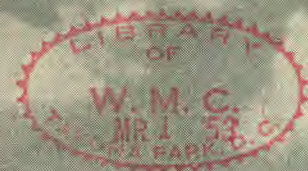


The Youth's INSTRUCTOR

In the Colorful Caribbean
Following the Book at J. M. C.

MARCH 10, 1953





Inaugural

After a spirited campaign, and an election in which the majority had voted their preference for his leadership, a man was being elevated to the Presidency of our nation. We had curbside standing room to witness the stimulating spectacle of his inauguration, and afterward the parade.

There came to us, at the very moment when the electric expectancy of his arrival gave way to cheers and the President-elect appeared on the Capitol steps, the sobering thought of another Man on another day, centuries ago.

In the vast throng to greet the new President were some who voted for him and some who voted for his opponent, united now in their allegiance. On that other day so long ago hands were raised in mockery instead of praise. Jeers, not cheers, were on men's lips. And only a few elected to acknowledge Him Lord.

Yet to Jesus too there came a glorious inauguration morning, when all the heavenly universe welcomed their King. We doubt whether there was a parade; we are certain that no atomic cannon, no companies of marching militia, no reviewing stand for disabled heroes was there. But the mighty were there—the commanders of angel hosts, the sons of God, the heavenly council, the special representatives sent from each unfallen world—and a multitude of captives set free at Jesus' resurrection.

We look forward to the final climax of that inaugural ceremony, when the multitude no man can number, the company who have elected Him but have been unable to do Him special honor, will form the citizenry of a world restored.

Walter T. Crandall

Grace Notes

FIFTY For half a century Pastor S. A. Wellman was in active denominational service. Some people still address him as Mr. Sabbath School, remembering his twenty years in the General Conference Sabbath School Department. Added to his ten years in the Caribbean are sixteen in India. Three years of assorted activities in the General Conference and a year as Sabbath school secretary in California fill out his fifty years. "I'm still keenly enthusiastic about daily Sabbath school lesson study," he says.

UNPREDICTABLE When Russ Harlan set out to find some porpoise pictures for illustrating "Colorful Caribbean," he did not realize how shy the creatures are. Government sources in Washington that should have been able to help were unsuccessful. "They just won't give you notice when they will pose," was the report. A marine studio in Florida could help, but Mr. Harlan needed his porpoises in a hurry. So he caught two with his brush.

INAUGURAL When we asked Mr. Yost to do an inaugural story we did not suspect his resourcefulness. He is the topmost figure to be seen between the second and third pillars on the right of the President's inaugural stand (page 8). Miss Gilhousen did equally well for her woman's-eye view. She is standing by the tree in the front line against the wire, "just an inch" by our rule to the right of the avenue's turn in the upper left of the picture (page 9)! She has recently rejoined the proofroom at the R&H.

JAPAN A story on Japan Missionary College seemed timely, so we wrote one of our regular authors, Winston Adams, who is superintendent of the Japan Publishing House. Our letter went out December 11, 1952, and his manuscript came in January 12, 1953! What wonderful cooperation from a loyal author and the air-mail service.

MYVA Miss Charlotte Smith, "D Day in Middletown": "We have so much fun in these Share Your Faith activities that we don't crave additional entertainment."

RESIDENCE The White House, home of United States Presidents, is our cover photo, by Abbie Rowe—courtesy, National Park Service.

Writers' contributions, both prose and poetry, are always welcome and receive careful evaluation. The material should be typewritten, double spaced, and return postage should accompany each manuscript. Queries to the editor on the suitability of proposed articles will receive prompt attention.

Action pictures rather than portraits are desired with manuscripts. Black and white prints or color transparencies are usable. No pictures will be returned unless specifically requested.

Pigs at sea and green coconut drinking water

help introduce ten years of service



In the COLORFUL CARIBBEAN

PART 1

By S. A. WELLMAN



The Author

STRANGE things happen to young people in school. At times calls come for them to enter mission service even before they have planned to take up such work. I had been attending Battle Creek College in the winter of 1898-99, and

was fully expecting to complete a course in teaching and accounting, and then enter denominational work in the homeland as the way opened.

Unexpectedly a call came for my parents to take up work in the island of Jamaica, a British possession in the Caribbean islands directly to the south of Cuba, about 550 miles by air from Miami, Florida, as we know it today. I was to accompany the missionary party that was leaving Philadelphia in April, 1899, and on arrival to take over the teaching of the church school in Kingston and, as a side occupation, look after the Tract Society office (Book and Bible House) in the same city.

Since I had never been out of my home State the plan had a definite appeal, and was accepted. I would be at home, at

least for the time being. I would be able to take up the assigned duties in the work for which I had been preparing, and would doubtless be led into a wider field of service later.

Pastor and Mrs. A. J. Haysmer, pioneer workers in Jamaica, had a few years previously answered the call made by Mrs. M. Harrison, of Kingston, for someone to come and develop the interest that had been created by literature. They led our party. Seven were in the group, one of the most insignificant of them being the young man who was to take over the Kingston church school with its twoscore pupils whose antecedents and behaviors he was to learn the hard way—by experience.

The journey from Michigan over the Grand Trunk Railway took us by way of Niagara Falls and Buffalo and over the Lehigh Valley route to Philadelphia. But it was little or nothing of the falls we saw on the journey, made mostly at night to bring us at daybreak into the mountain country of eastern Pennsylvania—the first hills of any size that I had looked upon. Southern Michigan, where I had been brought up, is fairly flat, with lakes and low rolling hills, and western Ontario, between Detroit and Toronto, is more of the same. These higher hills and moun-

tains of northeastern Pennsylvania, with their rugged slopes and narrow valleys, were a new and intriguing experience.

So little time was available in the train journey to study the landscape that the arrival in Allentown and Bethlehem, with their steel mills and industrial areas, took from us these first fleeting impressions. Before we saw them again we had gazed upon tropic islands with lofty mountains surrounded by azure seas and crowded with billowy clouds, so that our next glimpse while driving by auto through the same hills made them seem insignificant, their beauty too often marred by the creations of man.

Arriving in Philadelphia, we visited the Mission Board offices, a small suite of rooms in a city office building, and within a few hours we were on the little fruit steamer *Ethelwold*, a fifteen-hundred-ton freighter under charter by the United Fruit Company. It was to sail next day for Port Antonio, on the north side of the island of Jamaica.

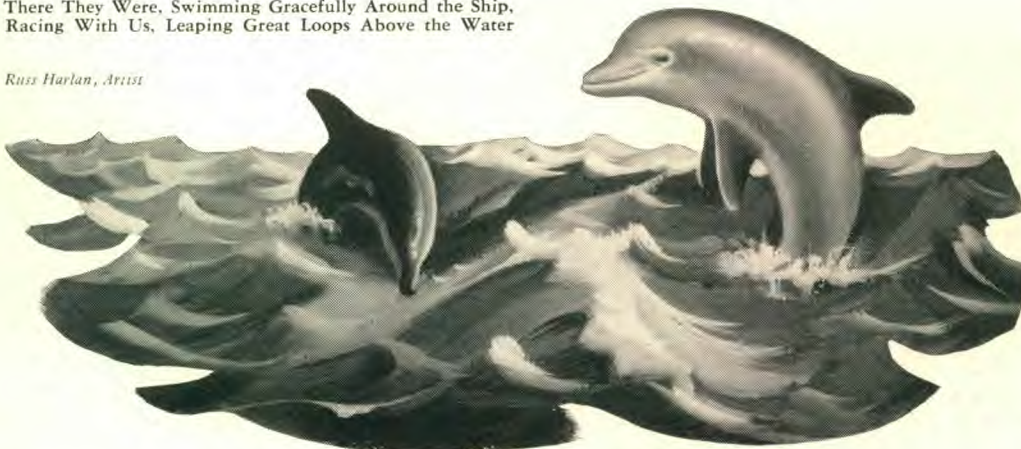
An amusing incident took place as we were boarding the steamer in midstream of the Delaware River. The launch that had taken us out with our luggage carried others who were merely visiting or selling aboard. Among these was a diminutive newspaper vendor. As soon as he arrived aboard he got busy selling his papers among the passengers and crew.

When the tug whistled, indicating that it was leaving from the ship's gangway, the newspaperman was below. He came running hurriedly on deck, evidently not knowing that another trip was to be made. Seeing the tug cutting loose, he threw his bag of papers on her deck, ran part way down the gangplank, and made a hurried jump for the deck of the tug.

The current had separated the two vessels by some feet before he jumped, and he landed in the

There They Were, Swimming Gracefully Around the Ship, Racing With Us, Leaping Great Loops Above the Water

Russ Harlan, Artist



Side Lights on a DECADE OF MISSIONS

Author's Note.—In submitting this narrative of the early days of our mission work in the fantastically beautiful territory around the Caribbean Sea, I make no attempt to present a historical account of the lives and labors of the tiny missionary force that pioneered the way. Those early laborers went forth from the land of their birth to undertake a task that moved slowly, with moderate success at the beginning, but with rapidly increasing momentum through the passing years.

All who went into the service in those early years lived simple lives, making use of such facilities as were available both in their homes and in their public ministry. Evangelistic efforts were held in home-made tents, in halls that could be obtained at moderate rental, and sometimes in imported tents, usually of the forty-foot circular variety.

Home life too was simple. Most were content with furniture made from packing cases tastefully draped with cotton prints and the like. Workers lived almost exclusively on products grown in the islands. Importations of food were rarely indulged in because of meager incomes, yet in sickness or in health none thought of retreat. They had come to work for the Master, to win men and women for His kingdom, and their search for His other sheep was constant and untiring.

The wage of an ordained minister rarely exceeded fourteen dollars a week. Junior workers started at five dollars. And one must remember in this connection that they were living in lands where their entire dependence must be on the income from mission headquarters and the kindness of their heavenly Father. Sometimes the salaries came regularly; sometimes they were delayed. How well my wife and I remember waiting three straight months for our remittance while living and laboring on an island far removed from headquarters. Through the economy and thrift of a loyal life partner we were able to carry on until our wages arrived, though we were forced to borrow from a friend not of our faith for the last fortnight. Yet we learned in those early days to economize, to cut our demands on life to a minimum.

The incidents narrated here are not in the least fanciful. Men and women lived, labored, prayed, and sometimes suffered severely, yet they stayed by the work. Some sleep in the soil where they so faithfully labored. Others returned home broken in health. Few escaped the ravages of malaria and other tropical fevers. Some were caught in the epidemics of yellow or blackwater fevers. Youth and age alike were cut down by death.

As you read these accounts of both serious and amusing experiences of those early days in the Caribbean, I do not wish you to commiserate with those of us who survive. Rejoice with us, rather, in the victories then won, and the greater results that have followed as year by year the number of persons won to Christ in the Caribbean has multiplied until by midyear 1952, we are told, ninety thousand are gathered into the fold.

river. Some aboard had tried to stop him, but to no avail; and as he came up from the muddy depths, one of the crew stood ready with a grappling hook that he caught in the unfortunate's coat collar and unceremoniously dragged him alongside, where he was quickly hauled aboard.

Among the other incidents that enlivened the journey down the Delaware River and Bay was our first meal, coming as it did just as we were passing the Delaware capes and entering the open sea.

Some of our party were old hands at sea and had been a little inclined to boast that they did not succumb to seasickness. Unfortunately for them and to the great amusement of the rest of us, when we reached the open sea they were among the first to make for the deck. Most of us had a slightly squeamish feeling, but were soon over it and ready to enjoy the delightful voyage down through the Bahamas, through Crooked Island Passage, around Cuba, and on to Port Antonio.

As is usual on such trips, the captain of our small craft delighted in regaling us with sea tales. He assured us that when we arrived at such and such a location, if we would come up on deck, he would whistle, and a herd of pigs that he kept off one of the islands would come. Green as we were, we knew there was a joker in the tale, but at the appointed time we were on deck and called for his demonstration. His first whistle brought no results. He kept whistling at intervals, and soon he pointed them out to us.

They had wandered out of corral, but here they were, swimming gracefully around the ship, leaping great loops above the water, racing with us and cavorting around the bows of the ship. For some time they interested us, especially those of us who had never before been to sea. The captain's porpoises (pigs) are always a delight to watch when one is traveling in tropical waters.

Almost as interesting to a newcomer to the sea are the flying fish as they go skimming the surface of the ocean, delighting in touching the tops of the waves and swells as they flee the pursuing larger fish that prey upon them.

The first view of the Bahamas as we passed Watling Island, where it is said that Columbus first caught sight of the New World, was a vision of beauty, in spite of the fact that there was not much outside of the rolling surf on the coral sands to add to the sunlit beauty of the tropic seas. The purple of the mountains on the eastern end of Cuba met our eager gaze a day or so later, but at too great a distance to give us even the faintest idea of the island's other physical qualities. And by this time too we were counting the hours until we should come into port in Jamaica.

On the evening of April 30 the captain informed us that we should be prepared to see land at sunrise the next morning. Everyone was on the alert. When we arrived on deck early in the morning of May 1, there burst upon our gaze one of the nearest approaches to the beauties of Paradise that this sorry old world still has to offer. Rising in majesty was the cloud-crowned Blue Mountain Peak, more than seven thousand feet above the Caribbean, flanked by verdure-clad mountains and valleys clothed with coconut palms, flowering trees, and banana plantations. The city of Port Antonio, white-walled and red-roofed, with the Titchfield Hotel standing on a low but prominent knoll at the entrance to the harbor, seemed to rise out of the sea. The ship sailed directly into the narrow entrance and was soon tied up at the wharf. We had entered upon what was a wonderful adventure into a new life, a life of service in the cause of God.

