

The Youth's Instructor

I WEAR the Purple Heart because God saved my life. Wounds received on the Anzio beachhead were pronounced fatal by the aid station doctors. But God heard my prayer, and today while I study at Union College my life is a living testimony of His protection and care.

After spending seventy-two days at the now-historic Cassino Mountains, our division was told that we deserved a well-earned rest period. We were shifted to the safe area, where we gladly substituted the usual K rations for warm meals. To wear dry clothes again seemed almost a miracle. But our rest period proved to be very short, for in a few days we boarded a ship, and landed at a new beachhead, which we well knew was Anzio.

The beachhead had already been established when we arrived, but fierce fighting was evident a few miles inland. The enemy, being very well acquainted with the topography of this region, released everything from small arms to heavy artillery guns and rocket bombs. It seemed as though every natural protection provided us by nature had been accurately indexed by the enemy. Every coulee, gully, and ditch was labeled with deadly shells from unfriendly guns. Even the slit trenches which we had dug to serve as our beds proved to be unsafe. Little did we know whether or not we were digging our own graves.

The second week ashore our regiment was sent to Suicide Corner, so named because on the previous day it had become the graveyard of an entire British regiment.

It was dawn when we arrived. About a mile from Suicide Corner we set up our aid station. The sky was buzzing with planes, but we were too busy to give them a thought. There were eight of us in our medical-aid group. Because of the recent rains we were forced to dig our station into a charcoal hill. We dug for three hours, until we reached a depth of three feet, and then set up our tent.

Incessant shelling continued throughout that day and into the night. Casualties multiplied and

medical-aid men were kept busy, getting very little rest. Ambulances came and left the aid station at regular intervals without interruption. Many times we worked for forty-eight hours without sleep. Litter bearers were not allowed to rest, for all too often delays were the dying moments of a wounded soldier. We were amazed at our own endurance and sometimes wondered how we were able to keep going. Working together as a group somehow gave us added strength to last longer. When we were unable to drag on we were given ten- to thirty-minute resting periods. In spite of the thundering artillery, moving jeeps, and rolling tanks, we fell asleep as soon as we hit the ground. I have seen loaded trucks throwing dust into faces of sleeping men, missing their weary bodies by only six inches as they lay on black-top roads.

WITH GOD on the BATTLEFIELD

By Pvt. Harry Haas

As Told to ELMER HERR

It was five o'clock on the morning of February 17. For the past two days and two nights we had carried on without a pause. I was listlessly handing bandages and instruments from the medical chest to the doctor at the aid station. Close beside us was the clerk of the aid station who made a record of each patient's condition and tied the tag with its information through a buttonhole of his coat. Another doctor, physically exhausted, simply sat on the ground and slept, leaning against the charcoal wall of the dugout, his head dropped over his chest between his knees, his mouth half open. In the same dugout Eddy, another aid man, attended patients. We again heard bombers overhead, but they sounded no different from the usual unceasing roar. Before any of us had time to throw ourselves into the three-foot dugout, a 500-pound bomb exploded only twenty yards from the aid station. The impact of the explosion and the cutting shrapnel left me delirious. Frantically trying to sense the situation, I felt as though a thousand phones were ringing in my ears. I thought I was dying. The cold chill of death struck terror to my heart. I knew my end had come. I had often wondered what a man's last moments were like, and here I recognized the extraordinary sensation that accompanies the nearness of death. I feared I would not even have time to call for help.

I thought of the many dying soldiers I had seen who, in their last moments, painfully tried to pray but could not. I tried to call. I tried to pray. But I was help-

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U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

Casualties Awaiting Treatment
at a Field Hospital

Let's Talk It Over

A YOUNG soldier has just been in my office, telling some of his experiences. He carries his left arm in a sling, for he was wounded on the Ardennes front last winter, just before the Axis break-through. "It was supposed to be a quiet sector," he said, "and we were two divisions of replacement troops sent up to get sort of 'the feel' of things before going into actual combat. As head of our machine-gun squad, I was standing with the men as they checked our ration of ammunition. Suddenly a sniper got me in the arm and side. For a moment I did not realize that I had been shot, and just stood there surprised-like; then I 'hit the dirt,' and everything began to happen at once."

As a casualty, he finally landed in England and spent three months in a base hospital there. Now, at home once more, he is looking forward to eight more months of hospital experience and bone grafting before returning to civilian life.

As he finished the story he was quiet for a moment, then added: "You know, I'm impressed with the fact that if I hadn't been wounded I probably would never have come out of Europe alive, for only a few hundred out of the eighteen thousand men sent up at the same time I was, lived through the ordeal of the break-through. It was Providence—just plain Providence! The Lord certainly has been good to me! It is wonderful just to be living!"

WHAT an arresting thought that every moment, of every hour of every day God watches over us, and even though we go our way in comparative safety, as far as we can see, He protects us from unseen dangers, and sometimes so impressively delivers us from disaster that we bow in hushed awe before Him who controls the universe, yet notes the sparrow's fall.

The story as I heard it gives the man's name as Jensen. He was a medical missionary in Africa, gladly following the footsteps of the Master of men, who "went about doing good."

In the course of one day's journey he came to a clear little river and decided to take a dip in a quiet pool a short distance from the trail.

"Don't bathe here! There is danger!" The voice that spoke was clear and distinct. He had begun to remove his clothing, but quickly he jumped to his feet and looked around. He was sure that nothing dangerous could be hidden in the low bush behind him, and also that there could be no crocodiles in *so small* a stream. Instantly he looked *at* the pool; looked *around* the pool. There was not the slightest evidence of peril or even risk. So he decided that he must be imagining things, and continued preparations for his bath.

"Don't bathe here! There is danger!" Again the voice spoke impressively. Again Jensen stopped his preparations and investigated his surroundings. Again he told himself that there could be no danger.

But as he sat down to unlace his shoes something happened that convinced him

that his imagination was not working overtime, that Someone whose eyes were keener than his own was warning him against danger in that pool. All at once he lost control of his hands! They refused to do his bidding and became palsied and trembled so violently that he could not grasp the laces.

Mysterious as all this was, he decided that he would obey the voice. So he went farther upstream and found another pool, took his dip without incident, dressed, and started back down the river.

As he came to the first pool he decided to do some investigating; so he did not walk directly to the bank, but slipped through the bush and approached it on tiptoe. There, sticking up out of the water, was the snout of a huge crocodile!

So! There really had been danger after all! Cold chills chased each other up and down the missionary's spine as he contemplated his narrow escape from a treacherous enemy that is much more dangerous than a lion. But *could* this be a log that just looked like an alligator's snout? He would see. Quickly he jumped into the open, and as quickly the crocodile pulled its head beneath the surface, leaving only ripples to betray its presence. God had delivered His child from death! There was no question about it!

Jensen dropped to his knees there on the bank of the pool and thanked the King of heaven for preserving his life.

THE student-colporteur had made a record delivery that day and was on her way back to her room far out in a city suburb, with a large sum of money in her purse. Exasperating delays had made her so late that she could not deposit her cash in the bank, and there was nothing to do but keep it until morning. "Please, Lord," she prayed as she hurried along the poorly lighted street, "don't let anything happen, for you know—"

Suddenly she noticed a car pulling close to the curb just ahead of her. She would have to pass it! The door was opening! A man, his hat pulled low to hide his face, was stepping out! Frantically she looked up the street, then down. But it was so late no one was abroad, and police in that section did their suburban beats in scout cars and came only on call. Too frightened to think and trembling with weakness, she was taking the last few steps between her and sure disaster when suddenly a hand touched her arm and a kind voice said:

"Suppose we turn here, and I'll walk with you."

The terrified girl looked up into the face of a tall, broad-shouldered policeman, who smiled reassuringly as they turned into a street which certainly had not been in evidence a moment before!

The officer inquired about her work, gently reproved her for being out alone so late at night with a sum of money that made her worth robbing, and then they were in front of the house where she roomed. He escorted her to the door and

waited while she opened it, but as she stepped inside and turned to thank him—there was no one there!

"It must have been an angel," she decided as she recounted the experience to her worried roommate, who was still awake. And in tearful relief, but with hearts well-nigh bursting with gratitude, the two girls knelt to thank God for deliverance.

"What a wonderful Saviour we have!" Edith testified at the first Sabbath evening students' meeting of the college year. "He knew well enough that I couldn't help the delays, that I had the money, and that I was scared to death. So He sent His angel—I like to think it was my own guardian angel—to deliver me in my hour of need."

THE doctor was tired. Day after day he had been going at what folks called "a killing pace," ministering to the sick and suffering who sought his help. Never did he hesitate to answer a call; never did he do less than everything possible for his patients. Self-sacrificing? Without a doubt! Unselfish? Oh, yes! He literally *lived* for others!

But today he was *very* tired and, at the insistence of his family, had arranged to spend most of the afternoon in relaxation at the shore. With keen appreciation of the opportunity, he swam and did the usual things; then finally, to put the capsheaf on the celebration, he and his teen-age daughter went out for a motorboat ride on the bay.

Suddenly both motors stopped! They did everything they knew to do about it, but to no avail. Sometimes motors can be persuaded to resume operation after a bit of rest, but not these. They were through! Yes, definitely!

Meanwhile a brisk breeze blew into a high wind which carried the little boat and its two occupants seaward. Having no oars with them, they were helpless. Farther and farther out they rode on the whitecapped waves. As they approached the mouth of the bay they passed anchored fishing nets now and then, but never near enough to lay hold on them. Finally, however, as the boat was swept close to what was apparently the *last one*, the doctor managed to get a grip on it, and there the two of them clung for *twenty-one hours*! Fishermen who came out to inspect their nets rescued them.

"A heavenly Father's protecting care! There's no question about it," the doctor says, and adds fervently, "Oh, *God is good!*"

WHEREVER you are, friend o' mine, keep in touch with this Father in "whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Now, this moment, "He is silently planning for you in love; for it matters to Him about you." Trust Him! He will never leave you nor forsake you!

Lora E. Clement

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less. Never had life seemed so precious to me until now, when I was so close to death. Never before had I realized my dependence on Him who is able to give and to take life. Physical strength failed me, but God knew my desire and gave me power to speak.

"God, save my life!" I cried aloud. And my prayer was heard. At that very moment I felt the assurance that God heard my prayer. It seemed as if I had been dead and had come to life again. I knew then that I would not die. Many times when under enemy fire I had prayed, and those prayers had been answered, but never before had any prayer brought me so much comfort as had these four words, nor had any been so readily answered.

I had been so much concerned about establishing my own confidence in God that my mind had shut out everything else. It had not dawned on me what had really happened to me. I knew I had been hit, for the terrific speed of the shrapnel crunching into my side had flung me to the ground, but there was no feeling of sharp pain at first, just a dull ache.

When I began to pull myself together I was conscious of an increasing gnawing twinge in my face. Closing my eyes, I found myself biting on something, and out came one of my teeth. An involuntary instinct caused me to try to reach for my cheek with my right hand. The shock that came when I could not move my arm brought me out of my shell of confusion. I then tried with my left hand. As soon as I touched my face, warm blood ran through my fingers as one by one they slipped into a gummy gap. When I felt all my fingers with my tongue, I began to realize how big the hole was.

A frantic feeling took hold of me. I feared I could never again be what I once was. Shrapnel had burned a gaping furrow into my right cheek about an inch from my eye. I could see the torn flesh hanging. My cheek felt as though someone had ripped a fishhook through it.

Blood oozing from the wounds in my arm and chest made my whole right side warm and soggy. My clothes, absorbing my blood like a blotter, became damp and sticky. I found that my New Testament, which I constantly wore over my heart, had been soaked with my own blood.

Eddy was lying only three feet from me. I heard no groans or words from him. He must have been killed instantly. Large shrapnel had buried itself in his body. His flesh was torn outward, and the holes in his back appeared as if someone had thrown large stones into soft mud.

The doctor, although still stunned, must have heard me, for he began to crawl toward me. "Is there anything you can do for me, captain?" I heard myself murmuring hopelessly.

"Yes, Harry, I think there is," but the tone of his words implied little encouragement. He staggered slowly past me. I saw him drag himself beside another casualty. Had he given me up? Was there no hope for me?

I could feel myself slipping. I was getting weaker because I had lost about six pints of blood. Every ounce of energy seemed to leave me, and I felt myself fading away. I begged for someone to apply a tourniquet to my arm, but no one came. I called each one by name. They would look at me; then they would turn away. No one even made a motion toward me. My repeated callings made them think I was already out of my mind. I overheard them talking.

