

The
Youth's
INSTRUCTOR

19124
**Second-Rate Citizenship
Not Set Apart**
AUGUST 25, 1953
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UNITED PRESS

Witness

By E. C. CHRISTIE

"A Washington-bound streamliner smashed into the rear of a standing freight shortly after dawn Wednesday near Manassas, Virginia, killing the flyer's engineer and fireman."

Glance for a moment behind that news paragraph of June 4.

The fireman was not a church member, but he had no objection to the faith of his Seventh-day Adventist wife or the religious interests of their nine-year-old son. Taught the religion of another church, he listened to his pastor as he talked with him a short time before, suggesting that he and his boy be reinstated.

"My son goes to the Seventh-day Adventist Church," he had replied. "If ever I join a church, that's the one for me." Offerings, donations for welfare, all were routed through his wife's church, and he mingled freely with her Adventist friends.

Then came that fateful evening. Rising from the meal, he remarked to his wife that he felt unsafe in making that run. But duty called, so with a kiss for her and the boy, he was on his way. At the door he paused. "I just don't feel right. Something is going to happen." Then he was in the car, but right out again, back into the kitchen. Another kiss for the family. "I just feel uneasy about this run," he repeated, then was on his way.

Who would deny the Lord's personal interest in His created beings? Does He not use the witness of faithful wives, of loving children, of loyal church members? Who can know what was the fireman's final decision on that last run?

Today someone is deciding his destiny. Today is our day for witnessing.

Grace Notes

CASHIER Carpenter at heart and cashier by profession, Elmer Clayton Christie has found use for both talents at home and abroad. He is a graduate of Laurelwood Academy and Walla Walla College. To earn school expenses, he worked on the academy farm and hauled wood; and college years found him still hauling cordwood during the summers and working in the business office in the winters. He has served a five-year-term as treasurer of the Inca Union Training School (now Inca Union College) in Lima, Peru, and another five-year-term as treasurer of the Lake Titicaca Mission. Since 1948 he has been cashier at General Conference headquarters. His enthusiasm for mission work has never flagged, and it was under his alert leadership that the clothing for Korea drive was carried out by the Silver Spring, Maryland, church. (See *INSTRUCTOR* of February 24, 1953, "Caravan for Korea.") From his basement carpenter shop has come half the furniture used in the Christie home, and while in mission service he made all of his own furniture.

RIVER Whether you hold carefully to its proper spelling, as shown on the maps, and spell it Suwannee, or accept the Stephen Foster spelling of Swanee, we think you will agree on the loveliness of our cover picture of the river made famous in song. It is by courtesy of A. D. Fowler, author of our page 11 story on the Stephen Foster Memorial.

FOCUS Herb Ford is the first writer to contribute a guest Focus editorial. Back at his old summer job as foreman of a fire crew in Yosemite National Park, he finds himself more than busy. (See *INSTRUCTOR* of March 17, 1953, "Fire Call.") This fall will see him again at Pacific Union College, teaching a news-writing class and doing public relations work.

PANTHER Mrs. Cleo Swart was a student at Union College when she wrote the junior youth story appearing on page 15.

REVISION The revised Amateur Radio Log appears in this issue on page 19.

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.

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The post office will not forward second-class matter even though you leave a forwarding address. Send both the old and the new address to THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR before you move.

Fence straddlers have no place in
politics or Christianity. In heaven
there will be no



Second-Rate Citizenship

By PAUL K. FREIWIRTH

AT last the long-anticipated moment had come. For the two hundred people who had packed the courtroom it was a most solemn occasion. The fond dream of many years would finally be realized. American citizenship was going to be bestowed on them.

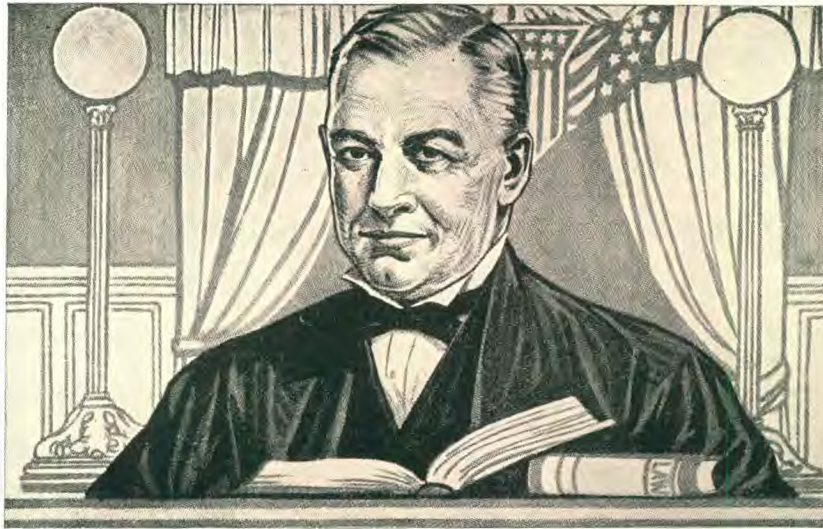
One by one they affixed their signatures to their naturalization papers. When everyone had taken care of this formality, an awesome hush settled over these prospective Americans. All eyes turned toward a little door to the right.

After a few minutes the door opened, and a stately figure, attired in a black flowing robe, slowly entered. The judge who was to administer the oath of allegiance quickly and quietly exchanged a few words with one of his assistants, and then invited the group to rise. With right hands raised, the assembled group swore allegiance to their new country.

The most interesting part of the whole ceremony was yet to come though. It was the welcoming address the judge was to deliver. In it he called attention to the responsibilities as well as privileges of citizenship. Then all of a sudden it seemed he had lost his train of thought or was groping for words. But he was only giving emphasis to the next words, perhaps the most significant ones of his whole speech.

"We have no second-rate citizenship," his honor declared. "Those of you who have today become citizens of our country are just as much Americans as those whose ancestors arrived on the *Mayflower* and have been living here for ten generations!"

"No second-rate citizenship"! I sat there spellbound and happy. I must admit that after hearing these wonderful words I



The judge called attention to the responsibilities and privileges of citizenship.

missed the next sentence or two—perhaps even more. These words, "no second-rate citizenship," were almost too good to be true. Why, something like that was exactly what I had been hoping to hear!

During the long and weary process preceding my naturalization, I had somehow received the false idea that there were two kinds of citizenship, that of the native born and that of the immigrant. The forthright and unequivocal words of this high official assured me that this was not so.

As I sat there musing, almost enraptured with joy, two thoughts came to my mind: First of all, I recalled a certain New Testament story. The apostle Paul was about to be scourged. "And as they bound him with thongs, Paul said unto the centurion that stood by, Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned? When the centurion heard that, he went and told the chief captain, saying, Take heed what thou doest: for this man is a Roman. Then the chief captain came, and said unto him, Tell me, art thou a Roman? He said, Yea. And the chief captain answered, With a great sum obtained I this freedom. And Paul said,

But I was free born."

It certainly seems from this account that the officer felt there was a difference between his standing and Paul's. Thank God, I thought, that this is not so for me in my new country!

The second thought that came to me was more sobering, and I could not easily dismiss it from my mind. I began to meditate about that other citizenship I had taken out, the citizenship of heaven. The words of Paul are, "Our conversation [citizenship] is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord

Jesus Christ." I asked myself whether I had been satisfied at times with being just a second-rate citizen of that country, by not always taking the responsibilities of the Christian life as seriously as I ought. Had I ever, because of little faith, failed to avail myself fully of its wonderful privileges, such as communion with God through Bible study, prayer, and meditation?

Unfortunately there have always been some who wanted to be just that, second-rate citizens of heaven. When the children of Israel were coming out of Egypt, for instance, "a mixed multitude went up also with them." This motley group may have journeyed with the people of God and even shared some of their hardships, but their hearts were still in Egypt, and they lusted after the sins that abounded in the land of the Pharaohs. These unconverted people were consequently the cause of untold difficulties. No wonder that Inspiration's last record of these people reads thus: "Now it came to pass, when they had heard the law, that they separated from Israel all the mixed multitude."

Since Bible times there have also been

second-rate citizens among God's people. We read in the annals of church history about a medieval sect called Catharists, which was prominent in Southern Europe during the thirteenth century. The members were divided into two groups. Those who belonged to the preferred company were spoken of as the *perfecti*, or, in France, as *bons hommes*. To be eligible for membership in this elite group, one had to practice asceticism, renounce all worldly property, and avoid certain articles of diet. Thereby a special blessing was supposedly conferred upon one. Other adherents of this sect wanted to enjoy some of the pleasures of this world together with that of the next. They were called *credentes*, or believers.

The Word of God nowhere makes provision for two kinds of church members, nor does it promise salvation to those who follow in the ways of the world!

A similar plan was developed in the United States, where it aroused storms of controversy. Colonial orthodoxy of the seventeenth century wrangled for many years over an issue known as the half-way covenant. It was an ingenious scheme whereby the children of born-again Christians might be taken into church membership even though their lives would not have to be so strictly circumspect as those of their more pious forebears. Eventual salvation was promised them, but they were denied the right of partaking of communion or engaging in church elections.

And what was the result of this? It marked the passing of an era of spiritual fervor and primitive godliness. Spiritual anemia set in, cantankerous contentions arose, and Ichabod, "the glory hath departed," began to be spelled out in languid letters over New England Christianity. Revivals did occur at intervals, but they only made people more aware of their spiritual poverty, and were not permanently able to rekindle the fires of Christian zeal and love to the holy glow of earlier days.

The recent Pulitzer prize winner W. H. Auden, a poet, once told a New York congregation: "It is important for us to be completely honest with ourselves about our religious experience—what it is. One might say that the typical experience of people in the Middle Ages was of God's nearness. Now our dominant experience is of God's absence, of His distance. We are false if we do not admit this."

Are you a first-rate or a second-rate citizen of the kingdom of God? How is your experience? Is it like that of Peter, who "followed him afar off," or of John, who "was leaning on Jesus' bosom"? Remember, God has no grandchildren or stepchildren. Let us all decide, with the help of God, to be first-rate citizens of the present kingdom of grace, so that, when His kingdom of glory is set up, "an entrance shall be ministered . . . abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."



Unseen Erosion

By RICHARD DOUGLAS

IN THE woods near my home was an old apple tree. The tree had been hollow as far back as I can remember. When I first saw it, it was standing majestically with tasty apples on it. It became somewhat of a tradition between my friends and me that it would always be there.

About twice a year, on a bright Sunday morning in the "spring fever" season and at "binding of sheaves," we would hike the rounds of the woods. Each time we would discover something interesting, but we would never fail to visit the old hollow apple tree.

One day four years ago, when our boyhood jaunts were becoming few and far between, we again made our visit to the old tree, but found its trunk had broken off about two feet from the ground.

It had been a magnificent tree, once beautiful and strong, bearing its fruit in its season. The wind tried to blow it down, but it pushed its roots deeper in the soil and laughed at the puny efforts of the storms. The sun tried to burn its foliage, drying up the soil and trying to starve its roots. The rains poured down upon it as if they would drown it or

bury it. But the tree continued to grow and to prosper.

One day a little worm ate its way into the heart of that tree, laid its eggs there, and died. Soon there were a dozen worms, and from them many more. Soon hundreds of worms were feeding upon the heart of that tree. By and by the tree seemed to lose its spirit. Its leaves, no longer so fresh and green, withered early and came in fewer numbers each recurring year. Its fruit grew small and shriveled. Its branches dropped off, and then the once proud and defiant tree fell in a storm. For years it had been merely a rim of a tree, until finally it was swept over by the storm.

The little worm of sin eats its way into our hearts. It lays the eggs for future and larger sins. If one is not awake to his spiritual condition, there will soon be dozens of sins. The spiritual body will soon lose its spirit. Its foliage and fruit will grow small and shrivel. Its branches will drop off. The once staunch Christian will fall.

By keeping our pet sins we will in time be merely a rim of a Christian, and will fall in the storm.

THERE'S a New Day Dawning" rang clearly through the great Civic Auditorium, under the leadership of C. H. Lauda, to open appropriately the career clinic, an unusual program of unusual interest to Adventist youth today. The all-girl choir, the Boston Acadettes, who came four thousand miles to the Pan-American Youth Congress, added to the spirit of the meeting by singing "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah."

