

The
Youth's
INSTRUCTOR

Mountaintop Beggar
Her Name Is a Command

101
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AUGUST 18, 1953

W. H. C. S. C.
TOKOMA PARK, D. C.





GRAF HARRACH, ARTIST

Example

We are not told, but perhaps the maid who heard Peter swearing on that chill morn of Jesus' trial finally overcame the influence of his sorry denial, and joined the Jerusalem church.

Whether or not Joab made his final peace with God we cannot say. If he did, he must have surmounted the effects of that terrible injustice to which he was party at David's instigation. He had deliberately marked the husband of Bath-sheba for death, in order to satisfy the ill-begotten love of David.

On the evidence we cannot say how many young women who were launched on a life of faultfinding and criticism through Miriam's example, eventually gained the victory.

Did Esau after his fierce anger ever find forgiveness? To what degree was the deception practiced by his mother, Rebekah, in securing for his brother the birthright blessing, responsible for the record that he was a "profane person"?

Peter, David, Miriam, Rebekah—each so human, each so severely punished for his misdeeds, each probably a victor at last.

Young man, young woman, do you watch the preacher, the chief musician, the sister of the conference president, the wife of the Bible teacher, and make their mistakes an excuse for your own?

Never do it! For you may not experience the broken heart by which they finally are purged of sin. As with the four we have mentioned, you might one day see them safe inside Jerusalem's walls, while you are next the wall, outside. Take no one for your example, "save Jesus only."

Walter T. Crandall

Grace Notes

EVANGELISM Two experienced youth leaders give the accounts of the exceptional workshops at the Pan-American Youth Congress. Their direction of the sessions in personal and public evangelism was outstanding, and our only complaint was that because they were held at the same hour, we could attend only one at a time! J. H. Hancock is MV secretary of the Lake Union Conference, and J. R. Nelson is MV secretary of the Pacific Union Conference.

BEGGAR Many of our readers have doubtless struck up an acquaintance with one of nature's wildlings through the "food line" method. A friendship such as that of Mr. Eighme with Butch gives evidence that at one time all creatures were on friendly terms with man. It foretells the thrills in store when our world is restored to its first estate.

CLIPPER Dr. T. R. Flaiz is familiar to the INSTRUCTOR family through his Clipper Travel Notes. This time, however, his travels included an incident not on the schedule, and the title of a booklet, *How to Ditch Without a Hitch*, took on more than casual interest. Dr. Flaiz is secretary of the Medical Department of the General Conference.

KAYAK The story for junior youth this week was written by Miss Manning while she was a student of the Pacific Union College Preparatory School. Not only is she a writer—she is an artist too. The evidence accompanies her page 15 story, "To Obey Is Better."

PALSY Next week's center spread offers an unusual story of a young man who surmounted the handicap of being born with cerebral palsy. One of our rare reprint stories, this time from the *Journal of the National Education Association*, it reveals how the courage of idealism and faith in God formed the capital on which a successful life is being built.

COVER A Tranquille photo.

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.

WE FIRST met Butch shortly after our arrival at the lookout station in the Mendocino National Forest in northern California. My wife and I had hoped to make friends with a chipmunk or chickaree, but when this little *beecheyi* ground squirrel showed himself so friendly, we decided he would do. Butch soon learned that we had things to eat that he was very fond of, and it was no time at all until he was accepting choice bits of food from our fingers.

I had always thought of ground squirrels as unattractive creatures and inclined to be rather dirty, but Butch seemed to be an exception, or maybe it was because he was so well fed. I think the high altitude had something to do with it too.

Our lookout station was situated on the highest point of Mount Sanhedrin at 6,183 feet above sea level, where all the furred creatures must grow heavy coats to withstand the cooler climate. Although Butch indulged in frequent dust baths, as do all his friends and relatives, he somehow managed to keep his coat clean and shiny, and the triangular patch of black on his shoulders contrasted sharply with the even gray brown of the rest of his body.

Butch's favorite spot from which to beg for food was on the top board of the catwalk railing right close to the door. It was from this spot that he received most of the food that we gave him. If we saw him anywhere within calling distance, all we had to do was tap on the railing and whistle, and he would come galloping as fast as his stubby legs would take him with his tail straight in the air like a flag.

His capacity for food was almost limitless. When he was too full or not in the mood for eating, he would proceed to stuff everything we gave him into his cheek pouches, until we would laugh at his clowning expressions as he continued to beg for more even when he had to stuff the last few pieces in with his paws. When he was sure there was no more he would patter off to some bushy thicket to hide his loot for a rainy day.

Sometimes he would stuff his cheek pouches with what we offered him merely because that was faster than eating it, and he was afraid that if he didn't gather it up quickly, we might decide to take some back. Then he would go through his act of begging for more by jumping back and forth from the floor to the railing several times. Standing as tall as possible on his hind legs, he would peer through the windows to see whether we might be bringing something else.

If we were outside, he would run up to our feet and then stand up tall and peer at us quizzically to see whether we had something to eat in our hands. When he finally decided it was no use he would often find a spot on the catwalk, shady or sunny, according to the temperature at the time, and flopping down like a puppy, with legs and tail spread flat in all di-

His capacity for food was almost limitless.

Mountaintop Beggar

By LLOYD E. EIGHME

rections, he would proceed to enjoy life thoroughly. Sometimes he would let one arm hang lazily over the edge, or propping himself on his elbows, he would extract one tidbit at a time from his cheek pouches and eat it with great satisfaction.

Butch seemed to like a great variety of foods. Of course he greatly preferred nuts and fruit, but he also enjoyed a piece of carrot or lettuce occasionally. We enjoyed watching him eat a soda cracker as he held it between his paws like a little boy with a big slice of watermelon. He was very fond of popcorn, and we always had a good time feeding it to him, because it filled his cheeks to bursting capacity so quickly. He didn't depend on us entirely for his living, probably because we didn't give him a very well-balanced diet. We saw him occasionally eating wild seeds and fruits along with the other squirrels.

He would often stop in his exploration to snatch up a pussy's-paws plant and chew the flowering tips that probably contained immature seeds. He would also now and then snip a leaf off this plant or that one, and in this way probably filled out his diet with the essential nutrients and vitamins.

One of Butch's favorite pastimes when he wasn't begging for food or exploring was to climb to the top of one of the rocky points, of which there were several, around the top of the peak; and sitting as tall as possible and straight as the flagpole, he would remain motionless for ten or twenty minutes at a

time, gazing over the countryside. We liked to think of him as helping us watch for forest fires, but I'm quite sure he was mostly concerned with the large red-tailed hawks that soared back and forth over the peaks and canyons.

We liked to watch the hawks circling gracefully on the air currents and hear their screams echoing across the canyons; but if one came too close, you would hear a rasping bark, and Butch and all the other ground squirrels would scramble quickly for cover. We never saw the hawks make any catches near the top of the peak, but we often saw them fold their wings and drop plummeting to the earth, no doubt aiming at a ground squirrel or some other small animal.

Periodically Butch would climb to the upper branches of one of the small red

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PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Butch soon learned that we had things to eat that he liked very much.

The VOICE of YOUTH in Personal Evangelism

By JOHN H. HANCOCK



DID you ever see an L-bomb go off? Do you know how Operation TV works? Have you heard how one MV Society made five thousand missionary contacts in six weeks without ringing one single doorbell—in fact, without anyone even leaving the comfort of his own living room? How do you go about giving a successful Bible study with a projector and filmstrip? What is the lending-library Share Your Faith plan?

If you had attended the personal evangelism workshops that were conducted Wednesday and Thursday mornings at the Pan-American Youth Congress, you would know the answers to all these questions, and would have a whole armload of practical, workable Share Your Faith plans to put into operation in your home MV Society.

You say you weren't one of those fortunate ones who attended the youth congress? Well, then, suppose we sit down together for a moment or two and relive those interesting personal evangelism workshops.

The first morning found Polk Hall overflowing with young people eager to

learn better how to share their faith. After an inspiring ten-minute musical program directed by Prof. J. Wesley Rhodes, of Union College, the attention of everyone was captured by Pastor Eric B. Hare with his keynote message "Go and Tell What God Has Done for You." With magic chemical presentations, interviews, and stories as only Pastor Hare can tell them, no one will forget the truth of his message.

In presenting his magic-fire demonstration, which fascinated everyone, Pastor Hare challenged three young people whom he had selected from the audience to go home and *not* say a word to anyone about what they had seen! Just as this would almost be an unheard-of thing for these three youth from Inter-America, Canada, and North America not to tell others of the things they had seen and experienced at the youth congress, just so, if God is in our hearts and we have felt the wonder of His redeeming power, it will be impossible for us not to share our experience with others.

This is the basis of all personal evangelism. It is the motivating power of Share Your Faith evangelism.



Top left: Participants in the personal evangelism workshop demonstrate the effectiveness of the lending-library plan for soul-winning endeavor. Top: Editor Crandall shows one of the literature bombs that was thrown at his feet during a workshop—a *Youth's Instructor*. Below: A religious story for boys and girls is the heart of the Story Hour plan, demonstrated by enthusiastic students from Union College (Nebraska).

After Pastor Hare's appeal the chairman, John H. Hancock, said that the rest of the workshop would be devoted to practical demonstrations of how to go out and share one's faith. The platform was rearranged to look like the inside of a home, and suddenly from off-stage came the voice of a narrator who said:

"It is Friday night in Sleepy Hollow, and the little Adventist church in the community is holding its 'weakly' MV meeting. The usual half-dozen souls have turned out, and the leader has almost reached the point of desperation trying to think of something that might be done to inspire the missing members.

"Recalling that somewhere he had read that 'in the multitude of counsellors there is safety,' he wisely decides to call for help in the form of a meeting of the MV executive committee. Let's draw a little closer, and see what we can find out."

A group of young people came forward and took their places on the platform.

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TOO short," "An inspiring trend in youth work," "A tremendous challenge to the young people in our churches," "A down-to-earth workshop," "Practical demonstrations helpful to small as well as large MV Societies"—this is how young people felt about the Voice of Youth public evangelism workshops conducted Wednesday and Thursday forenoons at the Pan-American Youth Congress.

It was at a similar workshop at the North American Youth Congress in 1947 that Share Your Faith was born. Since then Share Your Faith has made great strides; and now the Voice of Youth, an organization of young people of academy and college age, is pioneering the way in public evangelism in many sections of the country.

The practical and effective methods used by the Voice of Youth became the prominent demonstration in the public evangelism workshop at the Pan-American Youth Congress. The keen interest

The VOICE of YOUTH in Public Evangelism

By J. R. NELSON



Top right: The popularity of the workshops is indicated by this capacity audience in Polk Hall. Top: Janice Conte, a member of the Monterey Bay Academy youth evangelistic team, helped to show how youth can preach for Christ. Below: Charles Carter, from Los Angeles, has won 125 persons to Christ in the past five years. Miller Brockett, Southern California Conference MV secretary, interviews him while J. R. Nelson watches.

was demonstrated by the fact that more than two thousand copies of the brochure *Outpost Evangelism* were distributed at this workshop. The brochure, prepared by the Pacific Union Conference, presented in detail the organization, promotion, and working plan for public evangelism, including sample outlines and sermons used by the young people.

Here is what happened Wednesday morning, June 17, at nine-fifteen: After a brief introduction by Pastor T. E. Lucas, associate secretary, MV Department of the General Conference, the public evangelism workshop under the leadership of Pastor J. R. Nelson, MV secretary of the Pacific Union Conference, got under way in the auditorium arena. An estimated two thousand attended. The large attendance testified to the belief that our young people are interested in taking an active part in public evangelism.

The workshop opened with an interview demonstrating that public evangelism can be conducted by youth in churches with as few as eight young people. Pastor Miller Brockett, MV secretary of the Southern California Conference,

interviewed David Dunkinson, of the West Los Angeles church. Mr. Dunkinson, a young man working in a tool engineering company, found time to rally fellow youth in an evangelistic effort. The pastor of the church and the church council gave approval to the plan proposed by the youth.

After a careful survey of the community it was decided to conduct the effort in the West Los Angeles church. All the youth in the church were assigned work. One group solicited funds for advertising, and with fifty dollars the meetings were begun. A treasurer was appointed to keep a record of finances, and when the meetings closed and all bills were paid, the group had more than one hundred dollars left in the treasury for future use. Five people were baptized at the close of the meetings.

Charles Carter, another young man from the Los Angeles area, amazed the workshop when he revealed that through public evangelism he had brought 125 into the church during the past five years. Besides conducting public evangelistic meetings with the assistance of other young people, Mr. Carter and his wife

gave as many as five Bible studies each week. Several churches have been raised up through these efforts. During these years Mr. Carter has been working at an aircraft installation. The inspiration he received during these years of successful soul winning led Mr. Carter to enroll in college as a ministerial student. Even while attending college and working in spare moments, he still finds time to engage in public evangelism.

Some of the tools necessary to successful evangelism were presented by L. W. Hesselstine, of Visualades; Pastor E. Toral Seat, of the Pacific Union Conference; C. L. Paddock and L. R. Hixson, of the Pacific Press. Mr. Hesselstine demonstrated the use of the View Master projector and announced a special offer to our youth on the Twentieth Century film disks and View Master projector. Pastor Seat introduced a new series of sound motion pictures suitable for use in public evangelism by our youth. This series contains thirty "preaching films" presenting our leading evangelists. They will be ready for distribution in September.