The clerk was still beside me, and with his pencil he tried to apply pressure on my arm to keep the blood from spurting from my artery. The thought of someone attending me relieved my mind, and I ceased calling. Soon afterward I became unconscious.

My memory of the next two days is not wholly clear. I knew little that happened to me. It was like falling asleep for forty-eight hours without waking. Not having sufficient strength to remain conscious, I felt my eyelids closing involuntarily. Then

darkness overcame me. Now and then I would open my eyes, each time seeing different surroundings. I remember sitting on a litter as the attendants carried me out of the aid station. I asked them to lay me down. Later I heard the slamming of the doors of the ambulance. Then I felt it jolting across the uneven surface. Faintly I recall entering another tent called the evacuation hospital. Here I felt plasma flowing into my veins.

Strength from this blood enabled me to realize for the first time my real condition. The upper half of my body was in a cast. My nose was filled with gauze and my jaws were wired together. High fever and breathing through my mouth made my lips very dry. I could not even wet my lips with my tongue. Gauze, which I would dip into water and then apply to my lips to keep them from burning, was given me. Activity somehow made me forget myself. It kept me from thinking, from brooding. It was temporary relief from mental torture.

During the fourteen days in this evacuation hospital we were subject to constant air raids. Day and night we heard bombers, either overhead or in the distance. Other tents were hit, and this fact caused us, in our helpless state, to become terror-stricken. Especially the nights brought fear close to us. It was dark. We could not see one another. We could hear only thundering bombers, and their bombs falling dangerously close. We heard shrapnel whining and zooming over our tents. Now and then shrapnel would snap off a twig as it cut through the air. Each falling twig would cause us to stiffen with physical fear as it thumped on the canvas. The suspense was more agonizing than the actual combat. It worked on our nerves until we became slightly hysterical. We wanted to move about, rub our hands, pull our hair, cry aloud, but we could not. We could do nothing but lie still, pray, and listen.

Occasionally we would fall asleep and then come out of a nightmare literally paralyzed, wondering whether we had been hit or not. I would look about me, trying to see whether everything was the same. Sometimes I could see the moving shadow of a wounded soldier as he tried to ease his torture. The usual groans, a cry, or a prayer would let me know that everything was still all right.

I spent many of the fourteen nights asking God for continued protection. Human fears were again calmed by His assurances. I knew that the God who had miraculously guided me in the past and allowed me to live would not forsake me now. My intimate experience with God, my childlike faith, removed every doubt.

Many doctors who have had me as a patient have marveled at my complete recovery. I have been told that few patients with similar chest and face wounds have recovered. I know that I live as a direct answer to prayer.

Now as I look back upon my experiences, a feeling of satisfaction is mine. I have answered my country's call, fulfilled my duty, and received the Good Conduct Ribbon. I recall with pride these words of General George B. Foster as he presented the Purple Heart awards to seven of us wounded men, "These valiant soldiers have spilled their blood . . . in the defense of their country. They have lived up to the very finest traditions of the Army of the United States." My greatest joy, however, is in the knowledge that I have

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"I Will Restore . . . the Years"

Joel 2:25

By LOIS E. GRAHAM

Awakening comes with the harvest. From sin-nourished roots there sprung

A spirit far from youthful in a life by years called young.

"O God, in my hour of pleasure I felt no need of Thee;

Canst Thou, in these days of anguish, feel aught at all for me?"

The answer is swift returning: "Mocked I shall not be;

The harvest of thine own planting—was it bitter unto thee?

But the cankerworm and the palmerworm—'twas I who assigned their role.

Let their ravages sweep the harvest, and their wormholes pierce the soul.

"But I sent them in grief to meet thee, that thou mightest call for Me

And hasten the day when under My wing again thou'd sheltered be;

But mercy is greater than justice, and blessings I long to bring—

O child, if thou seekest Me first in life, thou shalt lack not any good thing.

"Take now these seeds of My substance and plant again in the sod,

And live no day in thy puny strength, but by watching unto God.

Then the days that were wasted and wretched, remember them no more;

Like harvests by cankerworms eaten—those years will I restore!"



One of the Mission Launches Plying Through the Tropical Waters

A Visit With

THE BIG NAMBUS

By Sgt. V. J. Westover

PROBABLY one of the most notorious groups of savages in the South Pacific is the tribe of the Big Nambus, who inhabit the interior of Malekula in the New Hebrides. They have long been regarded as unfriendly and dangerous because of their cannibalistic and head-hunting practices. It was from this tribe in 1917 that Martin and Osa Johnson, the famous explorers, narrowly escaped with their lives.

Recently it was my good fortune to obtain a leave of absence from my organization and, in company with another serviceman, Sgt. Bowman Deal, to spend five days with our missionary in this island field. During this time we accompanied Pastor A. D. Pietz, who is from the Australian Union Conference, on a routine visit to the Big Nambus.

It was dusk as we entered Tanemarou Passage and anchored the mission launch off Tanemarou village, which was our destination for the day. We took the dingy to shore, and as usual the whole village was there to greet us with a hearty handshake. This was the fourth Seventh-day Adventist village we had visited that day, but this one held more significance than the others.

The natives here are converted Big Nambus and are striking examples of the transforming power of Jesus Christ. They are under the leadership of one of our many native teachers from a near-by island.

Malekula is also the island where Norman Wiles, against so many odds, pioneered Seventh-day Adventist mission work among the Big Nambus, and here he died from a tropical disease in 1920. All alone his wife, with the help of a few natives, buried him, and she is courageously carrying on today in a different island field.

The night passed uneventfully, and we arose early in the morning, that we might take advantage of the cooler hours. First we visited Norman Wiles' grave, which is on the side of a hill overlooking the village; then we set off for the high interior and the land of the Big Nambus.

The trail took us through damp jungle

and up and up a jagged slope. When we stopped for rest the native boys immediately scurried up the near-by coconut trees and brought down several green coconuts. After chopping off the ends we refreshed ourselves with the cool, tangy liquid that these nuts contain. Coconut milk is often called the "soda" of the tropics and was very much appreciated by us at the moment.

As we took up our journey again we continued to climb and perspire. Suddenly we stepped out of the jungle and into the glare of the sun. Just ahead of us was a slope covered with tall grass. Through this we trekked on until we abruptly came to a clearing on a plateau. Looking back we judged we had come up a thousand feet, for below we could see the strip of beach where we had landed and our launch, a mere dot on the edge of the water.

Again we took to the trail, a more level one this time, and the going was much easier. Through tall cane, that crossed above our heads, we made our way, then down a steep incline, into a gulch, across a small stream and up the opposite side. More dark jungle came next, with many

vines lying across our path, waiting for a careless step to trip the traveler. To remove your eyes from the path here meant a certain fall.

At last we came to a clearing where there were several boo-boos. These are hollow logs with one end placed in the ground on a slant. When they are pounded near the opening, a loud sound issues forth which is heard for a long distance and is the native means of communication.

We pounded these to announce our arrival and walked on. Soon we were met by a small band of Big Nambus men. As a result of frequent contacts with our missionaries they are no longer hostile to the white man; so they showed no surprise at our visit.

The men wear a large breechcloth of dried pandanus fiber dyed red. It is from this unusual apparel that they derive their name of Big Nambus and not because of their stature, as the name would lead one to believe. Many of them also have small

bamboo sticks through their noses, tortoiseshell earrings, and large combs fastened in their kinky hair.

We were led to the entrance of the village and there waited for official permission from the chief to enter. This was granted and as we walked through the village we were amazed at the way it was constructed. Fortification seemed to be the aim, and it was surprisingly attained. The village was divided into sections, and each section was surrounded by a strong bamboo fence with only small holes for passageways. At night the natives place logs in front of the main entrance with several tin cans laid on top to serve as an alarm in case an intruder tries to enter.

The reason for this fortification and precaution is simple. There are frequent uprisings among the various villages, and they fight it out with muskets and buckshot that they obtain apparently from French traders.

This warfare also influences construction of the Big Nambus houses. They are built to be exceptionally strong. The

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Left: A Big Nambus Woman Receiving an Injection From Pastor Pietz

Right: A Group of Big Nambus Men Standing With Pastor Pietz and One of Our Native Pastors





PUBLISHERS PHOTO

the floor of the lake, and the rafts became stationary. The Indians brought more and more soil to increase the productivity of the plants. Today these rafts are many small islands surrounded by canals, for the lake has disappeared to a large degree, and these canals form an intricate system of waterways. Xochimilco has been called the Venice of Mexico, and here, for a few pesos, one may hire a flat-bottomed boat to be poled by boatmen through the canals, and enjoy one of the most restful periods to be found anywhere. The boats are called chalanas. Many of them are beautifully decorated with flowers, and

Tall Eucalyptus Trees on the Grand Canal

they were better than sitting up all night. Morning found us in Veracruz, where we stopped only long enough to change trains. We did not see much of this historic city, which is one of the oldest in the Americas. Veracruz is an important gulf port and is historically important also, for Cortes landed here with his Spanish soldiery in the years of long ago. American soldiers also landed at this port in more recent years to settle some difficulties that had arisen between the two governments. Allied ships still call at the port to carry away essential war materials. A few white-clad American sailors stroll along the streets, taking in the sights.

Trains in Mexico are always overcrowded. People travel a great deal. Possibly one reason for crowded trains may be the abuse of pass privileges. It seems that everyone connected in any way with railroad employees through family relationship can obtain a pass on the railroad. The second-class coaches are especially crowded—men, women, children, chickens, bundles, food, and everything that can possibly be pushed in through the car window. In the stifling heat of the seacoast levels these coaches are unbearable. The first class was somewhat better, but not much. Toilet service was terrible. One does not become accustomed to these insanitary conditions; one tolerates them—nothing more. We passed a northbound train, and it was so filled with passengers that men were

MEXICO

and South

By WESLEY AMUNDSEN

On Our Way—Part Two



PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

A Group of Faithful Believers in Chiapas, Mexico

THE meetings over, I winged my way back to Mexico City by plane and there arranged for railroad accommodations for the trip down to the deeper south. Here in the metropolis I found myself once more among the rush and roar, the pressure and surge of the ebb and flow of humanity. The next day we were to leave by train for Veracruz and points south.

Before leaving Mexico City we visited Xochimilco (pronounced sō-chē-mēl'kō). Xochimilco at one time was a lake fed by a beautiful spring, which even today is bright as a mirror, and for that reason is often called Mirror Spring. The Indians who lived upon the banks of this lake built huge rafts upon which they laid out gardens, called chinampas. After a period of time the roots of the gardens penetrated the bottoms of the rafts down into

have a covering over them to protect the passengers from the sun. As one drifts along in this earthly paradise, another boat comes alongside containing some musicians with the Mexican marimba, or it may be a group of young men singers with their guitars who will play or sing for you for a few pesetas. Small canoes come swiftly alongside, and voices cry out, "Señor, buy some flowers!" The flower girl offers you an assortment of flaming colors, or if you desire you may have the more subdued ones. These canals are so intricate that without a guide one might paddle around among these islands all day and become quite lost.

Our train from Mexico City to Veracruz was of the antiquated, narrow-gauge type, which swayed, jolted, and creaked along through the night in a painful manner. Our berths were narrow and hard, but

riding on the steps, clinging precariously to the handles on the sides of the cars.

On our train we met other Americans. One was down here in the interest of a railroad-building company, repairing and ballasting the railway lines. Two other young men were searching for suitable country in which to grow medicinal plants, such as mint, etc. They, too, were connected with the war effort.

Our train clanked its way slowly; the roadbed was bad, and it would have been disastrous to try to speed up. We passed through a variety of country. Near the coast, flat, sandy land stretched out in the distance. Farther along, dense jungle hemmed us in on both sides. In other sections one could imagine himself back in south Texas among the cactus and mesquite. Small villages with their crude, grass-thatched buildings darted out at us at frequent intervals. Stops along the way were numerous, and it looked as though the entire population had come out to sell something or other. *Tortillas* were most common; coffee, pop, fruit in season—such as melons, mangoes, papaw, bananas, oranges—helped to make up quite a variety.

The day had been stiflingly hot, and as the purple shades of night were drawn

down over our part of the world, there was but slight relief. The ride was trying, and we grew weary. Morning should have found us at Arriago, which is the railroad stop for Tuxtla Gutiérrez, capital of the state of Chiapas; but as our train was six hours late when morning came, it was not until noon that we reached our destination. We still had a three-hour automobile ride to the capital, where we were to spend a day prior to going to Tecpatán in the interior. Tuxtla Gutiérrez is another one of those towns struggling to rise to some semblance of prosperity and glory among the cities of Mexico. The governor is progressive and is doing all he can to encourage the cultural life of the people. He has offered us land in the town on which to build a church, and is interested in our plans for a training school in this area.