Theodore Lucas, associate General Conference youth leader and chairman of this meeting, presented the panel members and stated the purpose of the clinic; that is, to know how various workers react to their type of work environment and to learn of new types of workers in demand.

Members of the panel were: *humanities*: Paul Heubach, dean of theology at Walla Walla College; *arts*: Virginia-Gene Shankel Rittenhouse, concert violinist, under appointment for mission service to Africa with her husband, Dr. Harvey Rittenhouse; *science*: Dr. Bruce Halstead, ichthyologist, known for his study of poisonous fish in research problems on tropical diseases; *professions*: Principal Richard Larson, of Sunnydale Academy, Centralia, Missouri (of Hayloft Chapel fame); *communications*: Milton Murray, public relations coordinator of the College of Medical Evangelists.

Pastor Lucas directed a question to Mr. Murray concerning the need in the field of communications. Mr. Murray answered

Career Clinic

By CLARA NOSWORTHY WRIGHT



Above: Panel members for the career clinic were (left to right) Milton Murray, Richard Larson, Dr. Bruce Halstead (speaking), Virginia-Gene Shankel Rittenhouse, and Paul Heubach. Left: From all walks of life came young people to show how one can serve God outside church employment.



that because of the many means of communication—words, films, television, telephone, pictures, and the press—it is most important to handle these means effectively and to insert the seeds of truth where possible and still maintain professional standards.

This is practically a new and untried field, open to society because of faster means of travel and communications, a good place to share one's faith. We have a great need for public relations workers for our institutions and script writers for programs such as Faith for Today.

Mr. Lucas suggested that aptitude tests might find many young people inclined to this work.

Paul Hines, of Washington, D.C., em-

ployed in a multimillion-dollar research project with the Navy Department, was the first man interviewed.

He was under appointment for mission service when a serious heart condition was discovered. But for the answered prayers and mercies of God it would have snatched his life. Through this miracle he has ninety per cent restoration of his health, and may yet be able to go to the mission field.

Robert Kutch, the next person interviewed, was asked whether it was possible to be a good Seventh-day Adventist in his business—advertising—one means of communication.

He claimed that although there is much exaggeration in the advertising field, there

is room for honest men to represent a good product, to be reliable and dependable, and to share their faith.

Answering a question directed to him, Professor Larson, panel member, stated that the need for skilled workers is great in all fields, that educated young people working as farmers, plumbers, mechanics, have much opportunity to spread the gospel.

For the young women there is great demand for special secretaries, librarians, social workers, personnel workers, and others. Our lives must be directed in specific channels, for we are living in an age of specialists. There are opportunities unchallenged for giving the gospel.

Robert Hadley, a Texas farmer, was questioned concerning the pleasure of his work.

He answered that he enjoyed his work immensely and had found that he could memorize Bible texts and plow effectively at the same time.

"Can you give us the memory verse for the first Sabbath in 1945, Mr. Hadley?" asked Pastor Lucas. To page 20

Meet

MR. COLPORTEUR

of 1952!

By A. G. SUTTON

A Pan-American Youth Congress Share Your Faith Interview

ACCORDING to this card your name is Charles Eddy. Is that right?

Yes, Pastor Sutton, that is correct.

Well, Charles, will you tell us where you live?

Our home is in Eureka, California.

You said, "Our home." Are you married, Charles?

Yes. We have three little colporteurs.

Three children. Are they boys or girls?
One girl and two boys.

Charles, I understand you are sharing your faith the colporteur way.

That's right, Pastor Sutton. I began canvassing in Humboldt County, California, eighteen months ago.

The colporteur today has much more security than he used to have—that is, financially, I mean. Now, if a colporteur works full time, he and his family are entitled to sick benefits, vacation with pay, travel allowance, and so forth. Of course, there are certain requirements for the colporteur to meet in order to qualify for these courtesies and the maximum travel allowance.

That's true. There are certain requirements, but I feel those requirements are fair and that the average young man and young woman can qualify for even the maximum benefits without too much difficulty.

Well, now, can you be specific? What are some of these requirements? I would judge from what you say there is a graduated scale, and if one doesn't meet the requirements for the maximum benefits, he comes in for the lesser benefits.

That is right. No full-time colporteur is left out.

Charles, we are young people here, and young people are satisfied only when they can reach the top. What are these top requirements for receiving the top benefits?

They are simple. Thirty-five hours a week is considered full time, and six



FREEMAN ART STUDIO

Charles Eddy, who holds first place in deliveries of gospel literature in North America for 1952.

thousand dollars' worth of deliveries a year will bring the colporteur the maximum travel allowance.

Charles, this is a little personal, but we are just one big family here, and it doesn't make much difference one way or the other. Would you mind telling us whether you met the hour requirement for the maximum benefits last year?

Yes, I did! You see, the conference is very considerate. It requires only forty-five weeks a year at thirty-five hours a week. It allows time for attending camp meeting, two weeks' vacation with pay, a week for institute, etc.

That is fair. Anyway, you qualified in hours last year. Now what was that other requirement for the maximum benefits?

The other requirement is six thousand

dollars' worth of deliveries for the year, and the colporteur receives the maximum travel allowance, which is three hundred dollars.

Six thousand dollars in deliveries for the year, and the colporteur draws top travel allowance, which is three hundred dollars.

That's it. Six thousand dollars in deliveries, and he or she receives three hundred dollars travel allowance.

I see, and you qualified in hours, and you say the average colporteur can qualify in deliveries.

Yes, he can.

Did very many colporteurs in your conference deliver six thousand dollars' worth of books last year?

Yes. I work in northern California. There were several.

Charles, if you don't mind, I want to ask you another personal question. Did you qualify in deliveries? Did you deliver six thousand dollars' worth of our books last year?

Yes, I did!

Good. Congratulations! I am happy for you! By the way, did you go over six thousand dollars in deliveries?

Yes.

As much as seven thousand dollars?

Yes.

Eight thousand dollars?

Yes.

Nine thousand dollars?

Yes.

This is wonderful! I'm beginning to get excited. Ten thousand dollars?

Yes.

Eleven thousand dollars?

Yes.

Charles, more than eleven thousand dollars' worth of deliveries in one year?

Yes.

Does your wife help you canvass?

No.

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THE Youth's INSTRUCTOR

Friendliness

By L. A. Skinner

A young Adventist was passing a tavern, in front of which stood a young man. Although the two were not acquainted, the young man mistook the Adventist for another person and spoke to him. The Missionary Volunteer walked on, but was impressed to return. He entered into conversation, showed a friendly spirit, discovered a chance to be of service to a lonely youth. Friendship led to Bible studies and the salvation of a soul.

A fire destroyed the home and most of the possessions of a family very recently arrived in a Western town. Some Missionary Volunteers approached the family with kindness and an offer to help. Clothes were provided, shelter was welcomed, friendships were developed, and Bible studies led to baptism for the whole family.

A group of teen-age Missionary Volunteers formed a hobby club under the sponsorship of their pastor. One of the members lived next door to a seventeen-year-old high school senior. These two young women became acquainted. The high school senior was invited to the hobby club. She took a special interest in photography. She enjoyed the association and accepted the invitation to attend church occasionally. Bible studies followed, and today she is a church member.

A young man, somewhat sophisticated and delving into philosophy at a State university, became employed in a medical institution in a Midwestern city. Here he met an Adventist college student who was earning his way. At first the university man tried to argue with this Adventist man, but he became more and more impressed that this student possessed something very desirable. Friendship led to intimate visits, and the philosophical young man listened now more than he talked. Our college student patiently unfolded the message of the Bible to his friend, and the result was conversion and baptism.

The key to all these experiences was the

MV Youth in Action



O. A. SKAU

Prayer groups meeting during one of our youth camps in South India were spread over quite a large area. Sleeping accommodations were easily arranged for—everyone slept in the open.

friendly, kindly approach. Our effectiveness as witnesses for Christ could be multiplied many times if we cultivated this self-forgetful interest in the welfare of others.

In most of these stories the opportunity might have been entirely lost by an attitude, "Well, I have the truth; if he wants it, let him come and ask for it!" We are to take the initiative, and our cheerful, kindly helpfulness will open the door for the good tidings of salvation.

"Ye are the salt of the earth," spoke the Master. Salt must diffuse itself in that which it seasons or preserves. Success depends on thorough mixing and imparting its qualities.

May the spirit of Advent youth be so helpful and radiant that entire communities will be permeated by the fragrant

aroma of kind deeds and warm friendliness.

South India Union MV Work

By O. A. Skau

Seventh-day Adventists have been working among the millions of people of South India for nearly forty-five years. The schoolwork was introduced very early in our denominational work, and has served a good purpose all these years. Our MV work began much later, but it has progressed rapidly. And 1952 was a very prosperous year.

In 1951 there was a 48 per cent increase in the number of societies over 1950, and in 1952 there was a further increase, making a total increase of 56 per cent in the number of societies for the years. In activities 1952 stands head and shoulders above even the good results of 1951. In practically every line of endeavor there was more than a 100 per cent increase. We are grateful for this progress.

This year promises to be even better than 1952. So far we have had MV camps and several investiture services, where more than two hundred have been invested. The young people invested range from the Busy Bee class to the Master Guide. Certificates, pins, and MV Honors have been distributed by the scores.

The Telugu MV camp held in a grove by the seashore was the largest ever held in South India.

The investiture services conducted in the first quarter were held in Madras, Pondichéry, Palaniappuram, Prakasapuram, Tuticorin, and the Lowry Memorial Secondary Boarding School.

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E. IRVIN LEHMAN

J. R. Nelson, Pacific Union youth leader, interviews a young man who tells of his conversion a year ago and then introduces a friend he has won to Christ. (Story on page 22.)

As I Knew Him

By CHARLOTTE GROFF

I SAT alone in a silent house. The sunset flaming against the western sky appeared brilliantly scarlet and amber, touching the white clouds higher in the heavens with a rosy tint. The light reflecting from the sky set the windows of the scattered houses in the community aflame and cast a warm glow over the snowy ground.

The glorious silence of the scene carried my mind back to other days in this same house—days when my father was alive and mother had been kept busy in the kitchen, singing as she went about her work. Now all was different; mother was away nursing, and I was sitting alone in the house daydreaming of the past.

I thought of daddy, who had been my first and best-loved playmate, and of the many happy evenings we spent together when I was small. One of my favorite games was to imagine he was Dr. Cure 'Em Quick and I was Nurse Esther. He would spend nearly every evening helping me take care of my dolls as though they were real patients who needed his time and attention.

Another favorite game was pretending that some of my toys were animals he had once owned on a ranch in Oregon. He made these toys relive many of his own experiences. I understand now that this type of play must have been very tiresome to him, but never once did he let me think so.

During the first six years of my life I was often ill, and had to stay in bed for weeks. In these times of sickness daddy, when he was not at work, would insist upon staying up night and day with mother, helping to care for me. He always made my illnesses into games in which he would bring me my food and medicines, trying to amuse me in various ways.

I believe the thing about daddy that I most enjoyed and appreciated as a child was his stories. Every Friday evening he would tell me at least two or three of my favorites from the Bible. Often it would

be a story of Christ's life on earth or an explanation of some fundamental Bible doctrine. At other times it would be a discussion of some phase of God's great plan of salvation. Perhaps I would ask for a story of one of the Old Testament heroes like Moses, Gideon, or Daniel. By these simple methods of talking and teaching I learned the foundations for our belief in this third angel's message.

Daddy also told me stories from his own experiences in the West. Born in Kansas, he had spent the early part of his life there. Many were the stories he told me of his grandfather in the days of the forty-niners, when battles between the white men and Indians were common occurrences. Too often the white men indulged in unfair dealings with the Indians, and brought on retaliation and bloodshed.

As a young man in his twenties, my father went to Oregon, where he purchased a homestead in the Cascade Range. He often told of hunting bears and cougars that had been killing the ranchers' cattle and sheep. All these stories were thrilling to me, for he told them vividly, making them live in my imagination. As well as being entertaining, these stories taught the necessary lessons of courage, truth, honor, and obedience. These have shaped my life.

When I was five years old daddy bought me a tiny black and white Shetland pony. He had always wanted a pony when he was a boy, and now he planned to give me one. I was allowed to choose my pony from a number that we went to see. My choice was a rather old pony and not at all the one daddy thought best, but if that was the one I wanted, that one I should have.

