

AUSTRALASIAN RECORD

AND ADVENT WORLD SURVEY

EDITOR: R. H. PARR

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CORONARY RISK REDUCTION COURSE



E. G. McDowell, Education Secretary, Australasian Division

AS A PARTICIPANT in this programme at the Warburton Sanitarium and Hospital, I would like to draw the attention of ministers and executives in our organization to the nature and benefit of it. The management and medical personnel of the institution are to be congratulated on their wisdom and initiative in establishing such a programme.

On the first day of attendance all participants are given quite a thorough medical check. In particular, one is introduced to the treadmill whereby the medical team controlling the programme can accurately determine, by means of sophisticated electronic equipment, the patient's reaction to exertion and his recovery rate.

The daily programme commences at 7 a.m. when, under the leadership of Pastor Nolan, one steps out for a very brisk walk for two to three miles, which usually leads uphill. After a shower, breakfast is most welcome. Then at 9 a.m. one is again climbing the hills but for a much longer distance and over a more strenuous course, followed by a swim in the heated pool.

After lunch one enjoys the benefit of a course of physiotherapy treatment which the writer felt was of great value. A strenuous session of physical drill in the gymnasium follows. Little time is left between the end of this activity and the evening meal. Each evening, lectures and films relating to the course are given and

afford the patient a fine opportunity of understanding all that is involved in the physiology of keeping physically fit and, in particular, of warding off a coronary attack.

Participants in the course receive instruction and counsel from five doctors, and, of course, treatment daily from the physiotherapy staff. The programme by its very nature develops hearty appetites, but the food service at the Warburton Sanitarium is excellent and is one of the features of the institution. Another feature is the delightful Christian atmosphere which pervades the establishment. The kindness and friendliness of the management and staff are commented upon daily by the patients and visitors. Their comments are so favourable that one is proud to be an Adventist and to be associated with such an institution.

Finally, one must note how favourably the institution is situated for such a Coronary Prevention Programme. Its picturesque setting and the contour of the surrounding terrain make Warburton an ideal area for the running of this particular programme.

The writer spoke to people who had previously taken the course, and without exception they were loud in their praise of the resultant improvement in their health. It is certainly a transforming experience and should be a "must" for all who have reached or passed middle age.

In North New South Wales . . .

A New Approach to the Aboriginal Work

ALEC C. THOMSON, Pastor, Kempsey Area

"THE EVIL that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones."—Shakespeare. How true I found this statement when recently engaged on the Appeal campaign. Folk were quick to remember the misdemeanours of some of the Aborigines of the area in which I was working, and forgot about the good of the vast majority. It is certainly tragic that what Shakespeare wrote so long ago could still be true today. Is it really that way? Is it that way in your thinking? Have we labelled or libelled all our Aboriginal brethren with some of the evil deeds of a few? What is the real situation? This is what I wanted to find out.

Having recently returned from twenty-five years of service in the islands and being appointed to the Aboriginal work of the North New South Wales Conference, I was anxious to get a true picture of the problems and the possibilities.

Just before my arrival the Conference in Session had closed a chapter of the Aboriginal work by voting to close the school at Mirriwinni Gardens. This they had been forced to do because of pressure from the authorities. Registration of the school was unlikely unless it was brought up to the government standard as far as facilities and staff were concerned; and this would have involved \$100,000 in capital outlay.

The present approach is now directed, as is all our evangelistic work, to the home and the individual. So we are trying to get as many homes open for Bible studies as possible and then we plan to follow the same pattern that is followed around the world. We earnestly request your prayers in this work.

Armidale Visit

In one area—the section where I did the Ingathering—the picture was not bright. There is a depression in this area

and the job possibilities are very limited. The attitude of the locals, in most cases, is not very sympathetic to the original Australians.

Then I heard that it is not the same everywhere. So it was arranged for me to visit the Armidale area to see a different picture. I travelled to Armidale with two Aborigines who are church members.

The evening I arrived Pastor Ogg and I visited five homes. This was a wonderful experience and I wish you could all have been with me to see some of these beautifully-kept homes. Some of them (and they were scattered around the suburbs among white Australian homes), were owned by the Aborigines themselves. Others we met were in the process of buying their homes. There was an evident prosperity in these homes and I also discovered that in some homes both partners were working to pay for them as their white counterparts do. I was further surprised to find quite a number of Aborigines who were attending classes at the Technical School to improve their usefulness and earning ability.



Three Aboriginal ladies from Bellbrook who attended the Laymen's Congress. Left to right: Mrs. Grace Quinlin, church clerk, Mrs. Maisie Kelly, Lay Activities leader, and Mrs. Judy Quinlin, Dorcas leader.

That night Pastor Ogg and I saw Aborigines' homes that were better furnished than we have been able to furnish our own. I mention this only to the credit of these families who, with God's help, are proving that "they that are Christ's are new creatures."

On the Friday we visited another twenty homes in all sections of the town and talked with many people. We found some of the menfolk at home and two of them had been overseas—one to New Zealand and one to Japan.

We then visited one or two homes on the Reserve and were shocked by the contrast with those we had just seen who had left the Reserve to make a "go" of life out in the town. I prefer not to describe what we saw there. It came to me as a personal challenge to take the gospel to these poor folk so that all the blessings could be theirs—physical, mental and spiritual blessings which only the gospel can give. This is the only work—the preaching of the gospel and studying it in the homes of the people—which does anything of lasting value in the lives of any people of any nationality.

Reunion with Bellbrook

As we visited in the better homes we were surprised how many traced their connection with the church to the days when Pastor P. B. Rudge and Brother David Gray visited and studied in their homes or in the homes of their parents. This is the kind of work that has lasting value and is what the North New South Wales Conference has asked me to do among the Aborigines.

A highlight of this visit to Armidale was a reunion with the Bellbrook folk, held in the Armidale church on the Friday night, and conducted wholly by the Aboriginal church members. This was an excellent programme of singing and music interspersed with talks about the beginnings of the Adventist work in the Bellbrook area and of the future for the Aborigines in the Advent movement in Australia. These talks were taken by Mr. V. Shepherd and Mr. R. Marshall,



Pastor E. B. Price, on a recent visit to Bellbrook, with some of those who attended the Sabbath meetings.

respectively, representing two generations. At the close, I spoke of the promises of God and how we can depend on God to fulfil what He has promised.

The weeks have slipped by since that interesting occasion and the work of visitation has continued. As I have become acquainted with more of the Aborigines and they have come to know me, there have been some interesting developments in our new programme.

The church members at Bellbrook came and asked if they could get started on the Appeal programme and to date have collected over \$80. Three of our ladies attended the Laymen's Congress at Avondale, and last Tuesday night after prayer

meeting, one of them brought to me a young woman who wishes to be baptized. This brings to four the number of those who have requested baptism so far. Some of the church ladies are holding studies in other homes on the Reserve at Bellbrook and we are commencing a programme of visitation in other areas where Aboriginal people live.

The request has repeatedly come from the older members for a systematic series of studies on the prophecies such as they received from the early missionaries who worked among them forty years ago. They give the impression that this is what has held them to the truth, and they feel this is what the new generation needs. This

will be the programme that we are to enter into from now on. If anyone has a set of Twentieth Century film strips which they want to sell we are anxious to purchase them for this work.

Friends, "the evil that men do" may remain in the minds of some, but I want to assure you that there are many wonderful people among the Aborigines. I am certain that as we preach the gospel and its power works in the lives of these people, we are going to see a great gathering of souls before Jesus comes. Won't you pray daily for this work? "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."—Tennyson.

Springwood Springs to Life

A. D. PIETZ, Church Pastor

THROUGH the friendly pages of the RECORD we take this opportunity of introducing the recently-organized Springwood church.

Springwood is one of the rapidly developing areas on the southern side of the city of Brisbane, and is fifteen miles on the way to Queensland's famous Gold Coast, a delightful locality indeed.

A little over two years ago a group of forward-looking men and women decided to launch out and spread the influence of the Seventh-day Adventist Church a little further afield. So they organized a company in the small centre of Kingston. Today we have an organized church of 120 members, and there are ninety-five children in the Sabbath school, so our future seems well assured.

We have three and a quarter acres of land and plans are well on the way for the construction of a church and a hall, the latter having all the necessary accommodation for Sabbath school and Welfare departments. In our plan two rooms are so designed that they could be used, should the future warrant it, as classrooms for the first two grades of a school, being a feeder to the larger school at Mount Gravatt.

Giving Generously

At the time of our organization we owed \$4,000 on our land, so we decided to take up a special offering on this very "special" occasion in an effort to finalize payments on the land. The Conference president was in attendance, and he suggested that, provided the Executive Committee would go along with him, he would match our offering from Conference funds, dollar for dollar up to \$2,000.

What a good/bad thing he added the last phrase, for when the offering was counted it amounted to \$6,000! Springwood church was under way. Whereas, at the beginning of the service we owed \$4,000, we now had virtually \$4,000 extra in hand and our three and a quarter acres of land was paid for.

We are confident that the Lord had His hand over the purchase of this land, for the total price of \$10,000. Today it could bring anything up to \$100,000 or more.

Our next step was to embark on a definite building programme. Plans were drawn up preparatory to being submitted to the Council for approval. Funds continue to flow into the treasury and everyone is working hard to make our dreams come true.

Recently one of our members who has been erecting poultry sheds, found himself with one order too many



This poultry shed, measuring 50 x 276 feet, was built by the voluntary labour of the men of the Springwood church, thus realizing a profit of \$1,300 for their Church Building Fund.

on his hands. He suggested to the men of the church that if they would give of their time at week-ends—as he would—to build this shed, the proceeds could go to the Church Building Fund. Six weeks later the funds had increased by \$1,300.