The representatives from the Pacific Press introduced a fine selection of literature for use in public evangelism. Cer-

tainly an excellent selection of tools is now ready to be placed in the hands of our youth who are interested in public evangelism.

After the workshop on Wednesday the Voice of Youth presented a model evangelistic meeting. The youth from Monterey Bay Academy, one of our newest academies on the West Coast, demonstrated what can be done by young people in public evangelism. Pastors, academy principals, and youth leaders manifested their interest in the workshop by faithful attendance. One of the conference presidents attending remarked, "This is what the church needs. I am glad to see it taking place."

Another feature, which brought into focus the youth of Inter-America and South America, centered in public evangelism through branch Sabbath schools and Sunday schools. Through interviews with several of our youth from these countries, it was learned that our neighbors to the south are far ahead of us in this type of public evangelism. Entire churches have been raised up by our youth. The workshop emphasized the many opportunities open to our youth, and challenged them to increase their efforts in the branch

Sabbath school method of faith sharing.

Thursday morning we witnessed the grand finale of the public evangelism workshop. The day before, we had been promised a look behind the scenes in a Voice of Youth public effort, and now the curtains were lifted for a look backstage into the details of organization. The Voice of Youth from the San Diego Academy thrilled the workshop with their presentation. In an interview with Pastor Arlyn Stewart it was revealed that fifty converts were baptized at the close of the Voice of Youth effort in the Chula Vista church, of which he is pastor. Of these he said thirty were the direct results of the Voice of Youth. Here is his reaction to the efforts of our youth in his church:

"The most important work from a pastor's viewpoint is soul winning. As a pastor, I am enthusiastic about the Voice of Youth crusade, first of all, because through the working of the Holy Spirit it produced results. The Voice of Youth crusade and follow-up work accounted for thirty of the fifty persons that have united with the Chula Vista church since camp meeting.

"As one of the youth put it, 'We gained a real blessing not only from observing but in actually having a part in real-life evangelism.' Our youth have seen firsthand the effective results in the lives of other young people and adults.

"Before the completion of the crusade every young person in our working force of 105 had some actual part in a phase of evangelism: speaking, music, ushering, advertising, *Voice of Youth* weekly newspaper, amplifier and visual aids equipment, and prayer bands. This experience of working together under the leadership of the Holy Spirit was shared by everyone."

Pastor Charles Martin and Arlyn Stewart and Principal Max Williams working together demonstrated to the workshop how more than one hundred young people were organized into a mighty army for God and how this army was led on an offensive into the enemy's territory and emerged with thirty trophies for the kingdom of heaven.

How do these students find time to conduct public meetings while busy with their studies in school? How did it affect their grades? The academy principals answered these questions. Prof. D. J. Bieber, of Monterey Bay Academy, said: "It has not materially interfered with the program of the school, and what interference there has been, has been far outweighed by the good accomplished. I believe in the program."

Principal Max Williams, of the San Diego Union Academy, after observing his students in two efforts during the school year indicated his reaction in the following words: "About 90 per cent of the students took part in the Voice of Youth efforts. The spiritual tone of the school

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Her Name Is a Command

By CECELIA STANLEY DERRY

I STOOPEd to pet the handsome German shepherd guide dog standing close to her blind master. He and I were waiting our respective turns to enroll in a class at night school, and my admiration for the dog soon led us into conversation. Indifferently the dog allowed me to pat her head and stroke her ears.

"What is her name?" I asked interestedly.

"I can't tell you her name," he replied quickly. "Her name is a command."

It was my turn at the desk just then, but when I had finished with my registration I walked away thoughtfully. The words kept repeating themselves: "Her name is a command." "Her name is a command." And mingling with the trend my thoughts were taking were these

words: "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."

"I have called thee by thy name." Yes, for many years I had thankfully borne Christ's name—the name of Christian. But did I always regard that name as a command? Was the mere mention of it enough to make me obey the Saviour instantly, gladly? Did it settle once and for all the many side paths and attractions that dull the conscience and stunt spiritual growth?

No one ever saw a guide dog chasing cats or barking at passers-by. Nor is it influenced by attention from strangers. It has one steadfast purpose in life—to serve its master devotedly.

May it be said of me that forever, from this moment, "her name is a command!"

The missions "tell much of the efforts of honest and earnest men to improve the lot of the Indian."

The Highway of the Bells

By ELTON A. JONES

PART 2

THE first mission to be founded was planted by Padre Junípero Serra. He was chosen by his alma mater, the Franciscan college of San Fernando in Mexico City, as the man most likely to succeed in the undertaking. Fifteen others were hurriedly selected to accompany him and direct the affairs of the missions. On July 16, 1769, he formally established a mission in what is now Old Town in San Diego. The site chosen was a hillside overlooking San Diego harbor and beyond it the vast Pacific. A fine palm tree marks the spot, which is worth a visit for its sheer beauty.

But there was trouble in store for the first-born mission. The presidio was too handy, and the soldiers consistently molested the Indian women. The water supply was inconstant, although a dam had been built to impound the water of a small river. After five tumultuous years—years of illness resulting from inadequate food, years of discouragement because of the stubbornness of the pagan Indians—the mission was moved six miles up the river to its present site in 1774.

Here the padres had better success with the Indians; sixty or so were attached to the mission. Conversion was voluntary; however, once the Indian was in a mission, there was no legal way he could escape. One has called such a state a "benevolent despotism."

As was to some extent typical, San Diego was planned as a quadrangle—a hollow square—the center being a patio. One side of this quadrangle was formed by the church, another by the workshops and storehouses, the other sides were comprised of less-important rooms, with corals, orchards, and gardens adjacent.

The present church was begun in 1808, and five years were spent on it. Adobe bricks were made on the site, but a great

many were required, for the walls are five feet thick. Supporting timbers had to be searched out in the mountains, fifty or sixty miles away, and transported to the building site by oxen or by Indians. There is a tradition that relates how beams cut in the forest sixty miles away were carried to the mission without being desecrated by contact with earth. The stoutest Indians were placed in relays about a mile apart, and each group carried its beam to the next until it was at its destination. Once the beam was there, the placing of it in the building was a task of no small proportions.

The church is 159 feet in length, 26 feet in width, with a beamed ceiling 29 feet from the floor. It has been restored to some extent; the floor and the roof are modern. There are five bells in the tower, the largest of which was cast from parts and pieces of the original bells.

In 1852, two years before secularization, the mission was prosperous. There had been 6,600 baptisms, 1,800 marriages; and the largest population at any one time was a little over 1,800. There were some 4,500 head of cattle, 13,000 sheep, with goats,

horses, and mules. After Mexico declared the Indians free the mission population dropped precipitously; soon less than 150 persons were resident there.

Some forty miles north of San Diego is the great mission San Luis Rey de Francia, commonly called San Luis Rey—the full name being a bit cumbersome. Also it distinguishes it from San Luis Obispo. It was named in honor of Louis IX, king of France. It is also called the King of Missions.

In the chain of missions San Luis Rey was the eighteenth to be established, nearly thirty years after the mother mission in San Diego. After preliminary explorations Padres Mariner and Crespi settled on a free running stream in a fertile valley, now San Luis Rey River. The founding ceremonies were held on June 13, 1798, and it was dedicated to Louis IX, often thought of as the ideal medieval king.

The architecture of the mission suggests strongly the influence of the Moor—as does that of one or two others.

Fray Antonio Peyri was the man left on the site to erect the building, a man who had studied architecture before entering the Franciscan order. Little enough did he have with which to do the work—some pickaxes, six crowbars, a dozen or so plowshares, some blankets, and other various cloths for the clothing of the naked Indians.

From its earliest days San Luis Rey was a prosperous mission. On the first day fifty or more Indian children were baptized.

Not until 1811 did Fray Peyri begin work on the magnificent church, and for ten more years the work progressed, although it was dedicated in 1813. This church was 180 feet long, 28 feet wide, with a ceiling 30 feet high. From the left



PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR



Left: A typical olive press at Mission San Juan Capistrano. Right: A fine arched cloister of Mission San Luis Rey de Francia. Restoration of California missions is progressing slowly.

of the church the splendid arcade with its graceful arches extends, and on the right behind the tower is the domed mortuary chapel, the only one of its kind among the missions, I am told. Fray Peyri was ambitious, and he had an established work of no mean status; so to have adequate accommodation, he extended his building program. When finished the mission covered more than six acres.

Outside the mission grounds were vast gardens and orchards. To provide a constant water supply, the San Luis Rey River was tapped and an irrigation system constructed. There were herds and flocks to occupy the level grazing land. About 900 head of horses, oxen, cattle, and sheep were contributed by Santa Barbara, San Gabriel, San Juan Capistrano, and San Diego. Growth was rapid and steady. By 1832 there were nearly 3,000 Indians connected with the mission, and some 50,000 head of livestock.

A few of the monastery rooms have been restored, and in them are many items of interest. Among them are the illuminated manuscripts from which the Indians

learned music and from which they sang. The leader used a revolving music stand.

San Luis Rey was one of the very few missions to have a branch mission, or *asistencia*. About twenty miles inland from San Luis Rey, in 1810, Fray Peyri built at the base of famous Palomar Mountain a granary for converts in Pala. After a time he built a chapel there; and in October, 1815, it was dedicated to San Antonio de Pádua, and was known as the *Asistencia de Pala*. This is the only *asistencia* that is still regularly used by the Indians. The chapel, once enlarged, has been restored, and the bell tower, or campanile, is widely famed for its grace and beauty. It is a copy from the tower of the old church in Jaurez, Mexico.

Helen Hunt Jackson interested herself in the downtrodden Indians, and in their behalf wrote her *Ramona*. It accomplished to a degree for the Indians what *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did for the Negro. There really was a Ramona and an Alessandro, the heroine and hero of the story.

In 1903 the Indians on Warner's Ranch were unceremoniously bundled up and

dumped in the little village of Pala on the reservation of some 4,500 acres. Many of them are still there, and in the old chapel they still worship. The altar in the chapel was brought from Warner's Ranch, and contains several old statues highly prized by them.

The Jewel of the Missions, San Juan Capistrano, is about thirty-five miles from San Luis Rey, and is about halfway between Los Angeles and San Diego. The present highway follows the shoreline of the beautiful Pacific and is a drive one long remembers. At Doheny Park turn right and go inland to the little town of San Juan Capistrano, about three miles away. All that remains of the old mission is in the center of town.

A more beautiful spot would be difficult to find than this one where Padre Serra established his seventh mission, for here was the juncture of two streams, providing an ample supply of water. Perhaps no mission in the chain had a more checkered and tragic existence. Two attempts were necessary to establish it. The first was in October, 1775; the second and successful one was made about a year later, when on All Saints' Day, November 1, 1776—the year of American independence—the first mass was celebrated and dedicated to Saint John of Capistran in Italy.

Like San Luis Rey this mission was prosperous from its first planting. Four years later the mission had 17,000 sheep and crops of 6,300 bushels were gathered, with something like 600 Indians to garner the crops and shepherd the flocks.

In the building of this mission various materials were used: adobe, sandstone, limestone, wood, iron, brick, tile, and rawhide. Sycamore was the wood, cut and brought down from the side of Saddleback Mountain.

The oldest portion of this old mission is likely those buildings on the east side of the patio, one of which is Serra's Chapel. This is also the oldest building in the State, and the only one that goes back to the days of Padre Serra himself. This chapel was used from the time it was completed, about 1777, until September 7, 1806. It was in 1806 that the great stone church was dedicated after being nine years in the building. The plan was an ambitious one: The church was to be 146 feet by 28 feet and have a vestry, a baptistry, and a tower. The roof was to be composed of six domes. But the Indians, as frequently happened, made some miscalculations, and the building when finished had no two identical arches in its cloister, and seven domes adorned the roof!

The fine church was doomed to a short life of service, for an earthquake on December 8, 1812, demolished the building while it was filled with Indians attending the sunrise mass. The survivors were few—six persons including the officiating padre. This was the year the mission reached its highest Indian residence—1,361.

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Mysterious Fire

By J. ERNEST EDWARDS

IN A village named Côtes-de-Fer, back in the interior of Haiti four days by horseback, we have 120 members living in a mountain region. None of those members can read or write. There are twenty-five children in the families of Seventh-day Adventists.

It has been necessary for the district leader, Matthieu Bermingham, to teach the local church elder the Sabbath school lessons for the next Sabbaths by memory and to explain to him Bible verses, then have him repeat what he has heard, to make sure that he understands. This is the only way he can prepare the officers to teach the others. In this place we have no church building, but use private homes for Sabbath school and prayer meeting.

A rather interesting thing has happened in that place. A mysterious fire, with no origin in the jungle or the grass, but coming down from apparently nowhere, has lighted on the homes and

burned many in that section. This mysterious fire has not consumed any Seventh-day Adventist homes. The neighbors have remarked about this, and are now clamoring to become Adventists. Night and day they are coming to our believers asking for the privilege of joining our church. There are more than four hundred Sabbathkeepers there now.

A Seventh-day Adventist young man one Sunday afternoon went to a cock-fight, even though his conscience troubled him. On returning he found that his home had been burned to the ground by this mysterious fire. He resolved that never again would he disobey God.

The people urgently need a teacher, but they have so little money. Their average yearly income is only forty-five dollars. The mission has no budget for sending a teacher. Yet the people of Côtes-de-Fer are praying that a teacher may be sent to give them the full message, to teach them how to read, and to lead them in soul-winning service.