Daddy made a small stable for the new pony, and then taught me how to care

for him by myself. My pony became the center of attraction for the neighborhood children. He remained my most cherished possession for a number of years.

From my earliest days I remember daddy's love of nature. Often he took mother and me by the hand and walked around our yard in the moonlight enjoying the Persian lilac hedge in full bloom with evening dew resting on each floweret. At other times we enjoyed the perfume of a newly opened regal lily bell or viewed the pink roses along the hedge. His appreciation of these lovely things left an indelible impression on my childish mind.

As I began to grow older daddy took our family on many outings. The early spring always brought long drives into the country to see the fruit trees in blossom. Sometimes on Sabbath afternoons we would take walks into the nearby woods to gather wild flowers.

Summer always meant trips to Lake Michigan for swimming, followed by a picnic supper on the beach. Another summer frolic we enjoyed was picking huckleberries in a marsh. Dressed in old clothing and rubber boots, we raced to see who could fill his pail with berries first.

Trips to the woods for hickory nuts, butternuts, and black walnuts were always enjoyed in the autumn. In October we would go on long drives to see and try to paint or draw the beautiful landscape scenes, enhanced by the colored

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EWING GALLOWAY

Daddy was my first and best-loved playmate, and I remember the happy evenings we spent together.

NORTH of San Juan Capistrano is San Gabriel, the next mission, situated in the town of the same name, and sixty miles distant, nine miles east of Los Angeles.

Of course, all missions have features in common, and there are points of difference as well. San Gabriel has the distinction of having models of each mission sheltered under the roof of the wide porch surrounding the patio. This is only one of the interesting features of the mission.

It is named in honor of Saint Gabriel, the archangel. Foundations were laid and mass was sung on September 8, 1771, but this site proved unsuitable; and like the mother mission in San Diego, it was necessary to find a better one. Five years later it was moved to its present place not far from the Santa Ana River, the river of earthquakes. Here there was abundant water, timber for building was accessible, and the soil was fertile.

The original buildings were built of adobe blocks approximately 5 by 11 by 22 inches, each weighing about sixty pounds. These buildings are now gone, the victims of neglect, disuse, and erosion of the elements.

The church was built of stone, and still stands, although it suffered no little damage from the temblors of 1803 and 1812. There is one architectural feature that I do not recall having seen in any other mission: that is the choir loft in the rear of the church, and the only access to it is by the now-famous staircase from the outside of the building. The city of San Gabriel has spread itself all around the mission, and its viewing is restricted by its crowded condition.

The mission bells were hung in a most intriguing fashion in a part of a side wall, now facing a street. This wall campanile is five feet thick at its base, and at one time supported six bells, where now only four are hung. One of these, a large, heavy bell, bears this date and inscription in Latin: "1795, Hail Mary. I was made by Ruelas San Juan Nepomuceno." A larger and heavier bell hangs in a lower niche. This bell weighs more than a ton and is dated 1830. The romantic story of it is that while it was being recast for mission use in Upper California a Spanish girl heard that her lover had died in the fighting there, so she sent all her gold and silver ornaments to be added to the molten metal. This is supposed to account for the superior tone of this bell.

Of all the missions, probably San Gabriel had the stormiest times with the unregenerate and immoral soldiers, complicated with the problem of hospitality to caravans coming to the coast; nevertheless, in spite of its difficulties, it was at one time the most prosperous of the missions.

This was the fourth mission established by Fray Serra, and when the Franciscans left it in 1852 nearly ten thousand Indians had been baptized and not quite seven thousand buried. At one time the mission

Miniature gold rush popularizes one mission.

The HIGHWAY of the BELLS

By ELTON A. JONES

PART 3



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Statue of Junípero Serra, with the San Fernando Rey de España Mission in the background.

owned 16,500 cattle, flocks of sheep and goats, as well as vineyards and gardens.

Probably one of the largest collections of old paintings will be found here at San Gabriel, the pride of the missions.

Six years after the founding of San Gabriel the next mission northward was established September 8, 1797, and named San Fernando Rey de España in honor of Saint Ferdinand III, king of León and Castile. It is now in the little city of San Fernando, and is about twenty-five miles northwest of San Gabriel.

There was already a mission at what we now know as Ventura, and this one was to be situated halfway between it and San Gabriel. As a matter of distance it is much

less than halfway, but only here could Fray Lasuen find the land and the other prerequisites of a mission site, because population was growing in Upper California. He settled on San Fernando, although the land was leased from the San José Mission by the mayor of Los Angeles, who had built his home there and operated a successful ranch. Since this is the case, it seems to indicate that the mission founders had great influence and the ability to get what they wanted.

The buildings remaining here are not so imposing as are those of many of the other missions. This does not by any means indicate, however, that San Fernando was not prosperous; it would seem to point to the fact that the padre stationed here was more interested in building industries and in providing irrigation for the fields and vineyards rather than in erecting big buildings. At one time the Santa Barbara presidio alone was in debt to San Fernando for various supplies to the amount of twenty thousand dollars.

Nor are the buildings here inconsequential. The church was a substantial building, and to the west the Indian converts had a village consisting of seventy adobe dwellings forming the customary square.

The building of principal interest today and the largest of them all is the home of the fathers. It is 50 feet wide and 243 feet long. Not only was this the padre's dwelling, but it served as a hostelry for travelers, and many famous persons have found hospitable shelter here. Its reception room was the largest in all California.

One of the interesting architectural features of the long building is its arches with their distinct Moorish flavor. Here too you will find the River of Life door, which is but a solid door with deep irreg-

ular grooves running up and down to depict the river of life.

In Brand Park, across the street from the mission, there is a beautiful fountain that was once on the mission grounds but was later moved to its present place in the park. It is a copy of a fountain in Cordova, approximately thirty feet in diameter, and has a capacity of one thousand six hundred gallons. It is a geometrical design of eight cleverly joined semicircles and inverted *V*'s.

In the park also is another statue of Fray Junípero Serra and the Indian lad, much like the one at San Juan Capistrano. From these statues one would conclude Serra to have been a robust athletic figure, whereas in real life he was of small stature, thin, and lame.

It would seem strange if there were no connecting link between the gold rush of forty-nine and the missions, since they were there first. Here at San Fernando that link is found.

Six years before gold was found at Sutter's Mill by James Marshall, Francisco López went to his garden to pull some onions. With the onions came dirt, and in the dirt were bright yellow specks. These particles were gold, sure enough. Eager to share the news of his good fortune, he told his friends, and the garden and its environs became a gathering place for gold seekers. However, although some gold was panned in Indian-made baskets, it seemed to serve only as an earnest of a later and richer day.

At the peak of its prosperity, after about seven years of operation, the mission had

connected with it a thousand neophytes.

The next mission northward is in Ventura, fifty-odd miles west of San Fernando. Standing in its dignity on one of the main streets, it is now practically swallowed up by the growth of the city.

The first white visitor to the area was Cabrillo, who made a landing here where the beautiful Ojai Valley meets the sea, precisely fifty years after Christopher Columbus sighted the island of San Salvador. Six years after the Declaration of Independence—1782—Padre Serra and his party arrived here for the establishment of the mission, which had long been planned and long postponed. In Serra's original plan this was to have been the third mission; it turned out to be the last one of his personal founding.

On Easter Sunday, March 31, 1782, the aging Junípero Serra sang the first mass, preached the first sermon, and formally established the San Buenaventura Mission. The Indians here were friendly, and gave a great deal of willing help in the erection of the first buildings, which, ten years later, were destroyed by fire. A new stone church was promptly begun, and after fifteen years was finished and dedicated by Father José Senan on September 10, 1809. In common with several other missions, San Buenaventura had periods of no little difficulty. The new church was nearly five years old when the series of quakes that shook all southern California from December, 1812, through February, 1813, badly damaged it. The front and the bell tower had to be rebuilt, and all the interior woodwork had to be replaced.

Although the Indians were friendly and helpful, yet the missionaries seemed to have more abundant crops from the ground than from their spiritual efforts. The natives would trade freely with the missionaries, but they did not show any eagerness to exchange their freedom for the uncertainties of mission life. At the end of the second year, the time of Padre Serra's last visit, only twenty-two were residents of the mission. River water was plentiful, and in the mission gardens one could find vegetables and fruits in plenty, not only the usual varieties for kitchen use, but apples, pears, plums, figs, oranges, peaches, pomegranates, bananas, coconuts, sugar cane, indigo, and herbs.

After a few years, however, the Indians came more readily; and during the entire mission history—from 1782 to 1834—there were 3,925 baptisms. The peak year for neophyte residents was 1816, when 1,328 were registered, and there were more than 41,000 head of stock.

The bells here have a bit of interesting history. Two of these are dated 1771 and 1781, and were borrowed from Santa Barbara. They are still at San Buenaventura. Another smaller bell is there. None of these three are now rung; the only bell to sound is a larger one from Mexico, which is dated 1825. This was the only mission church equipped originally with wooden bells.

The observant visitor today will find ample reason to be critical of the restoration and so-called modernization, for some of the changes made here have been unhappy ones. A priest in about 1922, wanting more light in the church, lengthened the windows and then installed dark stained glass! The early Indian murals he replaced with modern stencil patterns, which have no meaning or value. Sometime, and prior to this no doubt, another had covered the beautiful old rafters by a ceiling and laid a wooden floor over the small burnt tiles.

Notwithstanding these blunders, there are some remnants of real value. One is the splendid façade of the church, with its massive bell tower on the right. The tower is topped by a dome holding a lantern and surrounded by a cross. This same architectural feature will also be found at Santa Barbara and San Luis Rey.

The side entrance from the court is an arched doorway of Moorish design. The door at the east side is of particular interest, for it was carved by the neophytes in the River of Life design, and studded with the old-time hand-wrought iron nails.

Buenaventura has always been used as a church with the exception of short interruptions because of earthquakes, pirates, or, on occasion, the warring political factions. A small museum is on the opposite side of the courtyard. Here are original pieces of furniture, Indian made, and many items of interest.

[This is the third installment of a seven-part serial. Part 4 will appear next week.]



Straight Talk

THE RISK IS TOO GREAT!

"I have a grandniece we are helping financially in college," wrote Methodist Minister Alfred R. Wells, of Houston, Texas, to the editors of *Listen* magazine. "We have been somewhat uneasy about her on two points. She has been engaged to a boy who drinks and who is a Roman Catholic. She herself was not so much interested in religious matters as we wished she were. We have not been very closely associated with her since she was a little girl; but the other day we sent her a copy of *Listen*, the issue featuring Lu Long Ogburn. Her reply contains some statements about this as follows: "The magazine was worth much to me in one of my final examinations. Why is not this publication circulated more? I have never seen it before. It certainly has helped me to see things more clearly. I have broken with Bobby. He insists on drinking, and I have decided definitely not to marry any

boy who drinks. He is the only one I ever really loved, but the risk is too great. This magazine has helped me to see that."

BEER-BUCKET FIRE EXTINGUISHER!

A drive-in restaurant in Huntington, West Virginia, was blazing. Investigating policemen found that the fire was coming from stacks of beer cases under a counter. They poured beer into buckets and threw it on the flames. The device worked well, because beer foam contains carbon dioxide, used in many fire extinguishers.

BOTTLES AND BEAUTY!

A famous beauty expert in Hollywood, Perc Westmore, claims that he can walk into a room full of girls and spot the ones who drink cocktails. Alcoholism soon makes evident its injury to beauty.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

Stephen Foster MEMORIAL

By A. D. FOWLER

A FEW months ago I visited the Stephen Foster Memorial Park, which is on America's beautiful Suwannee River and was recently established in honor of the man who wrote so many of the lovely folk songs of the romantic South.

Stephen Foster will always be remembered for his beautiful melodies, and music lovers in many countries have been interested in perpetuating the memory of this gifted poet and musician. In 1936 steps were taken to establish a memorial to Stephen Foster in Florida, on the banks of the Suwannee River. In 1938 a gift of one hundred acres of land was set aside for this purpose, in the town of White Springs; and the following year this tract of land was deeded to the State of Florida, to be known as the Stephen Foster Memorial Park. Other land has been donated, bringing the entire tract to 243 acres.

