent, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Kent of Melbourne, was allayed when word recently came through that she is safe and well. Dr. Kent left Australia early in July of this year to take up a post at the Adventist hospital at Benghazi, in Libya, Northern Africa. The call was sponsored by the General Conference for a woman doctor to fill a need at the hospital as, in Moslem lands, the women are not permitted by their husbands and fathers to be attended by a male medico.

Not long after her arrival in the country, a revolution occurred. The aged and ailing King Idris, while being treated in Greece for his maladies, was deposed by an army coup. The ports and airports of Libya were sealed and all communications ceased.

Usually in these coups, after a few days, matters return to normal, communications are restored, and everything reopens. In this case, however, the country remained sealed up for nearly one month. Reports in the papers of tank movements to Benghazi, with rumours of fighting in the city, did nothing to abate anxiety. It was a great relief when word finally reached her parents that Dr. Kent was safe and well.

In her letter she stated that it was all rather exciting at first, but that it was remarkable how soon one gets used to soldiers swarming everywhere, a curfew, and the necessity to use a pass to go anywhere.

Under Royal Patronage

The Adventist hospital in Benghazi was under royal patronage, being largely a gift from the ex-king. In earlier letters Dr. Kent told of her work at the hospital, and how the children and babies with gastro-enteritis were nursed on the mud floor of the huts, being brought to the hospital far too late, with a subsequent high mortality. While other aspects of the medical work there were less depressing, the need for the hospital was very great and it was certainly helping cope with the medical problems of the area.

Our work in some Moslem lands has become very difficult. A recent article in the "Australasian Record" disclosed that in Algeria and Morocco, where we once had flourishing churches, these churches are now practically empty. In those lands, any

conversion to Christianity is severely punishable, both parties suffering penalties.

In Libya, ex-King Idris was pro-Western, his kingdom having been founded by the British. The army junta that recently seized power is believed to be pro-Nasser of Egypt, and so anti-Western. It could be that our work is in for hard times in Libya, similar to that experienced in other militant Moslem lands. Until forced to close, our Benghazi hospital, along with our many other fine medical institutions, will try to help and heal the body, and in addition seek to bring a knowledge of Christ and His soon coming to those who will receive it. In these lands especially, the medical work is indeed the right arm of the message.

When Dr. Sally Kent was in transit through the international airport at Sydney on her way to Benghazi, she was assisted by her grandparents, Pastor and Mrs. J. W. Kent. Having given a lifetime in denominational service, they were proud to help their granddaughter as she left to carry on the family tradition of service. Their joy was increased when one official observed to Pastor Kent: "What a sweet little girl to be travelling so far and alone!" Pastor Kent relates that he said to the official, "That little girl is a doctor going through to Benghazi in medical mission work for the Seventh-day Adventist Church." "Is that a fact?" the official rejoined. "So young and attractive!"

Pastor Kent concluded his letter to the editor by saying that the "Record" readers, he felt sure, would "share in the joy of aged grandparents that one of their beloved children, along with many other young people, should enter the service of the remnant church, to be used by God in the proclamation of the grand message we all love."

DECEMBER IS YOUTH CONGRESS MONTH

T.T.U.C., December 25-29—Avondale

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T.C.U.C., December 30-January 4—Canberra

APPLICATIONS CLOSE NOVEMBER 10

(Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.)

An Open Letter from Samoa

MOVING "MOUNTAINS" ON MANONO

To our Sisters and Friends who are helping the Dorcas work in Samoa:

Greetings to you all! We would like to thank you for your kind help in sending us clothing to assist with our Dorcas work here in Samoa. We believe in God's blessing through Dorcas Welfare, one of the branches of His work.

A large number of poor and unfortunate people have received help from this work and are very grateful for it. These unfortunate people shed tears of happiness and gratitude, and also thank us with their whole hearts as this work is very important to them.

Early this year, my husband (Pastor Neru) and I ran some evangelistic meetings in one of the unentered islands of the Samoan Group which is called Manono. Prior to the commencement of our meetings, we started our Dorcas work. We went round the island visiting all the homes, and we found that the need was great. Many people were very poor and were always hungry. We visited 113 homes on that small island.

Some families, when they saw us approaching, left their houses and ran away because they as yet did not know or understand the kind work we would do for them, and so we did not visit these empty houses but continued our work until we had gone right around the island.

We gave out sixty-eight parcels of clothing. This help was not sufficient for the needy people of the island, but we had nothing else to give them. These dear people had tears in their eyes as they expressed their appreciation and gratitude and said that this was the first time on their island that they had received free clothing and help. They were both surprised and overjoyed.



Three of our Samoan Dorcas ladies who carry on a strong work in their area.

(Photo: D. E. Hay.)

Rude Interruption

Then the evangelistic meetings began. On the second night, Pastor Neru received opposition from the minister of another religion on the island. Toward the end of the meeting, his preaching was rudely interrupted when this minister rushed inside the meeting house and, taking off his belt, started to beat the people (mostly his own church members) and chase them out of the house. He used abusive language and told the people they were fools to listen to the preaching of Seventh-day Adventist doctrine. He then went outside and yelled out at the top of his voice to the people of the island to come and beat up the Seventh-day Adventist minister and chase him off the island. He shouted again and again but not a single person moved to do anything against Pastor Neru.

The whole crowd kept still. Why? Here is the answer: They had nothing against us and their hearts had been touched through the kind work of the Dorcas Society. The following Sunday this same minister told his congregation in no uncertain terms that if they could not, or would not, chase out the Seventh-day Adventist minister from their island then they had better bury him (the angry minister) alive as he could not stand having an Adventist minister on Manono Island. Again the people refused to do anything against us, nor did they pay any attention to their minister.

Great Need

Sisters, there is still a great need on this island, and these poor and hungry people are asking us for help. We do appreciate and thank you for the help you have so willingly given us in the past. We do believe that the Dorcas work in Samoa is indeed one of God's channels in spreading the message and saving souls for His kingdom.

We do not have many riches in our small country, but the need is great and your help is very much appreciated.

The Apia Dorcas Society is working on various projects, including one very important and much appreciated task which is our monthly visits to the hospital. We usually give out more than 300 parcels of food, bouquets, and Bible verses every month to encourage and cheer up the sick.

Once again, we greatly appreciate and thank you for your able assistance and help. God bless you all.

(Mrs.) P. Neru,
Dorcas Leader, Apia Church,
Western Samoa.



Captain and Mrs. Reggie Toto

(Photo: M. Polley)

A WEDDING OF INTEREST

ISOBEL M. PAGET

A wedding of wide interest to Queenslanders and ex-New Hebridean missionaries alike, was celebrated here at Aore recently.

Captain Reggie Toto took as his bride Staff Nurse Lily May Daniel of the Aore Hospital. Reggie, the captain of the "Pacifique," has visited Queensland on two occasions and taken part in mission promotion work in that state. During that time he won the hearts of the folk from the sunshine state with that winning Christian sunshine smile of his own. Our staff nurse caught the sunshine of his smile, and another Christian home where genuine love reigns, has been set up.

Reggie's mother is our highly respected "Grandma" Phoebe, the first New Hebridean lady to accept the message, and Lily's father and mother were among the early converts from Atchin Island. When she was a little girl Lily's parents went out as missionaries to a wild heathen area on another island, setting up the gospel standard as teachers. She still remembers those days with a smile as she recalls the loneliness, sickness, strange ways and a new language. God bless them as they work together.

☆ ☆ ☆

"The mother who trains her children for Christ is as truly working for God as is the minister in the pulpit."—"Prophets and Kings," page 219.

HISTORIC PICTURE GALLERY



"TO THE HARVEST FIELD AWAY." A bunch of youthful zealots pause in their rush to leave college on an Appeal for Missions trip. Where the word "Pastor" appears in parentheses before a name, it indicates that the man was subsequently ordained. An asterisk indicates that the one so indicated is now deceased.

From left: (Pastor) Raimund Reye*, Charles Goodchild, Oscar Standish, Alf Chatman, (Pastor) Fergus McFarlane*, (Pastor) Robert H. Powrie, (Pastor) David Sibley, (Pastor) Jack Kent, (Pastor) Norman Ferris*, (Pastor) A. J. Campbell and Hugh Newbold. (Photo: A. J. Campbell.)



EARLY WARBURTON SCHOOL

The students of the small pioneer church school that was started in Warburton in the early 1900s. It met, in its earliest days, in a wash house in the winter and in a tent in the summer. Later it transferred to the church porch when it was built, and such well known names as Mrs. C. H. Pretymen, A. W. Anderson, A. King and J. P. Gregory helped by teaching certain subjects to the students. We cannot provide all the names but we have some tabulated, and thank various people who have helped in the identity-hunt.