Now It's Operation Hay Shed

The ladies, not to be outdone, ran a project in the main street of the city and in one day netted \$300. The men are on the go again, and in the near future "Operation Hay Shed" will commence another successful fund-raising venture, but that is not the end. One of our enthusiastic members is almost working himself into the ground gathering glass and selling it. Another is hiring out his caravan to swell the funds. One young man, an estate agent, is giving a percentage of all sales "spotted" by church members, to the fund. And so the story goes . . .

Springwood church is not just a group of people interested in building a church. It is a missionary-minded church, and our Mission '73 programme is geared to bring the Advent message to the township of Beenleigh, situated half-way between the city and the Gold Coast—a place where, up till the present, little or nothing has been done to share our faith.

Already each home in the town has received a copy of the four tracts prepared for use in Mission '73, and currently each home is being visited personally by our members. Further features of our programme are a visit to the Beenleigh Home for the Aged and the presentation of a special programme, the conducting of a 5-Day Plan, health talks, cooking demonstrations, a sacred concert, and, towards the end of the year, the running of a regular mission effort.

The Springwood church joins hands with sister churches throughout the Division and the world, determined by God's grace to hasten the day of our Lord's return.

EDITORIAL



A ONCE-UPON-A-TIME STORY

DAVID COOMES, introducing his book reviews of recent fiction in the appropriate section of the "British Weekly" of March 2, has this little parable:

Once upon a time there lived a man called Christian who didn't believe in reading fiction.

For one thing, fiction is nothing but a pack of lies, he said, pounding his fist into a bundle of tracts. And for another, God's precious Word should be enough—that and Matthew Henry, John Wesley and Cruden's Concordance.

Well, as so happens with such separated men, temptation was swift and deadly. One day the Lord laid Christian aside on a bed of sickness—as he put it in his Christian diary—and before he could say, "Get behind me, Satan," two neighbours dropped in with a bundle of novels.

"Nothing like a blood and thunder to bring back the colour into your cheeks," said one.

Now, if Christian had been feeling himself he would have admonished such flippancy amply supported with two dozen proof texts.

But (and he wondered if the devil was rubbing his tails in glee) Christian let the neighbours leave the books on his bed. And, in a rare prayerless moment, he picked up one, flicked through it, read the first page, then the second, then the third . . . and raced through 192 pages in two hours.

Oh, dear, the neighbour had been right. He did feel better. He no longer felt so stale and washed-out. He jumped out of bed, heart pounding, face flushed, and sat down and read another.

After that, nothing could stop him. It was a case of unbridled infatuation: detective novels, classics, science fiction, Graham Greene, Tolstoy, the French writers. . . . The Matthew Henrys and Crudens of yester-year didn't get a look in.

But Christian settled down. He balanced out. He became selective rather than exclusive. He found a place in his life for a broad view: Christian study books, devotion, Christian biography, and popular and heavy fiction.

And Christian, light of step and a smile on lips, lived happily ever after.

Quite a modern little parable, and splendidly written; packs its message into a tightly-wrapped parcel, and delivers it with an impact that is . . . worthy of a better punch-line. For as practically anyone can see, the thing is shot through with all kinds of loose thinking and error. Life isn't that way at all. You don't feed your little mind on garbage and retain an appreciation for the good; you don't ingest the thrillers and the romances of fiction and find that your appetite for the high and holy in literature remains at a reasonable level.

That is the mistake so many of us make, not only in the field of reading but in living life and marching to Zion. We imagine that we can feed one nature and another will grow; we blandly smile and utter those deathless words, "I can read this kind of thing; I can watch those programmes, and they never affect me," and all the while we are thereby telling the world that we are the sublime exception to the rules of life to which all others are subject.

It doesn't work out that way at all. One of the basic laws of life is that, whatever aspect of yourself you feed, that aspect will grow. Whatever aspect you neglect, that aspect will wither and, if sufficiently starved, die. We are physically what we eat; we are morally what we assimilate; we are mentally what we pour into our minds; we are spiritually what we feed upon. No one can escape this; no one is an exception, no matter how much he talks himself into believing the contrary.

Now please don't run away with the idea that we are telling you that your sole reading matter should be the Bible, the "Desire of Ages," the "Testimonies" and similar volumes, plus a few assorted spiritual books. There are countless volumes more exciting than your best-selling fiction that stand waiting to take you down enchanting by-ways without dipping into the sordid and the unreal world of fiction. By sheer weight of numbers, the good books of this world could keep you busy through several lifetimes without giving you pause to whip through the most gripping whodunit, or to titillate your fancy with some erotic love story.

Now, if it were possible for the human mind to be so disciplined that it could take a little of this and a little of that, and still retain its taste for the best, then perhaps we would remain silent. Maybe we would shrug off our personal opinions and say that we must somehow be "different" from the rest of the race, and we would lapse into a well-controlled silence. But personal experience and personal observation have convinced us that this general category of literature we call "fiction" is of such a kind that it feeds that part of the nature which is better starved; it quickens that part of the mind that wants to be excited, and once the taste is created, there is little that can be done to assuage the thirst for it. You don't have to stick a needle into your arm to become an addict; many a voracious fiction reader has wasted uncounted years of his life simply by developing an infatuation for thrill literature of one kind or another.

We are, or we become, what we take into our systems. And the fictionalized accounts of life as portrayed in the literature of make-believe give us an unrealistic picture of life and living. We find that the taste for the quickly consumed novel is not satisfied with the reading of one, or even by skipping merrily through two. This kind of thing has a devilish (an intentionally chosen word) habit of creating an insatiable thirst that is not far removed from that which only the alcoholic knows. Indeed, dabbling in the reading of these things is possibly the worst thing you can do! Strong words? A fanatical idea? Then read the following quotation:

"Novel and storybook reading are the greatest evils in which youth can indulge. Novel and love-story readers always fail to make good, practical mothers. They are air-castle builders, living in an unreal, an imaginary world. . . . Their artificial life spoils them for anything useful. They are dwarfed in intellect, although they may flatter themselves that they are superior in mind and manners."—"Testimonies," Vol. 3, page 152.

Strong words? Of course they are strong; but who will dare to say they are fanatical?

Again: "I am acquainted with a number of women who have thought their marriage a misfortune. They have read novels until their imaginations have become diseased, and they live in a world of their own creating. . . . These women have a love-sick sentimentalism, constantly thinking they are not appreciated, that their husbands do not give them all the attention they deserve. They imagine themselves martyrs."—"Testimonies," Vol. 2, pages 462, 463.

So, Christian, if you think that the little parable we quoted in the beginning has more than a germ of truth in it, and that you can indulge your whims in this direction with impunity, we would advise you to think again. And we would bluntly say that that parable contains a message all right; but it isn't from above.

Robert H. Parr

News From All Over

Compiled by Pearl McRorie

ADVENTISTS IN SEARCH FOR MISSING AIRCRAFT

Yellowknife, Canada. A Beech 18 aircraft, on a mercy flight from Cambridge Bay to Yellowknife, was reported missing over the Northwest Territories. The four people on board were two patients, a nurse and the



Spotters watching through the open door of the Hercules aircraft.

pilot. Hope for their survival was very low, the temperatures having dropped to more than 34 degrees below zero.

A number of members from our Adventist church in Yellowknife, using a Hercules aircraft, took part in the search for the missing plane.

During the spotting operation two stayed in the cabin with the pilot, some were watching out the side windows, and two were looking down over the open door at the rear of the plane.

The area covered by this team was from 500 to 1,000 miles north of Yellowknife. Thirty-two days after crashing, the missing plane was finally found. The nurse had died on impact. One of the patients, an Eskimo woman, had lived only a few hours. The other patient, an Eskimo boy, had survived for twenty-three days. Only the pilot was found alive.

NO COMPROMISE ON DRINK

Great Britain. While the Methodist Church as a whole tends to compromise on the temperance question by not criticizing moderate drinking, the recent conference of the Wesleyan Reform Union, within the Methodist Church, reiterated its full support for total abstinence.

TOWARDS A FIVE-DAY SCHOOL WEEK

Norway. Since the year 1963-64, experiments have been made in Norway towards the reduction of ordinary school days from six to five per week. The Department of Education granted permission to the various municipalities to introduce a five-day school week from the

autumn of 1972. Several problems have arisen, however, with regard to the number of teaching hours, and the curriculum, etc., so that it will probably take some time before the five-day school week is put into effect as a general rule all over the country.

The Seventh-day Adventist Junior College at Tyrifjord, with the national status of Gymnasium, has always practised a five-day teaching programme, and the examination results have been as good as those of schools on the same level with six days of teaching.

FLYING MEDICAL EVANGELIST

Sarawak, Malaysia. Hugh Johnson and his wife Bonnie arrived recently in Sarawak to serve as the first flying medical volunteer evangelist that the mission has ever had. Brother Johnson, a third-generation missionary, has had experience as an educator, air force medic, airline captain, chaplain in the armed forces, and captain of a helicopter crew in Vietnam.

As a holder of three degrees, B.A. in education, B.A. in criminal laws, and Master of Public Health, he will be of great help to the health education programme of the mission. He will also relieve Pastor Richard Hall, Sarawak Mission president, whose flying programme has made great demands on his time. With more than sixteen jungle airstrips in the mission, Brother Johnson is already busy with the medical evacuation, youth rallies, health lectures and preaching appointments. Mrs. Johnson, who is a pilot herself, holds a degree in music education.

