

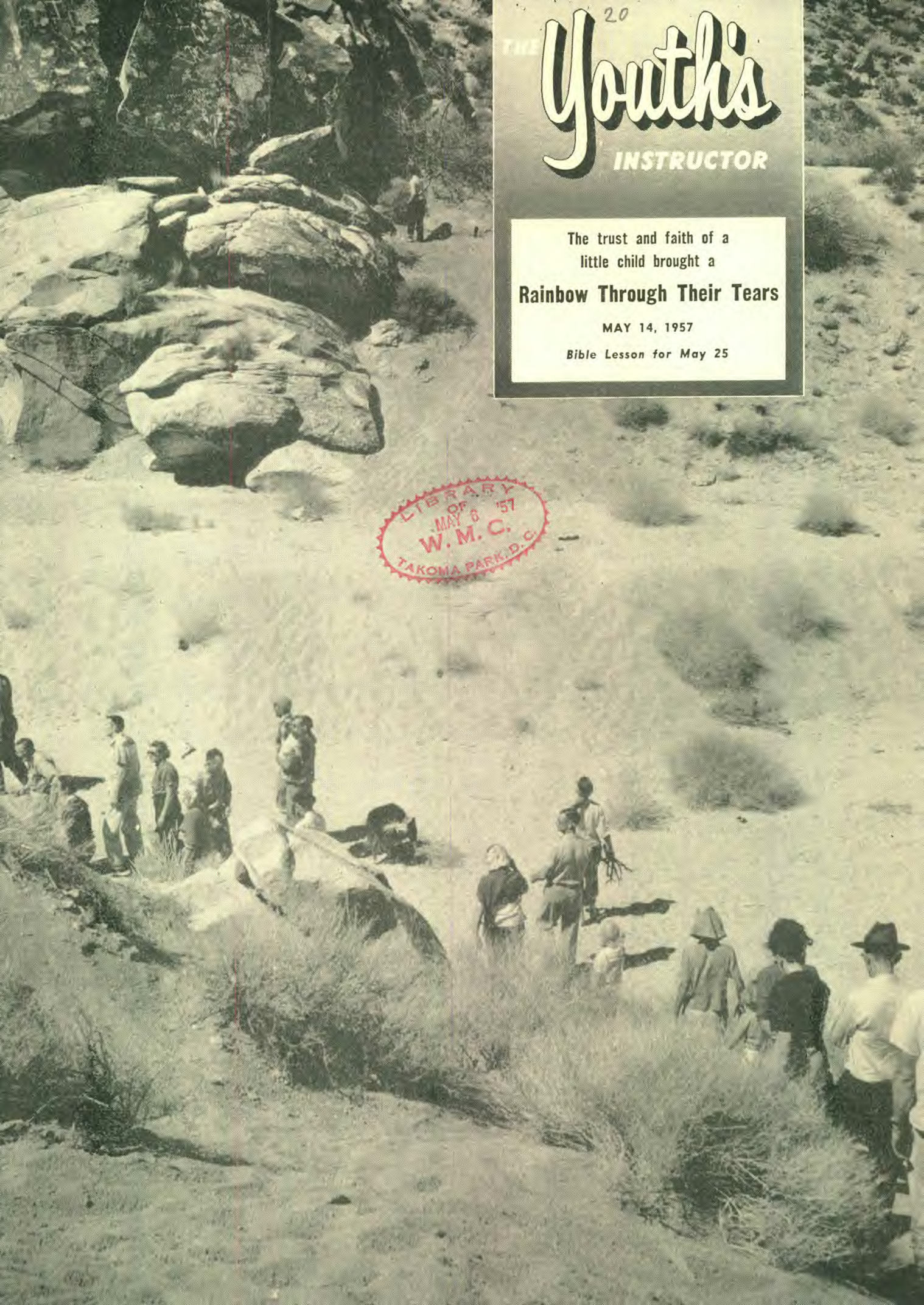
THE

20 Youth's INSTRUCTOR

The trust and faith of a
little child brought a
Rainbow Through Their Tears

MAY 14, 1957

Bible Lesson for May 25



Guilty?

Suppose a teen-ager drifts into the habit of stopping by a soda fountain for a malt following the Saturday night programs at his school. Can anything be wrong in that? We believe you can find your own answer. Remember—we speak of habits.

The Bible says, "The days of our years are threescore years and ten."¹ Life expectancy for centuries has been less than this. But our day, when "knowledge shall be increased,"² has pushed within sight of seventy years. Our decade, in fact, has seen the prospects for the newborn to reach 69.6 years.

What have habits to do with the promise of seventy years?

Our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost. We have them of God. They are not our own, to do with as we please. We are not in the world to serve self, but others. Whatever would be a willful shortening of the life, depriving mankind of our Christian work and witness, would violate the eighth commandment. And a serious question rises whether we may not also be guilty of breaking the sixth. For he who shortens his life, though a little at a time, may be different only in degree from suicide.

"The misuse of our physical powers shortens the period of time in which our lives can be used for the glory of God. And it unfits us to accomplish the work God has given us to do. By allowing ourselves to form wrong habits, by keeping late hours, by gratifying appetite at the expense of health, we lay the foundation for feebleness. By neglecting physical exercise, by overworking mind or body, we unbalance the nervous system."³

Late hours, appetite at the expense of health, lack of physical exercise, overwork of mind or body—are we guilty?

"Those who thus shorten their lives and unfit themselves for service by disregarding nature's laws, are guilty of robbery toward God. And they are robbing their fellow men also. The opportunity of blessing others, the very work for which God sent them into the world, has by their own course of action been cut short. And they have unfitted themselves to do even that which in a briefer period of time they might have accomplished. The Lord holds us guilty when by our injurious habits we thus deprive the world of good."⁴

Walter T. Crandall

¹ Psalm 90:10. ² Daniel 12:4. ³ COL 346. ⁴ *Ibid.*

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.

Grace Notes

QUEER You will enjoy Edward Geary's article on "Queer Beast," page 4. And you may enjoy this "tall story" that we clipped from a newspaper last year after a U.S. zoo received two of the animals for the first time:

STRETCH "The okapi is a member of the giraffe family. The giraffe we know, the one with the outsize neck, got his legs and neck stretched out through centuries of straining up for meals on trees. The okapi just stayed put in the congo, eating lower." This conclusion might be humorous if it wasn't such a sorry example of a theory in which we have no confidence.

SPECIAL Have you taken advantage of the three-month special on the INSTRUCTOR? For only a dollar, you can send the thirteen issues of the June, July, and August YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR to someone you want to receive it. Why not send this trial subscription to some graduates from academy or college? Why not send it to someone who has been attending a non-Adventist school. Why not send it to someone who has grown careless in his church attendance? For only a dollar for each subscription, why not? Add fifteen cents for countries requiring extra postage. Order through your Book and Bible House.

MINNESOTA Eunice Bearrood of Minneapolis wrote: "I have enjoyed the INSTRUCTOR for many years and hope to continue reading it as long as I live. . . . No doubt some people think Sam Campbell's stories are for juniors only but I think they are wonderful, and I hope I will always be young enough at heart to see the beauty in them. I hope you will serialize another one soon."

CANADA Eleanor J. Alcock wrote from British Columbia: "We have read the INSTRUCTOR for many years now and like it as it is, and if you change it, it will be like a stranger to us and not the friend we have known and loved so long."

ANSWER We replied to Miss Alcock that any change we might make in the format of the INSTRUCTOR would be in line with what we feel would catch and hold the interest and confidence of the youth.

