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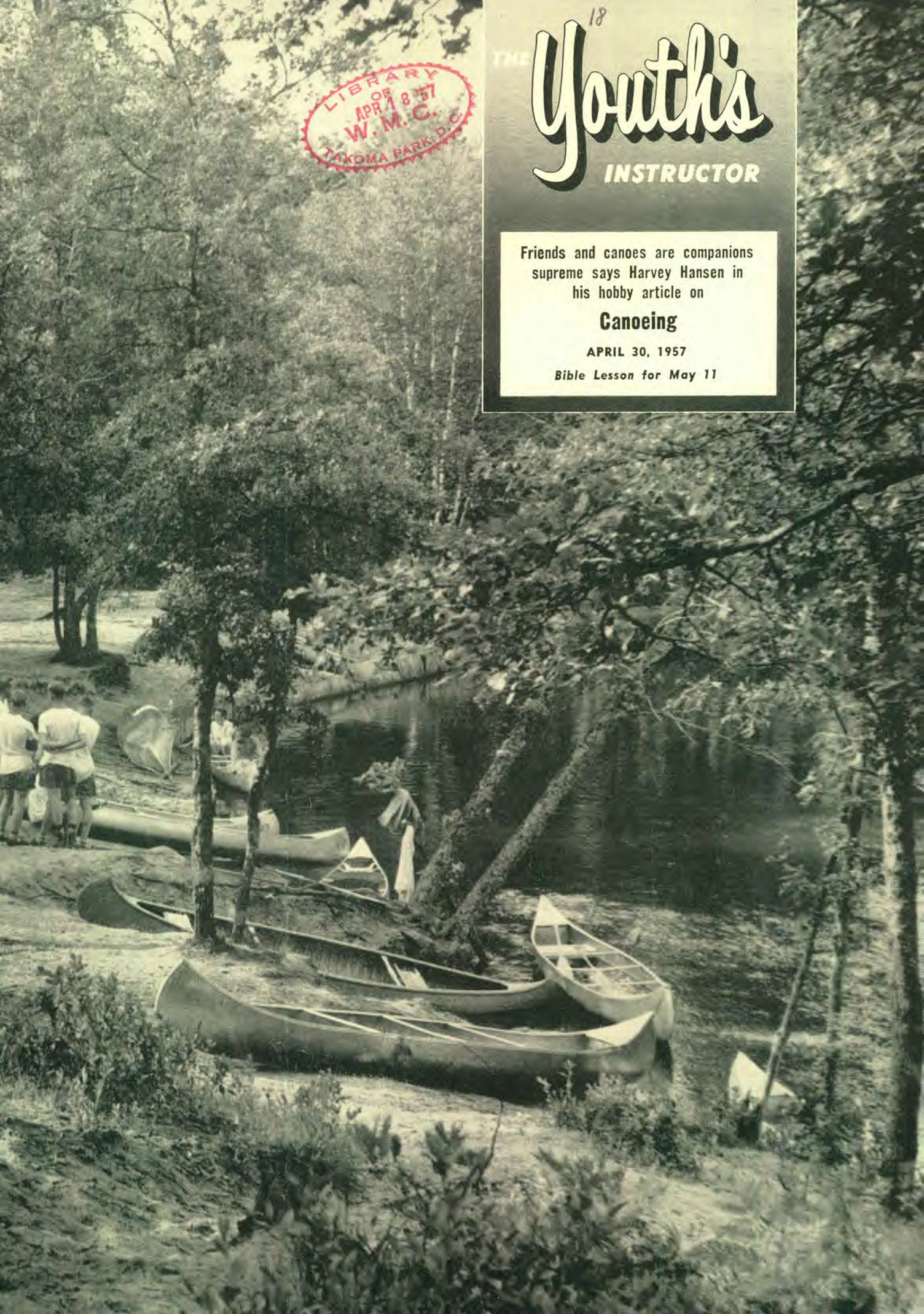
18 Youth's INSTRUCTOR

Friends and canoes are companions
supreme says Harvey Hansen in
his hobby article on

Canoeing

APRIL 30, 1957

Bible Lesson for May 11



What's Your Price Tag on Minutes?

By L. M. NELSON

Have you ever tried to find the key to your front door in the dark—while you could hear the telephone ringing inside? Such was my predicament! How vital those minutes seemed to be. But, alas, when finally I lifted the receiver it proved to be one of those calls no minister likes to receive.

"Hello. Is this Pastor Nelson?"

"Yes."

"Well, this evening while coming home on his bike a young boy whom you know well was struck and killed by a hit-and-run driver. Will you take care of the funeral?"

Of course I would. And then a torrent of details and problems. "And, oh yes, would you visit the mother? She is calling for you and is so stricken with grief."

Never can I forget that mother's look as I tried to comfort her. "Oh, Pastor Nelson," she pleaded, "will God forgive me? Will He?"

"Forgive you for what?" I asked.

"Oh, I have been so busy the last few days that I failed to have morning and evening worship with my son as I should. If only I had prayed with him this morning! If only—"

What's your price tag on minutes? In your rush to be off to school, or work, how much time do you give to God for study and communion? Honestly now, were you so rushed this morning that you felt you couldn't afford the usual time with God? Or did you skip worship entirely?

These holy moments of morning and evening worship can mean so much. Often as much as eternity itself. They can mean the difference between victory or failure in the Christian life.

Consider your time. Are you a father—a mother—a son—a daughter? Think carefully. What's your price tag on minutes, those golden minutes of devotion with God? Have you been selling out for a few extra winks of sleep, or for an extra business deal? How much do you treasure these times of communion with your Master?

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is a nonfiction weekly designed to meet the spiritual, social, physical, and mental interests of Christian youth in their teens and twenties. It adheres to the fundamental concepts of Sacred Scripture. These concepts it holds essential in man's true relationship to his heavenly Father, to his Saviour, Jesus Christ, and to his fellow men.

Beginning with volume one, number one, in August of 1852, this paragraph appeared under the name of publisher James White: "Its object is, to teach the young the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus, and thereby help them to a correct understanding of the Holy Scriptures."

Whether 1852 or 1957, our objectives continue to be the same.

LOG If you receive this issue before publication date, you might still be able to get your listing to us by the May 1 deadline. If you are an amateur radio operator and want to be included in our annual log, send your listing immediately. Here's a sample listing: W6ABC—John J. Jones, 1111 First St., San Francisco, Calif.—20, 40, 80, CW. Address it to Radio Log, THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

CANOE This is the season when many readers would like to join a canoe safari along some inviting stream. In another article on managing a canoe Harvey Hansen provides more pointers on making this sport safe and satisfying. The Fred Beavon cover picture shows part of a group of enthusiasts whose journey took them over the Au Sable River in Michigan.

\$1.00 One of the top magazine bargains of the year is yours for a dollar. In commemoration of the Golden Anniversary of Missionary Volunteers, the publishing house is offering the June, July, and August issues of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, thirteen issues, for just a dollar. Add fifteen cents for countries requiring extra postage. Here's your chance to interest some youth in the great principles of Christian living through the pages of a magazine designed just for him. Invest \$25, or \$15, or \$5 right now in 25 or 15 or 5 young people whom you want to meet in the kingdom of heaven. You'll be happy you did. Order introductory subscriptions through your Book and Bible House.

MV The four issues carrying the Voice of Youth stories from Florida last January and February were alone worth a dollar. They were written by the MV leader who this week contributes our guest editorial. Lawrence Martin Nelson was educated in the Seventh-day Adventist schools of California: Lincoln Park church school, the old Los Angeles Academy, La Sierra College, and Pacific Union College. Though working 75 per cent of his way, he took time for MV and Sabbath school extracurricular activities. Since college graduation he has been employed in evangelistic, pastoral, and departmental work. Currently he is MV, radio, war service, and temperance secretary of the Southern Union. He likes gardening and camping when he can find time. Three things in his life he considers memorable: dormitory life in college, courtship, and the first baptism he conducted. Each baptism since has been a high point with him.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Indians, prairie fires, and covered-wagon trains were enough to excite the days of a boy growing up in pioneer times.

Once in a Lifetime

By WILMA ROSS WESTPHAL

FIRST OF EIGHT PARTS

THE small boy stood on his tip-toes before the mirror that hung above the washstand in the kitchen. He adjusted his bright headgear of colored chicken feathers so that it fitted snugly over his jet-black hair, then made a face at the reflected image in the mirror before he started for the door.

Outside in the yard, Johnny looked furtively about for his three brothers and the neighbor boys who had come over to play. Before he came in he had heard them talking about a game of blindman's buff or pom-pom-pullaway. Well, he had news for them—they were going to have a good rousing game of Indians!

As Johnny neared the stables he heard the cheerful babel of boys' voices over behind the strawstack, and an idea struck him. Putting his thoughts to action, he crept to the top of the stables and leaped over to the strawstack. A moment later, he descended the side of the stack, and with a joyous whoop landed in the middle of the gang of boys.

"Me heap big chief Flying Bird. Big chief learn 'em fly," Johnny shrieked in a small, shrill voice. He picked himself up and shook the straw from his overalls and readjusted his chicken feathers. He

shook a small fist at the laughing boys. "Chief Flying Bird on 'em warpath!"

His brother Ed, though several years his senior, took up the challenge. "Chief Flying Bird on 'em warpath, eh? Me heap big Rain in the Face. On 'em warpath too. Get 'em water guns!"

The group scattered to find liquid ammunition. The mother, watching from the kitchen door, smiled wryly. Her "wild Indians" were seeking shelter behind hedges, shrubs, and outbuildings. She knew these weird whoops would last until she called them in to supper.

When she called them an hour and a half later, Johnny beamed beneath dripping hair. "Me heap big Flying Bird!" he called.

"Do you *have* to look like vagabonds in order to play Indians?" she chided. The neighbor boys started home as the boys responded.

Cam glared at Ed. "Rain in the Face make 'em rain all over!"

HARRY BAERG, ARTIST

As Ed and the girls plowed fire-break furrows around the buildings and grounds, Mrs. Ross herded the younger children into the cyclone cave.

Everett stooped to squeeze the water from his trouser legs before entering the kitchen. "Ed, he not Rain in the Face—he Rain in the Pa——"

"That'll do now, boys. From the looks of things you could do with some rain all over. Better wash up and change before supper."

It was small wonder that the four boys preferred to play Indians to any of the other currently popular games. They were always inventing new ways to play it too. The fact was, the Ross family had come to southeastern Kansas from Ohio and Indiana at the time the Indians were making their way north into the Dakotas and back to the Indian Territory of Oklahoma before it became a State. Sometimes whole tribes had camped on the Ross ranch. The Rosses couldn't remember when they hadn't been friendly to the Indians!

Now, as the boys came in for supper, their father eyed them with a spark of mirth. He turned to his wife. "'Member the time the old Indian chief brought his squaw to the kitchen door, Nancy Jane?"

Nancy Jane laughed. "Squaw heap much sick," he told us. 'Squaw need hot drink. Heap much sick.'"

Johnny's eyes grew round as he listened. Anything having to do with Indians caught and held his attention. "Did you



fix the squaw somethin' hot, an' did she get well?"

"Yes, I fixed the drink," the mother said, "but I don't think she got enough of it to do her any good."

"What hap'ned?" Johnny persisted. "Did the ol' chief spill it or somethin'?"

Father chuckled. "The old chief drank most of it himself. I don't think he left more'n a few drops for his poor 'sick' squaw!"

There was little aside from work to break the monotony of the day-to-day routine of life on a Kansas ranch; the rhythm of the seasons; seedtime and harvest; trips for the winter's supply of wood; an occasional day in town for groceries and supplies; a few short months of school, then spring and planting time all over again.

But there was little time or inclination for boredom. Even the long caravans of covered wagons moving westward were seen through childish eyes as possible targets for Indian raids out on some far-flung frontier. Johnny loved to imagine the Indian chief and his warriors in their colorful feathered headgear and war paint, bow and arrows in hand, descending with whoops upon the enemy.

Furthermore, the children had been taught to share the burdens and responsibilities of the household and farm duties on their 160-acre ranch. Some of the older girls were now away from home, but all six of them had been required to master the household arts as well as the routine out in the fields. Until they were about the age of ten, the girls' duties were confined to the home, then they were taken to the fields and taught the simpler rudiments of farming. As they grew older their responsibilities increased accordingly. Before the boys were old enough to take over the outside work, the girls, all but one of whom were older than the boys, had been much in evidence in the fields.

During the long winter evenings, the family gathered around the fireside for family worship and the study of the Bible and the book *Early Writings*. The *Review and Herald* was the earliest church paper they were privileged to enjoy, but as time went on THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR was added, and still later, *Our Little Friend*. Sometimes the children sat and shelled corn in the evenings, while someone read aloud; other times they played Bible games to vary and add interest to these occasions.