LAYMEN'S SUCCESS

Sabah, East Malaysia. Brother Bandarang first accepted this message in 1970. At the beginning of 1972 he felt a burning desire to bring the light of the gospel to those who were in heathen darkness and fear of evil spirits. He began visiting his neighbours, giving Bible studies and inviting people to church. In his home village of Puhus, population 110, he soon had ninety-six regularly attending Sabbath school.



Brother Bandarang, an enthusiastic and active layman.

Last year twenty souls were baptized from Puhus as the fruitage of Brother Bandarang's work. But he felt a burden for other villages as well. He soon began visiting and giving Bible studies in Tintapan, two hours' walk away. God blessed his efforts there, and another branch Sabbath school was started with thirty-seven attending from Tintapan and two nearby villages. Six people have been baptized as a direct result of his efforts in this area, and there are more to follow.

Sixtieth Anniversary of Ourimbah Adventist Church

E. A. BOEHM, Senior Elder

FOR THE MEMBERS—past as well as present—of the little old weatherboard church at Ourimbah, New South Wales, Sabbath, May 5, was a big day. Special services were held commemorating the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the church in which the first meeting was held on March 15, 1913. Visitors outnumbered regular members. Extra seats had been brought in and the building was packed to the doors, with some folk sitting out in the vestry. What excitement and pleasure it was for friends and relatives who had worshipped here years ago to be together again for a few hours! The gatherings which took place on the lawn outside the church between meetings were indeed happy occasions.

Several of the visitors were folk who, as children, had been present on the day the church was opened. In Sabbath school one of them, Sister Rose Radley, was interviewed during the missionary story, as also was her daughter, Miss Rose Marie Radley, now matron of the new Sydney Adventist Hospital. Matron Radley's great-grandfather, Brother Frederick Martin, was the first to have his name recorded on the church register.

By a remarkable coincidence, a very close friend of the Radleys in their missionary days happened also to be present. Barry Oti, a Papua New Guinean, had been taken into the Radley home as a small boy and had lived with them for many years, almost as one of the family. Now a seafaring man, Barry had come to Australia to captain a small ship to Papua New Guinea, and, being informed of the services at Ourimbah, came there hoping to meet with the Radleys. Once he had lived with them at Cooranbong and had visited the Ourimbah church on that occasion. It was an emotional but happy meeting of old friends.

Also present was Stewart Sutton, a theological student from Avondale College. The Frederick Martin mentioned above was his great-great-grandfather, and Thomas Cowan, whose name appears second on the register, was his great-grandfather.

"A Man in His Prime"

The preacher for the divine service was Pastor W. G. Turner, who told his hearers how, as an Avondale student, he had conducted an evangelistic mission in the Ourimbah church in 1914. In the fifty-nine years that have elapsed since then he has served as evangelist, church pastor, president at local, Union, and Division Conference levels, and as vice-president of the General Conference. What a privilege it was to have him speak to us on the grand old message of Revelation 14, and to have him strengthen our confidence in the Advent movement as he told how he had personally observed its growth and progress in many lands! Although eighty-eight years of age, his talent as a preacher is not one whit impaired, and his sermon was presented with the vigour, clarity and resonance of a man in the prime of his preaching career.

An afternoon service was also conducted. It took the form of an informal social gathering during which the local elder, Pastor Eric Boehm, interviewed a number



Attending the sixtieth anniversary of Ourimbah church were (left to right): Clem Swadling, Mrs. George Cowan, Pastor W. G. Turner, Mrs. Lewis Munro, Pastor E. S. House, Mrs. Jack Radley and Pastor E. A. Boehm. Mr. Swadling and the ladies (who were the three Martin sisters, Daphne, Dorothy and Rose), were Sabbath school members at the time the church commenced.

of older members who were able to recount some very interesting events connected with the early history of the church.

In 1912 two groups of Adventists were meeting in private homes at Tuggerah and Lisarow. Pastor W. G. Brittain with his young assistant, Reuben Hare, organized them into a combined congregation. Members of the group donated £59 for the cost of erecting a church building. The property was purchased for £8. The church was built by voluntary labour of the members in six days. At four a.m. on a certain Sunday morning they rose from their beds and began putting in the blocks. The following Friday afternoon Reuben Hare and Thomas Cowan were nailing iron on the roof while the ladies were putting the glass into the windows. The next morning (March 15, 1913), Reuben Hare exchanged his hammer for a Bible and preached the first sermon in the church to a congregation seated on fruit cases!

Like Pastor Turner, Pastor Reuben Hare became a leader in the Adventist Church, serving overseas and in administrative positions in Australasia. Indifferent health and increasing years prevented Pastor Hare from being present on the anniversary day, but a letter of greeting from him and his wife was read to the congregation.

Plans in Hand

The Ourimbah church was the first Adventist church in the New South Wales

Central Coast area. From it four others have been established. During the sixty years that it has been in service, many Adventist ministerial students from Avondale College have preached their early sermons from its pulpit. From nervous beginnings many of them have become great preachers. Ourimbah members have always welcomed the student preachers, and take pride in their successes.

Plans are presently in hand for the erection of a new church at Ourimbah. The offering taken on anniversary day amounted to \$200 and brought the total funds in hand for this purpose to over \$8,000.

Sabbath, May 5, 1973, will not be quickly forgotten by those who attended the Ourimbah church that day. Weather-wise, a more perfect day could not have been granted us. It was a day of spiritual refreshment, and everyone present also declared it to be a day of outstanding happiness. The district minister, Pastor E. S. House, gave a brief message in well-chosen words, reminding the congregation that sixty years had passed since the second coming of Christ had first been preached in this church, and urged that none should relax in the work of hastening that great day. He concluded by quoting the well-known and oft-repeated words of the Lord's servant, "We have nothing to fear for the future, except as we shall forget the way the Lord has led us, and His teaching in our past history."—"Life Sketches," page 196.



During Sabbath school, Brother Don Boehm interviews two former members—Mrs. Rose Radley (centre) and her daughter, Matron Rose Marie Radley of the Sydney Adventist Hospital.



Those conducting divine service at Ourimbah church's sixtieth anniversary (left to right): Pastor E. A. Boehm (senior elder), Pastor W. G. Turner (preacher for the occasion), and Brother Kevin Chugg (elder).

It's on again . . .

Jacaranda '73

The word NEWS is said to come from the initial letters of North, East, West and South. Appropriately, that is where our Jac '73 staff come from.

The man at the Top is Peter McGruddy, a Queenslander, in his final year of the B.A. (Humanities) course at Avondale, as are his two top-line assistants, Sue Whittaker (Victoria) and Denise Garret (Tasmania). These three intellectuals comprise the editorial staff.

JAC '73 would never match its predecessors if we did not have a first-class photographer on the staff, and this year we have a Humble fellow called Graeme who, when not taking candid shots, is wrestling with the B.A. (Theology) course (second year). He's from Victoria, too.

So much for the North-South part of the team. Now for the East-West. The 1973 business manager is John Denne from New Zealand, and the office manager is Garry McIvor, a West Australian. Amazingly, they speak the same language, and no problems are anticipated here.

The man with the "Luna Park" smile is Ross Reid, the sales manager, and yet another Victorian. Ross is in his final year of the Primary Education Diploma. For a mere \$3.00 Ross will give you a smile and a JACARANDA. (The smile is worth \$3.00; the Jac comes free.)

Well, that's the JAC team for this year. The talents of so many people from so many points of the compass are brought together to give you, the avid reading public, the biggest, the brightest and the best that ever came out of Avondale. JAC '73 will tell you how Avondale takes diverse talents and welds them into a composite team with a single purpose: working for the Master.

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1973 University Convention

RODNEY CATTON, Convention Convenor

IT IS NOT easy to be a fundamentalist Christian in the university environment, and Seventh-day Adventist university students in most of the large universities have formed societies, so that, during their study years, they may experience Christian fellowship and a sense of togetherness. As students progress through these institutions of learning, the pressures of study, new philosophies of life, and challenging attitudes and ideas are sometimes rather disturbing and unsettling.

Each year, students from many parts of Australia gather for the purpose of exchanging ideas, sharing problems, discussing campus evangelism, making friends, and studying some of the deeper Bible truths. These conventions, as they are called, help Seventh-day Adventist tertiary students to identify themselves as part of a large family, rather than as isolated groups or individuals.

At the South Queensland Youth Camp, "Mara-natha," this year's convention will be held from August 10-19, and over one hundred delegates are expected to attend. The theme is: "World crises—more than a challenge," and experts will be speaking on world issues which are regarded as significant in the light of Scriptural teachings. Topics of discussion include ecumenism, food and population crises, economic crises, pollution, U.F.O.s, concepts of God, eschatology, world government, problem counselling, and many aspects of practical Christian living.

Special guests this year are Dr. E. G. McDowell, Dr. D. Ford and Pastor G. Box, who will provide some timely spiritual recreation. With young people active on the evangelistic front in different areas, using different methods, it is felt that a symposium on youth evangelism would be enlightening and encouraging. This will be conducted on several days.

The social and physical recreational aspects will not be neglected, as you might imagine, and it is hoped that Convention '73 will in all ways make a real contribution to the life of those who attend. All tertiary students and others interested are welcome, and anyone wishing to come, and who has not yet done so, should write immediately to:

Convention Convenor,
50 Barkala Street,
THE GAP,
Queensland. 4061

Number 11 in a Series

A LOOK AT THE

South Queensland Conference

R. E. POSSINGHAM, Department of Communication, South Queensland Conference

GREETINGS from the land of pine-apples and other tropical fruits! The South Queensland Conference, with headquarters in Brisbane, appreciates this opportunity of sharing with the readers of the RECORD a little news concerning God's blessing on His work in our area.