Strangely perhaps, we were attracted not only by the beauty of the scenery but by the primitive and yet happy life of the

To page 22



H. A. Roberts

Fifty-five Trees Had Been Downed by the Relentless Storm, but Not One Palm Tree Had Fallen

Like the Palm Tree

By HULDA CROOKS

THE righteous shall flourish like the palm tree." My husband and I closed the Bible and went about the day's duties. Not being acquainted with the characteristics of the palm tree, we gained little help from the object lesson, so inexhaustible is the richness of its spiritual meaning.

All week southern California had been bathed in refreshing winter rains, falling intermittently at a rate that the soil could absorb and soaking it to an unusual depth. The ground was soft and yielding. Earthworms came up to tunnel near the surface

or travel across its face, much to the satisfaction of ground-searching birds.

As evening drew on, the wind that had been blowing all day increased. The fast-falling raindrops, instead of coming to earth with a soothing patter, were rudely blown aside and carried far off their course, or thrown violently against obstacles that obstructed their drive.

All through the night the prince of the power of the air displayed his knowledge of the laws of nature and perverted their purpose. Doors and windows shook, cars strained to hold their course on the high-

way, roofing was torn off, and frame houses rocked as if about to leave their foundations and take to the air.

By morning the storm had exhausted its liberties and subsided, and the sun came out to reveal the contrast between the nature of the power that wounds and destroys and that which brings healing and hope and gladness.

It being Sabbath morning, we started for our usual place of worship, the Loma Linda College church. But what a sight met our eyes when we arrived! All over the grounds of the sanitarium and the college lay the prostrate bodies of trees that had fallen in the onslaught of the night.

Across the road near the bottom of the hill sprawled a giant eucalyptus. Its trunk measured five feet in diameter at the base; its many branches were heavily clothed with glossy, aromatic leaves, resembling miniature sickles hung from the ends of slender handles. As we joined the wondering crowd that was lamenting the loss of this massive shade tree, we heard the question that was uppermost in our own minds: "Why did this great tree fall?" But as the eye took in the heavy top and followed down to the roots, lying with projecting prongs, like an extracted tooth, the answer was obvious—the tree was top heavy and its rooting system not well balanced.

What was true of the eucalyptus was true also of its fallen companions. Planted in the lawn in their infancy, they had been watered with every sprinkling of the grass. Life had been easy and care abundant. However, as is the case even in the most carefree life, there had been elements to challenge their progress and to threaten their existence.

The prevailing breezes from the ocean to the west daily tossed the supple branches by their excursions inland, and reversed the practice during their return at night. Occasionally this friendly movement of air resulted in strong windstorms; at other times storms arose from the north, from across the Mojave Desert, whipping the trees into violent exercises.

Thus the growth of the trees was accompanied by a root development capable of bearing the strain of the daily opposition of the breezes and providing safe anchorage against recurring tests of severe storms.

The swift passing of time saw an increase of height and of girth and the donning of successively heavier robes of living green. To all outward appearances these trees had developed into normal, well-balanced individuals that had stood as victors in many a conflict with the elements. But the ordeal of that Friday night revealed a hidden weakness, suspected by none who passed beneath their cooling shade.

During the week the ground had been thoroughly softened, and the holding power of the roots lessened, but that was nothing uncommon. The ground had been

soaked before, and strong winds had not infrequently accompanied the rains; but these previous storms had followed an expected course, and the trees were prepared to meet these customary dangers.

But this was a surprise attack, timed as by a cunning general and launched from an unexpected quarter. This storm came from the southeast—the usually sheltered side—where the friendly hills come close. Strong winds were not expected from this direction, and the preparation so long neglected could not be obtained in the emergency. Like a relentless thrust upon a weak flank, this storm flung itself against the heavy-topped trees in their weakened and unprepared condition, and fifty-five of them went down!

They lay all over the grounds of the Loma Linda Sanitarium and the College

of Medical Evangelists, trees of every kind: eucalyptus, acacia, pepper, cypress, chinaberry—but wait! Did any palm trees fall?

We looked, but all the palms seemed to be waving as usual. Then, seeing the landscape gardener, the man in charge of the grounds, we asked, “Mr. Angell, did the storm break down any palm trees?” Mr. Angell and his helpers had patrolled the grounds all night, watching in distressed surprise as tree after tree crashed.

In response to our question he stopped and looked at us with the light of a deep conviction in his eyes as he replied, “Not a palm tree fell. In all my life,” he added, “I have seen but two palm trees blown down in a storm, and they were literally washed out by floods.”

“Not a palm tree down,” we mused.

“But why?” It was not because they were few in number and carefully sheltered, for palms are everywhere in evidence; they line sidewalks and roads, and grow informally on the extensive lawns where some of them were even then waving over the empty places left by the fall of their companions.

The question proved a challenge, and we began the search for an answer. Down in the river bed, where road crews hauled trees dug out in the widening of highways, we found many palms dumped in disorderly fashion, some with their crowns down and their roots up, and we picked out an accessible one for examination.

Roots? Not like anything we had ever found on any other kind of tree. They looked more like an unbelievable mass of

To page 21



Photo, Courtesy of the Author

The Only Tax on Pitcairn Island Is the Time Every Citizen Spends on Public Works

NO TAXES!

By D. D. FITCH

NOT a single citizen pays a tax of any kind! There is no income tax, no sales tax, no surtax, no business tax, no property tax, no cosmetic tax, no luxury tax. And as the business slogan reads, “There Is a Reason.”

There is no tax on conducting stores because there are none. Consequently there is no sales tax. There is no tax on cosmetics because they are not used. There is no automobile tax, for a car has never been seen by the inhabitants of Adamstown on their own road, a road too narrow for an auto to turn around on. The in-

habitants of this land do not have to sit up late at night to figure out how much their income tax will be, because they have very little cash. They own property, but there is no property or furniture tax. The only reminder of a tax is the time each citizen spends on public works. And that suggestion brings us to the consideration of a fairly recent public project, made necessary by a freak of nature.

Some time ago the news came of an earthquake near Anaska that caused a great tidal wave to sweep down upon some of the Hawaiian Islands. For an answer

to the queries of many as to whether this tidal wave continued as far south as Pitcairn Island, and if so, what damage was done, we are indebted to Postmaster Roy Clark. Word from him reported that the wave hit the island fully forty feet above sea level. That was on the exposed side, known as Tedside. On the other side where Bounty Bay is situated, the tidal wave fortunately was only about twelve feet high, as was testified by the blue paint scraped from one of the canoes found on a high rock. A long boat, used in traffic with passing ships was damaged, and another large boat and twelve canoes entirely disappeared. The loss of the canoes, which are essential to the inhabitants in seeking their supply of food from the sea, is irreparable, because there are no more large trees on the island from which they can be replaced.

The picture of Bounty Bay, which has been frequently published, will be restudied with interest when it is learned that the tidal wave “flooded down two boat houses, not leaving a scrap of wreckage.” Had the main force of the tidal wave been against the Bounty Bay side of the island instead of Tedside, there would have been much greater loss of property. And had the tidal wave struck during the day, instead of at night, there might have been considerable loss of life to those who were fishing or working on the level of the boathouses. As it was, all were peacefully sleeping, high and dry in Adamstown, too far above the sea to suffer injury. Now the public work of rebuilding the boathouses is completed.

This is not the first such disturbance in the South Pacific. As a young man I was a member of the crew of the sailing ship *Pitcairn* and recall that on one trip the first homeward-bound stop was at Rarotonga, where a short time before our visit the waters of the bay had suddenly receded, leaving all shipping stranded on a sharp coral bed.

D Day in Middletown

By L. A. Skinner

It was in the Washington Avenue church, Brooklyn, New York. Joseph Barnes was the master of ceremonies in a sparkling MV rally for the Greater New York Conference. Pastor R. A. Nesmith was called upon to interview a delegation from Middletown, New York. Coming to the platform were Charles Warden and Charlotte Smith.

"And now, Charlotte, what are the Middletown Missionary Volunteers doing to share their faith?"

"We have just completed Operation Farmhouse."

"Operation Farmhouse? What do you mean by that?"

"When the call came to us to gather clothing for our people in Korea, we decided to visit the different farms in our rural community and invite people to donate clothing or money for the purpose of supplying the needs of these poor people in the cold winter climate of Korea."

"How did they respond, Charlotte?"

"We were given a most friendly reception, and rarely were we turned away without a contribution."

"Do you have any other projects?"

"Oh, yes! We are giving two Bible studies a week to people in our town."

"How did you get the invitation to give these Bible studies?"

"We went out on Operation Doorbell. We called at many homes, and among them were these who invited us to explain the Bible message to them."

"Do you have any other activities?"

"We have a story hour for the children on Sunday afternoons. We have gone into a certain section of our town and invited the children to come where we have illustrated stories and music, and we give them children's papers at the close of our story hour."

"Well, Charlotte, you seem to be very busy helping people there in Middletown. Do you enjoy this?"

"Oh, yes! I get a great deal of pleasure out of these activities. It's thrilling to see how people appreciate the efforts put forth for them."

"Do you have any social gatherings or parties?"

"Yes, once in a while, but we really don't have much time for just parties. We have so much fun in these Share Your Faith activities that we don't crave additional entertainment."

"Charlotte, how old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"Have you been an Adventist all your life?"

"No, I have been an Adventist only about a year. My mother became a member about three years ago, but at that time I did not see the importance of making any change."

MV Youth in Action

"What brought about the difference in your thinking?"

"The pastor and the Missionary Volunteer leader held some meetings in our church about a year ago. It was the MV Week of Prayer. These meetings were interesting, and I discovered for the first time that the Lord was calling me to serve Him and to give my life to His cause. I was baptized at the close of this week, and have been engaging in these activities ever since."

Yes, it was D Day in Middletown for Charlotte Smith during MV Week, 1952. In addition to Charlotte, there were more than four thousand young people who gave their hearts to Jesus and decided to follow Him during that week. What if the pastor or the MV leader had not carried forward the plans for meetings? What if they had been too busy?

March 14-21, 1953, will be *decision week* again.

This year, we believe, there will be more than five thousand young people who will give their hearts to Christ and launch out on a soul-winning program to help finish the work.

Student Evangelists

By Herb Ford

Theology students at Pacific Union College, Angwin, California, held a series of evangelistic meetings in the town of Benicia recently as a follow-up effort to story hours and personal evangelism crusade visits that have been held in that town in the past few years.

Speakers at the meetings were Andrew Dahl and William Cochran, both senior theology students. In charge of music was Harold Rich, also a theology student. Meetings were held in a well-known town hall, and attendance was good.

Services in this student effort consisted of a special song program, a sermonet for children, and an adult lecture on Biblical truths that Adventists hold so dear. The series was sponsored by the Northern California Conference and the department of theology of the college.

Student soloists, instrumental groups, quartets, and other musical talent from Pacific Union College participated in each meeting of the series. Many other Advent youth from this West Coast college lent time and talent to make this a successful venture for Christ.

Field Evangelism at Union College

By J. J. Williamson

The 1952-53 field evangelism program is the largest missionary program ever conducted by the Bible department of Union College. Never have there been so many public efforts attempted or has there been so much success as now.

Although it is a little early to venture the final result in the number of persons that will be baptized from these efforts by the end of May, yet it is possible to know that the number will be large. At the present writing three have been baptized and there are fifteen who have made decisions to be baptized soon.

The evangelism department has inaugurated a new program of year-round efforts concentrated in certain nearby churches that have been considered old territory and probably not the best places for efforts to be held. We believe that continued and well-planned work will eventually bring good results. One of these churches, Beatrice, Nebraska, has had this continued effort for more than two years. If present growth continues, a new church building will soon be needed.

Seven evangelistic efforts are being conducted by twenty-one ministerial students. Attendance at all meetings, with one exception, has been good. The one exception is a place where there is no church to help, but even here there will be a small church established. One of the efforts, opened in a new territory where there is no church, had an opening attendance of sixty-two, of which number fifty were nonmembers.

Teamwork is being stressed. The young men are learning to work together. One man is responsible for the fall effort, and a second is his song leader. Then the song leader becomes responsible for the spring effort, and the previous leader becomes the song leader.

In every series of meetings the men in charge take over the responsibility of financing the effort. In almost every case the offerings have met the actual cost.

Those conducting the meetings are Richard Barrett, Darrell Beyer, Donald Castonia, Vernon Chase, Ernest Clark, Gerald Fillman, Daniel Gerst, Norman Harvey, William Hinton, Robert Leiske, Cyril Miller, John Morris, Ernie Oliver, Perry Pedersen, H. B. Petry, Doyle Phillips, Norman Rasmussen, Robert Rider, Don Sullivan, Henry Turner, and Dale Wagner.



On a Red-carpeted Platform Built in Front of the Capitol President Dwight D. Eisenhower Delivers His Inaugural Address. Behind Him Are American and Foreign Dignitaries. Below, the U.S. Marine Band

*There is "a mingling of consecration
and carnival, of solemnity
and celebration," when*

A President Is Inaugurated

By DON YOST

NEW YORK-SIZE crowds, California weather, and a Texas-born man went together to make the forty-second formal inauguration of a President of the United States unforgettable. Never had so many persons watched, never had the weather been more pleasant, and never before had a Texan been called to the country's highest office.

