

Un-Parr-alleled 1970–1975

Editor Robert Parr continued to bring his unique writing style to the pages of the *Australasian Record* during the years between 1970 and 1975. Through reading the many published "Letters to the Editor", it appeared that many *Record* readers would read the back page of the magazine (which was titled "Flashpoint") first, due to its informative and humorous style.

Many of our current *Record* readers may also remember "Finally, brethren . . .", which was an often witty remark that featured at the conclusion of *Record*. To bring a sense of nostalgia and humour, we bring you a compilation of "Finally, brethren . . ." as well as some of Robert Parr's standout communications.

"Finally, brethren . . .": A little boy we heard about recently was upbraided by his mother. "Why do you get so dirty all the time?" she wanted to know. "Well, I'm a lot closer to the ground than you are," he answered.

"Finally, brethren . . .": Doctors say one thing that causes grey hair is lack of vitamins. Another is the lack of youth.

Finally, brethren . . .": The nicest thing about an egotist is that he doesn't go around talking about other people.

"Finally, brethren . . .": The Bible that the devil doesn't fear is the one with dust on it.

"Finally, brethren . . .": If you've always done it that way, it's probably wrong.

"Finally, brethren . . .": To err is human, but you need a better excuse the second time.

"Finally, brethren . . .": A fanatic is a person who is highly enthusiastic about a subject which bores you.

"Finally, brethren . . .": Open-minded or emptyheaded—it depends on whether you are describing yourself or someone else.

"Finally, brethren . . .": The man who is pulling his weight doesn't have any left to throw around.

"Finally, brethren . . .": A good question for an atheist is to serve him a good dinner and then ask him if he believes there is a cook.

"Finally, brethren . . .": A worker who complains that his boss is stupid, probably wouldn't have a job if his boss were smarter.

Finally, brethren . . ." (A special thought for those who, at this time of the year, will be camping): A lot of people must be wondering during the summer why Noah didn't swat those two mosquitoes while he had the chance.



FLASHPOINT

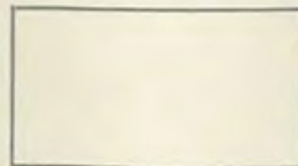
✘ THAT THING which you see above has caused a little more than ordinary comment, and I would like to thank all who have graciously said that it is unflattering. However, you should know that I instructed the artist that I didn't want anything that was trying to make a silk purse out of a you-know-what. After all, facts are facts, and you have to live with them. However, in the past fortnight three diverse people (diverse in taste as well as geography) have asked me, "What have you got Pastor Austin Townend's picture on the back of the RECORD for?" THAT DID IT! Next week it will be changed. I don't want a lawsuit for defamation from a gentleman whose goodwill I would prefer to retain.



FLASHPOINT

✘ Above you see what an artist can do when he really sets out to get his own back on you because just once you beat him at golf. Anyway, it will get the supporters of Pastor Austin Townend settled down. He, surely, could never look like THAT!

"Finally, brethren . . ." (adapted from an Anglican parish magazine): Try this experiment. Hold this square in front of you, about three inches from your mouth and breathe onto the square.



If it turns green, see your doctor.
If it turns brown, see your dentist.
If it turns red, see your bank manager.
If it turns black, see your lawyer and make your will.

If it remains the same colour, your health is good and there is no reason why you shouldn't be present and on time for Sabbath school next Sabbath.