



**Trans-Africa Division**  
**OUTLOOK**

Volume LXVI October 15, 1968 No. 10  
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## FOCUS ON

# Temperance,

See Pages 5 to 10

**Your Liberal Offering on Temperance Day Will Help to Combat the Evil of Intemperance**

(See notice on page 6)

## HELDERBERG'S COLPORTEUR CLUB

by BERNARD FICKER

MAY WE introduce to you a group of eager, alive, and enthusiastic young people. They are all members of the Helderberg College Colporteur Club, the most active club on the campus.

The club meets weekly and operates as a workshop during which time all the members take part. The aim of the club is to increase the canvassing potential of its members, and its policy is to assure greater co-operation and contact with conference organizations. The president, Bernard Ficker, arranges for important guest speakers from secular and religious bodies to address the club, and members are thus able to increase their technical knowledge concerning salesmanship. Peter Wiggett, the secretary, arranges for a suitable supply of books to be available for the more enterprising members of the club.

The club has received valuable support from the staff, and the sponsor, Pastor J. M. Coetzee, has rendered much valuable assistance. A successful colporteur institute was recently held under the leadership of Pastor J. T. Mason, during which time club

members received much valuable instruction and guidance.

The club is dedicated to the spreading of the third angel's message, and the encouraging of those students who are dependant upon the publishing work as their only means of support. Prospective students lacking necessary finances, are invited to come to Helderberg College and become active members of the club.

## A SPLENDID REPORT FROM KANYE

DOES A missionary doctor's work end after completing his last operation for the day? Does a missionary nurse's duties end after taking the last temperature for the day and tucking that new-born baby into its little crib? Does a hospital chaplain's service end after his last prayer before the lights in the wards are turned out?

Listen to this story of organized service for the Master beyond the walls of Kanye Hospital on the edge of the Kalahari Desert in Botswana.

The members of the Kanye church are divided into six "regiments," each under a leader and assistants. Each

regiment has its particular name and colour and is assigned a specific territory in the neighbouring village. This means that the neighbouring village is divided into six sections and each regiment is responsible to carry on its missionary activities in its assigned section of the village. Kanye's hospital chaplain, 79-year-old Pastor Philemon Kgasa, is in charge of one of the largest regiments. Its name is "The Pumpkin," its colour yellow. In eight weeks this regiment visited 180 people and fifty-four of these have joined the church.

One of those who became interested, an ex-TB patient, joined a regiment and soon led four people to Christ. He sent a special message to his wife in the lands, telling her about the gospel, and she also accepted Christ and even joined the Dorcas society. Later he spent an entire Sabbath afternoon visiting with the band, returning home after dark. But early the next morning a messenger informed Pastor Kgasa that this man, so zealous after his recent conversion, had taken ill during the night and had died. This tragic event touched the hearts of all and the members of the regiments were spurred on with new power in their witness for the Lord.

Another of Pastor Kgasa's new converts is a well-to-do bus service owner. When the Sabbath-school Investment Plan was explained and fifty-cent "talents" were distributed, he received one with which he purchased some skin and sticks. Then he set to work making these commodities into six whips which he sold for R6.00 (£3) each. His Investment offering



Helderberg's enthusiastic Colporteur Club with staff sponsor J. M. Coetzee and club president Bernard Ficker in front.

## Cover Photograph:

MISSIONARY NURSES FROM AUSTRALIA: Miss Annette Fairall (left) and Miss Lola Hill find quins a handful at Ishaka Hospital, Uganda.

along with that of the enthusiastic "soldiers" of the regiments amounted to R221.00 (£110-10-0). And what is more outstanding is the fact that this offering was taken up one week before the Thirteenth Sabbath offering. The Dorcas sisters too have been very active and their last sale of work raised over R150.00 (£75).

Truly the Kanye church is a light set on a hill in Botswana. Its sister-tutor, Miss Rilla D. Ashton, has started a Bible study plan in the Sabbath-school whereby each member receives a weekly study outline on the life of Jesus to be put in a little note book. In this way members are equipped to carry the story of the love and life of the Saviour to the villages. Dr Karl Seligmann, medical director of the hospital, writes that the church is becoming too small. During camp-meeting 700 people were in attendance, of whom 300 were children.

The work of the doctor, the nurse, the chaplain, and in fact every member of the hospital staff, never ends for it reaches out after working hours into the homes and lives of the neighbouring villagers.

## TWIN MISSIONARY PROJECTS IN NAIROBI

by E. T. GACKENHEIMER,  
Departmental Secretary,  
East African Union

ON SABBATH MORNING, June 22, the members of the Nairobi central church enjoyed an interesting and unusual Sabbath service conducted under the able leadership of Mrs F. G. Reid, Dorcas leader, and Mrs W. M. Webster, its secretary.

For several years the Dorcas Society has conducted Sabbath afternoon meetings at Langata Women's Prison near Nairobi, and now the guests for the day included eight long term prisoners who are members of the baptismal class, and four guards. Other guests were Miss Eileen Shaw, sister in charge of Dagoretti Crippled Children's Home and six children who arrived in their wheel chairs.