Johnny often picked up the family Bible and leafed through it for the markers of his favorite stories. His mother always read aloud from the Bible on Friday evenings and Sabbaths. Over on some special pages in the mother's careful handwriting he had found his name written out with the date of his birth. "John T. Ross, July 26, 1880," it said. Somehow, it gave him a feeling of belonging to something permanent to see

his name listed there among all the others.

One day in the late fall, after the first frost had nipped the prairie grass, turning it dry and brown, Father Ross saddled a horse and rode into Howard about ten miles distant. He had business to attend to and he expected to be gone most of the day.

As the day wore on, his petite, efficient wife sniffed the air suspiciously. Then she called her older children in from the fields, and the younger ones, including young Johnny, from their play. "Listen carefully, children, then obey my orders to the last detail!"

Johnny saw his mother shade her eyes and scan the horizon. She looked worried. Then determination took possession of her. People living on the prairie learned to estimate distance at a glance.

"From the looks of that smoke yonder," she said grimly, "there's a prairie fire probably about forty miles to the southwest. It won't be long until the whole country's ablaze. If we don't work fast now, we'll lose everything!"

When the mother used a tone like this, the children sensed a threat of danger. They gathered about now for final instructions. Little Johnny and his brothers moved closer to their mother. They were convinced that all would be well if they carried out her orders. Johnny searched his mother's face for assurance now.

"Here, Ed," she continued briskly, "you and the girls hitch the horses to the plow, and take turns plowing a firebreak all the way around the house and barns. It must be wide and far enough away to

keep the flames from leaping over. The barns are full of our hay for the winter and we can't afford to lose it, nor the livestock. Not to mention our home. Hurry now!"

How well they knew about that hay, for they had helped to put it there. Ed, the oldest boy, and the girls were off in a flash hitching the horses to the plow. Soon they were plowing furrow after furrow around the entire premises. The long furrows seemed interminable. There were several haystacks standing some distance from the barns, but time didn't permit their plowing around these too. They had to do the best they could and trust in God.

While Ed and the girls plowed, Mrs. Ross led the younger children to the back of the house where, a little distance away, there was a dugout, or cyclone cave, in the side of a small hill. The cave had a heavy hinged door, and was used during the winter months as a storage cellar for the potatoes and vegetables that they wished to preserve for use. The dugout was dark and scary and sometimes the children hid here when they played Indians or hide-and-seek.

As they rushed toward the cave now, Johnny looked frantically up at his mother. "What are you going to do with us?" he gasped.

"You just stand beside the cave a few minutes. Ed and I'll be right back. Cam, you run and bring some bedding from the house. Hurry now!"

In the distance the smoke grew higher

To page 22

Two Hours and Two Minutes

By CAROL LEE BOND

THE gates of the customs shed clanged shut behind us, leaving us stranded in an Oriental land. Mommy's flushed face frightened me. I knew that she had a high fever and that she should get to bed immediately. Daddy looked as worried as I felt.

We had reservations on a *Garuda* airplane for the following morning to Bandung. Our vague plans to stay overnight with the Dutch Seventh-day Adventist missionary crumbled into tiny pieces when he told us that every bedroom in his house was occupied. We began calling hotels. An hour later we realized that we had made a mistake in planning our Java trip at the same time Jawaharlal Nehru had planned his, and nowhere was there a vacancy to accommodate three people.

To the train station we dashed only to find that every seat was sold. Airport? Yes, we must try anyway. We couldn't sleep in the streets, and Mommy was getting worse. But there were no vacancies there either. Would we care to wait for cancellations? Well, yes. And would they care if we spent the night in the waiting room if there were none?

One hour passed. One hour and a half. One cancellation. One hour and forty-five minutes. Two cancellations. Silently, three earnest pleas for help arose to the throne above. Two hours. No hope. Plane leaves in three minutes. Two hours, two minutes—a voice over the public-address system, "Cancellation number three for Bond! All aboard immediately."

Two hours, two minutes; three prayers, three answers.



"BUT that is just a *tune*—it doesn't even have any words. How can a few vibrations of sound affect anybody? Doesn't it seem a quaint—or maybe I should say an antiquated—idea that some musical notes

put together a certain way could possess any moral qualities of 'good' or 'bad'? It's just a matter of taste—like in food. Some like avocados; some detest them. But what difference does it make—to the character, that is?"

I have heard statements like these from Christian young people. Have you? On occasion, I'm sure I have half adopted bits of that philosophy myself. It is so very easy to think: "This is just a program—I listen to it maybe, but I'm not taking it seriously; it doesn't leave any impression on me"; or "I think it's just fun to let down and play (or sing) the 'crazy, wild music' I hear around me, for it has no bearing on my manners, morals, or anything else that is important. It can't make any real difference in me as a person."

Does it make any difference? As a Christian young person I think that is an important question, and I, personally, am interested in a straightforward answer to it.

Let's go down to the café on the corner. There is a juke box blaring out its wild noise. Watch the facial expressions of the people eating there. Hear snatches of conversation? Listen to the loud, raucous laughter. Isn't there an atmosphere of cheapness here that seems to be degrading all within hearing distance?

Then we enter another dining room. We wonder what makes everything so pleasant and quiet, when to our senses come sweet strains of dinner music—lovely organ melodies, perhaps, or a string ensemble. Do you feel any different? I do. Music like this encourages cheerfulness, conversation of a higher quality, a more cultivated tone of voice, fewer words of censure. It subdues rude natures and banishes gloom and forebodings that destroy courage.

Perhaps you say there were two types of people represented, as well as two kinds of music, in the illustrations just used. Yet *we* were the same people and didn't we feel different in the two settings? Let us analyze a bit further how music makes us feel.

Our school paper campaign is to be

Earning much of her way in academy and college, the author is gaining a practical experience as well as educational preparation for what she hopes will be a life of teaching. She was an elementary teaching student at Southwestern Junior College when this article was written. She has worked as a nurses' aide in central supply and in the nursery for two years, colporteur, checked in the school cafeteria, worked in the academy office, and been a student reader. But her study-work program hasn't kept her from gaining experience in MV, Sabbath school, and girls' club offices.

The Difference

By JEANNINE HOLLEY

launched, and you and I are on the committee to see that it is put over successfully. We want each student to be responsible for seven subscriptions. Our plans are well organized; carefully chosen leaders are ready for their part on the program; here are stacks of stationery and envelopes for "sub" letters we want everybody to start writing. How about some music to make our campaign start off "with a bang," as we say? Would Brahms' "Lullaby" be just the thing?

Now our same student group is before us again, and by unstinted effort we have transformed the gymnasium into a veritable fairy world of charm. How lovely

the girls look in their party dresses; perhaps the soft lights add to the glamour. The background music we planned is just perfect too. Bob is doing a good job keeping the volume subdued. Where did he get *that* record? Sousa's "The Stars and Stripes Forever"! This will never do, you say; I must stop him. But why? That's a favorite march. What difference does it make?

What difference? Just look at the change that has come over the group. The volume of the music is still as low as before, but notice how the sound of voices in conversation around us has rocketed. The quality of the laughter



A. DEVANEY

In which of two houses would you feel more comfortable if Jesus were suddenly to stand in the door—the home in which only fine music is played, or the one featuring pop or rock and roll?

has changed too. The place is getting noisy. And those two boys across from us have forgotten their formality entirely and are engaged in a friendly little tussle over a program being autographed. You see what I mean?

Oh, but the effect of music in the situations we have cited is just a matter of appropriateness, of suitability; of course we wouldn't use folk songs for a church offertory or hymns for campaign rallies. Naturally music affects our moods. Everyone knows how medical science is employing it today for therapeutic purposes. But we were speaking of the effect music has on the real person. On character. On morals.

Yes, that is the phase of the subject that most interests me too. If you are willing, I would like for us to drop in on just two more groups where music is being featured. We shall first stop by a cozy living room in a home not far from our school campus. A young girl is playing the piano, a boy and girl are trying out parts for a duet. Don is playing an impromptu obbligato on his saxophone. Isn't that lovely? I don't know that I've ever heard "The Indian Love Call" done more beautifully. Another girl is sorting through a fine collection of music, and if you look, you'll not find a cheap selection in the whole pile. I know those young people well; they love music. In fact, I would say, their friends think of them and music—very fine music—as being almost synonymous.

But we must hurry over to this other group. You can hear what I mean before we even arrive at the home. A young pianist is surrounded by a group of his friends whose facial expressions and body motions and loud "singing," or yelling, interpret the mood of the latest pop or rock-and-roll number.

Do you feel just a difference in *mood* in these two places or is it indicative of anything deeper and more fundamental? Which group would feel more comfortable if Jesus were to stand in the doorway unexpectedly? I wonder, too, if He would be welcome at our homes at all hours, when certain of our favorite radio and television programs are in full swing. Yet wouldn't you say that anything—music, reading, recreation—that keeps us from being ready to welcome Christ, that would even make us embarrassed to meet Him, is affecting our characters adversely?

Groups interested in the effect of various types of music on human behavior patterns—not from a religious, but from a psychological point of view—have made some interesting experiments with even more interesting results.

Here is the report from one of these demonstrations. A boy and a girl, both unsuspecting, were used as "human guinea pigs," and were placed together in a room where there was provided a background of music. The two were friendly toward

each other while classical and sentimental ballads were being played. Later, the latest popular tunes were heard; under their influence they developed a more romantic attitude toward each other, and soon they began necking. When the music reverted to the classical symphonies, the human guinea pigs would draw away from each other and become formal and reserved. Again the music would swing back to jazz, and the formality would quickly give way to familiarity.

There can be no valid denying that modern popular music does have a demoralizing effect upon the youth of to-

The Sprinkled Blood

By F. A. PAGE

**The sprinkled blood in Egypt
Forbade the avenging sword,
When struck upon the doorpost
Of those who feared the Lord.**

**The blood of sprinkling floweth
From God's abundant fount.
In love His cleansing showeth
Through Christ on Calv'ry's
mount.**

**The sprinkled blood is speaking
To my sad heart today
That Jesus Christ is seeking
To wash my sins away.**

**O precious blood of Jesus!
My burdened heart, for rest,
Would dwell within the portals,
Which those rich drops have
blest.**

day. Many fine young people have been ruined because of the influence of Satan-inspired music.

Such was the case of one young woman from the same Adventist school I once attended. Carol and Buddy, sister and brother, came from the same home, the same environment. In their home one could hear the very best music. But Carol became fascinated with the stimulating, racy renditions of the latest numbers. Satan must have been carefully watching, I believe, for he began spinning his subtle web, delicate strands, until his victim was thoroughly ensnared.

Letting down her standards to accept a questionable type of music, the young Adventist girl admitted some other things she had not counted on: friends with loose morals who shared one common interest—*risqué* music—then followed indecent reading, shows, dances,

expulsion from school, withdrawal of her name from the Seventh-day Adventist Church records. There has seemingly been no end to the degrading things Carol drew from Satan's hand when she drew the card labeled "cheap music."

But how different is her brother's experience. It is hard to believe that the two have exactly the same background. Buddy is now attending one of our Christian colleges. God has given him many talents that he is faithfully developing. On the organ and piano and through his well-trained voice he is expressing love and adoration for his Master. The lovely sundown meditations on Sabbath evening would be incomplete without the reverently played organ melodies that Buddy always brings.

Whatever we may judge to be the deciding factor in the widely different experiences of this brother and sister, the members of their family point their accusing finger at one thing that started a train of woes—popular music.

Don't you think we should cease trying to deny the fact that the strongest will power cannot ignore the power of music? Satan is keenly aware of the strength of this device and he, in his most subtle way, has created a fascinating spell for the sensuously rhythmic orchestra, for the suggestive writhings of a debasing dance. Only the grace of God can help us resist these overwhelming influences and create a desire for worth-while things that refine us and make us more Christlike.

There is such evident difference between the glorious harmonies of sacred music and the discordant, sensuous rhythms of popular jazz! The depths of our Christian experience, the deepest soul yearnings, can be best expressed by letting our heart break forth in song—in harmony with heaven. God comes very near through this medium. He satisfies the longing heart and quiets the restless soul. What a wonderful privilege it is to have such communion made possible with our Maker!

We all agree, I think, that one who has developed a taste for a low class of music has to expend both study and effort to cultivate an appreciation for the finer type. In fact, he has to listen to an abundance of it until he begins to understand and interpret its meanings. The human ear has not yet heard the glories in music that await the redeemed in the heavenly land. Unless we have mastered the lessons in music appreciation for the best on this earth, how could God expect us to care for the inexpressibly fine and beautiful anthems of the angelic hosts? And how can we participate in the song of Moses and the Lamb with lips defiled by the ugly and base?

