

# Baptist The Recorder

The Journal of the  
Baptist Historical Society  
of New South Wales

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November 2000

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## NEXT MEETING

Thursday 2 November 2000  
at 7.30 pm  
in the  
Morling Chapel, Eastwood

**Speaker:** Rev Roy Henson

**Topic:** "A J Waldock"

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Rev E R Rogers  
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### The Society's Officers:

#### Vice-Chairman

Mr P G Young

#### Archivist

Mr R Robb

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Mr O C Nannelli  
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**Baptist Historical Society**

**Minutes of Meeting**

**3 August 2000**

The meeting was opened in prayer at 7.30 by the Chairman, Rev E R Rogers, who welcomed those present. Fifty six members and friends were present, with details of those names and accepted apologies being recorded in the attendance book.

**Confirmation of Minutes**

Minutes of the Annual Meeting held 4 May 2000 were confirmed as a correct record.

**Future Meetings**

The Chairman outlined details of future meetings:

2 November 2000	Rev Roy Henson	“Dr A J Waldock”
1 February 2000	Janine Prior	Foresters, Formation and Foresight in the Forest
3 May 2001	Dr Ken Manley	Annual Meeting
2 August 2001	Robert Armstrong	Hisory of Gospel Wagons

**Reports**

- 1 The Treasurers Report was presented by Phil Hayward.
2. The Archivist Ron Robb presented a detailed report of his activities.

**Introduction of the Speaker**

The Chairman introduced our guest speaker, Rev E A Archer, who had been archivist of the Society for over 18 years until his recent retirement and who was presenting his ninth paper over that time. The Society, Rev Rogers said, owed Ted a great deal for the effort he had put in over this long period. Rev Archer, ably assisted by his wife Gwen, commenced with a musical interlude and then presented his paper, “This is my Story”.

At the conclusion of his well researched and entertaining address, Rev Archer answered questions and comments from the many members and friends present.

Rev Rogers closed the meeting with the benediction at 9.40.

O C Nanelli

Secretary

## Baptist Historical Society of New South Wales

### Financial Statement for the period 1 March 2000 to 30 September 2000

Income		Expenditure	
<b>General Fund</b>			
Membership Subscriptions	655.00	Travel, etc B King	100.00 100.00
Donations	45.00	Advertisements:Essay Competition	
Interest:		Victorian Baptist Witness	58.00
Current Account	3.00	NSW Baptist	50.00
BIF	52.71	NSW Baptist	50.00
	755.71	Tasmanian Baptist	20.00 178.00
		Postages Recorder April	37.50
		Postages Recorder July	33.00 70.50
		Government Tax	4.36 4.36
		Total Expenditure	352.86
Balance Brought Forward		Balance Carried Forward	
1 March 2000	3,893.48	30 September 2000	4,296.33
	<u>\$4,649.19</u>		<u>\$4,649.19</u>

<b>Publications Fund</b>			
Sale of Books	90.44		
Interest BIF (added to principal)	48.69	139.13	
Balance Brought Forward		Balance Carried Forward	
1 March 2000	3,062.65	30 September 2000	3,201.78
	<u>\$3,201.78</u>		<u>\$3,201.78</u>

<b>Essay Competition Fund</b>			
Balance Brought Forward		Balance Carried Forward	
1 March 2000	48.96	30 September 2000	48.96
	<u>\$48.96</u>		<u>\$48.96</u>

#### Summary of Balances

General Fund	4,296.33
Publications Fund	3,201.78
Essay Competition Fund	48.96
	<u>\$7,547.07</u>

#### Balances Held as Follows

National Bank Cheque Account	3,389.88
BIF Term Deposits	4,157.19
	<u>\$7,547.07</u>

# This is My Life

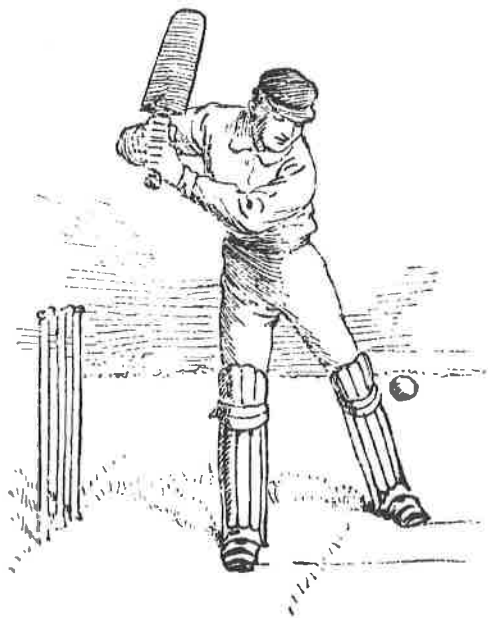
## Edward Archer

I was born on 2 January 1916, the youngest of three boys, at Birmingham, Warwickshire. We lived right on the edge of the suburbs—the city on one side, the lovely open countryside on the other. I loved the lanes and the fields, and knew intimately the country area for miles.

