

The *Youth's* INSTRUCTOR



APRIL 12, 1955

Seed Catalogs

Meet the Author

Bible Lesson for April 23



T. K. MARTIN

A Banner to Display

"At a certain battle, when one of the regiments of the attacking force was being beaten back by the hordes of the enemy, the ensign in front stood his ground as the troops retreated. The captain shouted to him to bring back the colors, but the reply of the ensign was, 'Bring the men up to the colors!'"¹ The author who quoted this incident also wrote, "This is not a time to haul down our colors, to be ashamed of our faith."² Her words echo the psalmist, "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."³

According to the speaker's story to the men in worship, he had been attending a convention of barbers. Among the items of business was one concerning a Sunday-closing measure. Just what arguments had been set forth in its favor I do not remember, but when the vote was taken on the measure, it was next to unanimous. I say "next to" because he reported that of nearly five hundred men who voted that day, only one dared to stand in opposition!

We hold this truth: it is sometimes necessary to stand for your colors when you aren't among strangers, but among your own kind. Take Sabbath conversation—have you courage to say, "Let's change the subject" when it crosses the border into secular affairs? Take the TV set—have you courage to say, "Let's try for something else" when it crosses the border of Philippians 4:8? Take reading—have you the courage to quote, "Even fiction which contains no suggestion of impurity, and which may be intended to teach excellent principles, is harmful?"⁴ Or do you compromise eternity with Saul, saying, "I feared the people, and obeyed their voice,"⁵ instead of displaying the banner of your God?

¹ 9T 46² 6T 144³ Ps. 60:4⁴ CT 383⁵ 1 Sam. 15:24

Walter T. Crandall

Grace Notes

PICTURES Lest this column run out before we find room, we'll give this note number one position. Have you observed the number and variety of pictures our artists choose for illustrating this magazine week by week? This issue has nearly thirty, and it isn't an unusual number. For action, for human interest, for appropriateness—not only to the subjects but to a Christian magazine—we doff our hats in credit to our fine artists. Good illustrations do not just happen; they are planned, weeks and months ahead. Not only do they come from the photo library or the photographic department of the Review and Herald Publishing Association; they come from authors, industries, government services, photo agencies, from all over the world. Let this be a tribute to T. K. Martin, art department director of the Review and Herald, and to Bill Anderson and Bob Sheldon, who do the art layout and the illustrations of *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*.

PICTURES Boys *do* do dishes sometimes, girls! Page 5. Two otter aren't too trusting of one fox from the looks of things. Page 7. You knew Ellen G. White had a twin sister, but have you seen them pictured together? Page 9. How about that kitten in the tree? Page 16. Have you ever watched a musician hard at work and found more than music to capture your attention? Pages 18 and 19. And now a new use for helicopters shows up. Radarscope.

PICTURES Of musicians that intrigue us, the timpanist is one. Our cover shows Saul Goodman, timpanist of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. He was the youngest member of the orchestra when he joined it in 1926, and now two of the players in the Philharmonic percussion section are his pupils. The timpani he uses were designed and built by him eleven years ago. He does the machine work himself, and fills orders from other orchestras. Photo, courtesy C.B.S. Radio.

PICTURES Watch for an early announcement of a *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* picture contest.

Writers' original 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. Do not submit fiction.

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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SO you found it quite a shock to wake up the other morning and discover that you're a full-fledged senior, Jim? Well, shocks can be quite helpful, you know; without them some folks would never face reality. And being a senior is a most sobering reality indeed.

You may get another slight shock when I tell you this: Take part in all the senior-class activities, even though you may think some of them are a sheer waste of time and money. I know how you've had to pinch your pennies and budget your time for more than three years now, but don't let that keep you from this bit of fun. You'll always cherish the happy memories.

But back to this matter of always being pressed for time and means. Believe me, this pressure's potential worth to you can almost equal all you've learned in school. It has been a most excellent discipline, and no youth can get too much of that. "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke [of discipline] in his youth," for it will help him bear life's burdens the rest of his days. Put this down on a piece of paper and guard it as carefully as your diploma when you get it: *The future belongs to the disciplined.*

Down through history the movements that have stirred the world were invariably born and cradled by the disciplined and the dedicated. It has been in the crucible of discipline that the sum total of all worthwhile achievement has been thought out

You may be appalled at how green the freshmen are, but you don't know it all either, even if you're going to be valedictorian.

So You're a Senior!

By PAUL K. FREIWIRTH

and wrought out. If you want to be a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, keep in mind that the words "disciple" and "discipline" are cousins. A disciple is one who shoulders a very definite discipline.

Didn't you once tell me, Jim, that you enjoyed church history? Do you recall the amazing story of the Jesuits? Perhaps there never has existed a more zealously dedicated group than the Jesuits. Acquaint yourself with their remarkable pattern of discipline, the *Spiritual Exercises*, drawn up by Ignatius Loyola, and let this rigid program be an inspiration to you who belong to the *true* society of Jesus, to submit your body, mind, and soul to the polishing of the Carpenter of Nazareth.

A noted professor of theology once commented that all life is geared with reference to struggle. That's why discipline is so necessary. Our civilization is highly competitive. You cannot escape that fact. Acknowledge it, but don't get embroiled in its implications. "Don't let the world around you squeeze you into its own mould [of competitive living], but let God remould your minds from within [through discipline]." If your initiative depends on what happens outside you rather than on your own positive drive, you are really not living your own life and you are also in danger of losing your soul.

Think thrice before doing anything simply because others do it or expect it of you. The group may be right at times, but definitely not always. And then, too,

there is the fact that "herd-centered" thinking and Christ-centered living are incompatible, even if the herd, or group, consists of those who own His name. Conditioning your spiritual reflexes so that they become overly sensitive to human stimuli will choke their healthy spontaneity. Let me put it this way: Don't try to live up to your idea of other people's ideas of how you should regulate your life! It's just about as confusing as this last sentence! Instead, say with the greatest of His followers, "For to me to live is Christ."

Don't throw competition to the winds altogether. It can be rewardingly stimulating, provided it is of the right sort; and nothing is more creative and tension-destroying than being in competition with oneself!

How to get about it? Whenever you're given a task, try to do it better than before, and, if possible, in less time. Don't ever stay satisfied doing the same thing the same way time after time. It's surprising how many people, with just a little reflection, have found better ways of doing things. You've no doubt heard of many of them—I'm referring to inventors! (For what are most inventions but more efficient ways of doing things?)

You can do yourself, as well as your employer, no greater service than creatively to redeem the routine of things by putting to work the greatest undeveloped area in the world—that immediately under your hat. And even if, for some strange reason, your work is beyond further improvement, your futile attempts at it will at least improve you.

Don't compete with others. It will only stir up in your heart envy and other unchristian feelings whose tension not only hampers creative thought but also work efficiency.

And speaking of work—of course you've been thinking and praying about your plans after graduation. If several opportunities should open, let their challenge and your consecration, not their remuneration and your ambition, be the deciding



S. M. HARLAN

influence. A few extra dollars a week may become mighty insulting if they come your way at the cost of tying you to a job you don't really like and aren't cut out for.

A contemporary preacher once said that the majority of men spend their time pursuing power, prestige, and possessions. No doubt that's why white-collar jobs hold such attraction for many. But young people captivated by their glitter may have overlooked the fact that men who wear white collars frequently get it "in the neck." They have the responsibilities to bear, the decisions to make, and the deadlines to meet.

Perhaps the most subtle of Satan's snares is wrapped up in that alluring word *success*. A newspaper columnist recently wrote that Americans worship success. Perhaps it is true that the "land of opportunity" has helped produce a nation of indefatigable opportunists, men and women intoxicated by the lust for success. Don't be swayed by this hysteria. Your Lord and Saviour has not called you to be successful; He has called you to be true! Only as you are true to Him, to your fellow men, and to yourself, will your life *truly* be a success!

Remember Isaiah's vision in the sixth chapter of his prophecy? Did not the Lord with His call tell Isaiah that he would fail? (See verses nine and ten.) But Isaiah's ministry was a success, and that because he was true to the call of God. Go and do likewise, and forget all else!

I hope, Jim, that you have as hard a time as I in understanding how some of our young people—I'm glad to say, just a very few of them—can calmly accept positions with worldly institutions when there is a crying need in our cause for the very talents the Lord has entrusted to them.

Now don't get me wrong. None of us is indispensable to the cause of God. The moment we think we are, we're doing the cause more harm than good. Yet if we evade the call of duty, God will find someone else, and, perhaps, someone better.

I understand that right now there may not be any openings in our ranks in the vocation you're interested in. If you accept secular employment under those circumstances, it is something entirely different than rejecting a denominational call, and you can still do a good work for the Lord.

"It requires more grace, more stern discipline of character, to work for God in the capacity of mechanic, merchant, lawyer, or farmer, carrying the precepts of Christianity into the ordinary business of life, than to labor as an acknowledged missionary in the open field. It requires a strong spiritual nerve to bring religion into the workshop and the business office, sanctifying the details of everyday life, and ordering every transaction according to the standard of God's word."

But please, Jim, if the church officials

should call you after you have worked in secular employ for a while and made good, as I'm sure you will, don't take the attitude that because you were not called right upon graduation, you'll have nothing to do with denominational employ now. A worldlyling would naturally be expected to take such an attitude, but not a Christian, for he well knows that his relationship to Christ cannot possibly reach a higher plane than his attitude toward those who are His.

I'm not apologizing, Jim, for writing so much about your problems after graduation rather than during your senior year. After all, with more than three years of campus life behind you, you ought to be well adjusted to it. In fact, you may be too well adjusted! Therein lurk two dangers.

For one thing, beware of "senioritis"! You may be appalled at how green the freshmen are, but you don't know it all either, even if you're going to be valedictorian. Acknowledging this fact not only brings you in line with reality, but may also be a potential boon. Some of the most intelligent and capable (and I'm very much tempted to say successful) men have all their lives been acutely aware of the limited extent of their knowledge. That very lack has inspired them to keep on studying and learning. They recognized that a college education has not been designed to satiate, but rather to whet, one's intellectual appetite! So keep on reading and studying; do it as though some tough

tests were still ahead of you, for they are—the tests of life!

Concentrate on books that keep you intellectually humble. You know the kind I mean. The chances are that from them you will not only learn the most, but you will also be inspired to keep on growing mentally. Growth is one of the great laws of life; the moment you stop growing, you have begun to die. So learn something new every day. Isn't that what you'll be doing in heaven?

I would perhaps have failed to mention another danger growing out of the fact that you are a senior, had I not discovered that one translator of Galatians 5:23 renders "meekness" as "adaptability." No doubt there is a relation between "meekness" and "adaptability"; at any rate you may have a problem of adaptability in making the transition from the spiritually sheltering environment of the campus to the exposed outposts of the world. Whereas formerly you were surrounded by an atmosphere of spiritual sympathy, you will now face cynical scrutiny.

For this reason I am all the more glad that you were active in personal missionary work the past three years, for it, more than anything else, has kept you aware that the spiritually protective atmosphere of the college is terrifically different from that of the world. And the contacts you've had with those outside your campus sphere have not only helped keep before you a picture of reality, but they have also kept vivid the challenge of the unfinished task.

Abnormally long and uninterrupted confinement within any one of our institutional environs has a way of blurring the missionary vision in spite of talks and sermons designed to counteract this. You dare not shut yourself away, as it were, removed from the main stream of life, and command some "institutional stones" (see Matt. 4:4) to become bread for your soul. Only as you personally cast the bread of life upon the waters of soul-starved humanity (see Eccl. 11:1; Rev. 17:15) will it truly nourish your soul.

And thinking of the world without, Jim, leads me to what is perhaps the most important question you as a senior should be concerned with: How do I know I am really ready to be graduated and to go out and face life? To find the answer ask yourself this question: Am I really buoyantly enthusiastic and eager to put into practice what I've learned? Here's the reason why I say this: Back in college speech class a group of us were told that a speaker is only ready for his oration when he is so eager to deliver his message that he is fairly sitting on the edge of his seat, waiting to get up and give it. And life must be somewhat like a speech, for didn't Moses write, "We spend our years as a tale that is told"? Anyway, you as a senior should be eager to try your wings, not because you're tired of college life, but because you're eager to test in the laboratory of life what you've learned.