We stopped at the Hotel Brindis, a struggling hostelry miscalled first class, but rates were cheap and the food questionable, as were the rooms and the beds. One cannot be too particular while itinerating in these fields. We have to take things as they come and trust in the Lord at all times. We spent only one day here, for we were to go into the interior among the mountains. We were fortunate enough to secure passage on the little three-passenger single-motor plane for the eighteen-minute flight to the little mountain town of Copainalá. From this village it is a four-hour muleback ride to Tecpatán.

Tecpatán is an ancient Spanish village dating back to the days of Cortes. The moldering ruins of a former huge cathedral testify to the glory that was in the ancient past. The lure of gold in these hills drew the Spaniards inland, but of gold they found none; the Zoque Indians had nothing to offer the invader. Coffee plantations sprang up instead; the Catholic Church commenced its program of making converts out of unwilling subjects, at the same time forcing them to build their churches, convents, and other buildings of which there were at one time not less than forty-two, with about twenty-six priests in charge. Today the town is in a squalid condition; the once-cobbled streets have been washed out by torrential rains which caused waters to rush down from the mountains through the village and on to the river. For the most part the people have become lethargic.

It was eight years ago that the third angel's message first came to the state of Chiapas, and to Tecpatán in particular. Margarito Martínez, Viterbo Gutiérrez, and Antonio Gutiérrez came across the mountains from the state of Tabasco. They brought tracts and Bibles with them, and, finally, through earnest endeavor managed to win five men, who began keeping the Sabbath. Immediately these five set about to win another five, which they eventually did. Then persecution arose, and they had to flee to the hills every Sabbath in order to study the Sabbath school lessons. These ten men organized themselves into five teams and set out to evangelize the country. They went from village to village and from farm to farm, carrying the flaming banner of truth. The fire caught in the stubble and soon was racing throughout the mountains and villages. The enemies could not stop it. Today more than one thousand persons, young and old, meet together on the Sabbath day to worship the true God.

For five days and nights we lived with the people. Our abode was a new house with earthen floor and walls of mud-

plastered bamboo, and a roof of tiles. Three doors and a few small openings for windows admitted light, air, people (men, women, children), and occasionally a stray dog. Our beds were crude wooden frames with thin ropes woven back and forth in place of springs, leaving openings about four inches square. On top of this was a *petate* (grass mat), nothing more. Pastor H. A. B. Robinson, secretary-treasurer of the mission, lent me his mosquito net for a sheet, and I used my light coat for a covering, as the early morning hours became cool enough to warrant a covering of some kind. Thus we slept, although several of us had sore spots on our hipbones by the time the convention closed. Our food was served to us in the same room, and the sister who did the cooking provided us with a good variety of food, so that we still remained vegetarians, even in the interior of Mexico.

Sabbath was the high day. Two hundred and ninety-nine people, counting children, attended Sabbath school. At the close of the morning service forty persons accepted Christ and joined the baptismal class. In the afternoon three local elders and two deacons were ordained. These were the first to be set apart by ordination for the work of leadership among the churches of the Tehuantepec Mission, and it marked a new advance in church organization in this fruitful field.

Here we met Bernardina—a girl of



about fifteen who waited on our table. Sometimes we spoke to her in English, and when we did she would burst into laughter. No doubt our language sounded really funny to her ears, as she had never heard anyone speak it before. We taught her to say, "How are you?" and then answer, "Very well, thank you." Oh, how eager she was to have an opportunity to go to school. As we talked to her and to other young people about the privileges and blessings of attending one of our schools, their eyes and ears were wide open. They clung to us constantly, wanting to hear more. One lad who helped in caring for our needs also, has already entered the canvassing work, that he might carry the message of a soon-coming Saviour to others and also earn a scholarship to permit him to attend school. Really, you would enjoy meeting these bright-eyed young people, and they are indeed legion—these Bernardinas and Josés and others—waiting, hoping, praying, for the opportunity to go to school.

Like all other meetings, this one, too, came to a close, and we set out for Tuxtla Gutiérrez once more. Two of us were to go by plane; the other three were to go by mule and bus around the longer road, inasmuch as the plane carried only three passengers.

In spite of our short stay among these Zoque people, we evidently had found a place in their hearts, for when we were leaving, many wept, and we were reminded of the travels of Paul and his meetings with the brethren in his day.

The mule trail over which we traveled
(Continued on page 14)

Wild Oats

By HELENE SUCHE WOLLSCHLAEGER

WHEN we moved to the "Hill Country" I made the acquaintance of a new grass. It came up in the winter when the earth was brown and bare, lovely as an emerald, soft as a baby's blanket. My mother, seeing it for the first time, exclaimed, "What a pretty lawn you have, even in the cowpen!"

Fortunately, the cows got rid of their "lawn." We were not so wise.

My sister contracted pneumonia and I spent more than a month with her. My husband was too busy to "even look at the yard." When I returned our beautiful grass was a tangled mass over a foot high, with rasplike seeds that scratched most viciously. They could not penetrate my husband's overalls, but they could and did prick right through my stockings. Before the last stalk was hoed, raked, and burned up, I spent more than one wakeful night vainly trying NOT to scratch the stinging welts on my legs. Need I add that we have never again let wild oats deceive us?

And yet there are gardens far more important than our front yard, heart gardens, if you please, whose owners not only fail to be on constant guard against this apparently harmless grass which at first appears so attractive, but actually sow it! Do they not know that every plant bears seed "after his kind"? Have they not learned that the seeds of wild oats prick and bruise and wound? Can it be that they have never heard that the sting of remorse drives slumber from the eyes and peace from the soul?

"A little time spent in sowing your wild oats, dear young friends," warns the Spirit of God in "Messages," "will produce a crop that will embitter your whole life; an hour of thoughtlessness—once yielding to temptation—may turn the whole current of your life in the wrong direction. You can have but one youth; make that useful. When once you have passed over the ground, you can never return to rectify your mistakes." "You must not imperil your souls by sowing wild oats." For at harvesttime it will be too late to put in a different crop.



Her Part

By RALPH WINCHESTER

THE sky was dark and foreboding as Oregon's undeservedly famous "liquid sunshine" threatened to descend on the little town of Milwaukie in the Willamette Valley on that afternoon in early winter. Inside the small frame house that was set a short way back from the road, Miss Mina Carpenter made you forget the weather outside and think only of a cheerful, smiling lady. This was the first time I had visited her home, but I felt well acquainted with her, because the news of the goodness of her deeds had spread far and wide.

I knew she wrote excellent poetry and had had some of her poems published, but I was more interested in another of her accomplishments. A look at her store-room, full of old *Signs of the Times*, *Review and Herald*s, and health magazines ready to be sent to the mission fields, gave ready proof for the stories of her missionary work. She told me that she started about twelve years ago to answer requests printed in our church paper for old literature to be sent to the mission fields where the people were too poor to subscribe for these church papers for themselves.

Although she did not have the papers herself she asked the church members to bring in their old copies, and as calls from the West Indies and Central America have become urgent and her project has become more widely known, more and more papers have been coming to her, not only from her home church, but from several other churches as well. Friends often bring her papers and also the postage with which to mail them.

One of the ministers in Jamaica writes her that this literature "is to the soul as bread to a hungry person, and the people come each day begging for papers that tell them the right ways of life." He goes on to tell Miss Carpenter that many have been baptized into the faith as a result of reading the papers provided by the advent believers whom Miss Carpenter supplies.

To hear her tell of all the places that she sends these papers is like taking a postgraduate course in geography. Papers which go to the Canal Zone find their way into Army camps and public reading racks. In the Gold Coast territory of West Africa the boys in our Seventh-day Adventist training school appreciate the bundles of denominational printed matter which come, as many of them can read English. Others go to the school in Beyrouth, Lebanon, Syria, where after being read they are distributed to interested people. The Missionary Volunteers in Egypt receive some for use in their work, also.

This small, quiet, unassuming woman, who desired to be a missionary in a foreign

land but who could not carry out her plan, has found this unique way of doing her part to spread the gospel of a soon-coming Saviour. "Some papers go to the Seychelles Islands over in the Indian Ocean," she told me, and "many *Signs* go to a doctor located in the Bahrein Islands in the Persian Gulf; some are sent to Greenland; some to Iceland; and others to Ethiopia, Palestine, Persia, and Iraq. Before World War II many of our papers were sent to the Philippines and the Palau Islands. Japan, Manchuria, China, Korea, Indo-China, and Singapore and also the Dutch East Indies used to receive supplies of literature. Some of the papers go to Mexico, Central and South America, many parts of Africa, the islands of the South Seas, and Alaska.

"The Falkland Islands have no believers in the advent message, but a colporteur who was there several years ago sent me some names, to which I mail the *Signs of the Times*. I keep in touch with these people by letter also, and they seem to appreciate the papers. I believe it is planned to send another colporteur to these people after the war.

"We have only one believer in French Guiana, South America, and I keep him supplied with literature. I hope the way will soon open and our work will go ahead there," Miss Carpenter told me. And she added, "Our papers go to the southernmost city in the world, Ushuaia, Tierra del Fuego, at the tip of South America."

But most of her papers go to the West Indies. "There is no missionary at work in the Turks and Caicos Islands in the West Indies," she explained, "but colporteurs have been there and supplied the names of many people to whom I have been sending *Signs* and *Health* for some time. A number receiving them are very much interested, and this year the mission superintendent plans to send in two colporteurs, to be followed by an evangelist. I hope this plan will not fail."

In looking through Miss Carpenter's letter file I found several interesting accounts of what a few papers or a bundle of clothing (she has been asked to branch out and send old clothes to these islands) can do for very poor people. "Last week we had our lay preachers' institute," one letter said. "The day after it closed, the attendants stormed our office. Fortunately, that very morning eight or ten rolls of papers and three packages of Bibles had come from you."

"In their reports the East Jamaica Mission have spoken in glowing terms of the wonderful help 'we have received from our faithful friends in Oregon,' but best of all it is recorded in heaven," were the cheering words of another letter.

This same letter told of an incident that

happened in one of the churches in the mission. "The report of the nominating committee was being read, when one of the men—who was nominated for church elder—got up and asked to have the report referred back to the committee. No one could understand the reason, for every person nominated had served before, and served well. Well, lo and behold, the one who objected to the report told the committee that he could not possibly take the leadership of the church. They endeavored to get his reason, but he remained silent. They were puzzled as to whom to nominate in his place, since it was a small church, with few men on the membership roll who could carry responsibility. However, after a time this man came back to the minister and explained that he had refused the office of elder because he did not have clothing suitable to wear to church and that he was contemplating asking to be allowed to become a home department member! You see, our people here are ninety-nine per cent poor, but they have a stubborn pride. Well, the minister came to me and begged me to please remember this particular brother if any men's suits came at any time in clothing bundles from the States."

Another letter from Nigeria, West Africa, told how the special truth for this time was found from a copy of the little paper *Present Truth*, which had been used in wrapping a package. On the copy was the address of the Home Bible Study League, to which the man who received it sent for additional copies. After he had become a Seventh-day Adventist, Miss Carpenter began to send him papers to use in his missionary work.

A letter from the mission in Sierra Leone, West Africa, acknowledged the receipt of literature, and it further stated that other rolls of papers reported as sent had not arrived. The writer added that he hoped they would be there soon.

A letter marked "urgent" asked Miss Carpenter to keep on sending all the literature and clothing for children and assured her that anything she could spare for the island of Antigua, British West Indies, would be greatly appreciated.

Another letter from the superintendent of the British West Indies Union Mission read, "Since the recent hurricane struck the island a number of our fine lay preachers have written to me saying that they had lost their Bibles and wonder how they can get more. So you see, Miss Carpenter, these Bibles you are sending will come as an answer to prayer and will fill a great need."

Still another letter, speaking of the hurricane, asked for old clothing. Many

(Continued on page 13)

Snapshots of PITCAIRN ISLAND

By Donald H.
Minister—Teacher

Pitcairn Church Disappears and Reappears

IN my opinion the top story of your church is unsafe." This view, expressed by a public works builder to the writer, led to an investigation by a committee. After lengthy discussion and a strike by the workers "till we pull down this rotten house," the work of fell destruction began.

Let us visit the scene of activity. From the distance "Bang! bang! bang! clatter! clatter!" greets our ears, and then vocal noises typical of Pitcairn smite the eardrums of the same news adviser. How changed is the appearance of the building which posed for its picture yesterday, as workers swarm in and out and over and about. We sit for a moment on one of the benches which frame one side of the public square; the church, the post office, and the courthouse provide the rest of the frame.