The programme included a report of missionary work done at the Nairobi Clinic by the sister in charge, Mrs E. B. Barton, and a talk by Miss Shaw explaining the work of Dagoretti Crippled Children's Home, which is operated by the Kenya Red Cross. The children from the home sang several songs and recited special numbers. The interest of Dorcas members has been heightened because the Dorcas Society sponsored a child at

Dagoretti, paying Sh. 1500 for care, food and medicines for a year. Kisasa, the child sponsored this year, and suffering from severe kwashiorkor when brought to the home, was presented to the church by Miss Shaw. He is now becoming a healthy and happy little boy.

Mrs Gackenheimer told of the beginning of the work among the wo-

men at Langata Women's Prison, and Brother Juma, a lay member of the Shauri Moyo church who is giving valuable assistance with the baptismal class for the women, led them in a song and a testimony service. Mrs Reid closed the programme by presenting several volumes of *The Bible Story* to Miss Shaw for the children at the Dagoretti Home.

Children at Taracha camp-meeting Sabbath-school, Kenya, with Mrs E. T. Gackenheimer at the flannelgraph.



## CAMP-MEETINGS IN THE EAST AFRICAN UNION

DURING the month of July Mrs. Gackenheimer and I attended camp-meetings at Awendo in the Ranen Field, Wire in the Kenya Lake Field, and Taracha in the South Kenya Field. The Lord blessed us with excellent weather, and a spirit of friendliness and brotherly love was very evident in each of these places. The believers gathered, anxious to receive a blessing, and with a willingness to listen to the instruction and admonitions brought to them. A total of 600 people came forward and gave their hearts to the Lord for the first time during the Sabbath services, and these are now preparing for baptism.

As a basis for his appeal the writer used Esther 4:14, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" making a special appeal to the youth of the churches. It was most gratifying to see large numbers of young people respond to the call.

Many well-trained choirs provided special music, and the children and youth with their teachers made the services both pleasant and inspirational with their lovely singing.

Appreciation was expressed by the sisters for the meetings for them, at which times Mrs. Gackenheimer gave instruction in Dorcas welfare work. The attendance at the three camp-meetings totalled over 15,000.

## WELFARE CENTRE OPENED IN TANZANIA

by G. SCHMIEDL,  
Departmental Secretary,  
Tanzania Union

A WELFARE CENTRE, stocked with 360 pounds weight of clothing and worth Sh.2,000, was opened at Mwanza in August. The guests invited to this ceremony were told that this centre had been made possible by the generosity of our believers in Germany and that the clothing and other supplies would be available not only to the needy among our church members but to anyone in the community. Representatives from the Welfare and Information departments of the Government, and the newspaper, listened as Pastor L. C. Robinson, president of the Tanzania Union, and Pastor C. O. Franz, an associate secretary of the General Conference, told

of the work of the Seventh-day Adventist Church in 190 nations of the 226 listed in United Nations statistics, and that in most of these countries the local SDA organizations are equipped and prepared to assist in disasters, such as earthquakes, floods, war, *et cetera*, and to distribute clothing and food to the destitute and needy wherever they are found.

Then it was the privilege of the writer to hand over the newly established welfare centre with its stock to the local church elder, Brother Petro Kazi, who in collaboration with the church pastor, Brother J. Onyango, would lead out in the work of the centre along with the members of the Dorcas society.

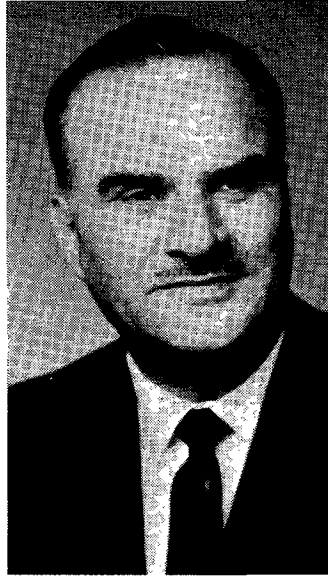
Pastor H. K. Mashigan, president of the West Lake Field, closed the ceremony with a prayer that each church member would live out the admonition of the Saviour to "love thy neighbour as thyself."

## SMOKING SAM IN LUSAKA

by T. W. PARKS,  
Pastor

PEOPLE came by the thousands to see Sam and to listen to him speak on smoking via a tape recorder. The little "dialogue" I had with him took place at our booth at the Agricultural Show in Lusaka, Zambia. When Sam said to a listening audience who had gathered around the booth, "Just give me a cigarette and I will show you," the people eagerly complied with his wishes. After inspecting Sam's lungs several said they would never smoke again. One man threw his cigarettes down on the counter, exclaiming: "I

## MEET OUR VISITORS



PASTOR THEODORE CARCICH is a vice-president of the General Conference. He was formerly the president of the North American Division. This is his first visit to Trans-Africa and besides attending Division year-end committee meetings he will be itinerating throughout the field.



PASTOR CLYDE O. FRANZ is no longer a stranger to Trans-Africa. As an associate secretary of the General Conference he is responsible for Trans-Africa affairs and has visited our field on two previous occasions. After attending Division year-end committee meetings he will itinerate in various parts of the field.

will smoke no more. I have had my last."