This old world is our rehearsal period; let us practice well those songs of praise, for there will not be one discordant note heard when the great performance comes at last.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Many of the African lizards, the most noticeable inhabitants of the *kopjes*, will, without much regret, leave their tails in the hands of an aggressor and scamper away to grow a new one without delay.

In the Rhodesian KOPJES

By DALE E. FAIRCHILD

IN VARIOUS scattered regions throughout the colony of Southern Rhodesia are ranges of granite hills, composed of great rounded boulders interspersed with trees and small vegetation. In some unknown way these interesting formations were formed or eroded from the earth's surface and today constitute havens of refuge for many of the African wild creatures that shelter in the deep crevices and fissures.

In distant years the smooth-walled caves provided temporary homes for those diminutive nomads, the Bushmen, and they have left traces of their presence in the form of rock paintings that have defied the elements and passing years to erase them.

The nature lover finds much of interest among these rocky hills, called in this country *kopjes* (pronounced "koppies"). Among the more wild and inaccessible *kopjes* dwell troops of baboons and their hated foe, the leopard. There too may

be found the little klipspringer, the African chamois that is protected by law. But among the lower hills dwell a host of smaller creatures that are easily observed yet less known, frequently, than the more secretive but larger forms of life.

Doubtless, the most noticeable inhabitants of the rocks are the lizards—lizards great and small, bright and dull, bold and timid. There may be the great monitor, which can reach a length of ten feet from tip to tip, or the tiny dwarf gecko two inches long that runs up and down its favorite tree trunk all day long. Some are extremely flat and dwell in almost invisible cracks. Some are covered with bristling spiky scales, others are armored with horny plates and ridges.

Some of these reptiles are clad in handsome colors. The male of one species, during the summer season, finds himself with a brilliant orange head, which he bobs saucily up and down as he leaps and clambers among the boulders. The

females and immature young of a common variety have bright blue tails and the males sport yellow ones. The adult males of another species are gaudy combinations of blue, purple, green, yellow, and black, and are exceedingly wary and cautious, as if aware that their coloring makes them much more obvious than their somber mates.

In their private lives these creatures seem to be most pugnacious, for many of the males lack numbers of toes, bitten off in squabbles among themselves. When accustomed to the presence of human beings they become quite audacious. I have seen one dash out from hiding and seize a small fish that had been landed on the rocks by an angler, who was much surprised to observe this act of theft. It is an easy matter to catch these lizards with fishing tackle, since they readily take a baited hook.

The majority of African lizards will, without much regret, leave their tails in the hands of an aggressor, and scamper away to grow a new one without delay. Should the new member be partly broken before growth is complete, out of the wound may sprout another eager tail and a freak two-tailed lizard will be the result.

Hyraxes are strange little creatures that are common among most of the larger *kopjes*. Usually called dassies or rock rabbits, these rabbit-sized animals are said by evolutionists to contain internal characteristics which are found everywhere only in pachyderms. However, they look like large guinea pigs, are quite tailless, and possess furry, durable hides that are much sought after for the making of skin blankets, or karosses. The dassie has odd, rubbery footpads with the power of suction to enable it to adhere to the steep rock surfaces on which it climbs. Sometimes a surprised family of dassies may be seen jumping hastily out of a tree where they have been munching the leaves. Every dassie colony has one or more sentinels, usually large old males, who select a high, exposed spot from



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

This young dassie or rock rabbit is really a hyrax. Looking like a large guinea pig, it is quite tailless, and possesses odd, rubbery footpads with suction power to climb steep rock surfaces.

which to spy for danger and shriek the alarm. They are usually the last to scramble for shelter and therefore often the first to be shot by the hunter.

Among certain favored bushes growing in the *kopjes* are often found some unpleasant little creatures—papermaking wasps who build their nests and multiply their defense force while lying in wait to sting the unwary who pass within range. Having endured on various occasions this form of torture, I now always follow the practice of completely demolishing the dwellings of these trouble seekers, who are fairly shortsighted and cannot understand long-range missiles.

A less belligerent relative of theirs is the mud wasp, which builds its clay nests under overhanging rocks, stuffs them with paralyzed spiders and caterpillars, and then neatly varnishes the whole affair to prevent the penetration of moisture. A third stinging hazard of the rocky hills is a large, dark-green variety of scorpion, an ugly, cannibalistic hermit living under stones amid the debris of former meals. These dangerous creatures may be rendered harmless by clipping off the extreme

pointed tip of the venomous tail, which they are then unable to drive into the flesh. I gained the reputation among the Africans of possessing a secret medicine, the application of which rendered these harmful arachnids impotent and kindly disposed.

A menace to the explorer of caves is a companionable hairy caterpillar who in colonies of a few hundred clings to the gloomy walls and generously sheds its prickly and poisonous hairs upon any who touch it. It is most unpleasant to find that some of the little spikes have fallen down the back of your shirt, where very shortly a mass of painful lumps form with plenty of attendant burning and itching. Experience soon teaches you how to walk circumspectly among the haunts of the various plaguing insects that disapprove of your company.

The bleached white shells of giant land snails are frequently discovered, but the living snails are usually carefully hidden away in the humus-filled soil. Should one be found and disturbed, it will produce an endless succession of slimy bubbles that effectively discourage intruders.

Even among the vegetation there are forms that are partial to life among the granite. An interesting species is the paper tree, which grows only on the *kopjes*. The bark consists of layer upon layer of thin, translucent sheets, which can be peeled off in large sheets and used as novel writing paper.

The candelabrum tree is another picturesque plant. This tree has dozens of spiked, ribbed branches, bearing no leaves, which grow out and up, bearing at their tips a small rosette of soft, growing flesh and in season, little flowers that secrete a bitter honey spitefully included by many swarms of wild bees in their storehouses. The sap is a milky, white juice, which if tasted, produces a strong and lasting burning sensation, and may cause blindness if introduced into the eyes. Among the thorny, dead lower limbs of this tree the wasp and brood may often be encountered.

A strange wild fig tree may be generally seen, almost without fail growing out of or over a boulder, eventually cracking its rocky support and growing into a large sturdy tree with fruit much beloved by the green pigeon. Aloes frequently grow in profusion, some to a height greater than that of a man, the stem clad almost to the growing tip in the clinging dead leaves of past years. From the top grows a branching stalk bearing the showy orange flowers. Later, when the seed pods form, a tiny fly deposits its eggs therein, and when in autumn the dry pods split to cast out the seeds, the little insects have just arrived at a timely maturity and are liberated by the plants whose seeds they have devoured.

Tourists are frequently shown a very dead-looking mass of shaggy stems growing out upon the dry, flat stretches of rock. A "lifeless" sprig of the resurrection plant will soon open into green leafiness if placed in water for a few hours, yet it may have been waiting, withered and brown, for many months to receive the life-giving moisture.

A very elementary form of vegetation grows prolifically all around, and yet is scarcely noticed by one accustomed to being among the hills. The great rocks are well encrusted with colorful lichen in shades of orange, gray, green, yellow, and black. Owing to this profusion of plant life, the *kopjes* from a distance usually appear a dull-orange color. Lovely rock ferns sprout from moistened cranies to tempt the rock gardener, but prove difficult to grow away from their native habitat.

But now, let us away. The shimmering heat waves are dancing as the sun climbs into the blue African sky, and soon silence will fall as bird and beast take siesta. Only the lizards will revel among the heated rocks through the midday hours, to the tuneless song of the cicada chorus.



House or Home

By ROSA CLARIDGE

MISS GREEN, the fifth-grade teacher, unconsciously shook her head as she corrected the English test. The last lessons had been about the use of the possessive apostrophe and some of the children found it difficult to understand. The rule was that the apostrophe should come before the "s" if the word was singular and after the "s" if it was plural.

When the papers were returned to their owners, some of the students wore rueful expressions and others were pleased with their grades. But Susie marched up to the teacher's desk, brown curls flying and blue eyes almost spilling over with tears.

"Please, Miss Green, I am sure you made a mistake in grading my paper. I am sure I am right."

Susie pointed to the sentence in question. The sentence to be punctuated read, "The birds home was high in the tree."

Susie had placed the apostrophe after the "s" in the word "birds," and it was marked wrong. While the teacher read it over, Susie said quickly, "It has to be plural, for it wouldn't be a home without more than one bird!"

Miss Green smiled and announced to the class that that sentence would be correct with the apostrophe either before or after the "s," and her little student was happy again.

There may be two or many more in the family, the house may be either a mansion or a cottage, the bank account may be large or small, but none of these factors is as important for a happy home as a close family relationship. A model house, beautiful and new, still has the feeling of coldness until a family moves in and lives there. For there must be understanding and "togetherness" and the golden thread of love that binds a family and a house together to make a home.

Army Service for the Master

By FORREST C. BELKNAP



PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Left: Yuji Iwama, the author's first Japanese convert. Right: The Tamura family, with Yasushi and his father on the upper row and Hiromu and the mother on the lower. Hiromu has finished ministerial training and is now studying medicine; Yasushi was a medical intern at Loma Linda, California.

ALL right, boys, be on the street beside the barracks in fifteen minutes with full field packs and duffle bags." It was June 2, 1945. All of us were dreading the two-mile walk to the ship with our heavy packs. It meant walking away from home, loved ones, and everything familiar.

It was quite a sensation to approach and glide under the beautiful Golden Gate bridge that I had so often driven over. I watched the rows of white houses on the hills of San Francisco grow smaller and smaller and gradually become a part of the fog between the land and the boat railing where I stood lost in deep thought.

"I am going overseas," I thought. "Before me are opportunities to serve God in an unusual way, and to serve my country faithfully too." And right then I asked

the Lord to help me ever keep that in mind.

Sabbath morning I felt quite alone until I heard over the loud-speaker: "There will be services down in the galley for all those who are Seventh-day Adventists, and any others who would care to attend." So I wasn't the only Adventist on board ship after all!

One boy suggested that we meet every day for Bible study and invite any others who were interested in joining us. Sometimes we had as many as eight different denominations represented at our little study group, and we took turns in leading out.

We were forty days aboard, and with our original destination changed, we finally reached Manila. By the time we landed, one boy in our Bible study group was convinced that he wanted to be a Seventh-day Adventist and join those

who are keeping all the commandments of God.

While in Manila I heard the daily warnings given over the radio for the people in Nagasaki and Hiroshima to get out, for soon bombs would be dropped on these cities and it was not the will of the United States Army to kill the people. Then the words "atomic bomb," so familiar to us now, reached our ears for the first time when we heard of the destruction of these two cities forewarned days in advance. It made me think of the warnings found in the Bible, telling us of the great calamities coming on the world. "Therefore be ye also ready."

The war was soon over, and five days after the signing of the peace treaty in Tokyo Bay, I found myself in a transport ship headed for Japan. Such questions as these surged through my mind: How have our Japanese believers fared during the war? Do we have any churches left open? How did our Adventist boys get along in military service? Were they imprisoned and persecuted? Will I be able to find our people in this strange land? The Lord impressed me to be a witness and do what I could to be a missionary while the opportunity lasted.

The first two Sabbaths in Yokohama I was unable to leave my post because of military restrictions. In the meantime my unit moved near Honjo, about forty-five miles northwest of Tokyo. As soon as our camp was set up and in order, pass privileges were granted. The following day I went into the little town of Honjo and did my best to find someone who might help me find our church or some of our people.

The language barrier was such that it took a long time for me to get across what I wanted. Curious people gathered about me and gazed. Finally one young man got on his bicycle and motioned for me to follow. About two blocks away we came to a trim brick church, but after more language difficulties and "Sunday" being mentioned all too frequently, I realized this was not the church I was hoping to find. With at least the satisfaction of having thanked these people who were so eager to help me, I returned to my camp.

Friday afternoon I asked my commanding officer for a two-day pass that I might find my church in Tokyo. He readily granted the request.

After a little inquiry Sabbath morning I caught a ride to Honjo with our truck driver. A few minutes before we were to leave I knelt by my bunk to ask God for some definite help. In a strange land, among strange people, I was eager to find someone else with whom I could share my faith. I distinctly remember mentioning two alternatives in my prayer—that the Lord would either lead me to another Adventist GI, or help me find a Japanese who could speak English and

who might be able to help me find our church.

Fifteen minutes later I arrived at the train station and by the universal sign language and the mention of Tokyo, I was able to let the stationmaster know where I wished to go. By pointing to the clock and by the use of the same language, he informed me that I had just missed the train and it would be an hour before the next one. A feeling of defeat swept over me. It was my intention to get into Tokyo early, allowing myself some time for searching, to find our church before it was dismissed at noon.

A few minutes before the train was due I felt a hand on my shoulder and as I turned, a voice in rather good English said, "Pardon me, but you going to Tokyo?"

