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Adventist Heritage

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Ron Graybill, chair of the Department of History at La Sierra University and associate editor of *Adventist Heritage*, has compiled the complete listing of back issues published in this, the first number of Volume 15 (Spring, 1992). Copies (or photocopies) of the back issues are available upon request.

Joan Minchin-Neall, a granddaughter of John Pocock, is a graduate nurse and the wife of Ronald Neall (who has pastored a number of churches in the southeastern United States). Her mother, May Pocock-Minchin, currently resides with Joan in Dayton, TN. The Nealls have four children: Carol (in mission service with her husband in Thailand); Kerry (a physician at the Florida Adventist Hospital, Orlando), Shelley (a nurse and pastor's wife in Orlando, Florida); and Robert (a theology student currently finishing a term as a student missionary in Thailand).

Virginia-Gene Shankel-Rittenhouse began her music studies at an early age in South Africa and has won numerous awards. As violinist, pianist and composer, she has concertized throughout the United States, Canada, Europe, South Africa, Japan and the West Indies. Her doctorate in performance is from Peabody Conservatory of Music (1963). She is director of the New England Youth Ensemble and Professor of Music at the Thayer Conservatory of Music at Atlantic Union College, Massachusetts. [See *Encore! The Story of the New England Youth Ensemble* (Pacific Press, 1988) for the account of twenty years of miracles.] A world-class musical organization, the Ensemble performs several times annually in Carnegie Hall and the Lincoln Center.

Loren Seibold grew up on a farm in North Dakota. Having completed his ministerial studies (M.Div, Andrews University, 1982), Loren now pastors the Seventh-day Adventist church in Palo Alto, California. He accidentally came across a copy of Alexander Gleason's book *Is the Earth Flat?* in a roadside junk store in Crookston, MN. He and his wife Carmen enjoy travelling. Loren's favorite hobby—doing fine woodwork with hand tools—is steeped in tradition.

Mary Pocock Stellmaker is a granddaughter of John Pocock. She has lived for many years in the Avondale College community where her husband Vern worked at the Sanitarium Health Company. She has taught in several Adventist high schools and once served as Communication Director of the North New South Wales Conference. In their retirement, the Stellmakers' primary interests are the families of their two daughters, Wendy and Rell. (They have four grandchildren.) Mary was assisted in her research by her cousin, Alice Patrick-Lewis, another granddaughter of John Pocock.

The Editor's Stump

We hope that the memory of the large (double-size) issue of Adventist Heritage is still with you. For several reasons—not the least being financial—the present issue is a slimmer one. But it did seem important to enclose all of Canada between two covers.

No one, we believe, has really doubted the quality of this journal. But some questions have [justifiably] been raised concerning its frequency. Some readers have, indeed, presumed its demise—and they can hardly be blamed for such an assumption.

We have just passed through a very difficult time during which the publication made the transition from a two-campus production (between the two campuses of Loma Linda University) to a one-campus effort by La Sierra University alone. Our present staff is working very hard now to bring Heritage into a state of regularity and predictability. At the same time, we are trying to "go international" to a greater degree than heretofore. Also, we shall be canvassing for issue editors among our sister colleges and universities.

Neither Rome nor any other enterprise of any magnitude was built in a day, and survival has been our primary goal for some months. Now, however, the Board and staff feel able to sit up, look around, take nourishment, and make plans. We are, with this issue, sending a letter to each subscriber—and, please, do take it personally. We hope to allay confusion, to publicize our new address and to answer the inevitable questions arising in our readers' minds at this time of transition.

Slimness notwithstanding, our three main features in this issue take you into three distinctive areas of Adventist endeavor:

1. The growth of Solusi College—a legendary missionary adventure in Africa.

2. The story of John Pocock—an Australian coach-builder whom Ellen White befriended in a special way.

3. The flat-earth debate—a review of an intellectual point where 19th-century pseudo-science intersected the preaching of Adventism.

In addition, we offer you a listing of all the back-issues of Adventist Heritage. A few are out-of-print but many are still available. (Three dollars per back-issue, or $20.00 per package of ten issues.)

Dorothy Minchin-Comm

Dorothy Minchin-Comm, Editor

Solusi
From Secondary School to College

By Sylvia J. Clarke

Automobile traffic eased along Lobengula Avenue, a thoroughfare wide enough for an ox cart drawn by eighteen span of oxen to turn around in the street. That, of course, is what it had been designed for back when Bulawayo, Rhodesia, was first built and ox carts constituted the heaviest traffic.

Residents strolled under the lavender blossoms of lacy jacaranda trees lining the avenue that December day in 1957, completely unaware of the board meeting going on in the office of the Zambesi Union of Seventh-day Adventists just across in the next street. In fact, most of them had probably never heard of the subject of that board meeting—Solusi. Nevertheless, the mission, located thirty miles east of town, was in its sixty-fourth year. It supported a full-fledged secondary school and had a commission to start a college course the following year.

The members at the 1957 board meeting were carefully considering the needs and challenges facing an institution headed toward full four-year-college status. Solusi's principal, Dr. C. Fred Clarke, made an impassioned appeal. "Brethren, we need funds to finish the building projects already begun on campus. And appropriations must be made for upkeep and repair." Gazing earnestly at each board member, he resumed his place as acting secretary.

"Why not take the £3,000 church fund and use it for operating expenses?" one committee member suggested. "You could replace the building funds later." The motion passed unanimously, and the board went on to other agenda matters.

Stunned by what had just happened, Dr. Clarke soon interrupted the proceedings with a question. "If I could build a church for that £3,000 plus the £5,000 we expect from the year-end offering, would you rescind the first motion?" Once again, the motion passed like a lightning flash, and the new principal—so new to his responsibilities— found himself with a double challenge. He was to build a church seating 1,000 people for £ 8,000 and to continue running a school without extra appropriations!

The Call

What events had led up to this dramatic moment? As a result of the independence movements sweeping Africa in the 1950's and '60's, Adventist church workers began to see the necessity of having a place to train African workers for their own fields. Accordingly, in December of 1953, Elder Ralph Watts, Trans-African Division president, went to Dr. C. Fred Clarke who was teaching at Helderberg College, South Africa, at the time. "The Division Committee has asked you to go to Solusi. You're to build it up to a senior college and build the new church there too," Watts declared, studying the science and mathematics teacher before him. "Moreover, I expect you to take the appointment!" Fortunately, both

Clarke and his wife, Esther, saw this directive as an assignment from God.

The Clarkes arrived at Solusi on Friday afternoon, May 21, 1954. Their first weekend passed with disconcerting speed. Elder Siebenlist, the outgoing principal, gave them a brief tour of the campus and introduced Clarke into the essentials of the office. At the Saturday night farewell the staff and students had prepared for the Siebenlists, the former principal officially turned over the keys to his successor. When the Clarkes awoke on Sunday morning, they found themselves on their own. The Siebenlists had already departed.

Much later, in his *Reminiscences*, Clarke recalled his feelings. "So I had a full-fledged mission station on my inexperienced hands with no one to turn to for guidance."[1]

Pre-Mission History

How did Solusi Mission begin? What assets did the new principal have to work with? Founded in 1894, Solusi was the first Seventh-day Adventist outreach to non-Christian peoples in Africa.[2] Because of Solusi's close ties with the church in southern Africa, we need to review the beginnings of the Seventh-day Adventist church there.

Three different men in three separate places in southern Africa—Pieter Wessels, Fletcher Tarr and Pieter Trytsmann—began keeping the Bible Sabbath on Saturday, each thinking he was the only non-Jew doing so. Through a chain of providential events, they each came into contact with William Hunt, an American miner in the Kimberly diamond fields. He also refrained from work on Saturdays, and he directed the three men to the group of Adventist believers centered in Battle Creek, Michigan.

In response to a call from this little band of Sabbath-keepers, the General Conference session of 1886 appointed seven Seventh-day Adventist workers to South Africa. In 1887 they sailed—two evangelists (Dores A. Robinson and C. L. Boyd and their wives), two colporteurs (George Burleigh and R. S. Anthony), and a Bible Instructor (Miss Carrie Mace). At first they worked with the white community, but soon the work expanded into the colored areas, and later to Christian African groups as well.[3]

In 1893, General Conference president Elder O. A. Olsen visited the young African church, for the need to expand the work among the non-Christian indigenous African people had already been recognized. African missions captured the attention of churches during this time because, after thirty years of work, Moffatt's[4] Nyati Mission finally produced the first native Matabele convert in 1889. Other churches were establishing missions in Matabeleland to the north, and Elder Olsen suggested that the Adventists should do the same. In light of the fact that the Seventh-day Adventist constituency in southern Africa numbered less than 500 members, the success of such an undertaking seemed unlikely. None-

The Fred Clarke family in their home at Helderberg College, South Africa, about 1952. (L-R) Esther Barnhurst Clarke, Wilton Clarke, C. Fred Clarke, J. Elwood Clarke, and J. W. Barnhurst.

theless, at the 1893 General Conference session in Battle Creek two delegates from South Africa pledged $15,000 to start the project. Volunteers from both the United States and South Africa came forward to go north and begin the work.

A Visit to Rhodes

Having heard that the British South Africa Charter Company was offering land to missions for a reasonable price, the Foreign Mission Board sent Elder Asa T. Robinson, conference president, to see Cecil John Rhodes, chairman of the Charter Company and Governor of the Cape Colony. Pieter Wessels accompanied Elder Robinson to the interview and was undoubtedly somewhat puzzled by Rhodes' behavior. While Robinson presented the ideas for the mission that the Adventist church planned to establish, Rhodes wrote continuously. He paused only three times, when Robinson stopped talking, to say "And...?" Encouraged to go on, Robinson did. At the end of the interview, Rhodes folded the paper on which he had been writing, put it into an envelope, sealed it, and handed it to his visitors. He instructed them to give it to Dr. L. S. Jameson, his representative in the territory which was then called Rhodesia.

It was this letter, of unknown content, that the group of volunteers carried with them on the long trek north. When they arrived in Bulawayo, they lost no time in making an appointment to see Dr. Jameson. After preliminaries, Pieter Wessels handed the letter from Rhodes to Dr. Jameson. The latter opened it, read briefly, and inquired, "How much land do you want?"

Hesitantly, Wessels told of their hope to get 6,000 morgen (about 12,000 acres). "But that," he added, "would, of course, depend on the terms.

"Terms?!" Dr. Jameson expostulated. "What kind of terms do you want?" He sounded gruff. "Rhodes is giving you all the land you can use!"

Above: *Finding creative ways to get to town across the flooded Gwaai River was only one of the tasks the new principal had to take up. He also repaired the diesel engine that ran the electric plant, and oversaw the building of the new duplex for single teachers—in addition to his administrative duties.* ***Middle:*** *Dr. Fred Clarke learned much of early Solusi history from these old squatters, many of whom taught in the first out-schools. As a boy, Mr. Tshabangu (center, in dark coat) led the oxen of Elder W.H. Anderson's wagon. He also could point out the cave where the mission furniture was hidden during the Matabele uprising in 1846.* ***Below:*** *The early pioneers arrived at Solusi in wagons like this one. This ox team and wagon took part in Solusi's 75th Anniversary celebration.*

Soon, out west of Bulawayo, the band of intrepid pioneers were scouting and pegging out 6,000 morgen for the mission farm. Part of the reason for such a large tract was that these missionaries and those ready to join them would soon receive no salary—not even a living allowance. Therefore, they had to be self-sufficient. Also, the semi-arid land made it necessary to have ten acres to support one cow. (The Adventists started their venture with 200 head of cattle, purchased locally.)