Smoking Sam attracted large crowds and while others listened a particularly interested person was selected and interviewed. In my comments reference was made to "Mr Smart," "Mr Caution" and "Mr Special" in order to

place emphasis on our "special" message of "caution" to those who are "smart" and want to stop smoking. Over 350 persons signed cards indicating their desire to attend the Five-Day Stop Smoking clinic which is to be held here in November, and over a thousand pieces of literature on smoking were distributed. Some, showing an interest in knowing more about our work, received a copy of *A Quick Look at Seventh-day Adventists*.

After the show, Smoking Sam accompanied me on visits to a number of schools in Lusaka and the response was good. We are searching for the honest in heart. Please pray for us.



Pastor and Mrs T. W. Parks and Smoking Sam at the Lusaka Agricultural Show.

## IMPORTANT DATES

*Review and Herald*  
Campaign ..... Oct. 26 to Nov. 2  
Week of Prayer ..... November 2-9  
Week of Sacrifice  
Offering ..... November 9

# General Conference President writes to Division President on Temperance

August 26, 1968.

Dear Brother Mills,

I am appealing for your assistance in bringing to the attention of our church members the World Temperance Offering which is to be taken on October 19, 1968.\*

If ever the world needed the temperance message of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, it needs it today. Intemperance prevails presently in fearful forms and practices which tend to warp and often destroy human personality. Certainly you are aware of the deadly drugs and narcotics now available to youth and adults, and particularly to college and university students. As we well know, this growing horror is the culmination of the devil's plan to effectively weaken the mind so the message of truth will not be understood by man.

Can we remain silent in the face of this world-wide conspiracy to eliminate the image of God in man? Will not the nations confront us in the judgment saying, "You knew! Why did you not tell us?" Shall we not arise to the occasion and do what we can to bring our temperance message to the attention of the masses? This type of ministry often enters areas that are closed to regular gospel preaching.

Therefore, I am counting on you to bring this important matter to the attention of all our churches. Please encourage your union and local conference presidents to make this a matter of study and prayer at their workers' meetings. Together let us strive to make the World Temperance Offering in October the best ever—because the times demand it!

Sincerely your brother in Christ,



\*See notice on page 6.

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## LSD—THE CREEPING MADNESS

### A True Story of Horror

by THEA TRENT

"PROUD OF YOU, Son!" Bert's father said as the young graduate met his parents after commencement. "Both an athletic and a scholarship award—every college in the country will be after you!"

"Nonsense, Dad," his son said cheerfully. "I just ran fast enough to keep out of trouble and studied enough so I wouldn't be classed as a moron!"

"Not bad!" his father replied with a grin. "And you'd better keep on running."

"That's why we decided you needed a vacation first," his mother added,

her soft brown eyes starry with pride in the record of their only son. Bert felt an envelope pressed into his hand, and in it he found a handsome cheque.

"Why, that's ridiculous," the boy stammered. "What do you think I want to do? Buy the Brooklyn Bridge? That keen watch you gave me is more than enough!"

But riding home in the family car, the parents explained that this was his first "bachelor vacation," to go where he wanted and do what he would enjoy most. Acapulca—Hawaii—wherever he wanted to go!

But his answer was a tiny cabin, built of redwood logs and perched on

the point of a rocky crescent overlooking the sea. It was new, clean, and fragrant of evergreens. All along the sea side were strong fixed windows, for the agent said that with very high tides the waves would dash against them. That closed the deal for Bert.

He had cashed his graduation dividend and now counted out a hundred and fifty dollars for a month's ownership of the cabin. Bert didn't have a beatnik or hippy complex, and he enjoyed the simple luxuries of the place: the back-porch alcove, tiny refrigerator, two-burner electric plate, midget sink, and neat cupboard shelves, with a few dishes and room for supplies. Even a telephone ("but only so I can let you know if I meet up with a man-eating shark—that's a joke, Mother!")

He quickly deposited his provisions in the cupboard and refrigerator, put his collection of swim trunks and T-shirts and faded jeans in the long drawer under one of the burlap-covered couches. An Indian rug covered part of the floor, and a number of large floor cushions were strewn about—several in front of the small fireplace. The little car was drawn close to one side of the cabin, and his surfboard stood up-ended on the other.

"So much for civilization," Bert declared, casting off his clothes and pulling on a pair of trunks. "Now for the real thing!" Flat stones made a rude stairway to the beach, a very small beach sheltered by the curve of the rocks. The sand was sparkling white and very fine. It was low tide, and a broad strip of damp sand invited running. He set off at a professional's pace, but not pressing so hard that he could not enjoy the feel of the sand and the bracing onshore breeze and the white gulls flying low.

Beyond his own cove the beach stretched a long distance, with no cottages as far as the eye could see. He was that dream of every track coach, a "miler" who kept in training the year round.

Coming back from his run, Bert showered, made a giant sandwich with sliced avocado on the side, and sat on a couch, watching the stars come out and the tide beginning to run up the rock. "It's the best ever!" he thought, "the very best!" And this prompted him to telephone his parents and thank them again for "the very best summer of my life!"

