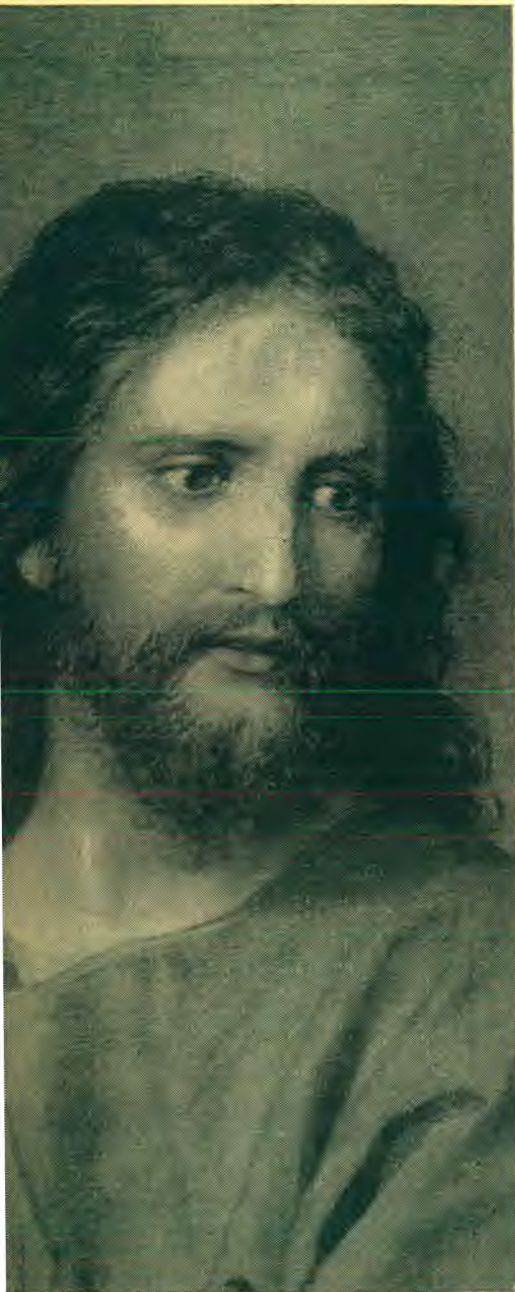


# The Youth's INSTRUCTOR



## A REAL LIFE

By ROBERT E. SOOY



H. Hofmann, Artist

The Future Is Black for the Youth of Today.  
Where Can I Find the Life of Tomorrow That  
No One Else Seemingly Can Discover? Only in  
Jesus Christ



**T**ODAY, as an average young person, what do I have to look forward to? What does the world offer to me as I graduate from a Seventh-day Adventist school and seek to find my place in life? I am truly perplexed. During the past world war and the years that followed, people talked of a postwar world of luxury and fast transportation. I heard them talk of beautiful, streamlined automobiles, lavish apartments, and fine homes for everybody. Some ventured to say that those of this generation might even make a trip to the moon by rocket ship.

At the time of these predictions I was just growing into adolescence. The future seemed bright, and the world looked glamorous and attractive. Being too young to understand the ravages of war, I pushed those ugly thoughts aside and "stepped out." By using this term I do not mean to infer that I went astray from the guidance and instructions of my parents. Rather than that, I began to ask questions and had a desire to find out just what made the world go round. Upon reaching the age of fifteen I thought that I had heard every argument and knew all the answers. Today, at seventeen, I have not fully passed that stage,

though I do feel that my judgment is somewhat better. However, I realize it will be years before I can really have a mature and well-rounded outlook on life.

I am worried now because it seems that all these glamorous predictions were nothing but the dreams of men who could not do anything except build air castles. Were these men trying to fool me? Today they have changed their views entirely, and desire to build a great military machine to "fight for peace." Do they know what they are doing? I hope so, for it seems that every step I take is controlled by these men. They hold my future in their hands. I would like to be a minister someday, but the outlook is dim. The draft board has its eye on my record and is keeping track of my age. When I reach the age of nineteen I shall be called to fight and, if need be, to die for peace. Young men were trained for that very object in the last war. They fought that statesmen might plan for world peace. It seems that they died in vain, for the sun had no more than set upon World War II when it began to rise upon a world mobilizing for the third global conflict. It seems that my generation was born to die!

I want to live! Where can I find life? Where can I find peace and contentment for a perplexed mind? No ray of hope is shining through the dark war clouds today. No glamorous future is presenting itself now. The prospects of a home of my own are dim; besides, why should I want to get married and bring up children who will have to go through a hell twice as bad as I myself must eventually pass through in the event of an atomic war!

Only through a study of history can I know of a world that was reasonably at peace. In my experience there has been no

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# LET'S TALK IT OVER

**I**T WAS during World War II that I heard William L. Stidger tell a student group about Charles Connick, of Boston, and the studio where he employed sixty or more workers, all busy on varied and beautiful designs which he had conceived for stained-glass windows to be placed in great churches in all parts of the United States. Some of the workmen were skilled artists, and others mere apprentices, but Mr. Connick kept a sharp eye on the work of each one, always on the lookout for unusual talent.

One morning, as Mr. Stidger told the story, his friend Connick happened to go to his studio earlier than usual. He found one of his young apprentices, a Greek boy, already at work on a medallion of his own. The master examined it, and found that it was very skillfully executed. Without a doubt the lad had originality and ability of great promise. And Mr. Connick was surprised, because he had attracted no notice before this, but in a humble way had performed the duties of a porter, keeping the studio swept and in good order for the regular workmen.

"Very interesting," he mused as he studied the medallion. "Where did you get the pieces to make such a beautiful little miniature?"

And the boy replied that they were just bits of broken glass that had been thrown away. He had carefully swept them up off the floor, saved them, worked out his own pattern as he had time, and now had almost completed it. "I hope that you do not mind, sir," he ended apologetically.

"Don't call me sir or master," said Mr. Connick. "You are the sir, my boy, and you are the master. For I have *everything* to work with, plenty of beautiful, clean, unbroken glass, and any other material I may need. But you have made something exquisite with the fragments that I have thrown away."

Of course the Greek boy from Athens was promptly promoted and given more important work and every advantage till he became a master artist in his own right.

But Mr. Stidger's point in telling the story was its application to the hectic, confusing war days, which many of the young men in his audience were facing right at that moment. "One of the great human problems of this war, a problem that many already are having, and that many more

will have in the days to come," he said, "is the problem of making something out of what seem to be the broken pieces of life that will remain."

"Boys who had been planning to take certain educational or technical courses of training will now have to do without, or will find their educational plans broken and disrupted. They must make readjustments of one kind or another."

"But it is not a hopeless situation. If you will just keep fast hold on your courage, and take care of the broken bits of what is left, you can make them into something firm, beautiful, and strong—something that will be as exquisite as the Greek boy's medallion, for broken plans hold great possibilities."

Never forget for a moment that God has a master plan for every life. And one way or another He will work out that plan in the life that is fully surrendered to Him. In a time of crisis it is best to simply "let go, and let God." He knows and understands, and is able—yes, well able—to keep that which you have committed unto Him.

And keep in mind that little things count, that seeming trifles are important. It has been said that just as the slight movement of a railway switch changes the destination of a train, so often a very little thing, under the directing providence of God, may determine a destiny.

Think of Moses, for instance. The cry of an infant in a basket made of bulrushes floating on the Nile aroused the curiosity of an Egyptian princess. The babe was brought to her, his tears touched her heart, she adopted him as her son, and thus made him heir to the throne of Egypt, the mightiest power in the then-known world. As a member of the royal family he received the necessary education for the great lifework that God had planned for him.

Victor Hugo declared that a shower of rain decided the fate of modern Europe, for it meant the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo.

A storm at sea wrecked the Armada; the proud hopes of tyrannical Spain of that day were blasted; and England was left to develop under the blessings of Protestantism and to establish those principles of

democracy that are preserved in the free governments of today.

And just so, friend o' mine, when times of crisis come in your life remember that a little swerving to the left or to the right can mean either irretrievable defeat or ultimate success. It is for us prayerfully to place our lives, our hopes, our plans—*our everything*—in the hands of God, and then rest assured that if we are willing to walk with Him by faith, and not by sight, all things will work out for our best good.

Albert had wanted to be a doctor ever since he was a little lad. The whole family had planned to that end. But the week before he was to enroll in medical college a bumblebee stung one of the horses with which he was working, and as a result he was "broken practically everywhere," according to the family doctor. Long months in the hospital followed, and then long months at home.

He tried to be cheerful, but it seemed to him that his life plans had crashed down around his head, and that he never would be good for anything. It was then that he found the little motto: "When the Outlook Is Dark, Try the Uplook." The thought stayed with him, and he says that was when he really learned to pray and to trust the All-Father, whose eye is constantly on His children.

This change of attitude awakened his interest in what he might do to help the small home church. Before long he was a leader in many of its activities. As a result of his faith sharing with neighbors and friends six persons have been baptized, and others are coming along. Next September he hopes Uncle Sam will allow him to enter college and start a theological course. "God has had a hand in all this experience," he says. "It was hard, but it taught me to let Him have His way with my life, and brought me to the place where I really *want* His way and not my own."

Facing a crisis, friend o' mine? Your heavenly Father knows all about it; He will temper every wind. Furthermore, He will stand by to help you pick up the pieces and fashion them so that they will meet His plan for your life.

*Lora E. Clement*



I NEVER killed anyone during the war," so boasted a young veteran with pacifist leanings after one of the bloody struggles that have taken place between his country and one of her neighbors.

"Of course I was drafted and *obliged* to train with a rifle," he admitted, "but when ordered into battle I always carried an empty gun."

This self-justifying speech was overheard by unfriendly ears and carried immediately to government authorities. When the youth was arrested and called to account for such conduct, he had no alibi. Without doubt it was pointed out to him that he had accepted training to fit him into a pattern for battle, and by not carrying out his task he was a broken link in an outwardly appearing strong chain, thereby jeopardizing the life of every associate in his army unit. But the worst part of his behavior was that, while he *was* a broken link, it was not apparent, since he had been deceitfully carrying a gun that he never used.

Such action, the court ruled, was nothing short of treason, and it decreed, and shortly carried out, the death penalty.

How much better it would have been had the young soldier made his conscientious scruples known when he was first inducted into his country's armed forces! The very worst thing that could have happened to him then for taking a stand on his principles against bearing arms would have been his execution, which did occur finally. And is not a martyr's death to be preferred to that of a traitor, condemned not only by his country but by the law of his God, which directs, "Thou shalt not bear false witness"? Is it better to break one commandment while trying to escape breaking another?

Such questions faced Reuben Kingsfield as he was called into the Royal Canadian Army during World War II. There was no provision in the induction laws of Canada for those who could not conscientiously bear arms, and every Seventh-day Adventist young man knew that he faced trial by court-martial if he remained true to his principles. But Reuben prayed for strength, and was determined to be true to his conscience, whatever the cost.

Drafted on a Tuesday in October of 1941, he tried in vain to get an appointment for a conference with one of the commanding officers of the post. On Thursday, when uniforms were issued and the men were informed that rifles would be issued the next day, he yet had had no opportunity to explain his scruples. On Friday, strengthened by much quiet communion with God, he made his way with his company to the arms depot, knowing that he was facing a showdown.

Delaying the ordeal as long as possible, he allowed his buddies to pass in ahead of him until he was the last one to present himself before the supply sergeant. His humble request that he be released from rifle drill was received by a volley of oaths

# Trust, or Treason



Reuben, Fearful and Trembling Inwardly, Leaned Heavily Upon God's Promise: "But When They Deliver You Up, Take No Thought How or What Ye Shall Speak: for It Shall Be Given You in That Same Hour What Ye Shall Speak"



Photos Courtesy of the Author

By KRAID I. ASHBAUGH

from the platoon sergeant, who called at once for the sergeant major. Finding the young Adventist adamant in his courteous refusal to accept a rifle in spite of pleas and threats, the sergeant major reinforced his words by a direct order, and upon his refusal to obey, the offender was marched off to the guardhouse, there to welcome the Sabbath amid austere surroundings, but with a peace in his heart that was priceless.

The next morning Reuben was called before his company commander, who, after a few questions, sent him to the lieutenant colonel. The colonel thought that the enlisted man's "stubbornness" might be quickly broken down by shaming him, so he addressed to him a number of abusive terms. But calmly and respectfully the young soldier declared that he had no fear, but was ready to die for his country and for his God if need be. To his surprise, the officer apologized. Later he learned why: The king's rules and regulations declare that no soldier may denounce another in the presence of a third. The officer had made himself liable for prosecution by his use of invective.

In a somewhat softer tone the commander asked, "You disobeyed the direct

command of a noncommissioned officer yesterday. Are you ready to take my punishment?"

"No, sir," was the humble but firm reply.

Startled, the officer questioned, "Then what do you want?"

"A court-martial, sir."

"Do you know what you are asking for? A court-martial could mean ten years' imprisonment."

The Adventist soldier had learned before entering the colonel's presence that if he accepted the company punishment being offered by the officer then, he could expect twenty-eight days in the guardhouse. However, when the time was up, and he again refused to take a rifle, another term of confinement would be given. This particular pattern might persist until in utter boredom at its continuance, the authorities would call for a court-martial to settle the case once and for all. Reuben knew that by the grace of God he would not yield. Why not have the court-martial at once to save time and trouble?

Reasoning thus, he answered, "Yes, sir, I know that it might mean ten years. But if I cannot serve my country in freedom





## My Cross Became a Crown

By JOHN W. BOYD

One day the Master bade me bear a cross  
And follow where His footsteps led the way;  
"The fame and wealth of earth," He said, "are dross  
Compared to life in everlasting day."  
But though within I knew His way was right,  
I turned aside and chose another road;  
My will and His had crossed, and now despite  
My strength, I bore a cross of heavy load.

"Dear Lord," I cried, "I cannot farther go;  
My will has brought a cross I cannot bear."  
"My son," He kindly spake, "dost not thou know  
That I that heavy cross of thine will share?"  
I made His will my own, and suddenly  
My cross became a crown of victory.

of conscience, I must serve God at any cost. If my country has no better use for me, then I am ready and willing to suffer for my faith. Therefore, I'm requesting a court-martial."

"Hmm," mused the colonel, "you come here rather well informed, don't you? But I'll tell you what I'll do," he continued. "I'll give you until Monday to think it over. If you still want a court-martial, you'll get it."

"Thank you, sir," replied the private, "but it really won't be necessary to wait until then for my decision. My mind is fully made up. I'm ready to take the consequences for my decision now."