"Big Fred" wanders by with a church seat—a simple long form with an equally simple back. He is followed by plump, brisk Ben with a similar burden. Fifteen or a dozen work-attired laborers swarm over the "bones" of the roof, picking them clean. The old rusty iron has found a resting place under candlenut and mango trees at the rear of the church site. The magistrate passes with another form. Eric braces himself at one end of a rope lowering a heavy timber from the roof. Watson, Wallace, and Edward also "fish" over the side. Three dogs wander through the debris, intently watched by a fourth. The porch has gone, feeling very cut up about the whole business!

Oblong spaces, like gaping wounds in the plain, unpainted, weather-beaten, moss-bewhiskered sides, remind us of the late windows and doors! Sundry spectators line the benches round the public square, carving fish, weaving baskets, and just visiting, offering advice, and discussing operations. Two more forms disappear through the door of the courthouse, escorted by Jacob and Thornton. Inside the bottom room, the scene of many Sabbath school sessions, sawdust and chips, broken blue lining planks, rotten timbers, and newly cut logs for supports litter the floor. At one end a ragged hole, like a broken bone socket from which a tooth has been extracted, reveals rotten flooring.

A last walk up the steep wooden stairs to the top room, and a further scene of desolation greets the eye. On one side stand half-naked uprights partially covered with dingy weatherboards, faced across the room by pale-blue lining boards. Planks, ladders, rusty nails, and a multitude of chips hide the floor. Fine brown dust swirls down and out the window spaces. "Crash!" The investigating end of a crow-

bar pokes through the ceiling, and blue sky appears as a frail plank swings gracefully down, held by an old nail at one end. Facing us is the rostrum from which were delivered weekly messages from the Word of God, and from which the motto on the wall still reminds the spectator that "The Eternal God Is Thy Refuge," the downstairs motto very appropriately adding, "Underneath Are the Everlasting Arms."

Ropes are slid under half the sagging ceiling; supports are torn away; and in ones, threes, and sixes the long, thin planks come down. A wasp drones by one's ear and out into the sea-breezed sunlight. Curley, Jim, and Len carry a long, bendy plank to the courthouse veranda. Out another door goes Christie with a bundle of short boards. "Lavis, you ally comin' through?" is questioned as a crowbar crashes through and bangs on the floor. Half the ceiling is down.

Austin and Gifford perch precariously on top of the wall from which the supports have gone as they lever the last crossbeam out of place, and supporting ropes lower it to the floor. One, two, three, haul! and the last beam, a heavy twenty-foot, six-inch-square tapau log cut some forty-odd years ago, and still good, slides across the dust-littered floor, out through space once occupied by a wall, and down to the ground, where it "walks off" like a twenty-legged caterpillar.

Now the last blue lining is ripped from the swaying, rope-held walls, while a sea breeze swirls the dust and debris around bare feet. The banisters disappear downstairs as crowbars crash to the attack; Errol and Walma heave, and the other banisters vanish down the other side.

"Crash! crash! crash! crash!" Two sides in and two ends out; thus fall the top walls. Every man for himself—all rush to gather rotten boards, for these are free firewood to warm and help feed our physical bodies, from the church which has often lightened and invigorated us spiritually.

Glimpses of the panorama below reveal a long, olive-green roller which ponderously breaks along its length into foaming action—fresh, clean spray showers onto a mass of broken rock—the ever-increasing surf caressing the shores of Pitcairn—this time at Tedside (t'otherside) on the back of the island.

Beaches of chocolate-brown earth studded with stones stretch down to the shore, a small gully on either side—landslides which have carried pandanus palms and grass seaward. Job's-tears, the pretty lantana pest, pandanus, and graceful, swaying coconut palms drape the ridge.

Between the pen and the sea, groups of humanity cluster. Directly below, a fallen coconut log supports a nurse who is embroidering; Oris embraces the minister's baby; his elder daughter, arrived at the important age of two and a half, engages her mother's attention for "orise" (orange) juice; black heads bend over paper, engrossed in the difficult and brain-taxing task of writing an essay about—you will learn what very shortly.

On the right thirteen brown backs, covered with sweat-stained shirts, cluster around pots, pans, dishes, and baskets strewn along newly sawn planks. Ben's bowl rises to meet his thirsty mouth, while the others satisfy their thirst and hunger with fork and finger.



Landing Point, Showing Boathouses on Pitcairn Island

Stetson



The Church in Pitcairn as It Looked Before Reconstruction Began



The Author and His Wife and Little Daughter

In the center a nearly reclining coconut palm pushes its graceful head through a big clump of clustered pandanus palms, under the shade of which two other groups sit, stand, or recline before again attending to the main work of the day right beside them—that of sawing logs to get weatherboards for the new church.

The pit saws bite into the logs. One end of each log is lashed to the pandanus palms and the other rests on the sloping bank. Dull yellow planks, newly sawn, stand stacked up by the pit. A steady “zip, zip, zip, zip” greets the ear as a long backsaw creeps along a log—up and down, up and down, up and down go four saws, each saw with one man above and one man below. Backs drip sweat, and the light-brown piles of sawdust grow gradually higher.

“Under below!” Eyes look upward as a squared log comes tumbling down, rolling over and over, and sending small clouds of dust skyward. Will it smash into the remains of the dinner? All is still—a lantana bush stopped its headlong rush. The tapau trees, from which the logs have come, reach heavenward on the heights above where busy axes have felled and squared them.

From the pit the planks must be taken to the shore below along the rock-strewn beach some few hundred yards to the harbor, and thence by whaleboat round to the other side of the island to Bounty Bay. After unloading, the hard-earned cargo is placed on the motor-driven, wire-pulled hoist and conveyed up to the Edge, some two hundred feet above, and then carried to the rapidly growing new church building, where other willing workers hammer the boards into place.

“Clatter! clatter! clatter! bang! bang! thud! thud!” But this time the noise heralds construction instead of destruction, as the new one-storied church rises on the same hallowed ground where the old one had stood. First the foundations and skeleton, then some of the weatherboards, newly sawn, are put in place. For the iron roofing, many new sheets of iron have

been given by willing helpers, to whom they will be returned when others arrive from overseas.

May this third, and we hope last, church on this place of man’s sin and God’s grace abundantly fulfill its intended role of a sanctuary where God will delight to meet with His people, and where they will be prepared to enjoy that greater and eternal worship of the future.

Later. Including days off, some eight weeks have gone by since the demolition of the old church was begun, and today our new house for the free worship of God is completed except for the painting of half the weatherboards. This is due to the present lack of paint.

Outside, a glistening red roof contrasts with blue skies and fresh green verdure, while inside light blue-gray brightens the ceiling and walls of the large enclosed porch, the auditorium, and the two rooms on either side of the rostrum.

Over the roughly molded and stained pulpit a large painted scroll invites all to “Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness,” and from behind it the light smiles through a small, varicolored window.

Our new church is ready for the worship of God—a worthy temple dedicated to Him.

Cricket on Pitcairn

“Come on boys; do your best!” yells Ebbo, as he tears through the hindering lantana. The balmy air rings with masculine shouts as six or seven fat and thin, muscular, tanned, excited Pitcairn Islanders rush toward a little leather ball, which has just whizzed from a homemade cricket bat through a chunk of pandanus palms into a tuft of “Alwin” grass and lantana.

Cookie’s sweating bulk, topped by a peaked seaman’s cap, gallops down the pitch, to be passed by “Bossy,” crowned by a pandanus palm “Stetson.”

Twenty-six fielders are dotted over the sides and bottom of the grass-covered, pandanus-palm-clumped valley on the top of one end of Pitcairn, near “Rope,” a precipitous cliff, at the bottom of which are native aboriginal carvings, reminders of the unknown long ago.

At the end of the valley a triangle of quiet blue sea reaches out to the horizon. A little black goat kid contentedly chews orange peel in one of the many groups of men, women, and children ranged around the cricket “field.” Pandanus palm baskets, wooden fish and vases, the eternal romances, and the latest gossip are some of the by-products of this cricket picnic.

The other twenty-eight “bench” players

lounge about, voicing good-humored, appropriate advice, waiting their turn to dash along the reddy-brown dusty cricket pitch.

Shirttails flap in the refreshing breeze from the ocean, while singlets and trousers gleam in the bright sunlight, an assortment of dogs and cats wander about and fight, and the ever-present children play happily hither and yon.

Wilks, picturesquely but comfortably attired in one of his wife’s daintily embroidered vests, and of course his own white trousers, hurls a ball at Eric. “Smack!” Bails fly, and Eric disgustedly retires to continue recording the scores for his side; Jimmy bashes the ball into the air—will Freddy catch it? Missed! And Jimmy adds to the score.

“Nothing fa do!” Ben reclines on the grass after a spell of stone walling. “Crack!” Walma’s whack hurls the ball “down a walley,” where Jim waits under a venerable coconut tree, the few withered fronds of which sway droopily and gently to and fro.

Nurse, in majestic solitude framed by sympathetic pandanus palms, watches with increasing interest the race between the flying ball and the swift feet of a stalwart Christian and softly murmurs, “E’ll win.”

They carry him gently from the field—a wounded warrior, incapacitated by a bone in his leg which had obstructed a “must get there as soon as possible” cricket ball. Virgil has fallen at the post of pleasure, and now awaits the practical sympathy of Nurse. Let us hope she will not have to pull his leg to restore his good health and humor.

The pastor’s younger daughter gurgles an enthusiastic recognition at her returning mother, and her one and only pearly grinder grins a gleeful greeting.

Innings and runs and an enjoyable day’s outing is our favored monotony breaker here on Pitcairn.

Benign sunlight filters down through a hazy, cloud-filled sky on scattered family groups under pandanus palms.

The red tongue of a brown dog imprints a friendly greeting on the unsuspecting ear of a reclining spectator—Madame’s industrious fingers guide knitting needles toward the achievement of a jumper.

Elbows bend, mouths open, throats swallow, and contentment grows apace as the midday meal disappears.

Today is the women and girls’ day out to crack the cricket ball to catches and misses by Miss and Mrs. while the masculine element applauds at ease.

Blue-trousered, golden-haired Madame swipes at the baseball, which rolls out of reach; Clinton lounges past, basket on arm, Fletcher on hip, and grins as he obscures the view. White-trousered, black-haired Merle bowls a well-directed underarm; the game is resumed. Pony biffs the ball “downside,” where a regiment of expectant blue- and pink- and white-shirted, multi-colored-trousered girls await.

Eric grinningly wanders by, basket on arm, from a fowl-hunting expedition, and stops to watch and comment. The bails fly! Angela is out, to be replaced by pink-frocked Louisa, and she, Millie, and Irma follow one another in and out in quick succession. Rhoda’s blue shorts and Royal’s long creams flash past each other, but they are not invincible, and soon the twenty-four-sided team is reduced to half its strength. Jessie’s green dress, covered with red and yellow flowers, lumbers along, her bare feet stirring the brown dust. Actually not a pair of shoe-covered feet are visible on Pitcairners anywhere.

Bare feet are the daily custom, even on Sabbath.

Nora, fifty years young, otherwise known as Old Mother Hubbard, stops a ball with her eye as her fingers slip a catch, but little damage is done. Grandma Lucy's ample proportions, clad in sky-blue pajamas, wait in a bush for the ball as Nurse's tall form bends to hit, and—a catch by white-shirted Thelma is the result, and "yous a daid" (you're dead) from many voices announces that she is out.

In the middle distance, under a pandanus palm, invalid Douglas, lying in his box bed, which has been carried up from the village by four stalwart men, has a box-seat view of the proceedings; the white-flecked blue sea placidly sends refreshing zephyrs up the valley.

Edith's pink blouse and bright-red skirt make a pleasing contrast to the green valley as she trots past slim, white-clad Merle, who later scores six runs with khaki-trousered Laura as a partner.

Now Linas thunders by, puffing determinedly; she knocks another at Nurse. Jim, hoe on shoulder, fresh from the garden, wanders along the dusty track, while down in the dip of the valley Thornton and a boy carry a log each toward Clifford, who is wielding a vigorous ax.

Wiry Mabel, mother of Irma, and hefty Alta walk off with a duck egg each. "Mummy bang the ball," crows the pastor's fair-haired two-year-old daughter as Mummy swings a vicious bat past her checkered tweed skirt and white socks. "Change sides," is called, and another inning begins.