From left, BACK ROW: Miss P. Prismall (teacher), Winifred Worth (Peacock, Reid), Clarence Walton, Laurence Walton, Eric J. Johanson, Harding Merritt, ———, Bertram Johanson and ———.

THIRD ROW: Vera Croombe, Betty Mortimore (?) (Romero), Hazel Speer, Doris Anderson (Cooper, Davey), and Olga Thompson (Miller).

SECOND ROW: Colville Hawkes, ———, Edgcombe Miller and Victor Worth.

FRONT ROW: Walter Whelan (?), ———, Elsie Croombe (?), Nettie Davis (Martin), Tossie (?) Croombe, Glen Thompson, ———, and Dulcie Davis (Haysom).

Where we have been able to ascertain the married names of the girls, we have shown such in parentheses after the maiden name. Two names in parentheses indicate that the party so designated married twice.

Photo: Mrs. W. Reid (Winifred Worth in the picture).

Pathfinder Project

PUTTING NEW GUINEA ON WHEELS

J. K. AITKEN

WHAT PROJECT would challenge and stimulate out-going teenage Pathfinders was our concern at Kanwal in considering plans for our new year of office. We decided that perhaps we could find some old bicycle frames and parts and, starting from bare metal, do them up. They would belong to the individual Pathfinders as long as we could cover costs on dues, etc.

The bicycles were completely taken apart and thoroughly redone, so that the completed job would be fault-free. Frames were sand-papered, repainted and the moving parts put into good working order. The eight completed bikes made a nice demonstration at the Fair. One was completed with special handle-bars and one was a three-speed model.

We found that the Pathfinders all worked very well at the project. However, some workers whose workmanship might have left something to be desired were encouraged to take pride in better workmanship. We felt that they had begun to learn the value of work, that they had started a skill which, once having been through, they would never completely forget. It is interesting to notice that some girls were in the class also. The whole exercise was valuable character training and also contributed considerably towards completion of the Cycling Honour.

Service

We also had in mind that the beginning of Christian experience should be based on service for others. The law of life for heaven and earth is the law of self-sacrificing love. And so suggestion was made that if the Pathfinders were to keep these bikes for themselves, every two Pathfinders should make one bike and send it to the mission field to assist the teachers to get around more quickly. We have four bicycles almost completed now and they will go to New Guinea. The next step will be to consider to whom they will go, how to get them there, and how to defray any cost involved. We thought that we would write to some missionaries we know and ask if they would nominate teachers who could use the bicycles.

The bicycles would thus be used to hasten the message, and it may be our juniors could begin writing to these teachers with mutual benefit. If we found that there were more bicycles needed than we could supply, we wondered if there would be other Pathfinder Clubs that would be willing to assist with such a project.

There is no doubt that our juniors were not idle while repairing these bikes, and that they were giving of their best. We

(Concluded on page 7)



A Word from the General Conference President

YOUTH

Our Hope for Tomorrow

Zurich, Switzerland.

Dear Friends of Adventist Youth:

It is Saturday night—or is it Sunday morning? Outside my hotel a huge time-piece just finished striking midnight. The first Adventist World Youth Congress is now history. A few minutes ago I stood in Switzerland's largest auditorium—Hallenstadion, here in Zurich—looking out over 12,000 empty seats. Half a dozen people still lingered in the hall.

Though my body is weary, my spirits are high. Many times this week I have been reminded of Ellen White's statement: "With such an army of workers as our youth, rightly trained, might furnish, how soon the message of a crucified, risen, and soon-coming Saviour might be carried to the whole world!" ("Messages to Young People," page 196.) I believe thousands of the youth who attended the congress belong to this army.

They were here from Africa, Asia, Australia, Eastern Europe, Western Europe, North America, South America, and from the islands of the sea. They represented almost every race on earth—yellow, black, white, brown, and red. They spoke and sang in a score of languages. I saw them at play, at work, and at prayer. I thank God for these clean-living, spiritually minded young men and women.

My soul was stirred as I witnessed thousands upon thousands of them respond to the Sabbath morning appeal to make Christ first, last, and best in everything. I saw thousands on the Saturday night pledge themselves to participate in all branches of church endeavour. It was a moving sight.

When the Yugoslavian choir sang, when the Czechoslovakian youth gave their stirring portrayal of the martyrdom of John Huss and other thrilling scenes from Czechoslovakian church history, when the youth of other countries participated, my throat was full, my spine tingled with pride.

The hearts of all present were touched as young Mrs. Brian Dunn, missionary to the island fields of Australasia, told how her husband was thrust through by a spear on the island of Malaita about four years ago. I had met Mrs. Dunn in New Guinea last year. Her testimony here was a moving one. She is back in the mission field carrying on the noble tradition of her husband.

The youth from Ceylon gave us a little insight into what may be ahead for God's people in other lands before the Saviour returns. In their country the weekly rest day has been replaced by wandering Buddhist holidays. One week the rest day may be on Thursday; the following week it may fall on Monday. One can easily understand some of the problems and tests such a wandering "Sabbath" poses for our members in Ceylon. Men lose their jobs, students miss examinations, and other problems arise.

Today word came from one country that two Adventist young men in the Navy had gone to prison for refusing to work on the Sabbath. This experience had a sobering effect upon many of the youth present, and special prayer was offered for these two boys. Tomorrow their youth leader will fly home to approach the authorities in an effort to secure their freedom.

Of course, there were some "shaggies" and "stringies" among the thousands present. Of course, there were some who did not represent Christian standards of dress as they might have. There may even have been one or two presentations that could have better reflected the message we love. But if there were a few disappointments, there was a preponderance of moving, heart-warming presentations that left me with great confidence in Adventist youth.

Theodore Lucas, our world youth leader for the past fourteen years, and all his MV compatriots in North America and Europe did not spare themselves in caring for the endless details of preparation that such a mammoth meeting demands. Those of us who saw them in action and who worked with them from a distance, know something of the prayers, the perspiration, and the hard work that went into this congress.

As this great army of youth return to their homes we pray that God will use them to make a mighty impact upon the church and their communities in all lands.

Yours for a finished work,

Robert H. Pierson



Pastor Len Barnard of New Guinea at the controls of the small Cessna in which he recently flew three laymen from Sydney to New Guinea to build a church in the Porgera Valley. The laymen paid for the trip and gave their holiday time to build the church.

ADVENTIST LAYMEN KNOCK OFF WORK TO CARRY BRICKS

M. M. STEWART

Public Relations Secretary, North Queensland Conference

Three Adventist laymen, Brethren Lyndsay Vogel, Les Chandler and Pat Kay, all of Sydney, dropped from the sky into Townsville, with their pilot, in a small Cessna plane, on Thursday evening, August 29.

The pilot was our veteran flying-missionary, Pastor Len Barnard of New Guinea, who inspired this flying mission.

Challenged by the need of tradesmen to build a church in the Porgera Valley near Laiagam in New Guinea, these dedicated laymen decided to club together with Pastor Barnard, hire a plane at their own expense, and fly in to do the job during their holidays. They literally knocked off work to carry bricks. So it was that they made the overnight stop at Townsville.

The large provincial daily, "The Townsville Bulletin," and the ABC told this story of self-sacrificing zeal in a very nice way.

So whatever way we look at it, this venture was good and did good. Holiday-wise, it was good for the men. Public relations-wise, it was good for the church. Missions-wise, it will mean good progress for God's cause.

God bless and reward you flying laymen and your pilot. We salute you.



Touch-down at Townsville. Greeting the airmen is Brother H. Tressler, secretary of the North Queensland Conference. Left to right: Pastor Barnard, Brethren L. Vogel, L. Chandler, P. Kay and H. Tressler. (Photos: M. M. Stewart.)

Bathurst Forms a Priscilla Club

---WHATEVER THAT IS

AUDREY OGG

WE ALL HAVE at least one talent. We could hardly get along without it. We all use it. Some of us improve it. Some use it only for themselves. Some use it for others. Some are satisfied with the amount they have of it. Others wish they had more. Some appear to have plenty of it, until the Sabbath school and young people's leaders ask them to use up some of it.

Then it is that the truth comes out about it. Some admit quite freely they just do not have much of it, and do not want any more anyway. Others hum and ha and make excuses about it, knowing in their hearts they have more of it, but lack the courage to say so, or the knowledge of how to get more. And yet others envy those who have plenty, and sincerely wish they had more themselves. And luckily for the church leaders, there are those who have plenty and love to use it.

But I am sure that most of our church leaders wish that the members in their churches had more of it. And I am certain that there is an easy way for you all to get more of it.