The guardhouse continued to be young Kingsfield's residence until Monday, at which time he was informed that his trial was scheduled for a week later, and he was moved over to the brig. There a pleasant surprise awaited him, for he learned that an old college friend, Alex Aab, was held for the same offense; and as it was discovered later, their respective trials were to be on the same day. The two strengthened and comforted each other as they prayed and studied God's Word in their separate cells, and occasionally whispered words of encouragement across the intervening space during the week they awaited trial.

For this type of hearing the court was made up of three officer judges and twelve officer jurors. The defendant was asked whether he believed any of the fifteen had any prejudice against him, for he could request the removal of any who he thought might be biased. The nods and smiles of gratification that greeted Kingsfield's

statement that he believed the court as constituted was entirely satisfactory showed that he would be dealt with fairly.

Reuben, a bit fearful and trembling inwardly, yet leaning heavily upon God's promises, which gave him an outward composure, was ordered to stand, and after being sworn in, was told to give his version of the occurrence. Calmly he related that he declined to take a rifle when ordered to do so because his conscience would not permit it. The platoon sergeant was called in next and gave his testimony in a definitely belligerent manner. His amazement was marked when the defendant, with a friendly smile at the witness, refused to cross-question him, declaring it was not necessary since his relation of the facts was correct. The sergeant major followed, and was a little taken aback himself when the Adventist soldier agreed that he too had spoken the truth. The court was impressed by the attitude of this defendant, in such sharp contrast to the usual sullen manner of those on trial.

"Don't make any statement," Reuben's lawyer had advised him earlier. "My defense of your case will be that you were ignorant of the law."

"I'm sorry, sir," his client had responded, "but I *did* know the law and was fully conscious of the probable results when I behaved as I did."

But when the time came to make a statement what should he say? All week the question had persisted, but he refused to worry, trusting this promise: "But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak: for it shall be given

you in that same hour what ye shall speak." This word was fulfilled when the court gave the defendant opportunity to explain why he took the course of action he did. With a prayer in his heart he quietly began:

"I don't feel I'd be fair to my country if I didn't make my position clear. I am not just trying to be stubborn, and I am not afraid of going into battle. With me it is a matter of eternal life and eternal death.

"I felt that if I took a rifle and trained with it, I would be disloyal to my country, because I could not use it in battle. I have been told I could train with it and in battle could fire into the air or into the ground. But I could not conscientiously do that either. If I did train with arms with such a plan in mind, I'd not only be deceiving my country but be untrue to my God.

"If I trained with a rifle and you marked my service book, 'Basic training with arms completed,' and sent me on to an advance unit, I would be expected to make use of that training. Is that not correct?" the speaker asked, turning to the judges, who nodded in assent.

"If I were ordered to guard a position of extreme importance as a rifleman, and my buddies depended on me, what would happen to me if I proved untrue to their trust and the trust placed in me by the army? If I didn't use my rifle and let the enemy get through, would that not be treason?"

The judges all agreed that it would be.

"That is why I'd rather face the music now and be punished for disobeying a military command in basic training than face a court-martial with a charge of treason on the battlefield. In any case I would have to be true to my God," Reuben concluded.

One of the judges commented approvingly, "Your point is well taken."

"But cannot your church give you a dispensation, allowing you to bear arms?" another judge queried.

"No, sir," the Adventist soldier responded. "This is purely a personal matter—a matter between each individual and God."

"Didn't Israel fight by God's command?" still another judge asked speculatively. "It seems to me that they went into battle shouting something about a sword of the Lord and Gideon. Why do you say God does not permit you to fight?"

"It is true that God permitted Israel to fight, sir, but originally that was not His plan. He promised to send hornets and pestilence upon the idolatrous nations to drive them out of Canaan, but Israel lacked trust in Him. When in Gideon's army the men shouted, 'The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon,' the only weapons they had were a pitcher, a lamp, or torch, and a trumpet. The account says that God

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**B**OUND for hospital board and committee meetings in the islands of the Caribbean and Inter-America, I lined up at the ticket window in Union Station, Washington, D.C., to take delivery of passage already reserved. The crowded state of the station at that time almost reminded one of the recent wartime travel. Supposedly with plenty of time, the slow gait of the line to which I joined myself at first did not worry me. However, as I observed finally that a clergyman buying a ticket to apparently every corner of the States and over several lines was the cause of our delay, I counted my remaining fifteen minutes by seconds. Coming to the window at last, the agent said, "Here, take this part of your ticket and get the rest on the train." As I passed through the gate the trainman said, "That's right, this is your Miami train."

Out on the platform at my left I saw Pennsylvania Railroad coaches which would obviously be bound for the north, and on the right was the Atlantic Coast Line train, and my ticket was on the Atlantic Coast Line. Farther down the train an interested porter courteously asked my coach. "R-501," I answered, to which he replied, "Right on down the line, sir." At the designated opening the cheery porter responded with, "That's us; what's your number?" We were perhaps a half hour on our way south when the conductor called for tickets. "Not on this train you aren't," he said to my surprise. "This train's going to Savannah."

"Well, how come!" I exclaimed, "Where was the mistake? I must be in Miami tomorrow evening!"

He replied, "Well now, there is just one chance. You see, the train on the other

side of the platform was your train. It is running ahead of us a few minutes. We may possibly be in the same station with that train for a few minutes a little later this evening. I'll wire ahead to hold it if possible."

In a pouring rain I stepped from my coach into the arms of a waiting trainman, who inquired, "Are you the gentleman en route to Miami?"

"I hope to be," I answered.

"Well," he said, "we are holding a door open for you." My appreciation knew no bounds, and I expressed it freely as I now presented my ticket to the proper conductor and settled for my less-expensive accommodations at a saving of four dollars over what it would have been had I boarded the right train in Washington.

Among other things emphasized by this

experience, it takes more than conviction that you are right to *be* right. The fact remains that if you are wrong, it matters not how confident you may be to the contrary, you still are wrong. I felt no question at all that I was en route to Miami. This did not make it so. We may feel sure that the course we are taking in our Christian pathway is acceptable to God. We may compare our course with that of others, and conclude we are all right. The conviction that I was on my way to Miami would not have taken me to my chosen destination. Our life's destination is the kingdom of God. Jesus says, "I am the way . . . : no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." Have we unknowingly or otherwise attempted to achieve peace, contentment, and salvation by following a way of our own choosing? Learning my mistake, I was very unhappy until I was doing something about it, and on doing something about it I found an open door and welcome waiting me. It was my last, my only, chance to get to the one way leading to my destination. It is not enough to *believe* we are right; we must *be* right.

As my speedy Convair plane settled on the little airstrip in Kingston Harbor, Jamaica, I was met by Dr. Ted Horsley. Dr. and Mrs. Horsley had arrived only a few weeks before to join the staff of the Andrews Memorial Hospital. It was a real pleasure to be with our people again in Jamaica, both with the nationals and with the overseas workers. Perhaps in no part of the world, unless it be Central Africa, has our membership so rapidly outgrown church and educational facilities. Although our listed church membership stands at seventeen thousand, the government cen-

# CLIPPER TRAVEL



PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

## Inter-America Bound

By T. R. FLAIZ, M.D.



Port of Spain, Trinidad, a Typical British Colonial City, Is the Headquarters of Our Work for the Caribbean Union Mission. Here Also Is Our Caribbean Training College



sus shows more than thirty thousand Jamaicans professing the Advent faith among the million and a quarter inhabitants of this beautiful little island.

While some of us were studying the problems of our medical work, others were applying themselves to the expansion of the educational work. The old junior college at Mandeville, sixty miles up into the hills from Kingston, has become totally inadequate for the needs of Jamaican young people. With the completion of newly laid plans, a beautiful new college will be provided for a group of young people who a few months ago were able to stage an MV rally of twenty thousand, the largest gathering of any kind ever held on the island. This mass turning to the present truth on the part of thousands contrasts with the legendary lack of spirituality in the days of the fabulous pirate buccaneer, Captain Henry Morgan, who enigmatically required churchgoing of his profane sword-toting and gambling subjects, and gave emphasis to his orders by public whipping of the careless.

The second night of my stay in Jamaica I was awakened about 4 A.M. by a sharp, but not heavy, earthquake shock, with tremors lasting another twenty seconds. A few days later, reading a Florida newspaper of that date, I noted an item mentioning that a California observatory had picked up seismographic tracings pointing to an earthquake "three or four thousand miles southeast, perhaps in South America." Kingston was practically leveled by an earthquake in 1907; and about two hundred years before that the wicked pirate city of Port Royal, in this part of the island, was not only shaken down but dropped many fathoms beneath the sea. Divers have explored the now partly buried public buildings, churches, and other structures a hundred feet beneath the water of Kingston Harbor.

Among other interesting features of Jamaica's geology is her system of rivers both above and below ground. For so small an island there are some very fair-sized and beautiful rivers flowing down from the higher mountains. Most intriguing, however, are the underground rivers, which have a disconcerting way of overflowing above ground. A few days before our arrival heavy rains in the mountains had sent the surface rivers to destructive flood levels, and inspired strange antics by the waters under the earth. The people in a very productive little island valley, which had no visible outlet but which was well drained by the underground route, suddenly became aware that their little valley was being inundated. The waters rose rapidly, covering their farms, orchards, and homes until the floor of the valley was under some fifty feet of water, which in a few days just as mysteriously disappeared into the ground.

Three carloads of our hospital staff and friends accompanied Pastor H. L. Rudy and me to the airport as we enplaned for

San Juan, Puerto Rico. Although separated from the homeland by only three hours' flying time, our missionaries here are just as effectively separated from home and family associations as though they were in India or Africa. I know from experience the sentiments of these noble workers saying good-by to those who will in a few weeks be setting foot on the home soil.

Because of the frequent stops of this flight from Miami via Camagüey, Cuba; Antigua Bay and Kingston, Jamaica; Port-au-Prince, Haiti; Ciudad Trujillo, Santo

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## Recompense

By OLIVE C. LEARY

I planned on wind and sun next day,  
But windless rain came with the morning,

And taught me we can brighten gray.

At once she started in adorning  
Each willow branch of leafless gold

With pendant beads of silver rain,  
Like dewdrops sunlight just unrolled;

In such enchantment plans were  
vain.

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Domingo; and San Juan, Puerto Rico, it is dubbed the "Caribbean milk run," and is practically a daily service. It is difficult indeed for one to comprehend the vast expansion of air travel. Little out-of-the-way parts of the earth have suddenly become the crossroads of world travel. San Juan, known previously only as a port of call for the occasional Caribbean winter cruise ships, boasts one of the world's busiest airports. As the crowds line the counters to check on transportation, flights are called every few minutes for distant points such as Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, New York, Miami, and any number of shorter flights to nearby islands.

In San Juan, Puerto Rico, Pastor Eduardo Acosta, president of the conference, and Pastor A. P. Christiansen, the treasurer, kindly arranged our transportation to Mayagüez at the west end of this productive and beautiful island. Some thirty years ago Dr. William Dunscombe, who had seen mission service in Japan and in Africa, conceived the idea of self-supporting medical work in the West Indies, and chose Mayagüez as his location. Becoming very well established himself, he was happy indeed to be joined by his son, Dr. Colby Dunscombe, eight years

ago. The Dunscombe Clinic and its associates are perhaps the best-known medical practitioners in west Puerto Rico. The group now includes besides the Dunscombes, Doctors Charles Moore, Don Sargent, John Taylor, Ivan Angell, and Elmer Cornell.

Besides openings for additional physicians right in Mayagüez, there are opportunities for six or eight doctors in other parts of the island. Two of our Seventh-day Adventist physicians from the States are planning definitely to accept work in Puerto Rico, and we hope that a number of others will join this active mission group in the near future. What could be more consistent than that such a group of physicians, working in an area where hospitalization of patients is difficult, should seek for means of establishing a good Seventh-day Adventist sanitarium and hospital.

These doctors, having advanced substantial contributions toward the project for its initiation, now have the satisfaction of seeing their dreams materialize in concrete and steel. Looking out over the Caribbean from a wooded slope eight hundred feet above the town, this new institution is well along in its construction. Due to become a real credit to our denominational work, this sanitarium will provide seventy-five beds, and as soon as possible will make a place in its program for the training of nurses from all the Spanish-speaking islands of the West Indies.

Sabbath school in San Juan proved to be an interesting experience. Crowded into a building that was entirely inadequate, the church was seriously embarrassed for lack of space, and there was no break between classes. Every nook was filled to seating capacity, with children sharing chairs in their classes. The teacher of my class was perhaps a businessman, and did admirably in holding attention. A little to the right of my class I observed what I judged to be a sixteen-year-old girl teaching a class of young people, putting such animation into her work that the class members were not apparently aware that they were not the only individuals in this crowded, noisy Sabbath school. There were perhaps forty wide-eyed little children grouped around the rostrum at the beginning of church service as I told them a story of the children of India. I have never spoken to a more attentive audience than those in this Santurce church as I studied with them the evidences of our Saviour's soon return.

Sabbath evening we were invited to accompany several carloads of young people to the federal penitentiary, where our church has for some time been conducting Sabbath services for the prisoners. The prison housing is constructed as a six-story building around a court perhaps 150 by 250 feet. At the near side of this court on entry to the premises is a staging forty

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**E**LEVEN jagged scars bear witness to my nightly tours of duty in the psychopathic division of the local county hospital. As part of my duties as an orderly in this institution, I maintain medical and physical recovery of some twenty patients. If you have never had such a job, come along with me on my nightly circuit. As the evening progresses you will see that the amount of moral, physical, and spiritual liquidation in the human character is directly proportional to the quantity of alcohol consumed by the individual.

Before proceeding with our trek let me explain that this psychopathic division is divided into two sections. The first is for county jail prisoners needing medical attention. The second is reserved for patients under observation for mental illnesses. The hospital receives a daily fee from the sheriff's office for each prisoner receiving lodging at our institution.

Because a large percentage of our "guests" are of a violent nature, a deputy sheriff is on duty around the clock. Our building is a structure divided into seven cells, each with two steel-barred windows. Each room has only the barest essentials in the line of furniture, according to the mental, physical, and emotional state of the individual occupant. If the patient is not violent at the moment, we sometimes place him with several other occupants in a single cell. Our building is adequate in every detail, with one exception—it is not large enough to accommodate the thrill-seeking populace who try to drink their names into our ledger.

So much for the physical setup.

It is eleven at night. The piercing jangle of the phone calls us. The county jailer is sending us a young man who has been in a drunken brawl, and needs medical attention. "Is that you, Stan?" he asks. I notice a bored tone to his voice. He has booked another drunk. Shortly thereafter

# Liquid Liquidator

By STANLEY A. SMITH

a police car glides slowly to a stop. A quick glance reveals that our patient is no stranger. Since it is part of the admittance routine to obtain a patient's history, we are familiar with this man's family, occupation, age, and sundry other facts.

