



The
Youth's
INSTRUCTOR



OCTOBER 25, 1955

**Have You Cheated?
An Autumn Pilgrimage**

Bible Lesson for November 5



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO

How to Do It

By LAWRENCE E. C. JOERS, M.D.

Physics was a difficult premed subject for me. Our excellent teacher lectured on the theory of the subject with great confidence. Still I had difficulty solving the problems, and he had to help me. When I saw that they could be solved—and how—I took courage and tried, and passed the subject.

Many have said, "Don't talk too much to us about the theory of Christian living. We know what we should do, and why. If you want to help, show us how it can be done. We want to see the problems worked out in your life."

A Seventh-day Adventist soldier was mopping a floor when his commanding officer came through. The lad glanced frequently at an open Bible and a pamphlet as he mopped.

"What are you doing?" the officer inquired.

"Mopping, sir," was the reply.

"I see that, but what are you studying?"

"My Sabbath school lesson, sir. I study it every day," the soldier explained.

"Oh, yes, it's you and your buddies who always get church passes for Saturday," the officer said, picking up the *Quarterly*. "Sit down. I would like to study your lesson with you." After a pleasant study the officer rose, much impressed. "Do all of your church people study daily?" he asked.

"I think many of them do, sir. We think it is good for us."

When the soldier and his buddies came for their church passes that Friday the officer was at the desk smiling. He amazed each one by asking whether he had studied his Sabbath school lesson each day. To those who had not he said, "All right, you may go this time. But next week no one gets a pass unless he has studied every day."

That Christian soldier has demonstrated the how of Christian living by knowing his faith, living his faith, and sharing it.

Grace Notes

ACQUAINTANCE Thousands of Seventh-day Adventist youth are acquainted with our guest editorial writer. Through his book *God Is My Captain*, his *Youth's Instructor* serial "The Doctor's Vacation" (November 18 through December 30, 1952), and his *Weeks of Prayer* in a number of our schools, he has shown not only his faith in the providences of God, but his understanding of the perplexities of youth. A naval medical officer during four and one-half years of World War II, he participated in seven campaigns of the South Pacific. His book relates some of his miraculous escapes. He was also in naval service three years in Korea. He is a B.S. graduate of Walla Walla College, an R.N. from the St. Helena Sanitarium and Hospital, and an M.D. graduate of the College of Medical Evangelists. To meet school expenses he janitored, night watched, nursed, and sold shirts, socks, and neckties. Extracurricular activities in school and out have found him holding evangelistic efforts, giving Bible studies, pastoring churches, conducting *Weeks of Prayer*, and writing. For six months he conducted his own radio program, "Learning to Live." He counts his vacation in the jungles of Peru as one of the great experiences of his life. "True happiness," he writes, "is the reflection of the happiness found in service to God and to those about us."

ANNIVERSARY Next week in "The Prophet and the Earthquake," James H. Stirling reviews some of the fascinating and significant details of an event that took place just two hundred years ago.

COVER Picture an elderly couple approaching the white shaft shown on our cover. They stand and look at the war memorial and remember, then turn and walk slowly away, appearing tired and very much alone. This is what Author John H. Nicholls saw as he sojourned briefly at Albury, Victoria, Australia, on his "Autumn Pilgrimage" (see page 8).

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.

She Wore a PINK RIBBON

By MARGARET ANDERSON

BONNIE ran a pencil methodically down the page.

"... and Marge and Bob. That makes thirty. Can you think of anyone we've forgotten?"

Her remark was addressed to the group of girls that had gathered on the academy lawn during the noon hour. Since spring recess was the following week, the girls had unanimously decided that someone must give a party. She suggested that Marge always liked to entertain, Marge thought Betty was the perfect hostess, and Betty remembered that Bonnie had a playroom just built for celebrations. When everyone had agreed that Bonnie should have the party, Bonnie consented.

After reading the list of suggested guests, Bonnie glanced carefully around the circle of girls. Anne, Sue, Marge, Betty, Sally—she hadn't included Sally. She poised her pencil ready to add the name, when out of the corner of her eye she caught a glimpse of Anne. Anne, who had read her thoughts, was shaking her head in silent disagreement. Obediently, Bonnie lowered her pencil. The forced silence that descended remained until Sally had clambered self-consciously to her feet and fled into the dim building.

"You weren't going to invite *her*?" Anne questioned accusingly.

"She is an absolute social leech," piped Sue. "Everywhere we go, she has to drag along. It's so embarrassing when you're trying to act poised in front of a boy, and there stands Sally, twittering and giggling like an infant. You'd never imagine she was almost sixteen. And what's worse, she dresses like a child. Can't you see her at that party with a ridiculous pink ribbon adorning her fat curls, and a little pink dress with a dainty sash tied by Mamma. I simply could not bear it!"

"Well," defended Marge, "she does

come from a very nice family and really she's very sweet."

"Of course she's sweet," wailed Betty, "too sweet! It makes her a nuisance."

The party was a great success. Each girl was enveloped in layers of petticoats and taffeta, while the boys suffered in white shirts and coats. Conversation was reduced to party whispers. Huddled miserably in one corner, the boys discussed batting averages, while across the room the girls spoke wistfully of boys. But no one appeared with a pink bow in her hair.

March was replaced by April, and April was wearing out. In the final frenzy toward the end of the term, the days tumbled on. But the treatment of Sally remained changeless. Polite indifference was the standard observed by the girls. Marge offered a forced smile, but with Sue and Betty her presence called for averted eyes.

Even the seniors knew that Jack was Sally's hero. She would gaze open-mouthed when he hit a home run, and stare stupefied when he sang in assembly. It was her good fortune that she sat directly across the table from him in study hall. This was opportunity unlimited! Each day she would bend earnestly over her bookkeeping, glancing up only often enough to see him smile encouragingly at Sue. But at last the day came when he smiled at Sally, and then he spoke.

"You think I'm pretty great, don't you?" he inquired.

Sally blushed crimson and nodded.

"Hey, Sue," he called across the teacher-deserted room, "come here."

Twenty-seven pairs of eyes focused on the scene, and twenty-seven pairs of ears strained for the conversation.

"You know something?" Jack glanced at Sally, but spoke to Sue. "Sally thinks I'm wonderful. I think she's Mamma's precious little infant."

Stifled snickers slid around the room. Sally rose suddenly, dashed out the door, and ran sobbing down the hall.

One Wednesday morning in Spanish class Sue unconsciously piled her books on the empty chair in front of her.



FRINK

Bonnie's playroom was just the right place for the party, and all the girls were invited but Sally. "She is an absolute social leech. Everywhere we go, she has to drag along," Sue had commented.

"Sally has been gone since last Thursday, hasn't she?" It was Marge speaking from across the aisle.

"Uh-huh, I guess so," Sue responded. "She's probably on an extended weekend jaunt to Paris, or perhaps she had so many gentleman callers that studies had to be abandoned."

After class Betty stopped Sue. "Janet told me that Sally is quite sick."

"Really?" Sue questioned unthinkingly. "Too bad."

"She's been in the hospital since Sunday," offered Betty as she ducked into the next classroom.

That noon the girls were again congregated on the lawn. Once again, Sally was the subject of their conversation.

"And I think," concluded Marge, "that we really should send her some flowers. After all, we can at least be polite."

Each girl debated and promoted her favorite flower, but at last Betty insisted that Sally would love pink azaleas. Since nobody disagreed, Betty collected a quar-

ter from each of them and rushed out to buy the flowers.

It might have been the lulling weather, or just the queer silence of the girls, but suddenly Sue started thinking. None of them had paid any attention to Sally when she was at school. Now they were trying to make restitution on a quarter. For how much damage would a quarter pay? Would it buy back the times they'd avoided and snubbed her? Would it pay for all the catty remarks and suggestions? Sue wondered and worried. When she had at last decided, she rose silently and went to write an apology to Sally.