Just Form a Club

Just form a Priscilla Club. We have one here in Bathurst, and if you have never heard of one anywhere else, do not be alarmed at your lack of knowledge because, as far as I know, this is the only one there is. It is a success, and therefore our members wish that we share with you our ideas so that they may be a benefit to you all.

Our Priscilla Club is simply a public speaking club for the lady members of our Bathurst (New South Wales) church. Names are very important and so rather than call it just a public speaking club, we chose to take a Scriptural name, and Priscilla seemed to be the "with it" name to use. It has the right connotation, and we hoped that perhaps the name would catch on and spread to Aquila Clubs for the men also. Sure enough, as soon as our club was launched one of the leading brethren said, "Why don't you get your husband to run a club for the gentlemen? That's just what we need, too."

We launched our club as follows:

★ **Step One.** I lobbied among the ladies to ascertain the potential interest, and to see what support for the idea there would be. This assured me that I would have some support and prepared some of the ladies in advance.

★ **Step Two.** We prepared a simple publicity sheet setting out the aims and purposes of the club, with a place for potential members to sign if they wished to join.

★ **Step Three.** I then took the ten-minute missionary time and promoted the idea thoroughly to all. The publicity sheet was distributed and those wishing to join were asked to sign. These sheets were then collected.

★ **Step Four.** All that was left to do then was to meet and commence our club in earnest.

Aim: Encourage One Another

We chose to meet on Thursday evening from 7 to 8 o'clock. This is the day most of our ladies do their week-end shopping. They are therefore all dressed up for the afternoon trip to town and they have only to go home, get the tea and, leaving the family in Father's loving care, come out for our 7 p.m. meeting.

The meetings take a very simple form and all take part. Our aims are to encourage one another in the art of public speaking in church meetings, at social functions, in churches of other denominations and in the telling of children's stories. We have a theme song which we sing to commence each meeting. Prayer is then offered. A minute book is kept and items of business are voted upon. We then proceed with whatever programme has been planned for the evening. This we vary from week to week.

At our first meeting I chose a wide variety of secular subjects such as "The Tourist Attractions of Bathurst," "How to Feed a Small Child," "My Tastes and Opinions on Interior Decorating." These were then written on separate pieces of paper. A member was chosen to come forward, take a subject, go to the next room, consider and write notes for two minutes, then return and speak on it for two minutes. Thus only one member was absent considering her subject at any one time, and as each speaker finished, the one who was outside preparing took her place. The aim here was to encourage people to think on their feet and to recover quickly from the initial shock of being asked to speak in public—especially for first-time speakers.

The next week we chose well known religious subjects. These were taken from "The Bible Story" and listed with each subject were page numbers to use for reference. The books of reference were supplied. The same system as the previous week operated, except that members were given four minutes to consider and two minutes to speak.

We then decided to take the same stories for the next week, but this time to tell them to kindergarten children. We arranged for a group of small children to be present to simulate a Sabbath school. Songs were interspersed with the stories for the benefit of the children.

Own Choice

Next we gave members the opportunity to choose a subject themselves, prepare a five-minute talk and deliver it. This occupied two weeks, allowing for all members to take a turn.

After this we allocated each member a different Sabbath school mission story to learn and tell as to an adult Sabbath school.

These are some of the ideas that we have used. Most weeks, some time was taken giving hints and suggestions on various types of public speaking. We do not engage in the usual form of public speakers' criticism. Our aim is to encourage, not discourage. To get people over that first period of nervousness, that is the thing. The improvement of the members' ability to speak in just a few weeks would have to be heard to be believed. We all agree that it has been a real blessing to us. The one talent that we have in common can be improved if we will. If we can converse with one another, we can converse with two or more. I have heard it said that some public speakers like to think of their audiences as a whole lot of cabbages, to help them to have courage and calm nerves. I prefer to think of an audience as my friends, sitting around my lounge room, listening to a one-sided conversation. This way I find I can keep the audience-contact that is necessary to gain and maintain their interest.

Priscilla and Aquila were servants of the meek and lowly Jesus. So are we. If you are afraid to speak for Him, look around you. Maybe you will find some friends like yourself. You will probably also find some not so shy as yourself, or if they were once shy, who have overcome their shyness enough to be able to talk in your meetings. Perhaps together, you, too, could form a Priscilla Club and help lighten the burden of the various church leaders when they look about for willing speakers.

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When God needs a person to stand, though alone, against what is evil and wrong, He may choose a soul to the world all unknown, who is courageous and strong. So it may be that now, in your humble home sphere, He is shaping your life to His plan, that when He may tell you the crisis is here, and call you to meet it, you can.—Eugene Rowell.

A Meeting of "Dried-Out Squares"?

MADGE GEDDES

IT CERTAINLY WAS NOT a gathering of youth. It *could* have been a convocation of elderly citizens being entertained by their younger brothers and sisters. But one thing was clear: everyone was of the same mind and purpose—to renew acquaintance with as many old friends as possible in one short evening. Yes, it *was* the 1969 Avondale Ex-Students' Reunion.

The Pennant Hills Community Centre provided the atmosphere of warmth and "befitting elegance" which we had been promised. Before 6 p.m. on that wet Sunday evening, August 24, the first-comers were pumping one another's hands and peering at the identification tickets on the lapels of those they were not quite sure of. By the time the two-hundred-odd guests had arrived, some voices were already hoarse!

The chairman—Pastor George Rollo—with his customary aplomb, was not the least disconcerted by the temporary failure of the P.A. system, but assured the chattering assembly, "That's wonderful—I can hear *you* perfectly!" They took the hint—eventually!

After his bright speech of welcome and a few brief announcements, the chairman "launched" the first major item of the evening—the meal, or shall I say, banquet? It was a delightful repast, well prepared, skilfully organized, and thoroughly enjoyed! Further links with the past were forged while the meal progressed, as more and more folk recognized each other and found opportunity to chat.

The empty dishes vanished, chairs were quickly rearranged, and we sat back to imbibe a second feast—of musical and other items. Win Bullas's pianoforte solo from the Warsaw Concerto was an invigorating start. Des Stacey's songs, "Arise, O Sun" and "The Lord Is My Light" were much appreciated; and the sight of Mr. Will Johnson accompanying at the piano brought back memories to

Avondale music ex-students present. Mrs. Vi Letham delighted all with the delicate humour of her recitation, "The Newlyweds Go Fishing," while Franklin Wainman's rendering of the saxophone items, "One Kiss" and "Stouthearted Men," was of such ease that one gained the impression he had been born with the instrument in his mouth!

COLLEGE HYMN

Hearts of faith and hallowed wisdom

*Built our school's foundation strong;
Heritage of consecration
Comes to us to carry on.*

Depth of knowledge, heights of worship

*Blend with play in harmony;
Education for the present
And for all eternity.*

CHORUS:

*"A greater vision of a world in need,"
Our motto and our all-constraining creed.*

May He still guard thy sacred flame,

*To kindle lives in Jesus' name,
O Avondale, O Avondale.*

WORDS: Mary Buckingham Trim

MUSIC: A. G. Thrift

Photographs of Yesteryear

Brian Townend, Avondale's assistant librarian, displayed photographs of "yesteryear" from the college archives, and also made an appeal for missing copies of the historic "Far and Near" and other college publications. A highlight of the evening was reached in Pastor C. S. Palmer's speech. Pastor Palmer has been described as a "beloved and indestructible principal of Avondale's yesteryear." He spoke of the first college principals, mentioning each by name, and grouping them in "eras"—e.g., the era of the American Invasion, followed by the time of the Sons of Avondale, and later the Anglo-Saxon Invasion. He stressed the fact that both "the American Invasion" (involving such distinguished names as Prescott, Wood, Cossentine and Martin) and the "Anglo-Saxon Invasion" (led by Doctors Murdoch and White) did much for Avondale.

Pastor Palmer thoughtfully led us up onto the plateau of the consciousness of the divine selection of the site for Avondale College. There for a moment we paused—our hearts subdued and grateful that this occasion was not just another social gathering, but we were actually all here as the result of the Lord's direct leading.

Pastor David Sibley appropriately followed with a monologue of his own composition, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Laurence Gilmore. He then gave us an inspiring message in song.

Noel Clapham "prodded" us out of our nostalgic reveries and brought us face to face not only with the present reality of



Those who courageously faced the camera at the Avondalians Association's annual get-together, heedless of Time's ghastly etchings on face and figure.

(Photo: L. Gilmore.)

Avondale, but also with the prospect of stimulating days ahead. Mighty changes have taken place in the physical plant, and more are on the way. Professor Greer did a wonderful thing for Avondale when he created the Symphonic Choir.