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Salute to Courage

By EDNA ATKIN PEPPER

Along the fence, around the hills,
The jonquil's golden glory spills;
It doesn't matter if it's cold
Or wet, the freshly minted gold
Dissolves the ice within its heart,
And blooms in beauty from the start.

I watch to see them marching there
While all the world lies brown and bare,
And naked limbs on leafless trees
Still stand and shiver in the breeze;
A toast to courage in the mold
That dares to blossom in the cold!

I WAS THERE

The Story of Byron Moe

By EVERETT N. DICK

FIRST OF TWO PARTS

BUT Dad," Byron reasoned, "the rest of the fellows are all joining the Medical Cadet Corps, and I ought to join it too. I'll be going into the Army one of these days!" Byron Moe, Sr., was the proprietor of a restaurant just across the street from the Union College campus. His son, Byron, Jr., was registering at the academy that fall, and he found that Medical Cadet Corps training was scheduled for the identical time that his father had planned for him to work.

"Yes, you ought to have the training, and I *want* you to have it, but I just can't spare you at that hour. I'll tell you what I'll do," he promised, "I'll send you to the summer camp at Grand Ledge if you'll stay and help me."

As June drew to a close, true to his word, Mr. Moe took Byron and his luggage to the railway station one evening where he boarded the Burlington Zephyr and was on his way. Upon arriving at Lansing, Michigan, Byron took his suitcase in hand and walked to the bus station where he had been informed he could catch a bus for the camp. He saw several buses ready to leave, and he wondered which one would take him to Grand Ledge.

While in this quandary, and hesitating to ask a question lest he show his ignorance, he noticed another young man who seemed to be as uninformed as he. He walked over to the stranger. "What bus are you looking for?" he asked.

"Oh, I want to go to Grand Ledge."
"That's where I'm going."

"Are you by any chance going to the Medical Cadet camp?" the stranger asked.

"I certainly am," Byron assured him.

"Well, I am too, and I'm glad to find someone else going there. I've been on the train several days, and it got a bit tiresome. Were you on that train from Chicago?"

"Yes, but I didn't see you."

"My name is Gary Davidson, and I'm

from Arlington, California." By that time the boys had found their bus, checked their baggage, and climbed aboard. Still a bit concerned, Gary asked the conductor whether he knew the location of the Adventist campground.

"Oh, you're one of those Medical Cadet Corps boys, are you? Yes, I know exactly where the camp is. I've been letting boys off there all day long."

In a short time the boys saw a beautiful grove with a well-trimmed green lawn on the right side of the highway. Among the trees were a number of buildings. Presently the bus came to a stop in front of a gate and the driver announced, "Well, here we are, boys, at the Medical Cadet Corps camp."

The new friends started through the gate and were met by a smartly uniformed sentry with gleaming white helmet and white leggings, and an arm band marked "MP." The guard offered his hand, saying, "Welcome to Camp Doss. We're glad to have you with us. Just turn to the right at that second street and walk to the end of the street. There you'll find the camp headquarters."

The boys walked up to headquarters a little timidly, but were heartily welcomed by M.C.C. Maj. Walter A. Howe, of Fort Worth, Texas, who was second in command of the camp, and were told to select a hut and a roommate, and to make themselves at home. But the most welcome word of all was: "You'll find the shower building down there with twenty-five showers and plenty of hot water. You fellows can take a shower and get ready for supper. Chow will be served in thirty minutes."

On the way back to headquarters the boys met Clinton Weis, one of Byron's acquaintances from Lincoln, Nebraska. Byron didn't even know Clinton was coming.

"Why didn't you let a fellow know? We might have come together," Byron told him.

"I didn't come directly from home. You see I went to visit a friend in Minnesota and four of us—Jon Rosenthal, Owen Spencer, Jerry Gilbert, and I—came together. We saw the sights in Chicago, stayed overnight, and then stopped and swam awhile in Lake Michigan. We just got here."

Just then a voice boomed, "You guys



PHOTO, COURTESY OF GENERAL CONFERENCE BUREAU OF PUBLIC RELATIONS

In the midst of the meal Sergeant Armour announced: "I want some volunteers to wash the dishes and scrub the floor." A pause, then, "You volunteers may leave; the rest will stay and do the work."

line up for chow. We'll not wait all day for the slowpokes."

Clinton spoke up, "I wonder who that big, tough-looking fellow is that's mousing off so much."

"That's the first sergeant, Eugene Armour. He's a World War II veteran, and as rough as a wood rasp," someone volunteered.

"Well, I'll keep out of his way. There's no use asking for trouble."

The boys marched into the mess hall. How good that food tasted! In the midst of the meal Sergeant Armour announced, "I want some volunteers to wash the dishes and scrub the floor." About half of the small group held up their hands to indicate a willingness to work. Right then and there the first lesson in military life was learned. The doughty sergeant said, "All right, all you volunteers may leave as soon as you are through eating. The rest will stay and do the work."

Registration the next morning kept everyone occupied. There were several blanks to be filled out for camp records, fingerprints had to be taken, identifica-

tion cards made out, and every trainee become acquainted with Maj. Clark Smith, of Glendale, California, the friendly finance officer.

After registration the camp settled into the regular routine. There came the blare of the first sergeant's voice over the loud-speaker that was heard all over the grounds: "Now hear this! Now hear this! In ten minutes everyone will meet in the lecture hall! That is all."

The first sergeant was there to seat the men, and when the staff entered, all stood until the colonel was seated. The members of the staff were capable and in many ways outstanding. There was Capt. Lawrence E. Wolfe, whose plane was struck by shellfire while flying at an altitude of 27,500 feet above the North Sea. The explosion ignited the plane and so jammed the doors that the captain could not get out. Facing a fiery death in that holocaust, he jumped through the shell hole in the side of the plane and fell to the sea below, where he was rescued by fishermen. His two years in prison camps furnished material for

thrilling stories and profitable instruction for the trainees.

Maj. Walter A. Howe is a man of long experience in youth problems and also in military training. His every action shows his ability as a Christian soldier and as an organizer. Lt. Arlene Seitz, commander of the girls' platoon, was also an able and experienced leader. Girls, did I say? Yes, there were a number there. They marched just as did the boys, but the principal part of their program consisted of the emergency nursing and first aid that prepared them to serve in civil defense work.

But now let Byron Moe tell the story in his own words:

"After the entire staff of twenty-five was introduced, the commanding officer, Col. Everett Dick, gave us our general instructions for the camp. He said in part that the Medical Cadet Corps had been organized to train Seventh-day Adventists to serve in the medical service of the Army.

"He recalled that in World War I, owing to the lack of preparation on the part of Adventist boys, and a lack of understanding on the part of the Army, many Adventist boys were imprisoned. Now the Medical Cadet Corps training had changed the situation, and the boy who goes into the Army with the training we were going to receive has almost no trouble. He warned us that we had placed ourselves in a military camp, and that the staff would enforce the same strict military discipline that could be expected in the Army.

"That means," he said, "that standards will be high and rules rigidly enforced, but it also means you will go home better individuals for having learned discipline. You must obey without a question and keep your quarters and your persons neat and tidy. As you put on the uniform today, wear it proudly, for it represents the uniform of your church and your country. Our motto is 'For God and Country.'"

"After this meeting the staff lined us up in one long line in descending order of height, with the tall men on the right and the short ones on the left. Then they numbered us from the right, and organized the platoons. I was placed in the first platoon. Then the colonel introduced the platoon leader and his assistant: "This is Captain Garlick, a paratrooper in World War II and a winner of the silver star for gallantry in action. He is your platoon leader. I know you will cooperate with him and try to have the best platoon in the camp."

"We were told we would be assigned living quarters by squads and platoons, with two men to a hut. That meant, like the Army, there was no choice of a bunkie. Two men were thrown together because of their height. My bunkie happened to be Ralph Seiler from Fish

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Seed Catalogs

By MARIE P. KNOTT



SWEET corn, peas, tomatoes, strawberries, watermelon—um-m-m—I can almost taste them! I have been looking through my new seed catalog, a veritable treasure house of promises.

I have been reading tantalizing descriptions of fruits and vegetables such as this one: "Imagine the biggest, sweetest, and juiciest blackberry you ever ate, and you have a small idea of the pleasures in store for you when you pick your first crop of new Ebony King blackberries."

Roses of all varieties, gladioluses, dahlias, flowering shrubs, all colorfully pictured, entice me to purchase them to beautify my home.

"Easiest to grow of all flowers. It will thrive in almost any soil and location, . . . a gorgeous blend of scarlet, gold, and orange." The descriptions almost convince me that raising these flowers would be all delight and no work.

Finally, I select the plants and seeds I want for my garden this year. After I have

sent the order, I will dream of my garden. Will the harvest be as gorgeous, delicious, and prolific as the catalog promises? I wonder.

The first seed catalog I ever saw advertised a tree bearing a different fruit each month and having leaves with special healing properties. I'd like to have that tree in my garden now, but I cannot buy it. It is offered as a free future gift to "whosoever believeth in him."

I love to read the Master Gardener's catalog description of the landscape around the tree of life—the crystal-clear river, the golden streets, the beautiful flowers, the living green grass, the throne of God and the Lamb. I cannot comprehend, but I long for the reality.

My garden may not produce the promises of the catalog. But this I know. The new earth garden will more than fulfill the descriptions, for "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Episodes in the Life of the Otter Man

Black Hawk, Silver, and Impy the Fox

By LILLIAN G. LIERS

YOU would probably be surprised to see a young red fox and two cub otter playing together. But if you had visited the Otter Sanctuary during the summer of 1953, one of the sights you might have seen would have been Impy, the red fox, with Black Hawk and Silver, the two cub otter, having a real game of roll and tumble, jump and squeal.

This sometimes ended with Black Hawk and Silver making a mad rush for the nearby pond, Impy following gracefully behind, but putting on the brakes as he came to the water's edge. The otter plunged in and under, poking their heads up and chuckling for Impy to follow. Poor Impy fell in accidentally once or twice, and looked so ashamed and crestfallen when he came out. I believe he knew we were laughing at his misfortune.

I wish you could have seen him running around the yard. He almost appeared to be floating through the air, his long white-tipped tail streaming behind, so gracefully and lightly did he move.

The summer passed happily for these creatures of the wild, who did not remember that their mothers had been victims

of man's cruelty. Black Hawk and Silver, brother and sister, were among the sweetest of the otter cubs who found a home at the Otter Sanctuary. They had free access to our living quarters, and often showed their preference to these rather than to their pen and kennel. They still love to come in, scamper in the bedroom, rub on the scatter rugs and push them together for a comfortable bed to curl up or stretch out on, and sleep for an hour or two.

Sometimes they awaken and ask to be let out of doors, but they will protest if we carry them out before they are ready to go. This happens frequently.

Their first trip away from their Minnesota home was to New York City, quite a long way for the little otter. They told us in otter language they would much rather stay at home. However, after we rubbed their heads and assured them everything would be all right, they were comforted and fell asleep for a while. Believe it or not, before the journey ended, they behaved like experienced otter travelers, not minding too much their trip in an elevator to the thirtieth floor of a New York office building. But they were happy to leave the noise of the

metropolitan area behind them at last.

Their master thought they should have something to repay them for their good behavior, so he let them out of their steel pen at times to swim and play in creeks or ponds that we discovered as we traveled, keeping close watch of them to be sure they were safe. But they were happy to get on home ground again, and swim in home ponds once more.

One evening when they came in the house their master pretended to be asleep in his favorite easy chair. They ran around him talking otter talk and trying to arouse him. He paid no attention. Getting desperate, Black Hawk nibbled him on the elbow, then shook his shirt sleeve, much the same as you or I would do if trying to arouse someone. This was too much for their devoted master. He laughed, played a rough-and-tumble game with them, then took them out to one of their favorite ponds for a plunge in the cold water. This was just what they were working for, of course. They are spoiled babies, but we surely do love them and take delight in watching them grow.

We love Impy, the little red fox, too, who is just as mild and sweet-tempered as any pet we've ever had.



WESENFELD PHOTO

Linda, with her classmates and teachers, worshiped God each week in Sabbath school and church services.