Our Conference has a membership of 4,599, with forty churches and eight companies. We have twenty-eight ministers and seventeen church school teachers engaged in spreading the gospel. Administration of the Conference is carried on by a staff of eight, and we also have eight office workers.

Finance. Tithe receipts in 1972 reached the half-million mark (\$521,870). For the first time in seven years there was a surplus in operating. The amount concerned was \$25,000 which was transferred to working capital.

Offerings given for foreign and home missions and local church needs amounted to \$328,800. The total of tithes and all offerings was \$850,670. These figures represent all-time records for South Queensland Conference.

While making these figures available, the secretary-treasurer of the Conference, Pastor I. R. Stratford, was also pleased to make mention of the fact that the first batch of twelve self-contained units for the Home for Aged will be built at the Victoria Point site this year.

Lay Activities Department

South Queensland was the first Conference to finish the 1973 Appeal, with the sum of \$48,353. This is \$6,500 better than the 1972 figure. In actual fact, due to unusual circumstances in the far western

regions, we already have our first \$1,000 toward the 1974 Appeal!

During the first part of this quinquennial in South Queensland, more laymen's Bible studies have been given than we can find in our previous records. There are over 200 lay preachers and thirty-five of these have preached to non-Adventist audiences. Some preached in Mission '72 meetings, others on the streets, or at lay missions, and still others at State prisons. God is using the laymen to help finish the work.

Youth Department

Every MV society in the Conference has been challenged this year to reach out for Jesus Christ. Already much activity is under way. A health shop is being set



Pastor L. S. Rose, president of the South Queensland Conference.

up in the city of Brisbane while in Ipswich we have a JAM (Jesus and Me) FACTORY. Street preaching will be held in several areas, Insight Adventure lessons shared and "Telos" distributed. In September, a special youth mission will be held. This year got away to a good start with 158 of our youth at the Youth Congress and eighty-two of them afterwards spent twelve days on a tour to Melbourne.



The Mount Gravatt Primary School.



The Maranatha Youth Camp, located at Yandina.

However, our Maranatha Youth Camp is badly in need of a new boys' dormitory which we would like to see built this year.

Temperance and Communication Departments

The temperance work in this Conference has been helped along tremendously by the purchase of the 5-Day Plan lectures on film. Not only has the Conference obtained these films but two local churches have also placed their orders.

Last year thirty-five 5-Day Plans were conducted, and we have already conducted twenty-four this year.

Right now in this Conference we are working on a project similar to the "Stop Smoking Week" conducted in Bathurst, New South Wales. We thank God for these opportunities for health witnessing.



The South Queensland Conference office.

There are many avenues of service here, and all we need is time.

Our Public Relations secretaries are keeping the church before the community. Last year we reported 1,744 column-inches and twenty-two photos in the public press. This year has got away to a very good start and we could have an all-time record.

Publishing Department

We are very proud of our noble and dedicated team of literature evangelists who are carrying on a wonderful work for the Lord in this portion of the vineyard.

Just recently Brother Arthur Bond with his family moved back into our team. Brother Bond has been in North New Zealand for the past three years working there as a literature evangelist, and the Lord has certainly blessed his efforts. There is no doubt the Lord will continue to bless him and his family as they spread the printed page through the vast isolated sections of western Queensland.

There are seven literature evangelists working full-time and ten working part-time. Last year they were able to place \$45,000 worth of literature in the homes of the people, enrol 114 people in Bible correspondence courses, give 419 Bible studies, pray in 296 homes, take 292 people to meetings and contact twenty-four former church members. Five souls were baptized as a result of their efforts.

With the Lord's blessing we are looking forward to bigger and better achievements by our literature evangelists in 1973.

Book and Bible House

The South Queensland Book and Bible House is nicely situated a short walk from the main city centre. It is viewed from one of the main thoroughfares of Brisbane. It is cool and commodious with good display areas. Caring for the needs of forty-eight churches and companies, the

manager, Brother D. Crombie, and his assistant, Miss Wendy Sanburg, are really busy keeping up with the demand for our books and periodicals.

For the first eight months of the financial year they have shown an increase of \$6,184 over the same previous period. "If only we had more time!" is the constant cry of the manager. We wish we could do much more in order to bring our books and periodicals before our people.

Education

We have a growing educational work here, and this year we have commenced the first Adventist high school in Queensland at Mount Gravatt, with thirty-four pupils. We also have five primary schools

in this Conference, with a total of 385 pupils.

We were very happy to see the Mount Gravatt School conduct a school baptism at the close of last year with eleven students participating.

Yugoslavs

We have a Yugoslav church of 154 members under the leadership of Brother S. Jakovac. Just recently, they purchased buildings and land in full from the Methodist Church. They will use the new hall on the land until the old church building is demolished and a new one built.

We trust you enjoyed your quick look at our Conference. We would be very happy to make you welcome any time you may wish to visit us.



The hall where the Yugoslav church meets. It is planned to erect a church on this land in the near future.

A South Queensland Youth Project . . .

UP, UP AND AWAY--TO ROMA

R. E. POSSINGHAM, Youth Director, South Queensland Conference

AIRWAYS EVANGELISM is not a new avenue of service here in South Queensland but it surely is a necessary one. In this Conference we have so many towns "out west" as we say, where there is no Adventist influence.

For several years now, a group of young people have worked together to scatter thousands of "Signs of the Times" and make hundreds of visits to these "out back" people by means of Airways Evangelism. To do this they have had to raise thousands of dollars.

Take a look at this year's budget, for example. The town of Roma which is 300 miles west of Brisbane has been chosen as our target this time. Here is the programme and the budget.

Programme:

- Distribute 1,200 "Signs"
- Supply up to 100 "Signs" free for six months
- Give away Vandeman books
- Conduct a Health Week and 5-Day Plan
- Run a Vacation Bible School
- Hold a reaping mission

| | |
|---------------------------------------|---------|
| Budget: | \$ |
| Flying costs for "Signs" distribution | 196 |
| 1,200 copies of "Signs" | 144 |
| Six months free "Signs" | 29 |
| Vandeman books | 64 |
| Postage | 28 |
| Stationery and printing | 245 |
| 1,200 "Health" magazines | 168 |
| Health Week project | 250 |
| Vacation Bible School | 250 |
| Health Week flying costs | 196 |
| Reaping mission | 1,000 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$2,613 |

Two flights have already been completed. On the first occasion, 1,200 "Signs" were placed in the letter boxes of the people. These "Signs" were put in a special envelope, on the front of which is printed the following statement:



Brother Lew Thompson gives the thumbs-up sign as Airways Evangelism members take off for Roma.

AUSTRALIA-WIDE, PEOPLE ARE READING THIS MAGAZINE

It will reveal facts about—marriage, drug addiction, time past, sex, your future, health, happiness and Jesus Christ.

In fact, almost everything is dramatically and clearly portrayed in this monthly colour magazine which is read from coast to coast by young and old alike.

THE "SIGNS OF THE TIMES" MAGAZINE IS IN TOWN!

A trial six-month subscription is available to you absolutely free; in fact, if you write and ask for it now you will receive a further free gift, all absolutely without obligation. After appreciating this magazine during the initial six months, you may choose to purchase a twelve-month subscription for just \$3.

WRITE TO

"THE SIGNS MAGAZINE,"
P.O. Box 148,
MT. GRAVATT, Qld. 4122
REMEMBER, THERE IS
ABSOLUTELY
NO OBLIGATION.

The second visit was made a fortnight later when the young people called on the homes of the people seeking their reaction to the "Signs." How thrilled they were when thirty-nine homes accepted six-month subscriptions to the magazine.



These five young men were responsible for letter-boxing 1,200 "Signs" at Roma. The pilot, Murray Hallam, is in the centre.

Besides this, they contacted a person who used to be an Adventist, and also found a man who had done all the correspondence courses offered by our Radio Correspondence School.

These young folk are a long way short of their budget goal but they are going ahead by faith with what finance they have and we are confident that God will move the hearts of His people so that the aim of this dedicated group will become a reality.

We take off our hats to this fine group of Christian young people and wish them God's richest blessing as they fly up, up and away to Roma.



LETTERS to the EDITOR

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

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

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

Sabbath is a Different Day

Dear Editor,

I wonder if the readers realize what it is like to be the only Seventh-day Adventist in a family. This is how it has been with me for some years now. No doubt there are others in a similar position. I wonder if readers realize what it is like when the Sabbath hours commence and the television set is blaring noisily away

till 10 p.m. or later on Friday night for the rest of the family to watch. When attending Sabbath school and church service, I long for the services to be prolonged so I won't have to go home again until after Sabbath has closed. I usually take lunch to church, but it is a long time to wait until the MV meeting commences, and after it finishes I still end up being home before Sabbath closes, and have to put up with the same thing again.

I try to get away from home on Friday night to visit an Adventist friend or attend any church meeting that may be on, but this is not always possible, due to the infrequency of such meetings. How I do appreciate the few times I have been invited home to Sabbath lunch by other church members. It certainly helps, but I always feel guilty about accepting, because I am not in a position to return their hospitality.

Over recent years I have found my standards slipping. I have not been quite so particular about getting home before Sabbath commenced. I put forth the excuse, "The traffic was heavy," when really I did not leave for home in plenty of time. I resorted to occasional meat-eating because I was sick of continually eating vegetarian food out of tins while the rest of the family ate meat. Being a working person, I did not have much time to cook vegetarian food for one, and if I did, my mother would invariably say, "What is good for us is good for you. Who do you think you are, someone special?" or "There's nothing else," when I would refuse a certain dish.