COVER Frank Purcell's picture shows a National Park ranger leading a group near some petroglyphs on a tour to Christmas Tree Pass. Story on page 11.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 105, No. 20

May 14, 1957

Editor WALTER T. CRANDALL
Associate Editor FREDERICK LEE
Assistant Editor FRITZ GUY
Art Editor T. K. MARTIN
Consulting Editors

GEORGE W. CHAMBERS, RICHARD HAMMILL
THEODORE LUCAS, E. LENNARD MINCHIN
L. L. MOFFITT

Circulation Manager R. J. CHRISTIAN
Editorial Secretary ALICE MAE SLICK

Published by the Seventh-day Adventists. Printed every Tuesday by the Review and Herald Publishing Assn., at Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C., U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D.C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879, Copyright, 1957, Review and Herald Publishing Assn., Washington 12, D.C.

Subscription rates: one year, \$5.25; two years, \$9.50; three years, \$12.75; six months, \$2.75; in clubs of three or more, one year, each \$4.25; six months, \$2.25. Foreign countries where extra postage is required: one year, \$5.75; six months, \$3.00; in clubs of three or more, one year, each \$4.75; six months, \$2.50. Monthly color edition, available overseas only, one year, \$1.50.

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

Their efforts gave every evidence of an uneven duel between darkness and light, but the young evangelists would not give up.

Empty Benches

By RICHARD M. JEWETT



"SABATISTAS! Beware of Sabatistas!" Under the burning gaze of the irate clergyman, even the mangy dogs cowered, silent and awed. "They are come but to deceive." The

blasting tones were gathering fury as they mounted: "I forbid you to enter their meetings. Leave them alone!" The thundering voice cascaded to a menacing rasp: "Leave them alone, I say!"

Like eerie shadows the natives melted away into the little Filipino barrio (village), but soon from the nipa huts perched on bamboo stilts, came the sounds of women pounding rice for the midday meal. Drifting in from the rice paddies were staccato tones of men in agitated debate.

Trudging the dusty paths of the same barrio that evening, two young evangelists, weary and disheartened, paused to again survey their surroundings.

"Surely someone here will rent us land." With effort Pastor Banez forced a note of hopefulness into his voice and smiled wanly at his associate. Nothing was to be gained by recounting the baffling refusals that had met them at every turn. Their work for souls had hardly begun; they must have courage.

He placed a reassuring hand on Pastor Gulfan's slightly drooping shoulder. "We shall pray much, my brother."

Where the narrow path dipped behind a royal palm, two kneeling forms addressed the All-knowing One and grasped by faith the assurance, "Lo, I am with you always."

Three days later, with faith glowing,

Dick Jewett reports that he wrote this story because he knew of it firsthand. His parents have served as missionaries in the Philippines, and Dick wants someday to be a foreign missionary. To him, the work and not the place is important. He was a first-year theology and speech student at Southwestern Junior College when this was written. Work on a farm, in a furniture factory, in a service station, and canvassing have all contributed to his educational funds. He has been editor of his school annual, seminar president, Sabbath school teacher, class pastor, and MV leader among his out-of-class activities.

they stood on the site of their tabernacle, a clearing of land voluntarily pointed out to them by a wrinkled farmer of many rice harvests. Tangible evidence of God's partnership in their endeavor lay under their very feet. "Now we begin!" was the surging thought in their hearts.

A fortnight later, standing in the doorway of the newly erected nipa tabernacle, Pastor Banez scrutinized the small clearing that separated them from an encircling wall of towering palms and luxuriant tropical jungle.

"We have visited every hut in the village, my friend," he remarked over his shoulder to his associate still rearranging benches inside the dimly lighted structure. "And though the people have remained noncommittal, we will trust in God to reward our efforts and provide an audience for our first meeting."

Seven-thirty, the appointed hour, had come and passed, but undaunted, Pastor Banez joined his partner inside the low structure with a resolute suggestion: "You start the song service, brother. The people have forgotten the time; your

singing will be a reminder." Pointed with truth and winged by simple trust, Pastor Gulfan's strong young voice penetrated the deep stillness of the night.

Back at the door, the pastor scanned the short stretch of trail visible before it disappeared into the dense undergrowth. His heart bounded. Something was coming down the trail! The singing, however, had little effect on the bulky carabao that lumbered into view.

Shortly after eight o'clock the minister took his place behind the crude pulpit and preached with a fervor born of love and much prayer. It was an inspiring sermon, but there was no one there to inspire.

Brilliant morning sprang upon them next day as is natural in equatorial countries, but two hearts, leaden and unresponsive, remembered only empty benches. The setting sun smiled upon a day's faithful labor, yet the impregnable wall of reserve stood undented. Nothing could eradicate, however, the impression that behind the baffling barrier lay parched ground in need of refreshing showers.

The lone carabao, late again for the song service, remained as indifferent as the absent villagers. Within the crude tabernacle the full-length service was supplemented by a period of earnest soul-searching and fervent prayer.

"Lord, show us our error; reveal Thy will," quivering lips pleaded. Rising from their knees, the ministers faced each other and their hands met in a firm grip. "God has sent us here for a purpose. We will not give up" was the unspoken compact sealed between them.

Interminable days calling upon a stoic people, endless evenings of heart-breaking futility dragged arduously by. Though empty the benches, yet the building was filled with the presence of angels witnessing the uneven duel between darkness and light.

"Five weeks we have labored; yet no



EWING GALLOWAY

In the evening two youthful workers, weary and disheartened, trudged the dusty paths of the same village where earlier that day a clergyman had shouted forbiddingly, "Beware of Sabatistas!"

one has come to our meetings." Even the carabao had gone on to greener pastures. "Surely it is foolishness to continue." The heavy words struck dully on the weary spirit of Pastor Banez, whose young face appeared strangely old this night. What else was there to do but give up?

"We shall pray again," he said. Sweet peace filled their souls before they lay down to rest. They would complete the six weeks' series of meetings.

Across the small clearing the encircling jungle cast wraithlike shadows. Slowly they lengthened to clutch in their grasp the song-filled building and shroud

with gloom the long-vacant benches. They engulfed the slight form of the one standing to preach his last sermon, but he faltered not. Boldly his words resisted the shadows and penetrated the darkness beyond.

The sermon closed. Pastor Banez bowed his head to offer the benediction. As he closed his prayer, a passionate longing for the souls he had sought swept over him. In an agony of spirit he extended his arms to the tangled copse, to the hidden barrio, crying, "O my people, break loose from this power that Satan has over you. Christ died for you. Respond to His love and mercy. Be men

and women of faith and courage. Come out of the jungle of sin and despair. Come into God's marvelous light—"

A murmur grew in the surrounding thicket; bushes stirred and parted on the right, on the left. Moved by the Holy Spirit, Filipino men and women streamed across the clearing and into the lighted room. The series of gospel messages to an unseen audience was bearing fruit. Through the long weeks God had taken faithful record each night where human eyes could not penetrate. Fearlessly consecrating their lives to God, twenty new believers knelt before the empty benches they had not had the courage to fill.

Queer Beast

By EDWARD GEARY

THE Pygmies, living deep within the interior of the Congo, are well acquainted with one of the world's queerest beasts. Other peoples, both white and black, are barely on speaking terms with him. He is the okapi. The little people of the Congo forest world do not look upon this beast as out of the ordinary. But full-size human beings, whom the Pygmies call "real people," consider him an oddity.

The okapi's failure to venture from his native forest delayed his discovery by white men until as late as 1899. The "real people" among the Africans seemed to know little of him, but the Pygmies were quite comfortable in his presence. They knew him well enough to know why "real people" had never encountered him on the open plain. The forest provides the shy okapi with everything he needs. Like the giraffe, he feeds on leaves. He doesn't reach as high, but certain trees are just the right height to enable him to wrap his tongue around their leaves and tear them off. He will never eat from the ground.

His horns start out to be like the giraffe's, but they never become the large, hard, and tufted nobs worn by the much taller animal. In general contour, he is very much like a miniature giraffe. But the similarity soon vanishes. Perhaps the creature is a zebra, anyway!