LIFE DECISION

By KAY KRONQUEST

DAFFODILS and violets bloomed along the roadside once again, and the new leaves on the trees above seemed almost to grow visibly. Down the lovely "Gateway" walk we academy girls strolled. This was our fourth spring enjoying the Gateway together, and our hearts felt heavy because of the parting that graduation would bring.

Time had come for important decisions to be made by each senior. Many would enroll in college the following year; others would not have that privilege. Some would seek employment, some would marry, and others would be taken into the service of the country. But each of us hoped that the others would stand true to God under all circumstances.

As we girls walked along singing "I will follow Thee, my Saviour, wheresoe'er my lot may be," we were accompanied by the happy chirping of the sparrows. Then silence fell while we pondered the sacred pledge we had just sung.

I broke the silence. "Linda, what do you plan to do after graduation?"

"Oh, Ruth, I want to go to college, but I can't decide which one. There are so many fine universities, and then, of course, the Adventist colleges."

I had not realized that Linda was con-

sidering a university even though we had been close friends. Every hope and dream that I had was centered in a Christian college, and when Linda expressed indecision, I knew I must share with her my enthusiasm for a Christian education. While I sent a prayer to Heaven, I pictured for Linda the environment of a public college, and contrasted it with the friends of like faith, the proper social gatherings, the Christlike teachers, and the inspiring religious services of a Christian college.

Linda seemed to be influenced by my words. She said she had not realized such a difference in colleges exists. As her head dropped in thought, her eyes fell upon *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* in her hand, and she read, "Attend an Adventist College." Tears misted our eyes, and my heart leaped with joy as Linda said, "I'll see you at college."

Graduation arrived, and with it Linda's college plans were changed. She was invited to travel across the continent and attend college there. Because we both realized the value of this opportunity, our parting was brightened by the thoughts of new experiences she would know.

Linda now recalls how thrilled she was as she walked about the college campus the evening she arrived. Everyone was so

friendly! Upon entering her new home she was greeted by the dormitory dean and a group of girls gathered in the lobby. As she was led down the carpeted halls to the room she would share with someone unknown, she was thrilled with the thought of making new friends among people who had already impressed her as being friendly, sincere Christians.

Left in the seclusion of an unsettled room, Linda glanced at the four walls and thought of those who had lived therein. No doubt from this very room girls had gone out to the world as teachers, secretaries, nurses, and workers for God in many fields. To her mind came the realization of the privileges that were to be hers in college life. Even at the beginning of the year she could see that with God beside her, the months ahead would be filled with many blessings.

Breakfast, it seemed, was served very early, but in the days that followed Linda found that an early start every day was necessary.

Because she arrived a few days before the beginning of classes, she was given secretarial work on the campus. In the evenings she sometimes roller-skated in the college gymnasium, or paged through the bulletin to decide which courses would be hers that year. Since she had considered nursing for some time, she would probably take the prenursing course. She determined to pray for guidance.

"Good morning, roommate. Let's turn the calendar over. It's November already."

Linda still remembers this event. The weeks were so busy she couldn't keep track of them, for she was taking the maximum load of studies, playing in the band and orchestra, and working to defray her expenses; she was a member of the student council, a secretary of the Sabbath school and the student band officers, a dormitory prayer-band leader, and president of the prenursing club. Today she says the practical training she received through extracurricular activities has been a great benefit to her.

But Linda's college experience was not all in studies and socials, for she gained a true education that teaches the love and fear of God, and is a preparation for the faithful discharge of life's duties. Each morning and evening time was set aside for dormitory worship when a devotional topic was presented. Linda says these periods of worship in the restful atmosphere of the small chapel brought courage to each girl and a bond of Christian love among the group that grew stronger day by day.

The memory of Friday nights touches a tender part of Linda's heart. So good was God to sanctify the seventh day! The cares of the week were forgotten as the girls greeted the Sabbath with a worship song. In the dining room, candles pro-

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The Writings of Ellen G. White

By GEORGE E. VANDEMAN

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

SHORTLY before the religious awakening of the mid-nineteenth century, two little girls were tripping across the village green in a small New England town. As these twin sisters were hurrying home from school they heard an angry shout from a girl behind them. Ellen turned around to see what was happening, but the angry girl had thrown a stone, and as Ellen turned, the stone struck her on the nose. It broke her nose, and she fell fainting to the ground.

As a result of this accident Ellen Harmon passed through a period of serious illness that forced her to give up her schooling at the third grade. She studied at home, but bright and keen-minded as she was, this lovely Christian girl grew up to the age of seventeen with no more formal schooling than these first three grades.

One day God spoke to her. He gave her the same messages that He had given to William Foy and Hazen Foss. She said, "Lord, I cannot." She didn't say she would not. She said she could not. There is a vast difference between the two. God promised to strengthen her, and He did. And for over seventy years her voice and pen did not cease to warn, to instruct, to inspire, to reprove, to admonish the people of God.

Shortly after those first days of inspiration and help to the people, while touring the country with her father, she met a young man by the name of James White. They were married, and ever after she was affectionately known as Ellen G. White.

One very natural question arises at this point. What relation do her writings sustain to the Bible? In the vaults of the Ellen G. White Estate in Washington,



Ellen G. White (left) and her twin sister Elizabeth.

D.C., there are four thousand personal letters and fifty thousand pages of manuscript, over twenty thousand pages being in actual publication. Unfortunately there have been those who have told falsehoods about the work of Mrs. White. These may have been good men, but they were seriously misinformed. No informed Seventh-day Adventist ever considers the writings of Ellen G. White as part of the Bible. Her writings were to lead erring men and women back to the Bible and to inspire faith in God's Book, so that men might believe and understand it more fully.

One day I made my way up Palomar Mountain, a few miles northeast of San Diego, California. My heart beat rapidly

as I anticipated the visit that would enable me to see the two-hundred-inch telescope, man's crowning masterpiece of astronomical genius—a telescope with the light-gathering power of a million human eyes.

I have a question for you. Does this giant two-hundred-inch telescope bring any new stars into existence? "No," you say, "no matter how big it may be, it does not bring new stars into existence; it merely reveals more clearly the ones that are already there."

You are right. Just so, the writings of the Spirit of prophecy do not bring any new doctrines into existence, but reveal more clearly the ones that are already there. Do you see? Every word of it is inspired to bring freshly to mind and heart the things God's people need in these critical hours. As you read such books as *Steps to Christ*, *The Desire of Ages*, and *The Great Controversy* you will say, "These pages are inspired."

From the first to the last in the life of this prophetic messenger we hear one clear, uncompromising call to "clear the King's highway and let the Saviour in." It is a call to a higher standard, a call to come to Jesus, a call to Bible study. And what youth does not thrill to the challenge of a thorough consecration? The priceless counsels given have solved many a serious problem with which youth have struggled.

"O what peace we often forfeit, O what needless pain we bear," when we fail to search those wonderful pages of instruction for the help we need. I have been ashamed to find that sometimes I have been living with a problem for a period of time and then discovered the answer to it—right in the books that were at my finger tips all the time.

While attending a university in the Midwest, I met a young minister of another denomination. He was an earnest soul winner seeking to prepare himself in that educational center for a larger, more effective work. However, he was dissatisfied with the inconsistency in some of the things that he was teaching. We often prayed together. There was much time

spent in fellowship as God's Word was studied during moments that we could take from a busy schedule.

Several months later he walked into my office at Emmanuel Missionary College. As he sat down he said, "Brother Vandeman, how many believers do you have in the church across the way?" I told him the number. He leaned over and earnestly

asked that he might join with them.

"I have been over in the library reading some of those wonderful things written by Mrs. E. G. White," he said. "I want more than anything else to preach this message to others." And today he is doing a wonderful work proclaiming this message.

I have been amazed to hear of other

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No One Will Know

By GAIL EMDE



A SMALL brown-haired girl riding in the school bus was looking forward to another exciting day at school. She loved her lessons, and she thought a great deal of her teacher. As the bus finally turned into the graveled driveway and stopped, the girl jumped out the door and joined her friends in jumping rope for the remaining few minutes before the teacher rang the last bell.

As the morning progressed, the teacher called the child to her desk and asked her to go to the supply room to get some needed pencils. Upon arriving there she looked around, quite fascinated by the abundance of chalk, paper, and pencils. Then she spied a box of pink rubber erasers. She had been wanting such an eraser for a long time. The eraser on her pencil wore off so quickly! It would be wrong to take it, she knew, but before she had time to think more about it, Satan had taken advantage of her indecision and her hand shot toward the box of erasers. Hiding one in her pocket, she took the box of pencils her teacher had wanted and ran back to her room.

But the thought of her deed was not so easily dismissed from her mind. Every time her hand touched that dreadful eraser she would feel a pain somewhere deep inside of her. Finally, she could stand it no longer, and when the other children had been dismissed for recess,

she stayed behind. With the stolen article in her hand, she walked slowly to the teacher's desk and stood trembling before her. Then, with tears, she told her teacher all that she had done and begged her forgiveness.

As this same girl grew older she never forgot this experience, for it had left an indelible impression upon her mind.

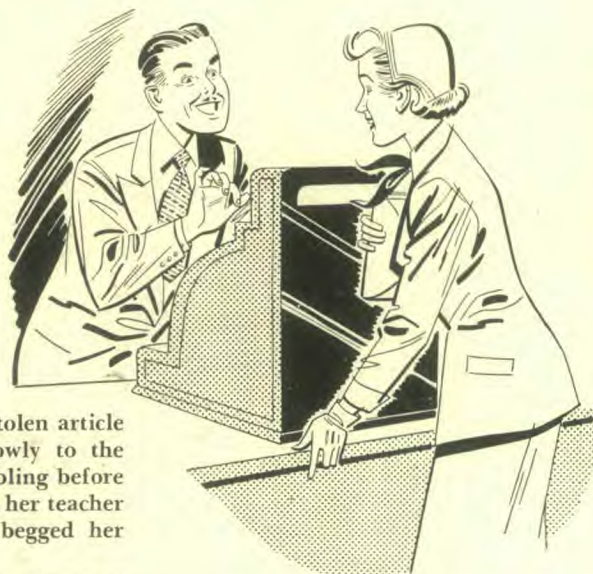
The story is told of a man who moved to a town near one of our colleges so it would be possible for his two sons to attend the academy and college there. This man was not a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, but he was very interested in what it taught.

A short time after moving to this town, a young man, Jim Hunter by name, was hired to help with the work on this man's large chicken ranch. He seemed to be a likable young man and was always eager to help in every way possible. A member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, Jim would often tell his boss, Mr. Stevens, about the blessings he and his family received in their morning and evening devotions.

Mr. Stevens thought to himself, "Here is this young man telling me about his devotions to God, and I should have had this experience long ago." It made him realize that he had not been doing as he should, and he had almost made his decision to follow Christ all the way when something happened that changed his attitude and high regard for Jim.

One afternoon his boys came into the house with the question, "Dad, did you sell Jim a hundred-pound sack of ground corn?" When their father answered that he had not, they told him that they had seen Jim put a sack of corn into the trunk of his car.

Nothing was said to Jim about this



until the day came when he was to receive his pay for the month. Then Mr. Stevens asked Jim, "Do you want me to take out the money for the sack of corn?" What else could he do but confess?

This young man certainly was misusing his influence. What good he could have done had he been honest and upright in all his dealings with those about him! No one knows how many men and women are searching for the kingdom of God and are being influenced by the acts and words of the Christians about them.

A number of years ago a young Christian woman entered a local grocery store where she traded regularly. She purchased a few items amounting to seventy-three cents. In preparing her change the cashier thought she had given him a five-dollar bill. Surprised, the young woman quickly explained that she had given him just one dollar. He had mistaken it for a five-dollar bill! He was grateful to her for being so honest and for correcting his mistake instead of taking advantage of it.

What would have been this man's reaction had he discovered the mistake after the woman had kept the extra four dollars? Would he not have held it against all professed followers of Christ? But because she was so truthful and had not taken advantage of his mistake, this incident surely brought to his eyes a clearer view of the meaning of true Christianity.

Little do we realize the tremendous influence of even our smallest acts.

[This story was written while the author was a junior at Platte Valley Academy. She has been a Sabbath school secretary, student-council member, and was secretary of her junior class. Employment has included work in the school cafeteria and reader for her English teacher.]

Holiday for Three

By EDNA MAE CHRISTOPH

PART THREE

THEY look like deer," said Miss Greve as we peered through the rain.