The Beginnings of Solusi

A second lot of missionaries joined the first group a year late. At first the early missionaries spent most of their time learning to survive on the 12,000-acre mission station. To begin with, the area became wet enough to make malaria a big problem. In the dread form of black water fever, the disease took a large toll in lives among the mission staff. Dr. Carmichael, George Tripp, and his son, Byron, were among those who died.

The missionaries also needed to clear land for crops. Until the mission compound was self-supporting, they traded goods with the local people. Learning the language, therefore, became a priority. At one point, a Matabele uprising interrupted their building and planting. The mission personnel fled to Bulawayo for safety and stayed there for several months.

During the famine that followed the tribal uprising, the mission cared for thirty destitute children (ten girls and twenty boys) who "formed the nucleus of the first school at Solusi, taught by John Ntaba."[5] This initial educational work in 1896-1897 paved the way, of course, for later growth. It also produced classic pioneer pictures—like that of Elder W. H. Anderson going out with his rhino whip to corral the children on the mission and bring them into school. He took very literally the Biblical injunction to "go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in" (Lk 14:23).

Teacher Education

In 1933, Solusi introduced teacher training to provide more education for those who worked in village schools. Those who taught in the early 1900's had completed Standard Two (about Grade 4) and a year of teacher training. Fifteen years later, in 1948, Solusi began to offer secondary work. Soon after this, in 1952, all the teacher training courses were moved to Lower Gwelo, in another part of Rhodesia.[6]

Thus Dr. Clarke, the math-teacher-turned-principal, inherited a lapful of challenges including a mission with a farm, clinic, and a full secondary program with students preparing to take external exams on two levels.

Challenges

Dr. Clarke faced at least seven staggering challenges. First his predecessor, Principal Siebenlist, had been on an extended furlough, and the pro-

Above: *The new college classroom block and administration building, built in 1961, reflected the lines of the church building.* ***Below:*** *Nelson Bhebe, the head of the woodworking shop, married in the old chapel in April, 1957. The new church was not yet ready.*

tem directors (who served for only a few months each) had exhausted the reserves. The school was heavily in debt to the merchants in Bulawayo.

Second, the first high school class, with their matriculation examination time nearing, found themselves without a science or English teacher. Because of an accident in her family, the English teacher had returned home suddenly, unable to give the school time to find a replacement. This particular circumstance affected the Clarkes directly. Esther Clarke had planned to stay home and teach their two young sons herself, but now she took on the challenge of heading the English Department. That meant that the boys (aged ten and twelve) found themselves at boarding school, several hours drive from Solusi.

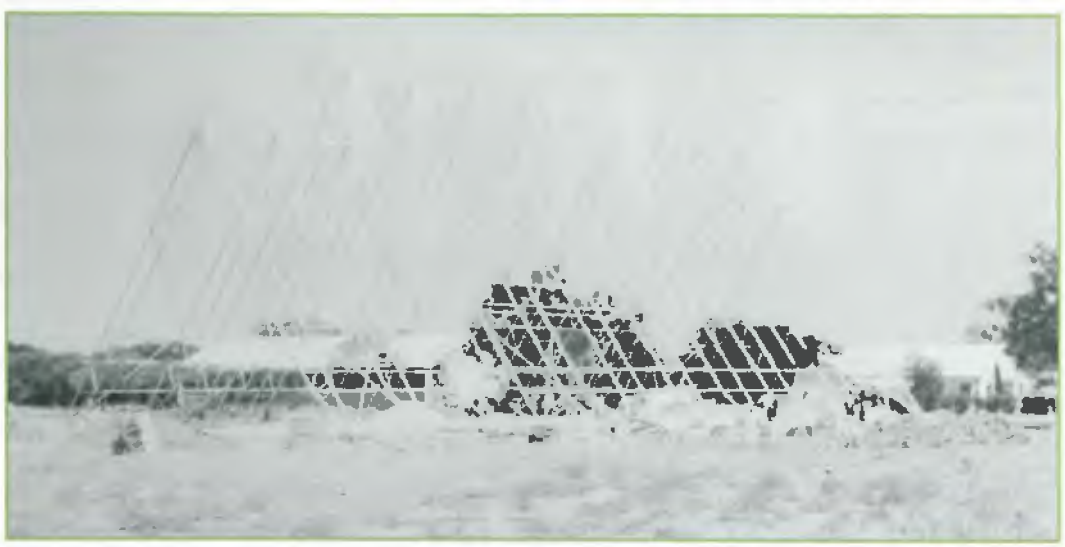
Third, the farm's entire herd of Friesland cows had contracted a serious disease called epididymitis-vaginitis. When the farm manager and the vet could not do anything to help, Dr. Clarke had the added expense of trucking the sick animals into town to be slaughtered. (Normally, Solusi herdsmen drove the cattle on foot, but this time they could not do so. The other farms along the way feared contagion.)

The fourth challenge, like the first, was a result having many temporary heads of the school over an eighteen-month period. The interim administrators left a rash of unfinished projects. A two-room addition to the home of the girls' dean had walls only up to roof-level at the front. Two large rooms being added to the girls' dorm had neither floors nor roofs. Adjacent eaves fell inside the rooms and made them mud-holes during the rainy season.

The new water toilets which had been installed shortly before Dr. Clarke's arrival posed his fifth challenge. The drain ran uphill, and the toilets had caved in at the new teachers' homes. Solusi's sanitary facilties were, indeed, the biggest worry to the government inspectors, one of whom showed up only a couple of weeks after the arrival of the new principal. The woman started asking Clarke questions, but he had no answers, for he did not yet know the large campus. He suggested to the inspector that they walk around and learn together. A few years later, when the school had much trouble with latrines because of heavy rains, one inspector wearily wrote in her report: "Solusi is noted for its collapsing latrines."[7]

The sixth challenge, water shortages, was related to and sometimes overshadowed by the snaitation problems. The water system proved very inadequate. For instance, there was only one tap for 250 boys to use for bathing and drinking, as wells as for their kitchen and dining-room needs. The dam simply contained too little water to serve the growing school.

The final challenge Clarke had to overcome involved people rather than



Above: *These six men, flanked by their teachers, were the first students of Solusi College in 1958: (L-R) Dr. Russell Staples, Enoch Kacelenga, Thomas Lisso, Philemon Kopolo, Yosua Gwalamubisi, Joseph Ngila-Kyale, Francis Camwendo, Mrs. Ruth Gorle.*
Below: *The local people were astonished when they saw the roof go up before the walls of the new Solusi church were built.*

things. He had to settle a dispute between the mission's farm manager and the other workers. About 10 p.m. on a Sunday night in June, a delegation from the African staff called Clarke to a meeting. They were very upset because the farm manager, in a fit of jealousy, had knocked his farm boss flat with his fist. After listening for hours to each person tell the story, the new administrator—at 3 a. m.—asked his staff what they wanted him to do. The affair ended when the one at fault came, on his knees, to apologize to the offended ones. Although this healed the wound on campus, Dr. Clarke was still called in to the district inspector's office two weeks later to give an account of the incident. Unfortunately, the farm manager never fully regained the trust of his workers.

Building Up

Despite many difficulties, the hand of God was very evident in the growth of Solusi from the beginning. A successful campmeeting in June of 1954 was the first positive step in Solusi's journey to college status. Then, during the holiday break in August, Clarke accompanied Elder Valentine Davis on a tour which took them to four campmeetings within a hundred-mile radius of the mission. This "friendship tour" began a series of activities which, under God's guidance, strengthened Solusi's ties with its neighbors and the church at large. During the next year and a half, Dr. Clarke made trips to visit Solusi's neighbors, received visiting church brethren, welcomed arriving teachers, bade the departing ones Bon Voyage, and attended committees, committees, and more committees.

Friends Abroad

Even on furlough, early in 1956, the Clarke family took time to make friends for Solusi. While travelling in the United States, they visited the families of as many of their Solusi teachers as they could. Their seven months on furlough provided not just rest and refreshment but also opportunities to promote mission work in general and the needs of Solusi in particular. At that time, the furnishing of Solusi's carpentry shop was high on Dr. Clarke's agenda. The Clarkes were able to take several pieces of equipment with them when they sailed from New York in September. The building done at Solusi over the next few years benefited immeasurably from the cargo they brought back from furlough.

En route to Africa, the Clarkes stopped in England to lay the groundwork for accreditation. Esther and Miss Haskin, the new librarian, took courses at the University of London on "Teaching English as a Foreign

Above: *The complete graduating class (consisting of the six four-year graduates and seventeen two-year ministerial graduates) of Solusi in 1961 posed with their staff on this important occasion. It was a milestone in Solusi's development as a college. The participating faculty: (Front row, L-R): Don van Ornam, A. V. Edwards, C. F. Clarke, Russell Staples, Z. S. Masuku, Harold Drake.* ***Below:*** *The finished church building is the focal point on campus and has become the photographic symbol of the college in most mission programs featuring African institutions.*

Language. Fred Clarke took courses in Philosophy of Education and negotiated with University officials. He was prepared to have the proposed Solusi College affiliated with a university either in England or in the United States.[8]

Just before arriving back at Solusi, the Clarkes rejoiced over the arrival of another friend for the college. Lloyd Johnson was a builder and a man of vision. He began at once to draw out and describe what he saw as a viable plot plan for the entire school. This included not only a campus layout, but also plans for an adequate water supply and plumbing system.

The Commission Repeated

Ralph Watts, the Division president, called a special committee to meet in the middle of 1957. In Bulawayo, the brethren addressed themselves to determining the location of a senior college for the African people. They considered several places: Inyazura and Solusi in Rhodesia (Zimbabwe), several sites in East Africa, and Malamulo in Nyasaland (Malawi). The final consensus was that Solusi would make the best place for such a center of higher education.

Thus the administrators arrived at that December day in 1957 when the jacarandas were blooming on Lobengula Avenue and when Fred Clarke received the mandate to make Solusi into a full senior college. As a result of the board's decision, Solusi's status changed from Union school to Division institution.

But the fledgling college needed more than friends. Solid financial backing was necessary before college-level courses could be inaugurated. Plans called for a ministerial and liberal arts curricula, to be developed on the traditional Seventh-day Adventist plan of combined work and studies. Instructed to begin small, Solusi received two full budgets for the first year and a promise from the Division for an additional teacher's salary each year, as needs warranted. With customary expedition, the committee members told Clarke he could move into college course work immediately—in 1958, in fact.

To fulfil this vision in less than six months seemed a Herculean task for the Clarkes. Solusi had no special buildings for college classes, nor were there any spare dormitories. And from where was the staff to open the new program to come? The government had given permission for the new college courses on one condition—the changes were in no way to deplete the high school staff or reduce their commitment to the high school program.

The Teacher Search

Now began an urgent quest for two college-level teachers: one qualified for two years of theology subjects and the other for English and general education courses. These people needed to meet some very special qualifications and had to be fully familiar with the South African Educational system. Clarke immediately went to work on coordinating with the University of South Africa (UNISA) so that teachers graduating from Solusi could receive a recognized B.A. degree.[9] Also Solusi students graduating from the theology course needed to be able to attend the Seventh-day Adventist Seminary in Washington D.C. without incurring penalties.[10]

Fortunately, Elder Russell Staples was completing his studies at the Theological Seminary in Washington. Although he had begun his work under the auspices of the South African Union, he was, at the time, no longer in its employ. Dr. Staples' seminary background made him an ideal person to take up the theology appointment at Solusi. Watts and Clarke sent the call and worked out a way for Staples to finish his work in time to open school at Solusi in 1958.