PHOTO, AMERICAN OVERSEAS AIRLINES

*The steward had advised the passengers
to read the booklet*

"How to Ditch Without a Hitch"

By T. R. FLAIZ, M.D.

WITH the informality of a bus pulling out of a large terminal, our big constellation plane taxied to the head of the runway of the New York Idlewild Airport to wait its turn to take to the air. I was en route to London and Switzerland for committee and board meetings called to study our Swiss sanitarium.

The forty passengers aboard were a cosmopolitan group. There were British, German, and Scandinavian people returning from visits to relatives in America;

American students going on short round-trip excursions; soldiers returning to duty; American couples on vacation trips; and businessmen of various sorts.

One was an Italian from Ethiopia, who, I learned from conversation, was well acquainted with our Zauditu Memorial Hospital staff, particularly with Dr. Merlin Anderson, and with our Indian church members in Addis, the Praseradeu brothers. This merchant was acting for the Ethiopian Government in expediting purchase and sale abroad of Ethiopian

cattle with a view to bringing dollar credits into the country.

Darkness had settled as we approached the bleak environs of Gander Airport in Newfoundland, where our plane was to take on the fuel for the transatlantic hop. The less-than-a-quarter moon revealed the inhospitable nature of the winter landscape below us. The white areas of the frozen lakes and waterways broke the darker forest pattern into a ragged patch-quilt effect. Only when we stepped from the plane into the biting arctic wind did we realize just how wintry it was at this far north air center.

Inside the airport all was comfort and warmth. Some of us had barely time to write a few cards to loved ones, and others sought out the lunch counter. There are always some passengers who, however well fed, must sit up to any available lunch counter for a sandwich, coffee, doughnuts, or ice cream. Possibly these are some of the folks who insist they travel better on a full stomach.

Our plane rose heavily into a cold winter sky after using most of the length of the runway. The load of the fuel in the wing tanks, necessary for the long transatlantic run, made these wings seem made of lead as the plane bumped heavily through some low-lying clouds. In a matter of minutes we had gained more than seventeen thousand feet altitude; the plane leveled off from its steep climb as the motors settled into the easy, leisurely hum of the cruising speed. The steward, calling over the loud-speaker, gave somewhat routine instructions about the use of the life jackets that are under each seat, and expressed the hope we would all read the booklet *How to Ditch Without a Hitch*, a layman's handbook on what to do and what not to do when it becomes necessary to crash land in the ocean.

Below, the great dark expanse of the Atlantic was to be our only scenery for the next seven hours. After a good supper some passengers continued to read or write till a late hour, but most of them were early curled as best they could in blankets on their reclining seats. Nights such as these wear away somewhat slowly for some of us. I occasionally look out the window to note the red glare of the exhaust ports spurting their steady blue flame, usually a sign that all is well in that motor.

It was perhaps an hour after daybreak that I was awakened by the stopping of one of the motors. I looked out to see the inspection light from the cockpit being flashed on the starboard motors. This could be just a routine procedure in flight, but when it was quickly repeated, apparently with more than routine significance, I was aware that all was not well.

KAUFMANN FABRAY, FROM HARRIS & EWING

Our plane rose heavily into the cold winter sky. In a matter of minutes we had gained more than 17,000 feet altitude. Below was the dark Atlantic.



Immediately the steward's bell rang, and the steward and stewardess hurried to the front and immediately returned to the cabin, turned on the lights, and called through the loud-speaker for all passengers to waken and don their life jackets.

The plane was dropping rapidly, but the exact cause we did not know until a moment later when the captain came into the cabin and announced that the instrument panel had flashed the alarm of fire in the number three engine (starboard in-board), and we were dropping quickly to water level, prepared to ditch. Fire in a plane three miles above an icy ocean, parachutes or not, is no pleasant thought.

The crew circulated among the passengers, assisting in placing the life jackets and quietly giving instructions as to procedure if we had to take to the water. In view of the threatened danger all were remarkably calm. Obviously some of the passengers were silently praying. The attitude of the crew was well intended to maintain the greatest possible confidence in all those on board. Every moment that passed without the fire bursting into the open was decidedly reassuring; the plane was dived to give excessive speed to help put out the fire as well as to reach water level before there occurred any structural failure in the plane.

The captain announced that we were an hour and a half flying time from Ireland, an SOS call had been sent out for help, and we would proceed at this low flight to cover as much of the remaining distance as possible while taking every precaution against being forced into the ocean. Transoceanic planes all carry self-inflating life rafts sufficient to carry all passengers and crew. If the plane lands on the water without breaking up, there will be a few minutes for transferring to the rafts before the plane sinks.

The little German woman sitting beside me was much perplexed about the life jacket and its several gadgets. She had confused this with a parachute and asked me, "And vot do vee pull ven vee yump?" We were soon aware that we were flying into the dawn. The water below us was exceptionally smooth for the Atlantic. The steward confided to me that there was no knowledge of how the constellation would take a ditching at sea, since there was no record of one having been compelled to take to the water.

Our most reassuring break came when the captain announced that another air liner flying nearby had been radioed, and this plane was speeding to cover us on the rest of the trip. Soon to our right, shining brilliantly in the morning light, another big constellation dropped down by our side only a hundred yards away, and a British patrol plane sent out from an air rescue base came along the other side. We were assured now that whatever came, our plight and our position were known. Also we were soon passing fishing schooners that would doubtless be in better position to give immediate help if the emergency arose.

Soon in the bright morning sun the rugged cliffs of the coast of Ireland came into view, and still closely accompanied by our escort planes, we settled to a safe landing on the Shannon Airport. The constellation escort plane circled and landed just behind us. The gratitude to God that all felt left no room for complaint over the few hours' delay in the Irish airport for repairs and replacement.

In London it was thrilling indeed to meet members of the very active evangelistic team, including my associate, Dr. J. W. McFarland, who had been assigned to five months' work with George Vandeman as our well-accepted lecturer on

health. Never in recent history has London been so stirred by evangelism as by the present preaching team in that city. Thousands turn out to the Sunday night meetings, and many hundreds still attend the week-night meetings held in different parts of the city.

Health instruction by both lecture and demonstrations has constituted an important feature of this work almost from the first. Mrs. John Shone, of Leeds, and Miss Mary Noble, studying advanced courses in nursing in London, have assisted Dr. McFarland in these demonstrations. The British people have taken very kindly to the idea of practical health instruction accompanying the doctrinal, prophetic, and spiritual messages.

The members of the Swiss Union Conference Committee, the officers of the Southern European Division, and the administrators of the Lake Geneva Sanitarium were gathered to study plans for the modernization of that institution. This little sanitarium and its staff have served the denomination well through many years. Established in its present lakeside environment midway between Geneva and Lausanne in 1904, this institution was quite adequate in its earlier days. But the medical world of the Swiss has moved forward in rapid pace. There are fine hospitals well equipped and with well-trained personnel. Just as the older institutions in the States have had to be rebuilt along modern lines, so our Swiss brethren find they must provide modern, comfortable, and efficient service, or close down. The plans we laid in our board and committee session will give this fine little institution the means of continuing to serve the medical and spiritual needs of people of this oldest existing republic.

From the front of the sanitarium the view is across Lake Geneva up into the canyons, the crags, the precipices, perpetual snows, and glaciers about Mont Blanc in the Savoy Alps. Switzerland is the home, sometimes only the summer home, of important people from all over the world. Our Lake Geneva Sanitarium is well known, and must continue as a lighthouse in this conservative land of the great Reformers.

I was reminded of the extensive spread of Adventist medical work when on returning through London, I again met Dr. McFarland and his family; Dr. and Mrs. H. F. Sturgess, taking tropical medicine preparatory to going to Ethiopia; Dr. and Mrs. Brennwald, en route to Brussels for tropical medicine training for their work in French Cameroun, and Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Schooley, of the U.S. Air Force. Dr. and Mrs. John Hyde, of Nigeria, had passed through a few days earlier en route to the United States for special training.

The return trip over the Atlantic was an eleven-hour, nonstop flight from London to Gander, Newfoundland. With the exception of occasional snow squalls,

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Success

By VIRGINIA MURRAY

I hear the patter of the raindrops' feet.
They tiptoe in to make my garden sweet,
And softly scatter all the dust and heat.
The earthworm then plows furrows through the clod.
I see the rose awake and smile and nod.
The aspen sends up greener leaves to God.

Successful little servants these. They say
Success is not in gain, but giving in God's way
The rain when God ordains a cooler day;
Or tunneling the sod where roots may run,
Or blossoming, or looking to the sun,
Or doing just the good that can be done.

The Guard

By E. W. Dunbar

Some memorials make one sober. Recently I stood before the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in the Arlington National Cemetery on the heights overlooking the lovely Potomac River across from the stately city of Washington. It is deeply impressive.

The dignified bearing of the armed guard who patrols his station before the tomb bespeaks the mighty importance of it all. What does it mean? What is this proud guard so determined to protect? Certainly not the remains of the soldier whose unidentified body safely rests in the white marble tomb. The guard is surely not trying to enforce a spirit of awe and respect, for the very surroundings do that. Every person has that certain feeling well up in his throat when he catches the first view. What is the significance of the guard? I will tell you what it means to me.

That living soldier, pacing back and forth with his slow, measured tread, is guarding the things for which the unknown soldier died. The young man in the tomb—and you may be sure that he was a *young* man—gave his life for the things we are enjoying today—freedom, open churches, and the right to speak,

WILL YOU BE THERE ?

- AUGUST 16-23, 1953—**
East Pennsylvania Senior Girls' Camp—Hamburg, Pennsylvania.
- AUGUST 20-27, 1953—**
Southern Union Senior Camp—Chimney Rock Camp, Lake Lure, North Carolina.
- AUGUST 21-23, 1953—**
Colorado Senior MV Rally—Glacier View Camp, Lyons, Colorado.
New Jersey Senior Youth Retreat.
- AUGUST 23-30, 1953—**
Michigan Senior Camp—Camp Au Sable, Grayling, Michigan.
Montana Senior Camp.
- AUGUST 25-30, 1953—**
Southeastern California Senior Youth Camp.
- AUGUST 26-30, 1953—**
Oregon Senior Camp—Milo, Oregon.
- AUGUST 27-30, 1953—**
Chesapeake Senior Camp—Mount Aetna, Hagerstown, Maryland.
East Pennsylvania Appalachian Trail Trip.
- SEPTEMBER 4-7, 1953—**
Northeastern Senior Camp.

AUGUST 18, 1953

MV Youth in Action

worship, and vote as we please. This unknown boy died for life itself, unfettered and free. What a paradox—death for life!

I noticed hundreds of very humble markers row upon row in this cemetery. An enormous number of these insignificant graves are also marked "Unknown." These boys not only died but allowed their names to be blotted out from the memory of man. Unwittingly or not, they died for this same cause. It is that glorious possession, that heritage and birthright, over which the guard at the sepulcher watches. Every living unit in the vast array of might represented by the armies of freedom and liberation in the world is committed to a similar ideal.

Likewise, every young man and young woman within the ranks of the Adventist Movement is divinely called to accept the responsibility for the high standards, the good name, the ultimate triumph of the message for which our fathers and mothers and pioneers labored and died.

"As the faithful, toil-worn standard-bearers are offering up their lives for the truth's sake, who will come forward to take their place? Will our young men accept the holy trust at the hand of their fathers?" asks God's special messenger, Ellen G. White. And her answer is: "In order that the work may go forward in all its branches, God calls for youthful vigor, zeal, and courage. He has chosen the youth to aid in the advancement of His cause."

Young man, young woman, what does this mean to you? It is one thing for us to choose God, but this challenge indicates that God has chosen us. It is really something of importance when God chooses us. What young person does not like to be chosen in line-up games? To be chosen early indicates that we are good players. We know what it is all about—and we like it. How much greater it is when God chooses us! It makes me want to hurry right over and line up on God's side. You know, God's team has some wonderful battles just ahead. Great opportunities and thrilling adventures are coming! I want to be in there fighting, don't you?

The May 3 edition of the *Washington Evening Star* reports that Thomas E. Murray, a member of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, "having in mind such magnitudes of destructiveness—destructiveness that could wipe out all life on our planet," made the following somber and eloquent commentary on a very sober subject: "It may be the in-

comprehensible and inscrutable will of God to make the 20th century *closing time* for the human race." Is this not the time when we should open our heart's door to the influence of the Holy Spirit?

We must go all the way in making right every wrong—confess every sin. Let us determine under God that from this time forth we will have freedom in Jesus Christ and a glorious part in the great finishing work of God. Let us pledge ourselves anew to the basically fundamental principles embodied in the Morning Watch habit, the Character Classics, the MV Legion of Honor. The heavenly prescription for a spiritual life is found in the "trinity of victory"—prayer, Bible study, and service.

God keep every Adventist youth on guard against the inroads of sin and ever zealous for the work of the Master.

Mississippi Valley Youth Join Hands

By J. O. Iversen

Young people from as far west as Cedar Rapids and as far east as Chicago, and from Rockford, Illinois, to Burlington, Iowa, assembled 750 strong to enjoy a day of Christian fellowship and spiritual blessing at the Mississippi Valley Youth Congress held in the Scottish Rite Temple in Moline, Illinois.

The morning message was presented by John Hancock, youth leader of the Lake
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PHOTO, COURTESY OF J. O. IVERSEN

Pastor V. W. Becker interviews young people who have just returned from a Share Your Faith venture at the Mississippi Valley Youth Congress.



F & A PHOTO

When Charles A. Lindbergh returned from his history-making flight, cigarette manufacturers rushed to have him endorse their brands. He refused. He didn't smoke.