At the sound of the last bell, the students pushed hurriedly into class. In the midst of the babbling, someone mentioned the pink azaleas. Mr. Wilson came toward them.

"It's rather late to be sending flowers," he stated flatly. "Sally is dead."

Sue looked at his face to see whether what he had spoken was written there. It couldn't be true. He must be mistaken.

Sue looked at him again. He nodded. Suddenly the room was crowded with excited people. Where was the door? Just walls and walls and more walls.

Rushing blindly from the room, Sue stumbled down the hall. Once she was outside, great waves of tears and sobs spilled from her. It was too late. She could never tell Sally she was sorry—so sorry. Sally was gone. And to deepen the impression of death, a storm broke. Thunder pronounced judgment, and the sky wept with her.

They all filed by the coffin. Jack's eyes filled with tears. Marge whispered "Good-by, Sally." Sue took one look at her lying there, at the pink ribbon holding back her curls, and raced from the room. One pink azalea plant stood dejectedly in the corner. No one had removed the tiny card that said, "Get well soon, Sally." But then, no one was noticing one forlorn plant of pink azaleas. The ribbon that held back her hair was a fairer shade of pink.



Make a Wish

By KATHERINE BEVIS

OUT of the fables and folklore of the past emerges the intriguing idea of three wishes, around which many a story has been built.

By turning a ring, rubbing a monkey's paw, or accomplishing certain feats of valor, a person could state the three things he wanted most, and his wishes would be granted. What an opportunity!

What would your three wishes be? We all want, and need, an inward conviction that there is a deep and real meaning to life.

A man traveling across the desert wishes for an oasis or the shelter of shade. A person climbing a mountain wishes for the broad vision that will appear as he reaches the summit. The scientist working in his laboratory is trying to uncover secrets of nature that he wishes to learn in order to bring new comfort to humanity.

So it is with all of us. We are explorers

seeking something that can guide us to a haven of safety and peace, seeking an assurance that will help our intellects to know and our hearts to feel that there is a Power greater than we are, upon which we may rely.

You and I are embarked on a voyage of life, and, like Columbus, have boldly set our sails across an unknown sea in search of the Land of Promise.

Whatever your station in life, there is one wish you may have, and to obtain this wish you do not need any one of the above-mentioned items. It is yours for perhaps as little as fifty cents, or a larger sum, according to the binding and size—the Holy Bible—which is the record of man's age-old search for God, for the meaning of life, and for the significance of death.

It is a living library of sixty-six books of the most varied character. From this living library all inspiration for living, for zeal, and for devotion flows now, has flowed throughout all ages past, and will till the end of time.

To this library we owe everything! As

Lecky has said: "It has covered the earth with countless institutions of mercy, utterly unknown to the heathen world."

Read and believe this great Book as it tells about the goodness of God and the immortality of the soul. You can depend upon the reliability of it. Make the reading of it a habit of your life.

One day as Sir Walter Scott was drawing near to what he called the "last and final awakening," he was wheeled in his chair to the window in the library of his home, Abbotsford. From this window he could look upon the river Tweed.

As he sat gazing down at the quiet, flowing river, he called to his son-in-law, "Lockhart, would you read to me, please?"

"From what book would you like me to read?" asked Lockhart.

"From what book?" exclaimed Sir Walter. "There is but one!"

The world boasts of great literature, and its boasting is justified, but there is no library of books that will meet the spiritual and moral need of the masses and the classes alike, as will this Book, the Word of God.

IMEDIATELY after Anna and I were married, we traveled with the Hamill family, for whom I had been working as chef-cook in Naples, Florida, to their summer home in Newark, Ohio.

Mrs. Hamill was kind and considerate to both of us, and it is with gratitude that I remember her teaching me along with her own children. Although I was a grown man, there were many things in books and in the minds of people that I yearned to know in order to become a better preacher. I never asked Mrs. Hamill a question but that I received an adequate answer. If the knowledge was not within her immediate grasp, she procured it for me and passed it along for my information. I learned many things from my generous employer, and in a measure it is due to her influence that today I possess and enjoy a library of some four thousand volumes.

I was now thirty-three years old, and my desire to preach the gospel more effectively was stronger than ever. Anna was truly a helpmate to me in this intention. When the summer in Ohio was ended I went back to Naples, where Anna taught in one of our Seventh-day Adventist church schools and I continued to work as a chef-cook. I wanted to go up to Bushnell, Florida, to do colporteur work as soon as my employment would allow.

From the Southern Publishing Association in Nashville, Tennessee, I had ordered, on credit, large numbers of tracts and books to use in my canvassing. I had not forgotten that when I was a small boy a religious tract had made a deep impression upon me, and had become the guiding influence in my adult life.

The materials arrived, and in the spring I proceeded by train to Bushnell, which is in central Florida and about 250 miles from Naples, a winter resort on the coast at the terminus of one of the railroad lines.

Bushnell is in a farming center, and the people depended on selling farm produce for their income. I arrived in the small town eager to begin canvassing with my generous supply of material.

I started taking orders for the book called *Bible Footlights*. I secured a large number of orders from the people, so I decided to have my family come to spend the rest of the summer with me. Three weeks after they came, when it was time to make my book deliveries, the cucumber crop was attacked by a destructive insect. So the people had no money to buy the books. My summer's work was fruitless.

"Anna," I said, "what are we going to do? I can't sell this literature to people when they have no money."

Anna looked thoughtful. "And you have got to pay the publishing company for all of it."

HAND to the PLOW

By JOHN G. THOMAS

As told to SARA SPROTT MORROW

PART THREE

I ran my hand into my pocket and brought out our entire fortune. I held it before Anna and Willie Lee. "Count it," I said to the child.

She counted the coins aloud. "One dollar and fifty cents."

"That's right," I agreed. "That's all we've got in the world." The child's face wrinkled and she began to whimper.

Anna patted her shoulder comfortingly.

"We need to pray to God to help us. We are working for Him and He will help us."

In all our experiences together we had prayed for guidance, and because of our faith in the fact that God could and did answer prayers of Christians who labored in His vineyard, we sought Him earnestly for guidance.

As we were praying, a knock came at

the door. I answered it to find our landlady, smiling and pleasant. "Here," she said, "I know you're in bad luck and I want to help you."

She held out a brown paper bag. When I looked hesitant she insisted, "Go on. Take it. I haven't got much, but I want to share it with the preacher and his wife."

I am sure my voice quavered as I thanked her, and she left. Anna and I looked inside the bag. It contained a few Irish potatoes, some onions, a little bag of grits, and some cake. It made us feel humble that this woman, like the widow in the Bible, had given us all she had to spare.

Her kindness renewed our hopes, and we decided to take the food and our one dollar and a half, and go by train to St.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Preparing a good meal, the Thomases think of the time they had only onions and grits for breakfast.

Petersburg, about seventy-five miles to the south. Another friend bought our railway tickets.

When we left the train in St. Petersburg, still not knowing exactly what we should or could do, Anna suddenly remembered that she had a friend there whom she had once visited. We went to her house, thinking that if she would put us up for one night, I could surely find a job the next day.

The friend seemed genuinely glad to see both of us and generously offered shelter for the night.

The day was not yet spent, so I took my books and sallied forth to try to sell them and to look for a job. We had no money and only the food furnished us by the kind woman in Bushnell.

As I walked along the street I saw a big truck parked alongside the curb. At the wheel sat a large, jovial-looking man, and I decided to ask him what he knew of the job situation. This was in 1918, just before the close of World War I, and jobs were more plentiful then than in former times.

I stepped up to the cab of the truck. "You know of any job I might get?" I asked.

The man smiled in a friendly manner. "What can you do?"

"Anything," I answered quickly.

"Got a strong back?"

"I sure have, and a hungry stomach."

"If you'll come back right here in the morning, I'll take you out to where we're working on a construction job," the driver offered.

I was elated, and hurried back to our friend's house to inform Anna of my good fortune.