Probably you already know many of the songs Stephen Foster composed. Remember "My Old Kentucky Home," "Swanee River," "I Dream of Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair," "Old Black Joe," "Beautiful Dreamer," "O Susanna"? They are all depicted most charmingly in the museum building in this lovely park at the edge of White Springs, Florida, on U.S. highway 41.

I arrived at White Springs before the gates of the park were opened, so took a stroll down to the Suwannee River and took a few pictures. Because it was mid-summer there was not a full body of water flowing, and the river looked calm and peaceful. Lovely trees lined both banks, and I was glad to rest awhile before going into the museum.

There is no entrance fee for admission to either the park or the museum, but the gatekeeper collects twenty-five cents from each driver as a parking fee. This helps in keeping up the magnificent grounds. Visitors are allowed to drive around the park, but there are not many roads completed yet, for the park was begun only

in 1938, and much remains yet to be landscaped.

The museum building is a most interesting structure, but it was the displays that impressed and interested me most. In it, among other things, are eight dioramas. A diorama is "a mode of scenic representation in which a painting (partly translucent) is seen from a distance through an opening."

The first diorama I came to depicted the song "Swanee River," and showed a plantation, with the master's house in the background. In the foreground was a field of cotton, ready to be picked; on the left, a slave's cabin, with little figures of colored folk around. A steam-boat was moving down the river. There was a depth of field that made these dioramas appear very real.

I moved on to the next view, a portrayal of "My Old Kentucky Home." Around this home, a laborer's cabin, were men, women, and children. Along the road at the back moved a cart and horse. The driver waved a friendly greeting as he passed.

Did you know that "My Old Kentucky Home" is the State song of Kentucky? "Way Down Upon the Swanee River" is

Florida's State song. It was originally published in 1851, under the title "Old Folks at Home," but is now known as "Swanee River."

The third song I saw illustrated in this fascinating way was "Open Thy Lattice, Love." As I approached this beautiful scene, I could see a gentleman serenading his ladylove by moonlight, in front of a typical Southern mansion, as he sang that charming song, accompanied by two of his friends, one playing an organ and the other a violin. Above the garden and the serenaders, out on the balcony, stood the lovely lady, in the semidarkness, listening intently to the words of the song "Open Thy Lattice, Love."

This was the first of Stephen Foster's songs ever to be published. Some think that the woman being serenaded was Stephen's sweetheart, who lived next door. But she moved away, and married someone else!

"Camptown Races" was vividly depicted in the fourth diorama. It carried me back to my boyhood days in Australia. Often have I heard men sing that well-loved song while cattle droving in the back country. As I watched, the little race horses in the diorama circled the tiny track, and the bobtail nag passed the others and won the race, just as he says in the song.

All day long, while the museum is open, visitors hear the songs of this famous author, soft, sweet music coming from some hidden source and pervading the corridors of the entire museum. This background music renders the viewing of the dioramas most thrilling indeed.

But the song that stirred my heart in particular was "O Susanna." This is the one that was sung so much by the forty-niners on their way across the plains and the mountains during the California gold rush more than a hundred years ago. Foster had written the song a year or so earlier, and it was a great favorite all over the nation.

This diorama showed a covered wagon, stopped for the night out on the wide prairie, with the miners gathered around

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PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

The museum at the Stephen Foster Memorial Park includes eight interesting, colorful dioramas.

NOT SET APART

By THOMAS N. TOWNSEND

[Reprinted by permission of the Journal of the National Education Association, and of Mr. Townsend, from the April, 1952, issue of the *NEA Journal*.]

THOMAS N. TOWNSEND, 22-year-old cerebral palsy, is assistant to the editor of the *NEA Journal*. He has written this article at the request of our other editors. Mr. Townsend joined the editorial staff of *The Journal* in August 1951. An English major in college, he was graduated from the University of Omaha last June with a bachelor of arts degree, *summa cum laude*. In November 1951 the Omaha Optimist Club selected him as "Optimist of the Year." A speaker referred to his initials—TNT—as symbolic of "not one explosion, but a chain-reaction series of achievements."

I HAVE never been set apart. That is perhaps the glory of my life. And I do not want to set myself apart in this article.

I write here for two reasons: that teachers may realize something of their opportunity in working with crippled children, and that handicapped youngsters and their parents may strengthen their resolves to make life count.

Born That Way

I was born with cerebral palsy. Whatever dreams my mother and father had for their first son must have wavered mightily by the time I was six months of age. For I failed to sit up as a normal baby should; I could not hold my head erect.

As I grew older, my parents must have grasped at each hopeful sign. When I edged my way from room to room, tottering against the row of chairs, which Dad had placed side by side, they must have rejoiced that someday I might walk. When I stood at the window and called out "car," they must have thanked God that I had power of speech and thought.

[Mr. Townsend is now executive secretary of the Alumni Association, the University of Omaha, Omaha, Nebraska. For another stimulating article by Mr. Townsend, see the *American Junior Red Cross Journal* of April, 1953.—EDITOR.]

I *did* learn to walk and talk, tho never with the proficiency of normal children. The brain injury which had crippled my body *had* spared my mind. And soon I was old enough for school.

Because my family then lived in Washington, D.C., I attended the public schools of Washington. I was put in the "slow" grade, I wrote slowly, I stumbled about the playground; but no one derided me.

Teachers seemed to realize how important it was for me to be understood. They accepted my jerky handwriting and uneven oral reading. Without fuss, they assigned classmates to aid me with my wraps. They excused me from class early—with the intended result that I avoided the rush in the halls, and the incidental result that at recess our class always had the best ball diamond on a first-come, first-served basis.

So I graduated from sixth grade. Junior highschool challenged me. With a classmate to carry my books and with permission to leave each class early enough to make the next one, I set out. It didn't work.

Assignments came in the last few minutes of class; timed tests required rapid writing; leaving classes early set me apart. After a few weeks I dropped out of school.

My efforts to gain an education, to lick a physical handicap, ceased.

A New Start

Within a few weeks, however, my family moved to Kansas City, Missouri. There we found the R. J. DeLano School, a public school for handicapped children.

DeLano offered an academic program from the pre-kindergarten level thru high-school. In a specially constructed building, it provided the personal aid and physical, occupational, and speech therapy necessary to the physical progress of handicapped children.

At DeLano, I continued my academic work. My speech improved tremendously. I learned what I could and could not expect of my body. Most important, I felt the thrill of being important to an activity.

At the start of my senior year of high-school, my family moved to Omaha, Nebraska. No freshman ever entered high-school with higher hopes than those with which as a senior I entered Benson High. And the dash thru the halls, the school plays, the opera, the newspaper, the basketball games, the association with normal boys and girls—all this joy—completely fulfilled my expectations.

In the spring semester, one of my best friends asked me to stand before 250 seniors in homeroom to nominate him for class president. I remember glancing at one of our teachers while I talked. She was staring at me, her mouth open. I felt a real satisfaction at having achieved again more than someone had thought possible.

In June I was graduated as a member of the National Honor Society. I won two scholarships, each based on competitive, timed examinations. Most satisfying to me, I was elected by my classmates of less than a year as "Boy Most Likely to Succeed."

Four years at the University of Omaha became glorious ones. Certain of my abilities, I plunged into activities. In my senior year I had a share in the university campaign to secure more adequate public tax

support. News commentators agreed after the election that it was students who had made the campaign a success.

Uncertainty

And, now, what is life like as a cerebral palsy? Uncertainty is a dominant factor. When an amputee wants to extend his arm, he knows he cannot; he has no arm. When a paralytic wants to step forward, he knows he cannot; his muscles are paralyzed. But when a cerebral-palsied individual wants to pick up a glass of water, he never knows whether or not he'll get it to his lips.

If he is spastic, a muscle may block. If he is an athetoid, as I am, a muscle may jerk and send the water cascading over the young lady seated next to him (for which reason, I always use straws). On the other hand, if for those two or three instants his body is relaxed, he will lift his glass with as much poise as any man does.

This is significant. It means that on certain rare occasions a cerebral-palsied body will function with perfect physical coordination. That, in turn, may create a mighty sense of frustration.

What youngster, after having felt the joy of catching a ball perfectly, can be fully satisfied with anything less than that? When I was 11 years old, I made such a catch; I have never forgotten it. A golden memory of momentary physical perfection compensates for the frustration.

As I consider my life as a cerebral palsy, I think I can distinguish three phases of reaction to it.

Accepting Cerebral Palsy

The first phase encompassed my childhood. During those early years I accepted my handicap without much thought about it. I knew, of course, that I was different from my brother and sister and the neighborhood children. But I don't recall having felt different, *per se*.

That stems, I think, from the fact that I was born with cerebral palsy. "Born that way"—the phrase with which nearly every cerebral-palsied youngster grows up—has at least this one important meaning: No cerebral-palsied child experiences the shock of one day being able to run with his playmates, and the next day not.

As a result of this fact, I grew up regarding my condition as just as normal for me as my brother's perfect physical condition was normal for him. It seemed quite natural that my sister should be able to skate and I shouldn't; that my brother should be able to tie a shoe and I should not.

This happiness for me was made possible by my family's acceptance of me. Never in talking with me, or in family discussion, or in conversation with other people did any member of my family intimate that I was unusual. Not that I ignored my condition; many times Dad and I have fished or gone sightseeing, while Mom and Dot and Jim have ridden

horseback. But fishing and sightseeing are worthwhile, too.

A detached attitude toward my handicap did not last, however. More and more I wondered why I had been picked to sit on the sidelines. I began to want with all my heart to hit a baseball hard, and to cut my own meat when I went to a banquet. When I first wanted to ask certain girls for dates, then I knew I was a cripple.

Resisting Cerebral Palsy

This phase of my thinking coincided, in general, with my adolescence; it brought with it a spirit of resistance to my handicap.

While still in grade school, I had adopted as one of my heroes Glenn Cunningham, who by his personal grit had



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Thomas N. Townsend, nicknamed TNT, is an example of success in the face of great odds.

made of himself a world's champion miler, tho he had been severely burned in childhood. Often in the next few years, I ran till my throat was hoarse with gasping, hopeful that somehow I might lessen my handicap. But cerebral palsy, of course, does not yield to that kind of treatment.

My rebellion took other forms. I sought to excel in scholarship. For awhile, I entered activities primarily to demonstrate my abilities. I made elaborate efforts to avoid accepting small favors, tho I was still dependent on many greater ones.

These reactions were both beneficial and harmful. My determination to prove my worth and my desire to be more self-dependent were helpful. But I think I made almost a fetish out of not being a cripple.

That last point involves what seems to me to be one of the toughest problems a handicapped individual faces: the fact that—for his own physical ease and mental health, and for the spiritual satisfaction of others—he must learn to forget pride and to accept the willing help of others. (For

example, I need some aid in dressing myself. Tho zippers, shoe buckles, and a buttonhook have made this easier for me, I still must ask for help with such tasks as buttoning dress shirts and tying neckties.)

A Mature Attitude

As I began to understand this fact, I entered the third phase of my reaction to cerebral palsy. I combined my two earlier attitudes. I accepted cerebral palsy as my proper state. And I resolved to contribute something to the world, not in spite of cerebral palsy, but because I am a man.

In achieving this state of mind, I owe much to my many friends, especially those among the faculty and students of Omaha University. They have recognized my abilities; they have accepted my limitations.

When last year I sat at ease at a banquet table; when the young lady whose ability and popularity had won for her the title "Homecoming Queen" cut my meat; when we both joked about it without embarrassment—then, I think, I had succeeded in viewing cerebral palsy in its proper perspective.

These phases of my reaction to cerebral palsy are not all-inclusive. They do not show the hundreds of individual moments when I have railed against my handicap, when I have angrily shaken my fist at fate. But Mother has always stood with me at those times. She has listened to many scoldings while I sought to understand myself.

Idealism and God

I want to mention two other aspects of my life: My idealism and my faith in God.

With Robert Browning, I believe that "a man's reach should exceed his grasp." Too often we talk of educating a child for his place in life, of preparing him not to desire a life he cannot achieve. I don't know.

I have always tried to assume that I am as normal as any man alive, an assumption palpably false. That assumption has caused me much mental torment and some physical pain. But I know it has brought me the most joyful moments of my life. And I think it has made me a better and more useful man.