IN THE latter 1920's there was an unbeaten champion fighter called the Mauler. A comparatively unknown man came along to challenge him. That made news.

Great was the difference between these two men—Dempsey and Tunney. The first represented brute force; the second, culture and intelligence. Tunney announced he would fight Dempsey by scientific methods, not relying on strength alone.

One of the largest crowds in fighting history gathered to watch this thriller. It was probably the first major pugilistic combat ever broadcast.

In one round when Tunney was knocked down, Dempsey did not immediately go into his corner. Tunney got up on the count of nine. He was conceded the winner.

Many voices cried, "Unfair play," so Tunney said he would fight again. He did, and was again adjudged the winner.

"What type of man was this Tunney?" people asked. He was scholarly. He enjoyed reading Shakespeare. He led a clean life.

About the same time a young flier made history by spanning the Atlantic on the first solo flight ever made over that vast expanse of water. Cigarette manufacturers

rushed to get him—Lindbergh—to sign for their brands. He refused. He did not smoke.

The second time I heard Paderewski, the great pianist, he was soloist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Usually there is a no-encore rule at such programs, but that crowd kept the great artist playing for a half hour after his scheduled number. People who, I am sure, were supposed to catch a certain train home, stayed, hoping he would play just one more piece. He cast a spell over all who heard him. One man once said he would give ten dollars just to see Paderewski, without hearing him play a note.

What is it that caused such profound interest in these people? There are scores of pianists. Few make front-page news. There are hundreds of fliers, but only one Lindbergh. There are thousands of fighters, but a Tunney comes once in a generation.

The answer to this question is the most coveted thing on earth—yes, more desired even than money. It is the master key to success. It is personality.

What is personality? It is the sum of all one's qualities and defects. Have you ever met a person who repelled you without your knowing why? Very likely his bad points outweighed his good ones. In other words, he had a negative personality, and you felt it instinctively.

*I am flinging the challenge right to you.
Put away your unseemly manners. Develop*

PERSON

What goes to make up a positive personality? First is appearance. Are you careful of your clothes in their ensemble appearance, or do you look like the rainbow for color? Do you fellows choose a tie that goes well with your suit, or do you close your eyes and reach for the tie rack? Do you girls wear red and pink together? Only birds and flowers seem able to get by with that combination!

I've heard some fellows brag about how long they can wear a shirt. It might be well by the time you begin the second week to at least wear it only every other day. You'll keep the air purer around you!

Do your hands look like claws because of uncared-for nails? When you pull out your handkerchief, does it look as if you were a worker in the mines? Do you polish your shoes at least once a month? Do you wear the latest sock fad simply because it is hideous?

How is your appearance as far as posture is concerned? If you are tall, do you walk stoop-shouldered, so people won't ask you how the air is up there? How do you carry yourself? When I go to New York I always enjoy watching the different walks there. Do you bob up and down when you walk? Do you sway sidewise? Of one teacher it was said that she propelled herself around the room.

Are you stuck up? Do you walk around with your nose on Jupiter? Do you speak only to those you like? I once sat in an auto in which was riding a woman too tired to converse with the man by her side, so she started him talking about himself. All she had to say the next few hours was "Yes" and "I should say so." This anecdote reminds me of a record I once heard entitled "I Love Me, I Love Myself."

There is an intangible thing about appearance called poise—the ability to move at ease in public. Do you keep touching

A chapel talk given at Emmanuel Missionary College.

QUALITY PLUS

By *GEORGE SMITH*

your hair, your face, your tie, your dress? Are you easily embarrassed, or do you take such situations in their stride and make the best of them? I once heard Richard Crooks sing "Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair." For an encore he began another stanza of it, then suddenly forgot. He smiled, went over to his accompanist, rested his arm on his shoulder, and finished the song looking on the music. He received more applause for the forgotten stanza than he did for the remembered one. He had control of the situation.

Along with appearance goes one's bearing and disposition. Are you cheerful, or do you look like a cannibal to everyone except your friends? Are you acquainted with the value of a smile? The family of one injured boy sued for a million dollars because he had lost his smile. The boy was asked to try to smile for the jury. The result was so pathetic he was awarded the million dollars. Don't save your smile only for your best girl, and look cross-eyed at everyone else, or people will walk around five blocks to avoid you.

What is your attitude on tolerance? Do you tolerate other religions, or do you ridicule them? Some of the finest boys I met in the Army were of other faiths. You do not win people to your side through criticism. You drive them away. I must say the non-Adventists I've met here at Emmanuel Missionary College are a credit to this school. I see them at Friday evening meetings, at Sabbath services, as well as at socials. They are a good example to us Adventists.

How about your tolerance of other races? I do not think race prejudice is surprising when we find members of the Caucasian race who will not tolerate even their own kind. Sometimes, however, I think people of minority groups injure themselves by attempting to set up a de-

fense against this unpleasantness, and appear a little cocky as a result. This only makes matters worse.

I think, by contrast, of Marian Anderson, the distinguished colored contralto, who is often not allowed to stay in hotels in cities where she goes to sing. Never has she publicly complained of this mistreatment. I would rather shake hands any day with a colored lady or gentleman than with a white person who does not know his place.

But tolerance goes beyond this. Are you tolerant of others' opinions, or do you feel that after you've spoken no other idea counts for anything? Did you ever de-

bate? How much is your opinion then worth? Nothing. Self-opinionated people are unwanted people.

Benjamin Franklin found he got along best diplomatically by first mentioning the good points of his opponents, then saying that probably another way might improve matters even more. By giving credit to the first idea he won the man behind it over to his side.

Do you like to argue? Then sit in front of the mirror and go to it, but not in public. Arguing is not the nicest thing to listen to.

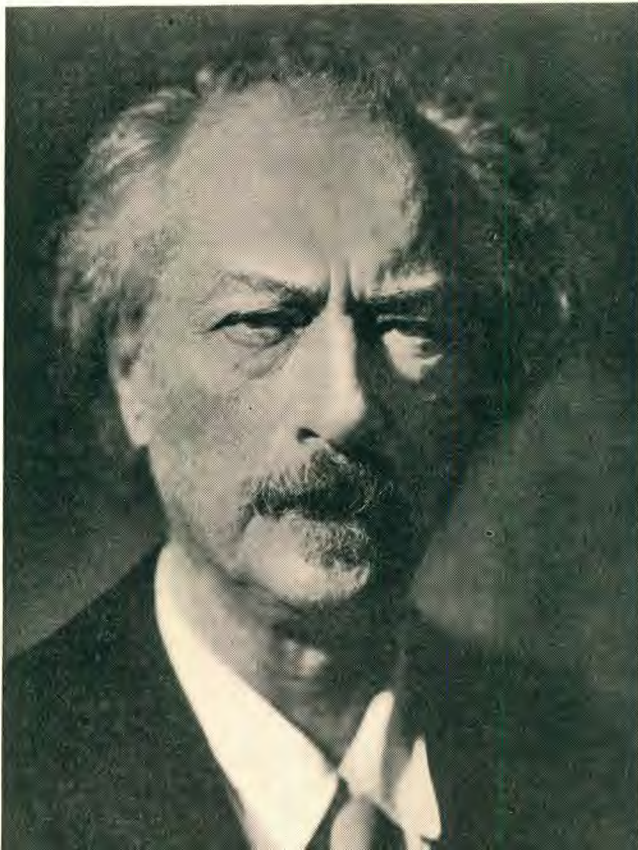
How about tolerance toward others' likes and dislikes? Just the fact that you may dislike music is no reason why you have to look as if you had just eaten a green persimmon if someone broaches the subject.

In 1947 I read on the front pages of the newspapers an article stating that the Yankees were sponsoring a Sunday afternoon series of symphony broadcasts to get more people out to baseball games. They recognized the universality of music even though many ballplayers do not.

In the same year some reporter printed figures showing that 50 per cent more people attended musical events than sports events. He also showed the great earnings made by musical personalities.

Heifetz, the distinguished violinist, was once offered fifteen thousand dollars for a half-hour broadcast, but turned it down. General Motors requested Toscanini to lead an hour-long program over the air for a fabulous salary. He was not interested. He was offered a Cadillac delivered to his home in Italy. He accepted. By the time the car was delivered, the cost for that hour broadcast is said to have reached about twenty thousand dollars.

And, students, you can be intolerant right in your own field. Just because you are a voice student does not mean you should dislike other types of music. A good violinist can teach you legato. A great singer can teach a pianist phrasing. Paderewski once said he considered that his having heard three great artists was worth five years of his musical training. Only one of the three was a pianist—the famous Rubinstein. The second was Joachim, the



Someone once said that he would give ten dollars just to see Paderewski, without hearing him play even a note.

violinist; the third an actor, Salvini. Don't be narrow-minded, even in your own specialized field.

One of the outstanding traits about a good personality is the ability to converse. If you like athletics, can you also converse on other subjects? No girl wants to hear about only one thing every time she goes out. If you are a music lover, can you talk with a person who enjoys science? If not, you are lopsided. Do you contribute to table conversation, or do you sit like a bump on a log, shoveling in your food? Maybe your timidity prevents your talking. Snap out of it if you expect to get anywhere in life.

Someone may say, "I have nothing to talk about." What a pity! Can't you read? Is the comic page of the newspaper the extent of your perusal of the news? Is that reading helping your Christian experience? You must decide that question individually, but you can certainly scan the headlines of the papers so as to know what is going on in the world today. Otherwise, you are a back number.

What would some of you men think if you asked a neighbor whether he had ever seen Di Maggio play, and the person answered, "No, what instrument does she play?" Just so you are looked down upon by musicians if someone mentions Flagstad, and you ask, "Who is he?"

Flagstad has made more front-page news since the war than most any other one person aside from royalty and politicians. Because she went home to Norway during the war to live with a pro-Nazi husband, her American recitals were picketed when she came back after the war. However, one picket, on being asked his reason for picketing, replied that there was some political speech going on inside. He did not realize he was endeavoring to prohibit people from going to hear the woman whom many critics and thousands of music lovers acclaim as the greatest living singer even though she is in her middle fifties.

If at all possible, do some reading for pleasure. You say, "I have no time." Nonsense! Generally speaking, everyone takes time for what he wants to do. Nearly everyone has some spare time. Use it to advantage. Some of it should be spent in outdoor exercise, some in social activities, some in personal needs such as caring for room and clothes, and some in relaxation. Reading may be coupled with the latter. Everyone likes a good story. Know some.

One very good way to get subject matter for conversation is to have a hobby. Photography is an intensely interesting pastime if you can afford it. Stamp and record collecting are both popular. Making things is often productive of something very beautiful. One lad made a miniature *Queen Mary*.

My hobby has been collecting autographs of the great people of this world. "What a silly hobby!" someone may say. Watch out. You may be in the same posi-

tion as the woman waiting in line to get an autograph of a distinguished pianist. As I came out from the artists' room she said, "I used to laugh at your going for autographs. I never dreamed I would be in line for one myself." The hobby man Dave Elman said autograph hunting was the number one hobby of America.

When going through the Pan-American Union Building in Washington, D.C., I noticed signed photos of crowned heads and presidents along the walls. Thus far



THIS I KNOW

**I do not know what next may come
Across my pilgrim way.
I do not know tomorrow's road,
Nor see beyond today.
But this I know—my Saviour knows—
The path I cannot see,
And I can trust His wounded hand
To guide and care for me.**

[Published anonymously at soldier-author's request.—EDITOR.]

my autographs were of musicians. I wanted a king, so I wrote in French to King Boris of Bulgaria, telling him I was a teacher in an American school who had a period a week in which I gave news. I felt the listeners would be more interested in the personalities if I had signed photos of them, and I asked whether His Majesty would be willing to send me one.

This was in 1941 when it looked as if his country was on the verge of war, so I thought as I mailed the letter, "That is the last I will hear from that project." Three months later I received an envelope on the back of which I read, "From the cabinet of His Majesty, King of the Bulgars." I tore it open, and received a fine picture of the king dressed in military costume with medallions, and signed near the bottom.

A top way to get material for conversation is to travel. Do not be like the person

who is born, lives, and dies in the same house. His whole world revolves around that little spot. He cannot see any farther, and worse still, does not wish to.

Whenever I am invited into someone's house I always notice first the pictures and decorations. You can always tell when someone has traveled. He has things other people do not possess.

Are you a garbage carrier? Do you pass on everything you hear? "Maybe it is true," you say. What of it? Does it help to talk about it? The one who talks is participating in it also. Do not forget that. Keep still if you haven't anything good to say. The worst thieves on earth are robbers of reputation. They ought to be hanged.

Do you monopolize all conversations? Then you are not a conversationalist. You are a lecturer. We pay for lectures. Conversation is give and take.

Another important asset is conduct in public. Do you chew gum in church? During Week of Prayer I sat a few rows behind some cud chewer. The effect did not make me think of a Raphael painting. No one has an excuse for being so rude. I wonder how far you would get in Buckingham Palace doing it.

Do you laugh at everything that happens? Then you are a "nitwit." All a public performer has to do is drop a pencil and a suppressed titter goes over the crowd. What fools! Think before you laugh.

Last year a soloist singing here made his song dramatic by speaking part of it. A number of listeners laughed. Though they might have been A students in college, they were zeros socially speaking. The singer asked, "What did I do, scare you?"