I was not a good student at school; but like my father, I excelled at reading and spelling, French and Geography.

From my earliest days, I loved music and singing. I began to finger some simple hymn-tunes on our Organ, using the tonic sol-fa method. By my teen years, I could play most hymns—with my eyes closed!

We belonged to the Stechford Baptist Church, where my father was Church Secretary. Things were pretty strict in those days—indeed quite puritanical, to the point of being repressive. I am sure this had a lot to do with my naïve and immature youth! I am also sure that my love of sport, especially cricket and football, saved me from becoming a victim of a kind of negative Victorianism. Certainly, I preferred to get out in the fields, to the grind of homework.



I went to the Central Secondary School in the city, where I later became Cricket Captain and Prefect. I managed to get my School Certificate in 1934—, but the pass was not good enough to get me to a Teachers' College. So I set sail for Australia, leaving on 30 November, and arriving at Fremantle on New Year's Day, 1935. I emigrated under the Church of England Emigration Scheme, which had arranged for me to go to a farm near Greenbushes and Bridgetown, on the Blackwood River. It was a farm of 3000 acres, only about 800 acres being cleared. It was fine hilly country of jarrah and red-gum forest. There was a 10 acre orchard, mainly apples (but also pears, peaches, apricots, nectarines, grapes, plums and citrus); and a Jersey herd of 80 cows. Oats was grown for hay and chaff. We did a lot of timber work, as we built our own dairy, barns and fences. It was a hard life, as we worked 80 hours a week. I got 10/- a week and keep for my first year there—but it did me a world of good!

I left on my twenty-first birthday, 1937, to meet my brother Stan at Fremantle—he was sailing on to Sydney for a holiday—I went on to Sydney by the Trans-continental Railway.

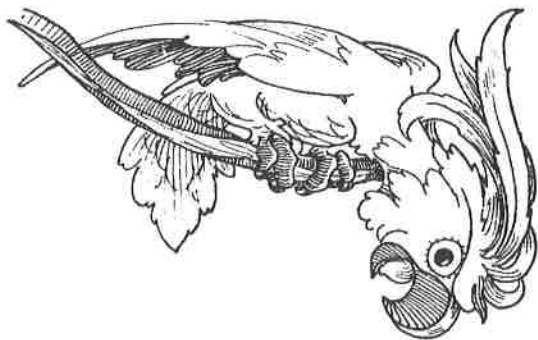
My brother Alan migrated to New South Wales, under the Big Brother Movement, in 1927. He worked in the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area. Alan can to Sydney to meet Stan and me—we spent several weeks together, before Stan returned to India. Alan and I went to Leeton, to work on the wheat and rice. Tragically, Alan was badly burned, and died in hospital at Leeton—he was 26 years of age.

The Baptist Church folk at Leeton were very good to me at that time. Two months after Alan's death I

was baptised, and before the end of the year I was in Sydney to have an interview with Principal Morling at the Baptist Theological College, Ashfield, thence to the Home Mission Committee. I was staying at Granville, and attended the Baptist Church there (where Gwen was a member of the very good choir!). I passed the Trial Sermon before the Home Mission Committee, and became the first Pastor at the new Church at Thirroul on Christmas Day, 1938. I was there for two years (the strange policy of the Home Mission of sending completely inexperienced and ignorant young men to pastor a church!) Gwen's grandfather, Mr Thomas, was treasurer of the Thirroul Church!

From Thirroul to College at Ashfield, where I excelled at Greek and Football! I was appointed as Student-pastor to Wentworthville for the year—how difficult it was to be a full-time theological student and “drop in” every week-end to be Pastor of a Church! There was a fine group of young people who held open-air witness before the evening service. The only change I introduced was the purchase of an organ. Towards the end of the year I had put in my name for the RAAF.