The problem of a teacher for the arts (humanities) program, however, proved more difficult. Where could they find someone who met the University of South Africa's qualifications in a hurry? Fred Clarke discussed the matter with his wife. "What about Ruth Gorle?" Esther asked. "Maybe she'd be willing to give up her position at Helderberg to come here and help us."

To their surprise and joy, Mrs. Gorle accepted the call to Solusi. In fact, she responded with such dispatch that some accused Fred of working behind the scenes to "rob" Helderberg. Most people, however, again saw the guiding hand of God.

Mrs. Gorle came to the position well qualified. Not only did she hold both her B.A. and M.A. from the University of South Africa, but she

Within four years after their marriage in Chicago in 1932, C. Fred Clarke and Esther Barnhurst Clarke left for Africa where they served together for forty years. Esther died at Solusi and is buried there.

had teaching experience there. Besides, she had been born in Rhodesia and had had, therefore, early exposure to the native language of the area. Ruth Gorle was to spend the rest of her days in the service of Solusi. She was a beloved and respected teacher to the end.

College Begins

With these two teachers aboard, Solusi was ready to offer college courses. When the 1958 school year opened, seven college students from several different countries enrolled—four in theology and three in education. The theology roster listed: Yoswa Gwalamubisi from Zaire, and Joseph Ngila-Kyale, Thomas Lisso and Bariki Elineema from East Africa. The education students were: Funzeni Zulu from Northern Rhodesia (Zambia), and Philemon Kapolo and Enos Kacelenga, both teachers on the Solusi staff.

The beginning was small, but, even with so few students, excitement and high expectations pervaded the campus.

Dr. Clarke (in 1990), is now retired and makes his home in Camarillo, California. He gave forty-two years of service in Africa, the last two with his second wife, Helen Merriam Diehm Clarke.

The Church Building

Nothing epitomizes this time of change, challenge and providential guidance better than the story of the building of the church at Solusi. Upon his arrival, Dr. Clarke had found a £3,000 church building fund in the Solusi bookkeeping system. He could, however, find little to show for the expenditure, except a few kilns of half-baked brick which the rains had dissolved back into mud. By careful management, he was able to replace the cash assets in the bank.

With church building in mind after the dramatic 1957 board meeting, Clarke consulted with Lenora Granger, an architect friend living near Solusi. Explaining that he had £8,000 "in sight" and that he needed to construct a church to seat 1,000 people, he waited hopefully while she drew a few sketches. "I think you can do it," she finally said. "And I recommend the A-frame engineer at Stewarts and Lloyds in town to help you."

In a few days, this engineer gave the Clarkes a quote for a roof—under £5,000. Thus encouraged, Fred went to Ms. Granger who quickly drew up plans for the walls, floors, windows, doors and so on. With a great deal of careful planning and help from their friends, the Solusi team erected a distinctive church building on the campus. Miss Granger, the architect, took no fees for her services and many other friends gave volunteer help to the project. The Jacobson family, who owned a stone business in Bulawayo, donated the corner stone which was laid with due ceremony. They also provided slate (below cost) for a floor, the quality of which surpassed everyone's most ambitious dreams. A number of local people bought lumber for the pews. The Solusi woodworking teacher, Nelson Bhebe, and his helpers spent untold hours shaping this lumber into new pews which matched the ones coming out of the old school chapel.

The baptistry, offices and balcony came later. Still, the main building was ready for worship well before the first college graduation convened.

Water, Water!

The church building project increased the pressing need for improvements in the water system. The old hand-built dam had run full in 1955, but ever since it had failed for lack of rain. Even a second, larger dam had not remedied the difficulty. Lloyd Johnson now suggested an arrangement which required levelling off the top of a small kopjie (hill) near where the original mission houses had stood. Here a water tank was installed, with a four-inch pipeline to the campus. This was the first adequate water supply Solusi had ever had. But water supply problems were chronic and the college later hooked up to other nearby dams. Eventually, in the late 1950's, Solusi ran a line to the new government-built Mananda Dam, several kilometers from the campus.

Lost Momentum

Meanwhile, a complete change in the Division administration slowed the development of the college course during the last two years of the first graduating class. The promised additional salary allotment for each year of the course never materialized. In fact, Solusi received no budget increases during the first four years of its struggle toward senior college status. With this loss of impetus, it took several years to build up interest in college courses, even though new teachers became available.

The Chronicle of the Song

by Virginia-Gene Rittenhouse

In 1942, as a young musician, I travelled extensively in Africa with my missionary parents. Fascinated by the complexity of the rhythms and the pathos of the harmonies in the original African music, I transcribed many of the melodies we heard.

Our missionary activity led my family and me to a small village some distance from Solusi Mission where we were enthralled by the singing of a group of young Africans. We were captivated by "Ko-Solusi," sung unaccompanied in beautiful eight-part harmony. The soloist was a bright young lad with a remarkable, rich bass voice. Having heard that visitors had come to the mission, he apparently felt, as soloist, the necessity of being properly dressed for the occasion. His resources for his wardrobe being virtually nil, he had fortunately found a thick, hand-knit woolen scarf—no doubt discarded by one of the missionary wives. This he had wound around his neck, almost covering his chin. The light of the intense tropical heat and the fact that he had almost nothing else on, rendered the scene rather incongrous. Nonetheless, the voice from under the red scarf was wonderful, and we were all moved to tears.

"What do the words mean?" we asked.

"Ah," the people replied, "Solusi is like a mother to us. The words ye-le-mama mean a "mother's care."

"But do you ever sing this song at the mission. Do the people there know it?" We couldn't imagine the school being deprived of such a lovely tribute to itself.

"Oh no! Our music is just our own. It is only when we see the lights of the mission go out at night—then we build up the fire. And then we sing."

We returned to the mission with my precious manuscript. "Did you know that you have this kind of talent right here in the village?" we asked the missionaries. No one knew.

Upon our return to the United States, our "Shankel Trio" (later to become the "Shankel-Rittenhouse Quartet") sang these African songs throughout the country. This hauntingly beautiful music had a profound effect on audiences everywhere. "Ko Solusi" was a very great favorite, and it became our theme song.

Later, in 1964, we had one more memorable adventure with the song. Our family quartet made a nostalgic tour back to Africa. One of the highlights of that 15,000-mile journey was our visit to Solusi College, a school which, by then, had become an important institution in the Seventh-day Adventist system of higher education

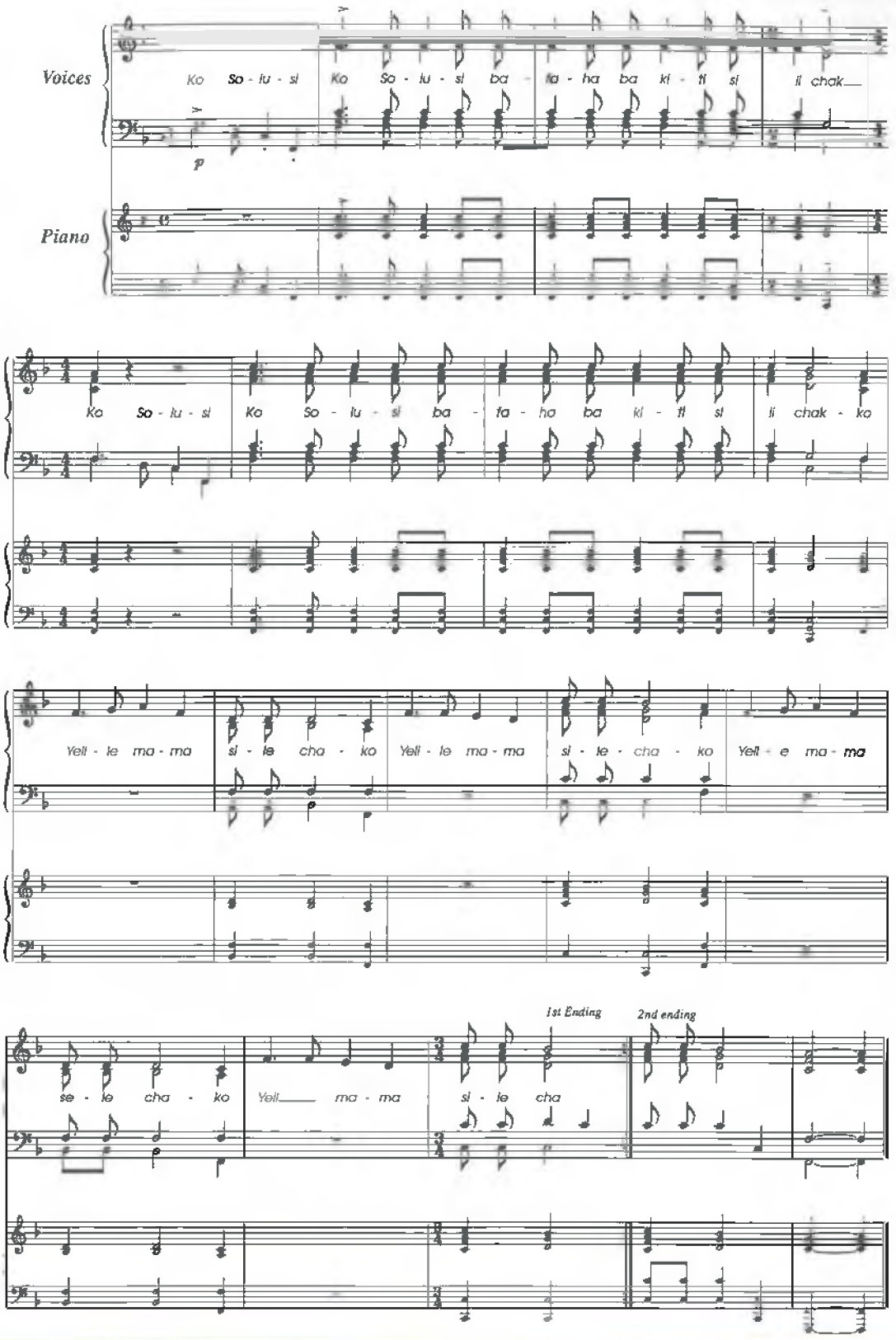
At the end of our concert I asked, "Does anyone here remember the song "Ko Solusi"? Just one wizened little old man held up his hand.

So we told the story of our finding "Ko Solusi" more than twenty years before. As we sang, the effect on the student body was magical. The strains of the music and its age-old rhythms touched such a responsive chord that the entire audience stood to their feet to sing with us. "Let us," the president suggested, "make this the official school song of Solusi College."

We could not have felt more pleased. It was an unforgettable moment in which all of us, together, paid tribute, not just to Solusi but to the very soul of the African.

KO SOLUSI

Arr. Virginia-Gene Rittenhouse



The interim and short-sighted goals favored by the new Division administration focused on immediate courses ("Leadership Seminars") for workers already in the field rather than on equipping future workers with advanced degrees. Higher education was becoming essential for the increasingly educated populace of African countries, and the church needed graduates to fill administrative positions. For a time, however, Solusi offered only a two-year ministerial training course—and that for students with only two years of high school behind them.