This creature's hind quarters do resemble the zebra, especially in the stripes he wears. His colorings are different, though. He does have areas of black, but the rest of him merges into a rich brown

and tan. He does not have the striking grace and beauty which makes the zebra a favorite in zoos and circuses.

The unfortunate okapi, attractive as he is, is nobody's favorite, yet no one dislikes him. It is within the cathedral-like beauty of the Congo forest that the okapi, in all his queerness, makes a pretty picture. No, he is not a zebra, but he may be a bird!

The okapi almost always travels with a mate, and as is customary with many bird species, the male watches over the female while she is feeding. When flee-

ing from pursuit by an enemy he takes up the highly dangerous position in the rear—another characteristic of the feathered world.

The okapi wears a cloven hoof and lows like a cow. That close resemblance, however, doesn't make him bovine. Certain ways you look at him, he appears to be related to the mule family. But he's not mulish. Not only is he not stubborn; he is completely harmless.

The Pygmies say that the okapi makes excellent food, but "real people" as yet have fortunately not developed a taste for him. The little people make use of his skin also, using it for bandoliers.

Should the okapi ever come into his own as a useful animal, he'll be grazed and stabled on African farms to be used chiefly as a beef substitute. He'll be a problem, though, since all his food will have to be placed up high. Of course, with time and patience he might be taught to eat like other farm animals. That, however, will not make him any less of a curiosity.



PAUL'S PHOTO

The okapi, which was not discovered until 1899, has white fore and hind limbs marked with brown horizontal stripes. Somewhat resembling giraffes in build, males have horns, females none.

THERE'S a round-the-clock routine in the two-week intensive training program at Camp Doss every summer. The camp commander, Medical Cadet Corps Colonel Everett N. Dick, and his staff of combat veterans and church leaders are determined to have everything about the camp—from KP detail and barking drill sergeants to the parade before Pentagon brass—accomplish the most in a short time. Men draw guard duty, salute officers (although rank is not official, only denominational), and in general get the same rigid training that a medical soldier gets in the regular Army.

Coronet, Newsweek, Pathfinder, Time, and Kiwanis have paid high tribute to its unique preinduction training program. Government officials have praised the work at the camp, located near Grand Ledge, Michigan. Maj. Gen. George E. Armstrong, former Surgeon General of the United States Army, said, "Never in my observation of training activities have I seen so much accomplished with trainees in such a short time. I attribute this accomplishment to the motivation of teachers and trainees."

The young men have the usual little gripes, of course. Sore feet is one of them. Slender Harold Bassham from Grand Junction, Colorado, stops cleaning his barracks long enough to rub complaining toes. "Boy, are my feet sore! Two blisters on each foot."

Husky, blond Jon MacRandall, of Nashville, Tennessee, agrees. "Mine too! That pavement we drill on has no 'give' to it. It slaps your feet every time you put 'em down."

Trainees are taught how to answer the perennial, perplexing question, "Why don't Adventists bear arms?" Actually, when a conscientious Christian young man of any denomination faces induction, he inevitably asks himself, "What will be my attitude toward taking the life of an enemy?"

On the one hand there is the Old Testament injunction, "Thou shalt not kill" and Jesus' golden rule; on the other, there is devotion to country and the Biblical admonition to uphold the decisions of its rulers. The vast majority of Christians, although abhorring the idea of taking life, find the latter factors more compelling, and they consent to bear arms.

Lecturing on the Adventist approach to the subject one day, Col. Dick stated: "Christ said, 'Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.' But I say unto you, Love your enemies, . . . do good to them that hate you.' Again Jesus said, 'Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. . . . Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.' He also said to Peter, 'Put up again thy sword.' Christ's teachings do not harmonize with taking life,



WAR SERVICE COMMISSION

Trainees at Camp Doss, Grand Ledge, Michigan, work and play strenuously under strict discipline.

Why CAMP DOSS?

By KENNETH J. HOLLAND

even though Army officers are quick to point out warfare in Old Testament days by God's chosen people."

Questions of all kinds—such as what to do in areas where water is unfit to drink and only Coca-Cola and beer are available—are answered skillfully by the instructors in discussion periods.

Trainees at the camp work hard and play strenuously. Strict discipline is maintained, although it is salted with the humor of the colonel, who often displays a grin that threatens to cut his face in two.

One morning I went on barracks inspection with him. He was in good spirits, but that did not stop him from handing out gigs (one-hour punishments). One of the boys, absent because he was working in the kitchen, hadn't made up his bed; in fact, he had apparently just thrown the covers on, and there were some leaves or straw on the covers. Colonel Dick winked at me and said, "Well, looks like a real hayseed sleeps here. Give him a gig, sergeant."

First Sgt. George "Smoky" Thomson, a college professor in real life and a veteran of two years on Guadalcanal and Okinawa, finds the men cooperative. A big man with an irrepressible good nature, he always has a twinkle in his eye. He can be stern, however, when the occasion demands it. One frightened rookie said, "Sometimes he scares me."

One Saturday night after a motion picture Smoky yelled out, "Those on guard duty fall out in fatigue uniforms in five minutes!" He paused a moment, then added, "If you can. I don't think you can do it." They did.

A young man entering the service needs all the spiritual help he can get. The ability to resist temptation while in service and away from the restraints of civilian life is to a surprising degree dependent on an orientation such as is offered at Camp Doss.

Newspapers are filled with accounts of rising immorality among U.S. servicemen stationed overseas. Surveys indicate that the average military bachelor has

forty-four hours a week of free time. How he spends that time often depends on getting a right start.

Never before has there been such deep interest and concerted action in the religious and moral character of men in military service. A new high has been reached in military life today. Military leaders are now saying, "Let's return each man to his civilian community a better citizen in every way than he was when he came to us." They are saying that a man's period of military service can be a positive, helpful period in his life, on the same level as several years in college or apprenticeship in some industry.

Despite all this, the fact is that temptations abound. The chances are that only those thoroughly grounded in the faith and well advised before induction will come through untainted.

Camp Doss, an integral part of the denomination's Medical Cadet Corps program, has turned out 1,500 of the 20,000 medical cadets trained in the U.S. since 1934. The whole program has met a definite need.

In World War I many Adventist soldiers did not know what they believed; consequently they did not present a united front. Their attitude was largely negative. As a result some suffered physical violence; 188 were court-martialed; 35 were in Federal penitentiaries serving sentences of from 5 to 20 years at the end of the war.

To bring about a better adjustment between the church and the Army, Union College in 1934 began to give its young men military medical training. Under Col. Dick's direction young men were taught to do a positive and help-

ful work for their Government and to let the Government know they are co-operators rather than objectors. So began the Medical Cadet Corps.

In World War II it became customary for a man to be placed in the Medical Department of the Army, and no Seventh-day Adventist served a court-martial sentence because of his religious convictions.

To continue an alert program is the aim of the officers at Camp Doss. When today's Seventh-day Adventist young man reaches induction age, he must decide whether to prepare himself for the varied perils of Army life, or go along without preinduction training and take a chance on his ability to adjust to difficult circumstances.

For twenty-three years wise young men of the church have taken advantage of a Medical Cadet Corps program that spans the wide gulf between civilian and Army life, and that oftentimes sharpens their relationship to God.

The ultimate in the Medical Cadet program is Camp Doss. Few among the 1,500 young men who have taken this training have become misfits in the Army. On the contrary, they have enjoyed a distinct advantage over most inductees. Many Camp Doss graduates have been singled out as squad leaders after only a few days in service.

Because the program at Camp Doss is conducted by Adventist veterans, it affords an unexcelled opportunity for the trainee to develop respect for authority, gain confidence in approaching officers and making requests, and to enrich his spiritual experience.