There is one thing that will set you above the mass of humanity, and that is refinement. Some of you are so scared of the word *culture* you wince at the mention of the name. A Government man in Washington, D.C., told one of our General Conference men that Seventh-day Adventists were a hard-working people, but they lacked culture. Do not expect to be a good doctor, minister, or teacher without it. I wonder how many students here have not been accepted at Loma Linda because someone else had more refinement than they?

How is the religious side of life? Everyone needs that balance wheel. God has placed within man a desire for something greater than himself. Those without it are not the happiest of people. Clarence Darrow, the agnostic lawyer, on his deathbed gave religious counsel to a young relative. He did not wish this youth to suffer mentally as he had done because he did not have the courage to change his way of life.

I think the two greatest mistakes of Seventh-day Adventists are being critical, already mentioned, and careless in observ-

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Junior YOUTH

Following your own way

may seem less cowardly, but

To Obey Is Better

By JANET MANNING

HALF a mile north of Golden Gate the shore of Richardson's Bay turns west to run along the piers and boardwalked margin of Hurricane Cove. Sudden winds, which earned the name a hundred years ago, blow down the canyons past mountaintop mansions and hillside homes to whip the cove into whitecaps. Boatmen learned to be quick, careful—or wet.

But the thought of possible winds did not keep a lone kayak from sailing smoothly into the sparkling ripples of the cove. For perhaps fifty yards its twelve-year-old pilot drove the kayak forward with his double-ended paddle; then putting the blade into the cockpit beside him, he set up a short mast and dropped it into a socket in the sleek foredeck. Already fastened to the mast, a white triangle of sail filled with the breeze, and the kayak leaped forward.

Phil Kenman had expected that, for he had been trained for weeks in the family sailboat with his father; he pulled in the sail, kicked the rudder, brought the craft about, and turned to sail steadily northward along the Sausalito shore.

DRAWING, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

It had been a perfect day, the best of Phil's experience. Home was straight ahead, but it was much, much farther away than he then imagined.

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Sailing was Phil's favorite sport, and he liked this trip a lot, for as he sailed close in to the shore he waved to strollers and to fishermen on the old bait pier. Sometimes they called out to him with "How's sailin', skipper?" It was fun, and being called skipper made him proud, although today it brought painful memories, memories that went a long way back.

Not that the first memories were painful. Phil and his father had been walking down the rickety dock one April morning toward the family sailboat, and were almost down to the float, when Phil called, "O Daddy, look! There's a kayak on the float!" He ran over to stand looking longingly at the shiny green Eskimo boat.

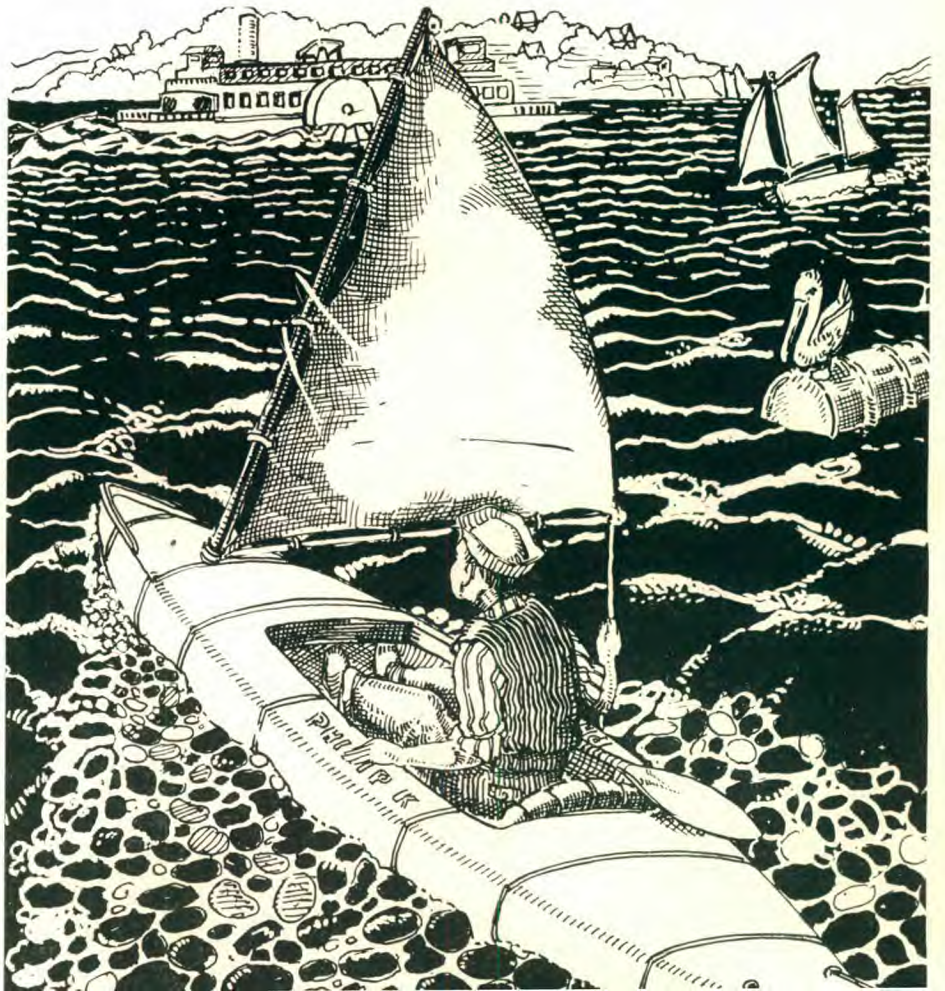
When his father stood by him he couldn't help saying, "Oh, it's beautiful, Dad! I wish I had one—could even go for a ride in one!" If his father answered, Phil didn't hear, for he was looking at the narrow cockpit, the light sturdy frame, the skin stretched over sides and curved decks, and on each side some lettering.

"Look, Dad, there's a name on it. It's—it's—why, it's *Philip K*; the owner's name is the same as mine."

"That's right, Phil, the very same, for *you* are the owner. It's your birthday present from mamma and dad."

"And I can—I can sail it alone? anywhere?"

"Anywhere, Phil, in Richardson's Bay, that is, if you'll promise me just one thing."



"I'll promise anything—anything!"

"That you'll always wear your life jacket."

That day was the brightest memory of his life. But there was another Sunday that brought the unpleasant memories he now had as he sailed along the Sausalito sea wall. That day he had been in the middle of the bay near Belvedere Island when his father sailed around him in the *Barnacle*, and tossed him a line. "Make it fast," he'd said, "and I'll tow you in."

From his father's manner Phil knew that something was wrong, but he wasn't sure what until everything had been secure and they were walking up the pier. His father turned, looked into his eyes, and said, "Phil, wearing a life jacket is the only safe way in a kayak. Why didn't you wear your jacket today?"

Phil didn't know how his father found out, and there was nothing he could do but tell him. "Daddy," he sobbed, "I did put it on, but I didn't want the people on the pier to think I was scared. I didn't want to be a 'chicken,' so I left it off until I'd sailed out into the bay."

"Yes, son. I saw you rise to put your jacket on, and then I sailed out to tow you in. Now let's talk this matter over. You don't know it, but you've been a real coward."

"What do you mean?"

"Yes. You were so afraid people would think you were a coward that you were afraid to wear your life jacket. You didn't drown, but if you had turned over, you might have died because you were too big a coward to wear a jacket that could have saved your life. What can we do to make you understand what you've done, and to remember not to do it again?"

Philip, not being able to keep his sobs under control, said, "The worst thing you could do would be to take the kayak away from me!"

His father pondered for a long minute, then, taking Phil's hands in his, he agreed. "All right, Phil; it's a bargain. I'm taking the kayak away from you—" Phil's sobs broke in painfully before his father continued, "But if you promise always to wear your jacket, you can have it again in a week."

The bargain had covered the longest week of his life, but the week ended today, and he was sailing his precious *Philip K* along the piers again; he was again a skipper. As he rounded the fish pier the Northwestern Pacific ferry was churning toward San Francisco from its ferry slip; so yearning for adventure, he steered quickly into the rolling waves kicked up by her two paddle wheels, laughing at the cries from people ashore who didn't know the kayak's sturdiness. When the dying waves ended the sport, he let the wind carry him across the bay toward Belvedere Island.

When he got to the middle of the bay, however, the wind had swung to the south, and sighting across the mast at an

island tree, he saw that the tide was flowing out toward the Golden Gate; together they'd carry him along at more than eight miles an hour. Throwing the sail to the other side, he went along.

In the waves behind the ferry, or in just plain sailing, the kayak seemed more a playmate than a structure of wood and fabric. A slight touch of the rudder, a new set of sail, and it swung down, up, or across wind as gracefully as did the costly yachts he could see over on the San Francisco side. This was sailing. But a glimpse



Summer Vacation

By NONA KEEN DUFFY

We're down at the beach
In the sand and sun,
And all the day long
We have lots of fun!

There are gulls all around
And boats on the sea;
There are mussels and clams
For Sue and for me.

We play in the surf;
We hike on the dunes;
We dig in the sand
With spades and with spoons!

at the sun and an empty feeling in his stomach made him think of supper; he then headed for the pier at Hurricane Cove.

It had been a perfect day, the best of his experience. Not one thing had marred his fun, and there was home straight ahead. Phil would remember this trip for a long time. He was only a short distance from his pier and almost out of the swift current of the tide when it happened.

Without previous warning, a strong wind tumbled down from the mountains, whipped the water into whitecaps again, and with the same force hit the kayak sail and slammed the craft over on its side. Phil came up, coughing and blowing from under the boat, and carefully tried

to grasp the side and climb into it. Filled with water, it sank under his weight.

Waiting until the wind died, as suddenly as it had come, he tried to set the kayak up, but with its mast in the water, he couldn't. There was little he could do but hang onto the boat until somebody should see him and send help. He was strong enough, but he was getting colder by the minute, and he didn't know how long he could hold on.

A look at the shore brought his severest shock—he was being carried out toward the Golden Gate and the Pacific Ocean in the swiftest part of the outgoing tide. Even as he watched, he floated to where he could not be seen from the pier even if someone chanced to be looking. Nothing but a miracle could save him now, and he prayed for that miracle. He was still praying through shivering lips when he heard squeaking oarlocks and a welcome shout: "Hang on, Phil; we're coming!" Lifting his head, Phil saw them—two men in a rowboat.

The two men had been working on the *Barnacle* at the pier. In a few minutes they were alongside, lifting the dripping, half-frozen lad aboard. Later on, while getting the cold out of his bones in a warm bathtub, and after having related his experience to his parents, he interrupted his father, who was telling him that he was a lucky boy to have been seen. "Dad, it wasn't luck that saved me. It was my life preserver and God."

How to Ditch Without a Hitch

From page 10

there was a brilliant full moon that revealed the condition of the very cold North Atlantic. A few hours out of Gander we began coming into ice floes that became more extensive, till by day-break we were flying over the storybook picture of arctic ice fields, and at a low altitude.

Most of these fields were broken up into ice patches from the size of a city lot to several acres, and in many fantastic shapes, which in the early morning light presented the appearance of giant snowflakes. Frequently one could see where an ice island had broken into two or more smaller islands. We could tell that the adjacent sides, though perhaps some distance apart, would match perfectly if brought together. Again there were ice floes miles in extent, with one or two giant cracks a few yards wide but extending for perhaps a mile or more.

One could better understand the stories of arctic travelers making their way over vast wastes of ice or becoming stranded on ice islands that had broken away. I could but think how interesting to be down on those broken fields of ice, perhaps looking about for seal or polar bear, but I also

thought how wonderful to be right where I was in a comfortable easy chair in a warm room floating on this magic carpet, and at three hundred miles an hour to cover the expanse of this ocean from late evening to the following morning.

The Highway of the Bells

From page 8

The mission itself enclosed an acre of land in its quadrangle, no two sides of which are quite alike. Its arrangement followed the usual mission plan: the church, a chapel, living quarters, shops, and storehouses on its four sides.

This was one of the largest missions. In 1819 the mission owned more than 31,000 head of various livestock. Its granaries were large and were always full. From its looms came blankets and cloth both for the Indians and for others.

One of the interesting incidents of San Juan Capistrano is that it was sold for \$710 to two men by Pio Pico, the Mexican governor at that time. Twenty years later the property was returned to the church by deed on March 18, 1865, and the signature on the document was that of A. Lincoln.

In its restoration this mission has been fortunate, for it fell to the lot of a staunch admirer of Padre Serra to supervise the work. As evidence of his esteem one of his first projects was to erect in the garden a life-size statue of the padre standing with an Indian boy.

This is the mission from which the myriads of swallows are supposed to erupt spontaneously, and with whirring wings begin their southern journey on Saint John's Day, October 23; to return en masse on Saint Joseph's Day, March 19. This is the legend—and only legend it is. I have been in San Juan Capistrano on March 19 to observe this phenomenon, only to see more people than swallows. To

be sure, they do return, a few at a time, as they do to many other places where they live in colonies, as they do in the niches of the walls of the ruined church. To be sure, they depart, as swallows have always done and still do, but with quite complete disregard of the legend.

For more than ten years I have been interested in this particular mission. It is one of the most beautiful of them all. Especially have I watched its careful and all-but-imperceptible restoration; it is slow motion with a capital S.

These old missions are interesting—there is no reason to discount the fact. They tell us much of the efforts of honest and earnest men to improve the lot of the Indian. We can learn much of their methods, we can admire their zeal, even if we cannot accept their legends, and it is not always so easy to separate the legend from the fact, as in the case of the swallows of San Juan Capistrano.