I looked into the eyes of a young Japanese a little older than myself. Before I had a chance to regain my composure he continued, "Going sight-seeing—or some amusements?"

"No," I said, "but do you know any Seventh-day Adventists?" I spoke the words as slowly and as distinctly as I knew how. I could see at once a question mark appear on his face.

"I don't understand what you say."

"I am a Seventh-day Adventist and I am looking for my church and people."

"No, I never heard of that. Maybe I can help you—if you don't mind. I too going to Tokyo. You mind if I go with you?"

A strange tingling ran up my back for in those few words I had just heard echoed the answer to my prayer of a little more than an hour before.

Once on the train we introduced ourselves and Yuji Iwama, my new-found friend, pointed out to me the many things of interest along the way. He asked me more about this strange religion of mine and mentioned to me that he was a Buddhist but didn't practice Buddhism much.

There was a big church in Tokyo, he said, not far from the station where we would disembark, that stood alone in the block—a witness amid the destruction in the rest of the surrounding territory, a building protected as though by the hand of God. "I think maybe that is your church."

When we arrived I noticed the front door of the church was open but there were no signs of activity. However, it was after twelve o'clock and the services could have been over and the people gone. Iwama-San (Mr. Iwama) told me to wait outside at the base of the steps and he would inquire.

I waited and waited. My hopes were fading rapidly. When he finally returned I noted the smile on his face and caught sight of a slip of paper he carried in his hand.

"This is not it," he explained, "but I have some message here which tells where

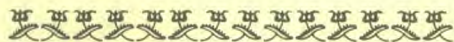
your church is. It is about half hour by electric train in the country. I show you."

Not wishing for him to have to spend his time in making such a trip, I asked whether he might just tell me how to get there and I could find it myself.

"I show you, follow me."

The Japanese don't tell you, "Go so far this way and then go so far that way, and then go until you get to such and such—and you can't miss it!" Sometime during the ages these people must have learned how unsatisfactory this method of direction can be. When he said, "I show you," that was exactly what he meant.

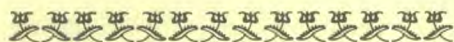
Whether he needed more information or whether he did some of his own business first with me following, I do not know. We rode streetcars and walked here and there and I waited while he went



Spring Debutantes

By MILDRED WOOD HARRIS

The tulips in my garden row
Are dancing merrily!
Bright blooms that fairly laugh aloud,
Beside themselves with glee
At having found an April world
Of shine and shade possessed
In which to be gay debutantes
Gowned in their springtime best!



into a burned-out building that must have still housed some offices, but eventually we were on the train headed for the Seventh-day Adventist mission compound.

As we got off Iwama said, "This is Ogikubo." Then he approached a policeman and they talked a minute. The officer pointed and nodded his head, then Iwama-San turned to me with these words: "It is only a few blocks from here." In a matter of minutes we were in a small compound with a wooden fence around it and an open gate at the entrance of the driveway. There was a row of American-type homes on one side and on the opposite side was a barricaded church. It obviously had not been used for many months. Next to the church was a large building that I later discovered was our Tokyo Sanitarium and Hospital.

Iwama-San walked up to the entrance of the first little American home and knocked. The door was quickly opened by a white-haired American who was dressed in an officer's uniform of the US Army. I noticed he was a captain, but was speaking Japanese fluently with Iwama-San. Then he saw me and said, "Yes, come in, we are just starting our Mission-

ary Volunteer meeting." This was Captain Craft, a long-time missionary in Japan and at that time connected with the Army.

I started to thank my friend for bringing me, but he wanted to stay to see what a Protestant meeting was like. Of course, I was happy for this sign of interest.

Once inside I found some of the Adventist boys I had been with in Manila and felt at home immediately. Mrs. Fukazawa, wife of the church pastor, told of the hard and trying experiences our believers had to pass through during the war years. Every Adventist had suffered privation and imprisonment and our churches had been closed by the authorities for several years. What she said in Japanese she also translated into beautiful English.

At the close of the service I again began to thank Iwama-San for his courtesy. He turned to me and said, "I live only a little way from your camp. Maybe I can come with you to your church every Saturday. I would like to come."

It was hard to believe what I was hearing, but it was true and he seemed sincere. I assured him that I would enjoy his companionship from week to week. In appreciation for his kindness I gave him several candy bars, which to the Japanese people were a luxury not seen in many a year. He said he would be waiting for me at six-thirty the following Saturday morning at the train station in Honjo.

We always enjoyed those trips to church, and he never missed a single Sabbath. The hours on the train were always filled with questions and answers on our belief.

One day in October, Iwama-San asked me why I never smoked. I had previously given him a Bible and he had been staying up late devouring its contents. Without making any remark about his question, I helped him find Romans and told him to turn to the twelfth chapter and read the first verse. He slowly read aloud: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

"I understand now," he said. "By the end of the year I won't be smoking."

He was smoking three packs of cigarettes a day when he made this statement. Before the end of the year he was smoking half a cigarette in the morning and the other half in the afternoon, and shortly after that had quit altogether. Why? Because the Bible says that a man's body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and God's Word was enough for him.

The little empty church with the bar across its doors soon became a thriving church. It was a thrill not only to know the Lord answered my prayer in helping me to find our church, but that

To page 20

WE may imagine some subdued chuckles, punctuated here and there by loud guffaws. The Master Teacher had driven home a lesson, possibly on a ripple of crowd laughter.

"They all with one consent began to make excuse. . . . And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come."

Just think of it! His wife wouldn't let him!

Once I too thought I saw humor in this parable—but not now. When I was young some of my friends married outside the church and in my inexperience I said, "Isn't it dreadful. They have given up eternal joy for happiness in this life." Having lived ten, fifteen, twenty years longer I now know that they did not gain in this life the happiness for which they bartered their principles.

Jeanne was the daughter of a poor widow, and her whole life had been one of going without—going without holidays, going without pretty clothes, going without entertainment, going without advanced education. Then she met Rodney. He was a nice man, almost twice her age, but he had everything she had been denied. He had a home, a car, furniture, a comfortable income, and a bank account. Also he loved her.

But he was not a Christian. By gazing at his possessions Jeanne became so dazzled that she could no longer see the glory of the New Jerusalem.

It wasn't until the children came that Jeanne realized fully just what a divided home meant.

Rodney maintained that:

1. His children were not going to be brought up believing that Adventism was the only true religion.
2. His children were going to eat a meat diet.
3. His children needed entertainment, so he took them to the movies.
4. His son had to attend Scouts and not JMV's on a Sabbath afternoon.
5. His children couldn't be expected to sit in church for two meetings, so he called for them after Sabbath school.

Poor Jeanne! She had married a husband and her children couldn't come at the Master's invitation.

Tom was a talented, consecrated young man who was studying for the ministry. Amy, his fiancée, shared his hopes. She left college a year or so before Tom and worked in another State. Her letters were affectionate and appeared full of a rich Christian experience. The prospect of a life of service with a consecrated partner buoyed Tom over many a rough patch.

They married. The first Sabbath was spent in a strange town and Amy said she was shy, so they both stayed home. The second Sabbath, Amy was tired (shifting into an apartment can be strenuous) and she stayed home. Rather than

"Therefore I Cannot Come"

By DELCIE OATES

appear without his bride Tom kept her company. The third Sabbath was wet, and the fourth week Amy had forgotten to press her frock and discovered a run in her stockings.

Tom began to think something was amiss. It is hard to suspect a loved one. Amy didn't seem ready to erect the family altar and said offhandedly, "You do your lesson in the morning if you like; if I have time I'll do mine later." This was not reassuring.

After six weeks or so Amy said quite casually, "I'm not interested in going to church."

Poor Tom. How could he go to church without his bride? What excuse could he offer? He could not lie, yet in his loyalty he wanted to shield her from any criticism.

He might have gone alone if it hadn't been for Mrs. Harrington. She had a way of asking questions that felt like a blunt probe in a gaping wound. She would keep at him and at him until he had revealed his heartache or been forced into rudeness. A fiery furnace or a den of lions was less to be feared than Mrs. Harrington and her questions.

And so Tom stayed home. At first he valiantly tried to keep Sabbath and keep alight the love of God, but one stick alone never did make much of a blaze and gradually the flame grew dimmer until there was but a faint glow in the embers of his once-bright spiritual experience.

He had married a wife and therefore he could not come.

Mary fell in love with a soldier from overseas. He was not a Christian and we pleaded with her, but to all our entreaties she would say: "He loves me so much, I couldn't let him down."

Mary now came to church infrequently. "You see," she'd explain, "Robert gets leave only on a Saturday and he loves me so much he wants me with him."

They were married in another church and there was beer at the reception.

"He wanted some for his mates and he loves me so much I couldn't let him feel a fool in front of his buddies."

I didn't see Mary for many months. I knew a baby was coming, and then I heard that Robert had been repatriated.

When Mary gave up God for Robert she forgot that God so loved her that He died for her.

Oh, yes, Robert loved her—loved her so much that he didn't even acknowledge the cable telling him of the birth of his son.

Mary had married a husband . . .

If you are considering marrying outside the church, I wish I could break through the frustration of the printed page to tell you face to face: There is no humor in that parable, only heartache. In years to come there could be no sadder words for you than these—

"I am married; therefore I cannot come!"



He had a home, a car, furniture, a comfortable income, and a bank account; but he was not a Christian. It wasn't until the children came that she realized fully just what a divided home meant.

She had pinched and scraped until there was nothing left with which to pinch and scrape. A drunken husband saw to that.

Wit's End Corner

By CYNTHIA COBURN

ANNA paused in her sewing only long enough to glance every now and then at the solitary apple that lay in the large fruit dish on the table.

Then after a while, she sighed.

It was not a particularly loud sigh, but it was enough to cause eight-year-old Clive to leave his toys where he had been playing on the floor, and come to regard his mother wonderingly.

"What's wrong, Mumsie?" he asked, placing his arms comfortingly about her neck. "Isn't there much for dinner this evening?"

Inwardly the woman winced, but she managed to sound quite casual as she answered, "No, son, there'll be a wonderful dinner tonight because the greengrocer will be here any minute now with some nice fresh fruit and vegetables."

"That's good," he said, "but why are you so unhappy?"

"Well," replied Anna slowly, searching her mind for something to say, "if you had a little boy who made as much mending for you as mine does for me, I think you'd sigh too. My little boy slides down the banisters such a lot!"

Together they glanced at the pile of mending that stood on the sewing table, and then they laughed, Anna feeling relieved that her small son did not know the truth—yet.

She prayed as she plied her needle busily: "Please send me a half crown straight away. You know how badly I need it. Besides, I've promised my boy a meal this evening, and You know how impossible that will be unless I can pay for last week's supplies. So please take care of us."

Then she arose and went to the shelf on which lay the Bible from which Pastor E. B. Rudge had been giving her such wonderful studies lately.

"'Fear not,'" she read. "'The earth is the Lord's.' 'Before they call, I will answer.'"

These were but a few of the promises that assured her as she turned its pages, until gradually any fears that she may have had for the future had subsided,

and a peace that she had not known before took possession of her being.

She already had courage, of course. Otherwise she could never have fought life's battles as bravely as she had. But this faith was something altogether different. And even though time was running out, not for one moment did she doubt that God would save the situation.

"Mother, may I have that apple, please? 'Cause Mr. Johnson should be here soon and you can get some more."

Anna could not have refused such a request if she had wanted to.

"Yes, son," she said, "but go downstairs to play, will you? I want to tidy up now."

Thoughtfully she watched while her small son made his way down to his play room under the house, happy, contented, no doubt rejoicing in the thought that there would be "a good dinner this evening."

It was not her fault that food had been rather sparse in their household lately. She had pinched and scraped until there was nothing left with which to pinch or scrape. A husband who was a drunkard saw to that. And now her last half crown had disappeared that morning.

In the distance came the jingle of harness, the sound of horses' hoofs on the road. The greengrocer was only minutes away now, but still she must not allow her faith to fail.

"We're kind of depending on each other, God," she prayed silently, "which means that if I expect You to stand by me, then I must stand by You too. I'll still believe in You—"

But she got no further before her small son came bounding up the stairs two at a time and fairly shouting, "Mother, Mother, look what I've found. Look at my big brown penny!" and he eagerly thrust the coin into her hand for closer inspection.

"Why, that's wonderful, son," said Anna. "Now you'll be able to—why, just a minute. Give me that coin back, please!"

She scratched at the brown surface just a little, but enough to reveal the silver that lay beneath and sure enough, it was—a half crown!

By the time the greengrocer arrived it was wonderfully bright and shining, but then so was Anna. Her radiance was as brilliant as any newly shined silver piece as she handed the man his money.