The simple ceremony in front of the Capitol, watched by 125,000 persons, marked the fifteenth time since 1789 that control of the Federal Government has passed from

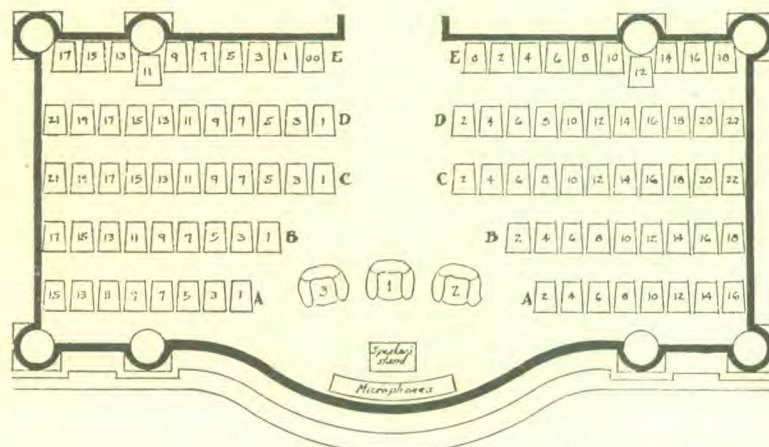
one political party to another. It also made General of the Army Eisenhower the first professional soldier to assume the Presidency since the days of Ulysses S. Grant. And, in keeping with the wishes of the man who took the oath of office, simplicity characterized the entire proceedings.

January 20, 1953, was a long day for Dwight David Eisenhower. It began at seven-thirty in the morning and did not end until after midnight. The high point of the day came at 12:32 P.M., when he repeated the words: "I, Dwight D. Eisenhower, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States. So help me, God." He became the nation's thirty-fourth President. Close by his side the entire day was Mamie Eisenhower, who shared the acclaim given her husband.

Washington Post Photos



As the Author Saw It: General Eisenhower Is Sworn In by Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson. At Left Is Dark-haired Vice-President Richard M. Nixon, and at Right Is Retiring President Harry S. Truman. Behind Mr. Truman Is Ex-President Herbert Hoover. At Extreme Right Is Mrs. Eisenhower (Checked Hat). Behind His Mother Stands Major John Eisenhower, the President's Only Son



Key to Seating Diagram: (1) Eisenhower, (2) Nixon, (3) Truman. Row A, Left: Mrs. Eisenhower, Mrs. Nixon, Mrs. Truman and Margaret, Ex-Vice-President and Mrs. Alben W. Barkley, and Mrs. John Sheldon Doud. In Row A (Right) Were Chief Justice Vinson, Styles Bridges, Speaker of the House Joseph Martin, Former Speaker Sam Rayburn, and Others. Row D, Right: Supreme Court Justices. Row E, Right: New Cabinet. In Picture Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson (White Hair) Is Behind Black-capped Justice Felix Frankfurter. Second Man to Wilson's Right Is John Foster Dulles, New Secretary of State

America on Parade

By LEILA GILHOUSEN

Weather predictions had forecast a partly cloudy day with possible showers, and spectators who arrived early were sure the weatherman would be right. As late as nine o'clock the top of the Washington Monument was still hidden by fog, and the dome of the Capitol was only barely visible from Fifteenth Street. Many who were beginning to find their places along the parade route were equipped with blankets, raincoats, and umbrellas. But the rain never came. Instead, the sun began to break through the clouds, and by noon some who were standing in the sun even shed their topcoats.

Souvenir hawksters were out early, drumming up trade, but one could clearly see that they were saving their enthusiasm for the afternoon parade. On a side street here and there deliverymen were busy bringing in supplies of morning newspapers, souvenir programs, folding chairs, and refreshments. Balloon men were busy filling their balloons with gas, preparing to catch the eye of children, young and old.

By nine-thirty there was a noticeable flow of people toward the parade route and the Capitol grounds. Many were coming from nearby Union Station, which was only just recovering from a disaster. One thousand workmen had hastily repaired the damage done by a runaway train the Thursday before. A fast Pennsylvania Railroad train had come careening into the yards at about fifty miles an hour, its horn blaring. It ripped up the metal guard at the end of the track and thundered through the iron gates onto the main concourse. There the engine crashed through the floor. No one was killed. Incoming inauguration tourists were hardly conscious of the tragedy.

As they approached Pennsylvania Avenue on the great day they could hear loudspeakers pouring out rousing martial music. The festive spirit in the air grew as minutes passed. Everyone seemed happy and excited. Meanwhile the President-elect was taking the members of his official family to attend a nine-thirty service at the National Presbyterian church.

The first main event of the day was to be the oath-taking ceremony on the east steps of the Capitol at noon. So quite naturally the crowd thickened most rapidly on the level plaza that extends east from the Capitol toward the Library of Congress and the Supreme Court Building. By ten o'clock people were standing ten deep in a semicircle beyond the reserved seat area.

Few of the seats were yet occupied. But there was much activity in the banked platform that rose above the unpainted benches for special ticket holders. It was large enough to accommodate several television cameras, their operators, and numerous photographers. From this point most of the head-on TV shots and pictures for newspapers were made.

The coverage of the day's events by

My plane tilted gently, nose downward in the night, approaching Washington, D.C. I was returning East after five years in California and thrilled as I looked through the pilot's window to the gilded panorama moving toward me. The Capitol dome shone dramatically; the Washington Monument shimmered a welcome from its top window lights; and there lay Pennsylvania Avenue, a long lighted scroll on which humanity would soon be writing history.

The inauguration of President-elect Dwight D. Eisenhower was only two weeks away. Then the eyes of the world would be on Pennsylvania Avenue, seeing America on parade.

Tuesday, January 20, dawned with well-behaved weather, a blessing for all the inaugural events. My friend and I met on the steps of the General Conference building at eight o'clock to leave for downtown Washington by bus. We wanted to be certain of standing room on the front lines, and we were not disappointed. I took my camera with color film, so I wanted a good spot for viewing the parade.

As we got off the bus on Pennsylvania Avenue a half hour later, we heard patriotic marches sounding from the loudspeakers at street corners. Visitors from all over the nation and other countries were already finding their places in reserved grandstands and along the edges of the sidewalks, which were cabled off to keep spectators in a straight line along the avenue. Boy Scouts were getting ready for their duties of the day as ushers and helpers. One was polishing apples in a bin beside a hot-dog stand.

At the corner of Fifteenth and Pennsylvania we found that a crowd already had taken up standing room. We managed to find two spaces in the very front next to the cable. Some beside us were sitting on hampers purchased from a boy near the Washington Hotel behind us. His large stack of hampers looked

There Were Seventy-three Such Musical Units in the Pennsylvania Avenue Parade



Washington Post Photo

tempting as we thought of standing up all day (the parade was not to start until 1:30 P.M.), so we walked over to ask him how much he would charge for them just as a policeman began talking to him. We hesitated; then the boy looked at me and said faintly, "I can't sell 'em." "Oh," I replied, "that is too bad." I overheard the officer telling the boy that he was taking a big chance, and that no one would be allowed to have boxes or hampers to sit on.

The boy looked soberly at the line of hampers he had already sold and then at the stack left beside the hotel. As my friend and I regained our places near the curb, I remarked to a girl sitting on a hamper, "You are fortunate to have that seat." In a few minutes a truck pulled up in front of us, and policemen along the street ordered all the hamper sitters to give up their seats. The hampers were shoved into the truck, including the ones stacked near the hotel. The boy was sad as he helped lift the hampers into the truck. I did not hear anyone ask for his money back.

The lines were closing now. Activity was going on all around and behind us. Across the street was the photographer's stand, and the mechanical "monkey" that swung around for pictures was getting poised for the best shots. Directly across from the Washington Hotel was the Republican inaugural headquarters. The judges' stand was there too, and on either side were grandstands for disabled veterans who would be brought there before the inauguration began. The patriotic music continued to come from the loud-speakers across the street, and cold feet tapped to the marches to keep warm.

Seemingly out of nowhere soldiers began lining up on both sides of the avenue, facing us, one soldier stationed every six feet, approximately four feet from the curb. We felt well guarded. To us it was a somber, dignified scene, and we realized that every precaution was taken to control the crowds that no harm might come to the members of the inaugural party or others. Then there were policemen stationed about every ten feet, facing us too!

The policeman nearest us was a jovial, kindly man who thoroughly enjoyed his work. He made himself acquainted with all under his immediate charge. He kept an eye on everyone, no doubt about that, but he had a personality that kept his crowd in good spirits. When someone looked tired he said, "Now, don't give up! You've stayed this long with me, hold out a little longer!" When a girl who had been in line since early morning shivered from cold, he said, "Go on in the hotel and get warm. Put your feet in some warm water. I'll hold your place." He did too. And

To page 17



Wendell Fogg

This Float Seemed to Forecast the Religious Faith of the New Administration

radio and television was astonishing. It seemed that every corner of the Capitol had a TV camera perched on it, and mobile units moved about to pick up interesting shots before and during the parade. Radio booths and photographers' stands crowded the edges of the main east steps. Long before the ceremony inaugural stands were active with engineers, electricians, radiomen, and newsmen, making final preparations for the big event.

In the rush of activity the speaker's desk had been forgotten. It was not until ten-forty-five that workmen brought it onto the President's platform, attached the microphones, and made the connections. The thousands who by this time had gathered in the stands below and out on the lawn were amused as an usher in a duck cap posed so that the TV cameras out in front could get their focus on the spot where the next President would be standing.

Soon now the Eisenhowers would be arriving at the White House, sixteen blocks out northwest Pennsylvania Avenue, to meet President Harry S. Truman and ride with him to the inaugural ceremonies at the Capitol.

Shortly after eleven o'clock dignitaries began to find their places in the stands behind and at each side of the President's platform. The first of note was former President Herbert Hoover, the last Republican President, 1929-1933. He was accompanied by William R. Castle, Jr., former Under Secretary of State. A pleasant ripple of applause came from ushers and newsmen on the Capitol steps and others nearby who recognized him. Cameras and binoculars were more than busy from then until about one-fifteen, when the last official left the stands.

At eleven-twenty the President-elect's son, Major John Eisenhower, and his wife descended the steps from the Capitol's east door and took their places in the row in front of Mr. Hoover. Major Eisenhower had been granted leave from his post in Korea to witness the elevation of his father to the highest office of the nation.

Then, as a United States Navy dirigible began circling high above Capitol Hill, Congressmen and members of both the incoming and outgoing Cabinets began filing in a steady stream from the Capitol rotunda out through the east doorway between Navy and Air Force guards of honor.

Then a cheer came up from the waiting crowds below. The cavalcade from the White House had arrived. There was President Truman with General Eisenhower, their families, and officials of high rank.

Still the stream of dignitaries came from inside the building, slowly, steadily. Easily recognizable were Senator John Sparkman, Democratic Vice-Presidential nominee; Senator H. H. Humphrey, of Minnesota; Senator Joseph McCarthy, of Wisconsin; and Senator Estes Kefauver, Dem-

ocratic presidential hopeful; Governors Warren, Byrnes, Dewey, McKeldin, and Williams.

At eleven-fifty Mrs. Eisenhower, Mrs. Nixon, Mrs. Truman, and Margaret appeared at the narrow doorway and received a warm ovation as they descended the steps and were escorted to their places on the President's platform.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff soon appeared—Generals Omar Bradley, J. Lawton Collins, and Hoyt Vandenberg, and Admiral William M. Fechteler. They were followed by Eisenhower's Cabinet members-designate and by the Truman Cabinet. Two outstanding figures were Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., head of the United States delegation to the United Nations, and Dean Acheson, Secretary of State under Truman. Both are tall, striking figures who stand out immediately, even in such distinguished company.

Most spectators were too busy watching for familiar faces and anticipating a good view of the next President to notice that the nation was then without a Chief Executive. According to the Constitution, the President's term ends at noon on January 20. So, while members of the diplomatic corps and others filed to their places, some 154,000,000 persons were without a President.

This is not an unusual situation. Seldom has the Chief Executive been sworn into office at the stroke of noon. On the other hand, in 1877, the nation had two duly sworn Presidents for about fifteen hours. According to William J. Moyer, writing in the *Washington Star*, "Rutherford B. Hayes was to succeed Ulysses S. Grant, but since March 4 came on Sunday, the inaugural ceremonies were postponed until Monday. Consequently, Hayes . . . took the oath at the White House the night of March 3. Grant's term did not expire until noon March 4."

Finally at twelve-fifteen the principals in the ceremony appeared, first Mr. Truman, then Mr. Nixon, and finally in a burst of applause came General Eisenhower. Each was escorted to his place.

Secret Service men doubtless were all around, but they are trained to mingle, and it is almost impossible to distinguish them from anyone else. However, one plain-clothesman was easy to detect as he stood near the exit everyone was watching. Instead of facing the doorway, as everyone else was, he was facing the spectators, on the lookout constantly for danger.

The Defiance College (Ohio) Choir had been singing. Then as the time for the actual ceremony drew near, the Marine Band participated in the presentation of colors and appropriate martial music.

When President Truman came to his place on the inaugural stand he turned to watch for Richard Nixon, who followed him. Out of the corner of his eye he caught sight of a familiar face, but it did not register until he was facing the crowds below. Then like a flash he turned again,



Wendell Fogg

President Eisenhower Beamed as He Was Driven With His Wife Past 750,000 Persons Toward His New Home at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue—the White House

thrust out his hand, and greeted Herbert Hoover, who was attending his first inauguration since 1933.