Our examination shows the new arrival to be in a severe alcoholic state. His injuries, however, are not serious, and the doctor writes a few orders and then leaves the patient in our custody. After the sheriff and I check his story and hospital record, we have a clear picture of just what alcohol has done to him.

This man is young in years but old in physical feature. His eyes have a faraway, glassy appearance. Dark shadows underline them. His billfold shows his picture when he was ten years younger. The vast difference in looks that has taken place in those few, short, hectic years is evident.

He had been popular and had many friends. At first he drank to be sociable, and he held his job satisfactorily, kept his health, and was rearing a happy family. When the family had some extra doctor bills and financial reverses, our patient found himself trying hard to obscure his worries by drinking. It was not long until he had been involved in a fight and had been jailed for two weeks.

When he was released he went back to

his job prepared to work, but he found that his vacancy had already been filled. He determined to stop drinking, but realizing that he was unemployed, Jim sought out his friends. One friend had an idea where he might get a job, and he felt inclined to take the drink that was offered.

The prospective employer wanted a few references and also a reason for his having quit his last job. Jim found that his former drinking companions would not recommend him, and his former employer had termed him an alcoholic. Consequently, he did not get the job. His wife was forced to find work. His three children were cared for by a relative while she worked, and he continued his search for work.

Jim finally borrowed some money and started a small business of his own. The business was doing well, but it involved selling his products to bars and liquor stores, and he soon found that his resolution to let alcohol alone was easily broken.

On his previous admittance to the hospital he had delirium tremens. Delirium tremens is an alcoholic state in which the patient has hallucinations. He sees and hears things that do not exist. He may be jubilant, remorseful, bitter, violent, or a combination of these moods! Jim had been convinced while in this condition that his oldest son had been run over by a large truck. He had become so violent that it was necessary to strap him to a bed. After we had administered proper medication he sobered up, but it took several days.

He was very much ashamed of his conduct and had vowed never to drink again. He was gradually losing his health, his pride was fading, and his fair-weather friends had left him. Former friends no longer came to see him

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Irving Browning

It Takes an Unusual Amount of Anesthetic to Prepare Our Patient for Surgery, Because His System Has Been So Drugged by Alcohol





# They Still SING

By ERNEST LLOYD

LOOKING through our *Church Hymnal* on a recent Sabbath afternoon, I noted the names of several well-known hymn writers and composers whom I had the pleasure of knowing about fifty years ago, and who were very active in those days. And though now asleep in their graves, "they yet speak," or perhaps I should say, *they still sing*. Let me tell you a few incidents regarding some of these famous gospel singers.

*Ira D. Sankey.* More than fifty years have passed since I first met Mr. Sankey at the old Battle Creek Sanitarium in Michigan. He had been associated for many years with Dwight L. Moody, the famous evangelist. Mr. Sankey was the song leader of the team and a gospel hymn writer of note. It was in the fall of 1899 that I met Mr. Sankey, and under very embarrassing circumstances. I was a student in the old Battle Creek College, and like many other students, I worked part time in the sanitarium across the street from the college.

I recall very easily a certain Sunday noon when Miss Aldrich, our lovely and gracious matron, drafted me to serve as a waiter in the sanitarium dining room. At the table assigned me sat a new patient, the famous Mr. Sankey. Just as I was approaching my table with a tray of delectable food, something happened to my feet! Possibly it was a slippery spot of floor polish, but down I went, dear reader, into a very "messy" situation. It is in an experience of this sort that a youth needs a friend. Mr. Sankey was just that to me. He helped me over an embarrassing experience, and I did appreciate his kind, fatherly attitude. The truly great, you know, are always sympathetic and helpful to those in trouble. I saw Mr. Sankey frequently during his stay at the sanitarium, and it was always a pleasure to serve him in some way.

Mr. Sankey and his pedal organ were quite inseparable, and the organ was waiting in his room when he arrived at the sanitarium, having been sent on ahead of him. His great public work with Mr. Moody was all in the past when he was at the sanitarium as a patient, but he still enjoyed playing his organ, singing, or working on a new gospel hymn. I was in his room one afternoon when he received from his publishers a special copy of his good hymn "Under His Wings," and at

his request I sang the tenor part while he carried the melody and played the organ. Patients gathered in the hall to listen; that is, to listen to Mr. Sankey, you understand.

Mr. Sankey's singing voice was powerful, melodious, and when he sang a solo he preached a sermon. His audience could hear every word he sang, and all were impressed with his sympathetic and appealing quality of voice. In those days I was second tenor in a student male quartet, and was happy to obtain suggestions and hints from this great gospel singer. And these were very helpful to me ten years later, when I became a song leader for evangelists in southern California.

Mr. Sankey composed the music for "The Ninety and Nine," the words of which he first saw in a London newspaper when traveling on a train with Mr. Moody en route to a series of meetings in Scotland. In their first meeting of the series Mr. Moody was given a great surprise when Mr. Sankey sat at his organ and sang the words of this now famous gospel hymn, composing the music impromptu as he progressed through the first stanza. It was an inspired experience, and his Scotch audience was thrilled by both the words and the melody. Mr. Sankey spent some of his last working days with the famous blind writer, Fanny Crosby, in the preparation of several gospel hymns. He passed away in 1908, but he still sings through his helpful hymns so widely used by Christian people.

*Peter P. Bilhorn.* When we think of Mr. Bilhorn we think of "My Name in Mother's Prayer," "Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love," "The Best Friend Is Jesus," and other gospel hymns that he gave to the world. Peter Bilhorn was a lover of music in his youth, and was often in demand as a violinist at parties and dances. But his good mother felt that he should be devoting his talents, for he was a singer as well as a player, to Christian work, and she prayed for him as only mothers can pray.

Late one night young Bilhorn returned home from a gay party. As he went to his bedroom he passed his mother's open door and heard his name mentioned. The mother was praying for Peter. The story of how her prayer touched his heart and led to his conversion is in his moving song "My Name in Mother's Prayer." We often



Ira D. Sankey and His Pedal Organ Were Quite Inseparable. It Was Waiting for Him in His Room When He Arrived at the Battle Creek Sanitarium

used it in youth meetings in those days, and many young persons have been blessed by its message.

I met Mr. Bilhorn one summer at the old Battle Creek Sanitarium. He was the guest of the institution for two weeks, and was enjoying a much-needed rest. He was

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Those Who Saw Fanny Crosby With Her Face Animated Will Never Forget Her Smile and the Glow of Good Cheer That Seemed to Radiate From Her Person



**S**ABBATH was drawing on—the first Sabbath since I had determined to keep all God's commandments. The captain had written on my request, "Approved for worship, disapproved for being excused from duty." Pastor Kinney, to whom I had turned for help, had written, "Hold fast. We will come the first of the week." But that did not solve the problem of *this* Sabbath. I faced the situation alone.

I rated liberty that night, so went to visit Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Durham, who had befriended me, to secure spiritual guidance and help. From their home I called Pastor Kinney, as he had told me to do. He assured me that he and a visiting minister would be out next week sometime, probably Monday or Tuesday, to straighten things out.

I asked him what I should do about standing inspection on the Sabbath. He informed me that other Adventist boys had taken the stand that barracks inspection was a necessary part of every day's activities. Even mothers inspect their children before they go to church on Sabbath morning.

I went to see the barracks petty officer and told him just what the situation was. He told me that I would be excused when it came time to hold field day, but that I must be present for inspection. That night I thanked God for offering me a solution and prayed earnestly that I would find a deeper trust in Him. I went to bed with the determination to keep the Sabbath with God's help.

I stood inspection that Sabbath morning and spent the rest of the day reading my Bible. I thought over how God had worked. If I had only trusted Him more, I would never have needed to worry, for Sabbath was nearly past and I was being allowed to keep it without hindrance. It had seemed as though I was facing a stone wall, but when I had gone steadily forward in faith it had vanished like a mirage.

Then there was next week to worry about. Would I be as fortunate that time? Pastor Kinney was supposed to come Monday or Tuesday. He did not come Monday or Tuesday or Wednesday. The week passed, and he did not appear.

Friday morning I was called up to the commander's office. He told me that he "had been doing some research" and had found a bureau letter on the subject of my request for Sabbaths off. He read the letter to me, which declared that there were a number of men in the Navy who kept another day than Sunday for the Sabbath and directed that these men be given the right to have their Sabbaths free, as far as was possible. He then informed me that I was to stay by on my duty week ends, but I would be required to do no work on Sabbath. However, on Sunday I must stand inspection by myself and be assigned to whatever duty the barracks petty officer desired to assign me. That was all right with me. I was perfectly satisfied with

# GOD LEADS!

By CHARLES W. JOHNSON - - - Part Three



*Photo Courtesy of the Author*

The Following Tuesday Morning We Put Out to Sea and Stayed Out for Nearly Two Weeks. Now Came the Test. Here Was My First Sabbath at Sea

such an arrangement. That night I got a letter from Pastor Kinney, telling me that he had come Thursday and had given the bureau letter to the chaplain, and the chaplain had talked to the captain and the executive officer.

However, now that I had Sabbath free I realized no benefit, for I finished primary school immediately after this experience. There were two secondary schools, one under the same command at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station and the other in Washington, D.C. Since I already had my Sabbath privileges at Great Lakes, I reasoned that I ought to stay there for secondary school. So I put in a request to that effect. It was disapproved, and I was transferred to the Naval Research Laboratory, Washington, D.C. On my graduation I was advanced in rate to electronic technician's mate, third class.

During the transfer I was obliged to spend a week end in the outgoing unit barracks where everyone is sent out on working parties every day except Sunday. On Friday evening I took my copy of the bureau letter and approached the warrant officer of the O.G.U. For a while he did not know for sure what he ought to do, but he finally decided to let me stay off the working party Saturday morning and to put me on one Sunday. Again God and I had won out!

My faith in God was increasing with every passing day as I saw that He was definitely with me. When I reached the Naval Research Laboratory I knew God would work out things for me once more. As soon as it was possible I put in my request for Sabbath privileges. There was several days' delay, but finally it was returned to me, approved by the whole chain of command, including the captain. I marveled greatly at this, for I had had such a hard fight before that I thought surely there would be another. I was thankful to God for again being with me.

Next day, just after classes were out, the word was passed that I was wanted in the captain's office "on the double." "What have I done now?" I thought.

I found him to be a jolly, smiling man. After introducing himself and the executive officer he began to tell me why he had called me over to see him. I shall always remember the first few words of that conversation. "Johnson," he said, "I respect a man for his religion as long as he really sticks up for it. Since you can't work on Saturday I want you to work in the chapel on Sunday, getting it ready for services. You will act somewhat as usher and do anything else the chaplain assigns you. Is that all right?"

"Yes, sir." And I meant it. From then until I graduated I was granted liberty



each week from Friday night until Sunday morning and again Sunday afternoon.

It all seemed too good to be true, and I still was praising God for it when I went to church on Sabbath. I told everyone how God had been working for me and how thankful I was to Him for it.

One Sabbath afternoon, while I was visiting in the home of one of the church members, I received a call from Pastor W. N. Wittenberg, of the Potomac Conference. He said he would like for me to meet him a little later that afternoon, for he had something to talk over with me. He came and picked me up, and we talked as he drove on our way to his home.

First he wanted me to tell him all about my conversion, and how I had made arrangements for Sabbaths off at Great Lakes Naval Training Station. When I had done so he told me that he had been talking to my commanding officer at the Naval Research Laboratory. The captain had called up the Potomac Conference office to learn whether I had been telling the truth. Pastors Wittenberg and C. S. Longacre had made an appointment to speak to him personally and had spent about two hours telling him why I must have Sabbath off. Though they had never seen me or even known that I existed, they explained to him the reasons for my faith. I was told that at first the captain was very much opposed to giving me Sabbath privileges, but it appears he was only testing, for he was smiling when he signed the request, and then he said that he wanted to be sure Adventists would really stick up for what they believe. That is why later he had said to me, "I respect a man for his religion as long as he sticks up for it."

Up to this time I had been in 'noncombatant duty going to school, but I knew that the situation would change, because I would soon be going to sea. I took the matter to God, and then went to the commanding officer and told him that I not only kept the Sabbath but also was a non-combatant. I asked him whether it was possible for him to secure a noncombatant status. He said that such a thing did not exist in the Navy. Then he advised me to apply for a discharge. "Such people as you just don't belong in the Navy," he said. So I wrote a letter to the Bureau of Naval Personnel requesting a discharge on the grounds that I am noncombatant and that the Navy has no place for noncombatant personnel.

Later, after I had transferred aboard ship, I received their reply. They refused my request for a discharge, but gave me what I really wanted. In effect it was a noncombatant status, for they directed that a notice of the fact that I had declared myself noncombatant be placed in my service records and that I be dealt with as such, should an emergency occur which necessitated the bearing of arms.

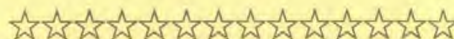
I graduated after four months at N.R.L. After a short leave I was assigned to a destroyer tender. Such a ship spends nearly

all its time in the harbor and carries men and equipment for making repairs on destroyers. I was assigned, of course, to electronic repair.

I looked back to the time I joined the Navy, then to the time when I decided to take my stand for God. Then I recalled my experience in O.G.U., my good fortune in getting Sabbaths off at N.R.L., and the fact that perhaps I was the only one in the Navy who was officially non-combatant. Each experience was a stone wall that had faded into a mirage when I kept going forward in faith. It was very clear to me that God was in it. God had planned all this, for things could not possibly have worked themselves out accidentally in such a way. When I had put



**"It's no wonder some people are dog tired at night; all they do is growl all day!"**



in the request for a discharge I had prayed that God would provide a way for me to remain in the Navy and yet be non-combatant. That is exactly what He had done.

With these thoughts of confidence in my heart I went aboard ship. Here was a little different proposition, I thought, for on land stations it was possible to go on liberty when Sabbath came. How would it be when we were out at sea under way? But along with these thoughts came the firm conviction that God had brought me this far, and He would not suddenly forget me. Whatever His plan for me was, it would be worked out in His own way. As it happened, going to sea was no problem at all, for the tender seldom went to sea, and never on week ends!

As soon as possible I went to the repair division officer and explained what I had explained at three other places: I was a Sabbathkeeper, and requested to be excused from duty on Sabbath. He would not answer, but sent me to the executive officer, who sent me to the electronic repair officer. He went to see the executive himself and told him that unless I changed my views I would have to be transferred, for he did not want me. I did not change, but neither was I transferred. Near the end of the week I approached the chief petty officer directly over me and asked whether it would be possible for me to be transferred to another division of the same ship where I would not be working under the repair officer. The chief asked me, "Do you want to stay in this gang?"