Unfortunately, a "don't care" attitude has cropped up lately among Seventh-

day Adventist men of draft age about training at the camp. "We're not at war," they say. "Why take training?" Such a view is counter to our basic belief that wars will continue to the very end. There is no time to prepare if that preparation hasn't been completed before the actual outbreak of conflict.

The camp is named in honor of Desmond Doss, whose heroic action won the Congressional Medal of Honor. One Sabbath morning on Okinawa, he was the only available medical soldier to accompany an assault on a fifty-foot escarpment. He was in his tent reading his Bible when the captain asked him to go. He asked for a few more minutes to complete his devotions, and then he put on his medical kit and joined his company.

On three previous occasions the company had tried to take that escarpment and had failed. Each time he had been the last man to leave the height.

The men launched the new attack. Climbing up ropes, they attempted to capture the heights but once more they were repulsed. At the foot of the escarpment they took the roll. Doss was among those missing. For nearly half an hour there was no trace of him. Then someone shouted and pointed out a lone figure on the escarpment—Doss standing unarmed amid the bursts of mortar fire and blasts of artillery.

The commander directed him to come down, but Doss stayed. Calmly he began the process of lowering the wounded from the elevation with a rope. The enemy behind him drew closer and began to toss hand grenades. His buddies on the lower ridge replied with grenades and kept the enemy at a distance. Doss was between the two lines of fire.

For three hours he hauled the wounded to the edge of the cliff and lowered them with a rope to safety below. His buddies used their entire supply of grenades, but fortunately by then Doss had lowered the last of the seventy-five casualties and wearily climbed down.

An unarmed medic of the 77th Division had established a proud tradition for the Seventh-day Adventist Medical Cadet Corps.

A young man of draft age needs to consider his responsibilities in four directions—to himself, to his church, to his country, and to his God. He owes it to himself to fortify his mind with the advice of men who have had actual military training. He must realize that he has a peculiar opportunity to witness for the truths of his church, for his companions will watch every move. He needs to realize that the Government is extending to conscientious objectors privileges not granted to the rank and file of the soldiers. Above all, he needs to keep a clear conscience toward God.

On all four counts Camp Doss is ready to serve.

The Guardian Angel

By *BLANCHE CLARIDGE*

A HEAVY rain during the night had turned our peaceful little creek into a narrow, raging torrent. There was no way to cross the stream when two neighbors came to see Daddy and Grandpa, so a plank was thrown across at a narrow place, and the men walked over.

The children had been nowhere in sight when the plank bridge was made, and the men did not dream that the two little girls would think of following them across the stream. But it was not long before I looked out the window and saw the girls start onto the plank. I did not dare startle them by calling and

could only stand and watch, praying that they would cross safely.

Lucille managed, but little Lynette slipped, and Lucille screamed as she saw the swiftly-moving current rolling her sister over and over down the creek.

In an instant, upon hearing the scream, Daddy plunged in below the child and caught her as she was carried downstream. As he brought her to her mother and me, we found her completely unhurt and unafraid. Calmly she said, "My angel held up my head, and I did not even swallow any of that dirty water."

Many times the angels care for us when we do not realize it. This time we knew.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Now living on the hero Tom Tobin's old ranch, the Rosses were intrigued by its reminiscence of Spanish cavalry and Indian raids. A room called the "cell" had gun holes and three-foot-thick walls.

Once in a LIFETIME

By WILMA ROSS WESTPHAL

PART THREE

THE shrill call of the wind was at last answered by a glowering sky, a breathless pall, and then a blinding blizzard that slowly transformed the whole countryside into a candy-cotton fairyland.

This was a genuine Colorado snow-storm. Great banks of snow covered the windows and doors on the north side of the rambling adobe ranch house that had once been Kit Carson's. It piled up high on the willows down by the creek, transforming them into great, snowy plumes. The tall cottonwood trees at the north of the house creaked and groaned under the increasing burden of snow, then grew sullen and silent as they became indistinct against a vast canvas of white.

But there were laughter and merriment and a crackling fire in the living room of the ranch house. A trim, lithe

little figure with hair that almost matched the Christmas-card landscape, was telling stories to two small grandchildren. While she talked of other enchanted times and places, she methodically wound a pile of twine string salvaged from the groceries, around a ball that would finally be placed in the small left-hand drawer of the kitchen cabinet. Then she drew a large basket of mending closer, and the children waited for another story.

The children's mother, Laura, her blue eyes sparkling, pushed a stray curl from her forehead, then pulled her rocking chair a little nearer the fire. When Grandmother finished her story she added another really-true one.

On the other side of the corner fireplace, sat four men whom Grandmother referred to as "the boys." But to small Cal and his little sister, they weren't "boys" at all; they were their beloved

daddy and their three wonderful uncles—Ed, Cam, and Everett.

Mother Ross, who was fast becoming known to everyone as "Grandmother Ross," loved to assemble her family for a day of conversation and storytelling. These frequent visits generally lasted from morning until late evening, and were important occasions in the family's social life here in Colorado.

When John and his family had arrived several years before, they had settled temporarily in Blanca, a booming little town distributed sparsely over a square mile that had once been dominated by sagebrush and sand. Looming up at the north stood old Blanca Peak, her three snow-clad peaks glistening in the winter's sun, with Mount Baldy a little to the right, like a pudgy sentinel with an ample bald pate, standing guard. The valley stretched before them beginning where the majestic white mountain poked her bare feet into the sand and extended twenty miles to the south, taking in the picturesque little adobe town of San Luis, the county seat. Then it swept around through Alamosa to Monte Vista and beyond—a stretch of eighty miles to the northwest.

Soon after their arrival here, they had been joined by the mother and three brothers from Howard, Kansas. Jim and Ollie Cole, with their three sons and two daughters, had made their home here too, Ollie being a sister of John and his three brothers.

The weekly prayer meeting and home Sabbath school were continued here, as in Howard, in Mother Ross's cheerful living room. They had been fortunate to be able to find and purchase this charming old adobe ranch house with its spreading acres of rich farmland. There were about forty acres still belonging to the original ranch, and the fact that it had once belonged to Kit Carson enhanced the old place.

John planned to build a new home in the country, but until this would be possible, he sold his little home in Blanca and moved his family into one of the old adobe houses that Indian lore and valley tradition designated as having been owned and lived in by Tom Tobin and his men during the pioneer past.

Now, as Grandmother Ross and Laura left the fireside to prepare the evening meal, a chill gust of wind whipped up a fresh volley of hardened snow from the drifts outside, hurtling it against the windowpane in rhythmic blasts. The setting sun left a strip of baby-blue and frothy pink far up in the sky above the westerly horizon. Darkness crept stealthily over the vast blanket of white, stealing the gilt edge from the snow.

Cal and his little sister Wilma moved closer to their daddy and three uncles, who were deep in a discussion that concerned the problems of securing satisfactory water rights in this new frontier.

The conversation gradually drifted to the early Indian raids, with Kit Carson, a Government scout, and Tom Tobin, his father-in-law, as the heroes. The children crept closer.

"Kit Carson has left his mark all over the country," Everett said with quiet authority. "His word was law. They used to have some lively times in this valley during those days!"

"For that matter, Tom Tobin was pretty much of a hero around here too," Ed stated thoughtfully.

"As a matter of fact," Cam said, "Tom Tobin was quite a notorious character in his own right!"

Cal and his small sister exchanged glances. Why, they were living on the Tom Tobin ranch right now! The old place was reminiscent of Spanish cavalry, of Indian raids, of struggle and conquest. There was an open court at the front, and it boasted a room at the north known locally as the cell or dungeon. This room had been a constant source of intrigue to the children. It had three-foot-thick walls, a heavy hinged door, and no windows. Away up near the ceiling there were two or three small openings about the size of a porthole, for gunfire in defense.