I developed a back complaint and used this as a partial excuse for not attending Sabbath school regularly, though I never missed attending the main church service unless I was really ill. Sitting still for two-and-a-half hours in church was more than I could stand at that time. When the back trouble cleared up, I still did not go back immediately to Sabbath school. I was certainly in a precarious position, though I did not realize it at the time.

Then the Lord intervened. He did so by bringing me into contact with another Seventh-day Adventist within my field of work. This person's example, though he didn't know it, pulled me up short in my tracks. I realized my position, have done an about-face and now am back where I should have been all along. I am very thankful to the Lord for the way He helped me at that time.

Though I still have to live with my family whom I love, I feel a little stronger in faith because of this experience. However, I still have the same problems—loneliness and a sense of isolation over the Sabbath hours. I engage in all possible church activities and have tried constant prayer but nothing has changed. What is the answer? Do readers have any suggestions to offer apart from "Get married?"

"Lone Adventist."

(Letters continued on page 13)

THE DURABLE DOCTOR

DOROTHY MINCHIN-COMM, Chairman, Department of English, Philippine Union College

ALEJANDRO SANTIAGO lay flat on his back and stared at the ceiling—the ceiling of his hospital room. He frowned at the irony of it—he, a doctor, put to bed as a patient in the very place where he was supposed to be in the middle of his internship, at the University of Santo Tomas Hospital, Manila, Philippines. Very recently he had walked across the stage at the commencement exercises at the same university, his medical degree clutched in his hand. With all of the zeal of his twenty-five years he had looked ahead to the challenges and, naturally, the advantages of his own medical practice.

Then those pains began. He wondered about a chronic peptic ulcer, but it was not so surprising, perhaps, after the wear and tear of medical school. Finally, when he had to give himself up to the counsel of his colleagues, they recommended surgery. Now he fingered the surgical dressings around his midriff. The door of his room opened, and his three doctors came in. Immediately he sensed the tension among them.

Dr. Liboro looked down at him, seeming to grope for a professional air. "Ah—uh, we're all medical people here. I suppose we may as well come straight to the point."

His words pierced the air like gunshots, and Alejandro felt a chill run right through him. Dr. Cabral shuffled his feet, and Dr. Alvarez cleared his throat and looked at the floor. The first doctor continued, "I am very, very sorry to tell you, Dr. Santiago, that the biopsy reports prove malignancy."

Suddenly Alejandro was no longer a doctor discussing a case; he was a man grasping for life—his own. "What are my chances?"

"No more than 50-50." His friend looked at him steadily.

"I mean, how long do I have?" Alejandro heard his voice somewhere in the room asking questions, but it scarcely seemed to be a part of himself.

"I would say only three years at the most."

"Three years!" Alejandro closed his eyes. There was more talk, and the doctors finally left. He didn't even notice the nurse who watched him attentively. In his paralysed mind every thought now formed itself automatically into a prayer as he tried to reason with God and with himself.

"If I must die, take me now, Lord. Right now. What good is three years?" The outlines of the window swam in a watery blur before his eyes. "Just let me die now. Or," he felt his innate and joyous love of life surge up, "if I live, let me go on living!"

Life Seemed Good

And he did live. The fearful symptoms disappeared, and he began to eat favourite

foods that he had not enjoyed for a long while. Strength returned, and the fateful third year came and went. Alejandro was established in a thriving practice in the city of Tarlac, seventy miles north of Manila. Cancer receded into a remote chapter in his past. Two children, Brenda and Junior, came to complete the home of the doctor and his wife, Corazon. Life seemed very good.

A year later, in April, 1967, Dr. Santiago was sent by the Philippine Government to read a paper at a Medical Association seminar held in Cebu City. In Manila, together with forty-four other passengers and crew members, he boarded the south-bound flight of Philippine Airlines. Choosing a seat as far forward as possible, ahead of the wings, he settled down to



Dr. Alejandro Santiago and his wife Beth, at their home.

review his notes. An hour later, after a perfectly routine trip, the plane approached the runway at Mactan, Cebu.

Then it happened. The aircraft lost altitude too fast, and a wing tip sliced into the jungle-clad hillside. There was a grinding crunch, the screams of frantic passengers, and the roaring crescendo as fuel tanks exploded. Thus the cosy little world which had been the airliner cabin disintegrated.

One of Five

Only crackling flames broke the silence which was not only like death but was death. But Alejandro opened his eyes to life! In agonizing disbelief he looked at the twisted mass of metal and human flesh. Though accustomed to the sight of blood, he had never known it like this. The rear two-thirds of the plane blazed furiously, but the fore-section had been thrown forward to a kind of chaotic safety. There he found himself, trapped and bleeding, under the debris of the cockpit. Between a prayer and a groan, he murmured, "Oh, God! How am I here?"

Airlifted to the Trinity General Hospital in Manila, the doctor lay once again

looking at another hospital ceiling. Splinters of steel had slashed the length of his body, and he would be disfigured with the deep scars for the rest of his life. But he did have life—life against all odds, for he was one of only five survivors in the worst air crash in Philippine aviation history. Could it be that God was trying to tell him something? He wondered.

For the next two years Alejandro kept himself very busy on every front: professionally in the Medical Society of Tarlac and in the Rotary Barrio Clinic; socially in the Lions Club and other civic projects; and spiritually in his quest to discover God's ultimate purpose for his life. First he tried the Spiritists whose active group his mother had joined. Next he turned to the Cursillo movement, a revival group within his own Catholic church. Membership in the latter organization called for three days of fasting, prayer, Bible study, and commitment to the spiritual welfare of his fellow cursillistas. In his zeal he went through the programme twice, just to be sure. But even though he became president of Tarlac Cursillo No. 41, Dr. Santiago found that he still had too many unanswered questions. However, he had also formed deep friendships with his cursillista brothers. True, their activities were often anything but strictly religious, yet they were in keeping with the doctor's enthusiastic enjoyment of life and its living to the full. His wife, however, remained a staunch Methodist in firm but tolerant opposition to his own long-standing Catholic persuasions.

Late one May afternoon in 1970, Alejandro headed out to his comfortable new home in the city suburbs. He threaded his way through the narrow streets filled with Jeeps, tricycles (motor-cycles with sidecars), bicycles, handcarts, and calesas (horse-drawn carriages). As usual, hundreds of people thronged the thoroughfare on foot. He knew that the Volkswagon he drove immediately identified him as a substantial citizen, even a financial aristocrat in a community where relatively few people were involved in the problems of private car ownership. Still, in this traffic, a horse may occasionally get the edge on a machine. . .

The Shaft of a Cart

Suddenly a skittish pony stepped into his path, dragging a calesa full of furniture along the side of his car. In the tangle of hoofs and wheels, the shaft of the cart struck him on the left side of his head, and for a few seconds he knew no more. When he drifted back into consciousness, he felt that the lower part of his face was nothing but a sticky mass of torn flesh and bone. The pole had gone through his left cheek and come out under his jaw, just below his right ear.

Bystanders crowded around, and somewhere out in the black distance he heard murmurs of "Siya ay namatay" (He is dead), and "Ang doktor ay nawalan ng buhay" (The doctor has no more life). One of his colleagues arrived, however, to

discover that "buhay" (life) had, in fact, not yet gone. They removed the shaft, pulled some of the teeth in his shattered jaws, and carried him to the hospital.

For the third time, he lay in a hospital bed, the Central Luzon Doctors' Hospital where he was one of the practising physicians. Again, he had hours to spend considering the strange and recurrently painful pattern of his life. One thought persisted in his mind. "I should have already died three times. For what purpose have I been saved?" He contemplated the network of old scars on his chest and abdomen and felt the bandages on his face and throat. His head throbbed relentlessly. "Lord, what is Your plan? I'll follow it; only show me what I should do."

Three and a half weeks later he went home carrying a body much bruised and broken for its thirty-four years but also a spirit high with determination to fulfil God's purpose.

Two Ladies

In October that year two ladies from the Seventh-day Adventist church next door approached him for an Ingathering donation. He had always had his reservations about those strange people, and he told them as much. "I am a member of many civic organizations, you know," he said to Sabina Ramil, the church school teacher, and her friend Ester Medenilla. "What good is your church doing that is not already being done better by public services? No, I'm not interested." He gave them a professional smile of dismissal and turned back to his desk.

"Government organizations cannot care for all the needs." The women showed no sign of being shrugged off easily. "Moreover, people have spiritual as well as physical necessities."

Alejandro contemplated the earnest canvassers thoughtfully. Perhaps the Lions Club did not do much for spiritual needs. Perhaps Adventists also had their own kind of "cursillo." Almost ten years of busy practice had really made him very well off, and it would do him no harm to give them a small donation. Moreover, it did not become a professional man to scorn the public endeavours of well-meaning people, misguided though they might be.

On the other hand, he thought of his many charities, his barrio clinic, and all of his other social obligations. Surely this was already more than enough. Besides, there was such a thing in the world as taking advantage of people who are known to be generous. So he dismissed the solicitors and all thoughts of a contribution from his mind.

A short time later Voice of Prophecy lessons began to arrive at his house. For weeks they piled up, unopened, on the library shelf; he had no interest in what he supposed to be extremist and fanatical attempts at religion. One day, however, when he had an hour or two to spare, he casually opened a few of the envelopes. After all, it was rather illogical to condemn something he had not even seen. Soon he was absorbed in the contents of the study guides. Here were the questions

that had never been discussed, much less answered, at the Cursillo House.