In 1942 I spent a few weeks at College, with week-end services at Springwood, where a few folk were meeting in a local hall. Then came my call-up, and I went to Bradfield Park as an air-crew trainee. I later moved to Richmond, Uranquinty and Narromine—all went well until the aerobatic training—air-sickness plagued me, and I failed to pass the test. I was granted a discharge, and returned to Sydney to marry Gwen at the Granville Church on Easter Saturday, 1943.



Our full-time Ministry was now a reality. My love for the farming countryside and a unique Church history influenced my acceptance of the Goombargana invitation, Goombargana, “the hill of the white cockatoo”. In 1868 the Howard brothers and their families trekked from South Australia, up the Murray River. A Church was formed in 1871. They worshipped in homes, reading sermons by C H Spurgeon. A few years later, the Shipard family arrived. Descendants of the Howards and Shipards are still stalwarts of the Church there.

We were there for three years, and made life-long friends with some very fine people. The Church building is in a paddock, including a cemetery; the Manse is at Brocklesby—a small country centre with a General Store, a hotel, a Bank, a Union Church, a Presbyterian minister.

There were difficulties—we struggled. Gwen came from a suburban home, with all its mod-cons, to a geographically isolated area, and an empty house. We got furniture from Albury; there was a fuel stove and bath, no electricity, tank water, no sink, toilet way back in the garden, birds pulled up my vegetable seedlings, dust storms, petrol rationing. Our salary was £18 a month, and we paid £8 a month off our furniture debt. But Gwen was an excellent manager—she did sewing for different ones—even made wedding-dresses for two brides and their bridesmaids, as well as working for the CWA. We joined in with everything to do with the local community, and visited all who liked to entertain the Baptist pastor and his wife—Catholics, Lutherans, hotel proprietor—we were always welcomed. I visited several schools, and helped with the wheat harvesting and carting to the silo (there was a shortage of manpower during war-time). There were three services every Sunday—Gwen was organist at Brocklesby, Burrumbuttock and Rand.

Ruth was born in October 1945, at Corowa. Things were difficult for Gwen, with the nearest Baby-health centre 30 miles away at Albury. Goombargana was so different — but full of unusual experiences — the only Church I pastored with a harvest Festival — a thanksgiving service with a special offering.

**Croydon 1946–53**

No manse, no car, salary £6.10.0 a week, rent £1.17.6 — paid by us! Once again, we grew our own vegetables! Bought a bicycle, which at least kept me fit. The College at Ashfield invited me to lecture one morning a week, for English and Inter-Testamentary History — this was an honorary position which involved first year students only — but I enjoyed the teaching opportunity.

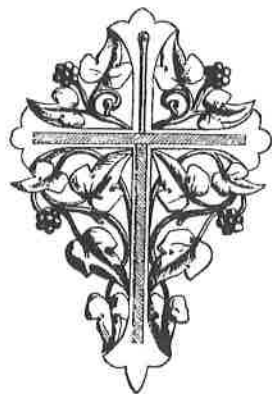
The Church had a cricket team which played in the strong protestant Churches' Competition — I enthusiastically participated. In winter the church had three football teams, in the senior team I became a regular goal-scorer. We held a monthly Church parade — it was great to see one of the aisles full of young men.

The Church had a debt of nearly £900. Gwen had the great idea of a Talent project—a large number of folk received £1, to use their talents in some profitable way. The result—the debt was completely paid!

Paul was born in 1950—so Gwen now had two children to care for.

The Church services were well-attended, with good music and singing. It was decided to move the afternoon Sunday School to 10 am. There was some opposition to this, but the move was made successfully. This meant a much stronger 11 am service, but a weakening of the evening service.

During our Croydon stay, my parents sold up in England, and arrived in Sydney. They bought a cottage at Oatley and joined the Mortdale Church.



I was trying to find time to continue studies for the London University Arts degree. The day before my first exams, Gwen's father died suddenly—so I had to postpone my studies. The following year I managed to get my BA degree.

At Croydon there were several weddings, and my first funerals. We shared the joys and sorrows of many families.

**Lismore 1953-6**

Floods—a new experience for us.

By now, I had a strong urge for teaching. I added a London BD to my academic results, and undertook post-graduate studies in Education with Queensland University. I judged that Lismore needed a teaching ministry, and initiated teacher-training classes for the Sunday School ministry. Gwen served as pianist and teacher.