Strangely, he did not place it in with the rest of the coins immediately, but



REVIEW AND HERALD

Anna's daughter had to go on a diet of cooking apples, and they were out of season. But Anna prayed, and God was waiting at Wit's End Corner.

stood looking at it for fully half a minute before he asked quietly, "Where did this come from?"

He knew that half crowns were a scarce commodity in this household, and he wondered at the sudden good fortune.

"It came from the Lord," Anna said, fully expecting him to give at least a suggestion of a sneer, for such was his attitude to life in general.

But no—not this time. There he stood, still gazing intently at the coin in his hand, and Anna says that she is sure that his interest was not all monetary when he said finally, "I wish I had a hundred of them—all like this!"

Thus it was that Anna, who had brought her indomitable courage all the way from the Shetlands, that strategic, romantic little group of islands north of Scotland, added to it the faith that belonged to Seventh-day Adventism in Australia.

And from then on, her life, if not exactly bountiful, was certainly full of blessing.

For instance, there was the occasion when her daughter was so ill, way up in the country.

"The doctor says that I just have to go on a diet of cooking apples, Mother," she wrote, "but I don't know what I am going to do. We cannot buy them here, and I doubt very much whether you

could get any in town, because cooking apples are out of season now. I'm so worried."

But not Anna. She prayed unceasingly, knowing that God, as usual, would be waiting at Wit's End Corner, and when the time came He would provide.

It had happened so many, many times now.

Sabbath morning dawned bright and clear, and the family were up bright and early too, preparing for Sabbath school, so that for the moment the cooking apples were set aside.

"Mother," called Enid, as she hurried through the hall, "there's a man outside who wants to see you."

"Very well," said Anna, "tell him that I shall be out in a minute."

"Yes," she addressed the pleasant-looking man who stood at the door, "and what can I do for you?"

"Good morning, madam," said the stranger. "Would you be wanting anything this morning! As you can see I have some nice cooking apples—"

"I'll take them," said Anna impulsively and then suddenly she remembered that it was not the day on which to make purchases, even though they may be urgent.

So she explained.

"This happens to be my Sabbath," she said, and she could not help feeling

a little apprehensive, "but if you could come back another day——"

"Look here," said the man as he placed the case of apples on the table, "you can take them now, and pay me the next time you see me!"

"I can? Oh, thank you so very much," said Anna gratefully, hardly knowing what to say at such a turn in events, for it seemed almost too good to be true. A kind of double blessing, she thought.

She can't remember seeing the man walk down the stairs, but afterward the children assured her that he did. However, she did hurry through the hall in order to see just who her benefactor was, in order that she might remember his name. Such a kindness deserved remembering, she reasoned.

But when she arrived at the front of the house, there was nobody in sight!

Hastily she ran downstairs and scanned the length and breadth of the street, but there was no sign of anyone, neither was there a horse and cart that could belong to someone either!

Somewhat mystified, she returned to the house and told the children the story.

"But Mother," someone insisted, "he must be somewhere, because he's only just gone."

"Well, you see if you can find him," she challenged, knowing that they too would find it impossible, but hoping that they would learn a lesson in faith just the same. The sooner they knew about the workings of God the easier it would be for them, she reasoned.

So they searched once more for the man who had "just disappeared," without leaving a trace, and finally everyone was convinced that an ordinary man cannot, does not, vanish as quickly as that.

"You can pay me next time you see me," he had said.

Well, she would.

Now a number of years have gone by since that incident, but Anna, who seems to have remained forever young in heart, has never forgotten to include it in the stories she tells of her life since she became an Adventist.

"But how are you going to pay that 'man who vanished'?" her listeners invariably ask when she announces that one day she will settle her debt.

"From the profits of my vineyards, of course," she always replies before she begins another paean of praise to the One who has helped her through the years, and whom she hopes to meet at some more pleasant place than Wit's End Corner, one of these days.

"I'm glad that the Lord has not allowed me to become endowed with too many of this world's goods," declares Anna even today. "Otherwise I would never have caught so many glimpses of the Promised Land. For it is only when one gets down on his bended knees that he can look through the windows of heaven and see all the blessings there!"





LOMA LINDA FOODS

Homemade Bread

By M. DOROTHEA VAN GUNDY

IS there any aroma about the kitchen or the home more delectable than that of fresh-baked bread? It seems to top them all. And the housewife who takes time to make good homemade bread is giving her family a start in life healthwise that cannot be qualified.

Bread has often been spoken of as the staff of life. When well made of the proper ingredients it can rightly be called that. However, the evolution through which our modern commercial bread has gone has certainly taken it far away from its original important place in the diet.

The processed flour, preservatives, additives, and so on, together with modern methods of incorporating air and water gives us a white bread that can be rolled up in little balls of dough. Nutritional examination finds it a very poor substitute for whole-grain homemade bread.

While in a little bakery in San Diego, California, recently I saw a verse on the wall that I thought was beautiful. It read, "Bread, the symbol of hope, home, and hospitality." Under it was a verse by Grace Noll Crowell, "A loaf is only half a loaf unless we share it, and unless we say our grace above it, asking God to bless the bread that He has given day by day."

These little verses led me to think a bit more about bread and what it means to us. It is often used as a symbol of food. It means the difference between death and life, starvation and health. We must recognize that "three quarters of the people in our world today live in ignorance, poverty, disease, and hunger. . . . The process of living for these people is only

the process of trying to stay alive until tomorrow."¹

What does bread mean to you? How long has it been since you went to bed hungry? A little European boy who came to this country with a group of displaced persons found his way into a fine American family. Each night for a long time when he went to bed he would ask for a slice of bread to put under his pillow. When asked why, he said that for such a long time he had gone to bed hungry that he liked the feeling of being that close to a slice of bread.

I believe everyone should learn to make good homemade bread. Boys and girls, young men and young women, should all be the master of the art of making good bread. Ellen G. White said, "Let us remember that there is practical religion in a loaf of good bread."² And again, "Religion will lead mothers to make bread of the very best quality. . . . Bread should be thoroughly baked, inside and out. The health of the stomach demands that it be light and dry. Bread is the real staff of life, and therefore every cook should excel in making it."³

"It is a religious duty for every Christian girl and woman to learn at once to make good, sweet, light bread from unbolted wheat flour. Mothers should take their daughters into the kitchen with them when very young, and teach them the art of cooking."⁴

Here are two recipes that I'm sure you will enjoy. One is for whole-wheat bread and the other for rye bread. These are so simple almost anyone can follow them and have wonderful results.

Whole-wheat Bread

- 1 cup warm water
- 2 pkgs. yeast
- 1 Tbsp. honey
- (Let stand about ten minutes.)

- 3 cups hot water
- 1/3 cup honey
- 4 Tbsp. oil
- 2 Tbsp. salt
- (Mix together and cool to lukewarm, then add yeast mixture.)
- 9 cups whole-wheat flour (warm)

Add only enough warm flour to make very stiff batter. Let rise in warm place to double its bulk. Add enough flour to handle. Knead 5 to 8 minutes. Let rise to double bulk. Punch down and make into loaves. Let rise again until double. Bake 15 minutes in oven preheated to 400° then reduce heat to 300° and bake about 45 minutes longer.

Swedish Limpa

- 1 1/2 cups lukewarm water
- 2 Tbsp. brown sugar or honey
- 2 orange rinds, grated
- 2 Tbsp. oil
- 1/4 cup molasses
- 1 cup raisins, if desired
- 2 pkgs. yeast
- 1 Tbsp. salt
- 2 1/2 cups sifted rye flour
- 2 1/2 to 3 cups sifted whole-wheat flour

1. Mix together water, molasses, sugar, salt, and orange rind.
2. Add yeast and stir until dissolved.
3. Add oil.
4. Mix in flours with spoon and then mix with hand.
5. Add raisins, if desired.
6. Knead for about 10 minutes. Let rise twice. Shape into 2 round loaves. Let rise until double. Bake in moderate oven 350° for 40 minutes.

Dough with rye flour will be sticky, therefore add enough flour so it will work easily.

Practice making whole-wheat bread by the recipe given previously until you have really mastered it and make perfect whole-wheat bread, then start experimenting a bit and substituting a cup of soy flour for one cup of the wheat flour. Other cereal flours may be substituted for some of the wheat flour, such as oat flour, and buckwheat flour. Wheat germ and/or brewers' yeast may be added to give extra protein and vitamins.

While making bread some of it may be made into rolls, or fruit bread. Do not add more sugar to make it sweet, but add dates, raisins, or any dried fruits.

And what about using fresh-baked hot rolls or bread? It's not a good health practice. First, it contributes to overeating. Did you every try to stop eating fresh homemade bread? It's almost impossible! Second, fresh bread always calls for an abundance of margarine or butter, and we usually find it just dripping with these melted spreads. This delays digestion. It is much better healthwise to use bread that is baked the day before. There is no objection to the use of rolls that

To page 23

The Influence of ONE LIFE

By ROY R. BROWN

ON my way to the Kingston, Jamaica, YMCA one Saturday noon in January, 1952, I met a young woman whom I had been silently admiring for many days. Conditions had never been favorable for an exchange of words, but now, seeing she was coming from church, I thought this would be an opportune time to make my introduction.

Riding over to the side of the street where she was walking, I dismounted from my cycle and said, "Good afternoon!" but she made no reply.

"How are you today? I have been admiring you and although this is far from the proper way of getting an introduction, I have just found it possible to say Hello."

The young miss went on her way as though no one spoke. Deep within my heart I was hurt, but I was intent on gaining recognition.

"Is this a Christian's reaction?" I asked.

Thereupon she blurted out, "How do you do?"

"Fine, thank you," I answered.

Feeling I was no longer standing on sand, I opened a conversation, and after exchanging a few words, she asked, "Would you be interested in attending a meeting, one in a series of evangelistic meetings starting tomorrow night?"

"Oh, surely, I'd be happy to. Do you sing in the choir?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I shall look forward to seeing you and trust we shall have an enjoyable evening worshipping together."

"A pleasant day to you. Good-by."

I took the handbill, took a quick glance at it, and saw the topic of the sermon for Sunday and the succeeding nights of the week. Thereupon, I told myself I would have a few chances of meeting this newly found acquaintance. I proceeded to the YMCA, and subsequently attended a dance that night.

Sunday morning I awoke with one thought in mind. I could hardly wait for the time to come to meet my appointment with this girl. I visited a classmate of mine, told him what had happened the day before, and tried to get him to come along with me; but having another appointment, he was unable to come. At 8:20 P.M. that evening I entered the North Street Seventh-day Adventist Temple and took a seat. I made certain I saw the young woman, and assured myself that my next appointment after the service would be to see her.

Pastor Robert L. Boothby gave an inspiring sermon, and I was deeply impressed by his message and sincerity. His purpose was to save men and women, so he made an appeal for individuals to give their hearts to God. During his appeal I became convicted of sin. Feeling

so condemned, so embarrassed, so unworthy in the presence of a holy God, I was ashamed to stand. Pride within said, "If you stand, people will know that although you are neatly attired, you are nothing."

Everything the minister said I felt was directed at me, and throughout the service I hung my head in shame. I told myself the girl who invited me must have told the minister something about me, or how else could he say the things he was saying. No sooner was the last stanza of "Just as I Am," sung than I left the precincts of the church in haste, without waiting for the one I had come to see.

I was one who was absorbed in much of this world's pleasures, and as I took a backward look at my life that eventful night, this is what I saw:

August 17, 1951, a terrible hurricane struck the island of Jamaica. During the fearful ordeal that dark Friday night, I pledged to God that if only my life were spared, I would serve Him to the journey's end. That broken promise stood before me in bold letters—UNFULFILLED.

I obtained a job at the Kingston Parcel Post Office the same year. This had been made possible because a New York dock strike had been broken, accounting for extra work in this particular department of the government. I worked hard and had accumulated sufficient money to have a grand time. I visited theaters, dance halls, parties, and tried to gratify a carnal heart's appetite, but was never satisfied.

The memories of those days from Christmas Eve through New Year's Eve now plagued me. I loathed myself. As a child I had been taken to Sabbath school by my parents, who were Adventists.



I left government school, hoping for a Christian education here at West Indian Training College.

They had tried to inculcate the principles of righteousness in the hearts of their six children, though Father as the breadwinner had at times wavered in his faith and worked on the Sabbath to support his family. Although I had never been a member of any church, I had played the part of a hypocrite by confessing I was an Adventist when asked for my church affiliation.

While attending high school, I had lived with my brothers, some twenty-six miles away from my parents, and free from many restrictions. My life at this time also came to mind, and to solve the question, "What shall I do?" became my problem.

As the series of evangelistic meetings came to a close I gave my heart to God. I gave up smoking, drinking, dancing, and the pleasures of sin. On March 16 I was baptized together with a bosom friend of mine, Keith Dennis. It was a burial indeed. I was stepping into a new experience. All that had happened thus far was because of one tract handed out.