With the decision and vigour natural to his disposition, Alejandro quickly accepted the Bible studies offered by Miss Ramil, who had never forgotten him, and the local pastor, Augusto Reyes. For the first time in their marriage, the doctor and his wife now found some common ground for religious experience. Within four months, in January, 1971, they were both baptized at the Tarlac church. Then the doctor donated 400 pesos for the new church building. "Back payment on the Ingathering campaign!" he smiled.

A Call to Serve

To his many civic duties Dr. Santiago now added another full day's work with free consultation on Sundays. Although his relatives were keenly disappointed in his "apostasy," he had never been happier, and he felt that he had at last found the reason for his life. Then a new baby came to join Brenda and Junior. He was their real "Adventist baby," representative of their new happiness, so he and his wife combined the first part of their names and called him Alecor.

Mercifully, their eyes could not penetrate the future. . .

A call came from the Central Luzon Mission. A clinic was to be opened in Puerto Princesa on the distant island of Palawan. The city with its population of 38,000 had very inadequate medical services, and it offered wide scope for a doctor strong in faith and endurance. Alejandro certainly seemed to be the man, and he saw in the call a chance for much broader service than had hitherto come to them.

The family's confidence in this mission offset the inevitable sadness connected with giving up their new home and hard-earned, well-established practice. But it aggravated the strong disapproval of the relatives who conceived it to be nothing but madness that made Alejandro first join the "Sabatistas" and now give up a practice just as he had seemingly arrived at the top, just to go off to one of the remotest islands in the Philippines. For the doctor, however, his thinking was entirely clear and unconfused; "The Lord has done so much for me—more than most men experience in three lifetimes. Now I must take this special opportunity to do much for Him."

The success with which the Palawan Adventist Clinic grew encouraged the Santiagos to keep faith in their decision. In June, 1972, the new building was inaugurated. The wife of the governor of Palawan, herself a doctor, officiated at the ceremonies. Patients filled the place at all hours of the day, and the church rallied to support this prosperous medical work.

Tragedy!

Although the Christian realizes that every valley is followed by a mountaintop experience, he finds, too, that the reverse is often true. The next test to strike Alejandro came with the impact of a plane and car crash combined. With no

warning his wife, Corazon, became ill, apparently suffering a heart attack. In a few hours she died.

Alejandro sat in the desolation of his half-built new house, too stunned at first to try to pick up the pieces of his life again. For fifteen hours he was too paralysed to think. The baby cried too much, and the older children had to ask about Mama, trying to fathom the mystery of death and understand the meaning of the greatest loss possible to childhood. Alone with God he fought his way through to acceptance and control. "God saved my life for His work; I know it. I must not, I cannot, give up. Not even now, alone."

By the time his family and all the rest of the clan of relatives had time to rally the forces of opposition, he was ready for them. They came with quite predictable arguments: "You see what comes with joining the Adventists?" "If you had stayed at home, Corazon would have had better hospital care, and she would not have died." "You are not fit to care for these children; we shall take charge of them." "Surely now you'll have enough sense to come home and forget about serving that useless mission."

"I shall keep my children myself," he replied, "And I shall rear them in the way I see best. As for my wife, I have no fear. All was well between her and God. He has allowed this trial to come to me, but I shall not fail Him because of it."

Alejandro's mother, despite her objections to his decisions, came to Palawan to care for the house and family. Feeling but half a man, and praying God to supply all deficiencies, Dr. Santiago threw himself back into the work of the new clinic with redoubled zeal. Having committed all to God, he determined to live his life in "day-tight" compartments.

Heart Healing

At the end of the year he married Elizabeth Martinez, a beautiful young

Palawena girl who had left her college studies to come to the clinic to work as a nursing assistant. She stepped quietly into his home, and the work of heart healing began.

Family responsibilities were heavy for the young bride. Recently when I saw her going about her household tasks with her mother-in-law, I enquired about the attitudes of the family. "We are aware of her prejudices," Beth said, "but we are determined just to live the Christian life before her every day and convince her that way." And when you see the whole household together for worship, you can believe that the young couple is succeeding.

Then, too, you catch glimpses of Beth with the baby, Alecor, his chubby arms wrapped around her neck. "My baby," she calls him and kisses his fat little cheeks tenderly. Surely the madonna image of young motherhood appeals in every age, every land, and every circumstance.

As for the work of the clinic, the doctor's practice has grown beyond all expectation, and with it has grown his faith and eager hope in the future of the medical work in Palawan. As an officer of the provincial Medical Society he receives constant invitations to carry medical services to outlying parts of the island, and he has become a well-known figure in most of the major municipalities. Plans promise laboratory and X-ray facilities in the foreseeable future; dreams include the expansion of the clinic to a full-fledged hospital and the launching of a mission boat to serve the many islands in this very remote part of the Philippines.

The contagious faith of this durable and energetic young doctor inspires all who meet him to share his enthusiasm. He moves about his daily tasks as a marked man—marked by God for a special mission. For this reason he seeks to pass on the gift of his own life to others in devoted service.

LETTERS (continued from page 11)

Agricultural Science

Dear Editor,

I would like to express my appreciation of the letter written by L. O. Sonter (RECORD, 4/6/73) and particularly of the instruction from the servant of God which he has brought to our notice.

From time to time efforts have been made, particularly in certain of our boarding schools, to follow this counsel, but we have never fully reached the ideals set for our achievement. Perhaps we could examine some of the reasons why so little success has been realized.

The tendency has been to look upon agriculture as an industry—a rather important source of revenue to assist in maintaining the institution—rather than as a science worthy, in its own right, of an important place, a foundation place, "the A.B.C. of the education given in our schools." So if the farm, the orchard, the dairy, the poultry or the vegetable garden does not show a profit, or proves inconvenient to operate, the suggestion is soon made that it be discontinued. Someone will quickly suggest, "Surely it is cheaper, and certainly more convenient, to buy our produce rather than grow it ourselves."

Strangely enough, this argument is seldom, if ever, raised against the inclusion of other subjects in the curriculum, viz: English, Maths, Science, Physics and Chemistry, History, Geography, Economics, Shorthand, Typing, Book-keeping, Art, Music, etc.

Furthermore, apart from Bible subjects, which are distinctively our own, our schools have always been prone to teach what is generally taught in the schools of the nation and which is specifically required for a pass in certain examinations. (Unfortunately, Agricultural Science has never been given a prominent place in the nation's curricula, except in a few schools especially designed for this purpose.) Such motivation for our reasoning is quite understandable, though it does not necessarily excuse the attitude that has been adopted.

Agriculture, perhaps more than any other subject, lends itself to the combination of physical labour and mental exertion so often strongly recommended in the writings of Ellen G. White. Attention has frequently been drawn to the accuracy of other statements found in the Spirit of Prophecy, which have not been fully understood or appreciated until half a century or more after they were written. Such is the case of the instruction given us relative to Agricultural Science.

It is interesting to note of recent years that much more emphasis than formerly is being placed upon the biological sciences. The problem of food production for the masses, the most economical use of arable land and the preservation of the environment, all point to new avenues of achievement calling for specially trained men and women who have done specialized study in these fields.



Dr. Santiago has graphic pictures around the walls of his examining room to help his patients understand the functioning of their bodies.

Perhaps when other groups of men are no longer welcome to labour for God in certain portions of the "great harvest field," the agricultural scientist may prove a welcome exception to the rule.

Some years ago, a beginning was made in our West Australian Missionary College and some good results were manifested. Some students were later employed by the Agricultural Department of Western Australia, and one was appointed to the mission field. Perhaps these efforts may not have been fully appreciated at the time; but surely now the hour has come.

It is not suggested that one jot or tittle be taken from the work our colleges and schools are doing in other directions, but surely we should, at last, give heed to the instruction of God's servant, sent to us long ago and many times since, and give to Agricultural Science and kindred subjects the emphasis God certainly now intends them to receive.

W. J. Gilson,
Victoria.

Agriculture at Avondale

Dear Editor,

Brother Sonter's recent letter (REC-ORD, 4/6/73) was of special significance to me in a number of ways. In 1951, as a student at Avondale College, my work programme was at the orchard, of which Brother Sonter was then manager. At that time, his efforts to convince me of the essential relationship of useful manual labour to true education unfortunately fell upon unresponsive ears, as I argued that working at college for 1/6d an hour was hardly worth while.

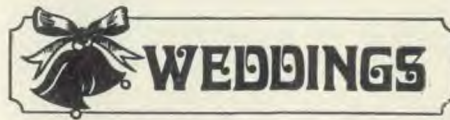
It was only in later years, as I read and began to understand the full philosophical and spiritual implications of the benefit of physical work to the Christian life, that Brother Sonter's earlier discussions took on significance. There is no question that agricultural training has rarely received satisfactory emphasis in Adventist school curricula in the Australasian home field. This was a deep concern of mine while in charge of teacher education at Avondale in 1965 to 1969. I had hoped to see a strong programme introduced where not only students might be able to elect to undertake such a programme, but a body of teachers might be trained to staff our schools located in the country and in the Union Mission fields.

Since returning to Australia, the failure to move in this direction was emphasized to me as I have visited Lilydale Academy and found that, for lack of agricultural teachers, the agricultural programme there has had to be discontinued. Unquestionably it is at Avondale that this weakness must be rectified, for without trained teachers this programme fails. That Avondale is an ideal place for this is assured by the divine choice of its location.