Best to Come

But Avondale's best days, Doctor Clapham felt, are still to come. While he commended the Constitution of the Avondalians' Association as obviously normal and practical, he felt that its objectives could be expanded to include the promotion of the Avondale of the future. Some of the "oldies" think "Avondale is not what it used to be." Some of the younger ones regard the "oldies" as "Saos" (dried-out "squares"! But for old and young, the spirit of Avondale remains—a desire to find and do God's will and to go out and serve mankind.

The College Hymn (words by Mary Buckingham Trim and music by A. G. Thrift) was learned on the spot. An impromptu choir of eight well-known male voices conducted by Dr. Clapham led the way.

A message of fellowship and greetings was passed by vote to be sent to Pastors Eric Boehm and Carl Raphael, both of whom were, at the time of our gathering, in hospital.

A vote of thanks to the ladies who worked so arduously in the kitchen with such good results, needed no urging.

The evening concluded after the taking of a group photograph (organized by Pastors Laurence Gilmore and Ivan White), the voting in of the Constitution of the Avondalians' Association, as it is now to be known, and the election of new officers.

And now we look forward to next year's gathering, to be held, we hope, at Avondale.

South New South Wales

NEW CHURCH OPENED IN NOWRA

H. OSMOND, Secretary-Treasurer, South New South Wales

JUST OVER 200 happy smiling people gathered at McKay Street, Nowra, on Sabbath afternoon, August 30, 1969, for the dedication of the new church. Visitors came from Sydney, Wollongong, Oak Flats, Bowral, Tumut, Bega and Canberra to rejoice with the thirty-three members of the Nowra church and join in the act of dedication.

It was very evident that Brother G. Harris, the builder, and his many voluntary helpers had spared no pains in erecting a decorative and sound structure. The beautiful lectern, of striking and unusual design, was made and donated by the Grolimund brothers as a token of esteem to and in memory of their late father, Pastor M. Grolimund, who was pastor of the church for ten years.

Pastor E. B. Andrews welcomed the congregation and introduced the deputy president of the Shoalhaven Shire, Councillor G. Ritchie, who congratulated the members on their fine achievement in the community.

One of the elders, Brother J. C. Warren, gave a short history of the Nowra company since the first twelve members met in the R.S.L. Hall in 1940.

In his dedicatory address, the president of the Trans-Commonwealth Union Conference, Pastor S. M. Uttley, stressed the solemnity of this joyous occasion, reminding us all that we are a "spectacle unto the world and to angels and to men." What if the "salt" should lose its savour or the "light" should be hidden from view?

The challenge of the hour could be summed up in the following words:



Douglas Gibbs, at the desk, singing at the opening of the Nowra church. On the rostrum are (left to right): Councillor Ritchie, Pastors C. D. Judd, S. M. Uttley, H. B. Christian and E. B. Andrews.

The human resources of the church were never so great as they are today.

The opportunities of the church were never so glorious as they are today.

The work of the church was never so urgent as it is today.

Pastor H. B. Christian, president of the conference, led the congregation in the act of dedication, and the secretary-treasurer, H. Osmond, presented a cheque for \$200 to the church toward the purchase of an electronic organ. Douglas Gibbs delighted the assembly with his rich bass voice as he sang, "Open the Gates of the Temple" and "How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings." The closing hymn was especially written for the occasion by Sister Ruby James, wife of the organist, George James.

"To the glory of God our Father by whose favour we have built this house; to the honour of Jesus, our Lord and Saviour; to the praise of the Holy Spirit, source of life and light, we dedicate this house, O God, to Thee."

Putting New Guinea on Wheels

(Concluded from page 3)

only hope they catch and never lose some of the effervescent joy of serving and helping a worthy cause. Maybe one day they may hear first-hand from one who received a bicycle, and thus know the joy of hearing of the good they have been able to do.

We hope that this project will contribute to the enlargement of ideals and that it may one day lead to new recruits for needy fields.



The new church at Nowra, South New South Wales Conference.

(Photos: H. Osmond.)

Another Kind of Missionary Volunteer

R. W. TAYLOR, Departmental Secretary, Australasian Division

VOLUNTEERS USUALLY let themselves in for something. Often it is hard and dangerous work—although occasionally there can be pleasant surprises. Such prospects had little effect on a bridegroom of only a few months who, with his wife, a triple certificated nurse, offered to give six months' service without wages at the Atoifi Adventist Hospital on Malaita.

Of course, they knew that Brian Dunn had made the supreme sacrifice at this same spot and that the people who took his life and are still regarded by the government as dangerous, live in the hills behind the hospital. But, then, this whole hospital has been established by those who have been prepared to sacrifice. That is the secret of its success, the reason why heathen people who a few months ago stood glaring with bloodshot eyes and upraised weapons, now bring offerings of vegetables and clasp the hands of doctor and nurse alike as with obvious emotion they exclaim, "Mipela thankem yu."

The Atoifi hospital has come a long way since Brother and Sister L. H. Smith, under almost impossible conditions, strove to erect the first buildings. Sabbath school members around the world shared in the venture through their Thirteenth Sabbath Offering. Administrators have planned and the tradesmen have built, while Dr. Lyn McMahon and family, assisted by Brother and Sister Lens Larwood and a team of island nurses, have bent every energy to make the work not just assembled bricks and mortar but an institution of healing and service, a place where suspicious natives can, in time of physical need, discover that Christianity means love in action.

Problem Solved

When the Larwoods had to go on furlough, the dilemma of the administration

was solved when Cliff Newman and his bride, Frances, better known to many in Australia as Sister Frances Pratt of the Sydney Sanitarium, volunteered for service. Cliff, who became an Adventist only a couple of years ago, was well equipped for his job of maintenance man and electrician as he had been chief maintenance-electrician of the Chevron Hotel, Sydney, until the time of his departure for Malaita. Cliff is not completely new to mission life for, within a few months of being baptized, he volunteered for service at the Sonoma project and spent three months in Rabaul with the first group of five who got the project under way.

Speaking of her reactions after completing two months of their volunteer service, acting-matron (Pratt) Newman summed up her feelings in these words as she cuddled Karbul, the lovable babe whose mother died following her birth, "I would like to stay here for years. This is real nursing!" "They are giving wonderful service," said the doctor as he pulled off his gloves after an emergency operation early in the morning of his day off.

As members of the Adventist Church who are interested in the success of an extensive mission programme, we must express appreciation to this young couple for giving six months of free service during their first year of marriage. We would like to thank the doctor, too, who left a good practice for unlimited hours



Sister Newman (formerly Frances Pratt of the Sydney Sanitarium) cuddles Karbul in the main corridor of the Atoifi hospital. The plaque on the wall is in memory of Brian Dunn who died as a result of being speared near this spot.

(Photos: R. W. Taylor.)



Brother Newman conducts classes in maintenance for the staff as well as attending to many routine duties.



Dr. L. McMahon performs an operation in the hospital. The anesthetist is Dr. Posala, the first Adventist Solomon Islander.

of difficult service where he, alone, must shoulder the responsibility of each medical problem of his 100 bed-patients requiring 350 major operations a year and more than 1,000 minor ones, plus the unscheduled but never unexpected parade of outpatients whose numbers run in thousands.

Real Rewards

We ought to thank the nursing staff for standing by the doctor with equal devotion and backing up his service with long hours of efficient nursing care. And there are a whole host of other people, too, who have sacrificed to make this hospital what it is. But what are our words compared with the real rewards?

"Suni and Finau have both told me that they are going to be Christians—Adventist Christians," said Dr. McMahon as I was about to leave Atoifi. His tone was one of enthusiasm, almost excitement, as if one of his patients had been snatched from the grave. Suni had been carried into the hospital from a heathen inland village unable to walk or talk. He had eaten nothing for five weeks prior to admission and was critically ill with TB. He weighed only four stone. Now, looking robust and with his disease arrested, he was about to be discharged from the hospital. Finau had just been re-admitted with a relapse of the same disease. "He has a four-inch cavity in the centre lobe of the right lung," explained the doctor. "Only a miracle can save him."

The whole staff had been praying for these men and now they had decided to follow their Lord. Early one Sabbath morning I met with the staff of the hospital as they gathered in the doctor's home for their regular prayer band. Patients were mentioned by name as God

was asked to bless their efforts to relieve tortured bodies, but always there was the request that above all they might come to know Jesus as their Saviour. No wonder Suni's and Finau's decision meant so much to the doctor! These indeed are the real rewards.

In an endeavour to show the extent of His love, Jesus said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." And then look-

ing with prophetic eye the prophet explains, "He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied."