The children's daddy leaned forward in his chair and his tone grew confidential. "You should hear the story they tell up at Fort Garland! There were three Mexican outlaws, it seems, who had escaped the law for so long that the officers at the fort called Tom Tobin in and ordered him to leave and not return until he had brought back the bandits—dead or alive!"

"Tom Tobin was part Indian, and he seemed to possess the traditional Indian instinct for tracking and trailing. He took a Mexican boy along and they thoroughly scoured the hills on horseback. Around the third day they seemed to sense that they were getting close to the hideout of the bandits."

The little group by the window had grown very quiet. The crackling fire in the fireplace had burned down to a glowing bed of embers. The kerosene lamps had not yet been lit, and the wind in the snow-laden trees outside made an eerie sound. Ed stirred up the coals and put another piñon log on. The fire blazed anew, sending weird, flickering shadows about the room.

Sitting near the hearth the children looked furtively about. "My," Cal whispered hoarsely to his small sister, "I wish we'd a-moved out here sooner so's we wouldn't a-missed out on all the excitement an' stuff!"

His small sister shuddered. They sat very quiet now waiting for the story to continue.

"As they neared the top of a small hill," their daddy continued, "and looked through the trees to the ravine below, smoke from a campfire was curling up

through the gnarly piñon trees. The bandits had just leaned their muskets against a tree a little distance from the fire.

"Tom and his companion hid themselves from view and waited for the three men to return to the fire where they were making preparations for supper. Then before they knew what was happening, all three of the outlaws lay sprawled by the campfire. The hunt, which had lasted for many months before Tom had been commissioned to the task, was ended. The bandits were dead!"

"Th—then wha—what happened?" Cal asked in a quaking voice.

"Say, I thought you youngsters were in the kitchen with your mother!" Their

Ode to Spring

By **ELSIE PRATT**

The trees that were so lately bare
Are clothed now in garments fair
In many a various shade of green.
The Prunus blossom now is seen.
The sticky buds have burst their coats,
And on the morning air, there floats
A blackbird's joyous melody.
And, oh, the sound is sweet to me.

The daffodil has raised its head,
And bluebells cheer the path I tread,
While celandines, as bright as gold,
Beneath the hawthorne I behold.
O joyous spring, when seeds do sprout,
And happy children laugh and shout,
Thy joy and hope to me impart,
Then shall sweet spring be in my heart.

daddy's voice was edged with disapproval.

"We—we wanted to stay here by the —the fire," Cal said.

"They've been right here listening to the whole tale," Ed chuckled. "Might as well finish now, I reckon."

John drew a hesitant breath. "Well, Tom and the boy went back to the fort and barged into the office."

"I thought we told you not to return until you could bring those outlaws back!" one of the Government officers barked.

"In answer, Tom silently opened a sack he was carrying and showed them three heads. There were some women working in the office and they let out a shriek. The officer, shocked but pleased, rewarded Tom handsomely. There are bloodstains on the floor of the old office

up at the fort yet. Anyone can go in and—"

Cam, the poet, glanced down at the children. "No thanks. I've had enough with what you've just doled out!"

Grandmother Ross was standing in the door looking very sober. Her eyes narrowed as she looked from her sons to her two grandchildren who sat wide-eyed listening to every word.

"How long have you been standing there?" John asked his mother uneasily.

"Long enough," she answered with a half-smile.

As the little group gathered about the fireplace later that evening, conversation drifted to the subject so near their hearts these days.

"I think we should make arrangements for services in the district schoolhouse soon," Ed said. "This whole country has been the scene of skirmishes and conquests, of victories and defeats during the old pioneer days. It falls to our lot to do some pioneering with the gospel message now. We have been sowing the seed in little ways, and we hope and pray that there'll be results for God in the near future. Come spring, I think we should move our Sabbath services over to the schoolhouse."

"Yes, I think you're right," John agreed. "And we're going to need a church school too. Can't have the children growing up without an education, and we can't rightly send them to public school."

Ed, who at the death of his father, had taken his place quietly as head of his mother's house, had remained single. He had always shown an interest in children, however, and his small nephews and nieces loved him dearly. "Yes, we'll have to find a way to start a church school soon," he agreed.

The discussion continued until John and Laura took their children back home to the Tom Tobin ranch later that night.

After they had gone, Cam sat on by the fire thumbing through a new book of poetry. He owned a small frame retreat down by the willow grove. It boasted a lounge, a couple of easy chairs, a Wilton rug, shelves for displaying his stone and mineral collections, a bookcase full of books, a pigeonhole desk, a typewriter, and a pile of poetry manuscripts. James Cameron Ross was by nature a dreamer and a poet. When he had the time, he wrote poetry or just sat and read it for sheer pleasure.

Brother Everett, prior to their coming to Colorado, had been away for a sip at the fountain of knowledge in college classrooms.

Here in this mountain frontier, Grandmother Ross's home had become the recognized center for spiritual uplift, welfare work, and social activities.

In time the new home John and Laura had dreamed of for so long be-

To page 20

Making the Most of a "Bad" Business

By WALTER C. UTT



ILLUSTRATION, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

In earlier days some countries gave each post office its own number, as can be seen from the Italian stamp bearing the "235." "Numeral chasers" collect complete number series from each country.

THE unused stamp is the most attractive to many collectors. They feel that black or purple circles, lines, and letters detract from the bright beauty of their stamps, and try to get as many of the so-called mint stamps as they can.

There can be little argument that a page of clean and colorful stamps, innocent of cancellation markings, is superior as a visual display—particularly when so many of the newer stamps are in more than one color. Besides appearance, there is the common notion, not always justified, that unused stamps are worth more than used ones. (Actually the reverse is true with the stamps of many small colonies and certain issues of some larger countries.)

The collector who studies his stamps will shortly find, however, that he is increasingly interested in the cancellations

that deface his stamps. At first he may be annoyed, for a black smudgy line may cover up some interesting feature of the stamp design, as well as lower its catalog value. But his curiosity will be stimulated by an odd town name in a cancellation or there may be parts of a pictorial cancellation visible on his stamp. Eventually he may even become a cancellation devotee and venture far into the field of postal markings.

When this point is reached, he will look down on those who merely collect pretty unused stamps, which, as he sees it, have never performed the postal service for which they were intended. A printed album will no longer be sufficient for him.

Although it is true that the fancier of cancellations has an easier time with the entire envelope, he can find much of interest in the stamps themselves, for there

are an infinite number of ways in which the pursuit of cancellations can be accommodated to one's taste. Far from regretting that his stamps are canceled, he will be looking for canceled stamps. He will develop an eye for the unusual and will be able to spot anything different at a glance.

As he begins to appreciate cancellations more, he will worry about the condition of the stamps less. A stamp is only a stamp, but some cancellations are truly unusual and hard to find.

Most frequently encountered these days is the first-day cancellation. It is also the most commercialized area of the field. For almost a quarter of a century the U.S. Post Office Department has had a special "first day of issue" canceler, which is used only when a new stamp is placed on sale at its appropriate post office. Naturally, special envelopes for each new stamp are prepared with appropriate designs and inscriptions. First-day covers are now a big affair, with more than 300,000 usually processed each time a new stamp appears. Certainly with such tremendous quantities few of the recent ones will ever be worth more than the cost of obtaining them in the first place.

Because of the artificial nature of these prepared covers, some cancellation seekers do not regard modern special first-day cancels very highly. Back before special cancellations were used, a first-day date might be very desirable indeed. An early U.S. stamp of the nineteenth century dated on or near the official release day may be a veritable gem. The same is often true of other countries.