Results

Nonetheless the first six graduates marched in the newly dedicated church at the end of 1961. Seventeen others graduated from the two-year "JC" (Junior College) course. This historic event marked the completion of the commission given to Fred Clarke when he first received his call to Solusi.

The accomplishments of those first graduates have become a symbol of the impact which the college would have in Africa for years to come. Kapolo and Kacelenga both gave many more years of service as teachers in Solusi. Kyale became principal of Kamagambo Secondary School in Kenya and later president of the East African Union. Gwalamubisi served first as an evangelist, then as principal of Bugema Secondary School in Uganda—until he fled the Idi Amin regime and came to the United States. Elineema taught at Ikizu Seminary in Tanzania, pastored the main church in Dar es Salaam, and then went on to become an administrator at the University of Dar es Salaam while still pastoring in the city. Lisso pastored, served as the principal of Ikizu Seminary and later held a seat in the Tanzanian parliament.

Thirty Years Later

Today, bicycles compete with cars during rush hour on Lobengula Avenue in Bulawayo, Zimbabwe, and residents still stroll beneath the lavender blossoms and lacy leaves of the jacaranda trees lining its sidewalks. There is, however, a major difference between the Bulawayo of the 1950's and early '60's and the Bulawayo of today. Solusi College is now held in high esteem and is known by most people in the city.

Still, recognition has not come by accident. The Music Department from Solusi College performs a concert in Bulawayo each school term; temperance speech contests, parades and other activities have also made Solusi known. Most significant, however, is the fact that Solusi's graduates have gone far beyond Bulaway, beyond Zimbabwe, to become a Christian influence in many parts of the world.

Sources

[1]C. F. Clarke, *Reminiscences*. Unpublished Manuscript. Camarillo, CA, August, 1987, 30.

[2]Don F. Neufeld, ed., "Solusi College," in Seventh-day Adventist Encyclopedia (Washington, D.C.: Review and Herald Pub. Assoc., 1966, 1204.

[3]Richard Moko, the first African convert, was baptized into the Seventh-day Adventist church in 1895. Ibid., 1211.

[4]Robert Moffatt (1795-1883) was a Scottish Congregationalist missionary to Africa (with the London Missionary Society, 1816-1870). A builder and gardener, smith and carpenter, He faced incredible opposition and danger in establishing the early missions. It was largely his influence which inspired his son-in-law, David Livingston, to take up his subsequent work. Moffatt died six years before the first Matabele converted to Christianity.

[5]Neufeld, "Solusi College," 1205.

[6]Ibid.

[7]C. F. Clarke, *Solusi: A Brief History*. Unpublished Manuscript. Camarillo, CA, 1988, 5.

[8]During this time, the Clarke sons, Wilton and Elwood, enrolled in the Adventist high school at Stanborough Park, Watford, England.

[9]Clarke, *Solusi: A Brief History*, 7.

[10]Solusi's planning committee submitted their proposed theological curriculum to the S.D.A. Seminary for approval.

Sources (continued from p.29).

[4]Ellen White, testimony from Middletown, CT, September 3, 1904 (Unpub. MS B-280-1904); Ellen G. White, Letter to Willie White, August 29, 1904, from Melrose, MA (Unpub MS W-390-1904).

[5]Ellen White, *Selected Messages*, Bk. 3 (Washington, D.C.: Review & Herald, 1980), 317.

[6]Alexander Gleason, *Is the Bible from Heaven? Is the Earth a Globe?* 2nd. ed (Buffalo, NY: Buffalo Electrotype and Engraving Comapny, 1893), 382.

[7]For advocating the Copernical system, the astronomer Galileo was condemned as a heretic. Even Luther, Calvin, and Wesley rejected the Copernican system on Biblical grounds. (See Andrew D. White, *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom*. Vol 1 (New York: George Braziller, 1855), 92.

[8]Samuel Birley Rowbotham ("Parallax"), *Zetetic Astronomy: A Description of Several Experiments which Prove that the Surface of the Sea is a Perfect Plane and that the Earth is not a Globe!"* (Birmingham, England: W. Cornish, 1849) Whimsical pseudonyms and excessively descriptive book titles were the fashion among flat-earthers—and others. Another zetetic philosopher, Thomas Winship (under the pseduonym "Rectangle"), wrote *Zetetic Cosmogony: or, Conclusive Evidence That the World is Not a Rotating Globe, but a Stationary Plane Circle* (Durban, South Africa: Y. L. Cullingworth, 1899).

[9]Gleason, 366.

[10]White, *Gospel Workers*, 314.

[11]Gleason, 386.

[12]Gleason discusses the ten commandments, the Sabbath, the 2300-days prophecy, creation and the age of the earth, and the flood.

[13]Gleason, 61.

[14]Ibid., 383-384.

[15]White, *Gospel Workers*, 315.

The John Pocock Story
As Remembered by Two Granddaughters

I. A Pioneer Family in Avondale, Australia
by Mary Pocock-Stellmaker

Matthew Pocock was the village blacksmith at Dudswell, Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire, England. On April 12, 1863, he and his wife, Mary, welcomed a new son, John, to their already sizable family. John thrived on all the love and care which came his way from his parents and many siblings. Devout Christians, the Pococks regularly attended the Baptist North Church where the children learned about faith in God.

By the time the family had increased to fourteen children, most of the boys had been put out to work at apprenticeships which would make them skilled tradesmen. (As the firstborn, George Pocock went to work in the family blacksmith business, a trade at which he worked for more than sixty years.) John was only eleven when he left school and started earning a few pence at odd jobs. At fourteen John followed the path blazed by his older brother Herbert and signed a five-year apprenticeship indenture to a coach-builder.

Left: *John and Charlotte Pocock with their infant son Arthur (1889). (Arthur Pocock became well known in the Eraring District for his skills as a gardener and orchardist.)* ***Right:*** *John and Charlotte Pocock, Cooranbong, New South Wales, Australia (about 1930).*

John earned two shillings and sixpence a week during the first year of his apprenticeship, with the promise of an increase to seven shillings in his last year. Times were hard, and the Pocock boys dreamed of new lands across the ocean—America, Canada and Australia. Then John added one more figure to his dreams—the pretty, petite figure of Charlotte Lowthorp. She had been christened in St. Mary's church in Old Kent Road and was a talented young lady who had completed her apprenticeship as a tailoress. Her nimble fingers constantly created beautiful clothes.

Charlotte had grown up with some degree of comfort. She could remember her grandfather Lowthorp coming home from a day's work at the Tower of London where he ferried lords and ladies up and down the Thames River. He liked to surprise his little granddaughter and see her eyes pop wide open when he dumped his horde of gold sovereigns into her grandmother's lap.

Confident of his coach-building skill, John didn't worry about his ability to support a family. In 1887, he and Charlotte were married in St. Peter's Church, Berkhampsted. A year later their first son, Arthur John, was born. Although happy in his little family, John still had yearnings for the New World. His older brother Ernest had already migrated to Canada, and on May 29, 1889, John Pocock and his brother Herbert sailed for Australia on the steamer Port Piere.

John Pocock carried with him a letter of introduction to certain Plymouth Brethren who conducted meetings in Castlereagh Street, Sydney. He soon became dissatisfied with the services, however, and tried out several other churches in his quest for a closer walk with God. Meanwhile, Herbert Pocock, having the requisite money, set himself up in the coach-building trade in Paramatta, a thriving commercial and agricultural center twelve miles west of Sydney. John found a townhouse in the Redfern district and worked for his older brother. He wrote back to his young wife with considerable enthusiasm: "Sell up and come quickly. We can have a house here just like in London." Time would, however, prove that his prediction rather wide of the mark—after he lost his job.

Five months later, on October 24, 1889, John's wife Charlotte and one-year-old Arthur left for Sydney on the Bungaree.

George and Anne Lowthorp had lost both of their sons in accidents. Charlotte was their only surviving child, so they also emigrated to Australia. George made a complete break with his homeland, burning all the parchment deeds to the family's property. Neither the Lowthorps nor any of the Pococks would see their homeland again. The time would come, however, when Charlotte would wish for a little of the income which the Lowthorp lands might have brought to her struggling family.

In 1892, while in a boarding-house in Paramatta in order to be close to his work, John was invited to attend evangelistic meetings conducted by Pastors Robert Hare and David Steed. Stirred by the sermon on the seventh-day Sabbath, John asked for literature on the subject. He was given *From Eden to Eden* and a tract, *Elihu on the Sabbath*. After reading through one whole night, he immediately decided to keep Sabbath. This decision, of course, meant the loss of his regular job. Providing for his family became extremely difficult, and they all suffered great poverty.

Three years later, upon hearing of the plight of

Left: *"Granny" Pocock (about 1920) in the garden with her pet galah (parrot), Sam. The bird used to say "What's the matter with Sam?" Charlotte Pocock loved her pet, even though it was an accident with a parakeet which cost the life of her son Albert, just seven days after the family moved to Avondale.* **Right:** *The Pocock family in 1907. (Back Row, L-R): Daisy, Bert, John Pocock, Arthur. Front Row, L-R): Annie (seated), Bertha, May, Charlotte Pocock.)*

this new Adventist family, Ellen White offered John temporary work helping to build her home, "Sunnyside," at Cooranbong. In later years, describing this period in his life, John Pocock said:

"I sat at the same table as the other workers with Sister White for breakfast and dinner. She did not take the evening meal. She used to retire early and rose early, spending several hours before breakfast writing—and often rose at midnight to write. On one occasion we were told that she had written forty pages of foolscap before breakfast. At morning worship Sr. White always led in prayer, and many times, as she was agonizing and pleading with God for the work in America and Australia, we would be moved to tears as we saw the earnestness she manifested. Such prayers I have never heard before or since. She was kind and charitable always, helping the poor, the sick, the needy, and, in some cases, having the sick brought to her home. She often visited the people in the surrounding districts."[1]

John spent seven months living in Mrs. White's home, and working on "Sunnyside," as well as on the manager's residence on the college campus. He always cherished the memory: "I like to look back on those times when Avondale was such a sacred place, as we met with and talked to the Lord's Messenger."

Ellen White had her own memories of John Pocock and his work:

"We kept him as long as we had work that he could do, and when he left, he modestly asked if we could let him have a few books on present truth; for he had none. I gave him about six dollars worth of books. He also asked if we had any cast-off clothing that we could give him that his wife might make over for the children. I provided him a box of clothing, for which he was very grateful."[2]

In fact, it seems that the Pococks were never very far from Ellen White's mind:

"Yesterday a box of clothing was sent to a poor but intelligent and industrious family. The father is a fine workman, a coach-maker, by trade. He works when he can get work. This is now the third box of clothing we have sent him. Souls are coming into the truth through the influence of this family."[3]

John's dedication to whatever kind of work came to hand enabled him to move away from Galston to Cooranbong, the community around Avondale College. Concerning her invitation to the Pococks to move to Cooranbong (the community around Avondale College), Ellen White wrote in April, 1899:

"Brother Pocock has been the means of bringing three families into the truth. Brother Starr was sent to baptize these people, and by this means we learned of Brother Pocock's necessity. We borrowed . . . three pounds. . .and loaned it to him to enable him to bring his family up, and told him to let his shanty go. Come he must. He arrived yesterday [Sunday, April 2]."[4]

At first a house was found for the Pococks by the long bridge on the way to Dora Creek. Mrs. White, however, found it "not fit for habitation." Then Mr. Hughes offered a two-roomed cottage, rent-free: "Last evening Sara established Brother Pocock and his family in their cottage, furnishing them with provision and bedding until their meagre stock shall come."