Those who serve today at Atoifi hospital are satisfied that it has been worth the sacrifice, for at last the heathen in his blindness and superstition is discovering the meaning of Christian love. May we individually be prepared to make our covenant with Him through sacrifice that soon the task may be complete.

...AND SO TO CAMP

H. A. DICKINS, President,
Eastern Highlands Mission, New Guinea

THE CAMP MEETING is due to start at Karamui in the Eastern Highlands of New Guinea. The people have walked with their native missionaries from villages as far as thirty miles away over rugged mountains and through deep gorges.

Pastor Calvin Stafford is the district director of this and the Yari areas of the field and has this day returned to Karamui after an eight-day walkabout. Two delegates, Brother Stan Thomson and Brother Errol MacDonald, are due to arrive by mission plane in the afternoon to help out with the programme.

The first difficulty arises when heavy rain sets in in the afternoon, preventing the plane from landing with the delegates, the lighting plant and the movie projector. The native leader in charge of the area, due back from furlough, also has not arrived to care for the needs of the campers. As Pastor Stafford says, "It isn't funny." However, with the aid of a hurricane lantern he moves into the opening meeting in the evening, and begins the next day's programme wondering how he is going to examine all the candidates for baptism and care for the meetings as well.

About eleven o'clock in the morning with the sun shining, the plane arrives in the middle of a Bible study. The pilot is in a hurry, already late for appointments due to bad weather, so the people sing while the director and the pilot discuss future arrangements about the plane.

Finally the plane takes off, the equipment is carried the mile to the camp, the delegates are introduced, the Bible study resumes and camp settles down to normal. This type of activity is all in a day's work in the mission field, but it is interesting to look back on.



These men are typical of the Karamui people among whom the camp meeting was held.

Leprosy Centre

Karamui, nicknamed "The Leprosy Centre of the World," has been a difficult field for mission activities, the people being very degraded. Their former practice of eating their dead no doubt accounts for their present physical and mental condition. However, the gospel is making an impact on the darkness and we are witnessing marked changes, especially among the young people. At this camp in 1969 sixteen young people were baptized and there are indications that the tide is turning in favour of a better way of life as Pastor Stafford and Pastor Kororame, his assistant, make frequent long itineraries among the people.

The film "The Cry of New Guinea," "starring" Pastor Len Barnard, was made in this area, and the cry can still be heard more loudly than ever as the work reaches back into the wild mountains to the south and west.



assisted by Sister Frances Newman and island nurses. er to graduate from the New Guinea Medical School.



The Karamui Adventist mission station.
(Photos: H. A. Dickins.)

A sermon preached at Hastings, New Zealand, on July 26, 1969, by Brother Kyrill Bland, a Bible worker working with Pastor Arthur Duffy.

If Only the Moon Could Speak . . .

KYRILL BLAND



IF ONLY the moon could speak, what tales it would tell!

And ever since last Monday (Moon-day, the ancient day for worshipping the moon) it has been telling more tales than ever before. But if the moon did have a voice, what would it say to earthlings? Let's listen in on a lunar frequency. Can you hear it?

"Little earthlings, what do you think of me?

"You who are postulating my purpose and function in the sky;
You who have recently come to pick my crisp crust,
and scrape my powdery dust;

You who set out on earth's most costly voyage, to collect
a few of my rocks,

And rush them back as offerings to your white-coated gods
with their electron microscopes
and mass spectrometers
ionisation chambers
and computer gadgetry.

To chip and weigh and burn and wash and analyse and
dissolve and recrystallize and protein-analyse and
irradiate and dessicate—

All to postulate my purpose and function in the heavens.

"But if only you had turned to the writings at your fingertips,
and read my purpose there!

"The very first page will tell you, in Genesis 1:14-18:

'And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament
of the heaven to divide the day from the night;
and let them be for signs and for seasons, and for
days and for years; and let them be for . . . lights in the
firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth:
and it was so. And God made two great lights;
the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser
light to rule the night.'

"I am made to shed light upon the earth, that men may see
and understand and act.

"I am the lesser light to rule the night, that men may not
stumble in total darkness.

"I am here for signs, hung in the sky for supernatural signals
from God.

"He made me for a purpose—to light and bless another world
where
He is growing a garden and raising a family.

"My slow, icy nights and long, searing days are unsuited to His
delicate children.

"My cloudless, windless, rainless, sunsetless, birdless, scentless,
airless skies offer no benefit to His breathing sons.

"I am not their house; I am the lamp for their house; the
mirror
to bring a bit of sunshine to the shaded side of earth.

"Earthlings, my purposes are not discovered in my crystal
structure
or mineral content or radio-active half-lives.

"My function is written in the inspired writings—'to give light
upon the earth.'

"Little earthlings, what do you think of me?

"You who have come to me wondering how we all began.

You who are unsure of my origins, postulating that I was
torn crudely from the earth,
or solidified from the same primordial dustcloud,
or was captured by venturing too close to earth,
or coalesced from a multitude of asteroids.

Your earth has been eroded by centuries of sun, frost, wind,
rain, hail, fire and cataract.

So you come here to view my uneroded ridges, my unhealed
meteoric craters, my unblown dusty seas and my unworn
pebbles.

For your astro-physicists like Ralph Baldwin have said,
'There is no existing theory that gives a satisfactory
explanation of the earth-moon system as we know it.'

"But if only you had turned to the writings by your side,
and read my origins there! It is in Psalm 8:3, the song of
the heavens and the earth, of matter and of man:
'When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers,
the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained.'

"I was not cruelly torn from another;
I was fashioned by the finger of God.

"I was not sediment from drifting dustclouds;
I appeared at the command of God's voice.

"I was no wanderer caught unawares by the long finger of
gravity;
I was made on the spot to throw light upon God's new
earth.

"I was no chance-product of meteoric collisions;
I was part of the solar plan of earth's Architect.

"Earthlings, my origins are not read in my geography, geology,
crystallography or paleontology.

"My Maker has given my origin in the inspired writings—
I am the work of His fingers and His voice.

"Little earthlings, what do you think of me?

"You who in various ways have worshipped me.

Once I was the lunar deity Artemis, daughter of Zeus and Latona,
sister of Apollo the god of the sun-chariot,
called by the Romans, 'Diana,'
and worshipped by all Asia and the world at Ephesus
where the image fell down from Jupiter,
and Demetrius the silversmith manufactured shrines.

"In other eras I was Ashtoreth, the Canaanite goddess of fertility,
an ugly, brutish woman,
carried with many as a charm,
and worshipped with lust and passion.

"I was placated by women baking cakes to me,
and men spreading the ancestral bones before me,
the kissing of the hand towards me,
the burning of incense to me,
and sorcerers reading fortunes by me.

"These days I am worshipped with colour-television cameras, seismometers, lunar modules, radio-telescopes and laser-beams.

"But if only you had turned to the writings in your hand, and read of worship there. It is in Revelation 14:7, the cry of the last angel messengers to the world:

'Saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him; for the hour of His judgment is come: and worship Him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters.'

"Worshipping things created can do nothing for you! Worship the Creator!

The heart of earthlings is restless, and longs for someone to trust in.

The things of the universe are interest, but they are not satisfying.

You can fill the heart with things upon things, but still it will cry for more.

Its greatest need is for a Person—a trustworthy, honour-worthy, lovable, worshipworthy Person.

It only finds peace as it falls in adoration at the feet of its Maker.

"Earthlings, true worship is not idolizing my influences or powers or resources.

"My God has revealed true worship in the inspired writings—'worship Him that made heaven and earth.'

"Little earthlings, what do you think of me?

You who have recently littered my lunar landscape with junk.

Here a costly camera, discarded.

There a portable life-support pack, rejected.

Yonder, spacesuit overshoes hardly used, tossed out.

Nearby, a stiffened flag, motionless, with not a soul on the whole sphere to salute it.

Below, a silicon disc inscribed with goodwill messages from world leaders, with never an eye here to read them.

Close by, a lunar module descent stage, with fuel tanks empty, and no gas-pumps on the face of the globe to refuel it.

Costly space junk, now derelict.

Wasteful earthlings!

When others starve and shiver and sigh and pine away.

"But if only you had turned to the writings in your own house, and read your responsibility there.

"It is in Isaiah 58:6, 7, the text for the restorers of the Sabbath day:

'Is not this the fast that I have chosen?

to loose the bands of wickedness,

to undo the heavy burdens,

and to let the oppressed go free,

and that ye break every yoke?

Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry,

and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house?

when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him;

and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?'

"You were given wealth to bless the needy, to be generous with, to show where your heart is, to share with God's children, to feed and clothe and warm and comfort.