"You haven't got the job yet," she reminded me cautiously.

"No, but I'll get it," I assured her with confidence.

That night we offered our thanksgiving to the heavenly Father for our improved prospects and for the blessings we were already enjoying from the hands of friends.

Next morning we put the potatoes, onions, and grits on to boil for our breakfast. When we sat down to eat, tears were streaming down Anna's face. I felt ashamed that I, a grown man, had no more to offer my wife and daughter.

"Don't cry, Anna," I said, trying to comfort her. "Everything will get better." There was probably not too much assurance in my voice, but I did know that things could not get much worse than boiled onions and a handful of grits for breakfast!

Anna could not eat for her tears, so I suggested we pray in gratitude for the hope I had for a job that day. Prayer has always been our greatest comfort, and it did not fail us then.

Again, as we prayed, a knock came at the room door. I answered to find a stranger there. "I saw some company

come in here yesterday and thought you might enjoy some fresh eggs for breakfast. I've got a big flock of hens."

She held out a basket of the nicest-looking eggs I ever saw.

Anna dried her tears, and we both offered profuse thanks to our benefactor, who brushed aside our words, saying it was nothing. Maybe she never knew that she was a handmaiden of the Lord, answering our prayer of the morning, but I hope she has been rewarded in this life for her generosity and will be in the life to come.



No Chance of Failure

By MARY GUSTAFSON

Far beyond our feeble doing

Is a power that saves us now;

'Tis the cross-spilled blood of Jesus

Who knew thorns upon His brow.

He has given each a duty;

We must tell to all His love,

Or the world will not be ready

For the mansions built above.

There are struggles always nearing,

Yet there's strength past human
power,

For with Jesus as our leader

There can be no empty hour.

We told the neighbor woman of our intention to work for God in St. Petersburg, and after a little conversation Anna followed her to the door as she took her leave. She walked on out the door with the neighbor and through the front yard, down to the gate to bid her a grateful good-by. The grass was wet with a heavy dew, and Anna looked down in dismay at her wet shoes. As she glanced, there was a dollar bill lying on the damp grass!

People had been walking past that

gate all morning en route to work, but none had seen the money.

Anna stooped, picked up the bill, and immediately looked to see whether she could hurriedly find the rightful owner. No one was in sight. She walked slowly back toward the house.

"John," she said, holding out the dollar bill, "look what I found on the grass."

"Anna!" I cried, amazed. "Just lying on the ground?"

She nodded. "We must find the owner."

The three of us hurried back to the gate, but no one was there searching for the lost money. We inquired of the friend in whose home we were staying. She shook her head. "It's not mine. Keep it—you need it more than anybody I can think of."

We had to admit that this was true!

Back in our room we began to think about how we could best use our wind-fall.

"We've got to have some food if you are going to be able to work," Anna decided. "We have a dozen eggs. We can buy a pat of butter for twelve cents; one dozen rolls for a dime; a can of syrup for another dime; and then we can purchase some oil to cook our eggs."

But first we felt impelled to offer our thanks to God who was overruling our every move for good.

After visiting the nearby grocery for our meager shopping, we relished a good breakfast, and I set out for the truck to ride with the other workers to what I hoped would be my new job.

I found my friend of the day before just where he had told me he would be. "Hop in," he invited; "we've got seven miles to go out to the job."

I was ill at ease and apprehensive. It seemed to me that my good fortune had extended a long way, but I joined in the conversation on the way out the road.

When we clambered off the truck the driver told me whom I should see. I walked slowly toward the boss, who was busy shouting orders all around. At last he turned to me.

"What do you want?" he asked, not unkindly.

"I need a job," I answered.

"What can you do?"

"I can handle the business end of a grubbing hoe or an ax," I said. I had seen some men clearing lots as we came along the road.

I held my breath as the man seemed to be considering. "Oh, I've got enough men, I reckon," he said, and walked away.

Crestfallen and bitterly disappointed, I walked slowly back to the truck. The driver was nearby.

"Any luck?" he called.

I shook my head.

"Come on with me. I'll take you to another boss," he offered.

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Have You Cheated?

By a REGISTRAR

"To Whom It May Concern:

"Twelve years ago I was a student in _____ College. While I was there I cheated in an examination in biology. I do not deserve the grade which I received. Please remove the credit from the records.

"I do not know where the teacher of that subject is. If you can give me his address, I want to write to him and ask his forgiveness.

"During the past twelve years I have felt that Jesus did not hear my prayers. There seemed to be a wall between us, and my prayers could not get through.

"Now that I have confessed the wrong, I can talk to Him and I know that He will hear me.

"Very sincerely yours,

"_____"

In the office of the registrar we receive letters from time to time such as this. Each letter tells us the same story: a moment of temptation at a time when one has failed to ask God for help, a moment of yielding, and then years of regret with the face of Jesus blotted out.

Over and over the Holy Spirit speaks to such a heart, pleading for the sinner to

make it right. Each time the answer is No the battle is more difficult to win. Suppose one never makes it right? What then? Other wrongs are added to the first and Satan has the victim firmly entangled in his web.

A young man (we will call him Dick) was disciplined for a series of misdeeds. The things he did were of such a serious nature that he was asked to leave the campus before school was out.

After the close of school Dick returned to get his things out of the dormitory and to ask forgiveness for some of the wrongs. In his case, as in the case of so many who have made serious mistakes, it was not the first time he had stepped off the straight and narrow path. No one becomes suddenly bad!

One of the serious things he had done was to secure a key (under false pretenses) and have a duplicate made of it so that he could get into the room where examinations were mimeographed. Dick was completing his junior year in college when this happened, but he made the statement that he had cheated in every course he had taken since he had been in the eleventh grade. Five years of consistent cheating! Five years of living with a troubled conscience! Five years without being able to talk with Jesus!

A senior (we will call him Ned) came to my office to talk about cheating—not that he wanted to make anything right, but because he had heard that I had been told about his cheating.

For some years Ned had planned to attend a professional school of higher learning, and he needed high grades to get there. It became an obsession. Satan knew that here he could find a weak spot in Ned's armor, and he tempted him to cheat to get those higher grades. Ned was accepted into the professional college he wanted to attend—but at the price of his own soul. When he came to my office I was not sure whether he had come because he was sorry or because a question had been raised about his honesty, and so this is what I said to him:

"Ned, I don't necessarily want you to tell me what you have done. That will be a matter for you to straighten out with God, your teachers, and your classmates. But I do want to challenge your thinking. In your heart at this moment there is a battle. You are thinking, 'If I confess my wrong, it may cost me entrance into the professional school which I hope to attend.' Let me tell you a true story, in the words of a young girl who cheated:

"The year I completed the eighth grade, I earned a State certificate in every subject with the exception of spelling, and I didn't need that certificate to go on into high school. I was ashamed that I had failed a drill subject (by one word). When I looked over the paper that was handed back I noticed that I could have passed if I had added an 'e'

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H. A. ROBERTS

Some letters that have come to the registrar indicate that cheating has caused years of regret.

JUST holding a road map in my hands puts new blood in my veins. The red and blue and black lines mean more than roads and rivers, mountains and tracks. To me they mean the thrill of a pilgrimage, the open road, a clear sky, vagabonding up hill and down dale, seeing towns and cities and people.

It was autumn in Victoria, the southernmost state of Australia. The afternoons were pleasantly warm, trees and shrubs were changing to glorious golds and reds and browns, the air was fresh but not cold, and the smoke of wood fires at evening was blue against the mountains. Autumn on the road was too pleasant to miss!

I took out the map, sharpened a pencil, and sat down to think. What vistas and opportunities were opened before me! I traced lines on the map, planned this and that, but then put away the pencil, folded the map, and decided to go where good fortune or ill would take me.