(Continued on page 8)



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Dr Arnold Raubenheimer of the Blatyre/Malamulo Clinic in Malawi, lecturing at a Five-Day Stop Smoking meeting

**NOTICE RE TEMPERANCE DAY OFFERING**

The world temperance offering is listed for October 19. The appeal contained in this issue of the "Outlook" (which goes out under date of October 15), will, however, not reach our churches in time. Each conference, field or local organization should therefore exercise its discretion in setting a date for the Temperance Offering, between now and the end of the year, wherever it has not already been taken.—G.E.G.



# MANY FACETS OF TEMPERANCE

your neighbours, your involvement in the great of the Church. We often members and so do not smoke it smugly back and do most like the Pharisee of and he was not as other

the drunkenness and de- ve can truly be thankful from this evil, but we can killing to stretch out the who, through the stresses day living, have been en- to help themselves. Some- season, or an outstretched mean more than we can

Many people are directly involved in a programme of rehabilitation. Sad to say most of them belong to other churches or groups. We may not have the opportunity to do such work but we can give out a magazine or share the facts as we know them.

Temperance means very much more than not drinking or smoking. It permeates every corner of our daily living. It affects our eating, our sleeping, our exercising, and our working patterns. Over-indulgence in any of these leads to an imbalance and thus we do not function as perfectly as it is in our power to do.

Often we can stand shoulder-to-shoulder with other churches and organizations on the large issues of our temperance work. We open the avenues of communication and then gradually we can use our influence in other directions.

Let us stress again: Others are involved. Why not us? We should be! This is our business!



**Mrs Jean Cripps,  
Editor, THINK/  
DINK magazine.**



**YES, you've seen this picture before. Take a second look at it. Temperance and Intemperance IS your business.**



**Somebody's little boy has been struck by a drunken driver. It could have been yours.**

**Let us help our children guard their wickets. We have precious lives to protect.**



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## A CALL TO PRAYER

**The Times demand it!      The Hour requires it!**

**WEEK OF PRAYER . . . November 2 - 9**

As we mingle our prayers, our testimonies, our songs of praise in one great united Advent family throughout the Trans-Africa Division, may we be drawn closer to Christ and to each other, and may the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon us lead us into a greater forward offensive for the finishing of the work of God.

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### LSD—THE CREEPING MADNESS

*(Continued from page 5)*

It was when his second week was rounding to a close that they came to the little cove—two motorcycles and a battered old car. Leaving the car and cycles, the passengers scrambled slowly to the beach over the rocks. Watching from a window, Bert counted seven—three girls and four men, though it seemed hard to tell them apart. All but one of the men wore black leatherette jackets and jeans which were low on the hip and had seen their best days. The girls had long, untidy straight hair, tousled by the ride.

These were not strange types to Bert, for hippies had invaded high school as well as other places. But he felt a hot anger, unreasonable as he knew it to be, that his own beach was invaded by strangers. Light-footed he ran down the rock steps from the cabin. "Hi, folks," he said, trying to sound friendly. For the moment there was no answer.

Three of the group were already lying on the sand, their heads against their arms. One sat apart, softly touching the strings of a guitar he held across his knees, and his long hair almost hid his face. Another had a bongo drum. He lifted a hand as if to beat a rhythm; but then he stared fixedly at some invisible object in the air above him till his head sank slowly to rest on his drum.

The last two leaned back against a rock, smoking. The man had a darkly handsome face and hair shorter than the others, of a rich chestnut colour. His eyes had a restless instability.

"Demos is the name," he said. "Won't you join us?"

The girl, her face shadowed by the deepening twilight, held out a hand-made cigarette to Bert.

"Thanks," he said, "but I don't smoke reefers—nor anything else, for that matter. I'm a runner: Bert Judson."

"What a theme for a square artist!" said Demos: "All-American Youth Confronts a Group of Degenerates."

"Very funny!" rasped the girl in a harsh voice. "The name here is Lorli." Her eyes were pale green, like old jade, and her hair was a dusty blonde, very coarse and untidy. Never had he seen a girl so terribly thin. When they shook hands, he seemed to have a bony claw in his grasp. "You're just a little boy, aren't you," she said mockingly, "but little boys grow up to be men—sometimes!" He dropped her hand, and a flush of anger burned his face.

Demos jumped to his feet. He seemed the only one of the group who had any energy. "We have to fall out, Bert—we're due at a meeting on the Strip. I'd like to make your cabin a week from tonight. No one will be "travelling," and you'll hear some good music. I think you've got us wrong and I'd like to explain a few things."

"What for?" came in Lorli's cold voice. "Since when do you waste time on squares?"

"I don't intend to waste my time on anyone—especially not on you!" Demos's eyes glittered with icy hatred. He spoke some words in a rash, strange language, and Lorli answered, with words which had a hissing sound.

"A week from tonight will be fine," Bert said shortly. Anything to get rid of them now! he thought as he ran up the rock steps to the cabin and shut the door. How the "sleepers" ever made it to the road, he neither knew nor cared; but he was glad to hear the roar of the cycles diminishing into the distance. He made one of his few phone calls home, and

sharing his revulsion with his parents helped to calm his spirits. However, when he came out, ready for a run and a swim, he felt that the beach had been disturbed by the unwelcome, and he ran farther than usual. The low tide whispered softly as he ran on the damp sand, and the crescent moon hung low on the horizon. The familiar rhythm of exercise brought back peace.