"Sure," I replied, "if I can have Sabbaths free."

"I'll see to that," he said.

I heard no more about it, so I decided I ought to make out a formal request so that definite action would have to be taken before Sabbath. I took the request to my superior. When I asked him to sign it he said, "Never mind about that; I straightened that out with the 'exec.' You'll have every Friday night and Saturday off but will be required to work on Sunday any time there is any work that needs to be done then." That was generous. I imagined I would no doubt stay on the tender for the rest of my time in the Navy.

One week end I went to Loma Linda, California, to spend a Sabbath with my uncle and his family. I returned to the ship about six o'clock Sunday morning. I woke up one of my buddies to inquire whether I would be required to work that day. His only answer was, "You've been transferred!" I could hardly believe him, but the executive officer's yeoman soon verified it. I was supposed to have transferred on Sabbath, but since I was not there I had to transfer Sunday. It was not long before I had packed all my clothing and belongings and was on the way to my new ship.

The very next morning, early, we got under way for San Francisco. On the tender I had seen only a day or two at sea, but now I would seldom be in port. Because of this, the problem I had anticipated now became real. I was going to have to spend Sabbaths at sea. I approached my superior officer as soon as it was convenient and told him that I could not work on the Sabbath. When I told him why he said it would be perfectly all right with him as long as I would always be willing to work on Sunday.

We spent the first week end at San Francisco, and I was in the section that received liberty for the entire time, from Friday afternoon until Sunday morning. The following Tuesday morning we put out to sea and stayed out for nearly two weeks. Now came the test. Here was my first week end at sea.

*(To be concluded)*





# SCHOOL & SPIRIT

By L. N. HOLM

President of Atlantic Union College

**N**OTHING is more heartening to a college administrator than to find a wholesome spirit in the institution that he serves.

I stepped into the corridor where some leaders of our school-paper campaign were assembled in a group, and overheard one of them say, "I think our campaign will go well this year. I've never seen so much school spirit." I knew what they meant. There was a goal to be reached that fired them with a kind of unbounded enthusiasm, that sometimes expresses itself in a sort of abandon. The people concerned may do things that in themselves seem rather trivial and silly, such as taking part in yells, campaign songs, and that type of thing. You know what I mean.

I recall very well when our daughter was born. We had two boys, and we wanted a girl very much. I remember one time when Mrs. Holm and I were talking

about a suitable name for the prospective arrival, I remarked, "If it's a girl, I'll hang my hat on top of the flagpole!"

"Silly," you say, "for a man thirty-five years old to indulge in such foolishness." Maybe, and maybe not. After all, it may mean that back of that expression is a power of which this is only symbolical. You can tell something of the might and power of a waterfall by the foam that gathers at its base and the mist that rises from the canyon.

I used to stand before a Fourth of July poster entitled *The Spirit of '76* and was somewhat awed by the animation pictured. There was the drummer boy out in front, his flaxen curls flying in the breeze. By his side was a man playing a flute, and another was carrying the colors. Following with determined mien was the patriot army. Was that the spirit of '76? It was symbolical of it. The true spirit of '76, we recognize, was much deeper, and we catch

a glimpse of it in the speech of Patrick Henry: "We shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations. . . . Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!" Or in the less-impassioned words of Ralph Waldo Emerson: "For what avail the plough or sail, or land, or life, if freedom fail?" Or in the quiet resignation of Nathan Hale, who at the hour of execution said, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

Again we see the spirit of '76 flowing at its depths as the footprints of the soldiers of the Continental Army at Valley Forge can be traced by drops of blood in the snow; or we hear the fervent prayer of George Washington as he kneels on the frozen ground and asks God to give success to the cause of freedom; or Robert Morris as he went from door to door at midnight, wakening his friends and begging of them their lifetime savings, that the patriot army might be fed and clothed.

I suppose it could be safely said that the most important single thing in a college is its spirit. Just what do we mean when we talk about *school spirit*? We recognize it in many ways and phases.

*It is the spirit of simple thoughtfulness and friendliness* manifested in so many ways. It is seen in the cheery greeting that refuses to know what it means to be snobbish. We recognize it in a kind, thoughtful, and courteous attitude in classroom, dining hall, and library; on the campus, in public conveyance, and in the community. I talked with a prominent educator not long ago, and he said to me, "I sometimes feel that education is a failure. Men of science have learned to split the atom, but they have not learned how to teach young people to be kind and thoughtful." I challenge you to make it a part of the spirit of Atlantic Union College.

*It is the spirit of diligence and application.* One day a young man came into my office and berated the college mercilessly because, he said, "this institution puts too much emphasis on grades and paying your bills." "Would you come here," I said, "if



H. L. Phillips

The Prayer Band is a mighty factor in building the spirit of devotion to God that is so distinctive of Seventh-day Adventist colleges. Ours is a religion of faith, and we must fill the sails of life with truth instead of doubt.



we did not give grades? Would there be any school to come to if patrons did not pay their bills?" I agreed with him that there could be a danger of overemphasis, but I also pointed out that grades are indicative of power and of the growth of the possessor, and are almost without exception the concomitant of diligence and application.

*It is the spirit of cooperation*, and this means more than participation in the things we like and want to do. Many of the things you are going to have to do in life you probably would not choose to do. College is a good place to learn to do things that need doing, even though they are somewhat unattractive and disinteresting at times. College is a good place to learn to do teamwork. When a campaign or a new program of some kind is started, how do you relate yourself to it? Do you get into it and do your share, or do you hang back and let someone else do it? Do you take advantage of your opportunities to grow socially? There are some young people who come to college who have not developed the social graces and do not seem to fit into a program where young people are gathered together. To separate yourself from these things tends

only to make you antisocial, whereas taking part in the fun and mixing with other young people will help you to adjust and become more agreeable in any group with which you associate. If a thing is proper to do, get in with the group and enjoy it. If it is not the proper thing to do, you live in a democracy, and you have a perfect right to challenge it.

*It is the spirit of sacrifice.* The days ahead will require of us greater sacrifice than we now realize. Today the free nations of the world are girding themselves to make greater sacrifices than ever before, in the hope that this freedom of which Henry and Emerson spoke may be maintained. We must share in that sacrifice. Blood, sweat, and tears is the price we shall pay. But you and I, young friends, must do more than that. We must strive not only to make men free from physical bondage but also to make them free from the bondage of sin. We must never forget that along with the call to save the nations we have a call to serve God and fulfill His commission to us for this hour. So whether that service calls you to minister to the dying on the field of battle, in the training camp, or by the fireside, you must never forget that your greatest and most

important duty is to speak the word in season and out of season to him that is weary and point mankind to the only complete remedy for all earthly ills.

Again, there must develop within us as a part of our educational growth a *spirit of service*. We must be less concerned about marking off time by the clock and more concerned that we do all we can. Only that is enough. You have heard it said, "If you need something done and done well, ask a busy man." Do you want to make your life dynamic? Then get busy.

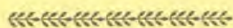
*It is the spirit of loyalty and honor.* I suppose no one would admit being disloyal, but a lack of loyalty may be demonstrated by simple neutrality—a do-nothing spirit. Our school-paper campaign is an example. Some say, "I think the school paper is just a useless piece of nonsense." I do not think so, but for hypothetical purposes let us agree, and I come back to my analogy that the least we can say is that it is the mist above the mighty cataract, the power of which may bring an effulgence of light to great areas round about.

Expression of doubt with regard to our denominational beliefs, based quite largely

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## The Slacker

By H. NORMAN PRUSIA



THEY had lived on the same block all their brief lives, and though their habits were nearly opposite, they were the best of friends. Joe was the kind of boy who did just enough to "get by." He knew that the ones who were always busy were wasting their time. Had he not always enjoyed life as much as any of his young friends? In school had he not always managed to pass?

Tom was a conscientious young man, always willing to do more than his part. He thought that being scrupulous about his relations with his friends was important. He was not a brilliant student, but because of his studying habits he managed to maintain a good record.

They were drafted into the Navy together and were sent to the same "boot camp." Joe thought it was all pretty much

of a joke and never hesitated to dodge anything that he considered distasteful. But Tom was learning all he could about ships, airplanes, fire fighting, swimming, and all the other important things taught. Tom warned his friend that it might be important to him personally to know those things. Joe laughed and said he had managed to survive so far, and now was no time to change his way of living.

Then both shipped out to sea, fortunately on the same ship—a long and rolling destroyer. Joe fitted into his new life easily, and soon knew most of the crew. Tom made friends a little more slowly, but made lasting friends. Joe neglected to write home, because he was too busy living. Tom spent much of his spare time writing letters home and getting acquainted with the gear on the ship.

Then suddenly they were in enemy waters, a very small part of a great fleet. Both were assigned watches near the stern of the ship.

One morning when they had both wearied of their watches, general quarters sounded, and they knew they were face to face with the reality of war. Tom felt as confident as possible in the situation, but Joe for the first time felt a little regret for the things he had not done.

As it turned out, nothing happened except that a fire broke out below deck, and they were called to help extinguish it. Joe was helping man a hose when they went into the compartment, and because he had skipped fire-fighting classes, he forgot to keep low, and suffered first-degree burns about the face and hands. This experience shook him considerably, but in a few days he was as well as ever.

Then came another engagement. This time it was the real thing. A light shell struck forward from their position, and there was a deafening explosion. Tom and Joe regained consciousness when they struck the water. The concussion had swept them from the deck.

They found themselves in a rolling and tossing sea. Tom was buoyed up by his life jacket and managed to keep afloat till he was picked up by another ship. Joe had neglected to put on his life jacket, and since no one could help him for an hour, he went down.

We meet Joes and Toms every day. Whose example do you wish to follow?



# ADVENT YOUTH IN ACTION



## Distinction for Oneida

H. W. Bass, Reporting

The Oneida Missionary Volunteer Society was the first in the New York Conference to reach the Paris Youth's Congress goal. In sending in their check for \$6.90, this small but active society gained the distinction of leading all the other societies and churches in the conference in this worthy endeavor.

## Lake Union Youth Rally

E. N. Wendth, Reporting

From the warm, friendly welcome Friday evening to the colorful mission pageant Sabbath afternoon, Emmanuel Missionary College's recent youth rally inspired the twenty-five hundred in attendance to enlist for a greater sharing of their faith in such a time as this.

Planned and directed by the college Missionary Volunteer Society leaders, the two-day rally, in spite of uncertain wintry weather, drew hundreds from Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois. Lee Spencer, senior theological student and society leader, with his corps of loyal, hard-working assistants, presented a program that will demonstrate its real value only as time fulfills the vision of service inspired there.

Pastor L. A. Skinner, of the General Conference Missionary Volunteer Department, was the featured speaker. Other strong help was given by the MV secretaries for the Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Lake Region conferences.

The opening meeting featured an interview type program with Pastor John Miklos, of the Michigan Conference, leading out. "Why I am called of God" was discussed by students representing the various fields of study. Two ex-servicemen advised those of draft age to stay in school, study hard, and when called, to go courageously sharing their faith with fellow soldiers.

The foreign missions pageant inspired 130 to pledge their willingness to serve in foreign lands, as Pastor D. W. Hunter, Lake Union MV secretary, pledged his willingness with an announcement of his acceptance of a call to return to India.

Foreign students now studying at the college, students born overseas of missionary parents, and faculty members who have had missionary experience joined in the Sabbath afternoon's pageant and call to missions. To the stirring strains of Fred Waring's arrangement of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" these seventy-three members of the college family marched down the

center aisle of the gymnasium carrying banners naming the eighteen countries they represented. The procession was made colorful by many native costumes and foreign flags, which formed the background of the stage.

## Off to a Good Start

The leaders of the Takoma Park, Maryland, Emvees told the assembled members at the first society meeting in 1951 that they intended to make the year one to be remembered for its activity. Allan Hale, the leader, introduced all the new officers, and Pastor E. W. Dunbar, our world youth leader, told of the Paris Youth's Congress plans and what would be expected of each Emvee in order to make this great meeting possible in the summer of 1951.

The second program of the month was planned by Karen Kellogg, one of the associate leaders, who presented "The Women of the Bible." Sue Callis as Rebecca, Marion Hill as Esther, Evelyn Per-

due as Mary, and Dorothy Morgan as Dorcas gave a graphic view of these women in the time of their decision for service in God's army of witnesses, while Alma Walker, narrator, told again the familiar stories of the part these women played in God's great plan.

*The MV Crusader* for that week announced the next week's program: "Their Hearts Were Touched"—in the courtroom, in the jungle, on the deathbed—touched by the sound of a simple hymn, the strains of a Christian-played violin, the song of a prisoner." The program arranged by Marjorie Hild, another associate leader, featured the power of music and introduced Mary Brownsberger, narrator; Pauline Klady, organist; Carol Russ and Sydney King, vocalists, who sang "Does Jesus Care?" and "The Holy City"; and Marjorie Tryon and Charles MacIntosh, violinists, who played "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name" as a duet.

For the last meeting in January, Russell



Photo by E. N. Wendth

A Last-Minute Check of Plans for the Emmanuel Missionary College Youth Rally, Which Attracted Twenty-five Hundred, Is Here Being Made by Pastor D. W. Hunter, Lake Union Conference MV Secretary; Lee Spencer, Leader of the College Society; and Pastor L. A. Skinner, Associate Secretary of the General Conference MV Department



Argent, still another associate leader, invited Pastor J. T. Cannon, who recently was called to the Potomac Conference from the British Isles, to tell of the miracles God wrought to further His work in Darby, England, where the prejudice against Seventh-day Adventists was great. Helen Wheeler, a student at Washington Missionary College, sang "One Day" and "The End of the Road."

#### Gratitude From Italy

Emmanuel Missionary College students and teachers recently united in a project to provide our training school in Italy with a tape recorder. The following letter came to Dr. P. W. Christian, E.M.C. president, in response to his note informing Principal G. Cupertino, head of Istituto Adventista, that a tape recorder had been ordered for his school. We pass this letter on to you unedited.

"Istituto Adventista  
Di Cultura Biblica  
Villa Aurora, Via del Pergolino  
Firenze  
25 Dec. 1950

"Mr. P. W. Christian  
President of  
Emmanuel Missionary College  
Berrien Springs, Michigan, U.S.A.

"DEAR BROTHER CHRISTIAN,

"I received your kind letter; I thank you for the good news it contained, Mr. Christian.