It has frequently been argued that agriculture no longer has the relevance to society that it had when Sister White gave her counsel. After noting the anguish of scores of parents in our large cities, trying to bring Christianity to their chil-

dren against almost overwhelming odds, it would seem that the relevance of agricultural training has never been more significant than it is at present. Sound agricultural training would offer a basis for more church members to move into the country where a better moral and spiritual environment exists for our young people. At present I know of a number of well-trained Adventist agricultural scientists who I am sure would offer the technical assistance for the setting up of such a course, and I would hope that at least one would be prepared to lead such a programme.

Colin D. Standish,
Greater Sydney (pro temp.).



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

BACON—WILLIAMS. Before relatives and friends at the Hurstville church, New South Wales, on June 24, 1973, Kenneth Paul Bacon and Jennifer Williams were united in the bonds of holy wedlock. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Bacon of Nambour, Queensland. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Williams of Sydney, New South Wales. As they establish their home in Wahroonga, we pray God will richly bless them in their lives together and in their witness for Christ.

David E. Lawson.

BROWN—ELLERY. Monday, May 7, 1973, was a beautiful day in more ways than one for Gayl Ellery and David Brown. At 3 p.m. on this day they met in the beautifully decorated St. Albans church, Christchurch, New Zealand, to exchange their marriage vows. Gayl is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Ellery of Christchurch, and David is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Brown of Kaikoura. As Gayl and David establish their home in Christchurch we wish them God's continued presence as they join their lives in service for Him. Eric C. White.

COUSINS—BRECHIN. June 3, 1973, was a very happy day for Allen Cousins and Margaret Brechin. This was their wedding day, celebrated in the Busselton church, Western Australia. Allen is the elder son of Brother and Sister Bill Cousins of Busselton, and Margaret is the fourth daughter of Brother and Sister Reg Brechin of Mount Barker, Western Australia; she was a nurse at Sherwin Lodge. With their attendants, the bride and bridegroom made a very attractive group on this colourful and solemn occasion. Many relatives and friends gathered to join in wishing this young couple a happy home where God will be supreme in their united lives.

D. H. Davies.

GNIEWOSZ—MINTER. A large group of relatives and friends gathered in the Murwillumbah church, New South Wales, to witness the wedding of Gail Minter and Gerhard Gniewosz on Tuesday, December 26, 1972. Gail is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Minter of Tweed Heads, while Gerhard is the son of Mrs. Gniewosz of Germany, and the late Mr. Gniewosz. Both young people are highly esteemed in the church, and plan to make their home in South Australia, where Gerhard is employed as an accountant. We pray that God will richly bless them as they set up a Christian home.

J. J. Carter.
(We regret the lateness of this notice—due to inadvertence.—Ed.)

GRIFFITHS—CHING. The New Plymouth church, New Zealand, was well filled with warm-hearted friends on May 17, 1973, to witness the marriage of Elsie Ching and Arthur Griffiths. Both bride and bridegroom are long-standing and respected church members. They will reside in Wanganui, where we believe their united Christian service will be much appreciated. May God bless them with many years of happy wedded life.

Alfred F. J. Kranz.

THEW—HILL. In the late afternoon of June 10, 1973, many relatives and friends gathered at the South Brisbane church, Queensland, to witness the ceremony which united Richard Thew and Carolyn Hill in holy wedlock. Richard, an agricultural economist stationed in Dalby, is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Thew of Gunnedah, New South Wales, while Carolyn, for years engaged in denominational work as a stenographer, is the youngest daughter of Brother and Sister Mel Hill of Brisbane. As this very happy couple set up their home in Dalby, we are confident that the influence of their dedicated lives will be a power for good in this western town.

B. C. Grosser.



BLAIN. Edward Blain was born in Scotland on May 25, 1907, and passed to his rest in the Margaret River Hospital, Western Australia, on May 30, 1973, in his sixty-sixth year. To his wife (nee Phyllis Hosking), a good and faithful member of the Margaret River church, and to his family of five daughters and three sons, we extend our deepest sympathy in the loss of their loved one.

D. H. Davies.

CORNISH. William Francis Cornish passed peacefully to his rest on May 19, 1973. He was born in England seventy-three years ago, but came to Australia in 1914, having married Miss Florence Croxson two or three years previously. Later, they moved to Cooranbong where Mrs. Croxson Snr., then of New Zealand, introduced the Advent message to her family while she was on holiday. Brother and Sister Cornish later accepted the truth, and for over forty years have been faithful to their promises of allegiance to God. Pastors W. G. Turner and D. Ferris assisted the writer in the burial service at the Avondale Cemetery, when many friends and relatives assembled to pay tribute to the quiet and consistent life of this dear husband, father and friend. Our sincere sympathies are extended to the gracious widow, who had walked sixty-two years beside her loved husband, and to the son, Jack, and the two daughters, Nancy (Mrs. Dunlop of Freeman's Water Holes), and Lillian (Mrs. Stevens of Dee Why), and their families. May God grant a complete reunion in the day the Master comes to gather His own.

W. F. Taylor.

GARNISH. Sister Agnes Irene Garnish passed to her rest on June 17, 1973, at the Royal Newcastle Hospital, New South Wales. She was born seventy-three years ago and was a devoted Christian lady who joined the Adventist Church after coming to live at Warners Bay some twenty-three years ago. Sister Garnish was a member of the Boolaroo Seventh-day Adventist church, where her happy nature and helpful attitude will be greatly missed by all. She leaves to mourn her passing, her husband, two daughters and two sons, fourteen grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. We laid her to rest in the Avondale Cemetery to await the call of the Life-giver.

A. D. Judd.

HILL. Sister Clara Hill, aged seventy-five years, after a prolonged stay in hospital, passed to rest on May 26, 1973. Accepting the Advent message during the ministry of Pastors W. M. R. Scragg and E. A. Reye in Perth, with her beloved husband, she found joy in fellowship with the members of the Perth City church for some thirty-six years. She leaves to mourn—as well as her esteemed life companion—her daughter Eileen (Mrs. Clifford Withnell of Perth), and Arthur, the son, now living at Apia, Samoa. Resting in the Karakatta Cemetery to await the morning soon to dawn when Jesus will return, this faithful mother in Israel will rest in God's keeping until time becomes eternity. Associated with the writer at the farewell service was Pastor L. Coombe, the present minister of the Perth church.

G. I. Wilson.

HILL. On Monday afternoon, June 18, 1973, Mary Ann Elizabeth Hill passed quietly to rest in her eighty-fourth year in the Wanganui Public Hospital, New Zealand. Left to mourn are her family, Mrs. Broadmore, Mr. Barron, and two sisters, Mrs. Crow and Mrs. Bates. The service was conducted at the graveside in Hawera. Our sister sleeps and waits for the call of the Life-giver. P. Theuerkauf.

KINGDON. Sister Florence Belmont Kingdon, aged seventy-one years, a loyal member of the Cottesloe church, passed to rest on May 23, 1973. Widely known in Denmark, Western Australia, prior to living at Cottesloe, she won a host of friends by her cheerful manner and Christian deportment. In failing health she fell asleep to await the return of Jesus and the resurrection morning. Her loved ones, while not members of our church, were encouraged as they heard of a Redeemer who will return in person to gather all who sleep in Christ. Many relatives, as well as representatives from the Cottesloe church, gathered to pay their final tributes. Sorrow has come to many homes through the loss of one so dear, but oh, what joy when the trumpet sounds and the beloved of God awake to eternal life! G. I. Wilson.

LIVINGSTONE. Agnes Wright Livingstone was born in Sydney on July 5, 1881, and died at Coorabong on May 1, 1973—a life span two months short of ninety-two years. The last two years of her life were spent at our Charles Harrison Home at Coorabong, where she was given the maximum of loving care. In the early days, Miss Livingstone, known to many as "Auntie," lived in Sydney, then moved up north about fifty years ago, where she taught school for many years. "Auntie Agnes" loved the truth of God and died in full assurance of the resurrection of the righteous when Jesus comes again. We laid her to rest in the Grafton Cemetery, where Jesus will call our sister to her eternal reward. H. Dodd.

OSMOND. Daisy Corrie Osmond passed away peacefully on June 18, 1973, in the Coronella Homes, Nunawading, Melbourne, in her ninety-third year. She, with her husband, was baptized in Hobart in 1909. The family moved successively to Melbourne, to Shepparton, and in 1922 to Avondale, where they remained for many years. Brother Osmond becoming the woodwork instructor at the college. Of her seven children, three survive, Margaret (Mrs. M. Arthur of Warburton), Keith (Sydney) and Charles (Tasmania). Sister Osmond is remembered as a faithful and enthusiastic member of the church, and to her loved ones we extend the sympathy of Heaven. After a service in Box Hill, we laid her to rest in the Springvale Cemetery, the writer being assisted by Pastor W. J. Cole. J. A. Mitchell.

PARKER. Mrs. Phylis Edna Ellen Parker passed to her last rest at Nunawading, Victoria, on April 16, 1973, at the age of sixty-three. She was baptized by the late Pastor D. Sibley at our Auburn church some thirty years ago, and has been a faithful member of the Ringwood church for many years. Her husband, Arthur, pre-deceased her, and she is survived by her daughter Helen (Mrs. Rose) and son Frank. Sister Parker had battled against ill health with courage and fortitude for several years. A day or two before her passing, Sister Frauenfelder took her to our Coronella Homes Hospital where she died suddenly. All who knew Sister Parker will remember her as one who loved to be of service in providing abundant healthful food for our MVs and JMV's at the camps conducted for their groups over the past many years. Surely, angels have recorded her life of humble, loving service. Her son and daughter feel keenly the loss of a loving mother and our hearts go out to them. The last rites were conducted by the writer at beautiful Springvale Crematorium, with a feeling and an assurance of certainty of meeting our sister again on the resurrection morning. R. L. Aveling.