The days sped by all too rapidly, and once again it was the week-end. A good surf was rolling, and the high-riding moon was brilliant—a perfect night for surfing, and here he was stuck with a group of freaks! Yet he had provided a platter of sandwiches, a bowl of salted nuts, and iced soft drinks.

A surprise was in store for him: The same people came, but everyone was fully awake and had made some effort at neatness, at least dragging combs through their hair, and using soap on hands and face. The drum-

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### WEEK OF SACRIFICE OFFERING

To be taken up on November 9, 1968. Let us give an offering equal to a full week's salary.

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mer had several bongos with him, and he touched first one, then another, picking up the rhythm of the sea. The guitarist wove a theme against the beat, and the others—except Demos and Lorli—chanted softly. No one seemed to have taken the drug.

"These people are true artists, man," Demos said, and a ray of light fell on the small ring of gold he wore in one ear. "Musicians, painters, composers, writers. Through taking LSD they are liberating themselves from the dreary drag we call Life; they experience the marvels of the higher planes for the enrichment of their art."

Bert jumped to his feet. "That's enough of your junkie talk, Demos," he said savagely. It's thanks to people like you that this whole generation will be blighted, and perhaps the next one made crazy! But I have news for you: You can't throw a monkey wrench into the human nervous system without paying in bitter coin."

"I told you so!" Lorli rasped. "But you wouldn't listen. Now there's only one way left to teach him."



The two men glared at each other. "I've been rude, I know," Bert muttered, "but I mean every word I said!"

He sat down again, his right arm thrown along the square pillow on the burlap couch. The drums hit a new rhythm, hard and rapid. Suddenly a sharp, stinging pain hit the inside of his extended arm. Jerking his head sideways, he saw the needle of the hypodermic in Demos's hand.

"What have you done to me?" Bert yelled. "Tell me what you have done."

He heard a sneering laugh—and that was the last he did hear of his visitors. He was now alone in the cabin, and grey masses of horror were closing in on him from all sides.

He staggered out of the cabin and down the stone steps, and across the sand. The ocean! It was the only thing that could help him, that could take the poison from his system and the burning fire from his veins. He fell to his knees and plunged his arms into the water. But, oh, God! What had happened to the ocean? No water! Just a vast pool of blood throbbing like a heartbeat! He scooped up some of it with his hands, and it ran, dark and awful, over his bare arms.

Recoiling from the hideous sea, he looked up and saw the high moon, made of dirty glass with tiny specks swarming over it. Millions of winged insects! They swarmed down upon him like an avalanche—an avalanche of winged moths. They forced themselves into his ears, into his nostrils, and down into his lungs! All the inside of his body was filled with them, and yet more came down.

He tore the clothing from his body, and he became a monster made of living, whirring moths. His head was a solid mass of them, and he tore great handfuls off his scalp, only to make room for more insects. He was roaring and bellowing like a wild animal now. His last refuge, since the sea had failed, was his cabin, but the moths were so thick inside that it took all his strength to force the door open.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson sat on the terrace enjoying the mellow light of

**STATISTICS**

As at June 30, 1968.

Membership .....	276,290
Baptisms .....	4,844
Number of Churches .....	1,802
Sabbath-school	
Membership .....	485,677

**TREASURED THEMES . . .**

**From Familiar Hymns**

by H. M. Tippett

"Have You Counted the Cost?"—*Gospel Melodies*, number 53.

"For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. 6:23.

The highways to Satan's enchanted grounds are toll roads, and on no other roads are the rates so high. They cost you nothing to choose them, but there is a price to pay before your journey is done. Their approaches are smooth and inviting, and the speed on them unlimited. But before you turn off at whatever point, there comes a reckoning!

On most of our modern turnpikes the charges are proportionate to the distance travelled, but the cost on the speedways of sin is sometimes beyond belief. For only short jaunts along this multiple-lane highway many have paid toll in honour, purity, self-respect, health, and usefulness.

Lot "pitched his tent toward Sodom," not intending to be defiled with its iniquity, but he had not counted the cost of its associations upon his family. The road in was pleasant and delightful; the way out was by costly sacrifice.

the moon. But somehow it didn't seem complete without their boy. A nagging uneasiness haunted Mrs. Judson's mind as she remembered the phone call of the previous week.

"I can't help wondering about Bert," she said with a deep sigh. "Those people last week—"

"Shall we phone him, Lady?" Mr. Judson asked. "It is cheating, I know, for we agreed to leave him alone. But maybe you're right. Maybe we should phone."

As Bert fought his way through the door of the cabin, the clamour of an insistent bell pierced his consciousness. The jangling sound added more misery to the suffocating madness. He lurched toward the wall phone just inside the door, and with one wild swing he knocked the receiver off the hook. Now he could concentrate on the moths again. He knew what he must do: get his razor and cut off his skin and flesh! That way the moths would go. He found the razor and began to cut, and blood began to cover his body. "Hello. Hello," Bert's father called, puzzled at the sounds. "You there, Bert? What's wrong?" Then he apprehensively listened to the roars and wild howling which somehow seemed to be in his son's voice. Finally he hung up, his face set and grave.