The program had dignity, simplicity: Invocation by Patrick J. O'Boyle, Roman Catholic archbishop of Washington.

Solo, "The Star-Spangled Banner," by Dorothy Maynor.

Marine Band.

Senator W. F. Knowland, Republican, of California, administered the oath to Vice-President-elect Nixon.

Solo, "America, the Beautiful," by Eugene Conley, Metropolitan Opera tenor.

Prayer by Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Marine Band.

Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson administered oath to President-elect Eisenhower. Inaugural address.

Benediction by Henry K. Sherrill, of New York, presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Marine Band, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

At the close of Dorothy Maynor's song General Eisenhower sprang to his feet and spontaneously thanked her for her meaningful rendition of the national anthem. He expressed his appreciation to Eugene Conley also. These friendly acts were characteristic of the man.

Immediately after taking the oath of office, President Eisenhower stepped to the right of the speaker's stand and raised his arms in his familiar V salute. It was a spine-tingling moment. Unrestrained cheers rose from the 125,000 Americans who were before him. And they were certainly joined by 70,000,000 television viewers all over the nation.

Then in an instant the new President stepped over to Mamie, who had seen him rise in thirty-six years from a West Point cadet to a five-star general, and kissed her.

Before he launched into his prepared address, sixty-two-year-old Ike asked permission to read a prayer—a "little prayer of my own":

"Almighty God, as we stand here at this moment, my future associates in the executive branch of the Government join me in beseeching that Thou will make full and complete our dedication to the service of the people in this throng and their fellow citizens everywhere.

"Give us, we pray, the power to discern clearly right from wrong and allow all our words and actions to be governed thereby and by the laws of this land.

"Especially we pray that our concern shall be for all the people, regardless of station, race or calling. May cooperation be permitted and be the mutual air of those who, under the concept of our Constitution, hold to differing political beliefs—so that all may work for the good of our beloved country and for Thy glory. Amen."

The inaugural address itself was not long. But into it was wedged the world's hopes for peace. "We are called as a people to give testimony, in the sight of the world, to our faith that the future shall belong to the free." He read from a simple three-ring notebook. Each sheet had only eleven or twelve widely spaced lines.

The speech was not a spectacular, cheer-producing speech. It was direct and to the point. The significance of what was said was left for those who will read and ponder his words.

Even as he spoke, the edges of the vast throng before him began to drift away. Wherever they went along the line of march, people could hear his address, so they left to find vantage points from which to view the parade. Some went home to watch the rest of the one-million-dollar inauguration-day program on television.

To page 18

WELL, good morning, Professor Yamagata; is this your office?" I asked.

"Yes, and good morning. [I preferred to hear Professor Yamagata's near-perfect English instead of having him hear my poor Japanese.] Have you never seen it before?"

"No. I've only been in the older part of the administration building. On my former visits here I came to call on the missionary families. I am more familiar with your farm acres than with your buildings."

"Would you care to see our layout and visit some classes today? Except for the senior college level we are having examinations. I have classes to teach myself, but I can ask Miss Tanaka to act as your guide. Because there are examinations she is free this morning."

"Thank you. I accept your offer."

Professor Yamagata, the school's dean, called Miss Tanaka from the next office and explained to her in Japanese that I

was established more than twenty-five years ago, not as a college, but as a training school for young men who felt the call of God to be workers in His cause. A girls' school was maintained separately at the mission compound in the city of Tokyo. Before the last war neither school enjoyed a large enrollment because of the complexity of problems in trying to run schools without government recognition.

The close of the war brought many changes. For the first time in Japan co-education above the sixth-grade level was possible. Our Japanese leaders were quick to recognize the advisability of combining the two institutions under a single administration. Within two years after the close of the war five or six teachers had been selected, and about thirty young men and women were eagerly studying their new-found faith. From this group most of the present young leaders of the church have been selected.

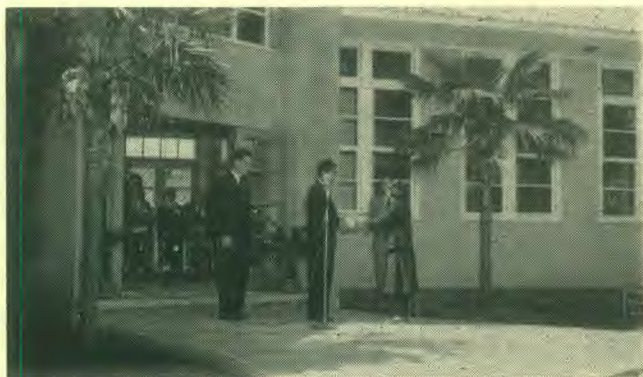
The college operates under the leadership of Raymond S. Moore and Roshio

dents. One of these is a demonstrated ability to read and write English well.

When I learned that fact I understood better why those I observed had so much ability in the English language. Without it they could not have been students at J.M.C.

Leaving the administration building, we proceeded to the boys' dormitory. From N. Nemoto, the dean of men, we learned that there are sixty-five boys, mostly from fifteen to twenty-two, housed in twenty-eight rooms. These rooms are about nine by twelve feet. The two beds have no springs. The wooden bottoms are covered by two-inch-thick straw mats common to Japanese homes. Besides the two desks, each about two by one and a half feet, there is no other furniture. There are no radiators there or in any of the buildings. The only heat used is solar heat, even on cloudy winter days when snow covers the ground.

The kitchen and dining room I found are in conjunction with the boys' dormi-



Visiting Japan Missionary College. Prince Takamatsu Receives a Gift From One of the College Girls. President R. S. Moore Stands at the Left Looking On

*In classrooms and industries, teachers
and students work side by side in*

Following the

By VINSTON E. ADAMS

wanted to see the college buildings, visit the classrooms, and meet some of the teachers and students.

After Miss Tanaka and I had exchanged greetings in Japanese, we left on a tour of the institutions. I was not so sensitive about my poor Japanese with Miss Tanaka, for she was my Japanese instructor for three months three years ago.

Japan Missionary College is on the western shores of Chiba Peninsula, the projection of land that separates Tokyo Bay from the ocean. From the front door of the administration building on clear days Mount Fuji can be seen seventy to eighty air miles to the west.

From Miss Tanaka I learned that the college is giving fifteenth-grade classwork in several departments this year and hopes to give work on full senior college level next school year. We visited a fifteenth-grade seminary Bible class, and listened for a few minutes to Professor Yamagata's exposition of the scientific cause of the falling of the stars. There were thirty students.

I learned that Japan Missionary College

Yamagata. Nearly all the teachers were trained either in our own school in Japan or are graduates of various of our colleges in the United States and the Philippines. A strong work is being carried on by this group of consecrated workers.

Miss Tanaka took me to several classes where students were writing examinations in third- to sixth-year instruction in English. I was permitted by the teachers to pass from desk to desk and look at what the students were writing. Two things were surprising—the knowledge of English displayed and the quality of the handwriting, which was as good as you would find in English-speaking countries at the same grade level.

Later I learned from Dr. Moore that there are at least three times as many students who want to come to J.M.C. as the college has facilities to accommodate. Only church members' and Sabbathkeepers' applications are considered, but still so many qualify that other entrance requirements have to be established to avoid the possibility of charges of favoritism or personal influence in the selection of stu-

tory. The kitchen is a shed with cement floor. There are storage bins for vegetables, tables to work on, and sinks for washing the vegetables. For cooking there are four large iron caldrons. In these huge kettles the soup, vegetables, and the rice are cooked by wood fires.

The meal in preparation when I was there was to consist of bean and onion soup, mixed vegetables—carrots, spinach, and burdock root—rice, and one apple.

Proceeding to the dining room, I noted the unfinished wooden tables without covering, with benches instead of chairs, for closer seating. It did not seem possible that all 156 boarders could be seated at one time at so few tables. Miss Tanaka said that only 140 can be seated at one time. The other twenty-five have to wait until the others have finished. The boys and girls eat at separate tables except on party nights.

Because the college accepts boarding students from the junior high school level, there is a special dormitory for the twelve-year-old boys. Two rooms in one of the teachers' homes are for boys of this age.

THE *Youth's* INSTRUCTOR



Photos by R. S. Moore

Every Sabbath Afternoon the Entire Student Body and Faculty Conduct Twenty-five Branch Sabbath Schools. Shown Here Are the Members of One Such Sabbath School as They Visit the College

The three-year-old girls' dormitory is built in the shape of a square, with an open court in the center. Miss Ai Niwa is the dean. She is also piano instructor. As Miss Niwa conducted us around the circle of the building she showed us the study room. Except at college level the girls all study in this room. In it there is a small wood-burning stove that during study hours does its little best to take the chill off the otherwise unheated room. We saw the ironing room, the laundry room, the bathroom, with its huge Japanese-style tub that would accommodate many girls at one time, and the prayer room, complete with Bible and devotional aids.

As a special favor Miss Niwa let us peek into one of the older girls' rooms. The furnishings were much the same as those in the boys' dormitory, except that the girls had a closet in which to hang their clothing. The feminine touch was not lacking; there were family photographs, pictures, and flowers, all in their place.

The age range of the girls is from twelve to twenty-three, with a few older. The eighty-four girls are all Japanese except for one Korean, four Okinawan, and two Chinese. In the dormitories the rising bell is rung at 5:55 A.M.; retiring is at 9:30 P.M.

On the way to the library we stopped to see the typing room. There were no students practicing when we entered, but soon they came trooping in. There are seven typewriters, and I was assured that they are kept busy most of the day.

The library is one of the newest structures on the campus. About 40 per cent of the space is taken up with bookstacks. In talking to Miss Suzuki, the librarian, we learned that there are approximately five thousand books, fifteen hundred of which were acquired during the past year. About half the books are in English. The library subscribes to seven English periodicals, mostly denominational. There are also several periodicals printed in Japanese.

At this point we were joined by Mrs. Funada, another of the teachers. We then visited the dormitory for unmarried staff members. There are eight of them, and each has a room to herself. Until two months before my visit these women had been residing in the girls' dormitory. Miss Tanaka said they were glad to have their own quarters.

Since the close of the last war it has been possible for our churches to operate parochial schools. There are several now in different parts of Japan. The teachers for these schools are all trained at Japan Missionary College. For this teacher train-

To page 18



One of the Branch Sabbath Schools Is Conducted on the Steps of a Shinto Shrine by the Students

Book at J.M.C.

*Divine guidance can be ours in choosing
a church, a work, a wife.*

I See GOD'S Hand



PART 7

€VERY normal young man and woman thinks at one time or another about getting married and establishing a home. Not all feel led to launch out upon the matrimonial sea, but most of us do. It is only natural that we should. In the beginning a wise and gracious Creator made Adam and Eve for each other, and ordained marriage as the legitimate means of merging two lives into one. This was essential to fulfill His plan that man should be a happy, social creature and that the earth should be populated.

Since my conversion I had not thought very much about the opposite sex. The grand and noble truths of the third angel's message had so engrossed my time and affections that I had not had occasion to think much about anything else. But a wise Providence saw that I had better wake up and get down to the practical business of living. I needed a wife and didn't know it. But God did. And He undertook to make it known to me.

One day I was seated in my car in front of the college post office. In my hand I held a letter that I had removed from my box just a few moments before. As I opened the envelope and read the contents, I was deeply impressed that the writer, a young woman, was a very sincere Christian and that the letter gave evidence of a deep burden to help the students of the college enter more fully into the realities of the Christian life. The letter concerned Missionary Volunteer activities and dwelt at length upon plans for prayer band work.

As I read and reread the letter I could not escape the feeling that I wanted to meet the person who had written it. While I sat in the car thinking, it seemed that a voice said to me, "The young woman who wrote this letter will someday be your wife." Surprised and dumfounded, I immediately became curious to know who this girl might be. What did she look

like? Where did she live? Naturally I found no peace until I met her one evening when a group of students and teachers were invited to her mother's home in the village for a social.

I discovered that Shirley was as sweet a Christian girl as any man would want to meet, blue-eyed, blond, and attractive. It was a joy to meet her and to be in her presence. We had a pleasant evening as only Christians can enjoy such occasions. But I hardly knew what to do or to say in the light of the experience I had when I received her letter. It was difficult for me to be myself. I had come to school to get an education. I had not come there to get a wife. Now it seemed that the Lord was offering both. The whole thing was rather confusing to me.

When I said good-by to Shirley that night I settled down to my studies and tried to forget the whole thing. But whenever I saw Shirley on the campus, in the classroom, I thought of the voice that had spoken to me when I opened that letter: "This young woman will someday be your wife." It was not long before I realized that I was in love with Shirley, and I took the matter earnestly to God in prayer. Yes, it was certain and sure. God was leading that way. So I settled down to the business of getting my education and at the same time winning Shirley.

One evening near the close of school we were sitting together in the living room of her home. We were discussing life in the future. I tried to be indifferent about things, and I said, "School is almost over, Shirley, and I am going south. I don't know that I will see you again for some time. It's been wonderful knowing you, and I hope that we, uh—I hope that we will be together, uh—sometime. How or where, I cannot tell."

Later I discovered that Shirley was thinking the same thoughts, but she was too much of a lady to push the point and

To page 16

T. K. Martin, Artist

RETURNING from school, Marie put away her books, then walked into the living room. There in her easy chair sat mother. She looked up from her Bible with a welcoming smile, then continued reading. Going to the table, the girl opened a book, but soon closed it and said very earnestly, "Mother, how do we know the Bible is God's word; how do we *know* that it is really true?"