Off to the side "across a walley" a bow-string twangs, and, one after another, six arrows whiz toward an old coat adorning a crazy support. The minister, assisted by other would-be archers, scores odd hits and many misses. Captain Markwalder volubly explains the art to his interested wife, who tries her hand quite creditably and stops to avoid hitting "Miriam," as the latter leaps across the line of fire toward her mistress. One of the by-products of these two matches is a composition by the school children. The results would rejoice the heart of any collector of original writings.

Shipwreck in Bounty Bay

"A crow flew over the river with a lump of raw liver." "Now then, all together." The tongues of Pitcairn Island children valiantly try at the schoolmaster's request as side glances are cast clockward—only eight more minutes before we stream homeward or otherward.

Suddenly, "dong, dong, dong, dong, dong"—five rings on the island bell—Sail O! Listlessness disappears, the teacher glances out of the window and spies a small sailing ship approaching along the coast toward Bounty Bay. Following a closing prayer, school is dismissed, and the dust settles behind flying feet.

Later investigation reveals that the white cross on a red background, fluttering in the breeze at the masthead, is of Swiss nationality, and that the twenty-five-ton yacht *Trondhjem* is owned by Monsieur Markwalder, a Swiss voyager who, accompanied by his wife and five-year-old boy, is on his way from Tahiti to Valparaiso, South America, via Mangareva, Pitcairn, and Easter Islands.

Coconuts and letters are unloaded, and the captain sleeps on board under a troubled sky. At seven the next morning he calls for assistance, but no one hears. As he tries to raise the shortened anchor chain

it breaks and crushes the timbers at the bow as the yacht strains upward. Later in the day two island whaleboats escort her around to "Tedside," to see whether she can beach and be repaired, but the heavy surf nearly drives them ashore; so they try a return trip to Bounty Bay. A stiff opposing breeze makes the going hard as the ships tack to and fro. The yacht's engine fuel gives out, and handicapped by lack of sail—the mainsail covers the hole in the bow—the *Trondhjem* makes little progress. The darkness descends on a stormy sea, and all wonder how it is out there where Monsieur, the magistrate of the island, Parkin Christian, descendant of Fletcher Christian of H.M.S. *Bounty*, and two other islanders are being tossed about.

In the early morning watching eyes descried the ship approaching the island, and the men go down to the landing, where heavy seas foam ashore. The *Trondhjem* sweeps in, strikes a rock, and as the water is too shallow for her draught, she heels over. The captain, in his excitement, throws his retriever overboard on the seaward side of the vessel, where the already weak animal struggles in the powerful surf. "A dollar if anyone will rescue the dog!" shouts the postmaster, Roy Clark; and Andrew Young, the one-time radio operator of Pitcairn, braves the briny deep and escorts Miriam to safety. Then the men jump into the turbulent waters, to receive help ashore from many eager hands.

A rope is quickly fastened to the ship, and an attempt is made to haul the stricken vessel ashore, but she is too heavy to drag on her side over the rocky bottom of the narrow harbor, and the high waves soon force her onto a rock which smashes a hole in her side, jamming into her and making hopeless further efforts to move her.

Tackle is rigged up onto the leaning mast, and whatever can be rescued is swung ashore. "Where is puss, the pretty blue half Persian?" Madame sheds a tear for her pet, which is nowhere to be seen.

There is no school today. What boys and girls could study when a wreck is in the bay? The minister-schoolmaster helps where he can to carry goods or speak to the stranded family, a task which would be much easier were each familiar with the other's language, but we manage somehow. A photographic enthusiast hurries along with a camera, just in time to get a picture of the main mast crashing after keen Pitcairn axes have bitten into it. Previously the minister had scrambled halfway down a cliff and perched precariously to secure a suitable picture. Suddenly—swish! He was soaked to the skin. No picture.

After doing all possible to make their unexpected guests comfortable the Pitcairn families prepare for the Sabbath. The morrow dawns, and at the church service the pastor draws helpful lessons from the Scriptures and life's sea, which has seen many wrecks, but also—happy thought—many rescues.

"Bon jour, Monsieur; Bon jour, Madame! So your cat is safe?" "Oui!" And a happy torrent of gratitude pours forth as a pussy is held up. How the pet survived this experience possibly justified the legend of "the nine lives" supposedly possessed by the feline tribe.

It is Sunday morning, and a mellow sunlight filters through silver-gray clouds onto a soapy sea foaming ashore into a scene of activity in the brief half-moon beach

of Bounty Bay. The continuous roar of the breakers is punctuated by high-pitched voices, as half of the Pitcairn population clamber over the rocks collecting debris—from another wreck in this historic bay.

The yacht has nearly ended her forty-four years of service; her ribs are stripped of protective planks, which are scattered far and wide; the deck, still in place, lifts and buckles with each heaving wave; water cascades through the open hatch and hold, drenching venturesome, scantily clad islanders, while an accusing bowsprit points pathetically at the unsympathetic, towering cliffs.

"You ally come ya!" The magistrate's stentorian tones gather the men for a conference as to what shall be done. After much talking they climb up the track to breakfast, to return later and salvage what can be saved.

Our visitors have had the doubtful privilege of participating in Pitcairn's third shipwreck. The other two wrecks were H.M.S. *Bounty*, in 1790, and the merchant vessel *Cornwallis*, in 1875. Which way will Monsieur and Madame Markwalder go next? The future holds the answer.

Meanwhile as they wait for passage to New Zealand they make themselves at home on Pitcairn, and we have a new boy in school. We surely sympathize with them in their total loss and wish we could speak French, so that our guests could more readily understand us and we them.

Yo-Ho! Ho! Without the Bottle of Rum

"One—two—three—haul!" The penetrating, hoarse command of a short, wiry Pitcairn Islander shatters the languid warm air, the thirty willing hands haul on the rope, and twenty sturdy feet support the sides of the newly born craft. *Ho Ho*, the latest addition to Pitcairn's fleet of whaleboats leaves the slips on her journey to the sea some 280 feet below.

Her ancestor, the old *Ho Ho*, gave ten years of faithful service before she was hauled by a caterpillar tractor from Bounty Bay up the winding track to the Edge, where her ribs now lie bleaching in the sun.

Plain, but sturdy, on a keel of Jarrah ribbed with "burau" wood, and seated and sided with pine, the 37' x 9'3" whaleboat has taken some twenty shipbuilders and carpenters and would-be, hope-to-be, expect-to-be followers of the same trade, about three weeks to build.

And now, escorted by supporting sturdies and followed by a motley tail of men, women, children, and dogs, the headlong surge continues down a steep slope till she is slowed down and halted by more level ground.

After three hours of tugging, pushing, lifting, and shouting along a narrow, twisting track, the *Ho Ho* turns the last corner by the boathouses at the landing—a final heave and pull—and our worthy craft slides over the cross-timbered slip and glides into the waiting water. The "landing" is an accomplished fact.

And now to try the seaworthiness of our handiwork she is taken for a trial trip with the *Barge* as escort. A race between the two boats develops. Muscular arms and legs bend to the oars as the two boats shoot toward the first breaker. Up they go, sending spray on each side through the air back to the sea—now down into the trough and backs bend again. Now up they go once more, and so out to sea. A sailing race won by the *Ho Ho*, and viewed from vantage points on the cliffs, ends another experience of interest on our isolated island.



H. M. LAMBERT

Our Big Family

By GWEN TORKELSON
Hapur, India

THE weeks preceding the opening of school were busy ones—and then the hour arrived to meet the first train that would bring the first party of children back again after a three months' vacation. The monsoon sun beats down on our topee-clad heads as we waited for the train to pull into the station. Then, as the crowd rushed to get places in the train, we spied a large group of children getting out of a crowded compartment. Among them we recognized the faces of many old students, and their happy smiles and joyous *salaams* made us glad they were back. Even though we had felt relieved when, three months before, the last one had left, still it was good to see them all. "Our big family" had come home again.

It was hard for me to realize that some of these were the same little girls I had sent off a few weeks before, wearing *clean* (if not new and expensive) clothes. Here they were, several with sore eyes, many with boils, and some looking as though they had not seen any soap since leaving school. A few were wearing the glass bracelets such as are worn by the village women. It was quite evident that they had lived better under our care than while under parental care. So it brought a little satisfaction to me to know that, even though we may not achieve perfection in habits of cleanliness or diet, they had gone home in a better state than that in which they came back to us.

The next few days brought in more and more boys and girls. Soon the hotels were full, and there were not enough beds. Classrooms were filled to overflowing. The few weeks that have passed since the opening day have been busy ones. Some homesickness casualties have decreased the enrollment of the boys, but others have come in to fill their places. So another school year has begun at Hapur, India.

We are especially grateful for the funds that have been provided for the erection of much-needed classrooms and a new industrial building. These are not yet ready for use, and the shouts of Indian *mastri*s (workmen), the clink, clink, clink of bricks being plastered into place, the occasional bray of little donkeys, as they unload their burdens of bricks—all mingle with the voices of the school children as they learn their "*alaf, bey, pey,*" and "*ek, do, teen.*" But the anticipation of the new space and buildings

helps us make the best of all the confusion.

Especially will we be glad for a home for our new carpentry class, which was started last year. The boys will have plenty of room to hammer and saw. Also there will be a room to house our peanut-butter industry. Last year we were supplying the American troops with almost one thousand pounds monthly. But new rules regulating Army buying have stopped these orders. Besides peanut butter, we

are able to sell a considerable amount of vanilla essence. Were it not for these two industries—peanut butter and vanilla—we would find it difficult to balance the budget, with war prices so high. Then, in the same building there will be a place for girls' sewing classes. Here the girls will learn sewing, crocheting, knitting, etc. This new building, with its additional classroom space, is a decided improvement for the school and we are very thankful for it.

Along with the joy over these improvements, the greatest longing of our hearts is that the boys and girls who enter this school may learn to be true Christians, that they may catch the true vision of service and go out to prepare for God's work. The hope of India lies in her youth wholly consecrated to the Master. The youth of India need your prayers.

Master Green and Miss Pepper

By AGNES McHENRY
Poona, India

HARI (Green) and Mirachi (Pepper) became all excited one day when they were told by the government official that they were to go to live at the mission bungalow. They began to think of all the queer things that white people do, such as eating with a knife, fork, and spoon, while they had been brought up to eat with their fingers. Would they have to wear topees (sun helmets) on their heads? Would the white people give them some kind of powder to make them white? Or perhaps it was a special kind of soap! All these and many other things occupied their minds, but they were sure they were going to like their new home.

You see Green was Pepper's uncle. He was eight and she was seven. Their mothers and fathers had been put in jail because they had been making counterfeit money. Most of the culprits were sentenced to three years in jail, but Pepper's mother received only one and one-half years.

A note was sent over to the mission, asking whether we would consent to keep Green and Pepper until the mother was released. Of course we were glad to have them. When they arrived they were so dirty and ragged that we had to give them a good soap bath, which must have been the first they had had for a long time. And then we proceeded to delouse them by pouring kerosene oil on their heads and

cutting their hair short. By the time this process was finished they looked like different children. And you can imagine how much better they felt, not having to spend so much time in scratching!

At first they tried to entertain everybody by dancing and singing heathen songs. They belonged to a tribe that follows this as a profession. Little by little we taught them songs of Jesus and simple prayers. It was not long before they began including their relatives and friends in their prayers, for they wanted them to know the story of Jesus too. But the thing they most desired was to go to school, where they would learn to read and write.

Soon the people of their village came to know that they were eating as well as living with the missionaries, and they became very angry, and came several times with a view to kidnaping them. I am sure an angel up in heaven must have been watching over them, for the villagers were always caught before they succeeded in carrying them off.

Green and Pepper learned to love the missionaries more than their own people, and looked forward with dread to the time when they would have to leave the mission. One day Green said, "Someday I shall have to go home to my village, but I will come back if it takes me twenty years." The sad day arrived when Pepper's mother was released from jail and she came to claim

the two children. I was away at the time, but I was told that it took six policemen to get them away from the other woman missionary. Finally the mother announced that she would bring them back to the mission. But she hired an ekka (horse-drawn conveyance) and drove just as quickly as she could to the railway station. She had deceived them, and when they discovered it they screamed, "O Miss Sahib (lady missionary), save us, save us!" until they were out of sight.

That happened ten years ago. As far as I know Green and Pepper have never returned, but is it not possible for their guardian angels to bring them back after these many years? I believe it is. Let us pray for Green and Pepper, that even though they may have forgotten all that they learned in the Christian school in that one and one-half years, they may once again be brought in contact with Christianity.