"Let me say the joy we had in reading that you are planning to send a new tape recorder. Really you did much more than we were expecting. Constantly we realize the good spirit the brethren overseas have for us. This give to our School Faculty courage and inspiration to push on the

work in this desolated land where the darkness cover so many places.

"This useful instrument will help our students to have a better training. Our message is the best the world have today, and we are to be prepared to give it in the strongest and powerful manner. I cannot express my feelings as I would, but you surely understand. May God give to you, your family and to all living in Berrien Springs (where I spent one night in 1946, during the General Conference) His best blessings. In the name of the Training School of the Italian Union in Florence I renew the expression of our gratitude for the splendid gift you made.

"With my best wishes, I remain,

"Sincerely yours,

"G. CUPERTINO, Principal."

#### Personal Evangelism at P.U.C.

Forty-six persons have been baptized as a direct result of the personal evangelism work being carried forward by the faculty and students of Pacific Union College, and an interest has been shown on the part of many others. Fifteen branch Sabbath schools, or story hours, have grown out of this crusade, and a number of adults have been reported interested as a result of this work. The first church was organized a few weeks ago.

#### Evangelistic Activities

Sixteen members of the public and field evangelism class at La Sierra College have opened a twelve-week evangelism series in Colton, California, under the direction of Pastor Thomas Blincoe, instructor in evangelism. Meetings, announced as "Collegians for Christ," are held each Sunday and Friday night at the Colton

S.D.A. church, where student speakers deliver thirty-minute sermons. Dr. Ola Gant, head of the home economics department, is scheduled to give a series of demonstrations on healthful food preparation as a regular part of the effort.

Similar evangelistic programs have been carried on in nearby Upland and Beaumont during the past two years. This year's series is designed to be a practical presentation of the life and teachings of Jesus, especially adapted to 1951, states Pastor Blincoe, and the meetings are for people of all faiths and creeds, and for those who know neither the Bible nor God.

#### Cadet Corps Bivouac

John H. Hancock, Reporting

Under command of Harry Garlick, the Medical Cadet Corps in southeastern California assembled at San Pasqual recently for the first battalion bivouac in our conference since the corps has been reactivated. Twenty-five tents were pitched on the San Pasqual Academy campus in the big eucalyptus grove to house the cadets who engaged in the week-end operation. Friday evening a special devotional service was given by Pastor Thomas Blincoe, acting chaplain, and the Sabbath morning sermon was delivered by Pastor H. H. Hicks. "How Servicemen May Share Their Faith" was the subject of the round-table discussion in the afternoon, during which time helpful suggestions were given to the men by Pastors J. R. Nelson, Clark Smith, and the writer. A number of ex-servicemen told their experiences and gave information that will aid the cadets in soul winning when they are called into the service.

The peaceful sleep of the cadets was disturbed at 1:30 Sunday morning when the battalion was alerted to rescue thirty "wounded soldiers." As the medics advanced under cover of darkness along the road and through the hills, they suffered about twenty "technical casualties" from "booby traps" and "enemy" sniper fire. All "wounded" men were successfully evacuated, and the cadets learned valuable tactical skills. Sunday morning Captain Garlick reviewed the entire battalion on the parade grounds. With every passing day the importance of the Medical Cadet Corps becomes more and more apparent. More young men are seeking to get the training.

#### Accreditation

State accreditation for teacher training has been awarded to Pacific Union College by the California Department of Education. This means that students finishing the teacher-training program at P.U.C. will receive State teaching credentials which will allow them to teach in any school in California—public or parochial. In addition it means acceptance of P.U.C.'s educational program, recognition of the

—Please turn to page 21

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## A Motto

By HELENE SUCHE WOLLSCHLAEGER

(For the timid ones)

If you cannot talk to your neighbor about Jesus,  
Talk to Jesus about your neighbor.

(For the aggressive workers)

Before you talk to your neighbor about Jesus,  
Talk to Jesus about your neighbor.

## A Promise

(For both)

The more you talk to Jesus about your neighbor,  
The easier it will be, and the more effective,  
To talk to your neighbor about Jesus.



# Juniors



Keystone

When School Started That Morning Bernie Was Sitting in Chat's Seat in the Rear of the Room, and Chat Was in Bernie's Place Directly in Front of the Teacher. Because They Were Identical Twins, No One Could Tell the Difference, Not Even the Teacher

## Keeping Up the Record

By **ETTA W. SCHLICHTER**

**W**HEN the Alden twins were born Mrs. Alden firmly withstood the misguided pleas of relatives to call them May and Fay, or Selma and Velma, or even Charlotte and Dorothy, which might be shortened to Lottie and Dottie.

"I don't want them exactly alike," said she. "It wouldn't be fair. I want them to have individuality." So she poured oil on the troubled waters of family argument by naming them for the two grandmothers.

Despite the dissimilarity of their names and of their clothing, the twins were as alike as peas in a pod. They grew up the same height, the same weight, the same coloring. Not only that—they thought alike, acted alike, and had the same voices and little mannerisms. Bernie would start a sentence; Charity would finish it. Charity would utter a sentiment; Bernie echoed it. There was plenty of individuality as compared with other girls, but as for themselves—

"Two souls with but a single thought, Two hearts that beat as one," their mother laughingly quoted, and once when a newly married couple moved into the neighborhood, it was remarked, "They're as devoted as the Alden twins." "What's the harm in being alike?" asked Chat.

"We can't help it," added Bernie. Nevertheless, they did what they could to identify themselves. Chat combed her hair straight back. Bernie parted hers a little to one side.

"One of us might wear glasses," laughed Chat.

"Or carry an ear trumpet," giggled Bernie.

"We might have individual color schemes," suggested Chat. "I could stick to blues and greens, and you to pinks and yellows."

"Or if we did it the other way, people would remember 'blue for Bernie,'" said Bernie. So while shades as well as materials varied, Bernie's dresses and ribbons were always blues or greens, and Chat's were pinks or yellows. Their brown hair, gray-brown eyes, and healthy complexions made one color as becoming as another.

One afternoon as the two girls were coming home from school, Bernie clapped her hand to her face. "O Chat, I have the awfulest toothache."

Chat looked surprised. "You have!" she exclaimed. "Why, I haven't." They both burst out laughing at the absurdity of sharing even their toothaches.

"We'd better stop at the dentist's," said Chat.

"But he's never at his office on Monday," said Bernie.

"Maybe mother could tell you something to do," said Chat.

But Mrs. Alden could do no better than



to suggest a little home remedy and a hot-water bottle. All evening the tooth ached and ached.

"It's the very worst time it could have happened," groaned Bernie. "I have my poem to memorize for English class tomorrow, and I just can't do it, and we haven't missed a single lesson this year, or been behind with any of our reports. Now I'll break the record."

Miss Ainsworth, the English teacher, had given each member of the class a different poem to memorize, and had one recited at each recitation. She was firm about the recitation's being letter perfect. Tuesday was Bernie's day.

"Wouldn't Miss Ainsworth let you exchange with Chat?" asked Mrs. Alden.

"Chat said hers Friday."

"Bernie comes first alphabetically," explained Chat, "but this time Miss Ainsworth began with the Z's, Bernie's the last on the list, so there isn't anybody to exchange with."

"But wouldn't Miss Ainsworth excuse you under the circumstances?"

"Oh, yes! But you see, Mother, we'd be lowering the standard. We've never been behind with a single thing this year."

"I'll tell you what, Bernie," said Chat, "I'll memorize the poem tonight, and maybe your tooth will be all right in the morning, and I'll recite it for you on the way to school, and you can get it that way. We've often learned things that way."

So Bernie went to bed with her cheek pressed to the hot-water bottle, and Chat memorized the poem.

Bernie had a bad night. The girls stopped at the dentist's on the way to school and had the tooth treated. The pain was eased, but Bernie was too shaky to memorize the poetry. "It breaks our record for the year," said she, tears rolling down her cheeks.

"I know," said Chat, overflowing with sympathy, "but we can't help it."

"I might have gone Friday afternoon," lamented Bernie. "I felt that ache coming on." She was so distressed that Chat

longed to comfort her. Suddenly an idea struck.

"I have it, Bernie. Come quick!" She seized Bernie by the hand and hurried her to school, and the two ran to the cloak-room. Luckily it was empty, for they were early.

Hastily they slipped out of their dresses and each put on the other's. Bernie pushed her hair straight back from her forehead, while Chat parted hers on one side. Then they walked demurely into the classroom, and Bernie took Chat's seat in the rear of the room, and Chat sat in Bernie's place directly in front of Miss Ainsworth.

English class was first in the morning. Miss Ainsworth never called a roll, but

**To be happy ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others.**

*—Sir John Lubbock.*

marked her record after simply glancing at the seats.

"We'll have our poem first," she said. "Charity, it is your day." Both girls jumped. "Oh, no," smiled Miss Ainsworth, "it is Bernie's turn." She looked directly at Chat, who swallowed a lump in her throat, and after just a moment's hesitation, recited the poem perfectly. Miss Ainsworth smiled approval and marked her record.

The girls remained in the study hall at recess, and at noon eluded the other girls and walked home together. Nobody had noticed the deception.

"Well," said Chat after a thoughtful silence, "it worked."

"Yes," said Bernie, "but somehow—"

"I wonder—"

"If it was mean?"

"Shall we tell mother?"

"We know what *she'll* say."

"It was—now that we think it over."

"No, I guess it wasn't strictly honest."

"We never cheated in our lives before."

"Cheated! Oh, do you suppose it was that?"

"We'll have a few minutes before lunch. Let's ask mother if she can spare us to run down to Consultation Corner."

Mother smiled. Consultation Corner, the canopied bench in the back yard where the twins took all their problems for discussion, had become a place of so many important decisions that Mrs. Alden never put any obstacles in the way of the girls' going there. She asked no questions, for the girls had always confided in her, and she knew she'd hear about it later.

They came back with grave faces. "It must be something serious," reflected Mrs. Alden a little anxiously.

Noon recess over, the twins walked back to school. Entering the English room, Chat spoke. "Miss Ainsworth," she said, "may we come in and talk to you a few minutes after school? We have something—"

"Something to confess," interrupted Bernie. "It's I, rather than Chat."

"Oh, no!" said Chat.

"Confess?" said Miss Ainsworth, surprised. "Certainly you may come."

Miss Ainsworth had an uneasy feeling of something wrong. Why should the Alden twins have anything to confess? Their record had been wonderful, not only for scholarship, but for absolute straightforwardness. She hated to think they had done anything to mar it. Whatever it was, they were honest enough to confess. Perhaps it wasn't anything after all. Still they did look troubled, and that was unusual for the lighthearted pair.

Immediately after dismissal they came. Miss Ainsworth was alone.

"Miss Ainsworth," began Chat, "we didn't mean to, but we've really practiced a deception."

"We didn't think of it that way," added Bernie, "but we've decided that we really cheated."

Miss Ainsworth was aghast. Cheating

## King of the Air, No. 12 - By Harry Baerg

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1. Eric and his attractive bride found a tall pine tree at the head of a large inland lake. They quickly built a nest on it made of big sticks and lined it with grass.



2. Here Elsie laid her eggs and hatched her young ones. Year after year this pair of interesting eagles raised their brood, fed on the lake shore, and sailed high in the air.



3. They did no harm to anyone and ate mostly coarse fish that infested the water or died of themselves, but even then some trigger-happy hunters tried to shoot them down.



4. In spite of everything, this faithful pair lived for fifty years in kindly dignity on their high throne and in the air, fit emblems of the wonderful land they chose to live in.



was so entirely outlawed in the ethics of the school that to think of it in connection with, of all the pupils, the Alden twins was impossible.

"You see," said Bernie with deep self-abasement, "I had a terrible toothache, so I just couldn't study my poem."

"Your poem! What poem?"

"My recitation this morning."

"But you recited your poem this morning."

"No, Miss Ainsworth," said Chat, "I recited it."

Miss Ainsworth was bewildered. "Why, Charity," said she, "of course you didn't. What are you talking about? Bernie sat right there on the front seat and recited her poem. I remember it clearly."

"No, Miss Ainsworth, that was Chat. We exchanged seats," said Bernie.

"And clothes," supplemented Chat.

"Will you girls please tell me exactly what you are driving at?" said Miss Ainsworth in as severe a tone as she could muster, and dropping her eyes to hide a growing twinkle of amusement.

"I had a toothache yesterday afternoon and all night. Dr. White was out of his office, so I couldn't do anything about it," said Bernie.

"Really, Miss Ainsworth," broke in Chat, "she simply couldn't study for the pain."

"I tried, but I couldn't get my mind off my tooth."

"So I said I'd learn it, and maybe if the ache got better by morning, I could recite it to her on the way to school, and she could learn it that way."

"We often do, but you see I had to stop first at the dentist's, and he hurt me a good deal, and when he was through—"

"So when she found she couldn't learn it in that short time—"

"And we'd never been late with our work this year—"

"We didn't think of anything but keeping our record up, Miss Ainsworth, and it was all my fault, because I suggested to Bernie that we exchange our looks—"

"Oh, no, Miss Ainsworth, it wasn't any more Chat's fault than mine."

"You've known about this memory work for two weeks," said Miss Ainsworth, interrupting. "Why did you put off learning your poem till the last minute?"

"Well, you see," said Bernie, "Friday was Chat's poem, and we had that to learn."

"So we thought we'd get that off first," said Chat, "and then take up Bernie's."

"But what had Bernie to do with your poem?" asked Miss Ainsworth.

"We got it together," said Bernie.

"We always do," added Chat.

"But you surely didn't have to memorize each other's assignments," said Miss Ainsworth.

"No, but we've always done that way," said the excited twins together.

"What about your reports?"