My faith in God has helped me most to understand my handicap. I am thankful my parents impressed upon me a deep reverence for God. My belief that He has created each individual for a purpose has explained that my handicap need not deter me from my task; rather, adjusting to cerebral palsy is a part of that task. And His promise, "Ask and it shall be given unto you," has satisfied my fears of the future.

When I was younger, I occasionally speculated on what life would be like if I were suddenly cured. Today, I believe more than ever in a God with the power and the desire to work miracles. But that particular miracle I no longer consider. I feel that just as I am, with His guidance, I can do God's will.

Baseball or Christian Service

By SALLY WONDERLY



LEE saw the umpire and manager of the local baseball team approaching him.

"Congratulations, Lee. You've been chosen as catcher for the team."

Lee was dizzy with happiness. The first big moment of his life had come.

It all began when the baseball-minded boys in the town met at their vacant lot diamond to choose a catcher for the team. Lee was only twelve at the time—much younger than the others. His brother had taught him a great deal about baseball, and he was hoping that he could remember everything he had learned. He wanted to be chosen, not for the honor of being catcher, but for the prize, a complete catcher's outfit—chest protector, mask, shin guards, and all the rest. When the umpire handed him the outfit Lee was so happy and proud that he fairly beamed.

Although he was younger and smaller than most of the other players, he put all he had into the game. The spectators smiled as they watched him in the big

catcher's outfit, but it was not long before they were proud of his progress. He developed remarkably well, and in a year or two he was one of the best players on the team.

Lee lived, dreamed, ate, slept, and studied baseball; but he was very restless, especially out of baseball season. Sometimes he took in three movies a day for excitement, then walked the streets with fists rammed down to the bottom of his pockets as he looked for something more interesting to do.

His restlessness made him somewhat of a problem in school too. He lost interest in classes and studying so often that he quit high school three different times. With a little pushing from his parents, however, he would begin again.

When spring and baseball season came once more, Lee seemed to have new life. His restlessness disappeared for a time at least.

When Lee was seventeen he decided to go to the big league training school down

South. He did not dare ask for his mother's permission, because he knew she would not grant it.

One night early that spring he put his suitcase out of the window and silently stole from the house. No one missed him until morning. Needless to say, his parents were worried. They did everything to try to find him, including calling the police. But they had no clue to his whereabouts until he sent them a card when he reached the training school.

Lee was somewhat surprised at the rigorous training the professional players were given. He worked every day until he was almost ready to drop. He had known that the training would be hard, but he was not prepared for the grueling experience that was his.

At night when he went to bed he would pull the covers over his head to say his prayers. He wanted to ask God to help him, for the training was more than he could stand, but he was ashamed to let his companions know that he was a Christian.

Lee held up for a few weeks, but finally he found that he could take it no longer, so early the same summer he decided to go home.

Having to give up professional baseball was a real blow to Lee, for he had dreamed of the time when his name would appear in the sports columns of the nation's newspapers. The air castles he had built lay in ashes and dust at his feet. He had thought of nothing else as a future. What was he to do?

Shortly after he came home he joined a small Protestant church. A few weeks later the church sponsored an oratorical contest. Lee entered, with several other young people, and was overjoyed when he was announced as the winner.

Through this church he learned of a college that gave exceptionally good baseball training along with its regular courses. He could also have a job preaching on Sundays at a small church nearby, for which he would receive eight hundred dollars a year. Still jubilant over his success in the oratorical contest, he decided that this would be just what he wanted.

While Lee was becoming interested in his new church, his mother was studying the Bible doctrines held by Seventh-day Adventists, and at that time evangelistic meetings were being conducted in the small town in which he lived.

One night his mother asked, "Lee, would you like to go to a meeting with me tonight?"

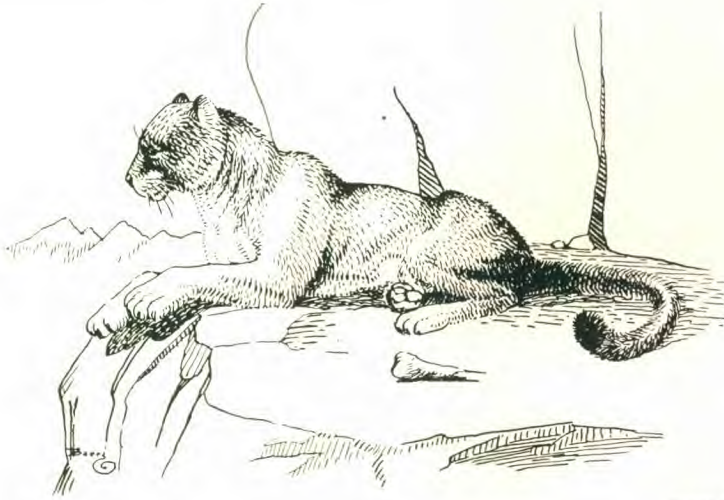
"I don't care about it especially, but as long as I don't have anything else to do, I guess I can. What's it going to be about?"

"I know you'll enjoy it. Be ready by eight o'clock," she answered, avoiding his question.

Lee went that night, and he enjoyed the service so much that he continued to go every Sunday night. About three weeks

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Junior YOUTH



HARRY BAERG, ARTIST

What was that crackling sound in the trees behind him?

Could his imagination be playing tricks on him again?

John and the Panther

By MRS. CLEO SWART

POCKETKNIVES were very rare indeed in the neighborhood where John lived. That was why the one that Uncle Fred sent from back East became his very dearest possession. He had been whittling all afternoon on a piece of soft pine, trying to convert it into a sugar bowl with two handles, like the one high on mother's china shelf. It was finished now almost to perfection, and John sat admiring it, when suddenly he realized that it was getting late and he had not gone after his father's cows.

Father owned the community supply store, and since it was the only store within sixty-eight miles around, he often worked from early morning until late at

night to serve the needs of the cattlemen who came from up and down the valley to buy supplies for their homes and cattle camps. Father also owned a small herd of cattle, which roamed the free range in the narrow valley between the Hondo River and the foothills of the Rockies in central New Mexico.

Usually the cattle would start toward home in the late afternoon, but it was John's chore to see that they were safe in the big corral when darkness fell. Stories had been told in the neighborhood that wild animals would attack and carry away the young calves to satisfy their ravenous appetites.

John dropped the knife and the sugar

bowl to the floor and raced to a small corral where his red cow pony stood patiently waiting for her afternoon run. John's fingers were far more accustomed to the pony's bridle than to the shiny new knife, and in less than a minute he was on her bare back flying away in the breeze.

Usually this was the most enjoyable part of the day for John. He liked the feel of the power between his knees that carried him swiftly to the tinkling cowbells. And then as the herd leisurely found their way home, John would sing lullabies to them as he watched the late afternoon sun slowly sink into the changing colors of the western sky. And when the chore was done there was always mother's supper, a climax fit for a king.

But this evening a foreboding chill ran down John's spine as he remembered his father's admonition to be sure that the cows were in before dark. Already the shadows of the hills were lengthening, until they threatened to engulf the whole valley in darkness. John turned to get a glimpse of the lights already shining in the small village before he rounded a large strip of woodland that would shut off their view. The valley became narrower here, so that there were places where the tall pines came almost up to the mountain wall.

The pony seemed reluctant to run any farther and slowed down to a walk. John's eyes tried to detect in the evening shadows the moving forms of his herd, but five miles of searching revealed nothing. He strained his ears to hear the sound of cowbells, but the hoot of an owl and the far-off cry of a coyote were his only reward.

Surely the cattle could not have gone farther than this, and he had combed the valley this far, unless—yes, there was the watering hole back on the bend of the river. A strip of woodland surrounded this place, and John knew not what lurked in its dark recesses.

But he must find the cattle. What could he tell his father? He turned the pony around and headed for an opening in the forest that was undoubtedly one of the many cattle trails leading to the water hole. Hesitating for only a moment on the edge of the wooded area, he plunged headlong into its shadows. The cracking sticks under the pony's feet seemed to take on distance, as though some wild thing were stalking his trail. He stopped and listened again, but that lonely coyote call seemed almost upon him. He nervously kicked his pony in the flanks, sending her crashing through the brush with so much noise that John held his breath until they came to the water hole with an abrupt stop. There were no cattle in sight, no tinkle of a cowbell to reward his listening ear.

There was but one thing to do. He must take the opposite trail that led out of the woods toward home. He had hoped for the comforting company of the cattle on his return trip, but was now keenly dis-

appointed as well as thoroughly frightened. Evidently his nervous tension was contagious, for the pony started forward of her own accord, and he had to pull with all his strength on the reins to keep her from running too close to the branches that would scrape him instantly from her back. The trees grew so close together and the undergrowth was so thick that the woods resembled a jungle forest.

Was that a crackling sound that he heard in the trees behind him? Or was his imagination playing tricks on him again? No, he really could hear the twigs breaking behind him. There was a distinct crash, and John knew that it was not his imagination, for his pony trembled and lunged forward. There was no holding her now, and yet as frightened as he was, John knew that the first low-hanging branch meant he would be left as prey to the beast that could be distinctly heard lunging from one branch to another in the trees close behind. He could almost feel the claws tearing at his spine.

John had never been taught to pray. His only exposure to any form of religion consisted of a few trips with his mother on very special occasions to the small church on the hill behind his father's store. These

special occasions certainly had no connection with the fear that clutched at his heart now, but for some unknown reason he kept sobbing over and over, "God, keep that animal off my back!"

The pony emerged into a more open space. John gave her the reins and flattened out. He dug his knees into her sides and clutched her mane with both his fists in order to maintain his balance as she glided out into the open pasture. It was then that John recognized his enemy, for the blood-curdling scream of a disappointed panther split the air. But John was safe, for the panther was too much of a coward to follow its prey into the open pasture. However, the pony was not aware of this, and that scream, which resembled that of a woman wild with fear, served to send the pony flying with the speed of the wind to the shelter of her corral.

What a glad sight met John's eyes as the pony came to a halt. There, huddled about their own feeding corral, were his father's cattle. And strangely enough through lips unaccustomed to prayer he uttered a "Thank you, God, for everything!" Then he quickly dismounted and put every animal safe within its shelter before he bounded toward the house.

John's adventure became another story to file away in the memory of the old-timers, and to be told again and again around the campfires of the cattle camps. But John learned a lesson that night. There really was a God, and He answered prayers.

I'm glad the panther didn't get John, for he became my own father. A few years after he married my mother a Bible instructor led them into the Seventh-day Adventist faith. I'm sure that father learned many new and beautiful lessons from that Christian worker, but an old lesson that was burned deep into his conscience that night in the woods prompted him to accept Jesus as his personal Saviour.

Meet Mr. Colporteur of 1952!

From page 6

Well, that proves he can say No! Charles, if you reached the twelve-thousand-dollar mark in deliveries, you doubled the amount necessary to receive the top financial benefits! Did you?

Yes.

Did you go any higher?

Yes.

Charles, you could save me a great deal of time if you would tell me how much you delivered. Did you go as high as thirteen thousand dollars?

Yes.

Fourteen thousand dollars?

Yes.

Fifteen thousand dollars?

Yes.

How much did you deliver?

My deliveries, with God's help, were \$16,400 last year.

Great! That is the largest delivery record in all the Pacific Union. Your wife and children and your conference must be proud of you! I want to tell you that the Pacific Union is proud of you! I wonder what colporteur had the largest deliveries in North America for 1952.

That would be interesting to know.

Here's a telegram. It's from Washington, D.C., and it came after I arrived in San Francisco to attend the youth congress. It is from the Publishing Department of the General Conference. Here is what it says:

"EDDY HOLDS FIRST PLACE REGULAR COLPORTEUR DELIVERIES NORTH AMERICA 1952

[Signed] E. E. FRANKLIN."

Young people of the Americas, meet Mr. Colporteur of 1952, Charles Eddy! Charles, what an honor it is to have the top colporteur in deliveries in the whole of North America at this Pan-American Youth Congress! Do you have something on your heart you'd like to tell this large, fine group of Seventh-day Adventist young people?