Mother gave her a surprised look. "Why do you ask a question like that, Marie? You have always been taught that God's word is true."

"Yes, and I have always believed it," Marie answered. "But today on the playground at school some boys were talking, and one of them said his father did not believe the Bible was God's word, and nobody could make him believe it either. Isn't there some way we can be *sure* about it, and tell people why we know it is true, and not just something men wrote?"

Mother thought a moment and then spoke slowly. "Yes, there are many things in the Bible that prove it could not have been written by men alone. It is a little hard to explain it to a girl of your age, but if you will pay close attention, I think I can help you understand better why we know the Bible is true, and that men alone could not have written it. Here in my Bible, in 2 Peter 1:19, I read, 'We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed.' Can you tell me what prophecy is, dear?"

Marie wrinkled her forehead, then said slowly, "I've heard you and daddy talk a lot about prophecy; isn't it telling what is going to happen a long time ahead—years and years maybe?"

"That is right, Marie; to prophesy is to tell what is going to happen in the future. It might be a month or a year or thousands of years. Now I want you to do some real thinking. Can you tell me what you and I will be doing just one week from today?"

Marie sat up straight, and as she thought her eyes grew big and puzzled. Finally she said, "Why, no, Mother, of course I can't tell you. We expect to be right here at home, but we might be downtown or sick or even dead. Nobody knows what will happen in a week."

"Now be careful," smiled mother. "In some of those big colleges don't you think the wise professors might be able to tell us exactly what we would be doing next week?"

Again Marie wrinkled her forehead and thought. And again she shook her head. "No, I don't see how they could tell any more than we could. How would they know what might happen before next week?"

Mother smiled and nodded. "You are right again; they could not tell any more than we could. The wisest man on earth could not tell unless"—and mother's eyes twinkled—"he said we would be sitting right here in these chairs, then he tied us



*How can a young person really know
that the Bible is true?*

MARIE IS WORRIED

By ELIZABETH JUDSON ROBERTS

in the chairs and stood over us with a pistol so no one could let us loose. What then?"

Marie laughed. "I don't believe he could be sure even then, for I know daddy would do something to that man, and we would be loose long before a week. But even if daddy wasn't around, the man might get sick or something. Nobody can tell what might happen in a week."

"That is true," said mother. "I just wanted you to think and be sure that you or I, or even the wisest man on earth, cannot alone tell exactly what will happen even one week ahead. We can only guess. But, as we know, prophecy *does* tell exactly what will happen in the future, and these prophecies were written by men; how could they do it?"

After thinking for a time Marie looked up and shook her head. Mother handed the Bible to her and said, "I want you to read this verse in 2 Peter 1:21 yourself, then you will remember it better. It tells you how they could do it."

Taking the Bible, Marie read, "'For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.'" Marie looked up with shining eyes and exclaimed, "Why, God *told* them what was going to happen, didn't He? And they wrote it down. Just by themselves they wouldn't have known any more than we do."

"Do you think God knows what we will do next week?" asked mother.

Marie nodded happily, "Of course He does; God knows everything."

"Right again, dear. And God says in the Bible that He knows what will happen

in the future." Taking the Bible, mother turned the pages and then went on. "Here in the forty-sixth chapter of Isaiah, God is talking to the prophet and says, 'I am God, and there is none like me, declaring the end from the beginning.' We believe that because we believe the Bible, but how could you make men like that boy's father believe it?"

Marie sat looking at the floor; finally she raised her eyes to mother's face, shook her head, and said slowly, "I don't know."

Mother patted her shoulder and smiled. "I'll tell you some of the ways, dear, and as you grow older you will learn more and more about the Bible and history and see more reasons why we believe the Bible is true. With all these reasons we can prove to any honest person that God does know the end from the beginning and tells us truly what will happen in the future."

"I'll try to understand what you tell me, Mother," said Marie.

"Very well. You have heard about the great city of Babylon and about Daniel the prophet, who was taken a captive from Jerusalem."

Marie nodded, "Yes, and I know about Daniel in the lions' den too."

"At that time," mother continued, "Babylon was the greatest city in the world; and Nebuchadnezzar, the king, was ruler of the whole earth. He thought his kingdom would last forever, it was so strong and great.

"But one night he had a dream. When he awoke he felt very much troubled, but the queer part about it was that he could not remember his dream. So he called in his wise men and ordered them to tell him his dream and what it meant.

"They answered that if he would tell them what he had dreamed, they would explain what it meant, but that no one could tell him what he had dreamed. The king tried and tried, but he could not remember it, so he grew very angry and told the wise men he was going to have them all killed because they could not tell him his dream.

"Then he sent out his officers to gather in all the wise men to have them killed, and they came after Daniel, for he was one of the wise men too. Daniel hadn't heard anything about the king's dream until the officer came and told him that all the wise men were to be killed because they could not tell the dream to the king.

"Daniel then went to the king and asked him to wait a little while before he had anyone killed, and he would pray and ask God to tell him the dream and what it meant. So the king waited while Daniel and his friends prayed, and God told him the dream and what it meant.

"Daniel then went to the king and told him what God had shown him. I haven't time to tell you all the dream now, but one thing he told Nebuchadnezzar was that Babylon, his great walled city, would be taken by the armies of another nation, and that another nation would then rule the world. It was very hard for the king to believe this, because he could not see into the future, and he thought no nation was strong enough to take his city.

"But it all came true not many years later when his grandson was king. The army of another nation did come and take the great walled city of Babylon, and that nation became the ruler of the world. We know all this is true both from the Bible and from history books. God's prophecies come true every time."

"What else did the prophets say?" asked Marie.

Mother looked at her and gave a little laugh. "They said enough to fill many books in the Bible, dear. As you grow older and learn how wonderfully these prophecies came true at the time they said they would, you will be astonished.

"But some of the prophecies they gave have not yet come to pass. The greatest and most wonderful prophecy of all is about the coming of Jesus in the clouds of heaven to bring the dead to life and take all who have loved and obeyed Him home to the New Jerusalem in heaven. We know this prophecy will come true soon now."

"I wish I knew all the prophecies," sighed Marie.

"You will learn more and more as you study the blessed Bible; and the more you learn, the more sure you will be that it is really God's word, and that it is all true. The Bible tells us that 'faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.' So reading the Bible increases our faith to believe and obey what we read.

"Reading the Bible does so many other good things for us too. When we are tired



Check Your I.Q.

By FREDRIK W. EDWARDY

Test your information quotient of facts old and new from around the globe. A score of six right answers is good, five is fair, and four is passing.

1. Which of the United Nations troops in Korea have recently been instructed to take their shoes to bed with them so they won't freeze?

a. British b. American c. Dutch

2. A private in the Russian Army receives a salary of only five rubles a month. About how much is a ruble worth?

a. Twenty-five cents b. Fifty cents c. Five dollars

3. In what country is Moses believed to have written Genesis, the first book of the Bible?

a. Moab b. Midian c. Media

4. What city has one of the oldest and largest cemeteries for dogs in the world?

a. Hollywood b. London c. Paris

5. Scotsmen are renowned for their custom of wearing skirts. Is this item of apparel properly referred to as a pair of kilts, a set of kilts, or simply kilts?

6. There are more Christians than non-Christians in the world. True or false?

it brings a feeling of rest, when we are sad it brings comfort, and when we are worried it brings peace."

Marie's eyes were shining with wonder. "Why don't we read the Bible much more than we do?" she asked.

Mother smiled. "We *will* read it more and more if we are wise," she answered, "and every time we read it with a prayer for help and understanding, we will be more sure that it is God's word, and that it is true."

I See God's Hand

From page 14

too much of a Christian to take it out of God's hands, and so she said simply, "Let's wait and let the Lord work it out for us." Then we prayed that God would guide our future.

Several mornings later my friend John and I loaded our car down with luggage, and stopped to say good-by to Shirley and her mother. Shirley had prepared breakfast for us, but we were two hours late. "I am sorry," I explained. "Packing took longer than we thought, and I forgot." We didn't even stop for breakfast, but apologized, said an awkward good-by, and drove away.

7. Our word *dairy* originated from the molding of bread dough in a "deyerre" room. From what language is it derived?

a. Teutonic b. Gaelic c. Arabic

Guess What Book

By MAY CARR HANLEY

1. I am a short book of the Old Testament.
2. My author was a prophet.
3. The Lord commanded him to go on a mission.
4. He was afraid to obey God.
5. After a severe punishment, he did as God said.

WHAT BOOK AM I?

Who Am I?

By DOROTHY WALTER

A king am I with crested crown;
Of blue, my royal coat.
I have no song—my common cry
A harsh and rattling note.

You'll always find me by a stream
Perched on a chosen branch,
My keen eye fixed to catch the gleam
Of moving fin, perchance.

Beside the stream, sun dappled,
Where dancing shadows rest,
Deep in the bank I tunnel,
And there I make my nest.

Keys on page 22

Finding a good girl is no picnic for a Christian young man. Courtships in and out of college involve obligations and self-restraint that can lead to perplexity. As I drove off I began to think, "I wonder what my mother will say about this. Will she stand in my way if I want to get married?" Then there was my stepfather. What would he think?

The summer was ahead of me, and I was not sure what I should do. I had an invitation to go to San Francisco and open up mission work among the down-and-outers on Mission Street. I had a desire to engage in this type of work, but I was not sure that it was the thing for me. I also had an invitation to do colporteur work in Petaluma. Shirley was to be in Petaluma during the summer, and I was fearful that if I should accept the invitation to canvass there, I would respond for her sake more than because I was needed in the work.

One day after I arrived at my home in southern California I made up my mind to seek God most earnestly for guidance about my future. I remember making my way to the sandy bed of an old dry creek that lay in a small canyon near our home. I was determined to pray through and find counsel from the Lord, to know His will and plan for me. I believed that because I had made up my mind to serve Him, He would help me to know after I

had presented my case before Him just what course I should pursue. With this assurance I knelt and claimed God's promise.

I was impressed to go to Petaluma. I wanted to be a minister, and colporteur work was the training I needed. Losing no time, I returned home and packed up my suitcase. I was Petaluma bound!

It brought great contentment and peace to my life to have the assurance that God had led me into this whole adventure. Soon after I made my decision to enter the canvassing work, Shirley and I were married. Then came a call to the mission field and a ministerial internship.

In the little church where I had been chosen to serve as local elder the wedding took place. My brother Richard was best man, and Mary, one of Shirley's dearest friends, was maid of honor. Friends came from near and far to the little church to hear the vows, and when finally I stood on the rostrum next to the minister, my old college Bible teacher, and caught the first glimpse of Shirley walking down the aisle in her lovely white wedding gown, I almost had heart failure. It seemed too good to be true. I had felt so inadequate, so small, so unprepared for the reality of this experience, but God had led me all the way, and now He had brought to me this lovely girl. When I kissed her we walked off the platform together into life, and how happy it has been!

There is much more to tell, for God has blessed us during the past eighteen years with a little family and a little home where the angels delight to dwell. Marriage is one of life's most vital decisions. Here it is important that God lead and direct into a union that He can approve. If you would avoid divorce and scandal, do not undertake a life union with someone with whom you are not agreed on the essential things of life. Marry someone who thinks and believes as you do, whose motives and purposes in life follow the same channels.

Since Shirley and I have been married we look back upon the past with a clear

conscience. Both of our parents agreed that we should be married. Her heart and mine rejoiced in anticipation of the union. We were both out of our teens, we were both Seventh-day Adventists, we had both resolved that our lives should be spent together as workers in God's cause, and we had frankly discussed the responsibilities and privileges of the marriage relation before our wedding. Our plans were in harmony with the blueprint and based upon Christian principles. It did something to us to enter life together with that assurance, and it will do something for you.

During our courtship we were deeply in love with each other, but we were not charmed to the point of infatuation. We discovered that love is a principle and not a feeling or an impulse. It is true that in youth there are certain physical desires that arise because we are changing into adulthood. These desires, if restrained, may be preserved inviolate. Marriage is time enough for some things, and it is better to be honest than to cheat. Playing the game of love as Christians is better than eating stolen sweets.

As I look back over my short life I can see God's hand through it all. First He led me to Christ, then to the true church, then to my work, and finally to the girl who became my wife. I am heavenward bound. I do not want to stop traveling with Jesus, my divine Companion, until the portals of the heavenly city open up before me into God's rich eternity.

The End.

America on Parade

From page 10

he watched her camera, even taking a picture with it while she was gone. When I changed film in my camera, he held his large gloved hand over it to keep the sunlight from striking the film.

Noontime arrived, and with it the in-

terested expectancy of seeing the Presidential party going to the Capitol from the White House. Our policeman posted us. He relayed the news that the car had left the White House. "Get your cameras ready! He'll come by fast! Here they come!" My eyes caught the large cameras on the photographers' stand pointed down Fifteenth Street. As General Eisenhower and President Truman rounded the corner, I think I caught them in my camera, thanks to that policeman. Cheers and shouts went up all around.