Next morning I set out from Melbourne with a haversack on my back and hope in my heart. I was traveling I knew not where, in the country I love, in sunshine and rain, to meet perhaps saints or sinners. I intended to walk for two reasons. First, I own no car, and second, I wanted to be fully at ease to savor the sights and sounds of the road as only a man on foot can do. I wanted to stop when I felt like it and talk, to lean on someone's gate and admire his garden, to watch him mow his lawn. I wanted to be free to loiter or run, to laugh or sing as the spirit took me. So I walked, but being an obliging fellow, if anyone offered a lift I would not object.

I traveled at first by train. It took me northward away from factories and

Read this for choice adventure, old-fashioned vintage. And then, if you will, be as new-fashioned as the author, and try for yourself

An Autumn Pilgrimage

streets and smoke to the country, the great out-of-doors where God holds open house. Some sixty miles sped past and when I alighted at Seymour the journey had really begun. I shouldered my pack and sought the highway. In my pack were a small tent and sleeping bag, billies (jars) and food, just enough to sleep out if and when I felt so inclined.

The road wound through flat country with occasional trees; mountains rose in the distance. The sun shone brightly and the afternoon grew warm. Trees cast mottled shadows and somewhere in the distance a tractor hummed faintly. Then, without warning, a car pulled up and a door opened invitingly. I climbed in. The miles sped past and it was late afternoon when I resumed my pilgrimage on foot outside Wangaratta—an industrial town, yet boasting a cathedral—with two hours of sunlight left and a bed yet to find for the night.

With this incentive I strode out manfully, receiving curious glances from more respectable people returning home from work. Gradually fields gave place to houses, and houses to shops, till I found myself outside the post office. There was a letter waiting for me addressed "Pilgrim" and I had no difficulty convincing the girl behind the counter that it belonged to me. It was from my fiancée, now my wife.

A shop offered fresh-baked bread, and

with this under my arm I was soon on my way to a camping area which lay alongside the Ovens River, a broad, shallow stream.

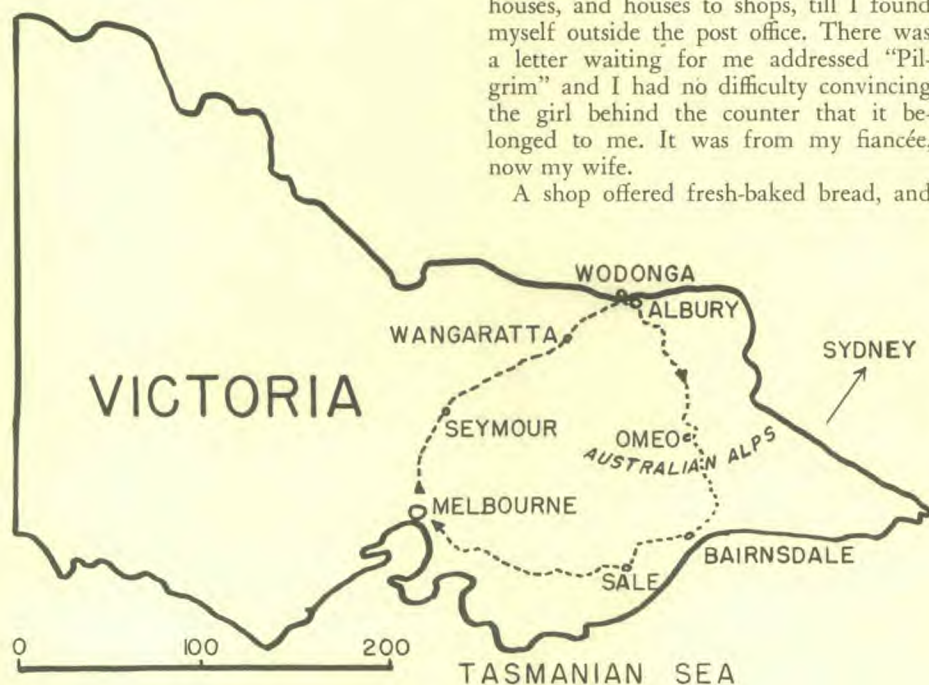
The tent was soon up, leaves gathered for a bed, and a fire lighted. Dusk came down, the shadows dissolved, and night had fallen. Around about were other tiny fires, pinpoints of light, signs of company belonging to the greatest and friendliest brotherhood in the world—that of the open road. All over Southern Australia I have met campers—vagabonds and wanderers—all the same friendly folks and sharing a love of life and the freedom of the open air.

After supper I left the tent and walked again to the post office to call over the telephone the one whom I love dearly. Then I returned, but before I slept I stood outside and listened to the stillness, saw the numberless stars above, and heard the whisperings of the water close at hand. I bowed my head in wonder at the beauty of it all and silently thanked God.

Even a pilgrim must pause sometimes, so next morning, still abed, with the trees casting shadows on the walls of my tent, I decided to rest, look around this growing city of Wangaratta, and travel again the following day. Besides, I knew a minister from my home town who had moved here and the opportunity of visiting him was too good to miss.

Scattered among the trees were a few tents and even an occasional trailer—the abodes of those so fortunate as to be here today and gone tomorrow, enjoying perfect comfort all the way. Then back a little from the others I saw an unusual sight—an old horse-drawn caravan with tiny windows, sloping roof, and crazily built chimney. Somehow it rested there all at ease, not standoffish and aloof in painted splendor, but old and friendly, perfectly at home.

I wondered how far it had traveled, what adventures it had seen, through what small towns and backroads it had passed. How often had the rain beaten down on its sloping roof, the winds caressed, the sun warmed its mellowed tim-



rimage

By JOHN H. NICHOLLS



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Even a pilgrim must pause sometimes; so one morning, as the trees cast shadows on the walls of his tent, the author decided to rest, look around the city of Wangaratta, and travel the next day.

ber? It belonged to an age now passed, when man had time to pause and think and when a headlong rush of speed was not all that mattered.

I found my minister friend in his garden and talked long with him that day. I saw his church, heard his plans, sat in his study surrounded by books, and listened. Only the day before the papers had reported his sermon. It was one trenchantly and fearlessly condemning evil and bound to stir a hornets' nest about his ears. But he was totally unafraid, a valiant fighter for the things of the spirit. A little later as I saw him out playing with some of the boys of his congregation I felt that here, surely, was one with whom the affairs of God's kingdom on earth could be entrusted.

Next day I was on the road again, after paying my camping fees, and wondering whether my humble six feet by three of tent space was really as costly to accommodate as the car and caravan which were charged the same amount. The road led northeast to Albury, where I hoped to spend the Sabbath.

It was still early morning when I arrived in this city where the men were in the streets raking golden leaves together and burning them, a sweet-smelling autumn incense. Here it was that I had arranged to spend two nights, and after mistaking the house at first, I was made welcome as a pilgrim should be.

Later that day I walked through the city along the main road and climbed a steep hill seemingly just outside the shops. I was near to heaven, in altitude at least, and had a vast panorama of country spread before me. Away to the left were the Australian Alps, through which I would soon be climbing; below me the city, where men like ants moved jerkily and somehow aimlessly about. Behind me was the war memorial, a column of whiteness pointing toward heaven.

As I watched, an elderly couple climbed the steps, stood for a while in front of the memorial, and then turned again. I watched them as they descended. He was stooped slightly, and both looked somehow tired and very much alone. I

thought of the text: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

While I was thus lost in thought the sun descended, and the shadows were long before I rose to go. Hurry as I might, it was dark before I reached town again. And that placed me in a somewhat awkward position. I had borrowed a bicycle and left it at the police station for safekeeping. Unfortunately it had no light, and my abode for the night was still some miles off. But even pilgrims (on pushbikes) must take risks sometimes, so I pushed onward, the darkness swallowing me, although not always enough for my liking.

Next day was the Sabbath. I sat in a pew, listened attentively, and then raised my voice in singing. Afterward I came out, shook hands with the minister, and marveled at this center of Adventism and its enthusiasm.