No other picture of "The Haven" remains, other than this one with Charlotte Pocock at the back door in the late 1940's. She was mistress of the house for 46 years.

The staff at "Sunnyside" immediately set about finding "a spot of land" for the family: "This is missionary soil," Ellen White wrote to the Stephen Haskells. "Brother Pocock is one of the most conscientious, self-denying, self-sacrificing, uncomplaining men I have ever seen. He is just such a man as will do credit to the truth. . . .Such ones . . . are God's precious jewels. Now we have this family where we can do something for them. We packed a basket full of the clothing you left to be appropriated . . . and Brother Pocock will receive his portion, which will be highly appreciated. I want you to know that they feel highly favored with these goods."[5]

Two days later, Mrs. White wrote: "Brother Pocock has five very pretty children. . . .All were glad to get here, but two of the children were sick, the youngest, a baby in its mother's arms, and a four-year-old boy. . .a pretty child and very intelligent. . . .We think this boy was sunstruck. We settled them in their house and until evening Sara gave the sick child treatment."[6]

Despite the many kindnesses shown to them, however, the Pocock's arrival in Cooranbong was to begin in sorrow. That first night a fearful storm raged. On April 4, Ellen White wrote:

"Sara McEnterfer has been called away, at one o'clock at night, in the greatest storm we have had since coming to Cooranbong. A sweet little child is very ill, and we fear dying."[7] In a second letter, also dated April 4, Mrs. White elaborated: "Sara immediately began giving the little boy treatments. We soon saw that his symptoms were those of acute poisoning. He was not well when he left his home. After walking three miles. . .in the hot sun to reach the train. . .he drank a lot of water. The day before leaving, the father and mother sent the children to the grand-

Above: *Annie Pocock served the community as district nurse for many years. She lived to be almost 100 years old. Whether she posed formally in her nurses uniform, or,* **Below**, *took her turn feeding the calves on the farm, Annie spent a lifetime accomplishing good works. She delivered more than 1,000 babies in her private maternity hospital, "Pine Hill." She became a legend in her long lifetime.*

parents, while they slept in their shanty for the last time. The grandparents are not believers, and they cooked a parakeet, of which the boy ate very heartily. He was tired and hungry, and this used him up. Afterwards nothing could be given him which he could retain in his stomach, but the discharges continued nearly constantly. . . .Sara was with him night and day, and Sr. Rodd was sent for to share the burden with her. We knew that it would be a battle for his life, and everything was done that it was possible to do. But the boy [Albert Pocock] died on Sabbath about ll a.m. (April 8).... On Sunday Brother Pocock's dear little boy was laid to rest."[8]

Thus, just seven days after arriving in Cooranbong, the Pocock family stood around Albert's open grave, one of the first to be opened in the Avondale Cemetery. They all mourned deeply, but six-year-old Herbert, the closest in age to Albert, was to carry the deep sense of loss with him all his life. He often talked of "my little brother," or "my little mate, Albert." (The hurt increased when, years later, Herbert stood beside a small grave next to Albert's and saw his first three babies buried there.)

Ellen White understood John and Charlotte's desire to get a home of their own, and nine months after Albert's funeral she wrote:

We are helping families to settle on the school ground on the other side of the road from the school buildings. A few acres are now being secured for our much-esteemed Brother Pocock. He is the pattern of a Christian gentleman. I tell the school board that I will consent to trust him, and let him pay as he can. In our family all who are able will unite in helping him to put up a house, which will be built cheaply, costing about forty pounds."[9]

By May, 1900, John was able to move his family into the house on the northern end of Avondale Road. They named it "The Haven." Soon afterwards, June 2, May was born. Two years later, Charlotte Pocock gave birth to their last child, Bertha.

John always maintained an active place in the work of the church. The Pocock family attended the village church in Cooranbong where, over the years, John served as deacon, elder and church treasurer.

He was first employed at the college and later at the Sanitarium Health Food Company. A special joy for him was the occasion when one of his first converts from Galston, [Pastor] S. W. Carr, became an ordained minister.

In 1907, a newborn baby needed a home in the community. The church sisters held a meeting in which they decided that they should give the baby to Sister Pocock, for she had so many children already one more wouldn't make any difference. She never complained. Thus it was that a one-day-old little girl joined the Pocock family and became the much-loved youngest sister, Elsie.

Always a keen gardener, John grew much of the family's food and instilled in all his children a great love of growing things. "Sister White used to tell parents to train their chil-

The first wedding in the family was Arthur's, on July 29, 1919. (Standing L-R): Elsie, Bertha Daisy, Bert, May, Annie. Seated L-R): Charlotte Pocock, Arthur & Lizzie (Stratford), John Pocock. Twenty-three years later, on September 15, 1942, the Pococks stood again in Avondale Cemetery for the burial of Arthur's bride of twenty-three years. Afterwards, in his painstakingly careful handwriting, John wrote a beautiful letter to his daughter Bertha who had not been able to attend Lizzie's funeral.

dren to do missionary work and to grow things," he once told the Avondale College students. "Besides, he who makes two blades of grass where there was only one before is a public benefactor". Then the Robert Hares moved in next door. When John complained about the rabbits eating his garden, the good pastor exclaimed, "Well now, John, you not only have the rabbits to contend with, but the Hares as well."

One by one the children left home. Arthur became a noted market gardener while Herbert bought land in Avondale Road and farmed all of his life. Daisy married Charles Gersbach and Bertha married Will Patrick, and both girls settled in the district. Annie and May graduated from the Sydney Sanitarium and Hospital in Wahroonga. After gaining further nursing experience, Annie opened and operated a general and maternity hospital in a small building next door to "The Haven." Her service to the community in her private hospital can hardly be over-estimated, and she was also known for miles around as a "bush nurse" travelling to remote homes—wherever the need lay. May ventured farther afield. While serving as preceptress (dean of girls) at Longburn College in New Zealand, she fell in love with the preceptor (dean of men), Len Minchin.[11]

In their retirement years, John and Charlotte were always busy—with their church work, helping their children's families, making clothes for the grandchildren or some needy person in the community. When the aged became sick and had nowhere to go there always seemed to be a place for them at "The Haven."[12] Also Annie could always use some help with her hospital and treatment rooms next door.

To the growing number of grandchildren, "The Haven" became a very special place. To our childish eyes, it seemed a veritable heaven. The daffodils growing by the path to the front gate, Granny's trailing green plants at the front door, her locked cupboard in the bedroom where she kept the boiled lollies (candies), the granola steaming on the wood stove, grandfather's workshop (where he mended broken toys and furniture free of charge), our playing and singing at the piano in the front parlor—all are vivid memories still.

On Fridays, Granny baked a very large fruit cake and divided it among her children. When my brother Herb and I called for our family's share of "Granny's Bun," we would be instructed, "Now make haste." And, to be sure, we did, hoping to taste the wonderful treat all the sooner.

For Christmas dinner (in mid-summer) a long table was spread under the shade of the grape trellis and the peppercorn tree. Unfailingly, each grandchild received a present, even if it was only two walnuts, prettily wrapped. Then there was Granny's homemade grape juice—and the English Christmas pudding with three-pences hidden in it (a tradition which has continued in the family to this day).

In July, 1946, however, our cosy world shattered when Grandfather Pocock became ill with pneumonia and died. Not only did Granny lose her companion of fifty-eight years, but a very short time later she had to bid farewell to her daughter May, husband Len, and their five children, as the Minchins sailed west to an appointment in the British Union. Charlotte comforted herself in the thought that she was giving her daughter back to her beloved homeland. She died in July, 1950, without seeing them again.

Today the descendants of John and Charlotte serve the Adventist Church in many places. Another John Pocock (a great-grandson) worked in Papua New Guinea as a pilot and business manager of Pacific Adventist College. Currently he is an administrator in the North New South Wales Conference. Granddaughter Yvonne Minchin-Dysinger served many years with her doctor husband in Africa. They now serve in the General Conference offices. The list is a long one, but these two examples typify all the rest: ministers, teachers, doctors, college professors, ADRA workers, and more than a score of nurses have joyfully shared the Adventist faith which John and Charlotte Pocock took up with such willingness in 1892.

"Also on the Night of the Big Storm, April 3-4, 1899. . ."[13]

On that stormy night while little Albert Pocock fought for his life, another drama was acted out in a house nearby. Robert and Mary Conley were also pioneers in the Cooranbong district. A plasterer working on the new Avondale College buildings, Robert settled his family in a slab cottage in the hills between Cooranbong and Martinsville.

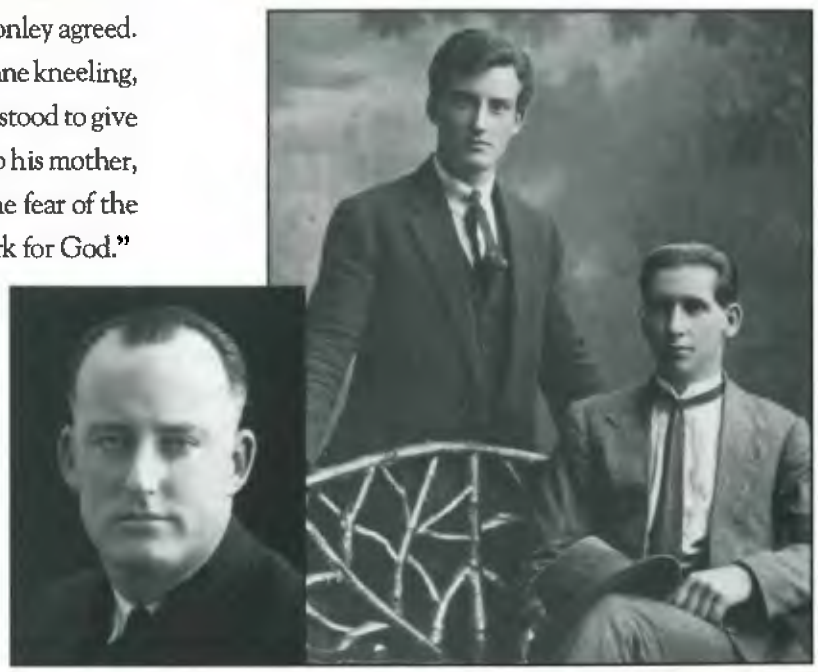
Just before midnight (April 3), while the storm raged, bringing down trees and flooding the mountain streams, May Conley gave birth to her seventh and last child, John. On April 5, Ellen White, with her typical concern, set out with Sara McEnterfer to visit the Conleys, taking "some things that will be needed for the new baby."

Sixteen-year-old Jane ushered the visitors to her mother's bed. Six-year-old Margaret watched from the open door while the two guests greeted their mother and gave their gifts. Ellen White asked if she could take the baby and commit him to the Lord. Pleased and grateful, Mary Conley agreed. So, with Mother in bed and Sarah and Jane kneeling, Sister White took John in her arms and stood to give him to God in prayer. Returning him to his mother, she charged Mary: "Bring him up in the fear of the Lord, for one day he will do a great work for God."

Considering that the Conleys were Irish Presbyterians, it hardly seemed likely that John's work could affect the infant Seventh-day Adventist church in Australia. Through a strange chain of events, however, John Conley became the first non-Adventist student (and the youngest) to enroll in Avondale College. He was baptized and graduated from the ministerial course in 1919, and did indeed become one of the great evangelists in the South Pacific Division. He served in India and then taught evangelism at Avondale College. In the late 1940's and early 1950's, he was Ministerial Secretary of the Australasian Division.