Yes, I have, Pastor Sutton. I consider it

In a Texas Pasture

By HELENE SUCHÉ WOLLSCHLAEGER

On special days, when morning chores are done,
A walk with my two goats is really fun.
We wander through the pasture, just we three,
They feed at almost every bush and tree.
"Come, Jenny, come, and Blondie too," I call,
"For here's a fine oak sapling, straight and tall."
I bend it down; they munch the leaves with zest.
Can live oak be the plant they like the best?
The devil's elbow flings its branches wide;
I grasp a spray; both goats bound to my side.
Of dainty green the elbow soon is bare,
But there's another tidbit over there,
For briars too taste good when they are young,
Their tiny thorns too soft to pierce the tongue.
That hackberry is waving at the sky,
And holding up his goodies much too high.
We stretch and strain and catch a twig at last.
The tasty morsel disappears so fast!
And there's a tree among whose branches twine
The tendrils of the grape—that luscious vine
Which hangs so tempting out of reach. But, no!
Look! Here's a branch that's hanging down quite low.
The juicy leaves and tendrils soon are gone.
Though with my goats I'd love to ramble on,
This ends the walk. It's time for me to go;
But who enjoyed it most, I do not know.

a real honor to hold first place in deliveries in North America. It may appear that our work in canvassing deals largely with dollars and cents. Our slogan in northern California in '52 was "Sell to Save." That, and that alone, Pastor Sutton, is our purpose for being colporteurs, and not to sell books to make a living.

Our true reward is not the honor of having the highest delivery of literature, but in souls won. I am happy to report one baptism. Within a few weeks there should be at least three more baptisms. I know of about thirty receiving studies weekly. My wife and I conduct one study each week ourselves. The others are being given by the three district pastors in our area and their respective laymen, most of whom are young people. Also I have signed up in the past eighteen months about seven hundred persons for the Voice of Prophecy Bible Correspondence Course.

If we faithfully sell our books, God will look after them. We need not worry. In the new earth there will be time to see the results of the colporteur ministry, which, I am sure, will be an abundance of souls.

Thank you, Charles. May God bless you in your colporteur ministry.

Baseball or Christian Service

From page 14

later his mother asked him whether he would like to take Bible studies from the minister.

"I think I would," said Lee. "He's brought up some interesting subjects, and I have some questions I'd like to ask him."

Thus it was arranged for the Seventh-day Adventist minister to call at Lee's home each Sunday afternoon for the next several months. As the studies progressed Lee's interest grew, and he studied his Bible diligently. By October he was ready for baptism.

He went to work as soon as possible to

earn money to go to an Adventist college the following fall. He knew it would be almost impossible to save enough money from his regular wages, so he thought of a scheme whereby he could earn extra money.

On the back of his father's property

Believe It or Not

but a New York State Senator has advised brewers to rid their television commercials of barmaids and teen-age "bar-flies," if they want to avoid compulsory legislation.

Senator Thomas C. Desmond, Newburgh Republican, proposes that brewers voluntarily submit TV commercials to the State liquor authority.

"In this way," he said, "misleading, fake, obscene, and indecent advertising can be screened out. If they refuse to cooperate, and the brewers fail to police themselves, there will be no recourse but compulsory legislation."

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG.

were two acres of land that had never been cleared and cultivated. Lee asked whether he might use this land to raise potatoes. He worked two or three hours both before he left for work each day and after he arrived home. On Sundays the people from the church came to help him, until the land was finally cleared and ready for planting.

Lee invested thirty dollars in the best seed potatoes he could buy and faithfully cared for his field all summer.

At length harvesttime came. He went

out one evening to begin digging his potatoes. He dug the first hill, and was disappointed to find potatoes a little larger than marbles. He hoped for better luck at the next hill, but they were no bigger. By the time he had dug one row he was completely discouraged. When the entire crop had been dug, Lee had twenty bushels of little marbles.

His disappointment was keen. He had done his part except for planting them a little late, but God had not done His, for there had been very little rain that summer. He found this very hard to understand, since he had undertaken this project to earn money to obtain a Christian education.

After the potato crop failed he tried raising both calves and sheep. Because of the high cost of feed and disease among the sheep, he made little profit on either venture.

He was almost ready to say that he would not go to college, but he could not help in the Lord's work unless he had an education and training. School was to begin soon, and the only other thing he could do was to sell his car. That he did, and received \$150 for it. That, with the little he had been able to save from his earnings, was all the money he had to finance his entire college education.

Lee was so happy to be in college that the difficulties he met that first year did not worry him too much. He found that he had to make up some deficiencies in his high school work, and since he had to work twenty-five or thirty hours a week he was able to take only a little college work that first year. Because of this and lack of financial help, it was necessary for Lee to spend five years in college.

He often had cause to wonder whether he was doing the wise thing. At times he wanted to forget about college when the struggle became tough. At the end of his second year he married, and his financial responsibility was even greater to carry, but he worked hard and was happier than

Silvermane, the Timber Wolf, No. 9 - By Harry Baerg

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1. The bears were having so little success and so much trouble that they decided to leave the wolves alone. They ran back through the water without even coming near the wolf den.



2. The young cubs grew rapidly and had a happy time running in and out of the fox burrows and playing with each other. Every day they ate more and more meat. Silvermane needed help.



3. Then a pair of wolves, whose young had been killed by a trapper, joined them and helped feed the young. The new she-wolf sometimes stayed with the cubs so their mother could hunt.



4. When the cubs were barely two months old, but half as tall as their parents, the whole family left the den. There were eleven wolves now as they moved closer to the great caribou herd.

he had ever been. He had pledged himself to a life of service in God's work, and he was determined to do all in his power to reach his goal.

Since Lee's graduation from college, he has been a dean of boys and an academy principal. His life testifies to the fact that a life of service in God's work is a life of happiness. His cheerful optimism has helped many a student persevere in obtaining his education when he has become discouraged.

Lee is sincerely glad that he gave up baseball in a professional way, for the heroes of that game are soon forgotten, but the heroes of the cross will be known throughout eternity.

As I Knew Him

From page 8

leaves. Late October always meant burning leaves, and then Halloween time. Usually daddy helped me to give a Halloween party, or else he would plan some other outing for the day.

The last season, winter, was my favorite

I believe, for then daddy and I would take a crowd of youngsters with us and go to the country for ice skating or tobogganing. After an afternoon of play daddy would build a fire and make a hot drink. Then we would eat the lunch we had brought from home and have a fine picnic in the snow. These were a few of the many good times we enjoyed together and the things that I miss most now.

Since I am an only child, my parents felt that I should not be reared alone; so they took two nieces and a nephew to live in our home and attend school. Daddy provided these three cousins with work, so they could earn their schooling and attend an academy nearby. My parents also gave them free room and board in our home for as long as they wished to stay. This was only one of daddy and mother's many kindnesses to some of my cousins who needed an education.

My father was stricken suddenly with a heart attack on my twelfth birthday in August, 1944. He spent long weeks in bed, and I stayed home from school and helped to care for him. Out of bed only a few days, he was again stricken and rushed to a hospital, where he passed away three days later. His full and happy life had

abruptly closed, leaving an empty place in our home and life. However, his principles of character, honesty, truthfulness, and fair dealing will never die in the hearts of his family. Only God knows the reason for our loss, but we know that someday all will be made plain in the better land.

The sunset faded to a rosy glow along the western horizon, bringing promise and hope for a bright day to follow. It was a symbol of daddy's hope, and ours, of a soon-coming Saviour, and an eternity to spend in God's brighter tomorrow.

Stephen Foster Memorial

From page 11

the campfire. If I looked carefully, I could see the flames flickering and the wistful expressions upon the faces of these travelers as they journeyed, far from home.

"Old Black Joe" came next. In this picture I saw Joe, too old to work any more, slowly walking around the old plantation, leaning on his stick. Joe was a faithful slave. He worked for the family of the young woman whom Stephen Foster later married. When Stephen was courting Jane McDowell, it was Joe who, with much ceremony, admitted him to the mansion, announced his arrival, and presented his bouquets to the young lady. Legend has it that Foster told Old Black Joe that he was going to write a song about him sometime. And he did, indeed, although poor Joe died before the song was finished.

And now I came to the diorama of "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair." Someone was playing a piano, and I saw Jeanie dimly in a far corner of the room. Who she really was, no one seems to know; but her hair must have been lovely, for Stephen Foster wrote such a lovely song about it.

The eighth and last diorama in the museum as I saw it concerned "Old Dog Tray." Tray was a setter, given to Foster by a friend. Part of the song was written, then Foster forgot about it, thinking it would not be good enough to publish. But later on he finished it, and it became popular. In this illustration the dog was lying at Foster's feet by the fireside, looking up into his master's face. As I watched closely, I could see the dog's tail wag slowly—just a little. Even the coals of the fire glowed forth cozily now and then.

You would have enjoyed seeing a piano in the music room of the delightful museum. This instrument was used in 1850 in the Philadelphia Opera House to accompany the famous Jenny Lind, who was called the Swedish Nightingale. So the piano is well over a hundred years old. We saw where Jenny Lind had written her name on the piano, although the signature is barely discernible.

I also learned a little geography while

A Rose by Any Other Name

By LOIS M. PARKER

Biblical characters sometimes had their names changed. Pick out the one name in each list that does not belong to the same person.

1. Hadassah, Haradah, Esther.
2. Belshazzar, Belteshazzar, Daniel.
3. Mattaniah, Zedekiah, Zechariah.
4. Azariah, Abednego, Adaiiah.
5. Jaroah, Raguel, Jethro, Reuel.
6. Mishael, Manohah, Meshach.
7. Elath, Edom, Esau.
8. Simon, Peter, Simeon.

Hymns and Bible Verses

By LOIS M. PARKER

Each of these questions may be answered by a Bible verse and also by one of our well-loved hymns. How many can you answer both ways?

1. Someone is being called to help with the harvest. Who?
2. We should follow what great pattern and example?
3. In what name is our trust?
4. What does Jesus give us which is not as the world gives?
5. If you faithfully do the Lord's work in this life, what would you expect to receive, and with what desirable ornaments?
6. Since "all we like sheep have gone astray," to whom do we appeal for leadership?
7. Who is the only Person to whom we may come for relief from a burden of sin?
8. Where is your name written, that you have reason to rejoice?

Keys on page 23



A Number Puzzle

By NELLIE M. BUTLER

In each of these squares place a number, so that when they are added in any direction, the total is the number of days Paul abode with Peter. One is the number of oceans God made when He created the earth. Another is the number of fishes a lad brought to Jesus. Another is the number of barley loaves he brought with the fishes. Another is the number of days of creation of heaven and earth. Another is the number of daughters of Job before his affliction. Another is the number of unthankful lepers Jesus healed. Another is the little things on earth that Solomon said "are exceeding wise." Another is the number of plagues mentioned in Revelation 16. The last is the number of the chapter in Romans where it says, "All things work together for good to them that love God."

at the Stephen Foster Memorial Park. Though the Suwannee River rises in Georgia, for most of its length it flows in Florida, and runs into the Gulf of Mexico. Foster, when he wrote the song, shortened the name to Swanee.

Stephen Foster, like many another great man, did not live long enough to find himself famous; but he is now known as the American Troubadour. He would listen to the slaves who came up the Mississippi River in the cargo boats, and he learned to love them and their dialect, and also their heartfelt songs.

This gifted song writer died in New York City on January 13, 1864, only thirty-seven years old. He had written some two hundred songs, many of which for a hundred years have been known and loved

all around the world. Among his effects was found a little piece of paper on which were written just a few words, "Dear friends and gentle hearts." Was that the beginning of another beautiful song that he intended to write? another beautiful melody to live long in the memory of millions?

Career Clinic

From page 5

To the amazement of the assembly Mr. Hadley repeated the verse, although he did not know that he would be asked. He had memorized the memory verses for the past eight years while plowing or driving

a tractor, and could spot them—an enviable record. How about the hours spent riding streetcars and waiting? How do we use our time, a talent!

Another panel member, Dr. Halstead, mentioned the great need in the field of science for research workers and those skilled in basic sciences, such as laboratory technicians, X-ray technicians, pharmacists, bacteriologists—those on the B.C. degree level who may interpret medical terms to the average layman. Scientists also have hearts, and many straight-thinking Christian gentlemen may be reached by Adventist technicians who rub shoulders with them day by day.

Cleone Simmerman finds real satisfaction in her office contacts while working for two S.D.A. doctors near the Mexican



Conducted by
ROLAND A. FRANKLIN

Elizabethan Stamps

TO THE present-day collector stamps portraying Elizabeth II, queen of the British Commonwealth of Nations, are among the first in interest, beauty, and desirability. When stamps were first issued more than one hundred years ago, Victoria was queen of the vast British Empire and stamps were issued from many, many islands and countries and independencies that today are nonexistent so far as stamps are concerned.