Another method is collecting post offices. This may involve only the most common type of stamp, such as the current three-center, and thus has the advantage of economy. One selects a certain territory and tries to find a stamp canceled by each post office within it. For current offices this can be done by sending a stamped envelope or a post card to the postmaster with a request for a cancel (if the regulations of the country in question permit). The real fun comes in trying to track down specimens from offices that have closed. Do you realize how many post offices used to operate in your own county but no longer exist?

The same situation may obtain in a small British colony, and one has to watch duplicates, traders, and accumulations as they come by. One of the hard ones may be lurking in a dealer's "penny box" or among the duplicates of a friend. To him it may be nothing but a common stamp, and perhaps damaged besides, but to you it will be a treasure.

Lists of past and present offices can be compiled from postal guides or in the specialist publications of advanced collectors. Obviously no one could ever "do" the United States, for sixty years

ago there were more than 50,000 post offices operating. Now we are down to the 30,000's because of increased use of rural routes and highway post offices. The philatelic press reports further closings of small offices weekly. Naturally there are collectors who try to obtain "last day" cancels from these places. They send a card or stamped envelope and ask the postmaster to hold it until his closing date.

More sophisticated (at least in their own eyes) are the numeral chasers. This is probably because the stamps they work with are older, dating back to the classic days of early philately, though the stamps themselves may still be plentiful and quite cheap. Many countries in the nineteenth century, such as Canada, France, Italy, and some of the German states, assigned each post office its own number, usually arrived at by alphabetical arrangement. In those days, people were not in such a hurry, and each letter was canceled twice, once by a postmark on the envelope, and a second time by the "killer" number on the stamp itself. (And usually by an arrival cancel on the back of the envelope too.)

The idea is to see how complete a series of numbers you can find. It can be quite exciting to find the numeral of some small hamlet on an otherwise worthless stamp. Part of the fun, naturally, is that others do not suspect what prizes they may have. Some dealers do not have the time or facilities to worry about such matters and will let you choose your own items at regular prices.

During this early period a number of countries maintained their own post offices in Turkey, North Africa, China, Japan, or Latin America, and when these names or numerals turn up on the stamps of the European nation, they may prove to be genuine rarities. For example, a French stamp of the 1870's canceled with the number "5118" was used in Yokohama, Japan, and an Italian stamp bearing a "235" was used at the Italian post office in Tunis (see illustration).

Another idea that lends itself to effective use in stamp exhibitions* is to trace the changes of nationality and name of post offices in disputed areas in Central and Eastern Europe. The stamps used are the common packet material, which seems available in exhaustible supply. A fertile field for this kind of investigation is the former Austro-Hungarian empire. After sixty-eight years of using Austrian stamps, for example, towns in Bohemia found themselves part of Czechoslovakia. The old canceling devices were thrown out (or the German part of the cancel was cut out) and new ones in Czech spelling were employed.

With German occupation of Bohemia and Moravia from 1939 to 1945, there were other changes, and then from 1945 to date, more Czech cancels.

In Bukowina, for example, there would be opportunities for Austrian, Romanian, Russian, and German military occupation cancels for the same towns. The breakup of the old Ottoman Empire provides even more varieties, with shifts of Balkan frontiers and many foreign post offices operating in the larger cities. Considering that town names usually changed with changes in ownership, anyone with imagination can see the vistas that unfold.

Then there are the traveling post offices. Railway mail markings are about as old as the railroads themselves, and usually betray their origin by inscription or shape. Ship markings are also sought, for in the early days the name of the ship or the steamship line was often a part of the cancellation. "Paquebot," or

Desire

By ORPHA GARVIN

Lord, help me see the cruel cross,
On which my Saviour died,
His bruised head, His nail-pierced
hands;
His bleeding, pierced side
From which there ever flows for me
A fountain deep and wide.
Help me to plunge my sinful self
Into its swelling tide,
To yield my life, my will, my all,
To Christ the crucified.

seamail, inscriptions can even now be found on letters mailed at sea. Such letters, by the way, provide most of the cases of stamps bearing cancellations of another country, since they are mailed by a ship's officer at the nearest port of call. The whole envelope would be needed to prove such cases, but seamail is a reasonable assumption.

In the early days of American stamps the postmasters in the small towns were allowed to make their own "killers" with cork, penknife, and ingenuity. Thus we find old U.S. stamps with various devices—sunbursts, skull and crossbones, Masonic symbols, kicking mules, et cetera. For many years now the U.S. Post Office Department has prescribed the cancellation devices in all offices, so such early items are much sought after. Even in our standard types today there is sufficient variety to tempt some collectors. There are several types of the familiar dial-shaped circle with wavy lines.

A half century ago a cancel with an American flag was frequently used. A late example (and an improvement as far as leaving nice collectible copies is concerned) is the large double-circle type

with date and hour in a single line across the middle. Experimental types are tried from time to time, and the observant collector will spot them.

So far, in the flood of special advertising cancellations—"Fight Forest Fires," "50th Anniversary/Pumpkin Center," "Airmail Saves Time"—authorized for temporary use in America, we have few pictorial cancels, but collectors of German, French, and Swiss stamps know how frequent and how attractive these cancellations can be.

There are two sore spots in the cancellation field—"canceled to order" and revenue cancels. These are both attempts to supply the scarcity of postally used stamps.

"Canceled to order" stamps are canceled in bulk by postal officials of a number of countries so that "used" stamps may be sold at less than face value for the stamp trade. Such stamps usually have their gum on the back even though canceled. Most canceled stamps that you will see from Russia and Liberia, and recent colorful Hungary issues are examples of such practices. If the cancellation is the same as is used in the post offices, there is little point in making a fuss about it. When a special cancel is used that is different from any seen in actual mails, then the stamps are canceled to order in an objectionable sense of the word. Older stamps of North Borneo bearing an arrangement of bars in an oval or old stamps of Spain or Costa Rica with parallel bars are examples of this kind of canceling of remainder stocks, and are worth but a fraction of postally used copies.

Revenue cancels are today principally a pitfall in collecting British colonial stamps. Many colonies have had stamps inscribed "Postage & Revenue." For the higher values, the shillings and pounds, revenue use is more common than postal use. (Obviously there isn't much postal need for a one-pound stamp in the Falkland Islands or even a five-pound stamp in the Cook Islands or Cyprus.) When one of these stamps has a pen cancel or a bank stamp of some sort it almost always indicates revenue use. Any British stamps with other than ordinary postal markings should be viewed with skepticism. If you wish to fill difficult spaces in your album with these revenue stamps, it is certainly your privilege, but always remember that such items are worth a tenth, a twentieth, or even less of what a postally used stamp would be.

In the wide field of cancellations there will certainly be some area that will interest you and will enrich your enjoyment of collecting. But while you are waiting to become interested in this new dimension in collecting, keep your eyes open, and never, never remove a stamp from an envelope if it bears an unusual cancellation until an informed collector checks it for you.

Caravan to Christmas Tree Pass

By FRANK PURCELL

THE National Park Service selected the Christmas Tree Pass region for its first automobile caravan tour last year. My companion and I were interested in making the tour as we read: "Here the vegetative cover, the animal life, and the geology are especially interesting. This is an area of great historical importance. Petroglyphs or 'Indian Writings' and old campsites provide fascinating evidences of prehistoric man. Historical marks of pioneer modern man are found in the forms of mines, ranches and old townsites."

These trips, conducted by one of the park naturalists, are designed to assist all who are interested in learning more about the outstanding features of the Lake Mead National Recreational Area in Arizona and Nevada.

The meeting place for this first tour was Railroad Pass Junction on Boulder City Highway, U.S. 93 & 466. As we arrived at the junction, a mimeographed brochure containing information about the history, flora, and interesting things to watch for was given to us by one of the attendants. Much of what we learned on our tour we gleaned from this brochure.

Even though the wind was blowing, the weather was beautiful. By 9:30 A.M., thirty-nine cars were ready to start south on U.S. Highway 93.