"I think they're impallas," I said. Driving on into Kruger Park we saw several groups of the tiny reddish impallas with their beautiful, intelligent eyes and fine-shaped bodies. What a thrill to watch them sail across the road in front of us, their white tails raised. We could hardly believe they covered such large distances in one bound.

"There's a kudu. Stop quick!" I cried. There in a clump of bushes, calmly eating their breakfast, stood both male and female kudu. The magnificent spiraled horns of the male, and his well-shaped head held proudly erect, made a fine picture. But by the time I had focused my camera, the two animals had bounded away out of sight.

"It would have been a poor shot in this rain anyway," I consoled myself.

All along the road we could see signs of elephants, and the broken branches told us that we were really in elephant country. I peered into the trees and bushes so steadily, hoping to see one of the huge, lumbering beasts, that my eyes smarted.

As we neared the camp at Schingwedze, we found a tree, obviously felled by an elephant, blocking the road. So we backed up and took the other road that eventually reached the camp called Letaba. We saw more impallas and several kudus, but no elephants or anything else.

"I'm disgusted," I said. "Why can't we see something worth looking at?"

Several miles from Satara camp, where we planned to stay that night, I nearly jumped out the window. "Giraffes! Giraffes!" I shrieked. Quickly Alice stopped and backed up, for in the trees about sixty feet away from the road stood two giraffes, craning their long necks to see us better. Behind them, a smaller one was calmly eating his supper from the top-most branches of the trees. Now we felt as if we were really in the Park. Around the next corner we saw about a dozen more giraffes and much larger herds of impallas.

Just before we reached the camp we were thrilled at the sight of a zebra munching his supper. One of the shiest of animals, he soon galloped away. Farther on was a large herd of blue wildebeests, those ugly antelopes with the large heads and shaggy beards, something like the American bison. They are strange-looking beasts. We were amused by one member of the herd who clicked his heels together and with lowered head jumped about in the air like a rodeo pony. After his demonstration he turned and glared at us, snorting his disapproval.

At Satara we had a welcome shower after a tasty meal in the dining room. Most of the night fires were burning brightly, for we were now in lion country.

The next morning was bright and warm, and we three missionaries from Lower Gwelo were in high spirits as we drove along. Several giraffes stood in the road in front of us, running off as we came up to them. Large herds of wilde-

beests with their prancing and kicking feet entertained us royally. At a huge watering hole we stopped to revel in the scene before us. Hundreds of zebras, wildebeests, and impallas wound their way over the game paths down to the water. The splashing of the zebras as they galloped out of the hole sometimes startled the tiny red, deerlike creatures who seemed to snap to attention at every sound.

In the clearing where we were parked, several hundred yards from the water, strange-looking birds with hooked yellow bills and bright feathers pecked at the grass seeds and orange skins thrown away by some careless person.

As we neared Skukuza camp, the headquarters of the Park, we decided to drive along the circular route that led to the Sabi River and followed it for some distance. Besides impallas, kudus, and giraffes we saw a new type of antelope, the waterbuck, with the characteristic white ring around the buttocks and white chevron across the throat. Farther on we met a troop of baboons, the largest I had ever seen. One old grandfather was sitting on his haunches in the road eating an orange some passer-by had given him. Around him sat his many wives, some with tiny babies clinging to their backs. Up the road toward us came dozens more of all sizes, walking on all fours.

"Let's feed them," suggested Miss Greve.

"All we have is lemons," I answered. "Wonder what that old grandfather would do if we gave him a lemon to suck on?"

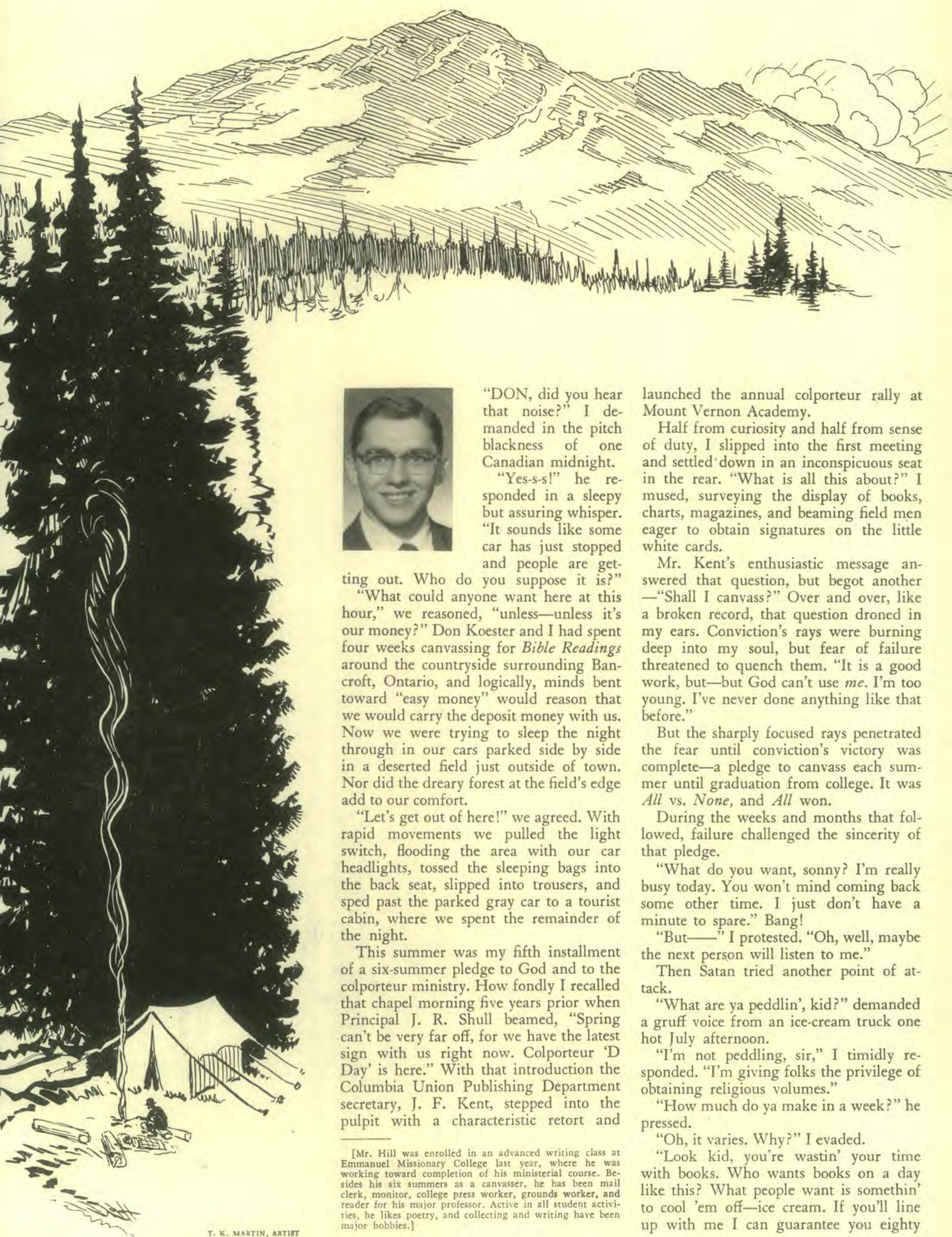
"You can try it," said Alice, "but keep the windows closed afterward. Those baboons can be pretty rough when they're angry." I took the lemon from Miss

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MARTIN JOHNSON PHOTO FROM AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

"An elephant! An elephant!" I gasped. "Look, look there!" I pointed to a spot just over the bank.



"DON, did you hear that noise?" I demanded in the pitch blackness of one Canadian midnight.

"Yes-s-s!" he responded in a sleepy but assuring whisper. "It sounds like some car has just stopped and people are get-

ting out. Who do you suppose it is?"

"What could anyone want here at this hour," we reasoned, "unless—unless it's our money?" Don Koester and I had spent four weeks canvassing for *Bible Readings* around the countryside surrounding Bancroft, Ontario, and logically, minds bent toward "easy money" would reason that we would carry the deposit money with us. Now we were trying to sleep the night through in our cars parked side by side in a deserted field just outside of town. Nor did the dreary forest at the field's edge add to our comfort.

"Let's get out of here!" we agreed. With rapid movements we pulled the light switch, flooding the area with our car headlights, tossed the sleeping bags into the back seat, slipped into trousers, and sped past the parked gray car to a tourist cabin, where we spent the remainder of the night.

This summer was my fifth installment of a six-summer pledge to God and to the colporteur ministry. How fondly I recalled that chapel morning five years prior when Principal J. R. Shull beamed, "Spring can't be very far off, for we have the latest sign with us right now. Colporteur 'D Day' is here." With that introduction the Columbia Union Publishing Department secretary, J. F. Kent, stepped into the pulpit with a characteristic retort and

launched the annual colporteur rally at Mount Vernon Academy.

Half from curiosity and half from sense of duty, I slipped into the first meeting and settled down in an inconspicuous seat in the rear. "What is all this about?" I mused, surveying the display of books, charts, magazines, and beaming field men eager to obtain signatures on the little white cards.

Mr. Kent's enthusiastic message answered that question, but begot another—"Shall I canvass?" Over and over, like a broken record, that question droned in my ears. Conviction's rays were burning deep into my soul, but fear of failure threatened to quench them. "It is a good work, but—but God can't use *me*. I'm too young. I've never done anything like that before."

But the sharply focused rays penetrated the fear until conviction's victory was complete—a pledge to canvass each summer until graduation from college. It was *All* vs. *None*, and *All* won.

During the weeks and months that followed, failure challenged the sincerity of that pledge.

"What do you want, sonny? I'm really busy today. You won't mind coming back some other time. I just don't have a minute to spare." Bang!

"But—" I protested. "Oh, well, maybe the next person will listen to me."

Then Satan tried another point of attack.

"What are ya peddlin', kid?" demanded a gruff voice from an ice-cream truck one hot July afternoon.

"I'm not peddling, sir," I timidly responded. "I'm giving folks the privilege of obtaining religious volumes."

"How much do ya make in a week?" he pressed.

"Oh, it varies. Why?" I evaded.

"Look kid, you're wastin' your time with books. Who wants books on a day like this? What people want is somethin' to cool 'em off—ice cream. If you'll line up with me I can guarantee you eighty

[Mr. Hill was enrolled in an advanced writing class at Emmanuel Missionary College last year, where he was working toward completion of his ministerial course. Besides his six summers as a canvasser, he has been mail clerk, monitor, college press worker, grounds worker, and reader for his major professor. Active in all student activities, he likes poetry, and collecting and writing have been major hobbies.]

T. K. MARTIN, ARTIST

Whatever the circumstances, you can be sure
of heaven's watch care when you sign

A Six-Year Contract With God

By GLENN H. HILL

bucks a week to start off, and all ya need to do is peddle ice cream on this motor scooter ya have. Why, kids will flock around a gadget like this, and with this box built on the back it's made to order."

It sounded good, but not good enough. The broken record had been turned over, and the other side rang out the sweet chime, "You promised to work for God." The strength of that chime carried me through two subsequent temptations on the same point—an offer to sell storm windows and siding for houses, and another offer to be the sales representative for plastic tablecloths in my home town.

But the trials of learning to canvass resulted in ample compensation in God's own time and in His own way.

Ohio's sun of a June morning smiled down approvingly as Publishing Secretary A. C. McClurg and I inaugurated my third summer of canvassing. But as the day wore on, the sun's smile seemed to turn into a reproving scowl at our ill success. Noon came and went. The afternoon threatened to deal as harshly with us as had the morning until about four o'clock, when we gained entrance into a stanch Lutheran home. While I prayed silently Mr. McClurg revealed God's great love to man from *A Guide to Better Living*, and secured the order.

As we knelt in prayer to ask God's blessing on the family in their new Bible-studying venture, an impatient urge churned within me to do something new. "But what if she takes it as an insult?" I worried.

When we arose I stammered, "Ma'am, would you mind if—I if I came over sometime and studied the Bible with you on some of these subjects?"

"Mind?" she emphasized with tears in her eyes. "Why, this very morning I prayed for someone to teach me the Bible! Lad, you are answering my prayer."