The State of Mind

By INEZ BRASIER

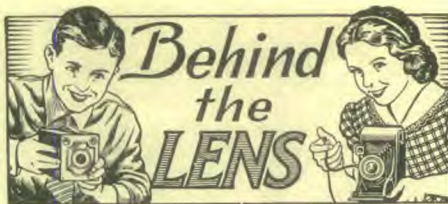
THE real weather is inside oneself, not out of doors, according to an ancient Tibetan proverb. Days are fair and sunny or storm-filled, depending upon the state of mind. The heart may be happy and serene, or it may be turbulent with uncontrolled passions of one sort or another. It is for each to decide the sort of weather wanted, for, unlike the elements of nature, inside weather is a matter of choice.

The wind is a vast storehouse where we place the materials of which the inner self is made. The life ahead of which we dream—the success, the good name, the honor we expect one day to be ours—is the result of what we store in heart and mind now, for nothing foretells our future like the thoughts over which we constantly brood. To be loved, to be sought, to be known for fine living and irreproachable character comes only because of the fair weather inside. Tennyson's Sir Galahad, a gallant knight, could say, because he refused to live meanly, "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure."

Obversely, the mind may become a storehouse for damaged goods, the junk heap of evil thoughts and surmisings. And, just as we know when a storm is raging, so everyone about us will know that the weather of our minds is wild. Van Dyke says that "when a man is deliquescing inside, some of it usually leaks out." The wisest man of all ages, Solomon, wrote, "Burning lips and a wicked heart are like a potsherd covered with silver dross." A broken bit of pottery silvered over is still a broken bit.

"It is a law of the mind, that it will narrow or expand to the dimensions of the things with which it becomes familiar." "A long preparatory process, unknown to the world, goes on in the heart before the Christian commits open sin. The mind does not come down at once from purity and holiness to depravity, corruption, and crime. It takes time to degrade those formed in the image of God to the brutal or the satanic. By beholding, we become changed. By the indulgence of impure thoughts, man can so educate his mind that sin which he once loathed will become pleasant to him."

The foundation of right action is right thinking. When the springs of life are pure, deep within, the actions which result



By ROBERT M. ELDRIDGE

AMONG photo folk, as in all other groups, there are always some procrastinators. These "some other time" people, when confronted with an obviously splendid picture opportunity, will declare to themselves or to anyone listening that "there is a shot I'm going to get sometime." They will say that sometime when they aren't quite so rushed they must hang that photo trophy on their belt, and they may even go on to explain just how it should be taken. No harm in that, of course, since discussion of technique is always in order among snap shooters. And there is no question about the utter sincerity of these "photocrastinators." They really do intend to get that picture at a later time. It is true that the sun is just right now, and the trees are in their color prime now, and the sky is perfect now, but the standard conscience salve is the assurance that conditions are bound to be equally perfect later on. The relentless fact, however, is that more than likely the same combination of circumstances which offers that particular picture will not occur again. It is not reasonable, but experience seems to prove that this is so, especially on trips.

It is very difficult for one's friends to appreciate or enjoy the pictures that could have been taken or that are to be taken later. It is also slight comfort to sit and muse on all the fine shots one has wanted to take, the taking of which has been postponed until some better time. The picture album doesn't get filled that way, for the more "convenient season" has a remarkable way of avoiding the other combination of factors that would have made that particularly good picture possible.

So hear ye! hear ye! all photo-putter-offers. Grab a good fistful of Father Time's forelock, as it were, unlimber the equipment, whatever you have, and surprise yourself by actually shooting a few of the scenes that have always been reserved for "later." Have the camera more readily available on short notice, and though it may not seem that this or that little run to town or out to Aunt Martha's

(Continued on page 14)

will be pure as surely as water bubbles from the springs. "The mind must be stored with pure principles. Truth must be graven on the tablets of the soul. The memory must be filled with the precious truths of the Word. Then, like beautiful gems, these truths will flash out in the life."

"As the mind dwells upon Christ, the character is molded after the divine similitude. The thoughts are pervaded with a sense of His goodness, His love. We contemplate His character, and thus He is in all our thoughts. His love encloses us. If we gaze even a moment upon the sun in its meridian glory, when we turn away our eyes, the image of the sun will appear in everything upon which we look. Thus it is when we behold Jesus; everything we look upon reflects His image, the Sun of Righteousness. We cannot see anything

else, or talk of anything else. His image is imprinted upon the eye of the soul, and affects every portion of our daily life, softening and subduing our whole nature. By beholding, we are conformed to the divine similitude, even the likeness of Christ. To all with whom we associate we reflect the bright and cheerful beams of His righteousness. We have been transformed in character; for heart, soul, mind, are irradiated by the reflection of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. Here again there is the realization of a personal, living influence dwelling in our hearts by faith."

The mind, the intellect, is a talent bestowed, not for low, selfish purposes, but to be developed to its greatest capacity and trained to intelligent service for our fellow travelers along life's highway. "For the kingdom of heaven is as a man traveling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods. And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey." We cannot say we have no talent, for, as in the parable, we have at least one—the mind. None may say that it is impossible to keep it from straying onto forbidden subjects or to train it for service, for "all His biddings are enableings."

"We should not let slip even one opportunity of qualifying ourselves intellectually to work for God. . . . Let the mind be trained and disciplined to wrestle with hard problems in the search for divine truth. . . . An ordinary mind, well disciplined, will accomplish more and higher work than will the most highly educated mind and the greatest talents without self-control."

The level eye, serenity, and a happy looking to the days ahead may be ours under all circumstances and in all places. After all, our minds will be just what we want them to be. The weather inside is the result of that desire transformed into the will to see it through.

There are before us possibilities which our feeble faith does not discern. Far beyond the dimness of our sight is heaven's ideal for us, for we are children of the King, brothers and sisters of the Prince.



Original puzzles, acrostics, anagrams, cryptograms, word transformations, quizzes, short lists of unusual questions—anything that will add interest to this feature corner—will be considered for publication. Subjects limited to Bible, denominational history, nature, and geography. All material must be typewritten. Address Editor, "Youth's Instructor," Takoma Park 12, D.C.

A Word Triangle

By CLYDE ROSSER

1. The second king of Israel.
2. One of the minor prophets.
3. A pledge, or promise.
4. A form of the verb "to be."
5. The fourth letter of the alphabet.

"He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips the king shall be his friend."

Her Part

(Continued from page 7)

people are homeless as a result of the destructive storm, and though both government and our mission are doing all they can, it is not nearly enough.

It seemed that the theme of every letter was the same, but with these requests were many, many of the "thank you" variety. They expressed appreciation to Miss Carpenter over and over again for what had been sent, and asked her to please send more.

The shadows of afternoon were lengthening, and I knew that soon I would have to be homeward bound, but I took time to go into the room where this missionary-minded woman keeps her literature that is to be sent out. Several boxes of *Signs*, *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTORS*, and *Present Truths* were waiting to be sent on their way so that these truth-filled periodicals might again proclaim the message they had already given. The postage and wrapping were all that was lacking.

Just as I was about to leave, Miss Carpenter said, "Those people across the waters need this literature so very much, and I regret that I can do so little. I wish more of our church people would respond to their calls for help." As I drove home through the gathering dusk I wondered why we here in the United States who are so greatly blessed by God do so little to let our light shine. Then and there I made a new resolve to do what little I can more diligently. How about you?

The Big Nambus

(Continued from page 4)

leaves used on the roof and sides are placed very close together, making the completed wall six to ten inches thick. To test this construction they fire their muskets point-blank at a newly made house. If shot fails to pierce the walls the house is satisfactory, but if shot goes through, the dwelling must be rebuilt.

After talking with the natives in pidgin English, Pastor Pietz proceeded to treat the people who needed it most. Yaws, tropical ulcers, and all kinds of skin diseases are common, and for these the injections which the missionary gave did wonders.

One of the natives who received an injection also received special attention. On his brown body we counted six deep scars left by shot from an enemy's musket, a grim reminder of a recent conflict.

Finally a few of the women gained courage and crawled out from the house in which they had been hiding. What hideous creatures they were! Half hidden under their ponderous grass head coverings, they squatted as they also received injections. When they smiled, you could see the results of a cruel tradition. When a Big Nambus woman is married, it is the custom to knock out her two front teeth.

As the sun was high in the sky, the chief invited us to dinner. In front of his house were placed two small logs, parallel to each other and four feet apart. On these we sat facing each other and waited further developments. The rest of the village crowded around us in the background to

watch the white people eat. First a small bunch of bananas wrapped in leaves was placed before us. The chief did not join us until we had eaten as many as we desired, and then he devoured the remainder, hurriedly and greedily, one bite to a banana. Next came baked yam and a tender baked sprout called novice. Watermelon served as dessert, and the meal ended.

I remember vividly how curious these people were. Taking hold of your arm they would examine it closely and rub it to see whether there were brown skin under the white. Shirts and trousers also seemed to be objects of curiosity.

Like most heathen natives these people are very superstitious and have many taboos. For example the knife is taboo. No knives are allowed in their houses, and they will not cut yams or other food with a knife. Also when a member of the family dies, food is placed outside the house in a special rack, so that the dead one's spirit will not hunger.

When it was time to say good-by we shook hands and departed.

The return trip was much quicker, and before we knew it we were back to Tane-marou village. After a refreshing bath in a near-by stream we donned clean clothes and were ready for evening worship.

With the natives we gathered in the trim thatch-roofed church. It was truly an inspiration to worship with these faithful people, to kneel with them as one of their number offered prayer in pidgin English.

What a panorama of human life we had viewed this day! Human beings in sin, filth, superstition, and cruelty, and now these Christian natives, so different, marvelously changed through the power of Jesus Christ.

The next morning we weighed anchor, regretting that our stay could not be longer, but thankful for the opportunity that had come to us.

As the village disappeared from sight, I was impressed with the way that the Lord's command to go into all the world and preach the gospel is being heeded. And I am sure that when God gathers His faithful children at the day of His coming the Big Nambus of Malekula will be well represented.

With God

(Continued from page 3)

learned to know and trust in my God.

A child of God need not fear the unknown future, even on the battlefield. If we but ask Him, He will guide us through the darkest hours. God knows the way, He has walked this road before.

"My Saviour knows the path I walk is rough and steep;

He knows the thorns that tear, the stones that bruise my feet;

He knows how I am tempted oft to turn aside, Into a way that looks so pleasant and so wide.

But even as my feet would turn I hear Him say:

"Have I not promised thee, My child, to lead the way,

Though hard the journey, to walk closely by thy side,

In every danger, every trial, to be thy Guide?

I know thy way—each joy, each pain, it holds in store,

I know because My feet have walked this road before."

O Lord, I'll gladly walk the rugged road with Thee;

I know that other way Thou canst not go with me. Better to tread with Thee each day a path unknown

Than choose a wide, alluring way to walk alone."

—DORIS W. INSCHO.

POETRY PARAGRAPHS

☛ MONEY is merely a warehouse receipt for labor, and if that money does not represent labor or effort expended in producing things, then such money will be correspondingly cheapened in its purchasing power.—W. J. H. BOETCKER.

☛ MANNERS are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, and now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine, us by a constant, steady, uniform, sensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in.—EDMUND BURKE.

☛ DON'T flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. The nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant things from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell him.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

☛ THE practice of daily meditation is one of the most effective means for developing clear and accurate thinking. Concentration of mental energy tends to bring into view deep and hidden thoughts, and thus are great ideas conceived and great projects planned. Reserve a definite time each day for quiet thinking, for the cultivation of incentives to higher and nobler purpose and living.—GRENVILLE KLEISER.

☛ ONE of the earmarks of success is the desire to do things to a finish; to be as particular in doing small things as big things. The boy who is going to succeed is not satisfied to do anything "pretty well" or to leave things half finished. Nothing but completion to perfection will satisfy the demand in him for the best. It is those who have cultivated this imperative demand for the best in their natures, and who will accept nothing short of it, that hold the banners of progress, that set the standards, the ideals, for others.—ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

☛ IN Copenhagen, Denmark, on a certain rainy afternoon an eight-year-old boy, Chris Volf, was locked in his room for punishment. To while away the time he caught a fly. As he held it by the wings, the fly buzzed protestingly. Young Chris was struck by an idea: the buzzing must come from something other than the beating of wings in flight. He was right. A fly does *not* fly with its wings! The discovery started Volf on a forty-year path of scientific exploration that led to the invention of an early jet-propulsion plane. Today Dr. Christian Volf is still applying lessons he learned from a common housefly.—JOHN REDDY.

The Sweet Singer of Israel

"Blessed be His glorious name forever; and let the whole earth be filled with His glory; Amen, and Amen. The prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended." Ps. 72:19, 20.