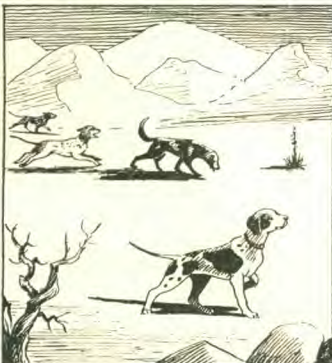
Lunches began appearing from inside coat pockets and bags. Even the policeman brought a sandwich out of his pocket. It was a bit embarrassing to my friend and me to eat the lunch we had brought in front of the soldiers who had no food, but one soldier assured us that he and his buddies would be relieved by another company in about a half hour. It was so. A police car came along with hot coffee for the policemen along the line. Boy Scouts were furnishing cartons of milk and lunches to their troops.

Now the microphones began broadcasting the Capitol ceremony, an impressive program. Fortunately it was clearly relayed along the entire avenue. The crowd around us stood respectfully silent during the prayers. Hats were off, and all stood during the singing and playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner." It was a deeply moving occasion. As I listened I thought of the familiar quotation: "Above the distractions of the earth God sits enthroned; all things are open to His divine survey; and from His great and calm eternity He orders that which His providence sees best."

One-thirty, the time for the parade to begin, had come. It was a long wait, twenty minutes late, before the twenty-one-gun salute was heard, but after looking far down the avenue many times, our policeman cheered us by saying, "Here they come! I see the red motorcycle lights way down there. They'll be here after awhile!" All heads were turned in the

Lone Leo, the Cougar, No. 9 — By Harry Baerg

COPYRIGHT, 1953, BY REVIEW AND HERALD (ALL RIGHTS RESERVED)



1. The hounds were on his trail this time, he knew. Rapidly they followed the scent through the canyon and over the rocky ridges. These dogs really knew their work of trailing very well.



2. Away went Leo. Up over the hills, down a steep canyon, and up the other side. For miles the young cougar ran to get away from the noisy dogs, but always they came closer and closer.



3. After a hard run the cougar became tired and jumped into a low juniper tree. Then it did not take the dogs long to surround the tree and make a big noise below the frightened cat.



4. Soon Leo noticed two riders coming over a distant ridge. They both were riding hard toward the barking dogs and pointing to the tree in which he sat. Things looked very bad for Leo.

direction of the parade. Soldiers lining the streets about-faced, by order of their superiors.

It wasn't long until the happy smiles of President Eisenhower and his radiant wife were filmed on hundreds of cameras around us. They waved freely to the crowds on either side. Cheers were tremendous. Vice-President Nixon and his wife followed in another open car, smiling and waving also. The parade had begun!

It was estimated that 750,000 people were viewing one of the longest parades in capital history. Although the route was 2.9 miles, the entries in the parade stretched out over ten miles, with an estimated 30,000 participants. There were about 25,000 marching men and military mobile weapons, 200 Indians, 330 horses, and 3 elephants. There were 73 musical units and 50 floats. All the States in the Union were represented by their governors, floats, musical units, or novelties, as the stagecoach and ponies from Kansas. There were ten divisions, including State units and marshal's units, besides the representatives and floats of Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands, Guam, and American Samoa.

When the high school bands marched by with their majorettes, two little girls in our crowd copied the antics of the majorettes in the little space allotted them by the watchful police, between the soldiers and the curb. Police still faced the crowd, keeping an eye on hotel windows for possible trouble, yet I think they missed little of what went on in the parade. Twice there were stretchers bearing fainting women, who had to be carried across the line of parade near us. The police were alert even though the crowd was orderly.

So much was going on! The gallant marching, the colored flags, and the picturesque floats were challenges to camera fans. There were no airplanes overhead, but Navy blimps hovered over the scene all afternoon. I took one picture of a blimp in the blue sky over the American flag. I also took pictures of troops in precise march, sixteen abreast, and I trust that the photo of the Army's atomic cannon all squeezed into one little color slide. It was something of a maneuver for that cannon to round the corner of Fifteenth and Pennsylvania. All the while the parade was going on, people who did not have front-line standing room resorted to souvenir periscopes, which enabled them to see the parade through mirrors. The little oblong white boxes peering from behind crowded sections looked like spectators from a strange land.

To describe each float would be impossible, and to write about one in particular would show preference. Each was unique in its own way, and some cost many thousands of dollars. The high school bands were attractive, energetic, and yet, as I overheard someone say later, "What a striking example of misspent

youth," meaning, of course, that it was unfortunate that the energy and spontaneity of youthful majorettes should be devoted, as it were, on the less-important activities of life.

The parade had been passing by for more than four hours. It was growing dark. The crowds stayed on. My friend and I decided to leave at six o'clock, so that we would be certain to get a bus back to Takoma Park before too late. The last two elephants had not gone by, but we had seen Miss Burma, the other elephant, earlier in the parade. We heard that she tipped her foot to the President as she went by the reviewing stand.

Before we left our spot and tried to walk, I saw our policeman bidding one of his crowd good-by by shaking hands. We had had a wonderful day! And as another left, we were amused to see a hamper on the sidewalk!

A President Is Inaugurated

From page 11

By one o'clock the ceremony was completed. Members of the Eisenhower administration returned the way they had come—up the steps and into the Capitol for a luncheon. Mr. Truman, his family, and officials of the outgoing administration walked across the stands and down to the driveway that circles beneath the east steps of the Capitol.

Meanwhile, radio and television men were rounding up their coverage of the event. Beside me, in the National Broadcasting Company booth built on the steps, Art Barrio and George Hicks were commenting on the scene before them as the crowds milled away toward Constitution Avenue. Down below, Bryson Rash, for the American Broadcasting Company, laid his earphones aside and gathered up his notes. Opposite on the south side of the steps the veteran newscaster H. V. Kaltenborn posed for a picture. Behind him Elmer Davis told his A.B.C. listeners the significance of Ike's message.

After Mr. Davis had finished his report he sat back for a moment. I had been standing nearby listening to him conclude his comments of the news. There were dozens of questions I thought of asking him, but I did not want to wade into the deep water of foreign or domestic policy. The day had been perfect, and I knew that Mr. Davis had seen many an inauguration, so my question was simple: "How does the crowd here at the Capitol compare with crowds at previous inaugurations?"

"Why," he replied instantly, "this is the largest crowd I have ever seen." Then reflectively he glanced at the litter-strewn plaza before us that was being rapidly deserted. With his characteristic penetration he summed up his disgust at the way people leave wastepaper lying around. "No people are ready for self-government until

they learn to pick up after themselves." We talked no more than five minutes, but he seemed genuinely pleased to have someone step out of the crowd to talk to him.

A few minutes later I had the thrill of a lifetime—a view of the President of the United States at even closer range. After the noon luncheon at the Capitol, Ike and Mamie got into their car and were driven underneath the east Capitol steps. I was waiting practically alone at the curb when their low-slung limousine moved by within five feet of me, flanked by four walking Secret Service men. They waved enthusiastically to the few who knew they would come that way.

The cars behind them bore the Nixons and other dignitaries. They moved out around the spectators' stand and took their places to lead the parade. President Eisenhower was then setting a precedent: This was the first time in the nation's history that the President's wife had ridden in the same vehicle with her husband in the inaugural parade. Mrs. Nixon also rode with her husband.

The procession moved north out of the Capitol grounds, then west on Constitution Avenue a few blocks. With a small-angle right turn, it proceeded out Pennsylvania Avenue—the avenue of the parades—to Fifteenth Street. There the street jogs north around the White House grounds.

Upon arrival President and Mrs. Eisenhower, Vice-President and Mrs. Nixon, and other guests took their places in the reviewing stand in front of the White House. There they watched what was supposed to have been a three-hour parade. Actually, by the time 27,381 participants had passed (25,509 of them in marching units), and they had heard 73 bands, watched 330 horsemen, 3 elephants, an Alaskan dog team, and a small tribe of Indians, it was seven o'clock.

Wearily, yet happily, the Eisenhowers turned toward their new home. At exactly 7:02 P.M. they walked across the threshold and into the mansion that will be their home for at least four years. There await moments of joy, hours of decision, and days of toil in piloting the vast ship of state through history's most turbulent waters, for the soldier with the common touch, one of America's truly great men.

Following the Book at J.M.C.

From page 13

ing the college operates a small church school. There are at present six pupils, one teacher, and three practice teachers in a two-room school.

After lunch H. B. Ludden, the college business manager, took me on a tour of the industries. The largest at the school is agriculture. On the nearly level cultivated acres approximately fifty men and

women, boys and girls, work. Here they raise most of the vegetables consumed in the dining room, learn lessons in personal industry, and incidentally earn a large sum toward their tuition. Each student in the school must work at least eighteen hours a week.

The woodworking shop is not too well equipped, but it provides an important industry. There the boys and girls learn cabinetmaking. I was told that there is ready sale for their products. Some of the smaller buildings on the campus were built entirely by student labor. About twenty work in this department.

The third largest industry, and the one with perhaps the greatest potential sales,

is the health food industry. Sparked by the gift of about ten thousand dollars' worth of food-processing machinery, an enterprise to bake health bread and cookies, make meat substitutes and peanut butter for sale to the public, was launched by the department. A single department store in Tokyo takes the entire output of cookies and would like to receive twice as many more.

Other industrial activities on the campus include printing, clothing repairing, and metalworking. Of course the students do all the maintenance of the grounds and buildings and operate the store and the art department.

The college church is very active. Sab-

bath mornings about 250 persons from the college and the community gather for Sabbath school and worship. In the afternoons almost the entire student body and teaching force go out on foot and by bicycle into the surrounding territory and conduct twenty-five branch Sabbath schools.

As I took leave of Mr. Ludden and thanked him for his courtesy, I thought I ought to locate Mr. Yamagata again and thank him too for permitting Miss Tanaka to spend the morning hours showing me around. I finally met him walking down a hallway, and we stepped into a classroom for a few final words.

"Brother Yamagata, it has been a real



Conducted by
ROLAND A. FRANKLIN

Tete-Bêche

WHAT does *tête-bêche* mean? I never heard of that before! What does that have to do with stamp collecting? Does it mean something common or rare? Do I have any? Is *tête-bêche* something that anyone may have who wants it? I'm interested, but I don't quite understand. Please explain.

These are a few of the comments made whenever *tête-bêche* is mentioned. Some folks confuse *tête-bêche* and *se-tenant*. In one way they have something in common. Other than that they are vastly different. The similarity is that there must be two or more unseparated stamps, or there is no proof that a stamp was *se-tenant*, or *tête-bêche*. *Se-tenant* refers to two stamps connected yet different in design or color. *Tête-bêche* refers to two stamps connected, usually alike, yet upside down in relation to each other. It is possible for two stamps to be *se-tenant* and *tête-bêche* at the same time. This is not usually the case however.

There are two known ways that stamps emerge from the press *tête-bêche*.

1. When an issue of stamps is printed, a sheet twice as large as the press capacity is used. The sheets are all printed on just half of one side. Then the sheets are twirled around (not over), and the other half of the same side is printed. The stamps that border the center line are *tête-bêche*. If the sheet is separated down the center between the two printings, it is impossible to distinguish any of the stamps as being *tête-bêche*. But if one stamp from each side of the center is taken from the

sheet as a pair, they will appear inverted to each other.

2. When a plate of electrotypes is made up, some may be put in upside down. This sometimes creates rarities. The first method described never does unless the stamp itself is scarce.

You can easily tell whether you have any *tête-bêche* stamps if you have a pair of unseparated stamps that are upside down in relation to each other. Almost anyone who wants stamps like this may have them at nominal cost. They are produced by many stamp-issuing countries of the world. Some are expensive, but most of them are reasonable. They always create interest in stamp collecting.

Stamp Exchange

Dean Kinciad, Route 1, Sandpoint, Idaho (junior, beginner), wants to exchange stamps from the United States and other countries.

Vernon Erwin, 3953 Seneca Avenue, Los Angeles 39, California (junior, beginner), has many duplicates to exchange for worldwide issues.

Marilyn Moores, Box 574, St. John's, Newfoundland, Canada (junior, 2,200 stamps), has Newfoundland stamps to exchange for worldwide issues.

Mrs. Blanche C. Balino, Rosales, Pangasinan, Philippines (senior, beginner), is a teacher, and would like to exchange stamps of the Philippine Islands for stamps from any country.

Mrs. Madelene Wallstrom, 570 Benzing Road, R.D. 3, Orchard Park, New York (senior, 1,200 stamps), has worldwide issues she would like to exchange for issues from Scandinavia, the Far East, Central and South America, and British and French colonies.

Leroy Wanamaker, Nauwigewauk, King's Co., N.B., Canada (600 stamps), has stamps from Canada, the United States, and Germany to exchange for worldwide issues.



A pair of the gray 75c Belgian stamps featuring King Leopold. This pair is all that is needed to illustrate *tête-bêche* in regular horizontal form. The next pair of stamps is of the brown one-anna Indian issue featuring George V. This pair is an example of vertical *tête-bêche* with gutter. The right-hand group is a block of four *tête-bêche* with gutter. Arranged horizontally like the left-hand pair, these also feature Leopold and are the one-franc rose-carmine variety.

The Soul-winning

MAGAZINE ROUTE PLAN

★ Something NEW! ★ Something DIFFERENT! ★ Something YOU will enjoy doing!

HOW THE PLAN WORKS

Call upon your neighbors and offer them an enrollment in the Home Health Education Service, which is sponsored by LIFE AND HEALTH, the National Health Journal. The enrollment fee is just 25c and entitles them to a FREE question-and-answer service by our qualified experts in the following departments:

- THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN
- THE DIETITIAN
- THE MOTHER'S COUNSELOR
- THE HOMEMAKER

An attractive membership certificate is presented them, stating that they may write concerning their problems as often as they desire, and that counsel is sent them without further cost.