Mr Judson was a man of influence in the community. It was a matter

of a few minutes to have the family doctor on the spot, and also a convoy of motorcycle police and an ambulance. Sirens howling, they rushed at top speed, and reached the cabin in incredibly short time. It was dark—but not silent. Unearthly screams and moans came from it. With revolvers in hand, and a powerful flashlight, the police made ready to break an entry if necessary, but the front door was open. The police entered, closely followed by the doctor and Mr Judson. Mrs Judson in a state of shock was being watched by one of the ambulance attendants.

The men in the cabin started to locate the source of the terrible sounds, when suddenly Bert stood before them—his body covered with great slashes and abrasions—whole sections of his scalp torn off, and a bloody razor in one hand. A single look at his glazed eyes showed that he was completely insane. He showed no recognition of his father, the family doctor, or the others in the room. His eyes fixed on some hideous thing in mid-air. He staggered toward it, screaming. Then suddenly he collapsed and fell to the floor.

Dr Bixby stepped quickly to him. "I have no choice but to give him a powerful narcotic," he said. "He is in such a state of violent mania that he could never be handled in the ambulance otherwise. We must rush him

to the hospital, or he may bleed to death." The ambulance attendants carried him to the road on a litter. Dr Bixby looked quickly around the room; he stopped by the couch on which Bert had been sitting, whipped out a clean handkerchief and picked up an empty hypodermic and a small plastic medicine container with a cap cover. Showing them to the police, he said, "The clinic will analyze this for fingerprints on the hypo, and by the few drops in the container we'll try to determine the drug used."

All night long the father sat at the door of his son's room in the hospital. His wife was sleeping under sedation in a room nearby. The finest specialists in this type of seizure were working over Bert, but so far there was no report.

Just before dawn the door opened and a slender, serious man in a white coat came out.

"Mr Judson?" The father nodded, and the doctor took him by the arm and walked him into a small alcove off the corridor. "Here we can be undisturbed," the doctor said. As the two sat in the leather easy chairs, the doctor said: "The laboratory returns show that the drug used is what is commonly called LSD. Only recently has it been used in solution, and in the vein directly. Is your son left-handed?"

"No. Why?"

"The needle puncture is in the right arm, just below the elbow. Only a left-handed man could hit the vein of his own right arm with precision, as was done. Fingerprints will be checked from the hypo and the small plastic container Dr Bixby found. Until your son is able to tell what happened, we have no other clues to work on, but be assured the narcotics squad will leave no stone unturned. But I must tell you it will be necessary for his own protection to commit your boy."

"Committed? To a public asylum? Never!"

"Mr Judson, I realize your feelings in this, but no other place can offer your boy safety. LSD insanity is violent mania. He may try to kill himself. We are getting more and more

LSD-induced insanity cases, and we do not yet know if they represent brain damage, whether they will recur, or whether complete cure is possible.

The father groaned and clenched his hands.

"Your son has a marvellous constitution; he has led a clean life. I sincerely hope for him, but I cannot promise. This infernal stuff has had some wonderful press agents. It was launched as 'harmless,' as a real blessing to replace alcohol and narcotics. Misguided people have raved over the exquisite experiences they

have on 'trips,' and all the while they were giving the red carpet to madness and even death. I shall dedicate all my professional life to fighting for the truth about this horror. Will you be counted in the fight, sir?"

Mr Judson's parched throat refused at first to utter a sound. Then he stood erect, every inch a fighter. "I own the local newspaper, doctor, and a television station. They are yours to the ultimate! If money will help—count on me. Will I fight? Just try me, and you'll see!" With tears running down his rugged face, he clasped the doctor's hand.

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## IMPROVING ONE'S TALENTS

### Any Child or Youth in a Non-Seventh-day Adventist School

(Sub A to Std. 10/Matric)

CAN STUDY THE VERY SAME

## SCRIPTURE LESSONS

AS HIS FRIENDS IN THE DENOMINATIONAL SCHOOLS

Write for details to:

The Home Study Institute, c/o The Trans-Africa Division Office.

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## ALUMNI ASSOCIATION ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

November 7, 1968

The Annual General Meeting of the Alumni Association will be held at Helderberg College, on Thursday, November 7, 1968.

The meeting will be preceded by the Alumni supper beginning at 7.00 p.m., at which time the members of the Senior Class will present a programme and be introduced to the Alumni.

All members of the Alumni Association are invited to attend. Meal tickets are available at 50c each. Please help us make adequate plans by sending us a card if you intend to be present at the supper.

L. K. McDowell, President  
E. A. van Eck, Secretary-Treasurer.

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## LET'S PUT CHRIST INTO CHRISTMAS

Send your friends Morning Watch Calendars instead of greeting cards. Order from your Church Missionary Secretary.

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## THE POWER OF FAITH

*Faith has a heaven while here below,  
And then should trials come  
It looks beyond the clouds of pain  
For an eternal home.  
It makes the spirit strong to bear  
When darkening clouds arise,  
And whispers in the hours of toil  
Of rest beyond the skies.*

*Faith cheers when hope has lost its sun  
Or star lights disappear;  
It knows a Hand divine can guide  
And hold till skies are clear.  
It claims a God to doubt unknown,  
A helper ever near,  
That bids it stand within the storm  
With conscience sweet and clear.*

—Robert Hare.