## Crossword Puzzle

### Esau Sells His Birthright

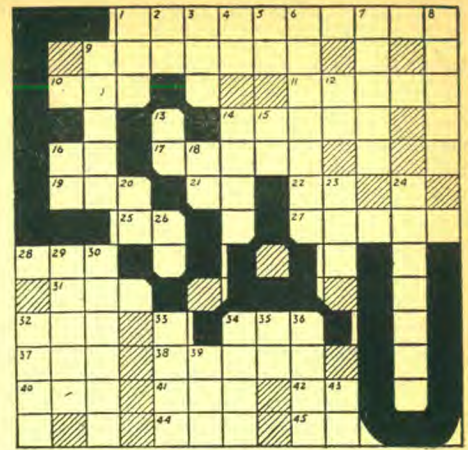
Genesis 25

#### Across

- 1 "thus Esau despised his . . . " :34
- 9 "And Jacob said . . . " :29
- 10 Crafty
- 11 Mass of nerve tissue inside the skull
- 14 "Then Jacob gave Esau . . . " :34
- 16 Seventh tone in the scale
- 17 "and he did eat and . . . " :34
- 19 Single unit
- 21 "Behold, I am . . . the point to die" :32
- 22 Exclamation of disgust
- 25 "what profit shall this birthright . . . to me" :32
- 27 "all over like an . . . garment" :25
- 28 His Imperial Highness (abbr.)
- 31 Heavenly body
- 32 "a . . . of the field" :27
- 34 Compensation for professional services
- 37 "because he did . . . of his venison" :28
- 38 "and Esau came from the . . . " :29
- 40 Hole made in one stroke
- 41 Unit of measure
- 42 Exclamation of surprise
- 44 "with that same . . . portage" :30
- 45 "Sell . . . this day thy birthright" :31

#### Down

- 1 "And the . . . s grew" :27
- 2 Neuter pronoun
- 3 Religious Tract Society (abbr.)
- 4 Traffic Auditor (abbr.)
- 5 High German (abbr.)
- 6 "but . . . loved Jacob" :28
- 7 Prods
- 8 "dwelling in . . . " :27
- 9 "Jacob was a . . . man" :27
- 12 Egyptian sun god
- 13 Newspaper item
- 14 Small pieces



© W. A. Wilde Co.

- 15 Registered Nurse (abbr.)
- 16 "Jacob said, Swear . . . me this day" :33
- 18 Same as 12 down
- 20 Short for Edgar
- 23 "rose up, and went his . . . " :34
- 24 Esau was the . . . of Jacob
- 26 "and portage . . . lentiles" :34
- 29 "And . . . loved Esau" :28
- 30 "Esau was a cunning . . . " :27
- 32 Food
- 33 At a great distance
- 34 " . . . me, I pray thee" :30
- 35 Hebrew word for deity
- 36 "therefore was his name called . . . " :30
- 39 Wrath
- 43 "and . . . was faint" :29

—Key on page 22

"You mean like the Brownings?" asked Bernie.

"The time you gave Robert Browning to Bernie and Elizabeth Barrett to me?" asked Chat. "We both did them both."

"Doubled your work?"

"Well, we didn't think of it that way. You see, we always work together."

"Why didn't you tell me about your toothache instead of getting up a masquerade?"

The twins were crestfallen.

"Of course, Miss Ainsworth," said Chat, "it was absolutely wrong of us. But we did it in such a hurry it didn't strike us that way till it was over."

"All we thought about," said Bernie, "was not spoiling our record. It's so near the end of the year."

"We'll do anything to atone, Miss Ainsworth," promised Chat.

"When are you going to have your poem memorized, Bernie?" asked Miss Ainsworth.

"I know it now," said Bernie tearfully. "I learned it right after class this morning during study hour."

"And you say you learned Charity's poem too?"

Bernie nodded.

"And you've both done double homework on all your reports?"

"Yes," said the twins.

"Well, then," said Miss Ainsworth slowly, "I don't see why your record need be marred. I'll excuse you this time."

It is doubtful whether any pupils ever realize that their teachers may be young. Their superior wisdom makes them seem hoary with age. But Miss Ainsworth was

young nevertheless. Suddenly she burst into a peal of laughter.

"You funny twins!" said she, controlling her amusement with an effort. "Promise me you'll never play such a trick again."

"Oh, never, Miss Ainsworth," said Bernie fervently.

And, "Never, never!" echoed Chat.

## School Spirit

(Continued from page 12)

on personal opinion or the study of "science," falsely so called, is a type of disloyalty. Some folks think it is a mark of scholarship to read and know all kinds of pagan philosophy and secular literature, and are too ready to express opinions that are contrary to our denominational beliefs. I am of the opinion that an educated individual will have a rather wide knowledge of literature as a basis for understanding people, but I think one of our greatest hazards is that we read such authors in preference to, instead of in addition to, our own unexcelled literature. If we will read the Bible and our own truth-filled publications, first, especially the *Review*, *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, *The Desire of Ages*, and other periodicals and books too numerous to mention, we may then with less hazard glean from secular writings those things that will be of value to us. Ours is a religion of faith, and we must fill the sails of life with truth instead of doubt. We are admonished that it is our duty to repel every intrusion of doubt. James says that he who doubts or wavers



# AMATEUR RADIO LOG

(Concluded from March 13, 1951)

Call	Band (in meters) and Type of Emission	Name and Address
W6JHU	All Bands, CW; 10, Phone	William E. Parks, 11790 Bonita, Arlington, Calif. Will QSP for La Sierra College.
W6MXL	75, 20, 160, 11, 10, Phone	N. L. Otis, Mt. Ranch Road, San Andreas, Calif.
W6NQO	10, 20, Phone	Richard H. Iwata, M.D., 129 S. Mathews St., Los Angeles 33, Calif.
W6OWT	10, 80, Phone	Stanley C. Hall, 637 Palo Alto Ave., Mountain View, Calif.
W6QCH	10, 20, 75, Phone; 40, Code	C. E. Babcock, M.D., Box 506, Olive View, Calif.
W6QDS	20, 80, Phone	Reginald Shephard, 930 E. 5th Ave., Pomona, Calif.
W6OPZ	10, Phone	Roland Truman, 1950 East Plymouth St., Long Beach, Calif.
W6RMD	10, Code	Warren Henderson, Jr., Anza Road, Mountain View, Calif.
W6RZI	10, 80, Code	James E. Nelson, Anza Road, Mountain View, Calif.
W6SLK or W7JDJ	10, 80, Code	Charles J. Casebeer, 1482 Villa St., Mountain View, Calif.
W6SUD	20, Phone	Mr. Leigh Karaki, 2618 E. 1st St., Los Angeles 33, Calif.
W6SUH	10, 20, 75, Both; 40, Code	Mr. D. Strawn, 4479 Gateside Dr., Los Angeles, Calif.
W6TPF	All Bands, Both	Dave Martin, 2262 Florencita Dr., Montrose, Calif.
W6UKQ	10, 20, 80, Phone	Ray Miller, C.M.E., Loma Linda, Calif.
W6UWG	10, 11, Phone	Elwood E. Van Noty, 11769 Petter Dr., Arlington, Calif.
W6WSF	10, Both	James Y. Nakamura, 3520 E. Sixth St., Los Angeles 23, Calif.
W6WWT	All Bands, Both	Don Pearson, Box 176, Angwin, Calif.
W6YFF	10, 20, 75, Both	Mrs. E. Hauck, 2046 Indiana St., Los Angeles 32, Calif.
W6YFT	10, 20, 75, Both	D. L. Hauck, M.D., 2046 Indiana St., Los Angeles 32, Calif.
W6ZMD	10, 40, Both	Douglas M. Moncrieff, Box 91, La Sierra Station, Arlington, Calif.
W6ZRK	10, 40, Both	Robert E. Moncrieff, Box 91, La Sierra Station, Arlington, Calif.
W6ZTY	10, 11, 20, 40, 80, Both	Guy B. Welsh, 600 Lincoln St., Taft, Calif.
W7AVEPK6	10, 80, CW by sched.; Phone, Narrow FM	Lindsay R. Winkler, Kawangkoan, Manado, North Celebes, N.E.I.
W7BOE	10, 20, 40, 80, Both	Samuel C. Hanson, Laurelwood Academy, Route 2, Box 83, Gaston, Ore.
W7FGL	75, 10, Phone	Delmar V. Burgeson, 1221 Franklin, Shelton, Wash.
W7GEA	10, 20, 75, Phone	Donald W. Shephard, Route 2, Box 126, Puyallup, Wash.
W7GRP	10, Phone	Merwin A. Olson, College Place, Wash. (Walla Walla College)
W7MDX	10, 20, 75, Phone	Bernie Mallory, Box 428, College Place, Wash. (Walla Walla College)
W7NFD	All Bands, Both	Del Johnson, Box 428, College Place, Wash. (Walla Walla College)
W7NHS	40, Code	Edward Platner, Route 2, Box 377-A, Walla Walla, Wash.
W7NOH	75, 10, Phone; 20, Code	Robert C. Smithwick, D.D.S., Stewart, Nev.
W7NVE	10, Phone	Bob Stahlnecker, Box 18, College Place, Wash. (Walla Walla College)
W7OBR	40, CW	Bruce Smith, Gen. Del., College Place, Wash. (Walla Walla College)
W7OCQ	40, CW	Leonard (Bink) Palmer, College Place, Wash. (Walla Walla College)
W7OEZ	40, CW	Bernard Wilson, 316 Sittner, College Place, Wash. (Walla Walla College)
W7OVN	40, 80, CW	Eddie Jenkins, P.O. Box 443, College Place, Wash.
W8CCM	10, Phone	Amateur Radio Club of Emmanuel Missionary College, Ber- rien Springs, Mich. The club will gladly handle any QSP for the college and vicinity.
W8EOZ	20, 40, 80, Code	Donald L. Hilliard, Route 1, Mount Vernon, Ohio
W8EPK	40, Code	A. W. Thompson, MacArthur, W. Va.
W8ESJ	10, Phone	Richard L. Applegate, 407 Washington, Benton Harbor, Mich. Will gladly handle any traffic coming my way.
W8FEM	10, 20, 40, 80, CW; 10, Phone	Richard C. Sowler, Mt. Vernon Academy, Mt. Vernon, Ohio
W8FIA	40, Both	Stephen Yost, R.F.D. 2, Onaway, Mich.
W8FKF	All Bands, Both	David P. Laszlo, 25160 Midland St., Detroit 23, Mich.
W8ZUI and K8NRB	10, 20, 40, 80, Both	Hillis R. Hauck, Sr., 172 Manchester St., Battle Creek, Mich. Interested in coordinating all the S.D.A. schools on CW or Fone net.
W9GHL	10, Phone; 40, Code	Vernon W. Rice, 1928 Marshall Ave., Waukegan, Ill. Will be glad to handle any traffic coming his way.
W9KNV	10, Phone; 20, CW	Martin Carlson, 9122 30th St., Brookfield, Ill.
W9WDF	10, Phone	Donald C. Popp, 3105 Rose St., Franklin Park, Ill.
YN4SDA	10, 20, 40, Phone	Dr. C. J. McCleary, Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua, C. A.; Mrs. Frances Betz McCleary, Second Operator
ZL3BL	All Bands, Both	Russell L. Blair, 137 McFaddens Rd., Christchurch, N.Z.

NOTE.—If the operators whose names appear in this list know of any corrections which should be made, we shall appreciate it if they will notify us. Also, if there are S.D.A. amateur operators whose names we do not have, we shall be glad to add them to the list at its next printing if they will send us the information as given above. Address: YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

is like "a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive any thing of the Lord." This last sentence is a thought-provoking sentence. It infers that doubting cuts us off from our Source of wisdom, and thereby amplifies the importance of keeping the sails of life filled with truth instead of secular philosophy.

Sometimes I talk with young folk who wish to be excused from chapel, and they say, "I don't see much sense in attending chapel, especially on students' association days. Too much time spent in trivia." Per-

sonally, I think we all have much to learn about students' associations and their work. Much of the trivia some object to is, as I have said, but the mist above the falls. However, each of you is a part of that mighty cataract of which the foam and mist is but a symbol. We are just beginning to recognize that students' associations may become a mighty power in the program of our Seventh-day Adventist schools and colleges. I think we shall remember as of historic importance our first intercollegiate workshop at Southern Missionary College, and I believe, young peo-

ple, that we have only begun. Someday, somewhere in one of our S.D.A. colleges, there will be started an honor system that will become the pattern for a new power that will bring to our institutions a vitality such as we have never seen. It *could* be that this would happen at Atlantic Union College.

What is the spirit of A.U.C. or any other Seventh-day Adventist college? It is that great power potential wrapped up in each of you as you strive to reach objectives and goals that are as far above the common as Christian education is above secular education.

## They Still Sing

(Continued from page 8)

a hearty tenor singer, and would frequently give the patients a little song recital out on the lawn. Mr. Bilhorn and his brother not only published songbooks but made the first baby organs. One of these tiny organs came along with Mr. Bilhorn to the sanitarium. He was a large man, and when he sat down to play his own accompaniment, those seated just a short distance from him could hardly see the small organ. And out of that little baby organ Mr. Bilhorn could "extract" some remarkable music. All who heard him sing long remembered his fine tenor voice and his lifting message in song. Today we have some of his songs in our different hymnbooks, and Mr. Bilhorn still sings through them.

*Fanny Crosby.* This little blind woman with the wonderful smile left more gospel hymns for Christian people to use than any other writer of modern times. Her publishers did not like to have her name appear too often in a songbook, and so arranged with her to use a dozen or more pen names. Beginning at the age of eight, little Fanny Crosby wrote verse with real meaning. At the age of ten she memorized the four Gospels—a fine beginning for a little blind girl. And on she went through life with a singing heart.

She attended a school for the blind near her home in New York State. The superintendent of the school objected to her verse writing, thinking that she was wasting her time. One day a phrenologist called to lecture at the school and to make observations among the students. While he was examining some of them Fanny Crosby came up in the line, and as the phrenologist passed his hands gently over her head, he remarked to the superintendent, "Ah, here we have a young woman with literary talent. She must be encouraged to write." After that experience the head of the school was more helpful to Fanny Crosby.

"The oyster, in the physical realm, overcomes its injuries by transforming them into a pearl. Fanny Crosby did this in a spiritual sense when she redeemed her



night with song and set the world to singing her beautiful gospel hymns."

She graduated from her school in 1842, and from that time until almost the year of her death, 1915, this remarkable little woman produced *more than six thousand* gospel hymns. One day a musician friend remarked to her, "Fanny, here is a new tune that I have composed, and perhaps you may have some words for it." And Fanny Crosby replied, "Why, that tune says, 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus.'" Within a half hour the hymn was completed.

Those who saw Fanny Crosby with her face animated will never forget her smile and the glow of good cheer which seemed to radiate from her person. Among her most loved hymns are the following: "Blessed Assurance," "Tell Me the Story of Jesus," "Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross," "Rescue the Perishing," "Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break," "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour," and "Redeemed! How I Love to Proclaim It." Yes, the blind girl developed her gift, and God used her wonderfully. And Fanny Crosby still sings.

**F. E. Belden.** This gifted hymn writer and composer of good melodies was a nephew of Mrs. Ellen G. White. Professor Belden lived in Battle Creek, Michigan, for many years, and was well known. He was appointed to have special oversight of the compiling of *Hymns and Tunes*, our general church hymnal of fifty years ago. He also compiled *Christ in Song*, the book used so many years in our Sabbath schools, and still used in some of our churches. In both these collections may be found many hymns composed by Professor Belden.