The studies, which continued all through the summer and were finished by the church elder when I returned to school, found their reward in the baptism of that

mother and a friend. Other studies that summer resulted in another woman's entering the fellowship of God's people.

The summer Don and I spent in Canada offered many surprises to enhance our album of mental photographs featuring Christian adventure—such as the startling news that bears were in the vicinity when we had slept the night on the ground in sleeping bags, the episode of the half-domesticated wolf that nearly bit Don when he was attempting to canvass its owner, the tale of the prejudiced pastor who tried to ruin our deliveries for the entire summer, and the discovery of a little fawn we nearly stepped on as it lay so quietly, thinking itself hidden.

The Fourth of July weekend was approaching when Don and I got in touch with two classmates, Art Blake and Bill Justinian, who were canvassing to the north of us, and decided to rest up at Algonquin Provincial Park. We hurriedly compressed the provisions, bathing suits, and suitcases into the car trunk, and started out to join the other pair in Barry's Bay, a town farther north. There we quickly reloaded the car, checked to see that we had everything, and securely locked the trunk on most of our clothing and provisions.

The diminishing gas in the tank demanded that we stop and refill in a little town not far away. Then I turned the key in the gas cap to prevent any vandal from stealing gas in the night. Soon four pairs of eyes focused upon the sign, "Welcome to Algonquin Park." Another half hour of driving brought us to a wooded area near one of the many lakes that stud the countryside of Ontario. We quickly secured a tent from Highland Inn, and set up camp in a wooded spot nearby.

"Let's get our luggage and food out of the trunk," suggested Bill. "Maybe we can have a swim before it gets dark."

"Good idea!" we exclaimed in chorus.

But our enthusiasm came to a sudden halt when my eyes fell vacantly upon the keycase that had two "teeth" missing—

one to the trunk and the other to the locked gas tank. In vain we meticulously searched every possible hiding place for those keys. We prayed, but God did not see fit to answer—then.

In spite of the handicap, we enjoyed the weekend. Sabbath school and church grew out of the living green of the forest. God's Word found meaningful illustration in His living sanctuary. Sunday provided pleasant recreation climbing hills and paddling canoes about the lake. By sharing the one bathing suit in turn we all enjoyed a swim before the day gave way to the night. All too soon the time came to start back. Again we prayed that God would help us get back to work, and to somehow find the missing keys.

Since there were no locksmiths in that entire countryside, an empty gas tank would be the signal for one of us to hitchhike to Oshawa, two hundred miles south, to get a second set of keys, and return. With each surrendering mile we questioned what the next one would bring. Finally we approached the little town where we had stopped en route to refuel. Quickly the thought flashed into our minds, "Why not inquire at the hotel? Maybe someone has found them and turned them in there." It was a long shot, but it hit the mark—two precious keys.

The summer ebbed away, and Education's finger beckoned for us to return. Only one more delivery lay between me and the end of a most successful summer—a *Bible Readings* to Mrs. Stewart. The clouds clashing together in the cooling September sky overhead seemed to tell me that Satan was angry.

There was a curve on the gravel road that led past Mrs. Stewart's house—a curve that challenged the skill and prowess of those truck drivers who hauled cement from a nearby plant. Thinking that I would be there only a few minutes, I pulled the car to a halt just off the road by her mail box and started up the walk.

Suddenly a dreadful horror crept all over me and drove me back to the car. "Pull down into the driveway," was the impatient urge. In haste I obeyed, wondering all the time what Mrs. Stewart would think of me. An instant after I had emerged from the car with a sheepish look on my face, an empty cement truck rumbled around the curve, lost control, and threatened to roll over. The driver frantically jerked the wheel and tramped down on the brakes in an effort to regain control. A split second later the monstrous giant screeched to a stop—right on the spot where my car had been!

Several hours later I slumped into the soft chair of our Oshawa home with the accumulated scenes of Christian adventure dancing in my mind's eye. Through them all glided the silvery theme that crescendoed into the beautiful chorus, "O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: because his mercy endureth for ever."¹

¹ Ps. 118:1



T. M. COLE

"My business experience acquainted me with situations that have helped me to meet more intelligently the challenge that the game of life presents," comments Mr. Hendrickson on his philosophy.

teaching at the age of seventeen. Educational advantages were meager in our primitive area, and I never attended a high school. I made up my high school work while attending college, and after finishing, spent some time in the administrative branch of the teaching profession. However, I spent more years in the retail business, which I very much enjoyed. My business experience, together with the contacts incidental to it, acquainted me with situations that not only have been interesting but have helped me to meet more intelligently the challenge that the game of life presents.

For a number of years I have not been physically fitted for most vocations, so have spent my time developing, in a small way, business and residential projects in favorable locations.

Writing is only a hobby with me. My first attempts found expression in verse. I am not, by virtue of any position I have held, a speaker; but public speaking has always fascinated me. During my business career I have many times enjoyed the privilege of speaking to church groups of various denominations, school groups, and service clubs. Finally, while

MEET THE AUTHOR

of "Playing the Game of Life"

A 1955 SENIOR MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER BOOK CLUB SELECTION

LIFE for most of us seems comparatively uneventful. It may, if we let it, become drab and monotonous. However, if we but give it a chance, it may be colorful, challenging, and full of interest.

Life to me is a game, and I have a deep-rooted conviction that, if we can maintain interest and objective, we cannot lose. This philosophy was the inspiration for writing *Playing the Game of Life*. In reviewing the past with its many wrong, right, and questionable plays, I cannot but feel the importance of more deliberation in future ones.

My parents had both passed away when I was thirteen, and many times after that I found the playing hard. My two sisters and I lived together on a homestead in a wild and thinly settled district; and it is concerning the gains and losses experienced in this phase of the game that I am now preparing another manuscript.

Two fields of activity—education and business—have held pre-eminence in my life as a means of livelihood. I started



not exactly a hobby, I have used a part of my spare time during the years in conducting Bible studies and lay efforts.

To hold interest a game must have not only rules but a worth-while end, and if that end is worthy of our best efforts, it is of sufficient value to inspire us to help others win the same goal. To attain that goal they too must be acquainted with both the rules and the nature of the reward.

My wife and I are now living at Caldwell, Idaho, a delightful place to be. We have one child, a son, now living in College Place, Washington.

My ambition: To be a steppingstone, rather than a stone of stumbling.

My code: The latchstring always out.

My ideal: A big little man, rather than a little big man.

My philosophy: Play well the game.

My challenge: Do it now.

My hope: To meet my fellow players in a new and better field of conquest.

Albert L. Hendrickson

THE Youth's INSTRUCTOR

SABBATH SCHOOL



Judgment of God

LESSON FOR APRIL 23

FOR SABBATH AFTERNOON

MEMORY GEM: "So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God" (Rom. 14:12).

THINK IT OVER:

1. A sound picture of my every word and act is being recorded today.
2. Soon my whole life story will be run before the eyes of the Judge.
3. Jesus will "edit" my picture for me now, if I will ask Him.

FOR SUNDAY

1. Describe the Judge and His throne. (Dan. 7:9, 10, first part.)

"I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool: his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him."

2. How many will be present at this great court session? (Dan. 7:10, last part.)

"Thousands thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him: the judgment was set, and the books were opened."

3. Where are the records kept? (Rev. 20:12.)

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."

FOR MONDAY

4. How much of my life will come in review before Him? (Eccl. 12:14.)

"For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

NOTE.—"Every man's work passes in review before God, and is registered for faithfulness or unfaithfulness. Opposite each name in the books of heaven is entered, with terrible exactness, every wrong word, every selfish act, every unfulfilled duty, and every secret sin, with every artful dissembling. Heaven-sent warnings or reproofs neglected, wasted moments, unimproved opportunities, the influence exerted for good or for evil, with its far-reaching results, all are chronicled by the recording angel."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 482.

5. What part does my conversation have in the judgment? (Matt. 12:37.)

"For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

NOTE.—"How solemn is the thought! Day after day, passing into eternity, bears its burden of records for the books of heaven. Words once spoken, deeds once done, can never be recalled. Angels have registered both the good and the evil. The mightiest

conqueror upon the earth cannot call back the record of even a single day. Our acts, our words, even our most secret motives, all have their weight in deciding our destiny for weal or woe. Though they may be forgotten by us, they will bear their testimony to justify or to condemn."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 486.

6. When I associate with worldly people for pleasure, can I be a friend of God? (James 4:4.)

"Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God."

FOR TUESDAY

7. Why are some afraid to read the Bible or to listen to a sermon? (John 3:19.)

"And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."

8. By what standard will my life be measured? (Eccl. 12:13.)

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."

NOTE.—"The law of God is the standard by which the characters and the lives of men will be tested in the judgment. . . . As the books of record are opened in the judgment, the lives of all who have believed on Jesus come in review before God. Beginning with those who first lived upon the earth, our Advocate presents the cases of each successive generation, and closes with the living. Every name is mentioned, every case closely investigated. Names are accepted, names rejected. When any have sins remaining upon the books of record, unrepented of and unforgiven, their names will be blotted out of the book of life, and the record of their good deeds will be erased from the book of God's remembrance."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 482, 483.

9. Can I look over the "examination questions" now? (See Exodus 20:3-17.)

10. What is the penalty for sin? (Rom. 6:23, first part.)
"For the wages of sin is death."

FOR WEDNESDAY

11. What can I do to have this sentence of death changed? (1 John 1:9.)

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

NOTE.—"All who have truly repented of sin, and by faith claimed the blood of Christ as their atoning sacrifice, have had pardon entered against their names in the books of heaven; as they have become partakers of the righteousness of Christ, and their characters are found to be in harmony with the law of God, their sins will be blotted out, and they themselves will be accounted worthy of eternal life."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 483.

These to Remember

By INEZ BRASIER

Bouquets of sunshine,
Others of rain;
Bouquets of pleasure,
Yes, and of pain;
Bouquets of gladness
Mingled with tears—
These to remember
All through the years.

12. How can I become a child of God? (Rom. 8:13, 14.)

"For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live. For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

FOR THURSDAY

13. What lawyer will plead my case if I ask Him? (1 John 2:1.)

"My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

NOTE.—"While Jesus is pleading for the subjects of His grace, Satan accuses them before God as transgressors. The great deceiver has sought to lead them into skepticism, to cause them to lose confidence in God, to separate themselves from His love, and to break His law. Now he points to the record of their lives, to the defects of character, the unlikeness to Christ, which has dishonored their Redeemer, to all the sins that he has tempted them to commit, and because of these he claims them as his subjects.

"Jesus does not excuse their sins, but shows their penitence and faith, and, claiming for them forgiveness, He lifts His wounded hands before the Father and the holy angels, saying, 'I know them by name. I have graven them on the palms of My hands.'"—*The Great Controversy*, p. 484.

14. When the Judge makes this pronouncement, which verdict will refer to me? (Rev. 22:11.)

"He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still."

NOTE.—"When the work of the investigative judgment closes, the destiny of all will have been decided for life or death. Probation is ended a short time before the appearing of the Lord in the clouds of heaven."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 490.

15. What will determine the reward I shall receive? (Rev. 22:12.)

"And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be."

FOR FRIDAY

"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him" (1 John 2:15).

1. What does it mean to love the world?

2. Can you explain in eight words why it is impossible to love God and to love the world at the same time?

Read *The Great Controversy*, pp. 409-432, 479-491 (1950 ed., pp. 403-426, 473-485).

Teen-Age DIARY

By JOAN



Dear Diary,

I am watching for the tulips and daffodils. It is just about that time of year, and I think they will bloom in the snow. Often we have red tulips and yellow daffodils in a field of snow. It makes a most striking picture.

This morning I saw two gray squirrels playing hide and seek on the laundry roof. They tore off some of the moss in their antics, but it will grow back. The cats sit in a row watching the squirrels, their ears twitching and every nerve taut with anticipation.

The other day Tinka was sleeping in the sun on the lawn when a gray squirrel ran down the walnut tree and started digging. He brought up a nut and was about to take off again when Tinka spied him. I have never seen a cat run so fast. She literally flew, and with great skill reached out and grabbed the squirrel.

Mom knocked on the window to stop the cat, but she paid no attention. The



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

squirrel gave a quick lurch to the side and broke Tinka's grasp, then ran toward the road. Tinka was right after him again, but he turned quickly back to the walnut tree. Tinka was almost as quick as the squirrel, however, and he could see that his chance for getting into the tree was slim. He turned sideways again and ran back into the hedge.