"But you shoot it skyward, leaving huge chunks of it all along the way.

"You throw fortunes to the winds, when skinny children tug at your miniskirts.

"You live wastefully in costly capsules, while diseased faces look longingly in the windows.

"Earthlings, it's time you evaluated your responsibility.

Is it to supply lunar junkyards?

Or is it as the inspired writings say—to supply bread to the hungry?

"Little earthlings, what do you think of me?

You come in the pride of your space wisdom.

The accumulated experience of men in space for eight years (or is it 3,000 days merely?),

Of 75 years in flying machines (or is it 4,000 weeks merely?),

And 350 years with telescopic vision (or is it 4,200 months?).

You hide from the earth behind the moon, but can you hide from God?

You stage the greatest TV show off earth, but can you televise heaven?

You measure lunar footsteps as minor moonquakes, but can you cause the sun and the moon to stand still in their habitation?

You soar through space, swoop and descend, to land with claw-like feet upon the ground, to stare at it with beady apertures, and peck at it with scientific beaks—The mighty Eagle of the mighty men of the mighty nation.

"But if only you had turned to the writings in your pockets, and read of the results of pride there.

"It is in Jeremiah 49:16-18, the prophet of judgment for rebellious and stiff-necked people:

'Thy terriblest hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart, O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill: though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord. Also Edom shall be a desolation: every one that goeth by it shall be astonished, and shall hiss at all the plagues thereof.'

"You may come down from the peaks of pride, and your nests upon the pinnacles of fame.

"Though you take Eagle-wings to the stars above, the Lord can bring thee down from thence.

"And remember as you tumble through space, that you cannot do without all that cumbersome armour-plating, to protect you from lethal environments.

"And remember that if some gadget fails, there is the prospect of frizzling or freezing to death.

"And remember if somebody boos with the electronic guidance, it's a long way home if you get lost.

"Earthlings, you may take eagle-wings to the pinnacles of space,
but remember it is in the inspired writings
that space-pride cometh before a fall.

"Little earthlings, what do you think of me?

You who have brought samples of your civilization to leave
as your identifying marks here.

Did you not notice the A.D. upon your metal plaque?

—the sign of One who is at the centre of history,
—to whom peoples beforehand looked forward,
—and to whom peoples since look back?

And is He the centre of your lives?
and homes?

and creeds?
and thoughts?

"Did you not notice the words of one world leader inscribed
upon your silicon disc?

—'When I consider Thy heavens,
the work of Thy fingers,
the moon and the stars,
which Thou hast ordained;
what is man, that Thou art mindful of him?'

And are you mindful of the One who is mindful of you?

"Did you not notice the words 'Come in Peace' inscribed beside
the leading nation's presidential signature?

—a peace that they cannot bring on earth;
—a peace that is missing from most homes;
—a peace that seldom rests upon the heart;

And have you not found the Prince of Peace?

"Did you not notice the place of touch down, the Sea of
Tranquillity?

—unruffled by human strivings,
—unmoved by desires to be superior,
—undisturbed by the ebb and flow of life?

And have you not yet believed His words: 'Peace I leave
with you, My peace I give unto you. . . . Let not your heart
be troubled, neither let it be afraid?'

"Did you not notice the response of the Apollo 8 astronauts to
their space voyage?

—'In the beginning God created the heaven and the
earth.'

And have you still no satisfying theory for the origins of
the universe?

"But if only you had turned to the inspired writings,
and read of the heavenly civilizations there.

"It is in Nehemiah 9:6, the prophet of the rebuilding of the
city of God:

'Thou, even thou, art Lord alone; Thou hast made
heaven, the heaven of heavens, with all their host,
the earth, and all things that are therein,
the seas, and all that is therein,
and Thou preservest them all;
and the host of heaven worshippeth Thee.'

"Earthlings—What shall it profit a man,
if he gain the whole lunar landscape,
and lose the new earth?"



The ladies worked as they had never worked before to make fifty-five robes in one day.

The Impossible Takes Till 8.30 p.m.

W. J. DRISCOLL

(Baby sitter for the day with Pastor Moore, but that's another story.)

Those who organize the impossible get a big thrill when it comes off all right; if it misfires, they're prepared to grin and accept the "I told you so!" And those who back the project enjoy sharing the glory, though they may succumb easily to the "slings and arrows." The "Record" has written up quite a few outstanding impossible achievements. Here's another to add to the list.

The Fulton Chapel Choir was to be clothed in royal blue and white. This was made possible mainly by a generous gift from Dr. Barnard (U.S.A.). All agreed it was a worthy project. But how long would it take to make the robes? Who had the answer?

The "go steady," and "mustn't rush it," and "get the job done quickly" groups cogitated, but not for long. Circulars were soon sent out to all the ladies in Fulton and Suva to gather with their machines at the Suvavou hall on Sunday, August 17, to make fifty-five choir robes—all in one day. Whew! The eyebrows later resumed their normal positions, and the battle was on.

When the last robe came off the assembly line at 8.30 p.m. the same day, the survivors were well satisfied. Never was so much attempted with so few resources in such a short time at so great a risk. But the people had a mind to work, and they did. Pushing a treadle with one foot and rocking the baby with the other is no mean feat. Actually, how these good ladies stuck to the exacting job for so long just amazes me—a mere male. Surely the old bard would never have written that immortal lie, "Frailty, thy name is woman," if he had seen this effort. It was wonderful, even allowing for the odd half-hitch or two.

Hats off to the ladies of the Pacific who said it could be done, and it was done—fifty-five choir robes. And in one day! And just to prove it, the choir marched down the aisle of the Fulton Chapel the following Sabbath arrayed in their robes, complete with stoles, to participate in Pastor Crabtree's farewell service at Fulton.

Welfare Without Walls

BISIATABU LEADS THE WAY

EDNA M. LOCK

OVER SIXTY YEARS AGO the first call of "kahaia lou" (help again) rang from the mountains of Papua and was answered by men and women with a vision. The same call rings today and is being answered by dedicated missionaries, teachers, and lay men and women who are eager to answer the many calls coming from this awakening country.

Nestling in the foothills of the Owen Stanley mountains is Bisiatabu, our oldest mission station in Papua, quietly yet forcefully upholding the torch of truth. At times the torch has burnt low, but there is an awakening in this area and men and women are finding their way back to its light.

"Educate the women and you educate the community" was very strongly impressed on us as my husband and I arrived at Bisiatabu from Port Moresby and made our way to a cleared knoll a little distance from the mission station, where in all its neatness and newness stood the Dorcas Welfare work-room. True, the roof is only of grass, but so beautifully thatched, and the walls—well they are not there yet, but there it stands, somewhere to meet and work for others.

And I am sure, too, that the Dorcas leader, Mrs. Dorothy Wright, and her group of women are as delighted with this humble work-room as other leaders are with their more imposing structures. Mrs. Wright has very ably and energetically led these local women into a fuller understanding of Dorcas work.

Dedication

As my husband spoke to those who had gathered there for the dedication and opening of this work-room, he remarked how fitting it was that here at Bisiatabu, the very first mission station in Papua, the very first Dorcas Welfare work-room should be built. He reminded the women of the good works of Dorcas and admonished them to follow her example in works of charity and helpfulness in the surrounding villages. After the dedicatory prayer, a ribbon, stretched across where the door will one day be, was cut, and the work-room was declared open.

This simple work-room would never have been possible without the untiring help of five young men from New Guinea, who gave so willingly of their spare time to build it. One boy in particular even slept on the site on Saturday nights that he might be ready for an early start on Sunday morning. This is Dorcas work in action, and with the Lord's blessing may the work of this humble society prove effective in winning souls for Him.



Mrs. Edna Lock about to cut the ribbon which was stretched "across the place where the door will one day be."

THE WRITER'S CRAFT--No. 4

WHAT SHALL I WRITE ABOUT?—2

A fortnight ago I mentioned that you should write about something with which you are familiar and about which you have done some research. This time I suggest the answer is: "One thing!"

Yes, that's right. Write about one thing and only one thing! Even experienced writers can fall into this snare. They are so anxious to give the trumpet a certain sound that they don't want to leave out a single thing. So their articles finish up being a hotch-potch of topics unskillfully interwoven.

Every time I have a day in which I write to authors accepting their manuscripts or returning same with thanks but expressing regret that we cannot use their work, I have to emphasize this.

I do not exaggerate when I tell you that I have returned a manuscript to an author who, in the course of one article of six double-spaced pages, dealt with these topics: the state of the dead, the second coming, the millennium, the nature of Christ, heaven, the new earth and the conditional immortality of the soul. Now, when you remember that the "Signs of the Times" is a missionary paper, and when you realize that the large majority of readers are not versed in Adventist interpretation of Scripture, you will see that this was a thoroughly indigestible lump of theology for a beginner to swallow.