3.4 miles. Here was a good view of Dry Lake. In this area alluvial materials washed down from canyons appear as extended fans on the mountains to the right. During the spring the beaver-tail cacti bring colorful bloom to this section.

5.8 miles. Dry Lake on the right now appeared to be full but what seemed to be blue water was only a mirage. As we got closer the water receded and finally we were convinced that the lake was completely dry. During moist winters some water does collect in this basin, however. There is an interesting form of shellfish that comes out of dormancy and becomes active in the small pools of water. Along the upper margins of the lake, camps of Indians have been found.

Moisture conditions were favorable at this time and vast golden fields of desert woolly marigolds carpeted the area.

36.2 miles. Searchlight, Nevada. Here gold, silver, lead, and copper were mined in years past.

Between Searchlight and the Colorado River are vast forests of teddy bear cholla cacti.

49.9 miles. We turned off the paved highway onto a desert dirt road and stopped. Here the ranger counted the cars and gave us instruction for traveling the desert road.

All were cautioned to go slowly over the rough places. Shovels were carried by the lead car to repair bad places in the road if necessary. It was necessary.

We were now going east to the Christmas Tree Pass country. Along this road many yucca plants grow. They produce creamy-colored flowers in the spring. Black bush also grows in abundance here, with creosote bushes appearing less frequently. As we gained altitude we saw juniper and piñon pine trees.

57.6 miles. Christmas Tree Pass, elevation 4,200 feet. Instruction from the Park Service said: "The roughest portion of the road lies ahead. You should experience no difficulty." However this road was underestimated as a barrier to the modern low-built car. It wasn't long before we encountered a large rock in the middle of the road. It won! I had to get out and remove it from under our car. It was lodged between the tie rod and the oil pan, and it was no small job to get it out. (I had to get a new tie rod installed when we got back to town.)

59.3 miles. Gate. We entered the Lake Mead National Recreation Area, and here the road improved immediately.

62.0 miles. We stopped at Pinnacle Rock for lunch. On the right were large rocks that contain caves once used by the Indians for shelter. This proved an interesting spot and soon the place was alive with people from forty-one cars. (Two more cars had joined us along the way.) A hunt was made for Indian pottery and desert treasures.

64.7 miles. Grapevine (Petroglyph) Canyon Road Junction. Here we parked the cars and started out on foot along the left bank of the wash to the mouth of the canyon. Upon reaching the canyon we came to the high light of the trip—petroglyphs, "figures pecked into the surfaces of the rock by ancient Indians." They are found in great numbers, and we were told that this area contains "the finest examples of prehistoric Indian petroglyphs in the entire Southwest."

Our interest was centered on the petroglyphs for the remaining time spent in the canyon. To see and study them is well worth the trip, and it takes very little climbing to get close to the pictures. Some of them extend below the surface of the sand, which gives evidence of torrential rains in the canyon.

66.6 miles. Junction with Nevada State Highway 77. Then on to U.S. 95 and back to Las Vegas. The bent tie rod slowed us down, but it was a good trip.



PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Left and right: Fine examples of petroglyphs, or ancient Indian writing, on rocks in Christmas Tree Pass. These figures pecked long ago into the rocks are the best examples in the Southwest.



EWING GALLOWAY

THERE the child lay, pale and worn, wanting to do nothing but sleep. Frank looked down at her, his face lined with worry. "Oh, Jean," he burst out to the woman at his side, "what's the matter with our Marilyn? It can't be measles; the rash has been gone for nearly a week now."

Jean turned away to hide the anxiety that filled her eyes. She tried to make her voice cheerful as she said, "She's just tired from having a high fever for so long. If we let her sleep now, she'll probably be all right tomorrow."

That night passed uneventfully. As the rosy dawn crept around the Cummings' home, Jean got up and walked toward the children's bedroom. At the door she met Frank. He slipped his arm around her as he whispered with trembling lips, "Come and look at her; she's lying there as still as death."

He could say no more because his voice broke. He led her toward the little bed and they stood there together, their hearts too full to speak.

As Jean looked at her little girl she knew that something terrible had befallen the child. What could it be? Certainly not pneumonia. Polio? At the thought of this possibility Jean's body stiffened and her nails dug into her palms.

Frank's voice broke in on her thoughts, "I'm calling the doctor, Jean." He was away to the telephone.

It was only a matter of minutes before Dr. West arrived. He was such a young man, almost like a boy just out of college, and Jean wondered if she could

trust her sick child to his care. Her fears were soon put aside when she saw his considerate and efficient manner. Soon after he had started his examination he said, "I'm afraid that your little girl has post-measles encephalitis."

Encephalitis! Jean's world suddenly crumbled around her. Wasn't that the terrible brain fever which nearly always leaves its victims crippled physically, and even worse, with warped minds and changed personalities? Her weary brain raced dizzily. She could see their Marilyn in a wheel chair or at best hobbling along on crutches, with no intelligence in her eyes, growing into womanhood with no future except to be hopelessly dependent on someone.

Then she heard Frank say, "All right, doctor, we'll take her to the hospital right away."

As the doctor left, Jean looked at

Frank, whom she loved and had leaned on for the past twelve years. It cut her to the heart to see him standing there stunned, staring with a look of abject misery at the sleeping child. She was almost sure that he knew nothing about encephalitis and she determined that she would never tell him her fears for the future of their child.

They took Marilyn to Rest Haven, the small Adventist hospital in their community. How thankful they were for this place, where they knew that Christian nurses would pray as they worked for the life of their little six-year-old.

The news spread rapidly in the Adventist community that surrounded the hospital. The church people and Marilyn's little schoolmates prayed earnestly as the time for her anointing drew nearer.

Pale and worn, Jean and Frank stood together as Pastors Sype, Green, and Taylor anointed their sick child. After the ceremony the ministers encouraged them to continue praying, and left Jean and Frank looking at their little one, wondering whether it was God's will that she be taken from them.

"Frank," Jean's voice trembled, "do you think that we are praying selfishly? I really want God's will to be done, but if she should—should go, I wonder how I could go on without her."

Frank looked at her with his heart in his eyes. She read his fears and she loved and admired this strong man more than ever for the determination that shone through his tears. His voice was low with emotion.

"Jean, God gave us Marilyn. We have had the joy of having her with us for six whole years. God knows what is best. His will, whatever it may be, is for our own best good and someday we'll understand. We must keep on praying, and have faith in God."

There was a solemn hush over the little white church on Sabbath morning, as the visiting minister, Pastor Knauff, offered an eloquent plea to God for the little girl to be restored to perfect health, "if it be Thy will."

"If it be Thy will." The words rang in Jean's ears some hours later as she

Would she walk again, or talk again, or see again? The questions were to drive a mother and father to search their hearts to discover God's will.

Rainbow Thro

stood looking at the masklike expression on the little face.

There was no change hour after hour. She lay perfectly still, unable to move, eyes open, staring straight ahead.

The young mother's heart stopped beating for a moment as she questioned, "Dear God, is our Marilyn to be blind as well as crippled and dull? Please, Father, give us strength to trust Thee even if Thou shalt answer No to our prayers. We want Thy will to be done."

Sobs filled her throat as she groped for her husband's hand. He squeezed it reassuringly as she choked, "Darling, she can't move, she can't talk, and she doesn't even know us."

He nodded mutely. His heart cried out for help, for courage.

All through that night Marilyn remained the same. Hours stretched into days and still there was no improvement. She was unable to move even a muscle, her eyes had the glassy stare of insanity, and she noticed nothing of what went on around her. She did not utter a sound except to groan if she was moved or to gasp if she wasn't getting enough oxygen.

The doctor's main orders were simple—fluids, oxygen, and prayer. Jean's heart thrilled with hope at the thought that this young man, this Adventist doctor, was calling the Great Physician in for consultation.