ACROSS

1. "Verily My . . . ye shall keep."
 8. "David took an . . . and played with his hand."
 11. "I make peace, and . . . evil."
 12. ". . . the Lord put I my trust."
 14. "For Thou art with . . ."
 15. Descendant of Asher; main. (anag.)
 16. Handwriting.
 18. Greek form of Elijah.
 21. "O sing unto the Lord . . . new song."
 22. "He that hath . . . hands."
 24. "And a pure . . ."
 25. "Which strain at a . . ."
 27. "Whither the tribes . . . up."
 28. ". . . is God that avengeth me."
 30. "Bless the Lord, . . . my soul."
 31. "The fool, hath said in his heart, There is no . . ."
 32. Negative prefix.
 33. "Instead of Abel, whom . . . slew."
 36. New Testament form of Hosea.
 38. "Try Me, . . . know My thoughts."
 39. "Shall . . . their strength."
 42. "The Lord also will be . . . refuge."
 43. "Jacob . . . pottage." Gen. 25:29.
 44. "And . . . sought to smite David."
 46. "He led them forth by the . . . way."
 48. "In whose . . . there is no guile."
 50. City of Benjamin. 1 Chron. 8:12.
 51. Third king of Judah.
 53. "The . . . are fallen unto Me in pleasant places."
 55. "Yea, Thy law is . . . my heart."
 58. "Be merciful unto . . . O God."
 59. River in South Carolina.
 60. "Peace . . . within thy walls."
 61. "He shall . . . Here I am."
- Our text from Psalms is 11, 12, 14, 21, 22, 24, 30, 31, 38, 39, 42, 46, 48, 55, and 58 combined.

DOWN

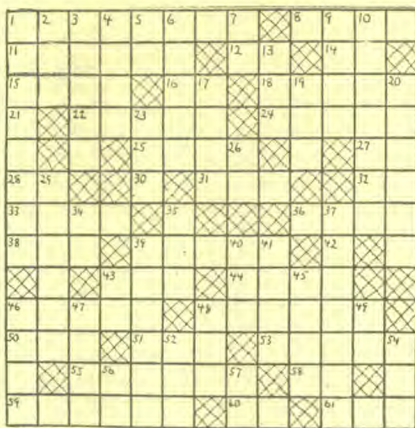
1. Form of neuralgia.
2. "Thou hast a mighty . . ."
3. Part of a ship, made of ivory, used by the Tyrians. Eze. 27:6.
4. "And went and served . . . and worshiped him."
5. "I will bless the Lord . . . all times."
6. "Thy mighty men, O . . . shall be dismayed"; meant. (anag.)
7. Note; reversed, a verb.
9. The bowfin.
10. Debate a second time.
13. Old Testament book.
17. Protuberance.
19. ". . . Israel hope in the Lord."
20. David "chose him five smooth . . . out of the brook."
23. The self.
26. "I flee unto Thee . . . hide me."
29. Astringent acid in tea.
34. Small fresh-water fish.
35. "And the wine is . . ."
37. Salt springs.
39. Revolve.
40. Especially.
41. "Therefore I will . . . and howl."
43. Hush.
45. "Let thy Thummin and thy . . . be with thy holy one."
46. "Thrice was I beaten with . . ."
47. Dress.
48. Monkey.
49. Two thirds of ten.
52. ". . . is more precious than rubies."
54. Timid.
56. "Trust also in Him, and He shall bring . . . to pass."
57. Canadian province.

Behind the Lens

(Continued from page 12)

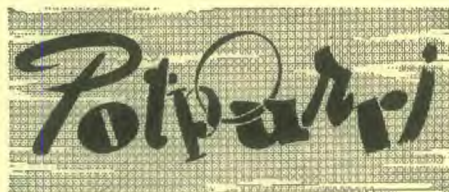
can offer anything especially tempting photographically, take the camera anyway—you never can tell.

Some months ago I was amply rewarded for putting the color camera in the car before heading into the country on a short business trip. When we were nearing our destination our attention was attracted to a column of smoke arising from a grove of trees some distance beyond. Curiosity kept the accelerator pedal down and we soon found ourselves looking squarely at an unusual color-picture opportunity. A fine,



large country mansion, with its roof blazing briskly, was obviously soon to be laid in ashes. Since the fire truck chemicals soon gave out and no hydrant water was available, there was little to do but watch the place dissolve and record the spectacle on our color film. While there were not the crowds present that would have thronged a similar event in town, there were still a large number of people scattered about the spacious grounds, and I failed to see anyone else with a camera. Remembering with what casual luck my camera was there, I made a little resolve to try to take it along after this whenever possible.

P.S.—In spite of the incident mentioned above, I'll admit that this little article has taken on a startling resemblance to a boomerang, if you follow me. Instead of ducking, though, methinks I'll take it on the chin and really carry my camera more.



OF all the defense plants that have been developed in the United States since the beginning of World War II, perhaps the most unique is a tiny unit in Yucaipa, California. It is housed in the front room of a small farm home, and its supervisor is Mrs. Nan Songer, a friendly little woman who knows her employees well and gets out of them their maximum effort. All of them are spiders, and they are spinning silk for cross hairs in Uncle Sam's bombsights, riflesights, and other optical precision instruments.

There are spiders of all sizes and ages at work in this war factory—even the black widow is doing her bit. Many of the "golden garden variety" Mrs. Songer recruits from her own garden and the neighborhood, but even so there is a spider-power shortage. Injuries and casualties are high among the personnel of this unique factory force, and Mrs. Songer is troubled by the necessity for continually recruiting new workers. Friends from all over the United States and Mexico send in workers, for it seems "impractical" to try to raise spiders for this particular purpose.

"The process by which Mrs. Songer obtains the spider silk is very interesting," says Henrietta Holland, writing in *Travel*. "She keeps each spider in a mayonnaise or

Mexico and South

(Continued from page 6)

was steep and rocky, up and down, and at the end of four hours we looked down upon Copainalá, where we were to spend the night. As there was no hotel in this place, we slept in the meetinghouse. Here again our people flocked to the evening service, and many visitors came also. Everywhere we went there was great interest manifested in the message.

Morning dawned and the sky was clear, but before the tiny plane came in to the landing strip, white cumulus clouds had begun to cover the jagged mountain peaks. Flying at this time of the year was hazardous because of cloud conditions. The take-off from the small runway, which was nothing more than a place cleared of bush and stones on the top of a hill, was a thrilling one. Our little single-motored plane, with pilot, three passengers, and baggage, rushed down the bumpy strip toward a steep precipice at the bottom of which rolled a lazy river. Just before we reached the sharp downward slant of the mountain, the plane took to the air while speeding at sixty-five miles an hour. As we looked down into the canyon over which we were flying, we calculated that we were not less than two thousand feet above the bottom of that huge crevice in the hills—the grand canyon of Chiapas. It was thrilling to see the ground disappear so suddenly. The mountains around us, wreathed in fleecy clouds, were beautiful to behold but dangerous for flying. Our pilot knew his route well, so we trusted in him, but we trusted more in our unseen Pilot, who also flew with us on our travels.

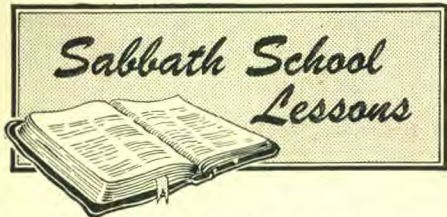
(Continued next week)

coffee jar until it is time for it to be 'silked.' The spider is dieted for two days to rid its system of impurities, so it will produce a fine grade of silk. Then, using a pair of tweezers, and lifting the spider by its feet to avoid injury, Mrs. Songer places it on a small block of yacca wood, where she makes a stall for it with a bobby pin and fastens its legs down with glass slides. Otherwise it will cut the web as it spins. Then, working with the spider as it forces the silk from its spinnerets, Mrs. Songer catches the end of the web and attaches it with shellac to a reel which looks very much like a large hairpin. She winds nine feet on each reel—twelve of which she packs into each dustproof box for shipment to the manufacturers of precision instruments. It is essential that the silk be free from dust, and any particles that collect are removed with a mouse hair or a human hair.

"Mrs. Songer prepares four kinds of spider silk for the manufacturers. Besides the ordinary silk, which is about one fifth the diameter of a human hair when the spiders spin it, she prepares the finer floss of baby spiders. Some of this she splits to make an even finer silk—almost invisible to the naked eye. And to prepare floss that is strong enough for high altitude bombers, she takes three to five strands of black widow silk and twists it. This is quite a complicated process, since she must pull the web from the five spiders simultaneously and at the same time twist it uniformly. Similar to this twisted silk is another kind for which she twists the individual strands at intervals by pulling them through a wicket. The split silk and

twisted floss sell for twenty cents a foot, while the ordinary silk sells for fifteen. Each spider produces an average of from one hundred to one hundred and eight feet each week."

Mrs. Songer's unique war plant is the outgrowth of a hobby which she has been following for the last seven or eight years.



SENIOR YOUTH

III—Repentance

(July 21)

MEMORY VERSE: Ezekiel 18:30.

LESSON HELP: *Steps to Christ*, chapter, "Repentance."

1. According to what will the sinner be judged? What should this knowledge lead him to do? Eze. 18:30.

2. When one has truly repented of sin what will he possess? What exhortation shows God's love for the sinner? Eze. 18:31, 32; 33:11.

NOTE.—"There is need today of such a revival of true heart religion as was experienced by ancient Israel. Repentance is the first step that must be taken by all who would return to God. No one can do this work for another. We must individually humble our souls before God, and put away our idols. When we have done all that we can do, the Lord will manifest to us His salvation."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 590.

3. After repentance, on what should every man always look? Phil. 2:4, 5.

NOTE.—You will observe that verse 4 does not forbid looking upon one's own things, but upon these alone; one should look "also" upon the things of others. This excludes selfishness. The whole duty of man to man is comprehended in that basic law underlying the last six commandments, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This is a test of genuine Christianity.

4. How did the mind of Christ lead Him to look upon His own things? What did this mind lead Christ to do? Verses 6-10.

NOTE.—The meaning of "made Himself of no reputation" is simply "emptied Himself." He emptied His mind of every consideration of Himself, of His own things, and left even His position empty while He went "to seek and to save that which was lost."

"He voluntarily assumed human nature. It was His own act, and by His own consent. He clothed His divinity with humanity. He was all the while as God, but He did not appear as God. He veiled the demonstrations of Deity which had commanded the homage, and called forth the admiration, of the universe of God. He was God while upon earth, but He divested Himself of the form of God, and in its stead took the form and fashion of a man."—MRS. E. G. WHITE in *Review and Herald*, July 5, 1887.

5. How did Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost affect his hearers? What question did they ask? Acts 2:37.

6. What was Peter's response? What did he promise them? Verse 38.

NOTE.—"Repentance includes sorrow for sin, and a turning away from it. We shall not renounce sin unless we see its sinfulness; until we turn away from it in heart, there will be no real change in the life."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 26.

"Real sorrow for sin is the result of the working of the Holy Spirit."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 300.

7. Later, what direct charge did Peter make against the Jews? How did he then seem to soften the charge? Acts 3:13-15, 17, 18.

NOTE.—"Mark the inimitable skill and tenderness with which he [Peter] who had just wounded by his sharp rebuke now binds up the wound. All sternness and uncompromising severity before, he is all gentleness and indulgence now. They were only 'men of Israel' in verse 12; now they are 'brethren.' He has an excuse for their grievous sin. They did it in ignorance. Only let them see their error and repent of what they had done, and their forgiveness was sure."—*The Pulpit Commentary*, "Acts," p. 95.

8. How does Peter appeal to those who commit sin ignorantly? Why is it necessary to repent of sin? Verse 19.

9. By what means is one convicted of sin? Besides sin, of what will the Holy Spirit convict one? John 8:9; 16:7, 8 (margin, "convince").

10. How only are repentance and confession possible? Acts 4:12; 5:31.

NOTE.—"It is the virtue that goes forth from Christ, that leads to genuine repentance. Peter made the matter clear in his statement to the Israelites, when he said, 'Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins.' We can no more repent without the Spirit of Christ to awaken the conscience than we can be pardoned without Christ."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 30.

11. To what does sorrow for sin lead? What is the result of godly sorrow for sin? 2 Cor. 7:9, 10.

NOTE.—"Confession will not be acceptable to God without sincere repentance and reformation. There must be decided changes in the life; everything offensive to God must be put away. This will be the result of genuine sorrow for sin."—*Ibid.*, p. 44.