The study of the Sabbath school lessons wasn't new and many of the truths taught were only a review, but the prophecies and certain doctrines were new to me. So I studied deeply into what I was taught, and read as widely as I possibly could, trying to acquire all the knowledge possible. Deeply impressed to "Go and tell," I studied to give an account of the hope within me.

Prior to my baptism I had been a student of the Kingston government technical school. The burning desire to accomplish something for young men and women like myself, who were making the pleasure of the world a god, was tremendous. Desiring a Christian education, I ceased attending the government school, hoping to enter the West Indian Training College, one of our own schools.

It was very important that I should find some type of employment, because my only means of support, provided by my brother, was now withdrawn. For two consecutive weeks, with the exception of Saturdays and Sundays, I walked the streets of Kingston looking for a job. I failed to secure work because of my unwillingness to desecrate the Sabbath.

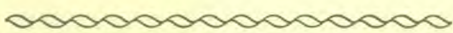
My trials had just begun. Having no financial assistance, I thought my best course was to do colporteur work with a twofold purpose. First, it would be an opportunity to tell men of Jesus, the mighty to save. Second, it would be a means of earning funds to keep myself and to begin my college career.

After an interview with the publishing secretary of the East Jamaica Conference, I was given some magazines, the necessary information a junior colporteur needs, and sent into the field. Although I did not have great financial success, I received great spiritual blessings. I can readily recall standing on street corners selling passers-by *Steps to*

Christ, Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing, Alone With God, and the magazines *Life and Health, Message*, and *These Times*, after a hard day's canvassing from home to home with books such as *The Great Controversy* and *Our Wonderful Bible*.

The responsibility of supporting myself and keeping my head above water financially was very strenuous. My clothes were wearing out and I was facing great embarrassments, yet my faith in a loving God to provide never faltered.

The first year being an Adventist was eventful. The next, 1953, was even more so. Many were the days I went hungry, and I recall when I possessed but one suit. In it I did colporteur work Sunday through Thursday, and Friday I stayed

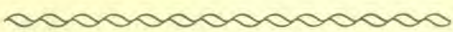


As April Passes

By HARRY SILBAUGH

Like sheep astray,
Above the bay
The white clouds of April hurry;
Her breath imposes
Hint of roses,
Wafted sweet on winds afurry.

Oh, leave behind
Chill days unkind,
Bring violets to the grasses;
For April's dressed
In loveliness
As into May she gayly passes.



home, washed and pressed it, and was ready, neat and clean, for church on Sabbath. During that year I was Missionary Volunteer secretary and led out in many church activities. I was chosen as a delegate to the youth camp that year, and it was indeed an inspiration and a challenge to me.

Before attending the camp I made an application to a government office, but was not accepted. When the camp was dismissed I came back to take up where I had left off in my canvassing. It was my only means of support. Conditions grew more unfavorable daily. Delayed payments by the customers held up my remittances to the conference office. I could get no more books to sell. I spoke to the publishing secretary of my plight, and he made a date for us to talk things over.

The day arrived, and that morning during my devotional hour I was rather depressed because of my meager way of existence and the inability to accomplish my desires. My prayer to God that morn-

ing was an effort to come to a decision. I prayed that if I did not find the publishing secretary or his assistant in the office, or if I did not reach something definite, it would be a sign to me that I was not to continue canvassing.

None of the men were in, and somehow I wondered whether I had made the right decision. "I will be true to my agreement," I said. My last human hope had given way and now it was up to God!

On reaching home I discussed my problem with a friend of mine, D. Mitchell, and like all true Adventists, he told me to take courage, because God never forgets His own.

Just then a little girl in the home said, "Mr. Brown, there is a letter here for you." On the outside were the words, "On Her Majesty's Service." Opening it, I read the contents in haste. It was from the office to which I had applied before going to the youth's camp. It stated that a vacancy existed, and that on receipt of the letter I should appear in person if I desired to fill the vacancy. I went to my room, whispered a prayer, and then left for the office. All the way until I sat for the interview, and even then, I was praying.

I was accepted for the position. Hearing I was a Seventh-day Adventist made the manager rather concerned as to whether I could be given Sabbaths off. I stated my willingness to work on Sundays, but this was a government office and the concession could hardly be granted. But God moved upon his heart, and I was granted Sabbaths off.

Wednesday, August 27, 1953, I reported for work. From then until May, 1955, when I left to begin my educational program, I was there. God had turned my captivity and restored to me all that I had lost and more. My needs were supplied and I was able to bear witness for Him to the entire staff. As I endeavored to live a life of conformity to the will of God, I was respected and given positions of trust.

I would not exchange my first years as an Adventist for anything this world can offer. The hope I possess within makes my life one of joy. The privations, days of hunger, days of trial and test, I count most precious. The experiences gained from colporteur work and Ingathering I treasure. As I see friends whom I have influenced in some way in making their decisions for Christ, striving for the mastery, my faith in God is strengthened.

Special tribute must be given to my parents, whose wise counsels have inspired me to strive toward the highest goals. Also there are other men and women, whose encouragement, guidance, and help have meant much to me. And a special appreciation is due the young woman who passed me a handbill that day in Kingston.

Sabbath School LESSON

Prepared for Publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

The Second Persecution

LESSON FOR MAY 11

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 5:12-42.

MEMORY GEM: "We ought to obey God rather than men" (Acts 5:29).

OUTSIDE READING: *The Acts of the Apostles*, chapter 8; *Early Writings*, pp. 192-197.

Inspiration

"And when they had brought them, they set them before the council: and the high priest asked them, saying, Did not we straitly command you that ye should not teach in this name? and, behold, ye have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine, and intend to bring this man's blood upon us. Then Peter and the other apostles answered and said, We ought to obey God rather than men. The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree. Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins. And we are his witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him" (Acts 5:27-32).

Spirit of Prophecy

"Every indignity, reproach, and cruelty that Satan could instigate human hearts to devise, has been visited upon the followers of Jesus. And it will be again fulfilled in a marked manner; for the carnal heart is still at enmity with the law of God, and will not be subject to its commands. The world is no more in harmony with the principles of Christ to-day than it was in the days of the apostles. The same hatred that prompted the cry, 'Crucify Him! crucify Him!' the same hatred that led to the persecution of the disciples, still works in the children of disobedience. The same spirit which in the Dark Ages consigned men and women to prison, to exile, and to death, which conceived the exquisite torture of the Inquisition, which planned and executed the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and which kindled the fires of Smithfield, is still at work with malignant energy in unregenerate hearts. The history of truth has ever been the record of a struggle between right and wrong. The proclamation of the gospel has ever been carried forward in this world in the face of opposition, peril, loss, and suffering.

"What was the strength of those who in the past have suffered persecution for Christ's sake? It was union with God, union with the Holy Spirit, union with Christ. Reproach and persecution have separated many from earthly friends, but never from the love of Christ. Never is the tempest-tried soul more dearly loved by his Saviour than when he is suffering reproach for the truth's sake. 'I will love him,' Christ said, 'and will manifest Myself to him.' When for the truth's sake the believer stands at the bar of earthly tribunals, Christ stands by his side. When he is confined within prison walls, Christ manifests Himself to him, and cheers his heart with His love. When he suffers death for Christ's sake, the Saviour says to him, They may kill the body, but they cannot hurt the soul. 'Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.' 'Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen

thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness.'

"They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even forever.' 'He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence: and precious shall their blood be in His sight.'

"The Lord of hosts shall defend them; . . . the Lord their God shall save them in that day as the flock of His people: for they shall be as the stones of a crown, lifted up as an ensign upon His land.'"—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 84-86.

Notes

Interesting Terms: "Sect of the Sadducees." "Sect" comes from a word meaning "choice." "Heresy" is derived from the same word. "Sect" is a group holding a particular view or views, usually different from the majority of the people, often used in contempt. "Sadducees"—distinguished particularly for their rejection of the doctrine of the resurrection; rulers, few in number as compared with Pharisees. "Doubted"—translated "much perplexed" in Revised Standard Version.

The council charged the disciples with having filled Jerusalem with their doctrine—a tremendous tribute to their dedication and ability. Now, in their misguided zeal to keep the nation free from heresy, the council helps the apostles bring the gospel to the attention of an ever-widening circle of hearers. But they were wrong in the second allegation, as Peter forcefully pointed out, when they charged that the apostles were seeking to bring Jesus' blood upon the members of the Sanhedrin. They had already accomplished this by their base protestations at Pilate's judgment hall, when they had particularly called for Jesus' blood to be cast upon them and upon their children.

It is to such lengths as these that men will go when they take a stand against God, His truth, and His agents.

"When the Jews inflicted this punishment [of scourging] the culprit was tied to a pillar in the synagogue; the executioner, armed with a scourge of three distinct lashes inflicted the punishment; while an official standing by read selected portions of the law between each stroke. Thirteen strokes of the three-fold scourge was equivalent to the thirty-nine stripes. This was the flogging the Apostles suffered on this occasion."—*The Acts of the Apostles in The Expositor's Bible*, p. 244, footnote.

It is never necessarily easy, but it is always incontrovertibly right to obey God rather than men.

During World War II a large number of Adventist young men faced courts-martial in various countries because they decided to obey the law of God rather than the law of man.

There were moments and hours and sometimes days of anxiety. There were times when the prospects seemed dim indeed. In the great majority of cases sentences were remitted or revoked, but in every case it was demonstrated that "We ought to obey God rather than men." This is true in every walk of life.

This is not to indicate that one can always count on escaping inconvenience or suffering. To the Christian this is not at all necessary, for "Death before dishonor or the transgression of God's law, should be the motto of every Christian."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 80.

It is to underscore the scriptural truth that God's laws are supreme and its corollary, "It is never right to do wrong."

* * *

"God hath not promised skies always blue,
Flower-strewn pathways all our lives through.
God hath not promised sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow, peace without pain.

"But God hath promised strength for the day,
Rest for the laborer, light on the way;
Grace for the trial, help from above,
Unfailing sympathy, undying love."

—Anonymous

Quizangles

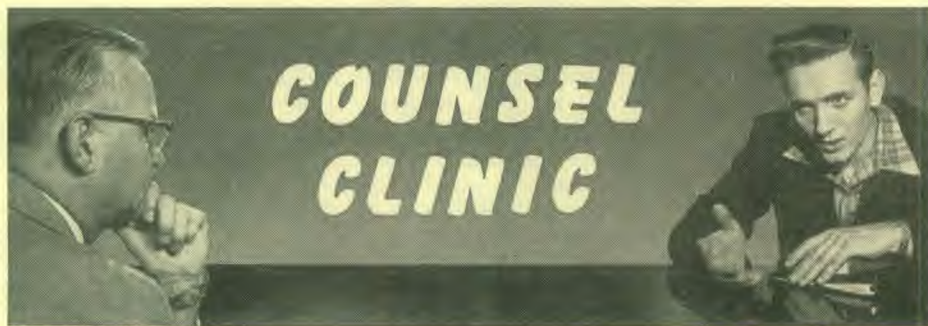
1. In addition to preaching, what marked the work of the apostles among the people? _____
2. Was the ingathering of souls large or small? _____
3. Of the sick who were brought, how many were healed? _____
4. Why were the Sadducees filled with indignation? _____
5. Where did they put the apostles? _____
6. When the angel delivered them by night, what did he ask them to do? _____
7. When they carried out this commission what reaction did this bring forth from the Sadducees? _____
8. How effectively did they say the apostles had done their work? _____
9. Who were responsible for the blood of Jesus? _____
10. Whenever there is a dual allegiance, which did Peter say should come first? _____
11. What did Peter charge these men with having done to Jesus? _____
12. How had God overridden their plans? _____
13. What was the counsel of Gamaliel? _____
14. To what were the apostles subjected before being set free? _____
15. What effect did this persecution have on their ministry? _____

* * *

"Let none falter who thinks he is right."

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

NEXT WEEK, May 18, lesson title: "The Seven Deacons Chosen and Ordained." Scripture Reference: Acts 6:1-7. Memory Gem: 1 Cor. 14:40. Outside Reading: *The Acts of the Apostles*, ch. 9.



J. BYRON LOGAN

The services of the Youth's Instructor Counsel Clinic are provided primarily to those for whom this magazine is published, young people in their teens and twenties. Any reader, however, is welcome to submit his problem to the Counsel Clinic. The answers you receive will represent the considered judgment of the counselor, but it will not represent an official church pronouncement. Every question will be acknowledged. Problems and answers of universal interest will be selected for publication, and will appear without identification of either questioner or counselor. 1. Submit only one question at a time. 2. Confine your question to one hundred words or less. 3. Enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope for the reply. 4. Send your question to: The Youth's Instructor, Counsel Clinic, Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

QUESTION I am eighteen years old and have finished one year of the premedical course in an Adventist college. Recently I was encouraged by a small-town chiropractor to attend a chiropractic college. Is there any denominational or Biblical reason why an Adventist youth should not attend a chiropractic college?