The squirrel was safe in the hedge and climbed up into the walnut tree. He sat on a limb about twenty feet above Tinka, who was sitting on the ground looking up, and scolded her for all he was worth. He squealed and barked and hammered on the tree with all the power his small frame could command.

Disgustedly, Tinka walked back to her spot on the lawn and curled up for another nap. Then, sliding quietly down the tree, the squirrel picked up his nut and scampered back up the tree. He squealed at Tinka again, and this time it sounded like a good laugh.

He was telling her in squirrel talk that he had gotten the best of her and that she might as well go on sleeping, because he could outwit her. Tinka looked up sleepily and yawned, then went back to sleep.

Around the corner of the house Snowball, our most beautiful cat, came looking for food. She nuzzled Tinka as though asking her how she'd made out with the squirrel. Tinka buried her head in her paws as though ashamed to make a report and went on sleeping.

Snowball doesn't hunt much now. The other day she was injured badly by a dog. Mom thought maybe Mr. Rickey Boy had started chasing the cats again. He was given a good lecture about his manners and turned out the door, with Mom and me watching him.

Sure enough, he chased Snowball, and we really went after him. Mom locked him up with a very good scolding ringing in his ears, and we have not seen him chase the cats since.

How we love old Mr. Rickey Boy. He is so intelligent and understands many things we say. He can appear to be asleep, ignoring the conversation completely, until someone says, "I think I'll run to the spring for water." He knows every time what that means, and jumps up, begging to go along.

If we mention the name of the dog food we feed him, he will rouse up expectantly.

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PHOTOS, COURTESY OF C.B.S. RADIO

The maestro gives a signal to the strings during a rehearsal of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony.

Music Over America

A Feature Release From C.B.S. Radio

BASEBALL has long enjoyed recognition as America's national pastime. In 1953 some 15,000,000 people, nearly one tenth of the country's total population, attended major-league baseball games.

But during that same year twice that number of people, 30,000,000, actively participated, either as spectators or as performers, in serious music, according to the National Music Council.

This huge public has grown so gradually over the past quarter-century that it has been hard to realize the spread of music over the land. One indication is in the increase in the symphony orches-

tras, the kingpins of the whole musical system.

At the turn of the century there were two professional orchestras in New York City, and one each in Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, and Philadelphia. By 1920 there were six more, all guaranteed by private philanthropy. But during the 1930's there began one of the most remarkable amateur musical growths in the history of music. Beginning with the founding of a few amateur and school orchestras, the number increased until in 1954 there were 938 professional, community, and youth orchestras in the United States, with others in Canada. Almost

every sizable United States city now has its own orchestra, and supports it. Twenty-five years ago there were four organizations producing opera in this country; in 1954, there were over 300. There are now 750 music critics and 1,196 writers on musical subjects, and 150 music periodicals. Classical record sales last year totaled \$60,000,000, amounting to 24 per cent of all record sales.

This musical development, both of audiences and of orchestras, doubtless has many causes. One is certainly the growth of a new segment of the population which, although it may never have seen an orchestra, has learned about symphonic music through the broadcasts of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. This orchestra celebrated the beginning of its twenty-fifth consecutive year of broadcasting over the C.B.S. radio network on October 10, 1954. It is the oldest musical program in America. Through radio, every man's living room has become an orchestra seat at Carnegie Hall.

The broadcasting of America's oldest orchestra, which started October 5, 1930, was the idea of William S. Paley, who had acquired control of the Columbia Broadcasting System shortly before. He suggested to his board the idea of broadcasting the entire season of Sunday afternoon Philharmonic concerts.

His co-directors protested that there was no audience for fine music. Mr. Paley answered that he would make an audience, and forthwith went to the Philharmonic board and closed the deal. It is interesting that the first contracts stipulated that no commercial sponsorship of the programs would be allowed. It was only some years later that the orchestra's directors broached the idea to C.B.S. of selling its programs to a commercial sponsor. During the past ten seasons the Philharmonic broadcasts have been sponsored by some of America's foremost industrial organizations.

During this quarter of a century, staying at home and listening to the Philharmonic broadcasts has become a happy Sunday afternoon custom throughout the nation. A poll last winter revealed that as many as 11,800,000 different listeners heard the Philharmonic broadcasts in a single month. Shortwave carries the broadcast to Hawaii and Alaska, and the Voice of America beams it to the Far East. It is a fact that on a single Sunday afternoon more people hear one Philharmonic broadcast than the total of all those who have attended in person the more than five thousand concerts that the

orchestra has given in the 113 years of its existence.

This is the external picture. What is actually going on in the millions of homes of these radio listeners? Fan mail, station reports, and telephone calls give an inkling.

A letter from a private in the U.S. Army stationed at Fort Richardson in faraway Alaska described how he and his bunkmates, as well as their company commander, had enjoyed the Philharmonic's performance of Berg's complicated modern opera *Wozzeck*. A Brahms *Requiem* program conducted by Bruno Walter brought letters from a professor of Latin at Harvard College, a California race-track promoter, and a forest ranger in Oregon, who packs a portable radio set on his horse when he sets out for his isolated post.

Many schools and colleges as well as local music clubs schedule regular sessions for Sunday afternoon listening. When farmers, cowboys, office workers, as well as seasoned concert-goers take the trouble to write in about their response to a symphony, it is time to overhaul the cobwebby notions about the appeal of good music, for radio has made good music popular music.

And this varied audience has heard the best contemporary renderings. Arturo Toscanini was first heard on the air in America with the Philharmonic; such conductors as Sir Thomas Beecham, Bruno Walter, Leopold Stokowski, George Szell, Walter Damrosch, and Dimitri Mitropoulos have all been introduced to the radio audience on these broadcasts.

Intermission commentators have played an important part in the success of the Philharmonic broadcasts. The first was Olin Downes of the *New York Times*. Next came Leonard Liebbling, who was succeeded by Lawrence Gilman. Deems Taylor took over in 1936. James Fasset, who for the past five years has served as intermission commentator, has introduced to the radio public such personalities as Grandma Moses, Dame Myra Hess, Jascha Heifetz, Jack Benny, Boris Karloff, Marian Anderson, Lily Pons, Dag Hammerskjold—all talking about music. Mr. Fasset has also wandered around the country chronicling local musical events, and interviewing some of the personalities who are making the musical map of America come alive. In dozens of small towns, he found that listeners to the Philharmonic broadcasts have been inspired to start their own orchestras.

Last year, for instance, Mr. Fasset went for a program feature to Banner Elk, a town of 334 population in the mountains of North Carolina. Every year the little North Carolina Symphony Orchestra wends its way by bus over the winding roads to give a concert at this tiny settlement and in many others like it. Benjamin Swalin, its conductor, believes in taking concerts to the people, and covers some eight thousand miles each season in North Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, and Florida.

"Conductor Swalin explained that he let the towns know some months in advance the music that he was going to play," said Mr. Fasset. "Then at school the children became familiar with the symphonic themes and modeled musical



The Musical Director of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, Greek-born Dimitri Mitropoulos.

instruments out of clay. When the big moment came and the orchestra arrived in its bus, it was as exciting as though the circus had come to town. Later, walking through the streets, I heard a tiny tot in blue jeans whistling a theme from the Beethoven *Fifth Symphony*—something he'll never forget."

In another Philharmonic feature, Mr. Fasset visited Waukesha, Wisconsin, a farming community of 22,000 inhabitants, that produced for its people and from its people a full-fledged symphony orchestra.

"There are dozens of other towns which are pulling themselves up by their musical bootstraps," he says. "There is no adult orchestra in Lexington, Kentucky, but there is a lively and lusty Central Kentucky Youth Orchestra, made up of public school youngsters. The Chattanooga (Tennessee) Philharmonic has two hundred complete orchestral scores in its library, representing ninety-one composers. In Phoenix, Arizona, a ninety-five-piece youth orchestra, including young people from twenty-two schools, was organized in six weeks and now serves as a springboard and training group for the Phoenix Symphony itself."

Most of these community orchestras tour in their States and play in small towns that have never before actually seen a symphony orchestra, but that know the symphonic repertoire through radio broadcasts.

Perhaps the highest tribute to the Philharmonic's broadcasts is paid by the community orchestras themselves. Many of them have their weekly rehearsals on Sunday afternoons. But when the Philharmonic broadcast time comes around, it is a common practice to put aside the instruments so that their players can listen to the Philharmonic—and hear how one of the greatest orchestras in the world does the job.

Top left: the French horn is one of the most difficult and temperamental of the orchestral instruments. Top right: engineer Harold Bridges (left) and music commentator James Fasset in the control room. Bottom left: because the oboe retains pitch better than any other orchestral instrument, it is the job of the solo oboist to give the correct pitch to the other instruments before a concert. Bottom right: the double bass, giant of the string family, has the deepest and most resonant tone.



The Anatomy of the Symphony Orchestra

The symphony orchestra is the greatest of all instruments, played upon by an expert performer, the conductor. The New York Philharmonic-Symphony is made up of 104 musicians, each contributing to the plan of the composer who conceived the work. They are divided into four sections, the strings, the woodwinds, the brasses, and the percussion instruments.

The stringed instruments include the violins (first and second), the violas, the cellos, and the double basses. They are all played with a bow and the sound is produced by the vibration of their four strings as the bow moves across them.

The harp, also a stringed instrument, is played by plucking the strings.

The wood-wind section is so named because all of its instruments were originally made of wood, and their tone is produced with the breath. In the modern orchestra, however, most flutes and piccolos, and occasionally the clarinets, are made of metal, for greater brilliance of tone. The woodwinds include the flute, the piccolo, the clarinet, the bass clarinet, the oboe, the English horn, the bassoon, and the contra bassoon.

The brasses are descended from the ancient trumpets such as were used by the priests who marched around Jericho. Their modern descendants include the trumpet, the French horn, the trombone, and the tuba.

The percussion group is made up of instruments of varying shapes and sizes, with one thing in common: They are all played by being struck or plucked with mallet, hammer, or fingers. First in importance in the percussion section are the timpani, or kettledrums, which differ from the rest of this group in that they can be tuned to a definite pitch. Among the percussion instruments of indefinite pitch belong the bass drum, the snare drums, triangle, tambourine, cymbals, gong, and castanets. The instruments of the percussion family that produce definite musical notes include the bells, chimes, xylophone, celesta, and, as mentioned above, the timpani.

The piano is not considered an instrument of the symphony orchestra, though it is frequently used as a solo instrument.

Life Decision

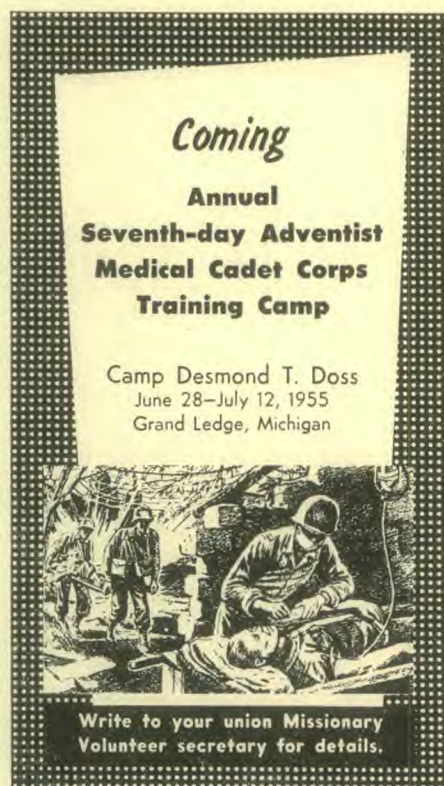
From page 8

vided the light, and conversation sounded reverent. Linda always thinks of the dining room as a pleasant place, because there she enjoyed meeting the students representing many homes and countries. Though she ate with students studying in religion, business, science, music, and other fields, each had the same goal—

telling the gospel to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people.

The Foreign Missions Band, which met after supper every other Friday evening, always renewed within Linda's heart the desire to go with the Lord any place, regardless of difficult conditions she might face. And on the Friday evenings when the Ministerial Seminar met, she was thrilled by the sermons of young men who were soon to be ministers of the gospel.