The sun had again set when I ventured forth once more. Clouds obscured the sky as I avoided the brightly lighted thoroughfares and wandered down the back streets where old houses clung closely together. In years gone past, Albury, with its neighbor across the Murray River, Wodonga, had seen smuggling; and the passage of contraband seemed in keeping with the town and its shadows that night.

Next morning the sun found me again on the road. My pack rested lightly on my back, my spirits were high, and a bright and untouched day was before me. I thought of the words of the hymn, "New every morning is the love our wakening and uprising prove," and (because there was no one near to hear) I sang it through, gave thanks that I was again on the road, and then thought of those at home. I trusted they were not missing me too much, wondered how they could get on without me, and somehow hoped they'd be as glad to see me as I would be to see them.

Ahead lay the Alps. I wondered how long it would take me to get through them and whom I would meet on the way. The miles slipped by unnoticed as the hours passed, a truck giving me much-needed assistance.

Toward evening I came round a curve in the mountain road and entered the Mitta Mitta River valley. The stream wound its way swiftly through the mountains and was flanked by trees and stretching pastures. On one side was a row of poplars, their leaves golden and an occasional branch showing stark and bare against the sky. The sun cast long shadows over the fields and the air grew cool. I was tired and dusty and looking anxiously for some place to camp. The prospects were not pleasing.

Ahead the road stretched on, I knew not how far. On either side rose the mountains, the trees blending slowly into one another and the sky fading from blue to the pinks and grays and purples of night. The ground about was rocky and not suited to sleeping. I thought of home, its comfort and warmth, a fireside, easy chair, and books, and wondered what could have brought me out on an adventure like this.

I trudged on.

Then ahead appeared a house. I could just discern its outline, a light in a window, a dog barking, and voices.

Never had sound seemed more musical. I made up my mind, opened the gate, walked up the path, and knocked loudly on the front door.

Yes, I was walking and lost and wondered if they could tell me where the road went and how close the next township was. Surely they could, but "come in, man, you must be frozen." I went in, took off my coat, laid down my pack, and stood in this great farm kitchen warming myself by a blazing log fire. The woman of the house bustled about and soon I was eating a hearty meal of hot biscuits and milk. I learned that

"Bill" was still plowing but would soon be indoors and would then drive me to Mitta, where an inn could accommodate me for the night.

Just then a tousled curly head appeared with the words "Man, Mummy." Being thus praised I lifted him on my knee and joggled him up and down, getting many a happy chortle as thanks.

Daddy came in soon afterward, and in no time I was in his car speeding long miles that would have taken me hours, perhaps all night, to walk. I wanted at least to pay for the petrol, but my slightest hint was refused.

"You might help me someday," he said, and I sincerely hope I can.

The inn received me with traditional hospitality and gave me a front room overlooking the main, in fact the only, street of the town. Inside was a big iron bedstead, and outside a veranda right on the street. From the window I could just make out the road, a signpost beckoning me on, and the mountains, dull against the stars. Thus settled, I took my towel and went in search of cleansing. I filled a bath with hot water and lay back and relaxed. How thrilling was the warmth and the prospect of a good night's sleep compared with the road of a few hours before, which, seemingly, was never going to end.

The pilgrim was doubly blest in his

deliverance, for that night it rained, and the next morning I awoke to a leaden sky and clouds obscuring the mountains.

I went to breakfast in the kitchen, the cooking being done over a big open fire. The room was filled with timber workers and miners, men working small claims way back in the mountains. In a moment I was greeted by one of them. With friendly curiosity he demanded to know where I'd been, where I was going, and why. Ten minutes more and I was offered a drive through the mountains some forty miles on. Because of the weather I accepted with pleasure.

So we bumped off along the muddy road which was now really only a track. It curved and dipped and swayed; above were the mountaintops obscured by cloud and below were the valleys filled with rain and mistiness. Giant trees reached skyward, proud in their growth of many years. I found myself wondering how long they would remain; how soon again some giant would crash to the ground, perhaps to make beams for some great cathedral of God, perhaps the timber of someone's home or the keel of some brave boat. And I found myself praying that their end would be worth while—that they would not be squandered, made into paper that would be used for some of the trashiest thoughts of men.

By seven that night I arrived at Omeo. Street lights were ashine, flickering on the wet roads, for the rain was still pouring down. Once again I approached an inn, this time big, modern, and slightly pretentious. Somehow I felt out of place with my cape and haversack, muddy hiking boots, and rain-soaked appearance. The girl at the desk sensed my hesitancy perhaps, for she welcomed me as a king, gave me my room and a key, and bade me good night with such a smile that I felt infinitely cheered.

The hot water and soap seemed a benediction, and I remember lying in bed and thinking of those who made my comfort so complete, thankful that they did their work, however humble, so thoroughly. My time was limited so I determined to catch bus and train on the morrow, and by nightfall to walk up my own familiar path once more and be home again. With this pleasant thought in my mind and the rain pattering against the window, I fell asleep.

The roads were still wet but the sun was shining as I waited for the bus. Eventually it came, my faithful pack was placed in the back, and as I sank into a luxurious seat, we set off. Every few miles there was a tin placed on a post, or someone was standing, waiting to collect mail and newspapers. The driver

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Baby or Dog?

By PEGGY HEWLETT



HERE was one thing Carol-Jeanne wanted more than anything else in the whole world, and that was a baby in the house. From the time she was two and a half years old, she would lament: "I are all by myself; I don't have anybody!" and big tears would trickle down her cheeks. (Brother and sister are much older than she is.) And there followed many rash promises as to how much help Carol-Jeanne would gladly give if only we had a baby. Life would be wonderful, if only—

And then the day came when we took a long trip to a big city and brought

back a homeless baby boy to be our very own. It seemed as if the three children would never tire of showing "our baby" to everyone.

Several months have passed.

Today when Carol-Jeanne and I were out shopping together she suddenly said,

"Don't you wish we had a dog instead of a baby?"

Dissatisfaction seems to be the order of the day. We see something we want desperately. We dream about it, talk about it, and work for it. If only we had that one thing, we would be completely happy. Our dreams are at last realized. We have the new dress, the shining two-tone automobile, the TV set, the modern home, and we are perfectly happy—for a while. Then something else attracts our attention, and we are off again.

Having few wants, not great possessions, assures us of contentment.



SABBATH SCHOOL



Angels and the Judgment Books

LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 5

FOR SABBATH AFTERNOON

MEMORY GEM: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name" (Mal. 3:16.)

THINK IT OVER: A sound picture is being made of my entire life. Someday soon that picture will be released for showing. But right now Jesus is in the editing room and will remove any part of this picture that I ask Him to.

That is something for me to think about. Has every word and act been omitted from my life that should be omitted before the judgment? Today I can have my picture made perfect. Tomorrow may be too late.

FOR SUNDAY

1. What will God do on the "set time" He has appointed? (Acts 17:31.)

"Because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness."

2. Will I be judged at that time? (2 Cor. 5:10.)

"For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."

3. How does Daniel describe the judgment scene? (Dan. 7:9, 10.)

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

FOR MONDAY

4. If I fail to carry out some part of God's plan, will I be able to claim it was an "accident"? (Eccl. 5:6.)

"Suffer not thy mouth to cause thy flesh to sin; neither say thou before the angel, that it was an error: wherefore should God be angry at thy voice, and destroy the work of thine hands?"

5. Some people become terrified over the thoughts of their sinful past and wish that they were dead. Does death "end it all" for them? (Rev. 20:12, 13.)

"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 are written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works."

6. Where can I find a record of my hardships and my sacrifices? (Ps. 56:8.)

"Thou tellest my wanderings: put thou my tears into thy bottle: are they not in thy book?"

FOR TUESDAY

7. When I bear my testimony in meeting, who, besides the audience, hears it? (Mal. 3:16, 17.)

"Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name."