The early stamps are among the most beautiful engravings, and some are known simply as classics. The queenly stamps of today have made best possible use of engraving as well as other reproduction processes, such as lithograph and rotogravure. The Elizabethan stamps already have made some important high marks in philately. The Stamp Corner predicts that many collectors will be specializing in Elizabethan stamps and that album manufacturers and stamp dealers will cater to this special field.

There will be at least two major methods of collecting stamps of Elizabeth. The first way will be to collect them all and mount them chronologically as they were issued. The second method will be to separate into three groups the stamps portraying Elizabeth: (1) Elizabeth as princess and alone, (2) Elizabeth as princess but with someone else, (3) Elizabeth as queen.

Of the stamps showing Elizabeth as princess, even when a child, the best and majority come from such places as Aus-

tralia, Canada, Malta, Newfoundland, New Zealand, and Southern Rhodesia. There are others of course, and the collector who has the most fun will be the collector who seeks them all. Some stamps that will be sought for a collection of this nature were issued more than fifteen years

ago, but are still not so expensive but that everyone might have a copy or two. How fascinating it is to watch the growth of a queen from childhood, yet never be obliged to venture far from your stamp collection.

The Elizabethan stamps will probably be the most beautiful stamps yet issued by the British Commonwealth of Nations, because every advantage will be taken of the most modern and efficient printing processes. The pictorial idea that was just beginning to be practiced on a large scale in the days of King George V will no doubt have an even larger use in the future.

The nations of the world have discovered that, aside from being useful in carrying mail to and fro, stamps are wonderful gleaners of funds for various purposes. A new issue of stamps from the right place at the right time and having proper eye appeal is able to finance almost any project. The thought will come to many: Is it wiser to collect the Elizabethan stamps used or unused? We cannot be a guide for this if your conscience is involved. As far as investment is concerned we doubt that any of the regular stamps (other than short-lived commemorative issues) will ever rise enough to bring a worth-while profit. Except for rare cases the only profits made will be made by the governments issuing the stamps and the stamp dealers who distribute them. Unless you can actually use on letters all the stamps you buy today, it does not seem advisable to speculate by storing away large quantities of unused stamps of any country.

Many collectors protect their pocket-books by limiting their purchases of new stamps to the shilling value or under. Some go as far as the five-shilling value. Truthfully though, it is quite seldom anyone has any real need for a ten- or twenty-shilling stamp.

To sum up the matter, there are two ways to protect yourself from philatelic inflation. The first is to limit the quantity of new stamps you purchase to a single or a block of four or whatever you can neatly mount in your album arrangements. The second is to purchase only those stamps that you could conveniently use on your personal mail if you someday wanted to get rid of your unused stamps for one reason or another. In the United States stamp issues you might set your mark at one dollar or under, and in the British issues, half crown or crown.



ago, but are still not so expensive but that everyone might have a copy or two. How fascinating it is to watch the growth of a queen from childhood, yet never be obliged to venture far from your stamp collection.

The Elizabethan stamps will probably be the most beautiful stamps yet issued by the British Commonwealth of Nations, because every advantage will be taken of the

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border. Lorene Alcorn, secretary in the Capital Federal and Loan Association of Denver, Colorado, feels that she has daily opportunity to share her faith both at work and as she commutes from her home in Boulder. Joan Gosse finds real pleasure in her work as secretary to the president at the Institute for the Blind in St. John's, Newfoundland. She reads the mail to the president, and has her Bible on hand if questions arise at work.

Mrs. Rittenhouse, panel member, stated that the word *career* is often construed to mean a self-seeking life. The world's great must be met and sought out with the message, and those skilled in the fine arts such as music have a wonderful opportunity. Great inspiration comes with the teaching of music. There is an open field for hymn writers among our people.

It has been found that most of the inmates of our great prisons have no good musical training. One music teacher said, "Teach a boy to blow a horn, and he'll never blow a safe."

David was the poet laureate of his day; and Moses, Joseph, and Daniel were in the courts of the kings. Their influence was tremendous.

Other young people interviewed briefly were Doris Burton, telephone operator; Milton Mende, truck driver; Alvin Becker and Teddy Tubbs, agriculturists; Louis N. Wolfkill, mathematician; Lee Gates, Jr., president and treasurer of Gates and Sons Co.; and Chester O. Jennings, carpenter.

Lillian Erich, social worker in San Bernardino, California, finds great satisfaction in comforting the aged she visits in regard to pensions.

Each person interviewed felt that there is a wide field of service and that there are

opportunities unlimited to witness for "Christ Above All."

Finally Mr. Heubach suggested that the field for service in the humanities is immense. Our own schools and denominational work must have priority, but our young people should face the future with a purpose to mingle with the world and yet not become of the world.

Our work in the earth will be finished by every layman making his day-by-day ministry another adventure in sharing his faith. We must not be religious isolationists, but share, share, share.

MV Youth in Action

From page 7

Conference-wide Youth Congress

By Oma Gentry

That special day finally arrived, and La Sierra College Hall was filled with the youth, their parents, and friends from all parts of the conference. Everyone wanted to be there, for this was the Sabbath afternoon of the Southeastern California Conference-wide Youth Congress, and Andrew C. Fearing was to speak.

The meeting theme, "Christ for Me," became the desire of each heart as we listened to the inspiring youth message of Pastor Fearing, president of the Nevada-Utah Conference. He challenged the youth to prove that the happy way of life is the Christian life; the noble and true way of life is the Christian life; and the dramatic,

thrilling, satisfying way of life is the Christian life. He made positive Christianity real and the thing to be most desired.

Hundreds stood in response to his call for renewed consecration to be true to the MV Legion of Honor covenant; to live the radiant, victorious life; and to follow the Master all the way.

Other features of the afternoon were special musical numbers by the La Sierra College Band, the Triple Trumpeteers, and the La Sierra Brass Choir, and the Challenge of Youth male quartet. An inspiring singspiration was directed by W. M. Adams, Jr. Other activities of the program were conducted by Charles Martin, conference MV leader, and Harry Garlick, assistant War Service Commission secretary. The thrilling story of his conversion on the battlefield in Korea was told by an ex-sergeant, Dick Sessums.

Actual proof was given by J. R. Nelson, Pacific Union youth leader, that the youth in southeastern California are sharing their faith with others. He interviewed one young man who briefly told of his conversion a little more than a year ago. He in turn introduced a young man with whom he had been sharing his faith and who is now a church member. This new member presented his trophy, another young man who has recently been baptized. This third young man told of the studies he is giving, and he hopes soon to have yet another youth ready for baptism.

As this inspiring youth congress closed, hundreds of youth left for their homes with a deep desire to be faithful to the standards of the church and help other youth be prepared for the soon-coming Saviour.



Senior Youth Lesson

X—Service Through the Blood

(September 5)

MEMORY VERSE: Hebrews 9:14.
LESSON HELPS: *Ministry of Healing*, pp. 161-169; 500-502; *Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 402-404; 282, 283 (new ed., pp. 410-413; 284, 285).

Daily Study Assignment

1. Survey the entire lesson.
2. Ques. 1-3 and notes.
3. Ques. 4-7 and notes.
4. Ques. 8-10 and notes.
5. Ques. 11-13; read *Ministry of Healing*, pp. 500-502.
6. Read *Ministry of Healing*, pp. 161-169; *Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 402-404, 282, 283.
7. Review entire lesson.

Priests of God

1. To what position has the Lord called us? What is the purpose of our being called to this high position? 1 Peter 2:9.

NOTE.—In every activity of life the Christian is to show forth the praises of Him who has

called us out of darkness into His marvelous light.

2. What high standard was set before the priests of God in ancient times? Lev. 10:3; Isa. 53:11.

NOTE.—The priests in ancient times had to be clean men, men wholly dedicated to the service of God. God expects no less of His followers today. "Touch no unclean thing." God wants His people to leave unclean things alone, whether it be in eating, in reading, in thoughts, in conversation, or in life.—M. L. ANDREASEN, *Isaiah, the Gospel Prophet*, vol. 2, p. 79.

3. Through what is this experience of cleansing or sanctification made possible for us? Heb. 10:10.

4. What are those who have been sanctified through the blood of Jesus invited to do? Verses 19, 22, 23.

NOTE.—Because of the sacrifice of Jesus, we may come into the presence of God with "full assurance of faith" that we shall be cleansed and stand justified in His sight.

Paths of Service

5. When we have experienced the blessing of cleansing, what does God expect of us? Heb. 9:14.

NOTE.—"To serve." God's work in the soul has a definite end in view. Our lives, our consciences, are purged that we may serve. To have our sins forgiven that we may have a clear conscience is not an end in itself, wonderful though that is. We are saved to serve, purged to serve.—*The Book of Hebrews*, p. 351.

6. Who does the Lord say will enter into the kingdom? How may we receive His divine blessing? Matt. 25:34-40; 24:46. (See Isa. 58:7, 8.)

NOTE.—"Those who realize, even in a limited degree, what redemption means to them and to

their fellow men, will walk by faith and will comprehend in some measure the vast needs of humanity. Their hearts will be moved to compassion as they see the widespread destitution in our world—the destitution of the multitudes who are suffering for food and clothing, and the moral destitution of thousands who are under the shadow of a terrible doom, in comparison with which physical suffering fades into nothingness.”—*Testimonies*, vol. 9, p. 47.

7. Who is our neighbor, and what is our responsibility to him? Luke 10:29-37.

8. If we are to follow in the steps of the Master, what will be the nature of our work? Matt. 11:5.

NOTE.—“We need not go to Nazareth, to Capernaum, or to Bethany, in order to walk in the steps of Jesus. We shall find His footprints beside the sick-bed, in the hovels of poverty, in the crowded alleys of the great cities, and in every place where there are human hearts in need of consolation.”—*Ministry of Healing*, pp. 105, 106.

9. What kind of prayer avails with God? For whom should we pray? James 5:16, 14, 15; Eph. 6:18; 1 Tim. 2:1, 2.

NOTE.—“Why do not believers feel a deeper, more earnest concern for those who are out of Christ? Why do not two or three meet together and plead with God for the salvation of some special one, and then for still another? . . . Let them seek to gather souls from the corruption of the world into the saving purity of Christ’s love.”—*Testimonies*, vol. 7, p. 21.

10. What outstanding examples of intercessory prayer are given in the Bible? Ex. 32:31, 32; Gen. 18:23-32; John 17:9, 15, 17, 20, 31.

11. What assurance does Jesus give that our prayers will be answered? Matt. 7:7; 21:22; John 14:13.

Reward of Faithful Service

12. What reward is promised to faithful servants? Matt. 25:21.

13. Of how small a service does the Lord take notice? Who will repay such kindness? Matt. 10:42; Prov. 19:17.

Junior-YOUTH LESSON

X—How the Consecration of the Priests Taught of Christ

(September 5)

LESSON TEXTS: Leviticus 8:6-12, 22-24; Hebrews 4:14-16.

MEMORY VERSE: “Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession.” Hebrews 4:14.

Guiding Thought

The tabernacle in the wilderness had been built exactly to the instructions God had given through Moses. It stood in the middle of the camp in all its beauty and dignity. But as yet there was no one appointed to lead in the services and officiate at the sacrifices, to help people understand God and the way of salvation. Moses, as God’s representative, was told to take his brother Aaron and his sons and prepare them for this work. For seven days this work of preparation went on, while men, women, and children looked on in awe and wonder. There were many lessons taught by these ceremonies that illustrate what was done to Jesus, our High Priest, and also what He does for those who are called to be priests with Him. First Moses washed Aaron. Aaron could not do this for himself. This washing showed that we cannot cleanse ourselves from sin, that Christ alone can do this for us. Then he clothed Aaron, to show that only Christ can clothe us with the garments of righteousness. He anointed him with special anointing oil—symbol of the Holy Spirit—and filled his hands with life-giving bread to show that we, who also are “an holy priesthood,” when consecrated to God and His service, must have our hands filled with the bread of heaven to feed others.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts and the guiding thought.