The main Friday evening meeting was always the Missionary Volunteer program. Back in Linda's home church there



had been a small Missionary Volunteer Society; singing hymns and enjoying the program with the many Volunteers of the college community brought a thrill to Linda like that which she feels when reading about the great youth congresses.

She, with her classmates and teachers, worshiped God each week in the Sabbath school and church services. She still recalls the fine sermons presented, and how they directed her to "the way, the truth, and the life." After church and a wholesome dinner at the college or in the home of a friend, Linda often joined the sunshine band bringing songs to the shut-ins, the literature-distributing group, or the Bible-study class. Sabbath afternoons, whether sunny or filled with a flurry of snow, were always too short. Near sundown the church again filled with God's people, and the vesper chimes rang out the close of the Sabbath day.

Besides the precious blessings the Sabbath brought to Linda, she remembers

the Weeks of Prayer with their experiences. During a Week of Prayer a minister with special messages for the youth would speak at the morning and evening worship; the youth searched their hearts and made lifelong decisions. At these services she rededicated her life to the Lord.

Linda, a close friend of mine, will soon become a graduate of a Seventh-day Adventist nursing school and will enter the world to serve her Master efficiently. She tells me that she often thinks of the youth who, having reached the time of decision, query: Should I continue beyond academy? If I do, should I choose a university or a Christian college?

She believes that the Seventh-day Adventist college, wherever you may attend, is waiting to prepare you for the joyful, satisfying life that only comes through developing every talent and using each one to glorify and honor the Friend who gave the talents in the beginning.

The Writings of Ellen G. White

From page 10

denominations preaching from the pages of these inspired works, while men and women sit in the congregation wondering at the power and grace in their pastor's words. Many have told us in so many words that the treasure house of their inspiration was the writings of Mrs. E. G. White.

A number of years ago the minister of education in one of the Southern European countries came to the United States to receive the highest degree that the world has to offer in a specialized field of training—pedagogy. He attended Columbia University, receiving not only a Master's degree but also a Doctor's degree in that field. He exhausted every source of information that he could find in order to bring back to his country the best in the field of education. Finally a book appeared in his own language—a masterpiece, every-one thought.

Would you believe it? It was a word-for-word translation of the book *Education*, by Mrs. E. G. White, appearing under his name in place of hers. This man had received the highest degrees the world had to offer, but when he brought back to his country the fruit of his study, he brought a book written by one who had had only three grades of education, but on whom God had poured out His Spirit for these latter times.

On the basis of this volume, *Education*, and other counsels like it, an educational system has been built up around the world with which our youth are happily familiar.

A number of years ago a good friend of mine held a series of meetings in New York City. Attending those meetings was a leading staff physician in the post gradu-

ate hospital, and later of Columbia University Medical School. His keen mind grasped the truth readily, and one day he asked for baptism. The doctor was so much in earnest that he urged private study to prepare himself fully for baptism at the earliest possible date.

On one such occasion the evangelist studied the gift of prophecy with him. That keen-minded scientist listened to every word with deepening interest. At the close of the Bible study he asked, "Do you have anything that this woman has written—anything that I can understand—something in my field of interest?" The pastor reached back into his library and handed *The Ministry of Healing* to the physician.

For nearly five long months the doctor read and reread the volume. Finally he walked into the pastor's office and confessed his skepticism and the struggle he had passed through to believe. How could a woman who had no medical training presume to write a book on medical practice was his question. And then it came to him!

"That settles it, Pastor. That woman is of God. Why, Pastor, she has stated medical principles in that book far in advance of her time! She has made statements that the medical profession only *now* is discovering to be true! She is of God; there is no question about it!"

And as you read those pages you too will come to the same conclusion—that God, according to His Word, has given His people the help they need today.

After years of patient and arduous toil, Ellen G. White settled at Elmhaven, California, near St. Helena in the beautiful Napa Valley. Somehow she felt that life was slipping away, and that she should work faithfully on preparing pages of inspiration to be put into print before she died. Additional secretaries were asked to come into the home.

One day a new secretary of a somewhat timid nature was added to the household. All ate around the large family table, and as the dinner hour approached, those of the household took their places. This noon hour they noticed that Mrs. White stood quietly at the head of the table with her arm over an empty chair next to hers.

The new secretary stood in the hallway wondering just where to go, and when all was quiet Mrs. White lifted herself to tiptoe as she said, "Come, dear, sit next to Mother." This is a flash picture of an earnest, godly, humble Christian woman so loved and admired by the hundreds of thousands who knew her the world around.

In 1909 she was asked to make one last trip across the continent. It took her four weeks to make the journey in those days of limited transportation facilities. Although she was eighty-one years of age, she spoke nearly twenty times on the way.

In the city of Washington a huge tent had been pitched for the conference ses-

sion. Four thousand people had gathered to hear her speak on that memorable Sabbath morning to give some kindly, practical counsel. When she finished she lifted the Bible from the desk and said, "I commend to you this Book." This was her last public utterance in any great meeting.

When she passed away in July, 1915, the *New York Independent*, a weekly newspaper, wrote in the August 23 issue, that whether she was a prophet or not was not for them to say, but that she lived the life of a prophet and did the work of a prophet, no one could deny.

Every time I review the story of the "gift" I determine anew to mark with faithfulness the counsel she has given. You too may know the satisfaction, the peace, and the happiness that comes from taking full advantage of this rich treasure left to us by the handmaiden of the Lord.

So You're a Senior!

From page 4

Of course your grades are important too, but there's more to a college education than getting good grades. And a senior with a brilliant scholastic record but a dull enthusiasm toward life is like a man who has had an eight-course dinner with very few vitamins or minerals in it, or like a car with a tankful of gas but no spark plugs.

It is obvious that as you go out into life you want others to have faith in you. But you can't expect them to have it if you haven't any in yourself. The more modest self-confidence you have, the more people will trust you; and enthusiasm is the overflow that tells the world you're sure of yourself.

Remember, nothing worth while has ever been accomplished without big doses of that difficult-to-define something called enthusiasm. So with all your getting, get enthusiasm! Without it, you cannot win; with it, you cannot fail!

Holiday for Three

From page 11

Greve, opened the window just a tiny bit, and held out the fruit. The baboon had started for the car as soon as he saw the open window, and then he reached out his long, furry arm. Grasping the lemon in his skinny fingers, he sat down by the side of the road and ripped off the skin with his sharp teeth. Obviously he enjoyed the fruit, for he smacked his lips and made a great noise as he ate. After finishing the lemon, he came back to the car for more. So another lemon found its way into his huge stomach as he sat back away from the road.

"Try feeding him some of those jelly

beans," offered Miss Greve. I bent down to take the candy from the bag on the floor. Turning again toward the window, I jumped several inches off the seat. On the other side of the glass stood the baboon, his ugly face pressed against it, staring into mine. Thinking he was still in the bush eating his lemon, I was so shocked that my hands were trembling as I looked at him. Again I opened the window a mere slit and handed him the jelly beans, one at a time. How he enjoyed them! When one of his wives appeared at the window to receive one, he barked loudly at her, cuffing her on the head.

At Skukuza we found that all the rest huts were full, for most of the game was in this section of the Park. We had to be satisfied with reserving a tent for the night. In the afternoon we drove along the Sabi River hoping to see a lion, or possibly a stray elephant, for we had just seen a sign cautioning us to "Beware of Elephants." Around a bend in the road we found two parked cars. "They must see something," said Alice. "Let's stop."

"Lions," whispered Miss Greve.

"Where, where?" I asked, getting my camera ready. I couldn't see around the parked cars and was afraid to get out of the car. We drove a little closer. There in front of us, calmly walking down the road, were three lionesses and four cubs. What a sight! As I glanced to the side of the road, I saw another huge, beautiful lioness about fifteen feet away, taking her afternoon nap. After the lions had wandered off into the bush, we continued on our way, returning about an hour later to the same spot. There we found five cars parked, the occupants staring intently off into the bush where we had seen the lions disappear. Driving up alongside one car, I asked the driver what he saw.

"Nothing," he answered, "but if you turn off your motor, you can hear the lions feasting. I came just in time to see a buck bound across the road with the lioness after it. Now she's enjoying her supper with her cubs."

I hardly believed his story about being able to hear the lions eating, but when I turned the motor off, I could. The throaty growls and grunts and the cracking of bones told us plainly that the lions were having a tasty meal. Hoping that the beasts would return to the road, we sat quietly in the car for about an hour, but continued on our way when the lions apparently had gone to sleep.

Back once more at Skukuza to fill up with petrol, Alice asked, "Well, shall we go out again? There's time before six."

"Sure, let's," I said. "I'd really like to see an elephant, and maybe we can find more lions. As we drove along past the 'Beware of Elephants' sign, Miss Greve said, 'We've seen about everything now except an elephant. Wouldn't it be fine if we could see one tonight!'"

"Shall we take the high road or the low one down by the river?" asked Alice.

"The low one," I answered. "We should see something down there." And we did! A mile farther on we found several cars parked overlooking a ravine. "An elephant! An elephant!" I gasped. "Look, look there!" I pointed with trembling finger to a spot just over the bank. There an elephant was curling up his trunk in snakelike twists to get the tender, juicy leaves at the top of a tree. His tusks gleamed in the late afternoon sun. "Now I've seen everything," I sighed contentedly as the elephant lumbered back among the trees five minutes later. During the next half hour the impallas, baboons, and kudus seemed very common to us, for hadn't we seen both lions and an elephant? By a quarter of six we were inside the gates of the camp, for in the Park, visitors must be in the camps by six at night and are not allowed to leave before six in the morning. Tall, strong walls of poles surround the camps to prevent the too inquisitive and sometimes dangerous animals from entering. Someone told us that the week before we had reached Letaba an elephant had broken into the camp, giving the people a little excitement! After a tasty supper, including delicious banana fritters and a cool lemon squash, we went to bed in our tent—in lion country!

Early the next morning we drove along the route toward Crocodile Bridge. A cheetah bounded off into the bush in front of us. Giraffes and kudus and impallas were seen frequently. Small gray, grizzled vervet monkeys, with bright eyes peering out from black faces surrounded by a ring of white, scampered in the trees and played hide-and-seek among the grasses.

Just as we were studying the book of animals we had bought in the Park, discussing those we had seen and others we wanted to see, Alice cried, "Look! What's that?"

A few feet away from the road stood a magnificent-looking animal, a rich glossy black above and pure white below. Above its black and white face its horns swept backward over the shoulders in a fine curve. For several minutes it stood and looked at us, as if to give us a perfect chance to study it. Then slowly it turned and trotted off, its tail held above the white rump. "Well, we have a sable antelope to add to our list now," said Miss Greve.

"Let's go to the hippo pool now," suggested Alice, "and afterward get on to Lourenço Marques." Several zebras bounded off into the safety of the bush as we drove along. Down to the banks of the Pafuri River we went. Towering above us were huge boulders. Standing on one was an African with a small ax in his hand. As he came down to meet us we asked him where the hippos were. "Come," he beckoned. "I will show." We followed him to the top of the rocks and

looked in the direction he pointed. Off in a quiet pool in the midst of the river we could see something black. Then a huge mouth opened wide, and we could see the characteristic pink throat and huge teeth. "Three of them," he offered in his broken English. We sat down on the rocks to watch the hippos, but we never saw them get out of the water.

"Don't know what the matter," said the Shangani guide. "Usually come out. Too early yet." He told us that forty



How would you like to accompany E. Robert Reynolds when he goes Ingathering in Pakistan by "Bicycling for Rupees"? Of course, the crowds you must pass through may try your patience at times. There are slow, creaky oxcarts, jostling two-wheeled passenger horse-carts, bell-ringing cyclists, in-different pedestrians, pushcarts, horn-honking buses and automobiles—all intent on their own destination. Of course, circumstances will not let you forget the mangy dogs, the flocks of sheep and goats, the herds of water buffalo you're likely to pass. And if it rained the night before, you'll have to do your best to ride through the almost impassable mucky mire. But the work must be done. And when you have finished the season, Ingathering will never be the same to you again.

Next Week in
THE Youth's INSTRUCTOR

hippos lived around this pool, but that most of them were resting in the reeds now.

"Down there?" Miss Greve asked as she pointed to a mass of grasses below us. The African nodded his head. Just then a terrific roar came from the reeds. "I want to see them," said Miss Greve as she walked along the rocks toward the sound. Immediately the guide picked up his gun.