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## You Need the REVIEW

### WHY?

Because . . .

This church missionary paper is indispensable to you and your family.

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Reporting on

# PEOPLE AND EVENTS

Division officers, Pastors Mills, Lind and Fenn, are at present attending the Autumn Council in Toronto, Canada. This yearly event is one of the important sessions of our denomination, for it is at this time that appropriations are made to the world divisions for the advancement of the work.

Dr Keith Gunston is now in charge of Maluti Hospital in Lesotho, replacing Dr Walter Birkenstock who resigned from this post recently.

The attendance on the opening night of Pastor A. E. Cook's evangelistic campaign in Dar-es-Salaam in Tanzania was estimated at 2,000. This necessitated the holding of three sessions. A member of parliament from the Island of Pemba made the request that Pastor Cook hold similar meetings on the Island.

Treasurers from our eight unions met at headquarters from September 16 to 19 for the study of special financial problems, under the chairmanship of Pastor Fenn.

Songa Hospital in the Congo, now back in full operation, reports a capacity programme both of admissions to the hospital and clinical work in the out-patients department.

It is gratifying to know that with the coming of independence to Swaziland, the committee of the Southern Union is taking steps to prosper the work there. A church and worker's home is to be built in this country.

Little Linda Ruth has joined the Fred Wilson family at Kendu Bay in Kenya. Rheeta Anne is delighted with her new sister since this is what she had prayed for. Additions to other missionary families include a baby girl for the Charles Staffords of the Heri Health School in Tanzania and a baby boy for Dr and Mrs N. Ashton of Heri Hospital, also in Tanzania.

Brother and Sister Will Fillmore are in charge of our work on St. Helena Island in mid-Atlantic. They eagerly await the arrival of ships bringing mail from Cape Town and England. They are the parents of Mrs Dr Ralph Harris, and Mrs Veronica Bender, both of whom have had mission service in Tanzania.

Dr X. P. Walton of Massachusetts, United States is here with Mrs Walton for several months relieving Dr Ben Nelson in the dental clinic in Blantyre, Malawi. Dr and Mrs Nelson are on furlough.

Miss Sheila Robertson visited headquarters on her way from Maluti Hospital in Lesotho to Heri Hospital in Tanzania.

Mr Renderson J. Gondwe, a faithful layman of Malawi, has been accepted at the dental school attached to Manchester University in England.

Pastor Fred Wilson, president of the Kenya Lake Field, reports that fifteen excellent camp-meetings have been held in his field this season, and that more than 1,500 converts gave their hearts to the Lord. A vigorous building programme is in progress and by the end of the year a four-classroom girls' school and two teachers' homes will be completed.

Several new missionary families have arrived in Trans-Africa. They are the L. Barker family from England, he to be a male nurse at Songa Hospital, in the Congo; Brother and Sister O. Ronald Follett to Rusangu School in Zambia; the Charles H. Schlunt family to Solusi College; and Brother R. Hof who came with the D. Gutekunst family when they returned from furlough. Brother Hof will be serving in the Central African Union.

Brother Leslie Relihan has been transferred from the Congo Union office to the South African Union Conference.

## The Trans-Africa Division

### OUTLOOK

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## SUNSET CALENDAR

### NOVEMBER 1968

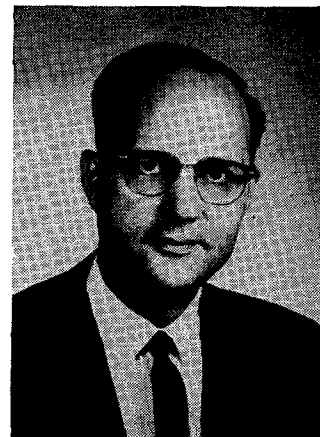
	1	8	15	22	29
Cape Town	7.13	7.20	7.27	7.33	7.39
Johannesburg	6.23	6.28	6.34	6.39	6.45
East London	6.33	6.40	6.47	6.53	6.59
Port Elizabeth	6.45	6.52	6.59	7.05	7.11
Bloemfontein	6.34	6.40	6.46	6.52	6.58
Pietermaritzburg	6.19	6.25	6.31	6.37	6.43
Durban	6.17	6.23	6.29	6.35	6.41
Windhoek	7.02	7.07	7.12	7.16	7.22
Bulawayo	6.13	6.17	6.21	6.25	6.30
Salisbury	6.00	6.04	6.08	6.11	6.15
Gwelo	6.05	6.09	6.15	6.21	6.26
Lusaka	6.09	6.11	6.15	6.19	6.24
Blantyre	5.44	5.47	5.51	5.53	5.56
Lubumbashi	6.08	6.11	6.14	6.15	6.18
Nairobi	6.20	6.21	6.22	6.22	6.24
Mombasa	6.10	6.13	6.14	6.14	6.17
Kisumu	6.27	6.28	6.29	6.29	6.30
Kampala	6.37	6.37	6.38	6.38	6.39
Dar-es-Salaam	6.16	6.18	6.21	6.21	6.24
Tabora	6.40	6.42	6.43	6.43	6.46