Then each month you bring your regular customers the latest issue of LIFE AND HEALTH, for which they pay you 25c per copy, 50 per cent of which is yours.

Thus you are rendering your neighbors an important service which they greatly appreciate. Success can be yours!

HOW TO GET STARTED

Write or telephone your conference publishing department secretary and he will give you full details on how to get started. WHY NOT GET IN TOUCH WITH HIM NOW?

All the material and supplies you will need are made up in an attractive kit described below.

SOUL-WINNING MAGAZINE ROUTE KIT

25 Life and Health	- - -	\$6.25
25 These Times (or Message)		6.25
25 Binders	- - -	6.25
1 carrying case	- - -	2.50
Order pads, canvasses, and complete instructions	- -	FREE

RETAIL VALUE, \$21.25

Review and Herald Publishing Association
Washington 12, D.C.

The Soul-winning Magazine Route Plan is a thrilling new program designed to enable you to effectively win the confidence of your neighbors and to reach their hearts without arousing prejudice or bringing embarrassment to yourself. The experience of hundreds of church members who have already enlisted in this work indicates that the Soul-winning Magazine Route Plan offers you a field of service that is simple, requires no special ability, enables you to earn extra money for yourself, and gets the kind of soul-winning results that you have always wanted to obtain—an ideal program for your spare time or evening work.

Consider carefully the following statements:

"It is not preaching that is the most important; it is house-to-house work."—"Gospel Workers," p. 468.

"Your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; you will be prepared to walk from house to house, carrying the truth to the people. . . . As you enter the homes of your neighbors to sell or to give away our literature . . . you will be accompanied by the light of heaven."—Ellen G. White in "Review and Herald," Nov. 11, 1902.

"The circulation of the health journals will be a powerful agency in preparing the people to accept those special truths that are to fit them for the soon coming of the Son of man."—"Counsels on Health," p. 447.



To secure your Soul-winning Magazine Route Kit and other supplies —
ORDER FROM YOUR BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE

privilege to spend this day at Japan Missionary College, and I thank you for lending Miss Tanaka for a guide. But tell me, I saw some of your classroom teachers working out in the fields and in other places this afternoon. Is that the usual thing here at the college?"

"Oh, yes, all of us teachers work with the students during their work hours each day," he replied with a smile.

"Why is that?" I asked.

"Because of the instruction in the Spirit of prophecy. We are told that teachers should work with the students, supplementing the work of the classroom with godly instruction and conversation as they work. We feel that only thus can the hearts of the youth be bound to the teachers and the third angel's message."

"Do you mean to say that such persons as the dean of women, the typing teacher, and the history teachers take part in this work program?" I queried.

"There are no exceptions."

"And do you, as dean of the college, also work with your hands out in the fields?" I wanted to know.

"Certainly," he replied.

"Do you have regular schedules for this work like the students?"

"Yes," he said; "each teacher works ten to twelve hours a week at industrial pursuits, some at one thing, some at another, each satisfying his natural inclination as far as possible. But the administration sees that all parts of the industrial program have teacher participation," he explained.

"How long have you been carrying on this phase of your college program?" I asked.

"For about a year."

"But wasn't there some resistance on the part of the teachers when you began?" I asked further.

"Naturally there were some problems. There still are. But problems are a part of school life." He smiled again as he replied.

"Don't the teachers consider physical work degrading? I have been told that in Japan, even more than in some other countries, a teacher is a person set apart from toil with the hands," I asked.

"There is a definite distinction as you have said, but the teachers were not pressured into this program entirely from above. We studied it all out together in our faculty meetings and councils, and we came to the conviction that we ought to carry out the instruction of the Spirit of prophecy wholly."

"Last spring we had a dedication service for the new wing of the administration building. For guest of honor we had Prince Takamatsu, the influential brother of the emperor. In affording him an invitation to the ceremony we presented him with a copy of the book *Education* in English. He reads and speaks English well. We told him that we were trying to run a school after the pattern given us in that book."

Maintenance in Proportion

In the days of Israel the tithe and free-will offerings were needed to maintain the ordinances of divine service. Should the people of God give less in this age? The principle laid down by Christ is that our offerings to God should be in proportion to the light and privileges enjoyed. "Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required." Said the Saviour to His disciples, as He sent them forth, "Freely ye have received, freely give."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 528.

"In his speech he told us that as long as we follow the pattern given us in that book, we would prosper; but that if we departed from it, we would no longer have reason to exist as a separate school system. We believe both him and the book. That is why we have this work program for our teachers," concluded Dean Yamagata.

As I rode home with a friend I thought how fortunate it is that at our college here in Japan the students are receiving a well-rounded, balanced education, and that the government department of education has chosen to give full recognition to our school, though the system of education is very different from that of other schools within the country.

Like the Palm Tree

From page 6

small ropes attached close together on the base of the trunk. There was no taproot or any other large root, but only this multitude of fibrous, ropelike extensions. Could these, holding together, keep a tree from falling—a tree towering fifty feet or more in the air, and swaying in the storm with the weight of a heavy tuft of huge leaves at its tip? What we had learned called for more information.

"Come on down to where we are building, and see a palm root we came across in our digging," said a friend to us one day; and then he added, "I think it will interest you."

We waited for no second invitation, and what we found was one of those characteristic palm roots. It was four feet beneath the surface and one hundred feet from the nearest palm tree. Although so far from its base, it was headed out into an orchard—no telling how far!

While telling a neighbor of our findings we added to our growing stock of knowledge. "Why," she replied, "my husband found palm roots twenty feet down and a hundred feet from our nearest tree!"

Some time later the State decided to widen the highway that passed our home, and the workmen used a power shovel to dig out the trees along the side. One day as we passed we saw the shovel idle for

a moment, and grasped the opportunity to ask a question: "As you uproot these trees, how do palms compare with others in the amount of resistance they offer?"

"Oh," one of the men replied, "there is no comparison."

"What do you mean?" we pressed eagerly.

"Well, palms have so very many roots, they are much harder to take out."

So, when they came to dig out our palm, the one that grew by the road in front of our house, we watched.

First, they threw a heavy chain about its massive base, hooked the power shovel to it, and jerked upward, but nothing happened. The same operation was repeated twice more, but without the desired result. Then the driver moved the machine forward and pushed the tree over, backed up and pulled the tree down toward him, straightened it and jerked up again, but still it held. He repeated this pushing down, pulling over, and jerking three times, but the young stalwart stood. Once more the machine pushed the tree over, pulled it back, and righted it; but this time, instead of one upward pull, he put it through a series of sharp, short jerks—a "shaking" process. And being only a tree, its roots gave way, literally torn apart—and it came out.

After the men were gone we went out to examine the fallen hero and to search for the secret of his strength. Again we found that mass of fibrous, ropelike roots pressing close together until it seemed that no more could find room for attachment, but not so. Everywhere new roots were pushing their way out—roots of all lengths, from the first little button resembling the earliest signs of horns on a calf's head to the unknown lengths broken in the uprooting—an amazing mass!

The sight of this extraordinary system of rooting and grounding of roots led our imaginations into fruitful fields of inspiring thought.

Not by a few super efforts exerted now and then were the palms prepared to stand securely while other trees fell all around them. With trees as with human beings, "it is the issue of the daily test that determines their victory or defeat in life's great crisis." Daily the palms had lengthened their older roots, and daily they had put out new ones. Never resting on past

accomplishments, they constantly developed greater capacity for receiving nourishment with which to build a stronger, taller tree. In this eager effort to grow, they laid down at the same time an anchorage of roots that was able to keep the trees upright through the fury of the storm that caused the fall of so many of their companions.

As a beautiful petal unfolds from a promising bud, so opened to us one phase of the meaning of that wonderful text: "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree."

In the Colorful Caribbean

From page 4

people whom we met. Waiting on the station platform that day, we watched this little new world pass by on the island highway that ran near the station. Countrywomen with huge baskets of green coconuts marched past, arrow straight, the baskets perfectly balanced on their heads, and men too with head loads of various kinds—all bound for the town to sell their products in the market place.

Pastor Haysmer thought we would like to try out the water coconuts, and called one of the women in, had her cut open a green water coconut with her machete, and handed it to one of the party, then one each to those who desired to try them out. Not all liked the flavor of the water, but to me it was delicious. Before I finished I had put away one, and half of another. Fortunately for the years that were to follow, the fruit and other products of the tropics appealed to my taste, and with the exception of one or two, they found ready acceptance as a part of our diet.

The train through the mountains that same afternoon took us slowly around the valleys, up over the saddle of the island, down on the south side to Spanish Town, and on to Kingston through the coastal plain that rings the harbor of Kingston and extends for some miles to the west.

We were met by other of our Seventh-day Adventist missionaries who were laboring on the island, and the next few

days were full of preparation for the work ahead. Here began ten years of service in the Caribbean area. The development of the work in the island of Jamaica had just well begun. There was the one organized church in Kingston, and others were scattered here and there around the island, with a few hundred believers rejoicing in the Advent beliefs. Who would have ventured to predict that the work would develop to its present proportions!

Little had been done in Central America. Only a beginning had been made in the eastern islands, the Lesser Antilles. The Greater Antilles, with their Spanish and French populations, were barely entered. Colombia and Venezuela were as yet but a dream of the future. Yet in those early days we had already seen a foretaste of the present, when the message of the Advent has won tens of thousands who are scattered from Mexico to French Guiana, and from southwestern Colombia to the Virgin Islands and the tip of Florida.

The pages that follow are but a little of the human side of one of God's great miracles of spiritual conquest, and the years ahead will yet tell a larger story of the working of the Holy Spirit in His search for human hearts in preparation for the setting up of the everlasting kingdom.

[This is the first installment of a twelve-part serial. Part 2 will appear next week.]



Senior Youth Lesson

XII—Leadership in the Church of Christ

(March 21)

MEMORY VERSE: Exodus 18:21.

LESSON HELP: W. E. READ, *The Bible, the Spirit of Prophecy, and the Church*, chap. 12.

Daily Study Assignment

1. Ques. 1, 2, and note; memorize Ex. 18:21.
2. Ques. 3, 4, and notes.
3. Ques. 5-7, and notes.
4. Ques. 8-10, and notes; read first half of chap. 12 of the lesson help.
5. Ques. 11, 12, and note.
6. Read second half of chap. 12 of the lesson help.
7. Review the entire lesson.

The Call

1. How did God provide leadership in the early church? 1 Cor. 12:28.

NOTE.—Notice that in this verse God provided for "governments." The Greek word used here means steering or directing, and is translated by Moffatt "administrators." "Through the diversity of the gifts and governments that He

has placed in the church, they will all come to the unity of the faith."—*Testimonies*, vol. 3, p. 446.

2. What names were applied to the leaders of the apostolic church? Eph. 4:11; Acts 20:28.

3. In the choice of leaders for the early church, what was done first? Acts 6:3-6.

NOTE.—"Summoning a meeting of the believers, the apostles were led by the Holy Spirit to outline a plan for the better organization of all the working forces of the church. . . . This advice [in verse 3] was followed, and by prayer and the laying on of hands, seven chosen men were solemnly set apart for their duties as deacons."—*Acts of the Apostles*, p. 89.

The apostles said to the church, "Look ye out." After this the believers "chose"; later the apostles appointed "seven men of honest report."

Essential Qualifications

4. What were regarded as essential qualifications in the men to be selected? Acts 6:3.

NOTE.—The men who were to be appointed over "this business" must be known to be honest. Though they were to look after temporal matters, they must be "full of the Holy Ghost." Wise men were to be chosen, men having an understanding of the responsibilities to be placed upon them.

5. What kind of leaders does the Lord desire in His church today?

Answer: Men of courage (Acts 15:25, 26), men of conviction (1 Chron. 12:32), men who speak well of their fellow laborers as did Paul (1 Cor. 16:10, 11), men of just judgment (Deut. 16:18-20).

6. What statement does Solomon make against being independent in judgment? Prov. 24:6.

NOTE.—"We must move discreetly, sensibly, in harmony with the judgment of God-fearing counselors; for in this course alone lies our safety and strength."—*Testimonies*, vol. 9, p. 257.

The Responsibilities

7. What responsibilities rest upon the leaders of the church? 1 Peter 5:2, 3; Rom. 12:8.

8. What should be the threefold purpose of the church? Eph. 4:11, 12.

NOTE.—Not all of the gifts of the Spirit are mentioned in any one passage of Scripture. It is only by studying all the scriptures relating to them that we obtain an understanding of their exceeding fullness.

Peter speaks of "taking the oversight"; Paul speaks of him "that ruleth." The true leader will go before and guide the sheep; he will "feed the flock of God."

9. How will every man's work be tested? 1 Cor. 3:13, 14.

The Relationships

10. What instruction is given concerning the relation of church members to church leaders? 1 Thess. 5:13; Heb. 13:17.

NOTE.—"The church had been properly organized, and officers had been appointed to act as ministers and deacons. But there were some, self-willed and impetuous, who refused to be subordinate to those who held positions of authority in the church. They claimed not only the right of private judgment, but that of publicly urging their views upon the church. In view of this, Paul called the attention of the Thessalonians to the respect and deference due to those who had been chosen to occupy positions of authority in the church."—*Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 261, 262.