[This is the second installment of a seven-part serial. Part 3 will appear next week.]

Mountaintop Beggar

From page 3

fir trees near the lookout, and from a perch about ten feet above the ground he would proclaim his rights to the world in a high rasping chirp that was far from musical. This was the only noise we ever heard him make. Even when we would tease him a little he would make no sound but instead would chatter his teeth at us. He never bit us, but sometimes we held out our fingers to him as if to offer him food, and when he found no food he would grasp a finger with his sharp little claws and attempt to run away with it.

It was a great temptation to stroke his soft coat while he was eating. He would allow this to a certain extent, but it always made him uneasy, and sometimes I would put down my hand to stroke him

and find nothing there but air. We were always a bit cautious about handling Butch, because these squirrels are often carriers of diseases, such as tularemia, and one bite from them could be dangerous. Even though Butch was a very healthy-looking squirrel, we kept these things in mind.

It was never our intention to let Butch in the house, but he knew where most of his food came from, and if he had been given his way, he would have taken over completely. One day we were both outside, and upon hearing a noise inside I stepped to the door just in time to see Butch go scurrying out with a walnut in his mouth. The screen door had failed to close completely when we went out, and he had squeezed through the two- or three-inch opening. Luckily for him, we had left the cupboard door ajar where we kept his little box of stale walnuts and other odds and ends, and he had just helped himself to a meal. He carefully inspected the screen door many times after that, but never found such a golden opportunity again.

Although Butch spent more time with us than did any of the other wild animals, he was by no means the only company we had from the animal world. Almost every evening without fail an old doe came up to lick salt from the rocks where we threw our dishwater. Sometimes we sprinkled a little salt on a flat rock. She enjoyed it greatly, and we thought she would wear her tongue out licking that rock.

The first few weeks she was accompanied by a small yearling deer, but one evening she brought the rest of her family with her. They were two little spotted fawns, the prettiest twins you ever saw. They accompanied her each time after that, and we never tired of watching them as they explored around while their mother worked for her daily ration of salt. They sniffed cautiously at each bush and boulder with their black wet noses,

Silvermane, the Timber Wolf, No. 8 — By Harry Baerg

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1. Silvermane barked and growled. His mate and the white wolf, hearing him, came quickly to help fight off the fierce intruders. The bears saw them, but kept on coming. They wanted meat!



2. On the beach the wolves attacked the bears, but they were careful to keep out of reach of the long claws and powerful teeth. The grizzlies were much stronger, but the wolves faster.



3. Even the cubs were busy. In spite of the wolves the mother bear managed to dig up one bone from the sand, but Silvermane fastened his teeth into her hind leg as she took his treasure.



4. The mother grizzly let go of the bone and whirled to catch Silvermane, but when she clawed, he was not there. When she chased, he dodged, then came back and ran off with the bone.



Town Directory

By GOLDIE CAVINESS

From the list at the right, choose the town where each person lived.

- | | |
|---|-----------------|
| 1. Jeremiah. (Jer. 29:27.) | a. Shushan |
| 2. Elisha. (1 Kings 19:16.) | b. Tarsus |
| 3. Ruth, Naomi. (Ruth 1:22.) | c. Caesarea |
| 4. Andrew, Philip, Peter. (John 1:44.) | d. Troas |
| 5. Philip's four daughters. (Acts 21:8, 9.) | e. Joppa |
| 6. Rahab. (Joshua 2:1.) | f. Sodom |
| 7. Tabitha (Dorcas). (Acts 9:36.) | g. Jericho |
| 8. Joseph. (Matt. 2:23.) | h. Anathoth |
| 9. Samuel. (1 Sam. 7:17.) | i. Thyatira |
| 10. Esther. (Esther 2:8.) | j. Bethlehem |
| 11. Lot. (Gen. 14:12.) | k. Abel-meholah |
| 12. Paul or Saul. (Acts 22:39.) | l. Nazareth |
| 13. Lydia. (Acts 16:14.) | m. Ramah |
| 14. Eutychus. (Acts 20:6, 9.) | n. Ur |
| 15. Terah. (Gen. 11:31.) | o. Bethsaida |

Bible Lads

By MAY CARR HANLEY

What boys of the Bible do these five reminders make you think of?

1. Shepherd, colored coat, dream, pit, Egypt.
2. Cunning hunter, first-born son, Isaac, venison, birthright.
3. King's wine, ten days, fairer and fatter, wisdom, ten times better.
4. Shepherd, beautiful countenance, king, armorbearer, harp.
5. Princess, king's palace, Egyptian learning, choice, Hebrew.
6. Twins, tents, red pottage, Rebekah, deceit.
7. Feast, son of bondwoman, wilderness, well of water, archer.
8. Fire, knife, ram, wood, altar.
9. Grandmother Lois, Jewess, taught faith, Mother Eunice, Greek.
10. Asenath, right hand, grandfather kissed, Manasseh, two sons.

A Word Triangle

By VIRGINIA B. WEDDLE

1. A giant.
2. A Greek combining form meaning *tooth*.
3. Not tight.
4. Institute (abbr.).
5. Part of verb to eat.
6. Forward.
7. The eighth letter of the alphabet.

.

Keys on page 23

and their tiny black tails were twitching constantly.

We could easily understand the feeling that so many people have when they discover an apparently helpless little fawn in the woods and want to handle him, caress him, and maybe even help him out of what they think to be a terrible state of affairs by taking him home. But what a tragedy that always turns out to be. Almost always the mother deer is waiting nervously in a thicket nearby, and if the well-meaning people do leave the fawn after handling him, the mother will reject him because of the human scent left upon him. Then he is helpless.

If they decide to take him home, he will never live a normal life, and will someday become a hazard to his owners. It is no wonder that various States are enacting laws to prosecute people who insist on interfering with nature in this way.

Our salty rocks also attracted a big long-eared jack rabbit, who sometimes came just at dusk to find his allotment of salt. One evening a gray fox suddenly appeared out of the brush and climbed to the top of the rocks to peer nervously around. Then he ran directly under the house and disappeared down the slope into the trees on

the other side. About ten minutes later he reappeared, and retracing his steps exactly, disappeared into the brush whence he had come. Another evening I saw two big lanky coyotes trotting across the opening just below the station.

We were told there would be bears around, but they never came up to visit us. I met one early in the summer on the trail down by Lily Pad Lake and saw another amble lazily across the opening, but that was the only contact we had with them. Of course we enjoyed the abundant bird life around the peak, but that would be a story in itself. The wild flowers gave us a great deal of pleasure also.

The summer soon began to turn to fall, and Butch began to get fatter and fatter in preparation for his long winter sleep. He got so fat that it was an effort for him to jump up to the top of the railing to beg for food. The other squirrels who weren't so privileged as Butch seemed to be growing fat just as fast, despite the fact that they had to work harder for their living. They were quite adept at extracting the rich seeds from the bright-red thistles that grew around the rocks.

Each day of the summer brought some new and interesting experience. It seemed

that there on our mountaintop we were a bit closer to the Creator. Many were the lessons of His goodness and might that we learned direct from His marvelous works of creation. As we gazed out into the starry heavens at night we were led to exclaim with the revelator, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God."

We hope Butch had a nice long winter sleep while the snows drifted over rocks and treetops. We wonder whether he will recognize us again if we meet him this summer.

MV Youth in Action

From page 11

Union. The basis of his message was a large Legion of Honor pledge chart that stood six feet tall on one side of the stage, and he made an appeal of consecration to the Legion of Honor.

The afternoon high light was Vernon Becker, youth leader of the Northern Union, in a Share Your Faith message and an interview with two ambassadors of Christ. Presented also during the afternoon was a pageant, "MV Milestones," in which young people portrayed the growth of our great Missionary Volunteer movement and which culminated with a dedication of a large number of delegates and nondelegates alike who were making plans to attend the Pan-American Youth Congress.

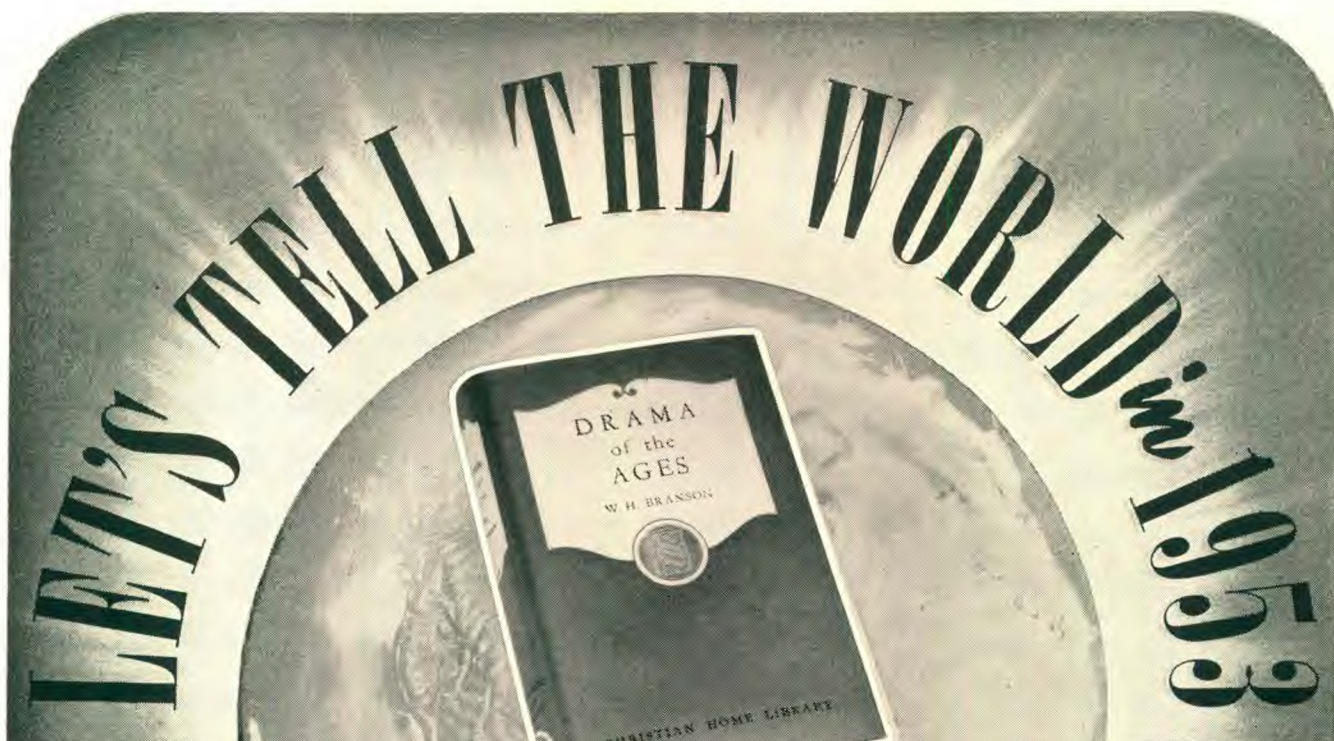
No youth congress is complete without the inspiration brought in by music, and this was given by the male quartet from Burlington, Iowa, and the Choraliers from Broadview Academy under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Braley. How unforgettable are these various phases of the MV world program and the personal fellowship obtained from the young people of these two great conferences as they all joined hands together, marching forward as Missionary Volunteers!

The Voice of Youth in Public Evangelism

From page 6

was much higher this year, and I feel that it was because of our student Voice of Youth efforts. At times it did cut across our school program, but I personally feel that it was worth it."

As I was taken backstage in the workshop, it was thrilling to see the youth filling places of responsibility in every phase of public evangelism: speaking, music, ushering, distribution of literature, giving Bible studies, and making the appeals at the close of the meetings. The ministers who coached our youth worked behind the scenes.



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FROM YOUR BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE

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"This is the best thing I have seen in our church," remarked a man who had been a member of the church for more than twenty-five years. Among the converts were backsliders who had been out of the church for years. Their curiosity was aroused to hear the youth, and then their interest was awakened, and they were brought back to God.

One of the pastors was asked whether such work could be done without the aid of academy students. "Give me any church with eight or more young people consecrated to God, and I'll give my time to lead these youth in a Voice of Youth effort." He based his decision upon what he had seen the youth do and the specific guidance of the Spirit of prophecy: "We must manifest confidence in our young men. They should be pioneers in every enterprise involving toil and sacrifice, while the overtaxed servants of Christ should be cherished as counselors, to encourage and bless those who strike the heaviest blows for God."

The workshop challenged the youth to outpost public evangelism in the many, many cities, communities, and out-of-the-way places so long neglected. A tremendous enthusiasm for this plan of public evangelism was generated at the workshop. Pastor H. H. Hicks, president of the Southeastern California Conference, where a number of Voice of Youth efforts have been conducted, told the workshop: "I believe in these youth meetings wholeheartedly. They have demonstrated what our young people can do for Christ. This, I believe, is one of the most powerful and effective ways of saving our own young people as well as winning others. Put our youth to work—give them leadership and guidance, give them a positive, spiritual program; they will not become a problem, but will be a source of strength in our churches."

The local elder in one of our churches summarized his impressions: "When I first heard of the plan of the youth effort I thought it could not be done. I was very skeptical as to whether it would be a success; but when they talked about arranging for extra chairs to seat the people, I actually thought they were foolish. But after having seen a few of the programs that were presented here, I can now understand why there was not enough seating capacity in the church. These meetings are wonderful, and we should have more of them in our churches. This is the first time this church has ever been packed to capacity since we had C. T. Everson present his evangelistic crusade in the church."