In our new *Church Hymnal* there are about two dozen hymns by Belden, the largest number by any Adventist composer. He wrote the music in some hymns, the words in others, and in still others—many of them—he wrote both words and music. Professor Belden was very gifted as an impromptu composer. We used to hear it said of him that within a half hour he could have ready a song to suit any occasion. He was also the compiler of *Songs of Freedom and Echoes of Liberty*. Today we sing many of Professor Belden's familiar hymns, and they are enjoyed by all. Some of his best-known hymns are: "Not I, but Christ," "There's No Other Name Like Jesus," "We Know Not the Hour," "Blessed Lord, How Much I Need Thee!" "We'll Build on the Rock," "The Coming King Is at the Door," "Wholly Thine," and "Look for the Waymarks."

Throughout the United States of America, far away in other lands, on the islands that dot the seven seas, men and women and young people of many races, tribes, and tongues are singing the wonderful gospel songs of those I have mentioned as well as the songs of many other writers and composers. And thus the uplifting influence of these singing hearts goes on and on, for *they still sing*.

## Trust, or Treason

(Continued from page 4)

put fear into the hearts of the enemy troops, and that they then fled and killed each other in their haste to escape."

"Read it from the Bible; here is one," ordered the chairman of the court with a smile.

Reuben read it, and then turned to the New Testament to read the rebuke the Lord gave Peter in Gethsemane: "Put up again thy sword," and the words of Jesus before Pilate: "My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight."

"Sirs, I am willing to do anything to serve my country, anything but use arms with intent to kill," the prisoner at bar concluded earnestly while several members of the court looked at one another and nodded in appreciation of this clear declaration.

A week went by before Reuben and Alex were informed what the decision of the court was. They had admitted that they disobeyed a direct order so they were given the usual sentence of a certain number of days in the brig. However, it was arranged that after they had put in

the required time, they were to return to their outfits and pursue basic training, with the exception of instruction in arms and with Sabbaths free. While the other men trained with rifles these two had nothing to do at those periods but to sit at one side and watch. With a determination to use their time profitably, they secured books from which to study for medical-aid work.

Their faithfulness and dependability while in the brig endeared them to the prison commander of the detachment of police, and it was not long until they were serving as did Joseph in the Egyptian dungeon. The commander begged Reuben and Alex to accept a position in his detachment, but since it was a requirement that all military police carry side arms, the lads could not consider the offer. The commander attempted to have the requirement waived, stating that he wanted someone in the office he could trust as he could them. He failed to secure the consent of the district commander, however, so the two went back to the training for field service.

Basic training was completed with distinction. Then Reuben, going the second mile to show his loyalty to his country,



Conducted by  
ROLAND A. FRANKLIN

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### Se-Tenant

**N**OW is the time for stamp collectors to secure an example of se-tenant stamps. Information for collectors printed in *Scott's Standard Postage Stamp Catalog* says that *se-tenant* comes from the French, meaning "joined together," and is used in speaking of an unsevered pair of stamps of different design or with different values or different surcharges or overprints. Sometimes se-tenant stamps are errors, but quite frequently they are issued with intention of beauty or for some important reason. Australia has just recently issued two new stamps—se-tenant. Both commemorate one hundred years of postage. One shows a reproduction of New South Wales' first stamp, and the other portrays Victoria's first stamp. Each of them are 2½d values and are what I would call a dull red or maroon color.

Our illustration of these stamps shows a pair taken from the edge of a sheet and

not separated. They appear just as they were printed and just as they will be mounted in a stamp collection. Se-tenant really happens once in a while, and this may prove to be the time when Stamp Corner readers will obtain another example of what the dictionary talks about. Make no mistake. They are not rare. But they are extremely interesting. Readers who are able to purchase these from the post office in Australia are fortunate. Those who have current correspondence with friends in Australia should be able to trade for copies of this se-tenant variety.

Among other important things to remember, keep these in mind. Never separate se-tenant stamps. Se-tenant may refer to unsevered stamps of a different color, design, value, overprint, or any combination of differences. Actually, every pair of stamps of the Union of South Africa and South West Africa are se-tenant when English and Dutch languages are used alternately. Se-tenant pairs can be obtained from these countries either vertically or horizontally. But the recent Australian issues are only se-tenant horizontally.







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volunteered for overseas duty. There were other trials and difficulties for the Christian soldier, but throughout his four-year term of army service his life was protected, and he always was enabled to bear effective witness. Today a veteran student at the Theological Seminary, Reuben Kingsfield is again preparing himself for front-line duty, but this time for God's army.

## Clipper Travel Notes

(Continued from page 6)

feet square and four feet above the main court grounds. Some thirty or more of us were ushered to a semicircular arrangement of seats on this rostrum, where we found ourselves the object of intent gaze by two thousand pairs of eyes. The prisoners crowded closely about, some of the more interested venturing onto the rostrum both in front of us and behind us as the meeting began. The fifty or more regular members of the prison Sabbath school were seated near us and took an active part in the music. Their particular program was a variety affair with sacred songs, talks, and instrumental renderings, including guitar numbers by some of the prisoners. A very touching feature was that of a golden-haired little five-year-old who stood on a chair before the microphone and sang a little child's song and then spoke a few words addressed to her father, a prisoner in bed in the prison hospital. While listening to one of the numbers I became aware of a nudging in my ribs and looked around into the eyes of one of the prisoners who with others was crowded, squatting close against our chairs. He was rubbing his fingers together and whispering quietly, "Got plenty money?" Detecting no glint of metal about his person, I cautiously and kindly recognized his gesture and changed the subject to attention to the program.

Pastor Rudy and I were called upon to speak to the prisoners, bringing a message of hope from our experience in other parts of the world. This audience was very attentive and responsive. Toward the close of the program, as the efficient and able leader, Mrs. Angelina Quadrada de Escobar, called for those whose hearts had been touched to come forward, more than a dozen signified their desire to join the baptismal class and to prepare for the coming of the Lord.

Three hours by air over seven hundred miles of open ocean brings one to the verdant tropical island of Trinidad near the Venezuelan coast of South America. Port of Spain, the principal city of the island, is a typical British colonial city, comparable possibly to Penang, Bangalore, Nairobi, or Bulawayo. This city is the headquarters of our work for the Caribbean Union Mission as well as the South Caribbean Conference, and it is here that we have our Caribbean Training College.

Three years ago we opened our Port of Spain clinic under the direction of Dr. Robert Dunlop. The doctor is without question the busiest physician on the island. His clinic waiting room on Monday morning reminds one of the motor vehicle license office in the United States on the day before the current license expires.

The people of this field are of three major racial origins—European, Indian, and African—with a considerable number of Chinese. It is in the territory of this union mission that we find the Davis Indians. Our people report that the work among these remote Indian people is growing rapidly. Several churches and a number of mission schools are well established among them.

Contrasted with the backward up-country territories are the beautiful Barbados Islands, two hundred miles east of Trinidad, sometimes referred to as Little England. The cooler climate, good food, and generally lower cost of living have all combined to make this a desirable place for retirement.

Strangely enough, the money of Trinidad is neither strictly English nor American. Their unit of money is the Trinidad dollar, but instead of being made up of 100 cents, as are the other dollars around the world, it is made up of four shillings of twelveness each. At the original normal rate of exchange, when the shilling was worth a quarter, the Trinidad dollar was worth an American or Canadian dollar.

Near the little town of La Brea in the south of the island is the fabulous tar lake of the same name as the La Brea tar pits of Los Angeles. This lake of tar, perhaps fifty acres in extent, yields a substance of the same consistency as the barrels of hard tar you see used by highway workmen in the United States. Although this tar has been removed by the shipload for years, the slow flow from deep underground sources maintains the lake at about a constant level. The surface is hard enough so that one can walk on it, but a car parked on it would soon be bogged down and could be removed only with difficulty. The lake is known to be two hundred feet or more in depth, and the actual total supply of tar it contains cannot be estimated.

Our young people in this field have given an excellent account of themselves in several lines of achievement. Many have made their education possible via the canvassing route. The three-month vacation time from December to March provides opportunity for these young people to roll up the scholarships for the coming year. Several of them took early morning planes just ahead of my plane as I was leaving the island en route to various island and mainland colporteur territory.

The evening before my departure a social gathering of all the institutional and conference workers at the mission clinic included the recent graduating class from the Caribbean Training College. These

young people had, nearly all of them, been in school as a result of colporteur scholarships. One young woman during her preparatory course in her home island had made such distinguished class records that she was selected from several hundred for a scholarship to a French university of her choice. Realizing the possible adverse influence of several years of university life on her Christian experience, both she and her parents were united in the conviction that she should come to our mission college in Trinidad. Here again she has distinguished herself as an outstanding scholar while preparing for a place of usefulness in the cause of God.

As I took leave of these Caribbean Advent believers I could but raise my heart in prayer to God that He would prosper the efforts of these earnest workers as they bring to these island peoples the beautiful and simple story of a crucified, risen, and soon-coming Saviour.

## Advent Youth in Action

(Continued from page 14)

college's graduate program, and State-approved professional education for Seventh-day Adventist students in their own Christian school.

In explaining the reason P.U.C. had sought accreditation, Dr. Raymond Moore, chairman of P.U.C.'s Teacher Education Council, said: "There has been for years a strong movement in the State of California to require all schools, public, private, and parochial, to attain certain minimum educational standards established by the State. At present the private and parochial schools can operate without meeting these minimum standards. Since these are desirable standards, it is the conviction of many denominational educators that we should be leaders and not follow-



"Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you."

By F. DONALD YOST

## Signs of Christ's Coming

What text proves that—

1. In the last days men will scoff at the promise of Christ's return?
2. Before Christ comes there will be signs in sun, moon, and stars, and men's hearts will fail them for fear?
3. Another sign will be the increase in knowledge?
4. Before Jesus returns the gospel must be preached to every nation?

—Proof texts on page 23



# KEY TO "CROSSWORD PUZZLE"



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ers in this matter that concerns the education of our children. Therefore, the faculty and administration of Pacific Union College feel that we should not hesitate to seek any accreditation or ally ourselves with any standards which are not in conflict with the basic principles of our faith."

## Liquid Liquidator

(Continued from page 7)

on visiting day. Jim's wife filed an interperance petition with the county district attorney, and he has been sentenced to a year in the county road camp.

His warped comment, "I've been railroaded," reveals a distorted alcoholic mind that has disintegrated in the short span of ten years. During this time he has not taken time to pray for God's help; he has not asked his minister to give him encouragement and advice. Do you suppose Jim will ever be cured without seeking the help of God?

The evening shift is half over when the impatient phone summons us to the main building of the hospital, where the emergency room is. The supervisory nurse explains that the ambulance has brought in a man who turned his car over and is in need of attention. As the doctor makes the necessary medical repairs we gather a few facts from his accident report and the answers to the questions on the admittance sheet.

The patient has no preferred religion; his wife and three children do not know where he is; he cannot understand what happened, because, "after all, I only had a couple of mixed drinks with some friends." You are surprised when you guess his age to be fifty-eight, and he tells you he is only forty-one years old. You are further surprised when you ask his occupation, and he informs you that he is a college professor. One wonders whether he will be proud to have his students and fellow faculty members read in the morning

paper that he is in the county hospital because he had a car mishap while drunk.

We have just finished putting our college professor to bed in the medical ward when we are asked to go to surgery. When we arrive the stern-faced doctors and nurses are already operating on the still form of a sallow-complexioned old man. His case history shows that he is a confirmed alcoholic, but he states that he "limits" himself to a pint of whisky a day now. He is being operated on for ulcers. It is his second stomach operation.

It takes an unusual amount of anesthetic to prepare our patient for surgery, because his system has been so drugged by alcohol. It appears to us that the alcohol treatments have taken their toll on the inner man as well as the outer. He lists his occupation and religion as "none." After the operation is over he is able to have visitors, but no one comes to see him. Do you suppose that if he had been a God-fearing church member, his room would have been vacant during visiting hours, or he would have needed an ulcer operation at all?

While we take our patient to a post-operative ward we notice that the clock has put in its eight-hour shift. Its face looks tired as the hands point toward home.

As we go back to the psychopathic detention ward we think of this and other nights of work. Every day of every week, every week of every year, patients keep coming who have slipped in life, not by great leaps and bounds, but through the drop-by-drop process. They come young and old, white and black, rich and poor, intelligent and illiterate—all reduced to a raw state of equality. It is a fact that one can judge a patient's moral, physical, and spiritual condition by the number of times he has partaken of this demon alcohol.

If you wish to conduct a rapid liquidation process in your moral, physical, and spiritual health, try alcohol. Unfortunately, it never lets you down.

## A Real Life

(Continued from page 1)

such world. All that I have witnessed has been bloodshed, war, and trouble. As I read the newspapers and the magazines I gain the impression that man is attempting in every way to destroy himself as quickly as possible. Rather than harness the atom for peace, men have made it the destroyer of themselves.

The future is black for the youth of today. What will we be tomorrow? Dead men, free men, or slaves?

Where can I find the life of tomorrow that no one else seemingly can discover? Only in Jesus Christ. Only in the salvation that He promises to me if I am faithful and seek for it. He promises perfect peace to the ones who love His law. He offers rest to the weary and heavy laden. He has

prepared a better country for those who look for it.

Here is life, eternal life. Here is hope, eternal hope. Daily I thank God for His great love and for His redeeming grace, which is made possible through the death of His only begotten Son. Through His shed blood and by the merits of His victorious life I am reborn to live for eternity.

My philosophy of life? Only this: Live for Christ now so that you can have life with Him forever.

This is real life.



## Senior Youth Lesson

### I—The Gospel Commission

(April 7)

MEMORY VERSE: Matthew 28:19, 20.

LESSON HELPS: *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 818-828; *While It Is Day*, chapter 1.

#### Daily Study Assignment

1. Survey the entire lesson.
2. Ques. 1, 2, and notes; read *While It Is Day*, chapter 1.
3. Ques. 3, 4, and note; study memory verse.
4. Ques. 5, 6, and notes.
5. Ques. 7-9, and notes; read *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 818-823.
6. Ques. 10-12, and note; read *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 824-828.
7. Review the entire lesson.

#### The Gospel Commission

1. Whom did Jesus first send out to preach? What message were they to preach? What else were they to do? Matt. 10:1, 5-8.

NOTE.—The first message preached by John the Baptist, the first by Jesus Himself, was to be the first preached by the apostles also—"The kingdom of heaven is at hand." Heaven was truly come down to earth. The principles of the kingdom were taught and lived. Earth was becoming lightened with its glory.