"What's the matter?" I asked him.

"If hippo come too near people, I shoot," he answered. "Last year hippo kill

white man down there on sand. Now we shoot first." At that Miss Greve joined us on the other side of the rocks. "There crocodile," our guide told us as he pointed to the far bank of the river. Yes, there basking in the sun, just on the edge of the water, a fat crocodile lay sleeping.

After tipping the guide we drove on to the southern gate of the Park. The gate closed behind us and our visit to the Park was over.

At Komatipoort, near the Mozambique border, we ate before continuing over the steep hills to the customs and immigration offices. The South African officer examined our passports and took a permit we had been given at Beit Bridge. "Be sure to stop at the consul in Lourenço Marques and get another," he cautioned us. "Just ask for one."

A few yards farther on we were again stopped by an African policeman. We had come to the Portuguese customs. Two smartly uniformed Portuguese met us at the door of the immigration office. We had an interesting time trying to make one of them understand us, but the other came to our rescue. I found that Spanish isn't as much like Portuguese as I thought it was, for the little bit I knew didn't help much.

A beautifully terraced garden right outside the gate merited "Ohs" and "Ahs" as we stopped to take a picture before proceeding. The well-kept highway was lined for miles with lacy green trees, carefully planted. Goats and cattle were numerous on the rather barren hills. The Africans, dressed in bright-colored plaids, with bracelets around their ankles, seemed different from those in Rhodesia. Once we saw two women washing their clothes in a little stream under a bridge. When I focused my camera, they ran under the bridge, laughing loudly. And they wouldn't come out until I had gone back to the car without the picture!

Several miles from the city of Lourenço Marques, the capital and chief city of Portuguese East Africa, we drove through quiet, tree-lined streets of model little towns. Bright pink, red, and purple bougainvillea hedges surrounding typical Portuguese-style homes added to the beauty. Groups of African children coming from school waved at us merrily, shouting their greetings as they stopped to watch us pass. How they welcomed us to their country! Africans along the way were planting hundreds of pineapple plants or caring for the banana groves.

Once we stopped to ask a boy in the army about a huge building. I pointed to it and asked in Spanish what it was. "No speak Ingles," he answered.

Again I asked in Spanish.

Shrugging his shoulders, he said, "You Portuguese?"

"No," I answered.

Hopelessly he repeated, "No speak Ingles," and walked off.

A few more minutes' drive and Alice pointed out the blue waters of Delagoa Bay in the distance. Driving along through the streets of Lourenço Marques, we saw dozens of men selling bananas. Typical Portuguese-style buildings, palm trees growing stoutly from the rich, red soil, wide, tree-lined streets, and ships from many nations in the harbor gave us our first impressions of this modern seaport.

"We must go to the consul," Miss Greve remembered. "I hope we can find it."

"This looks like the municipal building," Alice pointed to a large building. "See, it has *mercado* at the top." After leaving the car and walking to the building, we found out that *mercado* wasn't a municipal center at all; it was the city market!

"Let's ask someone where to find the consul," said Alice.

"But they don't understand English," I protested.

"Ask someone anyway," said Miss Greve. "They must know where the consul is."

Stationing myself on the street corner I determined to stop the next person, just as we do in Ingathering street solicitation. "Pardon me, sir," I said, again in Spanish, "where is the South African consul's office?"

"No speak Ingles," he answered, starting on his way again.

"Consul, consul," I repeated. "Suid Afrika konsul."

His face brightened. "Come," he said. We followed him up the street for a block. "There," he said. "White building. Not first, but"—he hesitated probably trying to think of the correct word—"second," he continued triumphantly. "Not first, but second."

After thanking him we walked along the street, marveling at the modern stores and their striking window displays.

At the consul's office we presented our request for the permit similar to the one the official had taken from us in Komatiport. "Fill out this paper," we were told. We did, and presented them at the desk. "Oh, you're an alien; you must fill out two," the man said. "You must have a new visa."

"A new visa?" I exclaimed. "That man at the border told us to ask for the permit. He took ours; we have a visa to enter the Union."

"I know all that," the man explained patiently. "But you didn't have your permit endorsed in the Union, and you're in a foreign country now. So we have to treat you as an alien again." My face was getting redder all the time as the fifteen or twenty people waiting at the desk listened to our conversation. Another visa would cost us a little over two dollars. It wasn't the money, but the principle of the thing. Disgusted, I sat down and watched

Alice and Miss Greve fill out their papers again.

"I'll wait till I see what happens to you," I told them, "then I'll fill mine out."

The official checked the papers. He talked to us about the situation, alluding to my futile explanation and embarrassment with a twinkle in his eye. "Well, I'll see what I can do for you," he finally agreed. "Maybe I can get you a free visa after all your trouble." For forty-five minutes we sat waiting for him to return. Since this was Friday afternoon, we were anxious to get our place to stay and our food to eat before Sabbath.

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

I Was There The Story of Byron Moe

From page 6

Creek, Wisconsin. We soon became acquainted, and I found him to be a good, loyal friend.

"Soon the whole platoon was marched to the quartermaster storehouse where our equipment was issued to us: bandages, textbooks, helmet, medical belt, canteen, fatigue uniform, and insignia. Those of us who lacked socks, web belts, personal equipment, or toilet articles, could go to the PX and buy them at wholesale prices.

"Now we were ready to learn how to make our beds, where to place our belongings, and how to keep the hut tidy. The officers placed a bunk outside, and Captain Wolfe and Lt. Lowell C. Litten, another highly efficient World War II veteran, made up the bed, teaching as they made it.

"That bedmaking with the mitred corners and tight blanket looked terribly complicated. I'd made a bed at home, but never like that. I had to do it five times before I got all the wrinkles out of the blanket. Finally, when I got done I was pretty proud of that bed.

"I didn't sit on it that evening, and I crawled into it as carefully as possible that night so I wouldn't mess it up too badly. Then the next morning I smoothed out the wrinkles without remaking the bed entirely. But I soon learned that that wasn't the right procedure, for in came the first sergeant as though he delighted in finding something wrong. His eagle eye caught sight of a wrinkle in the sheet that showed through the blanket, and he seized the bedclothes and tore the bed all to pieces, shouting, 'Now make it up right!'"

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



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RELIGIOUS NEWS SERVICE PHOTO

► A HELICOPTER was called into service recently to help workmen install a cross atop the tower of a new church in Avesta, Sweden. Attached to the plane by wire, the 400-pound cross was taken aloft and lowered into position. Shown here is the helicopter idling above the tower as workmen fix the cross on the steeple.

► "LIMBO" is the name Australians give to a deadly antisubmarine mortar now in use. Navy Minister Josiah Francis said that Limbo and its electric brain could, without human aid, locate enemy submarines, set bombs to explode at the submarine's depth, and aim the mortar and fire it.

► THE only country in the Old World to be settled by migration from the New World is the African colony of Liberia, governed entirely by Negroes. Its history goes back to 1822 when the first settlement was made by Negro freedmen from the United States.

► IN 1900, nearly two-thirds of the men 65 or over reported themselves as either working actively or looking for jobs. Fifty years later less than 50 per cent of the men in this class were employed or hunting for work.

► FROM the summer of 1953 to the summer of 1954, the American automobile industry spent nearly a billion dollars in plant improvement, preparing for new models.

► UNITED STATES architects are donating a new stained glass window for the Chartres Cathedral of France. It will be one of the more than 150 such windows.

► LONDON's subway train engineers can now speak through a new telephone installation directly from trains in tunnels to central control headquarters.

► LITTLE farm machinery is used in Haiti. Holdings are generally so small, and income so limited, that farmers use only the machete and hoe.

► AT flood time the Mississippi River carries off sediment equal to a 6-inch layer of topsoil from forty-six 100-acre farms each day.

► IN Shanghai each person is rationed to six ounces of sugar and a pound of oil a month.

► THE United States uses more than 1.25 trillion gallons of water each day, according to estimates of the United States Geological Survey.

► A PERSIAN man who has had 200 wives believes that marrying once is enough. The Tehrani scholar and businessman is now married only to 30-year-old Mariam. His philosophy: "If a man seeks peace—he must marry only once."

► LAST Christmas the German people showed their gratitude for past Christmas gifts from America by donating ten tons of toys for orphans in the United States. The gift came from the Association of German Toy Manufacturers.

► IF you like to typewrite standing up, an invention of A. K. Mirigian, of San Francisco, is just the thing for you. He has developed a portable typewriting desk, hinged to a cane-like rod. The desk can be hooked over your shoulder so you can type while standing at the desk.

► WHAT happens when a new material is put on the market? Take the history of nylon as a case in point: In the Dupont Company alone, 13,000 jobs were created for the production of this new material. Besides this there are thousands of jobs converting, dyeing, finishing, cutting, and molding nylon into its final form. The textile industry has 109,000 workers in firms making finished products of nylon, and an additional 51,000 in sales.

► SPAIN's foreign minister has opened the country's doors to all Spaniards in exile except those responsible for crimes punishable by more than 20 years in jail. Foreign Minister Artajo also made it clear that persons who discover, after returning to Spain, that they are responsible for serious crimes, may choose between serving the applicable sentence or returning to their exile. Those not charged with crimes and who want to go to any other country, may apply for Spanish passports like any other Spaniards, he added.

► THE Chamber of Commerce of El Paso, Texas, has been deluged recently with letters from all over the United States inquiring about how you can get a burro. Somehow the animal's long-suffering attitude, its patience, gentleness, and ability to survive on almost any type of food in any climate, has brought it to the attention of a big national gift house, which recommends it as an ideal pet for children. So it is conceivable that this beast of burden of the Southwest may rise to a position equal to that of the highly regarded Shetland pony.

Radarscope

► A PSYCHOLOGY class at the University of Wisconsin conducted a survey and came to the conclusion that in a 70-year life the average person spent 20 years working, 20 years sleeping, 7 years walking and in outdoor sports, 7 years at the movies or engaged in other amusement, 5 years dressing and personal care, 2½ years eating and sitting at the table, 2½ years smoking and chewing gum, 2 years playing games, 1 year at the telephone, and 3 years waiting for someone to come or something to happen.

► BABIES who like to chew on their nursery furniture or toys may do so safely if the objects are spray-painted with a new aerosol enamel that contains no lead pigment or lead drier. Packaged in push-button spray containers, the nontoxic paint is available in white and four child-appealing colors—baby blue, baby pink, kiddie yellow, and kiddie green.

► NORMALLY it takes about 2 hours and 10 minutes for a DC-7 of the United Airlines to make the hop from Chicago to Washington, but last January one of the Airline's commercial planes shaved 39 minutes of flight time from the schedule. During the flight it reached a speed of 490 miles an hour and a height of 21,000 feet.

► INDIA plans to bridge the famous river Ganges at Mokameh, about 50 miles east of Patna. The bridge, about a mile long, will accommodate both rail and highway traffic. It will be the only bridge across the Ganges throughout its 600-mile course between Allahabad and Calcutta. It will replace ferry boats.

► No bottle opener is needed to remove a new bottle cap produced by a Los Angeles manufacturer. Except for a small tab on one side, the cap looks like the usual crimped metal kind, but it will pop off at the upward press of a thumb.

► PEARL fishing off the southeast coast of India is to be revived after a lapse of 20 years. Recent surveys have revealed the existence of grown oysters in the pearly banks off Tuticorin.

► THE Armed Forces Medical Library in Washington, D.C., has a collection of almost a million books and pamphlets.

► SOUTH AFRICAN cities are to have zebra crossings, and are to give pedestrians right of way.

► SPARE-TIME uranium prospectors of Mount Isa, Australia, recently sold their claim for \$700,000.

Focus

There's a touch of humor in our note this week about how people use their time—a whole lifeful of it. Work, sleep, amusement: that's about it.

All of us have the same amount of time, but many of us fill it with trivia until little is left for worth-while things. Putting proper activities into proper niches of time is an art. Solomon noted that life has its specified seasons for planting, reaping, destroying, building, obtaining, weeping, rejoicing, and so on.

Success in the eyes of God depends more upon what you put *into* your life than what you get *out of* it. For that reason you should use time and not let time use you. "Of no talent He [God] has given will He require a more strict account than of our time."

DON YOST