All too soon the workshop came to a close, but the thousands of youth who attended seemed to have caught a new inspiration to launch out with the Voice of Youth! Share Your Faith takes on a new emphasis as these youth from the two Americas return to their homes to inspire their fellow youth to go forth in a great

Believe It or Not

but the people in the United States spend approximately \$9 billion for alcoholic beverages a year. Do you realize how much \$9 billion is?

If you had opened a business in the year A.D. 1 with one billion dollars' capital, and if you had managed your business so poorly as to have lost \$1,000 each day, in 1953 you still would have enough left out of your original billion dollars to continue in business, losing \$1,000 a day, for approximately 800 more years, or until the year 2739.

Multiply this billion by 9, and you will have the amount Americans squander annually for alcoholic beverages.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG.

offensive for God. How clearly we can see the fulfillment of the words: "With such an army of workers as our youth, rightly trained, might furnish, how soon the message of a crucified, risen, and soon-coming Saviour might be carried to the whole world!"

Personality Plus

From page 14

ing Sabbath. Some people wait until Friday sunset to take their baths. I am not referring to milkmen and suchlike who often find it necessary, but to the average student. How much better we treat human friends than God! Do you invite a friend to see you, and when he arrives say, "I am so glad you are here. Will you sit in the parlor while I take my bath?" Do you clean your fingernails and polish your shoes after his arrival? Of course you do not. Then why spend God's first moments of the Sabbath in doing what you would not do if a human friend were present?

Do you study your everyday lessons on Sabbath, including your Bible lesson, so you can go skating on your own time? God has asked work to be laid aside on that day. Did you ever hear anything about schoolwork? Think it through.

Can you get along with people, or are you like the person someone wrote back to and said, "Life has been so miserable since you went away. It's almost like having you here."

I believe there are very few people we have to dislike. When I was in the dormitory two English boys from Africa roomed next to me. I thought they were stuck up,

so made no effort to become acquainted with them. One day, at chorus practice, there was but one seat vacant in the tenor section—a seat by one of those boys. There was nothing to do but sit there. The following week they saved me a seat between them, and continued to do so in succeeding weeks. I found them to be two of the nicest boys in the school. I had misjudged them.

If I should give you the secret of secrets to be popular, I would say, "Have a genuine interest in others." Interest yourself in other people, and other people will be interested in you.

Don't be a show-off. Don't try to be funny, or you will be a silly monstrosity of human nature. You may say, "People laugh at me." Certainly they do. They also laugh at monkeys. The very people who laugh at you will tell others how silly you are.

Are you polite? I have seen some of the girls hold the door when a boy came up behind them. I have also seen some rude ones let it slam in the face of the person behind. Are the words *thank you* in your current vocabulary?

Do you go out of your way to be polite? I asked someone recently whether he would be going to town during the week. He replied he would, and asked when I could go. Many people tell you the time they are going, and say you can go along if you are ready then.

You can be a very rude audience. You can also be the most responsive of audiences. I rarely turn down an invitation to appear before a group of students. It is a challenge to give something of enough value that they will be better when they go out than when they came in.

I am flinging the challenge back to you. Put away your rude, uncouth ways. Always be the best individual and the best audience. You will need more than your own strength to do it, but if you will delete the faults and replace them by qualities, when people are passing out invitations for gatherings, you will always be wanted because you have a good personality.

The Voice of Youth in Personal Evangelism

From page 4

These youth, under the direction of Pastor Charles Martin, MV secretary of Southeastern California Conference, decided that the way to revive their society was to get the young people busy helping others. Everyone in Polk Hall leaned forward to catch every word as they proceeded to demonstrate how to launch a successful Share Your Faith Bible study project. Many practical suggestions were offered as to how to secure interests. Typical of the rest of the skit was the conversation



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that went like this, as one member of the group asked their pastor a serious question:

MARTA: Pastor Jones, we want to begin an active Share Your Faith program in our society through giving Bible studies with a projector. But how can we get started, and how can we find someone to give the studies to?

PASTOR: A splendid idea! There are a score of different ways. For example, visit the homes of the non-Adventist children who attend your branch Sabbath schools or MV Pathfinder Club. Invite the mothers to join a mothers' Bible club. Then I have some names from my class in prophecy I teach during the Sabbath school hour.

BILL: I am giving studies to a family who first became interested through the *Signs of the Times*. We could get the *Signs* list from the Pacific Press and visit the subscribers, and also the colporteur list from the conference.

MV LEADER: You know, we have a number of beautiful color slides we took on our vacation last summer. I'm going to invite our neighbors in for an evening of pictures, and end with that film on the signs of Christ's coming.

MARTA: We could go from door to door and enroll people in a Bible correspondence course like the 20th Century Course. Then when they have questions on the lessons, we could answer them with a projector study.

The skit continued with a very fine demonstration of how to gain entrance to a home to give Bible studies, and how to give a series of studies with a projector and filmstrips. Climaxing the presentation was the introduction of the youth congress delegate from San Bernardino, California, a young man who had actually been won through Bible studies given by the group.

Yes, Missionary Volunteers everywhere are winning many persons for Christ through projector-team evangelism. This was re-emphasized as the chairman interviewed Mrs. Margaret Smith, MV leader from Danville, Illinois, who told how the youth there are giving Bible studies with their projectors each week to 160 persons. Sixteen have already been baptized as a result of this personal evangelism crusade in Danville, and others are awaiting baptism.

Two other successful means of winning souls and finding interested people were next demonstrated by young people from Lincoln, Nebraska, under the leadership of Pastor R. L. Osmunson, MV secretary of the Nebraska Conference.

The first of these, Operation TV, is carried on by youth who each Sabbath go from house to house inquiring of the occupants concerning their TV listening choices. Residents are asked whether they watch Faith for Today. If not, they are given a Faith for Today TV log and invited to become regular viewers. When a person is found who watches Faith for

Today regularly, and shows an interest, arrangements are made for Bible studies, or he is given opportunity to enroll in a Bible correspondence course.

Young people from Union College are carrying on this type of personal evangelism with good success every Sabbath afternoon and are also very enthusiastic over the soul-winning possibilities of the story hour, which they next demonstrated as the last feature of the Wednesday morning workshop.

On Thursday morning the personal evangelism workshop moved to the main auditorium and was devoted largely to the work of literature evangelism.

I am sure that many youth attending the congress must have resolved to devote some time to the work of the colporteur ministry as a result of the interesting symposium conducted by Pastor D. A. McAdams, associate Publishing Department secretary of the General Conference, and four of the union publishing department secretaries. A high light of this presentation was when Pastor A. G. Sutton introduced and interviewed Charles Eddy, colporteur-evangelist from northern California, who sold enough Adventist books in 1952 to make a world record in colporteur salesmanship. Mr. Eddy has earned the title of Mr. Colporteur of 1952. [His story will appear in a later issue.—EDITOR.]

Another interesting feature of Thursday's workshop was the presentation of the lending-library plan, which was developed under the guidance of Pastor D. S. Osgood. Under the supervision of Pastor Osgood and Pastor T. W. Walters, MV secretary of the Washington Conference, a large group of Washington young people demonstrated the lending-library plan, which has resulted in scores of persons being won for Christ. Youth who had been won by the plan were there to testify. This is something that any society could put into operation successfully. Those interested in securing more complete details should write Pastor D. S. Osgood, 1432 South 57th Street, Tacoma, Washington.

Earlier in the workshop program an attractive way of distributing truth-filled literature was introduced by Pastor Wayne Foster, MV secretary of the Florida Conference, and a group of Florida young people, who showed how to make L-bombs. They wrapped up copies of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, *Signs of the Times*, *These Times*, and other literature in neat brightly colored cellophane bundles, or, as they termed them, L-bombs. These L-bombs have proved to be very effective in sowing the gospel seed. To demonstrate just how they are scattered, Pastor Foster's group threw the "bombs" into the audience.

Say, are you still wondering about that MV Society that made five thousand missionary contacts in six weeks without ringing one doorbell? I'll admit it does

sound a bit unusual, but it is absolutely true. And those at the personal evangelism workshop heard Pastor W. H. Elder, Jr., of Little Rock, Arkansas, tell how his young people accomplished this remarkable soul-winning feat by means of Operation Telephone.

Each church member is assigned a list of names in the telephone directory to telephone. A special procedure is followed something like the telecast or quiz programs in which individuals are reached by telephone. The person called is told that his name has been selected to qualify for a free Bible course. If he can answer the Bible question for the day correctly, he will be a winner. Simple questions are used such as "Who was the man in the Bible who built a big boat to save his family and the animals from a flood that God was going to send on the earth?" More than five thousand persons in Little Rock have been reached in this way, and scores have signed up for the Bible course. It will be interesting to follow this novel Share Your Faith adventure in the next few months as Pastor Stanley Harris goes to Little Rock to hold an evangelistic campaign.

The personal evangelism workshop came to an end all too soon, but surely the results of the workshop will continue to be felt throughout the Americas as young people go back home to share their faith in a greater evangelistic crusade for Christ.



Senior Youth Lesson

IX—Victory and Fellowship Through the Blood

(August 29)

MEMORY VERSE: Revelation 12:11.
LESSON HELPS: *Patriarchs and Prophets*, chaps. 1 and 3; *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 758-764; *The Great Controversy*, chap. 39.

Daily Study Assignment

1. Survey the entire lesson.
2. Ques. 1-4 and note.
3. Ques. 5-7 and notes.
4. Ques. 8-12 and notes.
5. Read from *Patriarchs and Prophets*.
6. Read from *The Desire of Ages* and *The Great Controversy*.
7. Review entire lesson.

The Conflict of the Ages

1. Where did the great conflict of the ages start? Who were the contestants? What was the result? Rev. 12:7-9.
2. How was the conflict introduced into the earth? What were its tragic results? Gen. 3:1-7, 16-19, 23, 24.
3. What promise did God make to Adam and Eve? What was the purpose of God in giving His Son? Gen. 3:15; John 3:16; 2 Cor. 5:19.
4. When was victory in the conflict between good and evil assured to the cause of God? What are the results of that victory? John 19:30; Rev. 12:10, 11.

NOTE.—"Christ did not yield up His life till He had accomplished the work which He came

to do, and with His parting breath He exclaimed, 'It is finished.' The battle had been won. His right hand and His holy arm had gotten Him the victory. As a Conqueror He planted His banner on the eternal heights. Was there not joy among the angels? All heaven triumphed in the Saviour's victory. Satan was defeated, and knew that his kingdom was lost."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 758.

Overcoming Power

5. What experience of Jesus will faith enable us to claim as our own? John 16:33 (last part); 1 John 5:4, 5; 1 Cor. 15:57.

NOTE.—"My part primarily is not to win the victory, but to receive the victory which has already been won for me by Jesus Christ. . . . Christ as a man fought the battle of life, and conquered. As my personal representative He won this victory for me. . . . victory is a gift, already won, and ready to be bestowed upon all who are willing to receive it. . . . By living His life of victory in me, He gives me the victory. This means that I offer my body a living sacrifice; that I must not wilfully choose the way of disobedience; and that I will not consent to any known sin. Such a course, which is the life of faith, makes it possible for Him to impart to me the victory which He has won for me. His victory is my victory. Have you taken Him as your victory?"—*Victory in Christ*, chap. "His Victory Is Mine."

6. Upon what people will the enemy especially make war? What two cherished doctrines seem to be the object of his wrath? Rev. 12:17; 14:12; 19:10.

7. Upon what promises will the righteous trust when the perils of the last days threaten their very lives? Ps. 91:1-10.

NOTE.—"Could men see with heavenly vision, they would behold companies of angels that excel in strength stationed about those who have kept the word of Christ's patience. With sympathizing tenderness, angels have witnessed their distress, and have heard their prayers. They are waiting the word of their Commander to snatch them from their peril. But they must wait yet a little longer."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 630.

Fellowship Through Suffering

8. What should be the earnest desire of every Christian? Phil. 3:10.

NOTE.—*Fellowship* indicates a beautiful Christian experience of companionship and partnership that a believer has with Christ; it also means the comradeship and friendship that fellow Christians have with one another in their common allegiance to their Master.

9. How are those who were strangers to God brought into fellowship with Him? Eph. 2:12, 13.

NOTE.—"By this great sacrifice Christ made provision for the death of the Adam nature in you and me, if we are willing to bring this degenerate nature of ours to His cross and nail it there. On the cross, Christ bore the guilt and penalty for all our transgressions."—MEADE MACGUIRE, *The Life of Victory*, pp. 43, 44.

10. What may the believer in Christ expect if he follows in the footsteps of the Master? 2 Tim. 3:12; 1 Peter 4:12-14; Phil. 1:29.

NOTE.—"Of all the gifts that Heaven can bestow upon men, fellowship with Christ in His sufferings is the most weighty trust and the highest honor."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 225.

11. What does the apostle Paul say about the

possibility of suffering separating us from the love of God? Rom. 8:35-39.

12. What reward is promised to those who have had fellowship with Christ in His sufferings? Rom. 8:16-18; Rev. 7:13-17.

Junior-YOUTH LESSON

IX—How the Battles With the Canaanites Taught Victory Through Faith

(August 29)

LESSON TEXTS: Joshua 2:1, 23, 24; 3:5; 5:13-15; 6:12-16; 7:2-5.

MEMORY VERSE: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." 1 John 5:4.