11. What counsel is given concerning the relation of church leaders to the church members? Mark 10:42-44; 1 Peter 5:3.

NOTE.—"While he warns the elders against the assumption of lordship over their charges, the Apostle adds a precept which, if it be followed, will abate all tendency to seek such lordship. For it brings to the minds of those set over the flock that they too are but sheep, like the rest, and are appointed not to dominate, but help their brethren. *Making yourselves examples to the flock.*"—*The Expositor's Bible* on 1 Peter 5:3.

12. What example did Jesus leave to the shepherds of His flock? Matt. 14:14; Mark 1:41; Luke 7:13.

KEY

Wit Sharpeners

CHECK YOUR I.Q.

1. British. 2. Twenty-five cents. 3. Midian. 4. Paris. (Cimetière des Chiens has had 35,000 dogs and many other animals buried in it since 1899.) 5. Kilts do not come in pairs or sets. 6. False—the world has more non-Christians. 7. Teutonic.

GUESS WHAT BOOK

Jonah

WHO AM I?

Kingfisher

Junior-YOUTH LESSON

XII—The Making of a Missionary

(March 21)

LESSON TEXTS: Joshua 1:6, 7, 9; Ephesians 4:32; Mark 10:43, 44; Titus 2:6, 7.

MEMORY VERSE: "Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." Joshua 1:9.

Guiding Thought

"The whole world is opening to the gospel. Ethiopia is stretching out her hands unto God. From Japan and China and India, from the still-darkened lands of our own continent, from every quarter of this world of ours, comes the cry of sin-stricken hearts for a knowledge of the God of love. Millions upon millions have never so much as heard of God or of His love revealed in Christ. It is their right to receive this knowledge. They have an equal claim with us in the Saviour's mercy. And it rests with us who have received the knowledge, with our children to whom we may impart it, to answer their cry."—*Education*, p. 262.

"With such preparation as they can gain, thousands upon thousands of the youth and those older in years should be giving themselves to this work."—*Ibid.*, pp. 270, 271.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts and the guiding thought.

ASSIGNMENT 2

The Missionary Needs Courage

1. With what words did God encourage Joshua as he set out to lead the children of Israel into the Promised Land? Joshua 1:6, 7, 9.

2. What was said of the first Christian missionaries that can be said of all true missionaries? Acts 15:25, 26.

Note.—"God cannot use men who, in time of peril, when the strength, courage, and influence of all are needed, are afraid to take a firm stand for the right. He calls for men who will do faithful battle against wrong, warring against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. It is to such as these that He will speak the words: 'Well done, good and faithful servant; . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 142.

ASSIGNMENT 3

Missionaries Must Be Sympathetic and Kind

3. Though the missionary must be forgetful of his own feelings and safety when He witnesses for Christ, how mindful of the feelings of others should he be? Eph. 4:32, first part.

4. What is said of Christ's sympathies for the ignorant and the sick? Matt. 9:36; 14:14.

NOTE.—"The wonderful example of Christ, the matchless tenderness with which He entered into the feelings of others, weeping with those who wept, rejoicing with those who rejoiced, must have a deep influence upon the character of all who follow Him in sincerity. By kindly words and acts they will try to make the path easy for weary feet."—*Ministry of Healing*, pp. 157, 158.

ASSIGNMENT 4

The Missionary Must Be a Servant to Others

5. Does being a leader mean that one can give orders and be served by others all the time? Mark 10:43, 44.

6. What example did our Lord set us in serving others? Phil. 2:5-7.

7. What ordinance did He tell us to observe to help us to remember that we are all servants, although we may be leaders? John 13:12-14.

NOTE.—"In washing the feet of His disciples, Christ gave evidence that He would do any service, however humble, that would make them

heirs with Him of the eternal wealth of heaven's treasure. His disciples, in performing the same rite, pledge themselves in like manner to serve their brethren. . . . Jesus, the served of all, came to be the servant of all. And because He ministered to all, He will again be served and honored by all. And those who would partake of His divine attributes, and share with Him the joy of seeing souls redeemed, must follow His example of unselfish ministry."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 651.

ASSIGNMENT 5

The Missionary Must Listen to Advice

8. Although the missionary advises others in his preaching and teaching, he must also be able to take advice from his collaborators. Of what great soldier-king do we read that he counseled with the officers under him? 1 Chron. 13:1.

9. What proverb tells us that it is the safe thing to listen to the viewpoint of others? Prov. 24:6, last part.

NOTE.—"We must move discreetly, sensibly, in harmony with the judgment of God-fearing counselors; for in this course alone lies our safety and strength. Otherwise God cannot work with us and by us and for us."—*Testimonies*, vol. 9, p. 257.

10. What example did Paul set in speaking in a kind, considerate way of a fellow missionary? 1 Cor. 16:10, 11.

ASSIGNMENT 6

A Missionary Sets a Good Example

11. What is better than thinking of oneself as in a higher position than others? 1 Peter 5:3.

12. Who especially are told to set a good example? Titus 2:6, 7.

NOTE.—"The young are naturally inclined to feel that not much responsibility, caretaking, or burden-bearing is expected of them. But upon every one rests the obligation to reach the Bible standard. The light that shines forth in privileges and opportunities, in the ministry of the word, in counsels, warnings, and reproofs,

will perfect character, or will condemn the careless. This light is to be cherished by the young as well as by those who are older. Who will now take their stand for God, determined to give His service the first place in their lives? Who will be burden-bearers?"—*Messages to Young People*, p. 368.

I'd Rather Help God

I'd rather help God win a soul
Than make a masterpiece of art
To gain fame's lofty, brilliant height.
I'd paint the face of Jesus fair
Upon the living texture of a heart.

I'd rather help God win a soul
Than sculpture quarried marble white
To form surpassing grand and new.
I'd watch the grace of Jesus free
Turn living stone to character upright.

I'd rather help God win a soul
Than strange and distant lands explore
To find their treasures, rich and rare.
I'd plant the cross of Jesus firm,
To claim for God a human shore.

I'd rather help God win a soul
Than write a book of science lore
For men to read for facts of earth.
I'd pen the faith of Jesus clear
In minds where never known before.

I'd rather help God win a soul
Than preach the greatest sermon heard
To please the people, rich and poor.
I'd speak the love of Jesus true
To one lone soul who'd heed His Word.

I'd rather help God win a soul
Than reach the peak of earth's endeavor.
When art's forgot and marble's turned to dust,
A soul shall stand at Jesus' throne
To praise His name forever.

—ALONZO J. WEARNER.



In the spring a young man's
fancy . . .

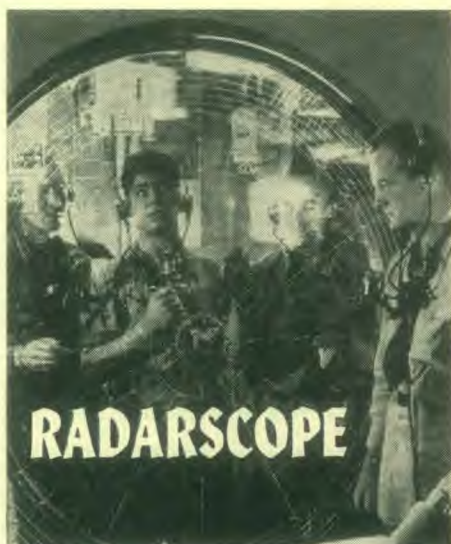


Of course you know the rest of it—but do you know too that spring is the time for progressive MV society leaders to turn to the excellent suggestions for programs and activities offered in the MV Kit?

\$1.50 a year in U.S. \$1.60 in Canada \$1.70 overseas

Published by Southern Publishing Association

Order from your Book and Bible House



► THE area of the Pacific Ocean is double that of the Atlantic. One is 63,988,000 square miles in size; the other, 31,505,000.

► IN 1950 and 1951 the Flying Doctor Service of Australia made 687 medical flights to remote areas covering 268,914 miles.

► A NEW United States Navy fighter weighs more than a standard twin-engined commercial air liner complete with its two pilots, hostess, 21 passengers, their luggage, and the usual mail load.

► A SCANDINAVIAN Airline System plane carrying a double crew recently landed at Stockholm's Brommar airport, the second air liner to make a test flight from Los Angeles across the polar dome to Scandinavia.

► RED stop signs are gaining favor over yellow ones in the United States. In an effort to cut down motor vehicle accidents, many States are already using the new color. South Dakota is the first State to adopt over-all red stop signs.

► THE average person in the United States now consumes 12 per cent more food than he did in prewar years. And his tastes are running to more expensive kinds of foods also. He eats fewer potatoes and grain products, but more meats, citrus fruits, tomatoes, and leafy green and yellow vegetables.

► WHEN she left the White House, Mrs. Harry S. Truman left behind as her contribution to the archives of her husband's administration 75 standard-size file drawers of personal and social correspondence and records. They are being stored until they can be placed in the projected Truman Library at Grandview, Missouri.

► THE massive, sad-faced Saint Bernard dog is being replaced as a rescue animal in the Alps by the smaller German shepherd dog. Tests conducted over the past 15 years, says the National Geographic Society, have proved that the German shepherd, although a much smaller dog, is better at rescue work. This is because of its excellent nose, intelligence that permits it to absorb training quickly and thoroughly, and its persistence.

► THE temperament needed to be a sheepherder seems to be almost alien to the American way of life, according to the National Geographic Society. So much so, in fact, that efforts are being made to bring into the United States the finest sheepherders in the world, the Basques of northern Spain. Although the wages for sheepherding are now the highest in the occupation's history—about \$250 monthly plus food and sleeping equipment—there are not enough persons who are willing to live alone and like it while chaperoning thousands of strong-minded sheep. Such a job as sheepherding requires a person who has plenty of common sense, more than a little knowledge of psychology, and a capacity for endless walking.

► THE first equipment ever designed especially for photographing underwater life at night is being used off the Florida Keys by the National Geographic Society. It consists mainly of a diving chamber called the Aquascope. This 2,700-pound tank, built of armor-plate steel with wide plastic windows, carries two men with color cameras, high-voltage power equipment, and high-speed lights 50 to 100 feet down. There it becomes an inconspicuous part of the natural marine habitat of the sea floor. It is 7 feet long, 5 feet wide, and 17½ inches high. Its resemblance to a giant lobster is startling.

► IN a study of the soot-laden air of certain sections of Chicago, Dr. Clarence A. Mills, professor of experimental medicine at the University of Cincinnati, found that the death rate from respiratory diseases was 46 per cent higher in the dirty sections of the city than in the cleaner areas. He believes that persons may die at least 10 years before their time because of respiratory diseases aggravated by dirty air.

► THE war veteran population of the United States reached an all-time high on November 30, 1952, when it totaled 19,696,000. The list will continue to increase as the Korean conflict progresses and more and more are released after their two years of service.

► THE newest material for dusters is ostrich floss, according to the British Information Service. It is useful in cleaning cars and will not scratch the finest cellulose.

► AMERICAN doctors wrote 400 million prescriptions during 1952, reports *Science News Letter*.

► You may feel that the cost of living is high now, but at the end of the 16th century a pair of clumsy spectacles with crude lenses cost from \$40 to \$75 a pair.

► THE average United States serviceman in Europe received 30 pounds of packages, letters, and cards from home for his 1952 Christmas.

► ROBERT A. WELCH, wealthy Texas oilman, left an estate estimated at \$50 million when he died recently. It is believed that about \$42 million will be set aside for research in chemistry.

► EYES that may be bounced on a concrete floor without damage are now being used by doctors at Queen Mary Veteran's Hospital, Montreal. These artificial eyes, made of Lucite plastic, have nylon threads, or "veins," to add to their naturalness.

► ONE of many new songs played at the Eisenhower inaugural program was "The Army's Always There," by Sam H. Stept. It was selected some time ago by the Army Song Board as the top entry in the first phase in a search for an all-Army song. It was to be featured for three months to determine soldier and public acceptance.

► A WOODCOCK that somehow got stranded in central New York when it should have been migrating to the bayous of Louisiana was found half frozen and nearly starved at a service station near Syracuse, New York. Under the care of Dr. Benjamin Burt, Syracuse University chemistry professor and bird authority, the bird was fed and then flown by air liner to Nashville, Tennessee, where it will be cared for by another bird enthusiast during the winter months.

► THE man who made it possible for photographers to picture the pulse of a hummingbird's wing, the impact of a bat against baseball, and the implosion of an electric light bulb struck by a hammer, was honored recently by receiving the Franklin L. Burr Prize Award from the National Geographic Society. He is Dr. Harold Eugene Edgerton, a 49-year-old electronic engineer who developed ultra-high-speed-flash light equipment that has been a valuable aid to science and photography. These stroboscopic lights flash as briefly as one millionth of a second. For moving pictures the lights may go on and off at a frequency of 600 times a second, each flash as powerful as 40,000 50-watt bulbs.

Focus

Seventh-day Adventists should be healthy. They should be known more for the glow of natural color in their cheeks than for their refusal to be cheapened by make-up, more for their selection of

wholesome foods at the market than for their peculiar diet. Health reform should be positive.

Here are three thoughts to consider:

1. Americans are eating more now than before World War II—a good deal more.
2. It is impossible for a person who overloads his stomach to appreciate "the great, the precious, and the exceedingly rich reward that is in reserve for the faithful overcomers."—Ellen G. White.
3. Just before Jesus comes there will be excessive eating and drinking.—Matthew.

With the Bible, the Spirit of prophecy, and the daily newspaper all in FOCUS, we discover that even our dinner table is a witness that the end is near.

DON YOST.