NOTE.—"It will pay, then, to improve the privileges within our reach, and, even at some sacrifice, to assemble with those who fear God and speak for Him; for He is represented as hearkening to those testimonies, while angels write them in a book. God will remember those who have met together and thought upon His name, and He will spare them from the great conflagration. They will be as precious jewels in His sight, but His wrath will fall on the shelterless head of the sinner."—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 107.

8. When I fail to keep my promises or when I tell "off color" jokes, who, besides those I can see, hears them? (Matt. 12:36, 37.)

"But I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

9. How many of my words and acts will be reviewed in the judgment? (Eccl. 12:14.)

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

FOR WEDNESDAY

10. What great honor comes to me as an overcomer? (Rev. 3:5.)

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels."

11. Although my best friends may not know how fierce the conflict is that I am having with temptation, who will praise me for overcoming? (1 Cor. 4:5.)

"Therefore judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts: and then shall every man have praise of God."

12. What becomes of all those whose names are not in the book of life? (Rev. 20:15.)

"And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."

FOR THURSDAY

13. If my name is in the book, who will stand by me during the time of trouble? (Dan. 12:1.)

"And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince which standeth for the children of thy people: and there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time: and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book."

14. Who only are admitted into the eternal city? (Rev. 21:27.)

"And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

FOR FRIDAY

"Here is a problem: Clayton knows that there is sin in his life that must be cleansed if he is to stand clear in the judgment. He is planning to ask Jesus to forgive him after the holidays. If he asks Him now, he is afraid it may have to be repeated. What would be your counsel to Clayton?"

Read the Sabbath School Lesson Help in the *Review and Herald*.

MY FIRST impression of our mission work in Timor was a feeling of welcome and warmhearted friendship, as well as of energy and progress. This feeling grew into a firm conviction during the eight days that I stayed among our people and saw firsthand the way the Lord is opening the way before us there.

As I had walked toward the air terminal from the C-47 that brought me to Koepong, Timor, I could see that many people had come to meet this plane. Were any of them here to meet me? My eyes searched for Mr. Rantung, president of the South Celebes Mission, which includes this island. Soon I caught sight of him, and after we had exchanged greetings he began introducing me to quite a group of people, for it was the young people's choir and all the officers of our progressive little church in Koepong who had gathered to welcome me.

I recalled that in 1952 we had scarcely more than ten members on the whole island. It had been practically unentered territory, except for the literature work. In 1954 there were more than 80 baptized church members and nearly 150 in the Sabbath school. Twenty more were in the baptismal class. Compare this progress in fifteen months with our denominational goal of doubling our membership, and you will see the possibilities for the spread of the gospel in this new field.

Nor is Timor the only island which presents these great possibilities. A literature evangelist recently visited the small island of Roti, and he reported that seventeen people in one village had read their way into the third angel's message, and were requesting a worker to come and organize a church there.

Farther to the west lies the tiny island of Savu, where there is also a wide interest in our work. And on Sumbawa, a comparatively large island, Adventist literature has been sold for years. Now there are requests for a worker to come. To the north is the island of Flores. There are now opportunities for entering this island of East Indonesia also.

I had come to Koepong to help find a suitable site for a new church building. When I arrived, I could see that this was certainly a necessity. Our church services were held in the home of our worker there, Mr. Senduk. Just try to imagine crowding more than a hundred people, several times a week, into a small house about fifteen by twenty feet in size. In order to try to provide as adequate a place as possible, Mr. Senduk had torn out all the partitions from his home. This helps the church, but it does not make him a pleasant home.

The church members had already been searching for property for some time before I arrived, but they had been rebuffed. Every piece that they wanted

Timor Providences

By A. M. BARTLETT

seemed to be unavailable. This was due, in part at least, to the prejudice of the principal of the Protestant Church. Nearly everyone in the city belongs to this faith, and they had determined to keep other churches out.

We were searching for a site near the center of town, so that it would be easily accessible to our members, who are widely scattered over the city. We found many vacant lots in good locations, but always we received one of three answers: Either it was not for sale (to us), or the price was three or four times as much as it should be, or it belonged to some tribal *radja* who was out of town and could not be reached. However, we did see a few men who seemed to be willing to help us. In fact two men told us that they were willing to sell if their grown children would agree, and that we should wait a day or two for an answer.

As the week wore away, our hopes rose and fell several times, but it began to look more and more as though it would be impossible to situate an Adventist church in this city. Already two other groups had been forced to establish their little churches outside the city limits. It looked as though we would have to do the same.

On Friday we received a written answer from one of the men who had seemed willing to help us. His lot was in

a good location, but he proposed to sell only half of it. This would be a piece only about fifty feet square, and he was asking thirty thousand rupees. This was about five times the normal price, and besides, the property would be too small for our needs.

On Sabbath we all united in prayer that the Lord would show us the way, for it was His work. I must confess that our spirits were a little low on Sunday morning. Our time was nearly gone. On Monday Mr. Rantung, the mission president, was to leave for his home in Makassar, and I had to leave on Tuesday. Of all our contacts, only two had seemed the least favorable. One of these two had made us an impossible proposition, and the other had failed to answer at all.

That afternoon at four o'clock we received a letter from the other man, a wealthy Chinese gentleman of the city. His letter was a direct answer to our prayers, for he offered to sell us a lot which is about seventy-five feet wide by one hundred twenty feet long, and located in the most favorable part of town. And the price? Just ten thousand rupees. This was a price that we could afford, and the lot was adequate for our needs. That evening as the church gathered, we had a real thanksgiving service. Once again the Lord had led His people in a remarkable way.



On the Indonesian island of Timor, where much commerce is carried on in this fashion, our missionaries were faced with the problem of finding a suitable church building site near the center of town.

Hand to the Plow

From page 6

A faint, new hope grew within me, but it was soon dashed when this man also said No, somewhat regretfully, I thought.

"Thank you both anyhow," I said to the driver and the man and turned away.

The driver spoke. "Where you going?" "Back to town to look elsewhere for work," I answered.

"You mean you're gonna walk seven miles?" the boss asked incredulously.

"I'd walk twenty-seven for a job," I said as I kept walking.

"Hey, come back here," the boss called peremptorily. "If any man's that anxious to work, I'll use him somewhere! You come back tomorrow morning on the truck and I'll put you to work."

My heart leaped! "Thank you," I said gratefully, "I'll surely be here."

I did not want Anna left alone and in doubt all day if I could help it, so I did walk back to St. Petersburg and told her of our good fortune.

The next morning, which was a Wednesday, I rode out in the truck to the construction site and was given a job clearing out shrubs, trees, and undergrowth on a vacant lot.

From the first minute I saw him I liked the man I worked for. My liking was increased when I overheard a conversation he had with another worker.

We were all swinging our grubbing hoes with a right good will when a young boy struck his own ankle. The swearing that broke from his lips would have been the envy of a mule skinner.

Our boss hurried over to the boy. "You hurt bad?" he asked quickly.

The boy continued to groan and swear with every breath. "Look, boy," the man said, "I want to help you, but you'll have to stop that filthy talk. I don't take any stock in it. It doesn't help you, and it's blasphemy to God."

That boy looked amazed, but he stopped his cursing while the man examined his injury and applied first aid.

A little later that day a man working next to me stopped to roll a cigarette. The boss walked over toward him.

"Hmmm," the worker muttered aside to me, "I reckon he's gonna get me for wasting time."

The boss stood before him. "That's a bad habit you've got."

The worker looked uncertainly at him. "What do you mean?"

"Smoking is an expensive, unhealthy, filthy habit," the boss said with conviction. "You are a young man and you could quit it if you wanted to," he added kindly.

I was intensely interested to see a man, a boss in a large construction firm, take a decided stand against swearing and smoking.

When I reached home, I told Anna

that something had attracted me to the man in the beginning, and that now I was very much interested to know more about him.

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

Have You Cheated?

From page 7

to one word. I added the "e" and went to the teacher's desk.

"Isn't this word correct, Miss Mayer?" I asked.