Guiding Thought

Forty years had gone by since Moses had led the children of Israel from Egypt with the promise that God would take them to a beautiful, fruitful land of their own. With Joshua as leader they stood on that land, the wilderness with its hardships and sorrows behind them. But before them there were still battles to be won, heathen cities to be conquered. The stories of the first two encounters with the Canaanites at Jericho and at Ai are recorded in detail in the Bible, and for a purpose. In the first, leaders and people sanctified themselves, making sure they had no sin in their ranks. They sought God's guidance and help. They obeyed every detail. They placed their faith in Jesus. They won an overwhelming victory. In the second, they omitted to search and find out whether there was any unconfessed sin among them. They failed to seek God's guidance and help. They placed their faith in themselves. They suffered a humiliating defeat. These two stories are told us so that we may see that with God's help through His Son's sacrifice, we can overcome in our encounters with Satan; but if we trust to ourselves and fail to sanctify ourselves, we shall be overcome.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts and the guiding thought.

ASSIGNMENT 2

The Israelites Prepare to Take Jericho

1. The children of Israel were full of enthusiasm! They had crossed the Jordan and had set foot on the Promised Land, which had been the talk of forty years during their wanderings in the wilderness. But they had to move cautiously. There were wicked heathen cities to attack, cities whose inhabitants had hardened their hearts against the Lord and who would exert an evil influence if they were allowed to remain in the land. What city lay in their path first, and what did Joshua do as a preparation for attacking it? Joshua 2:1, 23, 24.

NOTE.—"Jericho was one of the principal seats of idol worship, being especially devoted to Ashtaroth, the goddess of the moon. Here centered all that was vilest and most degrading in the religion of the Canaanites. The people of Israel, in whose minds were fresh the fearful results of their sin at Beth-peor, could look upon this heathen city only with disgust and horror."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 487.

2. Moving the camp to a situation nearer the city, Joshua and his captains laid their plans. What was the most important part of their planning? Joshua 3:5.

3. What vision strengthened Joshua for the task before him? Joshua 5:13-15.

NOTE.—"It was the Son of God who stood as an armed warrior before the leader of Israel. It was the One who had conducted the Hebrews through the wilderness, enshrouded in a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night."—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, pp. 159, 160.

ASSIGNMENT 3

God Gives the Israelites the Victory

4. What promise on the eve of attack greatly cheered and encouraged the children of Israel? Joshua 6:2.

5. Recall the manner in which the city was surrounded. Verses 12-16.

6. As the people obeyed to the last detail their God-given instructions, how did victory come to them? Verse 20.

NOTE.—In the faith chapter of Hebrews this famous encounter is referred to as a victory of faith. "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down," writes Paul. "The Israelites had not gained the victory by their own power; the conquest had been wholly the Lord's; and as the first-fruits of the land, the city, with all that it contained, was to be devoted as a sacrifice to God."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 491.

ASSIGNMENT 4

A Second Campaign Is Planned

7. Encouraged by the victory at Jericho, but forgetting that it was not by their own planning and bravery, but by their faith in God, that the victory had been won, what second campaign did the Israelites plan? Joshua 7:2.

8. What suggestion was made by the men sent to spy the situation? Verse 3.

NOTE.—"Spies sent to this place brought back the report that the inhabitants were but few, and that only a small force would be needed to overthrow it. The great victory that God had gained for them had made the Israelites self-confident. Because He had promised them the land of Canaan, they felt secure, and failed to realize that divine help alone could give them success. Even Joshua laid his plans for the conquest of Ai, without seeking counsel from God."—*Ibid.*, p. 493.

ASSIGNMENT 5

Presumption Results in Failure

9. Describe the humiliating defeat the little band of warriors suffered. Verses 4, 5.

10. When Joshua in despair sought God to find the reason for the defeat, what did the Lord tell him? Verses 11-13.

NOTE.—In reply to Joshua's questionings, God told him that the defeat had come as a result of their failing in His requirements. Whereas before Jericho all had searched their hearts to make sure they had no sinful deed unconfessed, in this campaign they had not done this, and there was one in their midst who had coveted and stolen and so defiled the camp.

ASSIGNMENT 6

The Victory That Overcomes

11. With whom is Satan continually at war? Rev. 12:17.

12. When we come off best in the campaign against sin, to whom do we owe the victories we gain? 1 Cor. 15:57.

NOTE.—It was at the cross that Christ became conqueror for us. "Christ did not yield up His life till He had accomplished the work which He came to do, and with His parting breath He exclaimed, 'It is finished.' The battle had been won. His right hand and His holy arm had gotten Him the victory. As a Conqueror He planted His banner on the eternal heights. Was there not joy among the angels? All heaven triumphed in the Saviour's victory. Satan was defeated, and knew that his kingdom was lost."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 758.

13. What is the secret of gaining victories in the campaign against sin? 1 John 5:4.

ASSIGNMENT 7

Place the letter "J" (for Jericho) or "A" (for Ai) beside the questions they fit.

1. In which campaign did Joshua follow the detailed directions given by the Lord? ()

2. In which campaign did he rely upon the advice of the spies he had sent out? ()

3. In which campaign did the ark, symbol of God's presence, play an important part? ()

4. Before which campaign did the children of Israel sanctify themselves? ()

5. Which campaign was hindered because there was sin in the camp? ()

6. Before which campaign did Christ reveal Himself to Joshua? ()

7. Which campaign was preceded by the promise of victory? ()

8. After which campaign was it written, "So the Lord was with Joshua; and his fame was noised throughout all the country"? (Joshua 6:27.) ()

9. After which campaign was it said of the Israelites that "the hearts of the people melted, and became as water"? ()

KEY

Wit Sharpeners

TOWN DIRECTORY

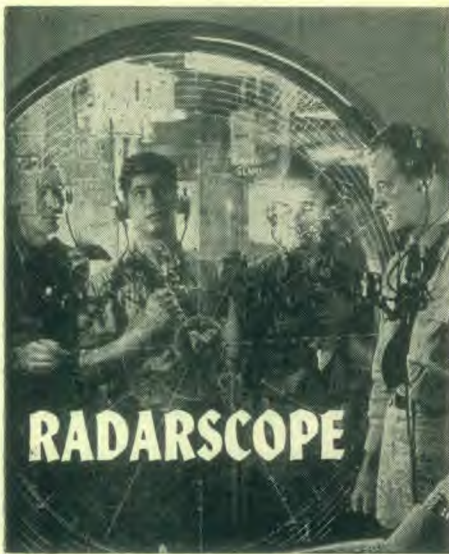
1. b. 2. k. 3. j. 4. o. 5. c. 6. g. 7. e. 8. l. 9. m. 10. o. 11. n. 12. c. 13. i. 14. m. 15. j.

BIBLE LADS

1. Joseph. 2. Esau. 3. Daniel. 4. David. 5. Moses. 6. Jacob. 7. Ishmael. 8. Isaac. 9. Timothy. 10. Ephraim.

A WORD TRIANGLE

G O L I A T H
O D O N N T O
L O O S T E
I N N S T
A T E
T O
H



► **NAILS** exist in more than 1,000 different sizes, shapes, and strengths.

► **THE** Greeks had ramblers 400 years before Christ. Excavations have revealed homes with tiled bathrooms, terra-cotta tubs, and drains to carry off water.

► **THE** entire trip of the Lewis and Clark expedition from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Coast and back again cost only \$2,500. This scanty budget provided for 31 men in the official party on a trip that lasted more than 2 years.

► **ONLY** 8 days after Queen Elizabeth was crowned in Westminster Abbey, the 700-year-old building became the scene of a dramatic presentation for the first time in its history. Sixteen hundred theatergoers purchased tickets ranging in price from 5 shillings (70 cents) to 30 shillings (\$4.20). Part of the proceeds will go toward the Abbey's £1 million restoration fund.

► **AN** invention for sending jumbled television signals has been patented by Dr. Alfred N. Goldsmith, of the Radio Corporation of America. Unless the television receiver is equipped with an oscillator to straighten out the picture, there is nothing but a fantasy of light and dark. This new invention makes possible the sending of secret television messages during wartime, and also a pay-as-you-go television receiver for persons who wish to subscribe to certain programs. Nonsubscribers would be prevented from watching.

► **BETWEEN** 1841 and 1946 the United States Patent Office issued 232 patents to inventors of infant feeding bottles. The first went to Charles M. Windship, of Roxbury, Massachusetts. In 1845 Elijah Pratt, of New York, secured the first patent for a rubber nipple to be used on a nursing bottle. Beginning in 1864 and continuing for about half a century, mothers began to use an invention that had a flexible tube for a connection between the spout and the body, or reservoir, of the nursing bottle. The problem of an air inlet has always intrigued inventors. No less than 72 patents have been granted for special types of air vents. And even today new devices are regularly appearing on the market, claiming to have completely solved the problem.

► **THE** State of Oklahoma now has an 88-mile, \$38-million toll highway—one of the first nonstop toll highways in the Middle West. The new project will make it possible for automobiles, trucks, and buses to drive between Tulsa and Oklahoma City at speeds up to 70 miles an hour. There is also a minimum speed of 40. The private automobile toll for the entire distance is \$1.40. The Turner Turnpike, as it is called, was started in December, 1950, and is the first link in a program of superhighway construction planned by the State. Further expansion would include a through way from Tulsa to the Missouri border near Joplin, another from Oklahoma City to the Kansas border to connect with Wichita, and a third running southwest from Oklahoma City and connecting at the Texas border with highways to Wichita Falls, Texas.

► **How** are you standing the heat? Be thankful you do not live in Azizia, a little village in northwestern Libya. It holds the world's official heat record: 136.4 degrees. For consistent fever heat the Red Sea port of Massawa in Eritrea is hard to top. Its *year-round* mean temperature is 86 degrees, reports the National Geographic Society. This is warmer than the average *July* temperature of almost every city in the United States. Other hot spots in the world are found along the Persian Gulf in Iran. On Abadan Island, at the head of the gulf, the mercury in unprotected thermometers has been reported to climb to 189 degrees.

► **MAJOR** glaciers in Norway have shrunk approximately 50 per cent in total area during the past 50 years. Recently, however, two great glacial branches, part of the Svartisen and Jostedalbreen glaciers, are showing a substantial increase in ice volume. The Norwegian glaciologist Olav Liestol reports that it is too soon to tell whether these advances are indications of a change in the climate.

► **THE** rag capital of the world is Dewsbury in Britain's Calder River Valley, reports the National Geographic Society. Rag auctions have been held there for more than 100 years. Some indication of the volume of business in British wool rags is seen in the 5 million pounds exported to the United States during the first 9 months of 1952.

► **A SHARK** is equipped with several small rows of teeth in back of its front teeth. If a tooth should fall out or break off, these smaller rows of teeth move forward to replace front teeth that are shed or lost.

► **MANY** cross-country United States highways closely follow the trails of early explorers.

► **A MACHINE** for forming balls of ice cream for cones is among inventions reported by *Science News Letter*.

► **PURPLE** sea urchins, working on submerged steel beams in ports along the Pacific Coast, actually pit the steel by scraping away rust and leaving bare metal exposed to the action of sea water.

► **THE** Smithsonian Institution's Division of Physical Anthropology includes more than 18,000 human skulls, representing essentially every division and subdivision of the human race. Many of the skulls are accompanied by full skeletons.

► **For** 14 years United States President Dwight D. Eisenhower has been a pilot. He learned to fly in 1939, when he was stationed in the Philippines as a lieutenant colonel on the staff of General Douglas MacArthur. He is the first pilot ever to occupy the White House.

► **THE** international date line played a favorable trick on a large transport that recently made a flight from Tokyo to Seattle, Washington. It left the Japanese capital at 9:10 one Sunday morning, and after flying 4,961 miles across the Pacific, it arrived at the Seattle-Tacoma airport at 9:07 A.M., still Sunday, according to Seattle time—seeming to gain 3 minutes of time in the flight. In reality its flight time was 15 hours and 56 minutes.

► **USING** 1,200 short-handled nylon brushes and 70,000 pounds of paint, 60 death-defying painters are giving Paris' Eiffel Tower a new coat of paint—a three-tone finish. This job is necessary every seven years, says the National Geographic Society, and requires two years to complete. When the current painting job is finished in 1954, the 984-foot steel skeleton will glisten golden brown on top, a shade darker in the middle, and even darker brown at the bottom. Spray guns are not practical because of the fineness of the ironwork.

► **COLLECTING** autographs is one thing, but being a member of the newly named Manuscript Society is another. Formerly called the National Society of Autograph Collectors, the Manuscript Society has as its members some of the world's leading private collectors and representatives of major historical societies. At the group's annual auction this year some 50 bidders paid more than \$2,000 for signatures and manuscripts. Orville Wright's handwriting on a picture of the first airplane flight at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, brought \$25. There were also handwriting samples of Abraham Lincoln, Jenny Lind, Gilbert and Sullivan, Edwin Booth, and Sir Henry Irving.

Focus

Not all signs of the end of the world are as startling as was the meteoric shower of 1833. That event brought forth prayers from the lips of even godless men. Neither are all signs as universal as the wars of the past fifteen years. Some are hardly noticed.

Today's Christian must watch the small signs as well as the great. Here and there in village and in city and in wilderness around the world another scientific advance, another invention of speed, one more crime, one more disease, a little war, a little drought will whisper the words "He is coming soon," until in mighty chorus the message thunders down the mountainsides, over the plains, and across the oceans—
"HE IS COMING SOON."

DON YOST.