ANSWER I believe that we would do well to search diligently the Spirit of prophecy. You will find that the counsels of those good red books are used frequently and sought after at the College of Medical Evangelists, and I am afraid you will find, if you look into the history of chiropractic, that it was started by a man who had no education. His brother

was a spiritualist medium as well as his business manager.

Sister White was well aware of chiropractic in her day, and I do believe that if it had been the means of work that the Lord wanted us to follow, He certainly would have pointed it out. I am sure that you feel the same way.

I do not feel that one could attend a chiropractic college. On the other hand, I would suggest that you think of taking up the use of light, water, and exercises, as a full-fledged physical therapist, and come to the College of Medical Evangelists, if your grade point will permit, and I am sure you will be a much happier man when you are through.

I believe that the Lord had His hand

in establishing this school. The Spirit of prophecy is very clear as to what our work should be. We may not always attain the high standard the Lord has set for us in the medical work but we nevertheless feel we should strive for nothing but the best. I cannot see how chiropractic could be classed as one of the fields the Lord would want us to go into.

QUESTION Do you recommend having parcel-post sales or auctions to help support the church school?

ANSWER Some churches with an earnest desire to raise funds for various church needs have entered into fields that we as a denomination condemn as being, to say the least, related to the gambling evil. Such activities cover games of chance, sweepstakes, lotteries, bingo, and so forth. These activities can lead to a wrong attitude toward life. We would not want to encourage any form of money raising that savors of the gambling spirit, particularly where the young people of a church school are concerned.

Does this device of parcel-post sales or auctions have any of the elements that would be found in a game of chance upon which the church would frown?

Such plans as parcel-post auctions do savor of a game of chance, and may encourage the young to indulge in similar activities that would be a barrier to a clean, pure, Christian experience. God's plan for the support of His work is the giving of our tithes and offerings as an act of worship. His blessing will be upon us as we give in harmony with His plan.



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Army Service for the Master

From page 10

Iwama-San had accepted all our beliefs. The following June he was baptized along with several others.

Not long after my acquaintance with Iwama-San, I was riding on the train toward my Army base. In the window seat directly across the aisle was a young Japanese boy of about twelve years. I had been looking out my window for some time when I became aware that someone was sitting down beside me. As I turned, I saw that it was this lad. With a beseeching look in his eyes he said, "Pardon me, sir, but would you speak some English to me? I would like to learn English."

I smiled and replied, "You already speak good English and it doesn't sound as though you need to hear anyone speak it in order to learn it!"

"Yes, I want to learn better English. You speak to me and you teach me English."

From this introduction we had a most interesting visit. I told him my name and he told me his—Hiromu Tamura.

"Do you have a mother and father?"

"Yes, Mamma is home and Daddy works in Yokohama and comes home at the end of each week."

"Do you have brothers and sisters?"

"I have a brother who is a little older than I."

"Where is your home?"

"I live in Ogikubo."

I was surprised to find he lived only a short distance from our church and mission compound. "Hiromu, every Saturday lots of boys and girls meet only a little distance from your home for church services." I explained to him why they met there and told him if he wished to learn English I knew of no better place, for what was said there in Japanese was translated into English and vice versa. "I think you will enjoy going there," I told him as I prepared to take leave at my destination, "and if you come at nine-thirty next Saturday morning I will meet you."

"Thank you. I know where it is and I will be there."

The following Sabbath, Hiromu was there. And the next Sabbath was the same, and the following Sabbath after that—and each Sabbath from then on. He really enjoyed Sabbath school and church and wouldn't miss these services for anything.

"Hiromu," I asked one Sabbath, "didn't you tell me you have a brother?"

"Yes, I have a brother."

"Do you suppose he would like to come to Sabbath school too?"

Hiromu looked away apprehensively for a moment and then exclaimed, "Yes, I think he would."

The following Sabbath there were two

boys to meet me when I arrived for Sabbath school. Hiromu had brought his brother, Yasushi, who was equally friendly. More weeks passed, and Yasushi became as interested as Hiromu in all the church activities. He too came every Sabbath. They believed in being on time for they didn't want to miss a thing. They were present at church on Sabbath, Missionary Volunteer meeting on Friday evening, and at prayer meeting on Wednesday night without fail.

Slowly a change came into the lives of Hiromu and Yasushi. This was noticed by their mother, and after some persuasion I went to their home. I feared it would be somewhat awkward meeting her, for she couldn't speak a word of

Garden Notes

By RAE BEHRENS

Disgruntled visitors claim that Melbourne has no climate, only weather. With only one station down south of New Zealand and another on Heard Island in the southern Indian Ocean to give weather reports, is it any wonder that the meteorological calculations are often upset by "an unexpected depression developing from the south," and instead of a predicted fine day we get howling gales and streaming rain?

So, with us, Solomon's advice still holds good, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." We say, "Sow dry, plant wet;" that is, use the dry days for sowing, rain will come to water the seed, and when it is wet, put on waterproofs and do your transplanting.

English. However, good translation by my friends soon removed the language barrier. She had been eager to meet the one who had made such a marvelous change in her boys. I assured her that it was not I who had made the change but One who is ruler of the universe. Mrs. Tamura was delighted with what her boys were learning and what they had been telling her from week to week.

"Mrs. Tamura," I asked, "would you like to come with your boys next Sabbath?" The word "Sabbath" was nothing new to her by this time and I felt free to use the term.

"I would, but I fear I can't, for my husband gets home from Yokohama at noon on Sabbath and I must have his dinner ready for him when he comes."

"You do have a problem there and I—"

"But I think I can do it anyway. I'll have things ready for him ahead of time and—well, I think we can work it out somehow. I will come."

When I arrived the next Sabbath there were three people to meet me—yes, four people. Iwama-San was there also.

I found that everywhere I went the Japanese people were eager for something tangible to cling to. Shintoism meant everything to them during the war. But the bottom fell out, and after the war they learned that the emperor was not God and he admitted it to them. He met the farmer in the rice paddy and the woman on the street and told them that he was one with them and wished to help them by working among them, not over them. Today Japan has such an emperor as that and he has the respect and admiration of his fellow countrymen.

While studying my Sabbath school lesson on the train, strangers would look at me and say, "You Christian? Me too want to be Christian." Christianity spread rapidly. People everywhere were looking for a hope beyond—something to look forward to.

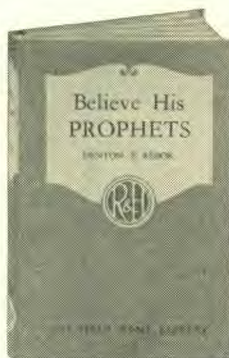
When it came time for me to return to the United States in September, 1946, the words of farewell from the Tamura family assured me that they would soon be taking their stand wholeheartedly for Christ.

I never had the privilege of meeting Mr. Tamura, but on January 17, 1947, the entire family was baptized. It was a struggle for Mr. Tamura to give up his good position in Yokohama. Jobs such as he held were not easy to find, and wages elsewhere were low. He made the sacrifice and I know he is happy for having made the right choice.

Mr. Tamura is now treasurer of Japan Missionary College and teaches commercial subjects. Where are Hiromu and Yasushi? Hiromu has finished his ministerial course and is now well under way in medical school, with the desire of being a medical worker among his countrymen. Yasushi completed his training at medical school and then interned at Loma Linda, California. Both these boys have had struggles with their education. Even while I was in Japan, they were being severely reprimanded by their teachers for not attending school on Saturday morning. Their faith held strong and though they missed many an examination, they were determined by the grace of God to call the Sabbath "a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable."*

Does it pay to invite others to Sabbath school? Does it pay to talk religion? Does it pay to "cast thy bread upon the waters"? Yes, it does, "for thou shalt find it after many days."

* In THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR of December 14, 1954, Raymond S. Moore, then president of Japan Missionary College, related one of those bitter experiences of Yasushi, who was meeting hard and trying circumstances in an effort to finish his medical school. The title was "Tamura-San and God."



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CANOEING: By Harvey Hansen

After five days of voyageur adventure on lake chains and the Wisconsin River, a canoeing friend and I decided to return home in half a day. We planned to follow

CANOEING

streams that would take us almost into our back yards at Clearwater Lake. We thought the estimated ten miles would be easy. But it was some twelve hours before we finally arrived home, tired enough to sleep standing up.

Our waterway "short cut" had required us to carry canoe and camping equipment around, over, or through about twenty obstructions such as beaver dams, fences, highways, and homemade bridges used by loggers and haulers of marsh hay. Besides all this, the stream itself was so serpentine that when we went through one of two side-by-side culverts my partner guessed the winding course would lead us back through the other culvert!

In our academy days three other friends and I managed to get together

with sufficient cash and calories for a week's canoe trip near home, in northern Wisconsin. How the ancient car we used held up with us four and all our paraphernalia in it and an eighteen-foot canoe on top is a mystery to this day. But we navigated many adventurous miles through woods to the waters.

Sometimes instead of the canoe's carrying us we had to carry it. Two would do it. With one at each end of the landed canoe, both faced forward and each reached down with one arm and grasped the underside (keel) of his end of the canoe so that a little of the end was tucked under his carrying arm. It then was easy to walk along with the canoe in ready position for floating on the next water. This activity helped us sleep soundly, though bullfrogs bellowed in boggy bays or whippoorwills called incessantly from hills near the lakes or streams beside which we camped.

If you have a friend who is interested but who is a bit fearful of canoeing, when he has stepped into the canoe and it is

still close to shore in shallow water have him grasp one side of the canoe with one hand and the other side with the other hand and rock it. This can increase his confidence by demonstrating that the "tippy canoe," though responsive to one's every move, is quite a stable craft.

Canoes usually tip over only when an occupant disregards safety principles—as when he tries to go broadside to big waves, or stands up, or leans over the side to pluck that so tempting, almost-within-reach water lily.

Canoeing need not be confined to two or four persons. Enlarging the number simply multiplies the pleasure. On one occasion, more than a score of senior MV's and leaders loaded camping duffle and ourselves into canoes and headed down the Au Sable River in Michigan for an overnight outing. It was a true thrill to be speeding single file through stretches of swift water, and then to be drifting along the calmer stretches of the lovely wild, with four or five of the canoes grouped side by side and all the occupants singing choruses.

Then came a heavy shower to test our mettle and ingenuity. We contrived shelter underneath the canoes pulled up and turned upside down on the river bank. Later, we had an outdoor-flavored supper around comforting campfires, and camaraderie!

Under shining stars we went to sleep on deep piles of dry leaves, while unseen heavenly guardians encamped about.

Friends and canoes are companions supreme. The combination has a way of making occasions to remember all your life. Try it sometime!

Once in a Lifetime

From page 4

and more dense. A red angry glow hovered low on the horizon. The prairie fire was drawing in—closer—closer!

They all knew well what a prairie fire was. Sometimes the flames could leap eight, ten, and twelve feet high. And if there happened to be a heavy wind, the flames could lick up as high as forty and fifty feet. They could cover the country rapidly too. Such fire, unless checked, often spelled ruin to the ranchers.

Soon the boys saw their mother and brother Ed hurrying toward the cave. They were carrying—of all things—a small heifer calf between them! They opened the door of the cave and put the calf inside, then their mother pushed them inside too. "You stay inside here," she whispered hoarsely, "and we'll be right back."

They soon returned with a few dishes, cooking utensils, and a supply of food. There were candles and matches along

Free to Men in Uniform

Our youth in uniform may have, without cost to them, the following periodicals:

The Review and Herald
The Youth's Instructor
Listen
These Times
or *Signs of the Times*
The Servicemen's Newsletter

Send names and military addresses to your conference war service commission secretary. He will do the rest.

George W. Chambers, Secretary
War Service Commission
General Conference of
Seventh-day Adventists

with more bedding. Mother thought of everything.

Outside it was getting sultry and the air was smoky. The prairie fire in all its fury would soon be upon them. Johnny and Everett could hear their mother call-

ing the girls. "Unhitch the horses now and put them in the stables. Then run to the cave as fast as you can!"

Choking and excited, they all crowded inside the cave then. At least the mother hoped they were all inside. The flames had loomed high a little distance away as they crowded in. Three of the older girls were away from home now, but there were Ollie, Hattie, Addie, Ed, James, Cameron, Johnny, Everett. Yes, they were all accounted for. Someone opened a crack of the door and heavy smoke rolled in.