If you can persuade your reader on ONE POINT you have achieved something. If you can get your thrust home so tellingly that your reader finds himself nodding in acknowledgement on that single thing, you have not lived in vain. So many, however, feel called upon to tell all they know within the compass of a single article. There are surer ways to a rejection, but not many.

Now how are you going to make a whole article about one item of theology? And hasn't it all been said before, anyhow? Yes, to answer the last question first, it all very probably has been said before. In fact there are only two excuses for writing an article. Either you have something new to say, or you have some old thing to say in a new way. Most writers fall into the second category rather than into the first. And the ways of saying things in a new way are legion—in brackets squared.

You don't believe that? Well, consider how many novels, motion pictures, short stories and stage plays have been written on the theme: boy meets girl; boy chases girl; girl runs, but not too fast; boy catches girl; boy and girl quarrel; boy and girl are reconciled; boy and girl marry. Now, put as starkly as that, you can see that there is not much in that lot to excite anyone. But, in the hands of an expert a story like that can pack the theatres or sell a million copies.

The same strategy is essential if you would write for a religious publication. You have to dress your theme in new clothes so that people will want to read it. And even if you have nothing new to say about the second coming or the value of a vegetarian diet, you can, at least, say it in such a way that no one has ever heard it quite like that before. If you can do that, you are on the way to an acceptance cheque. And I don't know of any nicer feeling than to open a letter which begins something like this: "Thank you for your manuscript entitled 'The Traumatic Experience of Becoming a Vegetarian.' This is now scheduled for use in one of our publications and the enclosed cheque will indicate our appreciation."

Yours for the same old thing said in a new and interesting way,

ROBERT H. PARR.



THE SYDNEY SANITARIUM INVITES APPLICATIONS

SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST young men and women over the age of seventeen years as at June 1, 1970, who are desirous of undertaking the **THREE YEAR GENERAL NURSING COURSE** at the Sydney Sanitarium and Hospital are invited to submit their applications not later than December 31, 1969.

Application forms are available upon request from the Sydney Sanitarium and Hospital, Fox Valley Road, Wahroonga.

The N.S.W. Nurses' Registration Board is prepared to accept for training those young people who hold one of the following Educational Certificates:

NEW SOUTH WALES

University Entrance—Pass in four subjects (English and Mathematics essential).

Higher School Certificate—Pass in four subjects (English and Mathematics essential).

Leaving Certificate—Prior to 1966—Pass in any four subjects.

School Certificate—Pass in four subjects (English and Mathematics essential).

Intermediate Certificate—Prior to 1966—Pass in four subjects.

Nurses' Entrance Examination—(This examination is set at N.S.W. School Certificate level).

(N.B.—"Lower," "Alternative," "Modified" Pass not acceptable.)

Would all applicants who hold educational certificates other than issued by the New South Wales Education Department please forward same to the

Registrar,

N.S.W. Nurses' Registration Board,
52 Bridge Street,
SYDNEY. 2000

for assessment before lodging application with our School of Nursing.

If the certificate is assessed as "acceptable," then lodge the formal approval of the Nurses' Board with your application.

For further information regarding the above, kindly communicate with

Matron R. D. Rowe,
Sydney Sanitarium and Hospital,
Fox Valley Road,
WAHROONGA, N.S.W. 2076



GIDDY—BRIANT. Two well-known Ayr families were closely linked when Kevin Errol Giddy and Sheryl Joy Briant met at the altar of the Ayr church, Queensland, on Sunday evening, September 7. A capacity congregation joined us in praying God's richest blessings upon the united lives of this charming couple and the new Christian home they will establish in Ayr. M. M. Stewart.

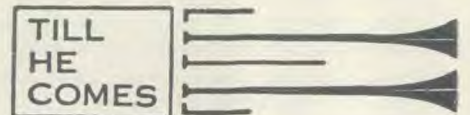
GODFREY—ELDRIDGE. On Sunday, September 21, 1969, Julie Anne Eldridge, only daughter of Brother and Sister Frank Eldridge, was escorted by her father to meet at the marriage altar Graeme Donald Godfrey, only son of Brother and Sister William Godfrey. Thus two of the most respected families in Murwillumbah, New South Wales, were linked by the strongest of human ties. In the Murwillumbah Parish Hall, 150 guests gathered to extend their best wishes, and we know that as Julie and Graeme set up their home, God's richest blessing will be their portion. E. S. House.

RIPP—ALLPORT. On September 21, 1969, two lonely lives were blended to walk the sunset years together, when Brother Harry Ripp and Sister Grace Allport met in the home of Brother and Sister A. Lamplough at Bargo, New South Wales, to be united in marriage. Through the practical Christian influence of the Lamploughs, Harry and Grace have been brought into the fellowship of the Advent family, and now in Christ, two homes and hearts have been made one. In the quietness of the little country home where they studied and found God's truth,

friends and relatives gathered to pray for their "length of days" and happiness together. E. B. Andrews.

SYMES—RICHTER. On September 7, 1969, at the Dundas, New South Wales, Seventh-day Adventist church the marriage of Norman Alfred Symes and Jeanette Constance Richter was solemnized before a very large gathering of relatives and friends. The brightness of the day and beauty of the tasteful decorations within the church added their own contribution to the happy occasion as this fine couple linked their lives to walk together before their Lord. N. W. Palmer.

WATSON—ANDREWS. At 4 p.m. on Sunday, September 14, 1969, the bells of the Wahroonga church, New South Wales, pealed out as Jennifer Joy Andrews came with her father to be given in marriage to Raymond Richmond Watson. Jan, the eldest daughter of Pastor and Mrs. Bryce Andrews, had just graduated with the 1969 nursing class from the Sydney Sanitarium. Ray is the son of our esteemed Brother and Sister Walter Watson of Kyogle. Many friends and relatives gathered from the north and south to witness this happy occasion, and to wish Ray and Jan Heaven's blessing as they continue their study and establish a new Christian home. E. B. Andrews.



ATTEWELL. Brother John Angus Attewell fell asleep in Jesus as a result of a second stroke on September 22, 1969. Brother and Sister Attewell had come to accept God's truth as a result of the Sandgate mission held this year. They were both planning on being baptized on September 27, but death claimed Brother Attewell. However, he died believing in Jesus, and his wife is looking forward to meeting her beloved husband when Christ returns. A little over three years ago a stroke left our brother partially paralysed. We all thank God for extending his life from that time so he could hear and embrace the truth. Brother David Blanch, who had studied with Brother Attewell and his wife, assisted the writer. Resting—awaiting the Life-giver's call. A. J. Bath.

FENTON. James Salter Fenton passed to his rest on September 26, 1969, at the age of eighty-six years. He was baptized by Pastor O. K. Anderson in 1941. His wife, three sons and five daughters remain to mourn their loss. Friends and relatives who gathered at the Armidale cemetery on this sad occasion were directed to look to Jesus for hope and comfort while awaiting His return in glory. J. H. D. Miller.

HAMPEL. Sister Rose May Hampel was laid to rest in the Port Pirie cemetery on September 22, 1969. She passed away quietly in her sleep at 2 p.m. the previous Sabbath. A large group of relatives and friends assembled to pay their last respects. Words of comfort were spoken to the sorrowing ones at the home and in the chapel. At eighty-one years of age Sister Hampel had lived a full and fruitful life. E. P. Wolfe.

NORTH. Harry Austin North, after a few months of illness, passed away in the Geraldton District Hospital on September 25, 1969, at the age of sixty-three years. A number of years ago Brother North was associated with the building of the present Geraldton church. Though baptized only last year, he bore a consistent witness, particularly before the fishermen with whom he was associated in his work as a shipwright. Our sympathies are with his wife Ruby, and children, Elaine (Mrs. F. Skeers), Jeanette (Mrs. K. Douglas), Ruby, Len, and Madge (Mrs. V. Hall). R. G. Douglas.

McMAHON. Suddenly came the call to Dorothy L. McMahon, nee Horley, that the time had come for her to surrender up her life, but it was to the care of the One who loved her with everlasting love, and for whom she had lived. The memorable date to a large circle of relatives and a host of friends was August 11, 1969. After the service in the Dundas church, New South Wales, a saddened procession followed her to the tomb in the Field of Mars cemetery guarded by the sleepless eye of the

One who "seeth every precious thing." Pastor B. H. McMahon was in charge of the last sad rites, assisted by Pastors F. Taylor, R. Mitchell, and the writer. Sincerest sympathies are extended to all who mourn the passing of a lovely life. [A life sketch will appear next week.]
J. W. Kent.