RYDER. After many years of patient suffering, Grace Elizabeth Ryder passed peacefully to her rest in the Royston Hospital, Hastings, New Zealand, on April 27, 1973. Grace was a lovely, Christian lady who bore a telling testimony in her life to the power of the gospel. This was evident in her kind and patient nursing of her late husband, Arthur, during the final years of his sickness. After a service in the Hastings church, Grace was laid to rest in the Havelock North Cemetery. She will be greatly missed by her relatives, friends and the members of the church. F. M. Slade.

TRIPP. Wilfred Henry Tripp, as a result of a motor accident, passed to his rest at the age of seventy-three years on April 6, 1973, at Cambridge, New Zealand. After the service on April 10 in the old Cambridge church, he was laid to rest in the Leamington Cemetery to await the call of the Life-giver. Brother Tripp was a faithful, zealous believer and will be greatly

missed by our church members and the community, who greatly respected his sincerity. He was laid to rest a few weeks before the opening of the new Cambridge church hall, to which he contributed in building and hoped to see completed. In respect to his contribution, the funeral cortege passed the building site after leaving the old church en route to the cemetery. A. G. Jacobson.

TYRRELL. After a few weeks of intense suffering, Wallace William Tyrrell passed away at the Wellington Public Hospital, New Zealand, during the evening of June 11, 1973. He was nearly fifty-six years of age. For the last three years he knew he had contracted the disease which eventually took his life. But he did not burden his family with the news. He had led an active life, particularly serving the Miramar church in the capacity of first elder and sometimes lay preacher and assisting in evangelistic campaigns, until the closure of that church about four years ago. He is sadly missed by his church associates, his wife and three sons, Geoffrey, Adrian and Simon. A memorial and reconsecration service was conducted by the writer in the Wellington Seventh-day Adventist church on Friday, June 15, 1973. Angus McPhee.

WILKINSON. Ruby Ethel Wilkinson passed to rest at Kogarah, New South Wales, on May 14, 1973, at the age of seventy-eight years. Although not a baptized member of the church she was an Adventist "at heart" who was longing to hear more of God's last message. Brother George Jackson of the Hurstville church had contacted her in his witnessing for God. Studies which I commenced with her had to be suspended because of a series of strokes which ultimately took her life. Her desire to be one with us was expressed in her will, in which she left some of her finances to our Aboriginal work, work for the Blind, and the Hurstville church. We laid her to rest in the Northern Suburbs Cemetery on May 17, 1973, in the blessed hope of a resurrection to life at the return of the Lord. David E. Lawson.

BIBLE STUDY GUIDES AND EVANGELISTIC SERMONS are available from Mrs. F. Lawson, 6 Carter Crescent, Gympie Bay, N.S.W. 2227. Bible Study Guide, 40 cents; Set of 48 Sermons, \$2.60; postage paid.

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RETURN THANKS: Mrs. Betty Britten and family, Mrs. C. E. Sommerfeld and Miss Verna Britten, sincerely thank everyone who has been so kind, thoughtful and sympathetic in so many different ways in the suffering and loss of their dearly loved husband, father and brother. Particular thanks go to the pastors and doctors who ministered to Ray during his illness, and to the nurses and staff at the Sydney Sanitarium. Please accept this as their personal thanks to each one. "Maranatha!"

AUSTRALASIAN RECORD

and Advent World Survey

Official Organ of the
AUSTRALASIAN DIVISION OF SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS

Editor - - - - - R. H. PARR
 Associate Editor - K. S. PARMENTER
 Office Secretary - - DULCE RICKARDS
 Wahoonga Representative
 WENDY BLANK

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

FLASH POINT...

- ★ Three items from the Golden West. First we go to the town of Northam in that fair state, and what do we find? Just that this up-and-dusting town has recently elected its first woman councillor. She is Mrs. J. Krieg, a member of our Avon Valley church in Northam. Our Northam correspondent (we have them EVERYWHERE, of course) tells us that Mrs. Krieg's opponent in the elections was a well-known business man, but the voting went three-to-one in Mrs. Krieg's favour. A round of applause for Councillor Krieg would be in order. . . . Thank you.
- ★ Next we move to the Victoria Park school. Adventist school, that is. The story as we hear it is that additional land became available—land right near (how near?) the school, and we secured an option on it for six weeks. And the cost? Well, you know what it's like today. Land costs the earth. How does \$24,000 strike you? It'd leave most schools gasping. But not the Victoria Park parents, friends, grandparents, supporters, staff AND pupils. The school board planned wisely and everyone bucked in. A tremendous effort. Six people reached for their cheque-books and between them came up with \$13,000!!! That's what THEY think of Christian education. (There's more. . . .)
- ★ But even that superb generosity left a wide gap, and so everybody pulled at an oar, to coin a beautiful metaphor. Two energetic ladies (parents of school pupils) organized a "Winter Wonderland" and raised \$750 in a one-night sale of sundry donated articles. The school pupils organized concerts and jog-a-longs (the matter was too urgent for a mere walkathon) and up came \$400. And so the gap was bridged in a bare six weeks. But the one we liked the best was the mufti day held by the school students. (A mufti day is one in which you come in casual clothes—out of school uniform, that is; and they fined themselves 20 cents for being out of uniform!) Anyhow, congratulations to the Victoria Parkites for acquiring all that luvly land, and for having the vision that took an outlay of \$24,000 in its stride.
- ★ Dr. Bruce Armstrong and his wife make Item Number Three. Dr. Bruce is in London right now, and word comes through that he has just been awarded a \$30,000 scholarship over a four-year period for specialized research in epidermology. (An epidermologist is a doctor who, if you have an itch, tells you where to scratch.) Our correspondent concludes with this sentence: "We wish to congratulate the good doctor and also his wife upon her successful completion of her examination in anæsthesia." (Which is the best way to take any exam, we would think.)
- ★ Some time ago an advertiser wanted to get in touch with a Mr. Tony Stevens (or Stephens). Would that advertiser please get in touch with the editor of the RECORD? We now have three Mr. Tony Stevens (Stephens) and you can take your pick.
- ★ There are some changes of location and work responsibilities for some of the Health Food Company personnel. Those to hand are:
 - ☆ J. K. Bailey, now retail manager, Hobart, to retail manager, Auckland, replacing F. H. Pinfold, who is retiring.
 - ☆ K. R. Forbes, presently shop supervisor, Sydney retail, Hunter Street branch, to retail manager, Hobart, Tasmania. (More moves shortly.)
- ★ Bowral church, on the Southern Tablelands of New South Wales, is shortly to hold its fiftieth anniversary services. The golden jubilee celebrations will coincide with the opening of the newly renovated church. Anyone got any historic information, documents or photos? Then send them to Mrs. R. Greaves, Oxley Drive, Bowral, N.S.W. 2576. They'll be cared for and returned after the festivities. The fifty members of the Bowral church would like to see as many of their former members as possible on August 11.
- ★ "Finally, brethren . . ." (from "Today's Food"): Health insurance is a lot like wearing a hospital gown; you're never covered as much as you think you are.

GLEANINGS FROM THE "RECORD"

Fifty Years Ago

Things haven't changed all that much after all. This piece was in the RECORD dated July 23, 1923: "A wave of silly competition seems to have hit the world. The endurance dance is one of the latest manifestations. More than ninety hours of continuous performance is the record of a young woman in Ohio. The editor of the 'Washington News' reminds us that 'Europe in 1374 had a dancing craze that wound up with people dancing in the streets until they fell screaming and foaming at the mouth.' It is not likely that officials of various cities fear a recurrence of dementia, but they have issued restrictive orders in the belief that the competitions may be carried to the point of injuring health. It is regrettable that the energy of youth cannot be turned into better channels." (That piece was extracted from the "Review and Herald." Which reminds us of Bernard Shaw's remark that "Youth is a wonderful time of life; it is a pity to waste it on the young.")

This notice was in the same issue, and will stir up the nostalgia of many readers of an older vintage:

Daily Motor Service
Cooranbong—Dora Creek

Mrs. J. B. Anderson, Proprietress, desires to intimate to the travelling public that she does not under any consideration meet trains on Sabbath, that is, from Friday sunset till Sabbath sunset inclusive.

Twenty-five Years Ago

The year's subscription to the RECORD was still five shillings; the editor was Pastor A. G. Stewart and Miss Constance Greive was the assistant editor. The magazine was then an eight-pager.

Pastor H. E. Piper, the vice-president of the Australasian Union Conference, tells of a visit to the Society Islands. It took him three weeks to get there, travelling on a cargo ship, the "Waitemata." One week was spent loading sugar at Fiji. Pastor Piper's first call was on Pastor and Mrs. J. B. Keith and their two daughters in Suva. He also met, later, the Nelson Palmers and the A. P. Dyasons.

Church membership of the Society Islands was then 180, with a Sabbath school membership of 550. Twenty-nine people had been baptized in the preceding two years.

Adelaide city mission was in full swing, with Pastor J. W. Kent leading. Team members at the time of writing were Pastor G. V. Palmateer, M. M. Stewart (song leader), M. Logue, Miss F. Carver and Mrs. V. Steed (Bible instructress). A mission was also running concurrently at Murray Bridge, with Pastor Kent leading with the support of M. M. Stewart in charge of the singing.