Ellen White lovingly ministered to both the Pococks and the Conleys, within that single, stormy week in April, 1899, when they shared a birth and a death. The two families became even more closely entwined when Herbert Pocock married Margaret Conley (1921) and Robert Conley married Nurse Annie Pocock (1926).

Left: *John Conley in the 1940's. This was a publicity picture during his conducting of a very successful mission in Sydney Town Hall.* ***Right:*** *John Conley as an Avondale graduate in 1919.*



The John Pocock Story
As Remembered by Two Granddaughters

II. Pictures From Grandpa's House
by Joan Minchin-Neall

The wind blew in gusts through the walls of the makeshift shanty, a few hundred feet up the bank of Calabash Creek, New South Wales. The first drops of rain thundered on the tin roof as the "Southerly Buster" announced a pre-dawn break in the heatwave that had parched the vegetation and sapped everyone's energy for the past ten days.

John Pocock hurried to move the cooking pots from the open fire outside. "If this is a bad storm," John said to himself as he carried the pots in and secured the door, "the shanty may not hold. The turbulence awakened the four children sleeping on their pallets on the floor. Charlotte tried to soothe each fearful little heart—Arthur, Annie, Bert and Baby Albert—while Grandpa and Grandma Lowthorp peered out from their corner of the cabin. The cloud-burst fortunately lasted only a short time and all the family went back to sleep.

Everyone except John. He took his well-worn Bible from the pantry shelf. Lighting the one small candle, he placed it on the rough-hewed table that he'd bartered for at the auction sale the last time he was in Sydney. In the flickering light, he thanked God that his home was still holding together. He opened the Bible to Psalms 91: "The angel of the Lord encampeth around about them that fear Him and delivereth them."

As it often did, his mind went back to his comfortable home in England—built of sturdy brick, with a tiled roof, and hidden in hedgerows and flower gardens. Six years before, drawn by a dream of a "wide brown land," he'd exchanged the comforts of Hertfordshire for the hardships of the Australian frontier. He and his brother, Herbert, had joined the immigrants arriving in the Sydney area. They worked together in a coach-building shop. Herbert relied heavily on John's carpentry skills, especially on Saturdays when coaches were brought in for repairs.

When Charlotte and Baby Arthur arrived in the colony, John chose a building site at Arcadia, thirty miles north of Sydney toward the Hawkesbury district. Land was cheaper near Galston, so he located his little family there. He built a very humble shack for them on Calabash Creek (Berowa Waters), carrying all the materials for the building up the hill on his back. In a letter in April, 1899, Ellen White described the Pocock home: "This place is among the rocks, on the side of a mountain, in a place which cannot be reached with a horse and carriage."

Over the next ten years, four more children were born—Annie, Herbert, Albert and Daisy. Now, with the grandparents, John had a household of nine. With Australia's depression of the 1890's, money ran very low in the Pocock house.

In 1892 John heard about a tent mission in Sydney. "You're always reading your Bible, John. You ought to go down to the tent where they're talking about odd beasts and prophecy." His friends at his boarding house where he stayed

during the week seemed to think the meeting would suit him. From that night onward, John's honest mind and heart were stirred.

On his first morning back home in Arcadia, he told his wife Charlotte of his decision. "The seventh day is the Sabbath, and I've got to keep it," he declared. "Of course, we know what this means, and I'll have to talk to Herbert about getting Saturdays off.

Back in Paramatta on Monday morning, he shared his convictions with his brother, hoping and praying that he too would be convicted. "Why, John," Herbert exclaimed in surprise. Saturday is my busiest day! They all bring their coaches in for repair on that day. You know that."

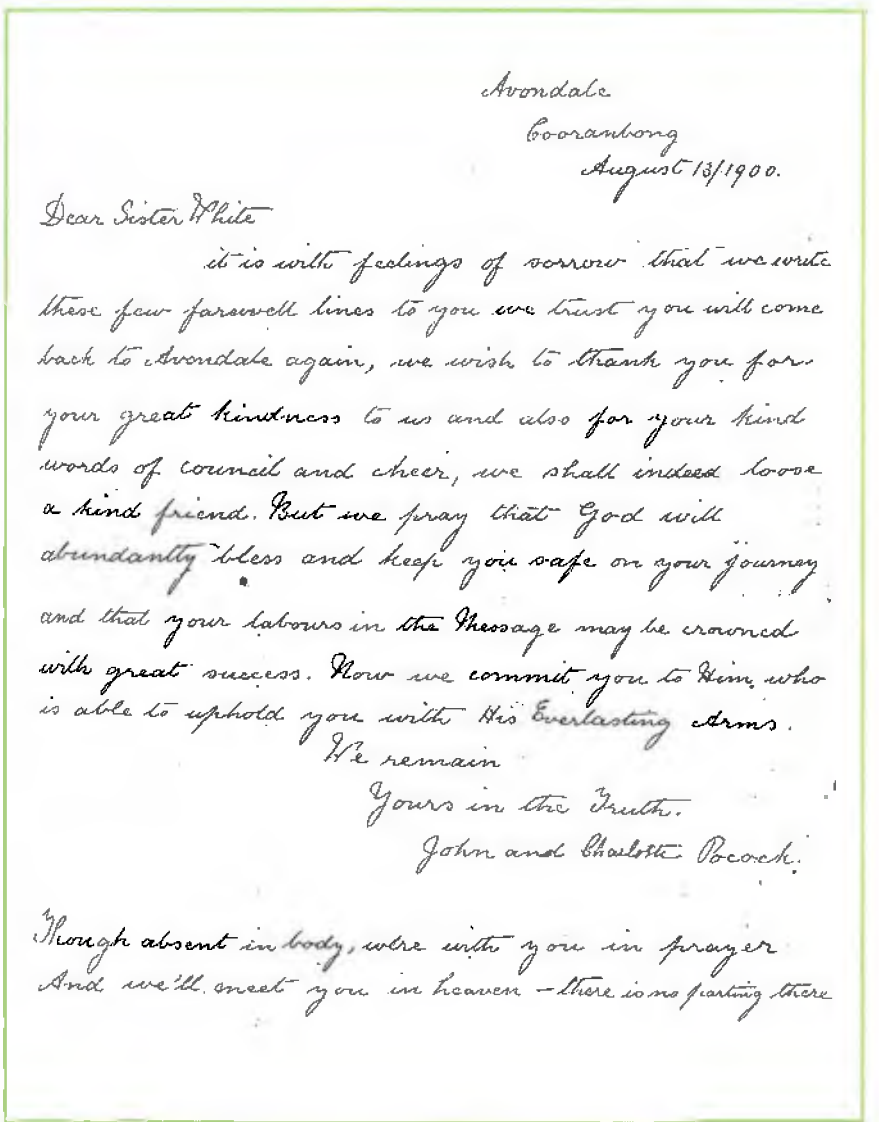
Herbert refused to let his younger brother off and warned him that "if you persist in this notion, I'll have to replace you." Each of the Pocock brothers stood by his convictions, and John was soon out looking for odd jobs, just to keep food on his table. Compromise was not a word in his vocabulary, however, and he clung to the promises: "But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord" (Jos 24:15), and "Be strong and of good courage. Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest" (Jos 1:9).

Although he faced the uncertainty of intermittent unemployment and the reality of dire poverty, John Pocock was a survivor. The whole family was, for that matter. All the way into her old age Annie would remember the nights when their mother would put the children to bed with nothing but a biscuit (cracker) to eat. And she would say, "Now, children, don't tell Dad that this is all you had for tea [supper]. He would feel too sad."

When daylight came and the family began surveying the storm-damage of the night. Dry brittle limbs from the gum (eucalyptus) trees had snapped off and littered the bank-side. Nonetheless John had to head off to Sydney for supplies and to see if he could hire himself out for some kind of work. As usual he stopped by his brother's coach-building shop in Paramatta. There he found a brief, hand-written letter from Avondale—the site of the new college and Seventh-day Adventist community.

Hastily opening the letter, he glanced at the signature, "Ellen G. White." She was inviting him to come to Avondale to help in the building of her house, "Sunnyside." (In her four years in Australia, Ellen White had heard of John Pocock, the great hardships he had experienced in keeping Sabbath, and his zeal in sharing his faith with his neighbors.) John hurried home to share the good news with Charlotte. Full of gratitude, he packed his bag and took the northbound train, fifty miles north, to Dora Creek station. Between 1895 and 1899 John made numerous trips to Avondale to work at "Sunnyside."

Ellen White spoke of John Pocock in several letters—always admiring him for the Christian gentleman he was and always concerned for the welfare of the family:



Avondale
Cooranbong
August 13/1900.

Dear Sister White

it is with feelings of sorrow that we write these few farewell lines to you we trust you will come back to Avondale again, we wish to thank you for your great kindness to us and also for your kind words of council and cheer, we shall indeed loose a kind friend. But we pray that God will abundantly bless and keep you safe on your journey and that your labours in the Message may be crowned with great success. Now we commit you to Him who is able to uphold you with His Everlasting arms.

We remain

Yours in the Truth.

John and Charlotte Pocock.

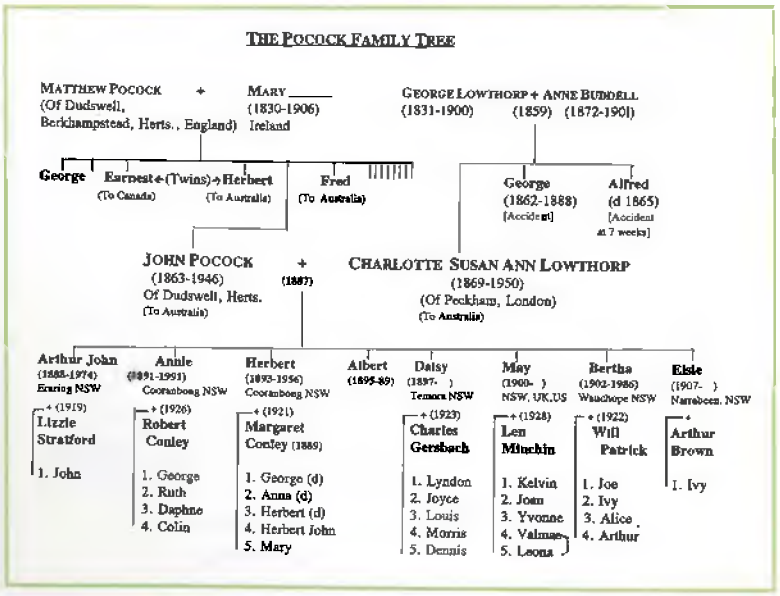
Though absent in body, we're with you in prayer
And we'll meet you in heaven — there is no parting there

"Brother Pocock. . .was in great poverty two years ago, and we gave him work. . . .When he embraced the Sabbath, he lost his situation [with his brother], and he worked for small wages, and finally he could get no work. He is an intelligent, refined man, an able teacher in the Sabbath School, and is a sincere Christian."[14]

Finally, John received another letter from Ellen White inviting to move his family and live permanently in Avondale. For the first year they lived in a tent she lent them at Sunnyside (John improved the tent by putting an iron roof over it.) Meanwhile, he set about building two homes at the northern end of Avondale Road, one for himself and one for his wife's parents, the Lowthorpes.