2. What group did Jesus later send out? What was their work? What was their message? Luke 10:1, 2, 9.

NOTE.—"As He sent out the twelve, so He appointed seventy others, and sent them two and two before His face into every city and place, whither He Himself was about to come." These disciples had been for some time with Him, in training for their work. When the twelve were sent out on their first separate mission, other disciples accompanied Jesus in His journey through Galilee. Thus they had the privilege of intimate association with Him, and direct personal instruction. Now this larger number also were to go forth on a separate mission.—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 488.

3. After the resurrection of Jesus, where did He meet His disciples? What message did He again repeat to them? Matt. 28:7, 16, 18-20. (Compare 1 Cor. 15:6.)

NOTE.—"At the meeting on a mountain in Galilee, all the believers who could be called together were assembled. . . . At the time appointed, about five hundred believers were collected in little knots on the mountain-side, eager to learn all that could be learned from those who had seen Christ since His resurrection. . . . Christ's words on the mountain-side were the announcement that His sacrifice in behalf of man was full and complete. . . . He had en-



tered upon His mediatorial work. Clothed with boundless authority, He gave His commission to the disciples: 'Go ye therefore, and teach all nations.'—*Ibid.*, pp. 818, 819.

4. To how many of His people has Jesus given a part in His work? Mark 13:34-37.

### The Gospel to All the World

5. How were the disciples progressively to extend their work of witnessing for Jesus? Acts 1:8, last part.

NOTE.—In His farewell Jesus said, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem [at home], and in all Judaea [neighborhood], and in Samaria [a near-by country], and unto the uttermost part of the earth [foreign mission fields]."

6. To what extent is the last gospel message to be given? Matt. 24:14; Rev. 14:6.

NOTE.—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," is Christ's command to His followers. Not that all are called to be ministers or missionaries in the ordinary sense of the term; but all may be workers with Him in giving the 'glad tidings' to their fellow-men. To all, great or small, learned or ignorant, old or young, the command is given.—*Education*, p. 264.

7. How is the gospel defined by the apostle Paul? Rom. 1:16.

8. What is said of the people who have part in giving the last gospel message? Rev. 14:6, 12.

NOTE.—"The third angel's message, embracing the messages of the first and second angels, is the message for this time. We are to raise aloft the banner on which is inscribed, 'The commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus.'"  
—*Testimonies*, vol. 8, p. 197.

9. When the Jews rejected the Light of the world, what befell them? Matt. 21:43.

NOTE.—"Christ would have averted the doom of the Jewish nation if the people had received Him. But envy and jealousy made them implacable. They determined that they would not receive Jesus of Nazareth as the Messiah. They rejected the Light of the world, and henceforth their lives were surrounded with darkness as the darkness of midnight. The doom foretold came upon the Jewish nation."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 295.

10. What warning is given the Laodicean church? What earnest, loving appeal does Jesus make to His lukewarm people? Rev. 3:14-16, 19.

11. How are God's people empowered to carry forward the work of the gospel? Matt. 28:18-20.

12. What has God promised to make possible the completion of this work? Upon what conditions will power be given His people? Zech. 10:1; Acts 5:32.

NOTE.—"Near the close of earth's harvest, a special bestowal of spiritual grace is promised to prepare the church for the coming of the Son of man. This outpouring of the Spirit is likened to the falling of the latter rain; and it is for this added power that Christians are to send their petitions to the Lord of the harvest 'in the time of the latter rain.'"  
—*Acts of the Apostles*, p. 55.

## Junior Lesson

### I—The Gospel Commission

(April 7)

LESSON TEXTS: Matthew 10:1-8; 28:19, 20; Acts 1:8.

MEMORY VERSE: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen." Matthew 28:19, 20.

#### Guiding Thought

The commission that our Commander gives to us is one that we can be very proud to be allowed to carry out. All power is Christ's. He could send angels to preach the gospel in every language and in every place. He has a thousand ways by which He could send the last message of mercy to the world if He so wished. But He does not use them. Instead He calls on those who have confessed their sins and declared their love for Him to go on His errands. What an

honor to be a messenger in the service of the King of kings!

#### Assignment 1

Read the lesson texts and the Guiding Thought.

#### Assignment 2

##### What the Gospel Is

1. What does Paul say the gospel is? Rom. 1:16.

NOTE.—The gospel is the good news that Jesus saves from sin. "Sin is the transgression of the law." 1 John 3:4. The gospel, therefore, is the good news that Jesus saves men from transgressing the law. (Matt. 1:21.)

2. What does the gospel command us to do? Rev. 14:6, 12.

NOTE.—"In the commission to His disciples, Christ not only outlined their work, but gave them their message. Teach the people, He said, 'to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.' The disciples were to teach what Christ had taught. That which He had spoken, not only in person, but through all the prophets and teachers of the Old Testament, is here included."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 826. Those who receive and obey the gospel message, which the angel carries to all the world at the close of time, will not be found with the mark of the name of the beast on them—the mark that shows that they revere man's commands above the commandments of God. Instead, it is said of them, "Here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus." Rev. 14:12.

#### Assignment 3

##### Where the Gospel Is to Go

3. In what place was the gospel to be preached when Christ first left His disciples? Where was it to spread later? Acts 1:8.

NOTE.—"Christ commissioned His disciples to do the work He had left in their hands, beginning at Jerusalem. Jerusalem had been the scene of His amazing condescension for the human race. There He had suffered, been rejected and condemned. The land of Judea was His birth-place. There, clad in the garb of humanity, He had walked with men, and few had discerned how near heaven came to the earth when Jesus was among them. At Jerusalem the work of the disciples must begin. . . . But the work was not to stop here. It was to be extended to the earth's remotest bounds."—*Ibid.*, pp. 820, 821.

4. When the gospel has been preached to every soul in every place, what event will take place? Matt. 24:14.

#### Assignment 4

##### Messengers Who Failed to Carry the Gospel

5. Who were first trusted with the gospel message? Rom. 3:1, 2.

NOTE.—The Jewish nation was chosen by God for the sacred privilege of being guardians of the "oracles of God"—the gospel message. God planned that every nation should look to His chosen people as the bearers of the good news of salvation and joy in the Lord. "Through the teaching of the sacrificial service, Christ was to be uplifted before the nations, and all who would look unto Him should live. But Israel did not fulfil God's purpose. They forgot God, and lost sight of their high privilege as His representatives. The blessings that they had received brought no blessing to the world."—*Testimonies*, vol. 8, p. 26.

6. When they proved unfaithful messengers, what happened to the gospel message they had been entrusted with? Matt. 21:43.

7. In the last period of the church's history, what danger is there of neglecting to carry the message of the gospel? Rev. 3:14-16.

NOTE.—As there was a danger that Israel should lose sight of its high privilege as guardians of God's law, so there is today a similar and very real danger that the Israel of God today may let their light grow dim and fail to be zealous in finishing the work given to them.

#### Assignment 5

##### Who Is to Carry the Gospel Message

8. Whom did Christ first send forth to bear the gospel message? Matt. 10:1, 5, 7, 8.

9. Whom did He later send out? Luke 10:1. What were they to do? Verse 9.

10. To how many of Christ's followers has He given a part in carrying the gospel message? Mark 13:34.

NOTE.—"Every follower of Jesus has a work to do as a missionary for Christ, in the family, in the neighborhood, in the town or city where he lives."—*Ibid.*, vol. 2, p. 632.

#### Assignment 6

##### How the Message Is to Go

11. Whose presence is promised to God's messengers? Matt. 28:20.

NOTE.—"Many of them [the disciples] had seen Him [Christ] exercise His power in healing the sick and controlling Satanic agencies. They believed that He possessed power to set up His kingdom at Jerusalem, power to quell all opposition, power over the elements of nature. . . . He had raised the dead to life. Now He declared that 'all power' was given to Him."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 819.

12. As Christ's followers go into the world what does a heavenly being bring from the throne of God to aid them in their great task? Rev. 18:1.

13. What can they call upon in the last days of the giving of the gospel message? Zech. 10:1.

NOTE.—"Near the close of earth's harvest, a special bestowal of spiritual grace is promised to prepare the church for the coming of the Son of man. This outpouring of the Spirit is likened to the falling of the latter rain; and it is for this added power that Christians are to send their petitions to the Lord of the harvest 'in the time of the latter rain.' In response, 'the Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain.'"—*Acts of the Apostles*, p. 55.

#### Assignment 7

FILL IN THE INGREDIENTS OF POWER:

1. P \_ \_ \_ \_ \_
2. O \_ \_ \_ \_ \_
3. W \_ \_ \_ \_
4. E \_ \_ \_ \_ T \_ \_ W \_ \_ \_
5. R \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ T \_ \_ H \_ \_ S \_ \_ \_ \_

These verses will help: Matt. 21:22; Jer. 42:6; James 2:26; Jer. 15:16; Acts 1:8.

### PROOF TEXTS FOR "SIGNS OF CHRIST'S COMING"

(1) 2 Peter 3:3, 4. (2) Luke 21:25, 26. (3) Dan. 12:4. (4) Matt. 24:14.



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# THE LISTENING POST ★

★ A MECHANICAL cougher for infantile paralysis patients who have breathing difficulties is announced by Dr. Alvan L. Barach, of Columbia University, New York City.

★ At the end of four years of airplane spraying with DDT on trees on 315,000 acres in the Cape Cod area, not a single living gypsy moth was found, although the region formerly was highly infested.

★ AMERICA'S 130 railroads are a great network of 225,000 miles of track—nearly one third of all the track in the world. Over them run 45,000 locomotives, 40,000 passenger cars, and 1,800,000 freight cars. Each year they carry 650,000,000 passengers, and 3,000,000,000 tons of freight.

★ MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE announces the establishment of a 12-month study program. President John A. Hannah said the new year-round schedule will permit students to obtain a degree in three calendar years. The accelerated policy has been recommended by the Federal Defense Department for all colleges in the United States.

★ THE Army-Navy purchasing office in New York recently ordered 4,770,000 wool blankets from mills in scattered sections of the U.S.A. The largest single orders—1,000,000 blankets each—went to the American Woolen Company of New York, the world's largest worsted and woolen fabric makers, and to Peerless Woolen Mills of Rossville, Georgia. The cost will be between 15 and 16 dollars a blanket.

★ THE School of Tropical and Preventive Medicine, at Loma Linda, California, as a part of the College of Medical Evangelists, has recently received from the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, D.C., one of the seven sets of fish collected at Bikini in connection with the atomic bomb experiments. The collection of medically famous fish includes 743 specimens, which will be housed in the school's research museum. Most of the other six sets have been sent to overseas scientific centers.

★ AMERICANS wear out money at a \$40,000,000-a-day clip. Each day eight tons of the dog-eared, tape-patched greenbacks shower down on Washington from Federal Reserve banks throughout the United States. Some 80 per cent of the tonnage is one-dollar bills, stapled in packs of 100 and cut in half lengthwise. To make sure that it gets its money's worth, the Treasury counts each one. Counting new money by machine is no trick, but rubbery, old bills have defied anything but hand counting. Recently, however, the National Bureau of Standards announced the perfection of an automatic counter for these worn-out bills that really will work.

★ UNLESS special thought is given to the matter, the family's meals in late winter and early spring may be skimpy in the amount of vitamin C they provide. This vitamin helps keep body tissues healthy. Many vegetables and fruits lose some of their vitamin C content, but sweet potatoes are an exception. They lose some vitamin C during baking, but retain this rather perishable vitamin better than some foods throughout the cooking process. One medium-sized sweet potato, an average serving for most persons, gives at least one third of the vitamin C needed for a day, according to nutritionists in the U.S. Bureau of Human Nutrition and Home Economics. Oranges and other citrus fruits are also excellent sources of this vitamin.

★ A WALK-IN bathtub for elderly persons and invalids is mounted on a stand and pivoted near its center so that it can be turned from a horizontal to a vertical position with one end resting on the floor. This invention brought to John W. Davis of El Monte, California, patent 2,536,540 from the U.S. Patent Office, according to *Science Service*. Important in the invention is the plumbing used to bring hot and cold water to the tub when tub and user are swung into the horizontal position, and the drainage provided to discharge the water after the bath is completed.

★ MANUFACTURERS of pipe organs and whisky barrels in the United States have complained to the Government that the defense production program is hurting their business. Pipe organ makers said the restrictions on use of tin threaten to drive them out of business, because no other metal makes satisfactory organ pipes. The whisky makers complain that a scarcity of barrel staves and tops was causing them anxiety, plus lack of steel for barrel hoops.

★ ABOUT 10,000,000,000 glass containers are used in the United States annually.

★ INFANTILE paralysis appears in all parts of the world, even in the tropics and in frigid zones.

★ A NEW volcano is being born in the Philippine Islands. Fire and lava are reported bubbling out of a mountaintop 125 miles north of Manila.

★ THE most piercing artificial light ever created—a flashing beam of more than 3,000,000,000 candle power—is used to penetrate fog at U.S. airports, and is a result of using the rare gas krypton with electricity.

★ CLOSE-UP motion pictures of racehorses speeding around the track can be made with a camera and camera carrier that travels along the inside edge of the track, keeping pace with the animals. The carrier travels suspended from an overhead track just far enough away from the racers to get a good focus. This camera system is the invention of Max O. Miller, of Los Angeles.

★ AN analysis of veterans' benefits made by the National Industrial Conference Board shows that World War II veterans "may ultimately receive close to \$1,000,000,000,000 under the hundreds of Federal laws granting privileges, services and money to them." Since the end of the war veterans' programs have averaged "more than \$6,000,000,000 a year," the analysis declares, as quoted in the *New York Times*.

★ MANY long-suffering Americans breathed a sigh of relief when World War II ended and "alphabet Government agencies" related thereto died a natural death. But alas, now they have another lot to learn. Here they are: ODM—Office of Defense Mobilization; DPA—Defense Production Administration; ESA—Economic Stabilization Agency; OPS—Office of Price Stabilization; WSB—Wage Stabilization Board; NPA—National Production Authority; DTA—Defense Transport Administration; OCD—Office of Civilian Defense.

★ THE nickname Uncle Sam for the United States originated during the war of 1812. Tradition has it that a man named Sam Wilson, of Troy, New York, known to local inhabitants as Uncle Sam, was an inspector for a Government contractor and stamped the initials "U.S." on barrels of meat for Army camps. Some wag made the fairly bright remark that the letters stood for Uncle Sam. From then on the use of the nickname spread quickly. Recently in Madrid, Spain, the censor forbade the use of Uncle Sam when reference is made to the United States. The name must henceforth be spelled out in full. Authorities considered the nickname to be disrespectful at a time when closer relations between Spain and the United States are being sought.

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