"It certainly is. Now I wonder how I could have missed that!"

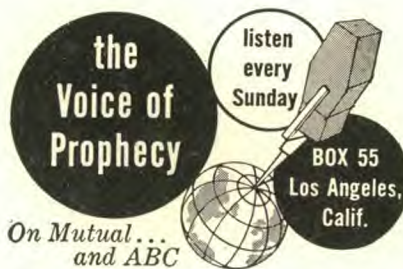
"Miss Mayer sent my corrected paper in to the State, and I received a certificate

as easy as it may appear. I was the only Seventh-day Adventist in the entire school. The first day of school in September, I kept my promise to the Lord. I found Miss Mayer alone and laid the certificate on her desk.

"Miss Mayer, I profess to be a Christian, but last spring I did something which no Christian would do." I then told her all about it and ended by saying, "I didn't earn this certificate; I'm leaving it here with you. I want your forgiveness, and I am ready to take any consequence." If I were alone, with all the answers stacked around me, and my life depended upon passing an examination, I would never cheat again.

"That's all of the story, Ned. If you want the assurance of complete forgiveness with the Lord, you will have to want it so much that you will be willing to give up your cherished hope of going on to the professional college. It may, and it may not, cost you just that.

"But the peace it will bring to your heart will be worth more than the cost."



NOVEMBER

- 6 Faith *
- 13 Repentance
- 20 Confession **
- 27 Obedience

* Available in pamphlet form on request

** To be printed in the *Voice of Prophecy* News

in spelling. From the moment I added that letter "e" to the paper, I could not pray. I knew that I was eternally lost. Through the first weeks of the summer I pleaded with the Lord to forgive me, but I had lost contact with Him. The little letter "e" had completely blotted out His face. Over and over these words came to my mind, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

"Then one day I changed my prayer, and that instant I had the assurance that He heard me. The new prayer was, 'If Miss Mayer returns in September, I will acknowledge my wrong the first day of school.'"

"What peace I had from that moment! I knew I would never cheat again—and I never have.

"Telling Miss Mayer about it wasn't

An Autumn Pilgrimage

From page 10

knew each by name and exchanged jokes, along with bread or letters or canned goods. I admired these folks—often removed from friends and companionable society—upon whom so much of this vast continent depends.

Another city, more people, the rush to catch a train, and I was nearly at journey's end. Then as the familiar scenes came into sight I lifted down my haversack and prepared to alight. A taxi took me part way but I stopped him a mile or so from home, determined to arrive on foot as a true pilgrim should!

My stride lengthened that quiet afternoon. I was anxious to be back. Yet as I walked I thought of my pilgrimage and the memories I had gathered. I had seen all sorts of men and women and found them saints of God, the very salt of the earth. There was a courageous minister; an old smuggling town that now was modern and progressive, where in the hearts of many Christ reigned; an elderly couple in the sunset who had sacrificed I knew not how much; the house by the side of the road where I'd found help in time of need; a hotel receptionist who had put me at ease with her smile. And there was the glory of the autumn and the road filled with surprises and happiness. Truly I had been blessed. My pilgrimage was a success and this evening a benediction of peace.

I opened the gate, turned up the path, saw the road stretching behind me into the sunset. The door opened before me, footsteps, a familiar voice, and I was home.

Keep It Simple

By WALTER C. UTT

MOST of us know at least one photography enthusiast who is so encumbered with setting up his equipment, adjusting for distance, reading his light meter, and trying to decide which camera to use, that he has a difficult time getting down to actually taking a picture.

Before we as stamp collectors allow ourselves to feel too superior, we should examine our own gear and decide whether we too may have confused the means with the end. "Keep it simple," should be the motto. Too much paraphernalia is a form of high overhead and may interfere with your ability to obtain and to study stamps—which is, after all, the reason for the hobby. Still, some equipment is essential.

After the stamps themselves, I would say that stamp hinges are most needful. These gummed, translucent pieces of paper, costing about twenty cents per thousand, enable you to mount your stamps as you please, and being peelable, to move the stamps as necessary. If the hinge is allowed to dry thoroughly, the stamp can be detached from its moorings without damage, whether used or unused.

A collector should never try to economize on hinges. Homemade hinges, paste, or other unspeakable expedients will ruin more stamps than such ill-advised economy could ever replace. Many collectors prefer the folded variety. They cost no more and are convenient in preventing too much hinge from coming in contact with the stamp.

Next in importance, no doubt, would be the housing of the collection—an album of some sort. Good printed albums are available in many sizes and in competing lines. Very young collectors may be discouraged by too much album to fill, but in general it is better to get as big a one as you think you can handle—if indeed it is a printed album that you want—than to have the vexation of a small album and myriads of stamps with no place to go, and possibly a tedious job of transplanting to a larger book later. No printed album can have places for everything and you will need extra room, if only for the new stamps coming out. Therefore, *always* get a loose-leaf album, so that you can add pages as the need arises. Most album makers publish supplements to their loose-leaf albums to keep them up to date, but rather than wait until these appear, many collectors simply use blank pages.

A large number of collectors do not care for printed albums. They either feel that

there are too many spaces that will never be filled, or they wish to arrange their collections according to plans of their own. Although blank albums and pages in various price ranges can be secured, an ordinary three-ring binder will give perfect satisfaction. The freedom of "including in" or "including out" what you wish, the room to write up interesting information or to decorate the pages, give some obvious advantages to the blank album, particularly for a topical or limited collection. As far as possible you should use only one side of the sheet. This prevents snagging of stamps on opposing pages and is more practical for easy exhibition of the pages.

Several lesser items of equipment may be mentioned. Tongs are useful in the proper care of stamps, and their use is a good habit to cultivate. They should be flat-bladed, of course, to avoid any injury to the stamp.

A watermark detector is fun to play with, particularly if you go in for stamps from countries using many types of watermark, such as Brazil and the British Empire. You can purchase one, but a clean lid from a can and a little benzine ought to do as well. If you wish to ignore watermarks, it is certainly your privilege.

A perforation gauge, preferably of metal, plastic, or a stiff Bristol board, will give good service, particularly if you cater to countries where such measurements are part of the fun, such as the George VI issues of the British Empire. The standard measurement of perforations is the number of the teeth in two centimeters. Raised dots on the better gauges will save you the trouble of counting. Any stamp dealer can provide a good one for a few cents.

Less useful to the ordinary collector is the magnifying glass, which, however, seems to be the stamp collector's badge in the opinion of the general public. Use your own judgment on this. A glass, not too powerful, can be entertaining, although

not essential. Too powerful a magnification, and all you see are paper fibers. Quartz lamps, special dispensers for hinges, and such devices have little useful place with the ordinary collector who is collecting stamps and not gadgets. Your money can be used more usefully elsewhere.

The world of stamps is a big one, and without a guide the new collector can lose himself. The guide is a standard catalog. In America it is Scott's *Standard*; in British areas, Gibbons' prevails. Whatever one you use, a catalog is indispensable to the collector who wants to know his stamps. There are really few better bargains in the publishing field, for it has 150,000 major varieties listed, thousands of them illustrated, and date of issue, color, perforation, watermarks, and price for practically every legitimate stamp issued. There is no substitute for study of the catalog. It is truly the encyclopedia of philately.

The greatest drawback for most collectors is the price of the catalog. Few can afford a new one each year, but 95 per cent of the value of a catalog can be gained by study of a copy a year or two old. For getting acquainted with stamps, learning to identify them, and absorbing stamp lore in general, a used copy will do every bit as well. Some of the prices are likely to be out of date, but the price changes from year to year are rarely drastic and the pricing in the catalogs is only approximate anyway. Many dealers have used copies for sale at good discounts. Failing that, your public library may have one.