Storms buffeted him through much of his life, but John's faith never once wavered. Near the end of his life he was able to say: "In reading of the experiences of Abraham, as outlined in Patriarchs and Prophets . . . I was impressed [with the fact] that in all the tests and trials he met, he did not question the leadings of Providence. [Those] beautiful thoughts . . . have been an inspiration to me. . . and I can testify that all down through the years the glorious truth has shone brighter and brighter."[15]

Above all, for John Pocock (who is still remembered as one of the dear old saints in the community[16] Avondale remained a clean, quiet place of retreat, a "Sacred place, as we met with and talked to the Lord's Messenger."[17]



Sources

[1]John Pocock, A transcription of one of several chapel talks he used to deliver to the student at Avondale College, particularly at the opening of the school year.

[2]Ellen White, Letter to Sister Booth Slocum, June 9, 1897. (File: S-113-97) In writing to the John Wessels on April 4, 1899, she regretted not learning of the situation earlier. "We knew that Brother Pocock was out of work, and we sent for him to come and paint on the school building. He came a week ago last Sunday, but when we learned from Brother and Sister Starr the situation of the family, their deep poverty and their lack of nourishing food, we advised him to return and bring his family to Cooranbong."

[3]Ibid. In connection with the help that she gave the Pocock family, Ellen White describes other welfare work done in Cooranbong: "Last evening we had a Dorcas Society in our home ["Sunnyside"], and my workers who help in the preparation of my articles for the papers, and do the cooking and sewing, five of them, sat up until mid-night, cutting out clothing. They made three pairs of pants for the children of one family. Two sewing machines were running until mid-night. I think there was never a happier set of workers than were these girls last evening. . . .The people of this locality have very little of this world's goods." (June 9, 1897)

[4]White, Letter to Brother and Sister John Wessels, April 4, 1899. (File: H-61-99)

[5]White, Letter to Brother and Sister S. N. Haskell (P61, Manuscript release)

[6]White, Letter to Brother and Sister S. N. Haskell, April 2, 1899. (File: H-61-99)

[7]White. Letter to Wessels, April 4, 1899.

[8]White. Letter to Brother and Sister Haskell, April 14, 1899. (File:H-70-99) During their first year in Cooranbong the Pococks suffered losses other than the death of little Albert. Grandfather and Grandmother Lowthorp both died, but a new baby, May, was born and brought new life to the home.

[9]White, Letter to J. H. Kellogg, April 20, 1899. (File: K-75-99)

[10]White, Letter from Elmshaven, California, to "The Managers of Our Work in Avondale," July 14, 1902. (File: B-105-12)

[11]The story of the ministry and service of the E. L. Minchins in the South Pacific Division, in Europe and at the General Conference in Washington, D.C. is told in the book, *A Desire Completed*, by Dorothy Minchin-Comm (1991).

[12]John and Charlotte Pocock cared for several old people, seeing them lovingly through their last days.

[13]Wallace Conley, son of J. B. Conley, contributed to the writing of this story. While serving in India, Pastor John B. Conley baptized a promising young lad, Neal Wilson.

[14]White, Letter, June 9, 1897.

[15]John Pocock, "He Satisfieth the Longing Soul," Australasian Record (no date available).

[16]A. G. Stewart, "A Link with the Early Years of Avondale is Broken," Australasian Record, 1946. (Obituary)

[17]John Pocock, Transcription of a chapel talk at Avondale.

After leaving Australia and returning to America, Ellen White still maintained an interest in the Pocock family. The following letter[7] has become a classic in her instruction on the practice of welfare ministry:

"Elmshaven" • Sanitarium, California • July 14, 1902

To the Managers of Our Work in Avondale:

I ask you, my brethren, if you have looked after Brother Pocock. Have you seen that he has had work to do, that he might earn money for the support of his family? Or have you passed him by on the other side? I have been instructed that there has been a neglect on the part of those whose duty it is to look into the circumstances of Brother Pocock's family, and to find out what means of support they had. There is need for someone to act toward him the part of the good Samaritan.

He is a man that will not push himself into notice. God has given you the work of seeing that he has opportunity to earn sufficient to support his family. There is no need for them to want for any of the necessaries of life. He is an intelligent man and an excellent worker, and is willing to labor early and late to sustain himself and his family.

Why do you not search out the cases of such men as Brother Pocock? He is a Christian gentleman, in every sense of the word. He is a man that God loves. Such men as he are precious in the Lord's sight. I know him well. I interested myself in his case when I was in Cooranbong, just as you should have done after I left. I endeavored to anticipate his needs, and never to place him where he would have to beg for work. While in Cooranbong, I tried to set an example of how the needy should be helped. I tried to work in the way set before me by the Lord.

It has been presented to me that had you loved your neighbor as you loved yourself, you would have given Brother Pocock work. Helping such ones has been laid out as the very work that is to be done by the children of God.

If there is not work for Brother Pocock in Cooranbong, help him to find something to do somewhere else. Can he not be given work on the Sanitarium building? You would find that he would do faithful work. If Brother Pocock were here, he could find plenty to do; but it would cost much to bring him and his family over, and his children should have the advantages of the Avondale school.

Brother Pocock should be given a place in church work. Give him a part in the meetings. Give him some responsibility to bear in the church. He can render valuable help in the Sabbath-School, but because he is a man who will not push himself forward without invitation, I fear that you may pass him by on the other side. You are to have a care over these precious souls, looking after their spiritual interests as well as their temporal interests. . . .

I commit Brother Pocock's case to your careful consideration. I hope you will not sit at your tables, with food in abundance and to spare, without thinking of your neighbor, with no care as to whether or not he has work. I entreat you, not for my sake, but for your own sake and for Christ's sake, to look into Brother Pocock's case, and give him work that he can do, so that he can earn money for the support of his wife and children. Do your duty in the fear and love of the Lord. Love your neighbor as you love yourselves. This is the commandment God has given.

I leave this matter with you. I hope that what I have written will awake your sympathy, that you may see that God has given you something to do for Brother Pocock, and for others in a similar position.

Is the Bible from Heaven? Is the Earth a Globe?

By Loren Seibold

Anyone mentioning the "flat-earth theory" today would probably be making a joke. Before dismissing this idea as an exclusively medieval notion, however, one should remember that the flat-earth doctrine enjoyed some popularity as late as the 19th-century.[1] It even touched the unfolding message of the Seventh-day Adventist church. Ellen White alludes to it in an enigmatic passage in *Gospel Workers*:

"When at one time a brother came to me with the message that the world is flat, I was instructed to present the commission that Christ gave his disciples, 'Go ye therefore, and teach all nations. . .and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end.' In regard to such subjects as the flat-world theory, God says to every soul, 'What is that to thee? follow thou Me.' I have given you your commission. Dwell upon the great testing truths for this time, not upon matters that have no bearing upon our work."[2]

This is but one of several times that Mrs. White responded to believers in the flat-earth theory.[3] Although she gave ready answers, the potential of this issue to create trouble in the church seemed to disturb her. In none of her replies, however, did she give an inspired hint about whether the earth is actually round or flat. She simply dismissed it as a question that ought not to be discussed and which, in fact, may never have a definitive answer.[4]

Alexander Gleason, of Buffalo, New York. Little is known of his life.

This is not to say, however, that Mrs. White had no opinion on the issue. Writing in a different context and discussing a different issue (the Sabbath), she declared that: "God made his Sabbath for a round world; and when the seventh day comes to us in that round world, controlled by the sun that rules the day, it is the time in all countries and lands to observe the Sabbath."[5]

Alexander Gleason

An 1890 book by Alexander Gleason, an Adventist believer, may provide a clue about Ellen White's encounter with the flat-earthers. In *Is the Bible from Heaven? Is the Earth a Globe?* Gleason defends both the Seventh-day Adventist message and the "doctrine" of the flat earth—and, often, both together. Although we do not know whether the person mentioned in *Gospel Workers* was

Alexander Gleason, his account of an encounter with Adventist leaders seems to be similar to Mrs. White's:

"There is a people scattered abroad throughout the earth, with whom I have had an acquaintance for over thirty-years. . . .Further, this people claim to be giving that everlasting Gospel, styled the 'Third Angel's Message' of Rev 14:6-12. Some prominent ones among this people have taught that this subject of the shape of the earth was no part of the 'Third Angel's Message' and, therefore, no part of the truth for them to receive; consequently, they are to have nothing to do with it."[6]

Gleason tells us little about himself. He does not say whether or not he is a member of the Seventh-day Adventist church. His books show him, however, to be a dedicated student of church doctrine. He conducted several of his experiments on the apparently flat waters of Lake Erie and the Niagara River.

The Flat Earth

For many centuries, Christian scholars struggled to reconcile scientific evidence of a moving, spherical earth with Biblical references which seemed to describe a flat, immovable earth—at the center of the universe, with sun, moon and stars circling around and above it. Many of the early Church fathers believed the earth to be flat; the Ptolemaic system of a spherical earth suspended in space gained ecclesiastical acceptance only after much time and extensive debate. Geo-centrism (the idea that the earth was the center of the universe) was even harder for them to give up in favor of the Copernican model of planets encircling the sun.[7]

Modern flat-earthism began in England in 1849 with the publication of a little book with a big name: *Zetetic Astronomy: A Description of Several Experiements which Prove that the Surface of the Sea is a Perfect Plane and That the Earth is Not a Globe!*[8] Writing under the pen name of "Parallax," Samuel Birley Rowbotham devoted the rest of his life to attacking the spherical earth. Most subsequent flat-earthers, including Alexander Gleason, based their arguements on Rowbotham's book, and—like him—called themselves "zetetic philosophers."

According to zetetic theory, the earth is a circular plane, with the North Pole at the center. Everlasting and insurmountable walls of ice stretch around the outside of the plane. The equator is a circle halfway between the ice walls and the pole. The land masses actually float on the oceans, which are as infinitely deep as the heavens are infinitely high. The entire earth is covered with a sort of ceiling, or vault, within which the heavenly bodies hang.

The sun, moon, and planets circle in irregular paths above the earth at a height of about 1750 miles, according to the zetetics. The apparent rising and setting of these bodies are an optical illusion having to do with the behavior of light in the atmosphere and with a previously misunderstood law of perspective—the same law of perspective which explains why ships seem to disappear as they sail over the horizon. The moon's light is self-generated and is occasionally eclipsed by an unseen dark body, possibly a dark comet, passing in front of it.