12. What reformation does Paul say will result when repentance is the product of godly sorrow for sin? Verses 11, 16.

JUNIOR

III—Repentance

(July 21)

LESSON TEXTS given in each assignment.

MEMORY VERSE: "Repent, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin." Eze. 18:30.

Guiding Thought

"O God, as Thou art kind, have mercy on me, in Thy vast pity wipe out my offences, wash me from every stain of guilt, and purge me from my sin."

"Hide Thy face from my sins, and wipe out all my guilt; make me a clean heart, O God, and put a new, steadfast spirit in me; banish me not from Thy presence, deprive me not of Thy sacred Spirit; gladden me with Thy saving aid again."

"A heart broken with penitence never wilt Thou despise."

Ps. 51:1, 2, 9-12, 17, Moffatt.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read Luke 18:9-14.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 2

1. What must a sinner do before he can be saved? What will be the result when one is not sorry for his sins? Eze. 18:30.

NOTE.—"Repentance includes sorrow for sin, and a turning away from it. We shall not renounce sin unless we see its sinfulness; until we turn away from it in heart, there will be no real change in the life."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 26.

2. How does the Lord earnestly plead with us? What is our part? Eze. 18:31, 32; 33:11.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 3

After Christ's return to heaven Peter preached Jesus to thousands who came to hear him. Read Acts 2 for the story of this sermon.

3. How did the people feel as they listened to Peter? Acts 2:37.

4. What did Peter say was necessary? Verse 38.

NOTE.—"Confession will not be acceptable to God without sincere repentance and reformation. . . . Everything offensive to God must be put away. This will be the result of genuine sorrow for sin."—*Ibid.*, p. 44.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 4

In Acts 3:12-26 Peter again preaches to the people. Here he tells them that the sins they committed before they knew they were sins are also to be repented of.

5. What did Peter again emphasize? When we are converted, what will be done with our sins? Acts 3:19.

6. What did Solomon say concerning repenting? Prov. 28:13.

NOTE.—"He who covers up his sins shall never prosper; he who confesses and forsakes them is forgiven." Prov. 28:13, Moffatt.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 5

6. What is it that leads us to a change of heart? Jer. 31:3.

NOTE.—The Lord, because He so loves us, sends us His Holy Spirit to speak to our hearts.

7. Through whom only is it possible to be sorry for our sins? Acts 5:31; 4:12.

NOTE.—"Christ is the source of every right impulse. He is the only one that can implant in the heart enmity against sin. Every desire for truth and purity, every conviction of our own sinfulness, is an evidence that His Spirit is moving upon our hearts."—*Ibid.*, p. 30.

"Repent while He call thee, while yet it is day, Take with thee His gift of free pardon away; Take Christ for thy Saviour, Redeemer, and Friend,

His love will sustain thee secure to the end."

—G. H. SANDISON.

8. What is the result of being truly sorry for our sins? 2 Cor. 7:9, 10.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 6

9. How completely must one's mind change toward God and toward others? Phil. 2:5, 13.

NOTE.—Not one of us will ever be saved with one sin or stain in the life. All must be made white through repentance and confession.

10. What parable did Jesus give to show true repentance? Luke 18:9-14.

Study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 7

Clues:

I. I'm thinking of a man who was a sinner.

He slew one fourth of the world's population with one stroke.

He was cursed to be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth.

In sorrow he cried out, "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

But his sorrow did not change his heart, and God had to put a mark on him, to keep people from killing him.

His name was _____.

II. I'm thinking of another man who, though he sat on a throne, was also a great sinner.

After God performed two miracles to show him he was doing wrong, he called the preachers and said, "Entreat the Lord."

After ten miracles he had said "I have sinned" twice, and after the last miracle he cried greatly.

But for all his talk, he threatened to kill the preachers, and was finally drowned in the sea, trying to take them prisoners.

The name of this man who cried and had the preachers pray, but who did not really repent or change his life was _____.

III. I'm thinking of another man who sinned against his brother.

He had to flee from home for his life.

Three times the same sin came back to him as a punishment.

He gave his brother a fortune in goats, sheep, camels, cattle, and asses, more than enough to make up for his original sin.

He cried and prayed, too, and God changed his name, because he was truly repentant.

His brother lived with him in peace, and he became the father of a great nation.

His name was _____.



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LORA E. CLEMENT — — — EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

C. L. BOND S. A. WELLMAN
J. E. WEAVER FREDERICK LEE

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ARE YOU MOVING?

You should notify us in advance of any change of address, as the post office will not forward your papers to you even if you leave a forwarding address. Your compliance in this matter will save delay and expense.

The Listening Post

▶ THERE are now no unrationed foods in Japan.

▶ THE U.S. Army Air Field near Lincoln, Nebraska, was short of Bibles. The *Lincoln Journal* and *Star* reported on the lack. Readers sent in 1,224 to remedy the situation.

▶ IN 1944 the United States Government collected more, spent more, and borrowed more money than in any previous year of its history. Yet the year's deficit was \$52,000,000,000. Of the \$97,000,000,000 expenditures, war costs amounted to \$89,000,000,000.

▶ ONE of the outstanding casualties of the war is the tourist trade. It simply vanished! But it is different in Maine. "Down East" ingenuity has packed empty, silent roadside cabins with new activity. They are filled with well-paying guests—Rhode Island Reds!

▶ SURPRISING as it seems, the ordinary tin can in which food is preserved is less than two per cent tin and over ninety-eight per cent steel. The steel gives the strength "and the tin, the weather stripping and insulation that provide extra protection to the can's contents."

▶ IN a recent year less than 1,600 doctors were graduated in all India, and this in the face of mounting needs of 400,000,000 people for healing hygiene and health education. To care for a population only one-third that of India, the United States graduates, in normal peacetime, 5,000 physicians and surgeons each year.

▶ CRATES of hatching eggs are flying over the Atlantic to repopulate the war-ravaged chicken flocks of Europe. For more than a year the poultry department of the University of Maryland and the United States Department of Agriculture have been experimenting with test shipments of eggs transported by air for incubation. The trials have been successful.

▶ EVERY twenty minutes a plane leaves the United States for Europe, and as often one comes from the other side of the Atlantic to the United States. In fact, the *New York Times* says that "the air over the North and South Atlantic is full of planes, day and night, on the various routes, so many of them that the pilots have to be careful to maintain their proper altitude to avoid collision and even with the greatest caution they frequently miss each other by narrow margins."

▶ YOU may never have heard of the golden hamster—but you will! Thousands of hamsters are being raised in United States, Canadian, and British laboratories. The furry, golden-brown, short-tailed rodent is a serious rival to the guinea pig. Technicians consider its laboratory qualifications practically ideal, and it is even more susceptible to human diseases than the guinea pig. The first hamsters arrived in the United States from Syria in 1938; now one laboratory alone—the University of Chicago's Hull Biological—has a breeding colony of 1,500.

▶ SINCE Biblical times great portions of Palestine have been abandoned by the plow and "have fallen into decay, their trees cut, their terrace walls crumbling, their slopes eroded and boulder strewn. But some ancient communities have kept their links with the past and still look much as they must have 2,000 years ago. The villages still cling to the hill-sides, the olive trees continue to bear fruit, the peasant repeats the endless toil and the timeless ways of his ancestors, and the patient little donkey tows the ambling camel to market with the season's harvest tied on his back, much as a tugboat pulls a barge."

▶ NINE-YEAR-OLD Jimmy Osborne, a blind boy with outstanding musical talent, has been taken under the wing of the airmen of an American Eighth Air Force Base in England. They have raised among themselves \$3,200 to finance a trip to the United States and a musical education once he has arrived. The only obstacle in the way of the immediate realization of the English lad's dream is that the United States Government will not permit the trip until someone in the country assumes responsibility for his welfare while he is away from home.

▶ LEWIS F. NEWBOND recently unveiled on his farm near Minden, Nebraska, a memorial to the American horse. It is a pair of horse heads beneath a gigantic boulder, and is dedicated to the animal which "led pioneers and made possible . . . agriculture and industry in the Western Hemisphere." Mr. Newbold raises fine Percherons on his farm, but "likes all breeds." He declares that "they have stood like a pillar of Hercules, only to find 'neath a grayish sky, their aid less needed as the world goes by."

▶ AT the request of the Liberian Government the Public Health Service of the United States has designated an all-Negro mission of eleven American physicians, engineers, entomologists, and nurses to develop a five-year health and sanitation program in Liberia. Dr. John Baldwin West is head of the mission, which purposes to bring under control communicable diseases, principally by the construction and development of sanitation facilities in the country.

▶ THE War Production Board has taken over production and distribution of matches, to assure the meeting of military and civil requirements. The allocation of matches will be controlled at the producer level. Production in the United States for this year is expected to total 460,000,000,000, as compared with an average prewar level of 480,000,000,000. The reduced production is due to labor shortage.

▶ A GROUP of amateur inventors in Washington, Pennsylvania, announce that they have finally found the right adhesive combination for an "honest-to-goodness" nonskid automobile tire. The material, a mixture of rubber and abrasives, feels gritty, like fine sandpaper. "Designed for year-round use, it works equally well on snow and ice in winter and on wet, slippery pavements in summer."

▶ GAVLY colored stones from Patagonia in southern Argentina are scattered by the ton in Palermo Park, Buenos Aires. They are free to anyone desiring them, says *New Horizons*, Pan American Airways magazine, and visitors often avail themselves of the privilege and have them cut and set for use as jewelry.

▶ NO prayer was arranged for the opening of the United Nations Conference last April 25 because of the varied religious beliefs of those present. Instead, at the request of United States Secretary of State Stettinius, there was observed "one minute of silent, solemn meditation."

▶ A RECENT development in plastics and electronics is a wafer-thin Vinylite plastic record, only seven inches in diameter. Each side of the disk will record approximately fifteen minutes of dictation. It is light enough to be mailed in an envelope at regular postage rates.

▶ FISH retain their scales throughout life unless they are lost through injury, and experienced fish biologists count the annuli, much as dendrochronologists count tree rings, to tell their age.

▶ THE Cassville & Exeter Railroad in southwestern Missouri is the world's shortest railroad. The length is four and eight-tenths miles. The president of the line, the general manager, and the one and only locomotive engineer is Dave Dingler, railroader for fifty-eight years!

▶ BRAZIL has the distinction of being the first country to make a cash payment on account for materials received under lend-lease from the United States. Of course, previously large payments in kind, known as reverse lend-lease, have been received from Great Britain and other Allied nations.

▶ IT is announced that ninety-six fellowships have been awarded by the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation. These will foster creative work in the arts and sciences. Forty-one of the awards were made to men who are now in the armed forces of the United States.

▶ CONSTRUCTION of the Ledo Road, hailed as the greatest engineering feat of the United States Army, in that it was "a triumph over the impossible," is said to have cost the life of an American soldier for every mile. The famous road is 1,044 miles long and is known as "China's life line."

▶ RUBBER hose and man power being scarce, explosives are being used in Westchester County, New York, to get insecticides on parkway trees. The explosives, fired by a device described as a bazooka, will carry the arsenate of lead to the treetops. In fact, it is said to be capable of shooting clouds of insecticide as high as eighty feet.

▶ THE U.S. Office of Censorship has abandoned a requirement that collectors and dealers must obtain philatelic permits before exporting postage stamps. Stamps may now be sent without permits to, or received from, all countries, except Germany and Japan and areas occupied by those nations. But censorship of the material will continue.

▶ MANY an airman who, in the future, drops into icy waters from his plane "gone bad" or wrecked at sea, will owe his life to a new all-nylon antiexposure suit that has been developed by the Personal Equipment Laboratory at Wright Field. The suit is coated with a substance to make it both watertight and airtight, but what this substance is we are told is a military secret. The protective cloth of the suit covers the whole body with exception of the face.

▶ THE face value of domestic coins produced in the United States during 1944 totals \$121,000,000. In addition to the record number of 2,844,000,000 domestic coins, the mint turned out 800,000,000 for a score of friendly nations. American experts drew designs, made the dyes, and cast the coins for a brand-new monetary system for Ethiopia. The Philadelphia mint produced franc coins from melted-down shell cases. Such orders are filled at cost and the material is provided by the foreign countries or bought from the United States.

▶ OTSEGO, Michigan, a community of approximately three thousand persons, which has shared heavily in the casualty lists coming back from overseas, maintains a unique memorial to its war dead. When Lieutenant Frank Kleinbrink, who cultivated roses from boyhood, was lost in the North Atlantic nearly two years ago, his picture was placed in a downtown store window and his parents decorated it with his favorite flower. Out of that incident came the custom of placing the picture of each succeeding casualty in the window in a wreath of roses.