Every Sunday afternoon our radio ministry on 2LM 'Pause for Meditation' led ultimately to the formation of the Alstonville Church. We also had five services a year broadcast on 2LM. For the first time our Church membership passed the 100 mark. Services were also held at Coraki, Evans Head and Wollongbar. In 1955 I was appointed Northern Rivers Area Superintendent. The Lismore Church had been planning to build a new church—we encouraged this, Gwen introducing her Talents project, I helping to harvest a peanut crop.

I regularly visited the Lismore Base Hospital (which was near the church). I asked the matron if she would be interested in a 'Florence Nightingale' service. She was very enthusiastic and soon after, about 40 nurses, in their white uniforms, were marching to the church for a great service. The 'Florence Nightingale' service became an annual event.

I was hoping to teach at our Theological College, but there was no opening. The Lismore Archdeacon had some link with Canberra Grammar who approached me, and so did Barker College, but the Methodist College, Newington, was looking for an English teacher in the Senior School. In an interview with the Headmaster, he offered me the Senior Master position in Wyvern House—which I accepted.

Our farewell at Lismore attracted headlines in the 'Northern Star'. There were over 200 present, including the Mayor and Mayoress, and Mr CM Ebert, Area Director of Education. The 'Northern Star' report said, 'Mr and Mrs Archer were both accomplished musicians, leaving a gap that will be difficult to fill. Mrs Archer had given her husband the necessary support during their three year stay...' The Secretary of the Ladies Guild spoke of Mrs Archer as a most gracious lady with a warm personality, and the Guild was appreciative of her guidance...' The Mayor, Alderman Granger said, 'Rev Archer had been a model citizen and Church leader, making an impact on the Lismore churches and on the people of the city...' Mr Ebert thanked Mr Archer for his work in the schools—'Newington College was getting a man of calibre and personality'. The Chairman of the Ministers' Fraternal said Mr Archer was a good comrade, loyal to the Fraternal, to which he gave a spirit of consecration, wisdom and grace.

### Newington College 1956-80

We lived in Merrylands, in Gwen's grandmother's house, and joined the Granville church. I was eight years Senior Master of Wyvern House, then transferred to the Senior School with the English Department. In 1959 we moved to Epping, and joined the Church there. At Newington I accepted the Headmaster's invitation to be Director of Studies for Years 7 and 8—300 boys; the task had a strong pastoral emphasis, including a weekly Christian service (assembly). My last three years I was also Registrar for the College.



There were some sad experiences—three suicides; a boy under the train at Strathfield Station. I was greatly encouraged in my work by the College Counsellor, a committed Christian (Anglican).

I know of four boys who ultimately became Ministers of Churches, one boy became a RC priest, and one boy in Long Bay Gaol!

I retired in 1980 (but continued part-time for a year as Registrar). At the end of year function in the Town Hall I was officially farewelled. The Governor-General was present and chatted with me at the supper. The Headmaster included me in his Annual Report—'As Mr Archer leaves the classroom, I must pray tribute to his devoted service, and as Head of the Lower School—an administrative and pastoral function to which his personal qualities and sense of vocation have fitted him admirably'.

A mother wrote to the Headmaster—her son was about to leave school and mentioned 'the redoubtable Mr Archer, a most perfect choice of Master in Charge—one who will always be remembered with affection'.

Many of the boys now hold influential positions in the community. From a leading young barrister in Sydney—'in appreciation for all you have taught me—the finest teacher I ever had'.

### Epping

Gwen has spent the last 20 years in keeping me in order; she has maintained her high standards in the home, and with the family. Ruth and Paul had their friends—our home was always open to all—after-Church get togethers, monthly missionary teas, garden afternoon for seniors. I was the first Superintendent of the newly formed All-age Sunday School—a deacon—ministry and music at Waldoack Hospital and Yallambi for 20 years—three years at Shalom Court—marking work for Morling College Correspondence Courses—Archivist for the Baptist Historical Society for 18 years. In the music world, composing anthems and hymns for the Epping Choir. Devotions for the monthly Friendship Group; Assistant Organist; Ryde Op Shop (Baptist Community Services) monthly, with Gwen.

Whatever we have done, we are grateful that we

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have had such health and strength to serve.

“Paul planted, Apollos watered, BUT GOD GAVE THE INCREASE.” To God be the glory: is the song of Ted and Gwen, with sincere thanks to Ruth and Graham, Paul and Lynne, Melinda and Pete, Rachael and Stuart, Christopher and Nathan, great-grandson William—All are actively involved in Christian service.

How good is the God we adore  
That faithful unchangeable friend,  
Whose love is as great as His power,  
And knows neither measure nor end.  
’Tis Jesus, the first and the last,