### DECEMBER 1968

	6	13	20	27
Cape Town	7.46	7.51	7.56	7.59
Johannesburg	6.50	6.54	6.59	7.02
East London	7.06	7.11	7.15	7.18
Port Elizabeth	7.18	7.23	7.28	7.31
Bloemfontein	7.03	7.07	7.12	7.15
Pietermaritzburg	6.49	6.53	6.58	7.01
Durban	6.47	6.51	6.56	6.59
Windhoek	7.27	7.31	7.35	7.38
Bulawayo	6.35	6.39	6.43	6.46
Salisbury	6.20	6.24	6.28	6.31
Gwelo	6.30	6.35	6.41	6.44
Lusaka	6.27	6.31	6.34	6.38
Blantyre	6.01	6.04	6.10	6.13
Lubumbashi	6.23	6.25	6.31	6.34
Nairobi	6.29	6.31	6.35	6.37
Mombasa	6.22	6.24	6.29	6.32
Kisumu	6.35	6.37	6.42	6.45
Kampala	6.43	6.46	6.51	6.54
Dar-es-Salaam	6.28	6.32	6.37	6.39
Tabora	6.51	6.54	6.59	7.01

# GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS

by MERLE L. MILLS,  
President, Trans-Africa Division



DOES the receiving of material blessings give us the right to live extravagantly or be wasteful in one's habits? We believe not. Yet, despite the poverty in the world and the restricted progress of the Lord's cause for lack of workers and funds, many professing Christians seem to be totally unconcerned with the crying needs about them and completely indifferent to their responsibilities of stewardship. The Lord expects each of us to be frugal in our purchases and our habits of daily living. What we buy and the use to which we put our purchases will be carefully controlled if we are conscious that one day we must give an account of our stewardship. Economy and simplicity are terms we hear little about. The prevailing trend is to keep up with our neighbours. We call it the standard of living which is something quite apart from the cost of living. Convenience, comforts, variety and luxury are emphasized. Our houses are becoming larger and more luxuriant; cars are bigger and more expensive; the style and fashion of dress are constantly changing and becoming more elegant. Increasing varieties of foods appear on the market, and highly sophisticated and appealing gadgets ad infinitum are on display. Must the Christian attempt to be at the forefront or even keep abreast of the standard of living today? Not that we should be out-moded, parochial or penurious, but must there not be a line somewhere so that economy, moderation and frugality become meaningful to him? If we believe that heaven is to be our home and that the Lord is soon to return, should there not be an attempt to avoid becoming enamoured and ensconced in this world, making our heaven here? Should we not have compassion on

others whose bodies and souls may be languishing because some of us have lived selfishly with no regard for the physical and spiritual needs of the world? Does not the religion of Christ indicate that we must learn to circumscribe our desires, carefully discriminate between luxury and simplicity, prodigality and economy, wants and needs?

Fritz Kreisler, the famous violinist, said one time: "I was born with music in my soul. I knew musical scores before I knew my A.B.Cs. It was a gift of providence. I did not acquire it. So I do not even deserve thanks for the music. I never look upon the money I get as my own. It is public money, merely a fund entrusted to my care for proper disbursement. I am constantly endeavouring to reduce my needs to a minimum. I feel morally guilty in ordering a costly meal for it deprives someone else—perhaps some child of a slice of bread, perhaps a bottle of milk. My beloved wife feels exactly the same way about these things as I do."

Friend of mine, has not God given you life, talents and material wealth? What are you doing with them? Either to be niggardly or prodigal is displeasing to God. That which He has entrusted to us is neither to be hoarded for selfish reasons or to be extravagantly disbursed in satisfying our wants and fickle desires. The Christian who loves the Lord and believes in His soon coming will be constantly narrowing rather than widening the gap of his needs and wants.

Some go shopping just to satisfy their mood or fancy. Some put more into the garbage can each day than others have to eat. Some spend more on their dogs and cats or their hobbies than they give to the Church.

When Christ fed the five thousand He commanded His disciples: "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." John 6:12. What a lesson! What a sermon! Christ, who owned the world and had need of nothing, commanded His disciples to gather up the fragments. To be miserly or to squander selfishly? No! There are millions in the world who are homeless and starving. Other millions still sit in the shadows of darkness without hope and unprepared to meet Christ in the judgment. Avarice, covetousness and selfishness must be replaced by compassion, economy, and generosity. We must learn to conserve in order to be liberal toward God. "Many who profess to be Christians provide abundantly for themselves, supplying all their imaginary wants, while they give no heed to the wants of the Lord's cause. They have thought it gain to rob God by retaining all, or a selfish proportion, of His gifts as their own. But they meet with loss instead of gain."—"Counsels on Stewardship," page 90. Set your heart on things above and turn your face toward the kingdom of God.

Dear reader, are you conscious of your habits of industry, thrift and sobriety? Are you aware that what God has entrusted to you must be used wisely and disbursed liberally? Some day you must give an account of your stewardship. If you have found yourself wanting as a careful and just steward, why not repent now?