RAETHEL. Following a period of suffering, Sister Bertha Rosewall Raethel of Nuriootpa church, South Australia, beloved wife of the late Carl Martin Raethel, quietly awaits the resurrection to a glorious life everlasting. She passed to her rest at the Angaston District Hospital on September 23, 1969, aged seventy-seven years, and the next day relatives and friends gathered to pay their last respects at a funeral chapel and at the Nuriootpa cemetery. To her surviving daughter, Grace and son-in-law (Sister and Brother George Thomson), sister (Clarice Cock), brother (Mr. Barry Nettle) and other loved ones we extend our heartfelt sympathy.
S. H. Wood.

WATSON. Beaumont Watson of Gympie, Queensland, was suddenly called to rest on September 7, 1969, at the age of forty-five years. Our brother was a faithful church member for many years and will be greatly missed by all who knew him. Our hearts go out to his aged mother, to his daughter Mary, to his son Graham and wife, and also to the young lady, Norma Clark, whom he had planned to marry in the near future. We rejoice, however, in the fact that the day will soon dawn when the loved and loving will meet never to part in the kingdom of God.
O. W. Knight.

★ ★ ★

NOTICE TO MEMBERS OF THE AUSTRALASIAN CONFERENCE ASSOCIATION LIMITED

The Annual General Meeting of the Australasian Conference Association Limited will be held at 148 Fox Valley Road, Wairoonga, New South Wales, on Wednesday, November 26, 1969, at 2.00 p.m.

L. L. BUTLER, Secretary.

ASSISTANT FOR ADVENTIST DOCTOR required urgently. Sub-tropical seaside resort, attractive conditions, opportunities for further studies. Adventist church school available. Inquiries, Dr. A. Jones, P.O. Box 143, Port Macquarie, N.S.W. 2444. Phone 83 2551.

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1970 GENERAL CONFERENCE. Thinking of going to the General Conference next year, to be held in June at Atlantic City, U.S.A.? Travel with a group of Adventists at bargain rates. Write to Margaret Woolf, 162 Mowbray Road, Willoughby, N.S.W. 2068 for information. Phone 95 1024.

HOUSE EXCHANGE. House available in Melbourne for three weeks from December 24 in exchange for same in Sydney. Reply ABC, 8 Yarra Street, Hawthorn, Vic. 3122

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TENTH ANNIVERSARY

All ex-members and friends of the Fern Tree Gully church are cordially invited to attend the tenth anniversary services to be held in the church on Sabbath, November 1, 1969.

Sabbath School	9.20 a.m.
Divine Service	11.00 a.m.
Musical Programme	3.30 p.m.
Fellowship Tea and Social Evening	7.00 p.m.

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	OREL HOSKEN
Wairoonga Representative	WENDY BLANK

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148 Fox Valley Road, Wairoonga, N.S.W. 2076

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Advertisements approved by the editor will be inserted at the following rates:

First 25 words \$2
Each additional 5 words 10 cents

Remittance and recommendations from local pastor or conference officer must accompany copy.

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FOR FURTHER INFORMATION Write to:

The Registrar,
Avondale College, Cooranbong, N.S.W. 2265

OFFICIAL CLOSING DATE for applications for 1970 is November 10, 1969. Thereafter, applications will be accepted only as accommodation is available.



FLASH POINT . . .

★ Sometimes you wonder what happened to someone just because he or she is no longer in your orbit any more. Take, for instance, Sister Frances Pratt, who was part of the furniture, as you might say, at the Sanitarium for a few years. Suddenly you look for her and she's gone. Read the centre-spread story in this issue and you'll learn that she and her husband, Cliff Newman, are relieving at Atoifi Hospital in the New Hebrides. And from what we hear they'll be very sorry when their tour of duty is over.

★ On September 25 nine bags of mail were stolen from the Morisset railway station. While some of this has been recovered, much of it, including registered mail, has not. A good deal of this mail would have been intended for Avondale College, so if you have posted a letter which could have arrived at the college about that date and do not receive an expected acknowledgement, it could be that yours was one of the missing letters. We suggest you make inquiries if this is so.

★ Our man in the Bismarck-Solomons, Brother A. E. Jones, reports having attended the biennial session-cum-district-meeting on Bougainville. There were 800 people at the Sabbath service. At the session meetings there was a good attendance with 300 to 500 people in the audience, of whom ninety-four were delegates. The offering for missions shows the increasing awareness of these people that the gospel must go to all the world. Last year they gave a record \$148.57; this year, on September 20, they gave \$397.32.

★ The Public Relations Department reports that the South Australian Conference has appointed Pastor S. H. Wood as Public Relations secretary for the conference. Pastor Wood will continue in certain pastoral duties but, with stenographic help from the conference office, will serve as conference Public Relations secretary. Pastor Wood held this position in the North New Zealand Conference some years ago. This move in South Australia enables an ever-expanding youth programme to be cared for full-time by an MV secretary and office assistant, without other duties diverting their attention from the youth programme.

★ Pastor Kevin Moore reports from Fulton Missionary College: "We have just returned from a triumphant choir tour—the first we have held, and from the encouraging results I would say we would do it again. The tour, which lasted for five days, took us into many interesting places and many hundreds of people came to hear. An American doctor gave a generous donation which enabled us to have choir robes. The material for these arrived only two weeks before the tour, but thanks to the co-operation and organization of the good ladies of Fulton and Suva, fifty-five robes were sewn in one day, with only a few finishing touches to complete afterwards. [See "The Impossible Takes Till 8.30" on page 12.] The choir looks wonderful in their royal blue robes and sparkling white stoles. I am so proud of them when I see them all together. One much appreciated feature in our concerts was that at interval the students changed into their national dresses and sang a bracket of songs. We have twelve nationalities in the choir and dressed up in this way they make a marvellous sight."

★ Brother Cedric J. Powrie, with his wife, nee Jennifer Smart, and their two children, Andrew and baby Cathryn, arrived in Sydney from the New Hebrides on July 24 for furlough. As well as being a teacher at the Parker Missionary School in Aore, Brother Powrie has also been Temperance secretary for the New Hebrides Mission. It is expected that after furlough the Powries will transfer to the Apia Central School in Samoa to replace Brother and Sister Wilfred Rieger who are returning permanently to the homeland at the close of the school year.

★ Recently the North Shore (Auckland) church took up a mammoth offering for their proposed new church school and raised over \$1,000 in one day. God will surely bless this kind of sacrifice and effort.

★ MISSIONARY TEACHING APPOINTMENTS FOR 1970:

Brother and Sister Graham J. Hawke (nee Joy Winterton) of the North New Zealand Conference have accepted a call to teach at our Beulah College in Tonga in the Central Pacific Union Mission.

Brother and Sister John H. Rowden (nee Adele Young) of the Hawthorn Central School, Victoria, have responded to a call to Fulton Missionary College in Fiji.

Brother and Sister Dennis Tame from Avondale College have been appointed to Fulton Missionary College. Dennis is a Manual Arts graduate and will teach Manual Arts at Fulton. Mrs. Tame, nee Ruth Pascoe, is the second daughter of Pastor and Mrs. H. M. Pascoe of Moruma, New Guinea.

Brother and Sister C. Makertich, now resident in Perth, Western Australia, have accepted a call to the New Hebrides where Brother Makertich will assist in teaching at the Parker Missionary School. Brother Makertich has previously taught in both India and England before coming to Australia.

Miss Marion Liggett of the Christchurch (N.Z.) Central School has answered a call to be teacher in charge in our Primary "A" School at Kabiufa, in the Eastern Highlands of New Guinea.

Brother and Sister Leon D. Miller (nee Sharon Howard) have accepted a call to the Papuan Gulf Mission in the Coral Sea Union where Brother Miller will be principal of the Kitomave Adventist School.

Brother Neil J. R. Dawson of Tasmania has been appointed principal of the Panim Adventist School in Madang, New Guinea, and will proceed to the mission field following his marriage to Miss Elizabeth Rose of Wairounga at the year end.

Miss Merle Bruce of the South New South Wales Conference has accepted an appointment to assist in the Teaching Training programme at our Sonoma College near Rabaul, New Guinea. This is the second time Miss Bruce has found her way to the mission field, having served a term of two years at the Kabiufa College about three years ago.

★ After the close of the school year Brother and Sister D. N. Menkens will transfer from Kikori, where he has been principal of our central school, to our Kabiufa Adventist College in the Eastern Highlands of New Guinea.

★ "Finally, brethren . . ." (from "Today's Food"): A pessimist is one who feels bad when he feels good for fear he'll feel worse when he feels better.