AUGUST 25, 1953

ASSIGNMENT 2

Called to Be Priests

1. God’s first plan was for every home to be a complete unit, not only a home, but also a school; and more than that, a church, with the father of the family as priest. But when the children of Israel were being organized into a nation God called one tribe for the sacred duties of the priesthood. Who was the head of this tribe? Ex. 28:1.

NOTE.—“By divine direction the tribe of Levi was set apart for the service of the sanctuary. . . . The priesthood, however, was restricted to the family of Aaron.”—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 350. Christ is our high priest, but all who believe on Him and help Him “build the old wastes” and “repair the waste cities” are “named the Priests of the Lord” and “Ministers of our God.” Isa. 61:4, 6.

2. Was the office of priesthood something that a man could choose? Heb. 5:4.

ASSIGNMENT 3

Dressed in the Priest’s Garments

3. Moses, as God’s representative, was to consecrate Aaron and his sons to the work of the priesthood. What was the first step in this important ceremony of consecration? Lev. 8:6.

NOTE.—This washing of the priest by God’s representative was to show that the priest must always be cleansed from sins before he can help others. It also showed that no man can cleanse himself from his sins, but must allow Jesus to do it for him. Even Jesus, our High Priest, was baptized before He entered His ministry, setting us an example that we must be cleansed in the waters of baptism.

4. The next step was to put on Aaron and his sons the beautiful garments especially designed by God for the high priest. What were these garments? Verses 7, 13.

NOTE.—“By those beautiful official garments was represented the character of the great antitype, Jesus Christ. Nothing but perfection, in dress and attitude, in word and spirit, could be acceptable to God.”—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 709.

5. What completed the attire of the high priest? Verses 8, 9.

NOTE.—“Over the ephod was the breastplate, the most sacred of the priestly vestments. This was of the same material as the ephod. It was in the form of a square, measuring a span, and was suspended from the shoulders by a cord of blue from golden rings. The border was formed of a variety of precious stones, the same that form the twelve foundations of the city of God. Within the border were twelve stones set in gold, arranged in rows of four, and, like those in the shoulder-pieces, engraved with the names of the tribes. The Lord’s direction was, ‘Aaron shall bear the names of the children of Israel in the breastplate of judgment upon his heart, when he goeth in unto the holy place, for a memorial before the Lord continually.’ So Christ, the great high priest, pleading His blood before the Father in the sinner’s behalf, bears upon His heart the name of every repentant, believing soul.”—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 351.

ASSIGNMENT 4

The Anointing

6. After Aaron had been clothed in the beautiful garments of the priesthood, what did Moses do to him and to the tabernacle? Verses 10-12.

NOTE.—A special oil, used only for anointing things that belonged to the Lord’s sanctuary, was used. Oil is a symbol of the Holy Spirit.

7. What name did Andrew give to Christ? And how does that name show that He was consecrated by His Father to the priesthood? John 1:41.

NOTE.—The name Messiah means “anointed.” Jesus was anointed for His ministry when the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove descended on Him after His baptism.

ASSIGNMENT 5

Dedicated With Blood

8. To conclude the dedication, three sacrifices were made. A bullock was offered for a sin offering, and a ram for a burnt offering. Then another ram, called the ram of consecration, was brought to the scene. What did Moses do with the blood of this ram? Lev. 8:22-24.

NOTE.—Touching the ear of the priest with the blood showed that his ear was to be consecrated to hearing the messages of God for His people, the touching of his thumb, that he must work in the Lord’s service, the touching

of his feet with the blood, that he must walk in His way.

9. As part of the ceremony, what did Moses put in the hands of the newly consecrated priests? Verses 26, 27.

NOTE.—In the margin of Exodus 28:41 we read for the word “consecrate” the alternate phrase “fill their hand.” The one who is truly consecrated fills his hands with things to do for God.

ASSIGNMENT 6

A Holy Priesthood

10. In the epistle to the Hebrews it is stated that even the priests were human, “compassed with infirmity,” and had to make sin offerings for their own sins before they could help others. Who, however, is a priest without sin? Heb. 4:14, 15.

11. The priests of Israel were the ones who helped people obtain forgiveness for their sins. They stood between the people and God. How does Jesus, the High Priest, help us today? Heb. 7:25.

NOTE.—“While Jesus ministers in the sanctuary above, He is still by His Spirit the minister of the church on earth.”—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 166.

12. As members of the Second Advent Movement, what are we called to be? 1 Peter 2:5, 9.

NOTE.—“Christ has called you to be His followers, to imitate His life of self-sacrifice and self-denial, to be interested in the great work of the redemption of the fallen race.”—*Testimonies*, vol. 2, p. 169.

ASSIGNMENT 7

Reading from one letter to the left or right, above or below, find the names of the parts of the priests’ garments and the parts of the sacrifices connected with the consecration.

R	G	E	C	T
A	M	I	T	R
O	D	R	L	U
H	L	O	L	B
P	E	C	K	R
T	A	L	P	T

coat girdle ephod robe mitre bullock
ram bread breastplate

KEY

Wit Sharpeners

A NUMBER PUZZLE

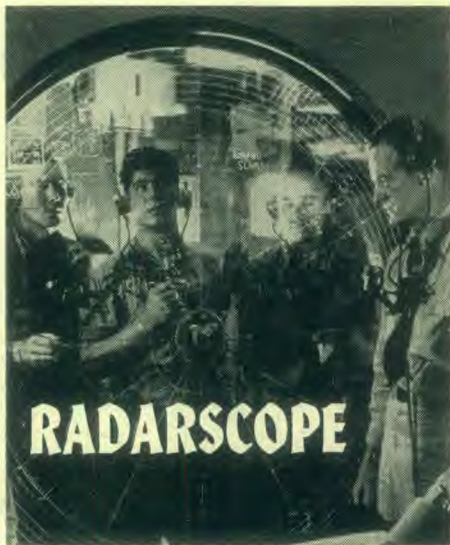
6	7	2
1	5	9
8	3	4

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

1. Haradah. 2. Belshazzar. 3. Zechariah. 4. Adaiah. 5. Jaroah. 6. Manoah. 7. Elath. 8. Simeon.

HYMNS AND BIBLE VERSES

1. “Where Are the Reapers?” Luke 10:2; John 4:35. 2. “I Would Be Like Jesus”; John 13:15. 3. “Take the Name of Jesus With You”; Matt. 12:21. 4. “Sweet Peace, the Gift of God’s Love”; John 14:27. 5. “Will There Be Any Stars?” Rev. 2:10. 6. “Saviour, Like a Shepherd”; John 10:14. 7. “Jesus, I Come”; Matt. 11:28. 8. “Lord, I Care Not for Riches”; Luke 10:20.



► A MOTORIZED wheel chair operated by pressing buttons is being manufactured for needy, disabled persons.

► MELBOURNE, 117-year-old capital of Victoria, is regarded as the financial center of Australia. It has a population of nearly 1.5 million.

► THE South Asian country of Nepal, hidden largely in the Himalayan Mountains, has sought the aid of India's Survey Office to make a giant ground and air survey of the country's uncharted wilderness dotted with mountain ranges.

► WHILE Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, U.S.N., Ret., is waiting to make another trip to the South Pole region "if world conditions permit," he is busy supervising studies on the nutritional value of high-protein bread. These studies are being made for the frozen products division of Arnold Bakers, Inc. Admiral Byrd is in charge of the division as vice-president.

► THE cork tree is an evergreen member of the oak family found originally in countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea. Cork oak seedlings are being distributed widely in 23 Southern States in America, from the Eastern seaboard to the Pacific Ocean. The program, sponsored by a Baltimore manufacturer of cork products, will not pay for itself for many years. It takes 20 years from planting to first stripping of the cork tree, and 40 years before the bark is of good quality.

► FROM 1899, when a horseless carriage in New York struck down the first known motor vehicle traffic victim, until the 1930's the pedestrian problem has been a growing traffic concern in large cities. Pedestrian traffic deaths reached a peak of 15,500 in the United States in 1937. Since then, however, laws and educational programs have helped to cut the toll down to 8,600 in 1952. According to the National Geographic Society, nearly a score of the country's largest cities have made crossing against traffic signals a punishable offense. Detroit policemen last year made some 35,000 arrests for jaywalking—careless street crossing either against traffic signals or at random in mid-block.

► OCCUPATIONAL therapists at Children's Rehabilitation Institute at Cockeysville, Maryland, were often saddened to see the small toys that handicapped children were playing with roll away from them when they were trying so hard to learn to grasp and manipulate them. The children, sufferers from cerebral palsy, would develop frustrations that even blocked their desire to learn. The outlook was discouraging until one of the staff hit on the idea of magnetizing the toys and other small objects, so that they would not fall off the metal-topped tables the children work at.

► New insecticides will probably soon be on the market containing a compound called malathon. Experiments conducted so far by the American Cyanamide Company indicate that flies that have become resistant to DDT, and other well-known insecticides, will probably not become resistant to malathon, even after a long period of use. This compound has been proved a killer of a wide range of farm and garden pests including aphids, mites, and scales.

► BLUES and greens are now by far the most popular automobile colors in the United States. Black, the dominant color throughout the first 50 years of the industry, is now seen on only one car in eight. The reason for this is not that people's preferences have changed, but rather that bright-colored enamels are now available that will not fade readily.

► THE Eiffel Tower, which serves the French TV industry and weather bureau, and also serves as a radio station and aircraft beacon, is expected to have its twenty-five millionth visitor this year. King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, was the first visitor in 1889.

► A HANDY wetsponge mop with a built-in squeezer is being marketed in Australia. It wets mops, dust mops, waxes, cleans windows, soaks up spills and stains, cleans screens, and can also be used for cleaning automobiles.

► A BEGINNING in the motor industry is being made in South Africa by the manufacturer of a five-horsepower, three-wheeled car, the E.D.C. Dart. It is expected to sell for about \$750.

► THE people in flood-ravaged districts of the Netherlands expect to receive in a year 200 prefabricated homes from the Norwegian Red Cross.

► FEWER than 150 hospitals existed in the United States as late as 1870, and they were chiefly confined to the Eastern seaboard.

► FROM 70 to 80 million board feet of lumber is required each year for the production of matches.

► WHEN train whistles were prohibited in Corpus Christi, Texas, train-car collisions increased 50 per cent, according to *Science News Letter*.

► AMERICAN women are becoming more educated than American men. Studies by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company have revealed that in 1950 women 25 years old and above had on the average 9.6 years of schooling compared with 9 years for the men.

► THE Gold Coast, a British West African colony that may soon attain full independence, has one of the world's richest deposits of bauxite. Engineers say that it will produce 210,000 tons of aluminum annually. Electricity to convert the ore will come from a dam that is to be thrown across the Volta River near Ajena.

► KATMAI NATIONAL MONUMENT, 2,697,590 acres of virgin wilderness on Alaska Peninsula in the south of the Territory, is the largest of America's national monuments. It is named for Mount Katmai, which erupted during June, 1912, in what may have been the most tremendous volcanic eruption in history. The National Geographic Society reports that the noise was heard 750 miles away, and volcanic ash settled on villages as far away as 100 miles from the mountain.

► ONE of the largest and most destructive eagles in the world is the wedge-tailed eagle of Australia. Sheep ranches in New South Wales have suffered considerable damage because of their plundering, and rifles fired from the ground have proved ineffective. Now an expensive but more effective method of combating the wedge-tailed eagle has been found by an enterprising farmer who engaged one of the best marksmen in the district and sent him aloft with a shotgun to hunt eagles from the air.

► PROOF of the Bible's ageless writing quality was given recently when one of America's top-flight advertising vice-presidents puzzled many of his competitors with the word *ineffable*. The trade's magazine, *Advertising Age*, noted the word in his advertisement and conducted a survey of leading advertising executives to see how many could define the word correctly. Not one gave the correct definition. The executive who used the word said that he had found it in a hymn taken from Psalms 104, had liked it, and had used it to give his advertisement more luster.

Focus

By HERB FORD

Some say the Bible is not a book of intellect.

This, however, seems without basis when modern examples of its ageless knowledge and influence continue to occur. In education, science, and business men now laud the definitive nature of the Sacred Scriptures.

The advertising directors of America have been made aware of the Bible's value as a guide even in secular advertising, and men in executive positions in Government and private enterprise alike now use the Scriptures as one of their first texts.

Though it has enveloped itself in complexity almost beyond description, the modern world still recognizes the timeless intellect of the Book of books.