If you belong to a stamp club, by all means persuade the members to get one for the club library. All will benefit, if only to put exchanging on a more regular basis. The combined edition of the Scott catalog, containing the whole world's issues, sells for \$8, and a dollar more if the two component volumes are purchased separately. There is a good simplified Scott catalog at \$3 which will serve the purposes of a newer collector quite well. It is not an annual, like its big brother. Smaller but more detailed catalogs of most countries are available, though often in the language of the land.

A collector who is interested in keeping up with the hobby and learning of the new issues, as well as in gaining a somewhat more realistic picture of the stamp market than is provided by the catalog, would do well to subscribe to one of several excellent periodicals. Every major country has them. Three typical ones in the United States are the *Western Stamp Collector* (twice a week, newspaper style, \$1.50 a year, Albany, Oregon), *Philatelic Gossip* (weekly, magazine style with more articles and illustrations as well as news, \$3 a year, Holton, Kansas), and *Linns Weekly Stamp News* (weekly, also newspaper style, \$1 a year, Sidney, Ohio).

Collect the way you want with as few and as good tools as you can manage. Remember, the stamp's the thing.



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► A CHAIN of radar towers is being constructed along the eastern coast of the United States and Canada from Norfolk, Virginia, to Newfoundland. The long legs of the towers, supporting 6,000-ton platforms, reach down to shoals along the continental shelf. The platforms are towed into position with legs sticking up into the air. In the chosen site, the legs are lowered through wells in the platform, then powerful jacks hoist it to a height of 87 feet above water level. The platforms will accommodate plane-detecting and power-generating equipment, and living accommodations for 50 to 75 men, including sick bays, recreational rooms, and a landing area for helicopters.

► A UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII research team has reported the discovery of a worm that is full of vitamins and "good to eat." It is the palolo, a ring-shaped worm which lives in the coral reefs of Samoa, Fiji, and other tropical Pacific islands. For three-day periods from October to December the worm comes to the surface to breed. Only then can it be caught.

► LILION, a new fabric introduced by the Pellon Corporation, is nontransparent, more porous than thin cotton, noncrushable, easy to wash, and needs no ironing. It consists of millions of minute nylon and soft staple fibres bound together by a secret process that does not involve spinning, weaving, or feltlike pressing.

► A FABULOUS fortune in gold and jewels, buried in earthen vessels amid human skeletons for an estimated thirteen centuries, was recently uncovered by workers digging in the garden of a landowner in Teheran, Iran. The treasure is thought to be several times that of Iran's national budget.

► THE intense pressure of a violent cough can force blood from the chest and brain into the extremities and cause fainting, reports Dr. Warren, a medical scientist of Duke University, North Carolina. Unconsciousness occurs most often in muscular men who cough violently.

► SIXTY million persons, or 16.6 per cent of India's 360 million people, are literate. That is, they are able to read a simple letter in one of the country's 62 languages or 720 dialects. Only 3.8 million of the literate people have finished preuniversity schooling.

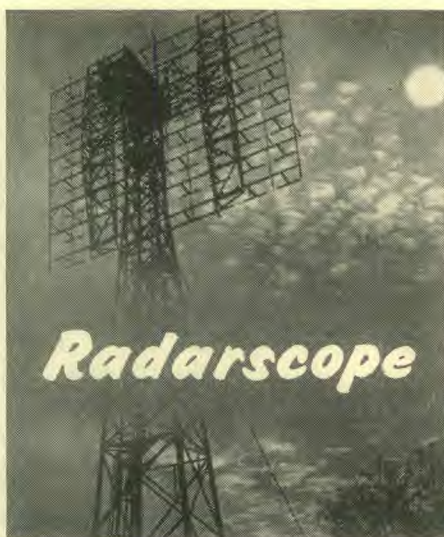
► THE frogmouth, a rare bird from the South Pacific, gets its supper merely by sitting quietly on the ground in the shadowy jungle and opening its mouth. Attracted by the bird's colorful palate, insects fly in.

► ALL American coins were struck by hand press until 1836, when a steam-operated coining press was introduced. With a few minor alterations this method was followed for 35 years.

► THE Dra Valley in French Morocco grows more than 300 varieties of dates. The average resident of the valley eats three pounds of dried dates a day.

► LATE in 1954 it was reported that 26.7 per cent of American households, or 13 million families, have no cars.

► TODAY's automobiles carry as many as 13 electric motors.



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

► AT PRESENT helicopters are not equipped to fly above bad weather, but must travel beneath it.

► THE hearts of birds are relatively large for body size. They beat faster than the hearts of man and other animals. While a frog's heart beats 22 times a minute, the heart of a pigeon beats 135 times and that of a hummingbird 615 times a minute.

► ADVANCED electronics used to control the flow of traffic and reduce the usually high death rate of holiday weekends has been demonstrated by the New Hampshire Department of Public Works and Highways. From the department's administration building, observers watching a television screen could see clearly a stream of cars passing along the road and could read the license-plate numbers. Farther on there was a sign by the side of the road that illuminated suddenly as a speeding car approached. It read: "Slow down! You are speeding." The sign was actuated by the vehicle itself. A high light of the demonstration was a device that permits observation of vehicles at any number of predetermined points on a road and a reading of their speeds from a remote point. By this method one man can watch several miles of highway, pick out violators with unerring accuracy, and relay their license-plate numbers ahead to an interception point.

Focus

With a clever mixture of fact and theory, science today tells us the story of the world "from its probable origin in a primeval cloud of cosmic dust . . . to its probable dissolution in the last convulsions of a dying sun." Such a book as *The World We Live In* is built upon this mixture.

It would be helpful if science writers would always italicize every word that is theory, so we could read of their great findings without being drawn into evolution's web. But they do not. We must ferret out truth for ourselves, and this is most difficult to do in modern writings, for the authors do not tell us when they are leaving the dim, unknown past and moving into the realm of incontrovertible fact.

We cannot look at such a work as *Life* magazine has produced without feeling that we are in the presence of the great deceiver. The Bible is completely disregarded, and truth and error are so closely intertwined that the work of the Creator is discounted. "We are living in an age of great light; but much that is called light is opening the way for the wisdom and arts of Satan," warns the Lord's messenger. "The path of error often appears to lie close to the path of truth."

DON YOST

► AN UNDERWATER operation was performed to save the eye of Charlie, a bat ray performer at Marineland of the Pacific in California. Charlie damaged the cornea of his eye after bumping into the side of the big aquarium where he and a host of other sea creatures live. Since Charlie was a favorite with divers and spectators, a delicate corneal transplant was decided on to restore the sight of this three-year-old, 50-pound bat ray. A cornea was transplanted to Charlie's eye from an involuntary "donor" bat ray in a 23-minute operation. After being released from his operating pallet, Charley was soon swimming around friskily.

► THE Better Vision Institute reports that human eyes go through their greatest period of development during the preschool years. They are in the most plastic and vulnerable state at that time, and permanent damage can result if they are taxed beyond their strength. Consequently, visual errors discovered and attended to during that period bring better results and greater seeing efficiency.

► A "PANORAMA of nature through 5 billion years" is reputedly encompassed in *The World We Live In*, a reprinting in book form of a series of articles appearing in recent months in *Life* magazine. In thirteen sections, this profusely illustrated volume portrays what scientists today believe to be the story of earth, its flora and fauna, through the ages.

► A 690-CARAT diamond is reported to have been found near the confluence of the Paragua and Caroni rivers in Venezuela. The stone would rank closely in size to the famous Jonker, found in 1934 in South Africa, and the Vargas, found in 1938 in Brazil. They weighed 726 carats each in the rough.

► THE Founder's Tree, the world's tallest tree, is a lofty redwood in California. In 1952 it was reported to be 364 feet tall and is still growing. Its rival, not far away, is another redwood, 361 feet high.

► AS A beast of burden, a camel can transport as much as 1,000 pounds 25 miles in a day. Speedy riding camels can cover 100 miles a day.

► THERE are more than 56,000 bands and orchestras in United States schools.

► MORE motor vehicles are used to distribute milk than any other product.