Gleason explain these ideas in his book with the aid of complex circular maps, calendars of past events, long astronomical charts and diagrams about visual perspective. (They serve to confuse more than to convince.) He includes reports by explorers of the heavens and the seas which buttressed zetetic claims about unusual tricks of perspective in the upper atmosphere and the unusual height and length of the Antarctic ice walls. Gleason often appeals to the reader's common sense: "Another striking absurdity of the globular theory is the course of the River Nile, whose mouth is 2,000 miles higher than its starting point. . . .By looking at any map of Africa you will see that this river is over 2,000 miles high, vertical, and standing on its small end at that! . . .How is this for gravitation?"[9]

The Flat Earth and the Bible

In the context of her remarks about the flat-earth, Ellen White counsels her brethren: "When questions arise upon which we are uncertain, let us ask, 'What saith the Scripture?' And if the Scripture is silent upon the question at issue, let it not be made the subject of discussion."[10]

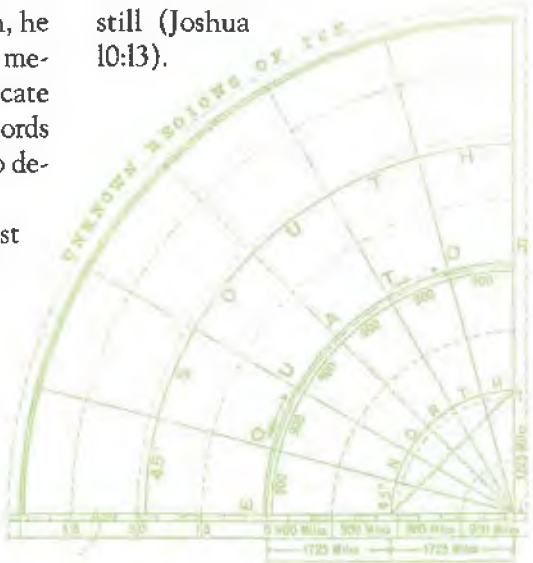
If Alexander Gleason had agreed that the Scripture was silent on cos-

An Adventist believer, Alexander Gleason published a book in 1890, Is the Bible from Heaven? Is the Earth a Globe? *It had some curious connections to the preaching of the faith.*

mology, his book would have had a different title! His "scientific" explanations of the flat-earth, geo-centric universe seem ridiculous to modern readers. Hence, we may overlook his very sincere desire for Biblical harmony. Of the shape of the earth, he writes: "Has inspiration used a medium through which to communicate to mortals, that would use other words than His, and words calculated to deceive? I cannot believe it!"[11]

As a matter of fact, the greatest portion of *Is the Bible from Heaven? Is the Earth a Globe?* is devoted not to the shape of the earth but to a Bible study which includes major Adventist doctrines.[12] Like a modern Adventist evangelist, Gleason shows how the accuracy of the Nebuchadnezzar prophecies of Daniel 2 demonstrates that the Bible is really from heaven. But he takes the argument one step further, contending that if the Bible is inspired, honest people must also acknowledge that the Bible does not support the "pagan idolatry" of a globular earth theory.

What does the Bible say about the shape and construction of the earth? Zetetics like Gleason found a clue in John's statement about "the four corners of the earth" (Rev 7:1) Corners are not generally associated with spheres. Other passages refer to the "vault" of heaven, which would appear to be a vaulted ceiling covering a flat world (Is 40:20, 21; Job 22:14). Gleason also argues that the earth is "founded upon the seas" (Ps 24:2) and is stretched out "above the waters" which are "under the earth" (Ps 136:6; Ex 20:4). And those waters must be infinitely deep (Jer 31:37), making the earth "a floating structure, standing in and out of the waters, just as we see a ship or an iceberg."[13] Other flat-earth arguments called on Ps. 93:1: "Yea, the world is established, never to be moved." Also the familiar story of Joshua in the battle with the Amorites declares that the sun—not the earth—stood still (Joshua 10:13).

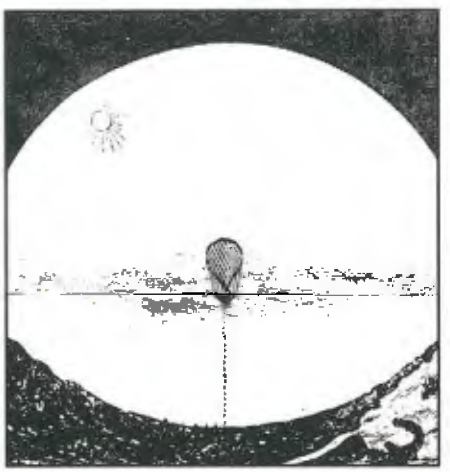


Above: *Gleason used "the most rigid geometrical process" to measure distances out to the "Unknown Regions of Ice." With his typical self-assurance he assessed his methods to be "as immovable as the Rock of Gibralter" (318-319).* ***Above Right:*** *The Glaisher and Coxwell balloon ascension at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. Gleason adapted this drawing from one by "Parallax" in* Zetetic Astronomy. *(See 284-285). Glaisher reported that, from the balloon "the horizon always appeared on a level with the car." (Leisure Hour, October 11, 1862).* ***Right:*** *The title page of Gleason's treatise on the flat-earth theory.*

Opposite Page: Above: *Since gaining or losing time in circumnavigating the earth has long been "evidence of the earth's rotundity," Gleason provides a diagram to show the movement of the sun over the flat earth. Below: Gleason had to account for "The Curvature of the Earth" (347). With this drawing he explains the "Distance and Dip of Horizon" as the ocean's surface is seen from different heights: The lighthouse at 100' above the sea, the ship's mast and flag at 50', and a steamer at 16' above sea-level.*

The Flat Earth and Adventism

Given his appreciation for the straightforward, fundamental approach to Scripture which he found in Adventist teachings, Gleason was understandably disappointed that Adventists were unwilling to include his flat-earth doctrine in their end-time message. He was convinced that his teaching on the earth's shape belonged with the other testing truths of Adventism. To the argument that it was not an essential truth he replies: "True, it may not make any difference to us in regard to



IS THE

BIBLE FROM HEAVEN?

IS THE

EARTH A GLOBE?

IN TWO PARTS.

DOES MODERN SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE AGREE?

—ALSO—

AN ACCURATE CHRONOLOGY OF

ALL PAST TIME,

CONTAINING A

CLASSIFICATION OF ALL THE ECLIPSES FROM

CREATION.

AUTHENTICATED BY THE BRITISH ASTRONOMICAL ASSOCIATION OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

SECOND EDITION.

REVISED AND ENLARGED BY

ALEX. GLEASON.

PUBLISHED BY

THE BUFFALO ELECTROTYPE AND ENGRAVING CO.,

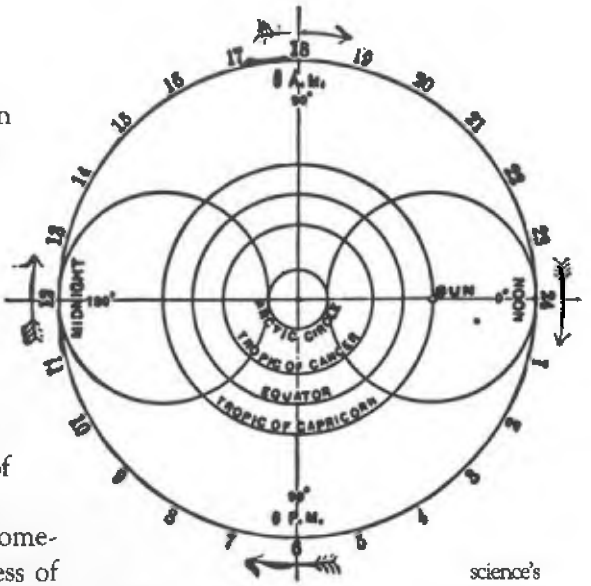
BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.

its shape, but it will make a difference whether we speak, think, act and teach the truth or a lie." And he reminds Adventists of their oft-repeated maxin "that an unpopular truth was more acceptable than a popular error. . . .We do find some, sorry to say, that cling to the popular error, at the sacrifice of the unpopular truth. While some are declaring that they hve nothing to do with the matter, yet we still hear them preaching the Earth a Globe, and [they] are teaching it from their high schools and colleges."[14]

To those reading these accounts 100 years later, in an age when the spherical, moving earth is an unquestioned fact, Gleason's flat-earth-geocentric ideas seem silly and Ellen White's refutation of them just a minor—if odd—event in Adventist history. But is there something to be learned from this episode? Perhaps most instructive is Ellen White's insightful refusal to participate in proving the Bible by science—or science by the Bible. Instead, she directed her brethren's attention to the unambiguous Biblical command to take the message of salvation to the world.

Interestingly, Ellen White does not argue with the flat-earth believer on the subject of the shape of the earth. Rather, she shows that in the light of the clear truths of the gospel and the Adventist mission to teach that gospel, many other questions fade into insignificance. To Gleason there were no unimportant question. He had to resolve every contradiction in order to prove the Bible true. Ellen White made it clear that "petty strife and contention over questions of no importance has no part in God's great plan." Not every statement in the Bible, then, is worth the expenditure of time necessary to reconcile it with scientific claims. In the end, only one thing proves the Bible true, and that is the experience of salvation and life in Christ.

"Let those who wish for something new, seek for that newness of life resulting from the new birth. Let them purify their souls by obeying the truth, and act in harmony with the instruction that Christ has given." Those who went beyond the themes of salvation led their hearers into a field of thistles, as it were, and leave them there."[15]

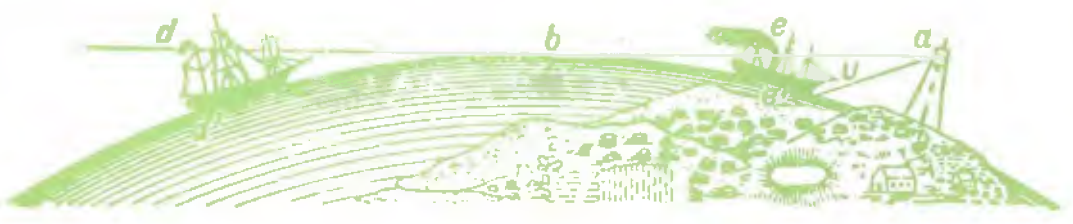


Sources

[1]The small but defiant Flat Earth Research Society International (claiming 3500 members) is based today in Lancaster, California. FERSI's president, the iconoclastic Charles K. Johnson, describes the society's outlook as "zetetic" (Gr. zetetikos, "to seek or inquire") and accepting of "provable" knowledge only. It denies such "imaginary" theories as the global earth. Johnson holds that Australians do not hang by their feet with their heads downward and regards modern testimonies of a spherical earth (satellite pictures and space travel) as Satanically-inspired, government-perpetrated hoaxes meant to undermine the credibility of Scripture. FERSI publishes the quarterly *Flat Earth News*, which decries modern science's false view of the world. Johnson regularly labels scientists "liars" and "demented dope fiends." Because of Ptolemy, he refers to the spherical earth as "the Greece-ball theory." He finds the entire space program to be of communist origins and condemns all organized religion for "bearing false witness" in this matter. Johnson places great importance on the ten commandments, is passingly familiar with Adventist teachings and admits to having worshipped with Adventists at one time.

[2]Ellen G. White, *Gospel Workers (Washington, D. C.: Review and Herald Publishing* Assn, 1915), 314.

[3]See Ellen White in Basel, Switzerland, Letter to M. H. Brown (President of the New York Conference), April 15, 1887. [File B-43-87] Brown replied from Adams Center, NY, April 26, 1887. He not only revealed some private interest in the flat-earth theory but also had some private conversations on the subject. One was with Milton Charles Wilcox, then the first editor of *Present Truth* (published in Grimsby, England). Some thought Wilcox to have tendencies to agnosticism, and Ellen White thought him too easily distracted from basic, important doctrines. (See *Seventh-day Adventist Encyclopedia* [Washington, D.C.: Review & Herald Pub. Assn., 1966], 1428.) See also *Arthur White, The Early Elmshaven Years* (Washington, D.C.: Review & Herald Pub. Assn, 1981), 351; Ellen White diary, Sunday, August 28, 1904 (Melrose, MA), Unpub. MS MS-145-1904. She encountered it at least two more times in 1904: "Non-essential Subjects to Be Avoided" (September 12, 1904, Omaha NE, MS release 1289) and a testimony from Middletown, CT.



Continued on Page 14.

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