"Quiet, children. Let's thank God that we're all safe inside this dugout." The mother's voice carried relief.

They prayed. It was a never-to-be-forgotten moment there in the stifling darkness, but God seemed near and real. Sometime later the mother announced with relief, "We can go out now, children. The fire has passed around. Our property is saved!"

When they left the cave, they pushed the calf out, and Johnny twisted its tail to hurry it along. The cattle and horses, the

hay and the buildings, and their comfortable home were all intact. But the whole countryside for miles around was charred and blackened.

Much later as their father returned from Howard—the fire had passed some distance from the town—there was a new look on his face. Johnny and the other children stood about listening to their father tell of the fear that had gripped his heart most of the long, weary way back over the blackened prairie from town.

"Nancy Jane," he said chokingly, "you're a wonder! I rode as fast as I could, but it was of little use. These fires are faster than a galloping horse. I passed by farm after farm with homes and barns and outbuildings charred and in

ruins all along the way back. I can't begin to tell you how proud and relieved I am to come home and find everything safe. You are one among a thousand!"

The mother's face was radiant. "I couldn't have done it if the children hadn't helped. We prayed too, and God blessed us."

That was a lesson the children never forgot. If one worked and prayed, anything was possible—anything at all!

But a dark pall seemed to hover over the home these days. And one day as the children gathered about the table with its red plaid cloth, its steaming vegetable soup and golden cornbread, Johnny looked nervously at his mother's face. She sat erect and worried at the head of the table. When Mother looked like that, he couldn't eat. He stopped eating his soup, and the piece of cornbread with melting butter that had tasted so good, dropped to the side of his plate.

Father, who had been poisoned along with his whole regiment in the Civil War, had never been strong since his return. Now he had taken dangerously ill.

"You must be very quiet tonight, children. Your father is much worse, and—he may never get well!" There were tears in her voice, but she bravely attempted a smile. She went on to explain that they would have to give up their ranch for their father was no longer able to carry any responsibility.

They all loved the ranch, and hated to give it up. But the children all helped to pack the furniture and belongings, and they moved into a home on a seven-acre tract in Union Center.

Soon after this move, the father, at the early age of fifty-five, went to his final rest. With a heavy heart the little mother sent Johnny to the Union Center schoolhouse to give the news of the father's death to his older brothers and sisters.

When the funeral was over, the family followed the procession to the Howard cemetery and sadly watched the casket as it was lowered. A group of Civil War veterans lined up in military fashion along the open grave and fired salute, paying final tribute to a fellow veteran.

With the older girls married and away from home now, the task of running even a seven-acre farm on a paying basis became a real problem to the perplexed mother. She was faced with carrying the burden comparatively alone. The boys were still too young to carry major responsibilities. So, after much prayer, it was decided to sell the place in Union Center and move to the suburbs of the small town of Howard.

Here they found a pleasant home for sale. The place had about two acres of land where they could have an adequate garden, chickens, and a cow and still enjoy the advantages of a better school and community enterprises.

It was a new beginning for the Ross family when they moved into the new

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but there is enough poison in an ordinary cigar stump to kill a normal four-year-old boy or girl.

The four-year-old son of a textile worker in Frederica, Jutland, recently watched his grandfather smoke a cigar. When the grandfather finished smoking, he left the stump in an ash tray. His grandson's curiosity was aroused. He took the cigar stump, put it in his mouth and swallowed it. There was a sufficient concentration of nicotine in the stump to poison and kill the boy.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

Camp Doss Serves You!

Mount Vernon Academy requires Medical Cadet Corps training for graduation, but because of labor conflicts I was unable to take the course. Consequently I did not receive my diploma until I had met the requirement by taking the training at Camp Doss. The training I received there will be of use to me throughout my whole life, even if I am never called to serve my country in the armed forces. Being one who attended because he had to do so, I have just one thing to say: It is worth it at twice the price! Attend if you can.

—Robert Lee Brown,
Fairborn, Ohio

If a person has given any thought to his required period of service in the Army, he has trembled as he has wondered what he would do and say as he faces the problems peculiar to Seventh-day Adventists. I felt that way before attending Camp Doss, but after taking the training, I feel confident that I know what to do and say. The Christian fellowship was grand, the food good, and the military discipline rigid. All blended to make a good soldier out of the young man who presented himself for the training. I am grateful to my church for thinking about the welfare of its young men and for providing such training.

—Andy Myers,
Hanford, California



home. They laid careful plans for its improvement. Shade trees were planted and the freshly painted house gleamed white against spreading green lawns. Daffodils and tulips, nodding hollyhocks, sweet peas, and demure cosmos made their colorful debut in an old-fashioned flower garden alongside the flourishing vegetable gardens.

There was a small soldier's pension left for the widowed mother and her large family. But this was inadequate to meet the necessary expenses. So, with the help of the children, she exchanged dairy products and garden produce for the groceries and supplies at the stores.

Once again then, a sense of security and happiness reigned in their home.

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

Homemade Bread

From page 14

have been baked one day and reheated the next.

It really is more important today than ever before that we know how to bake good bread, for much of the bread on the market is made with lard, because it is cheaper than vegetable shortening. If the label says "shortening" it may well be lard. There are some "reducing" breads on the market that are made without any shortening. The safest plan to follow is to make your own bread of the best quality ingredients that it is possible for you to buy.

Next Week: Crackers and Cookies

¹ "Importance of Food," *News of A.S.J.*, January, 1955, p. 8.

² *Counsels on Diet and Foods*, p. 251.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 315.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 316.

► **ECUADOR's** national tree is the cinchona.

► **NEARLY** 100 "highway post office" routes are now in operation in the U.S.

► **ONE-ROOM** schools in rural America are disappearing at the rate of eight or nine a day.

► **JAPANESE** villagers living at the foot of Mount Fuji, who have the lowest rejection rate of conscripts for military service, live largely on soybean soup.

► A **VIRUS** that produces symptoms similar to those of the common cold was first isolated in 1953, but has just been reported, as the effort to find a vaccine against the cold continues.

► **THE** blackened remains of a palace dating back to the seventh century have been uncovered by a team of British archeologists. The palace is identified as belonging to Edwin, the first Christian king of Northumbria.

► **WHAT** is claimed to be the finest single diamond ever uncovered is an ice-blue gem that weighs 128½ carats—less than an ounce—and is valued at \$2 million. It was cut from a stone weighing 426 carats, the owner says.

► An "amplitron" electron tube developed by Raytheon will increase the effective range of air-traffic control radar sets from 200 miles to about 350 miles by boosting the energy output of the basic signal as much as 8 to 14 times.

► A **PROCESS** called "printed wiring" described by Pacific Telephone involves cards produced much like an engraved wedding announcement, but instead of ink on paper the result is a card full of thin copper lines that form electrical pathways, thus eliminating a huge amount of delicate soldering and connecting.

► A **GIANT** telescopic tracker, which can follow the flight of missiles as far as 300 miles away and show them on a screen in natural color, has been developed to operate in conjunction with radar apparatus. It takes simultaneous color and black-and-white photographs of rockets, jets, and other flying objects automatically, and is equipped with a 400-pound lens of 160-inch focal length.

► **TWENTY-THREE HUNDRED** candles for the coronation of England's Queen Elizabeth II were dipped and lavishly decorated by an American candle firm in Mamaroneck, New York. Some years before, the company had fashioned candles in the likeness of an American soprano for a wealthy admirer's table. The firm also made one of the world's biggest wax lights, an 18-foot-high memorial candle that is lighted once a year at singer Enrico Caruso's tomb in Italy.

► **TRAILER-SCHOOL** villages are a recent innovation in the attempt to provide education for the Navaho Indian children on the huge reservation in southeast Utah, northeast Arizona, and northwest New Mexico. Each of the 37 units in use has specially constructed trailers that provide homes for teachers, and also washroom facilities. Classes are held in Quonset huts, which can be moved in sections by truck. Even with the mobile school project, there are 3,000 Navaho children not in school this year.

► **THE** Ecitons, a species of army ants on Barro Colorado Island in the Canal Zone, build complex, air-conditioned hanging houses out of thousands of their own suspended bodies. Within these structures the queen is sheltered, eggs are laid, and young are hatched and reared. A typical bivouac is a cylindrical mass hanging from the underside of some projecting surface of the ground, the Smithsonian Institution says, and the ability to cluster their bodies comes from opposed recurved hooks present on the terminal tarsal segments of the workers' legs.

► **AMERICA's** truck fleet has doubled in size since 1940, so that nearly 10 million trucks travel 102 billion miles and haul 11 billion tons of freight a year, more than three fourths of the total freight tonnage transported in the U.S. This amounts to 240 tons a year per average family, which has a truck working for it directly or indirectly 58 days a year.

► **TIN CANS**—eight million of them—will be used in the air storage section of a wind tunnel that tests models of planes and missiles, where they will act as a radiator to keep the air temperature nearly constant during a test blow. The cans, enough to fill 135 boxcars, are expected to cut the temperature drop from 200° Fahrenheit to about 30°.

► **CALIFORNIA's** alcoholism problem is greater than that of any other State, according to the latest biennial report of the California State Department of Public Health. For U.S. cities with more than 100,000 population, San Francisco ranks first in the nation in the number of problem drinkers, and Sacramento ranks second.

► **SIMPLICITY** is the keynote of the landscaping of the Michigan Conference SDA office building, which was one of three national award winners in a competition sponsored by the American Nurseryman's Association.

► **WINSTON CHURCHILL** is said to have once advised Dwight Eisenhower to use the library type of frame for his eyeglasses while making a speech so that they could be waved at the audience to stress important points.

► A **UNITED STATES AIR FORCE** general, director of the Office of Scientific Research, says the Air Force may shoot a rocket around the moon within the next five years.

► **PET** food retailers in Australia are paying hunters about 10 cents a pound for kangaroo meat, which means about \$4 for a fair-sized gray kangaroo carcass.

► **RESISTANCE** to repeated doses of organic phosphorus insecticides has been demonstrated by two species of pestiferous red spider mites.

► **INVENTOR** of the gyroscope in 1851 was a French philosopher by the name of Jean Foucault.

► A **RECORD** 7,686 students entered U.S. medical schools during the last academic year.

► A **27-YEAR-OLD** Japanese deaf-mute has mastered 13 foreign languages in writing.

► **MODERN** machines can pop out glass marbles at the rate of 200 a minute.

► **EDUCATED** guessers say that 25 million Americans go boating at least once a year.

► **AT** his death in 1669 Rembrandt, the Dutch artist, left about 600 paintings, 300 etchings, and 2,000 drawings.

► **BECAUSE** the people of Limousin, a French province, wear a distinctive head-dress, the name "limousine" was applied to large carriages and automobiles with a covering.

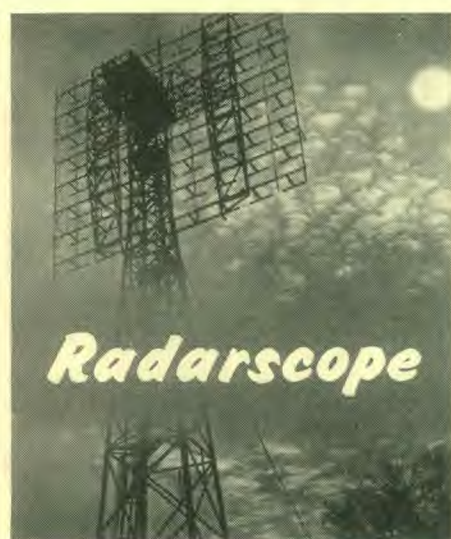
► **DALLAS, Texas,** is earnestly looking for more water for domestic, industrial, and agricultural use. Only 443 airline miles away the city of New Orleans has enough water theoretically to take care of the entire United States.

► **IN** an applesauce-tasting contest conducted by the University of Wisconsin participants were offered varieties ranging from sweet to tart and from smooth to coarse, but the only consistent preference the researchers could find was that people liked best the kind of applesauce their mothers made.

► **IN** spite of the widely publicized increase in the average life span in the past half century, persons past the age of 40 have a life expectancy of just four years more than in 1900, according to a researcher of the National Institutes of Health, who says that most of the increase of life expectancy has come in relation to children.

► **THE** Postmaster General has recommended the termination of the postal savings system, since the number of Americans making use of it has dropped to about 2 million, which is approximately half the number of postal savers ten years ago. The amount of money on deposit is declining at the rate of \$20 million a month.

► **AVERAGE** wages in India are reported by the Indian Government to be approximately as follows in U.S. equivalents: unskilled labor, 31 cents a day for men and 21 cents a day for women; skilled workers such as carpenters and electricians, \$12.60 a month; and highly skilled workers such as engineers and statisticians, \$37.80 a month. In addition to wages most employees receive free medical care, schooling, and lodging for their families.



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