The special nurses who were with the child constantly found that it was nearly impossible to carry out the doctor's orders regarding fluids. Not until they combined the two orders, fluids and prayer, did they make any progress. Before holding to her lips the small medicine glass filled with water, they prayed, they begged, they pleaded that God would make her swallow. Their faith was strengthened as they saw her begin to swallow, a few drops at a time.

Frank's heart was heavy as he drove to work one day. A huge dark cloud in the sky seemed a fitting symbol of his load of sorrow and despair. The cloud seemed so low that he felt he couldn't drive under it; his burden seemed so heavy that he felt he couldn't carry it.

Suddenly the sun burst from behind the dark cloud and he drove on facing a rainbow. His depression lifted and in a few minutes he was whistling.

As soon as he entered the house that evening, Jean noticed the change in him. He told her about the rainbow behind the cloud and he said, "Somehow I feel impressed that God's answer will be Yes. Let's go to the hospital to see Marilyn now."

She was just the same as she had been for hours, except that she seemed hotter. Jean and Frank tried to talk to her, but they received no response—not even the flickering of an eyelash.

The nurses and Dr. West crowded around the tiny bed and prayed as they had never prayed before for victory over the fever and its possible effects. Some time before, a letter describing Marilyn's condition and requesting special prayer had been sent to the Voice of Prophecy. Now Dr. West reminded the group, "The Voice of Prophecy prayer group meets at eight o'clock on Thursday morning. Let's all pray at that same time."

Jean looked at the little face on the white pillow. Her heart was torn as she saw the staring eyes and the pale lips that hadn't uttered a word for days. She looked at the nearly lifeless form and realized that only God could help them now.

Though her eyes were filled with tears, before them shone their rainbow and in her ears sounded like sweet music, "Whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

A kind hand reached across the miles, uniting the prayers of the Voice of Prophecy group with those of Jean and Frank, the doctor and nurses, the church members, and Marilyn's schoolmates. That very day it became evident that God's answer was Yes. The blank look left her eyes and she recognized everyone who came into the room. The little voice that had been silent for so many days talked on all day and most of the night. Her mind raced from one thing to another. Her conversation was bright and her remarks intelligent.

The heavy weight that had been pull-



ing at Jean's heart was lifted. Marilyn's mind had not been affected by the terrible fever. Their hearts overflowing with gratitude, Jean and Frank thanked God for His wonderful answer to their prayers. The little girl repeated over and over again, "Jesus healed me."

Though Marilyn's mind was normal, she could not move her legs. But Dr. West refused to believe that God would do an incomplete job of healing; he would not believe that the little girl was to grow up crippled.

"Her muscles need strengthening," he said. Mrs. Klieven, head of the women's hydrotherapy department, did much to strengthen these muscles by massage, exercise, and treatments. Finally they became strong enough so that she could stand for a few moments, but she was unable to take even a single step. She would try very hard as she stood by her small walker, but the muscles in her legs and feet were painful. After a few attempts she sat in a big armchair with tears trickling down her face.

Jean felt as if her heart would break as she stood looking at the pathetic little heap in the chair. She gathered her little girl into her arms and held her tight. The lump in her throat would have prevented her from speaking even if she had known what to say. She could only nod her head as Marilyn's nurse said, "Marilyn, Jesus healed you when you were almost dead, didn't He?"

"Y-yes," the child sobbed, "He did heal me."

"If Jesus could make you well when you were so very sick, don't you think He can help you walk?"

Smiles broke through her tears and Marilyn was eager to try again. She rested for a while and then closed her eyes, folded her hands and prayed, "Dear Jesus, thank You for making me well, and please, Jesus, help me to walk. Amen."

As she finished her prayer, she reached for her walker and stood painfully to her feet. Determination shone through the lines of pain that puckered her face. Her eyes were bright with triumph as she managed to shuffle one foot in front of the other until she had taken a few steps.

After several days when she could walk quite well bending over the walker, her

gh Their Tears

By VANETA MABLEY

nurse said, "Come, Marilyn, you are going to walk without your walker today." Fear crept into the blue eyes, and tears wet the long eyelashes. Her nurse opened her mouth to say, "Remember that Jesus can help you," when she noticed that the little six-year-old had already placed her hands together. Tears spilled over, dropped off her curly eyelashes and made a pathway down her cheeks as she prayed, "Dear Jesus, please, please help me to walk. Amen." She clasped the nurse's hand tightly and began a slow and painful journey from the chair to the bed and back.

Dr. West entered the room one morning to hear her say excitedly, "Look, Dr. West!" She got up and walked all the way across the room. He nearly wept for joy.

Now there was only one thing left to complete her healing. Marilyn's eyesight was very poor. She could hardly tell what was on her plate at mealtimes. Frank wondered whether she was to be blind as his own father had been. Were they to have this as a reminder of her miraculous healing?

Nearly a year passed. Jean and Frank stood in the doorway of their lovely home

enjoying a burst of sunlight after the rain. A bicycle sped down the road and turned into the driveway. A little girl came running to them, her blue eyes shining with excitement. "Oh, Mommy! Daddy! I got a hundred per cent in Bible today, and oh—look at the rainbow! Wasn't Jesus good to let me see again?"

With her hand in Frank's and her eyes filled with tears, Jean looked beyond Marilyn, beyond the rainbow. Her heart lifted to Heaven in thankfulness to God—thankfulness for prayer and a rainbow.

MOTHER Was a Princess

By NELLIE MERICKLE

nOT many years ago, at the sanitarium where I was employed there was a patient who claimed to be a relative of England's King George VI. "Only a few generations back!" How proudly she said it! What an imperious, haughty manner she had!

How thrilling it must be to be a close friend, or a relative, of England's Queen Elizabeth! Her family, mother, husband, children, and Princess Margaret, are human beings, like we are; and yet how thrilling to belong to the royal family, to be one of that inner circle!

We had a princess in our family. Mother was a princess from the standpoint of nobility, for she was of noble character. And she was a princess, also, by her name. In Genesis 17:15, God said to Abraham, in regard to his wife, "Sarah ["Princess," margin] shall her name be." And that was Mother's name.

As a child she had disliked her name very much, for others called her Sally, but she said that after she had grown older and learned that "Sarah" meant "princess," she became reconciled to it. And then we would assure her that we were proud to have a princess in the family.

In memory's hall hang pictures, compliments of Mother, which I shall always



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

The Princess Sarah on her sixty-seventh birthday.

treasure. I do not remember the conversation that led to the first, but a friend said to me one evening, "I think there is only one mother in the world nicer than your mother, Nell." Of course, I knew who the "one mother" was, and was glad that my friend loved my mother too.

Some years later several of us, with Father and Mother, were living in Los

Angeles, in rather cramped quarters, while we children attended school. Each week a minister and a doctor came from Loma Linda to teach some of our classes. Because transportation was then more of a problem than now, often they had classes two days in succession. Occasionally the doctor brought his wife and children and stayed with us while in Los Angeles. We—especially Father and Mother, who never ceased loving little folks—were glad to have them. It seemed we could always make room for one more!

One evening we were entertaining a family of five, new friends to most of us, but old and dear friends of my older brother, who was then at home. They had just come from Canada to settle in Southern California, and were spending the night with us. A quick rap on the front door announced the coming of our friends from Loma Linda.

After greetings and introductions were over we left Father and the boys to become better acquainted with our new friends, while Mother, my sister, and I went into a huddle in the kitchen, to plan sleeping arrangements.

"We can take care of everyone very comfortably. Didn't we sleep on the floor more than once when we were children? And we can do it again, gladly!" We thought we had settled it just that easily.

After a while the doctor turned to his companion with the question, "Don't you think we had better go find a room for the night?"

"Why, no!" Mother said, "you are going to stay with us." She tried to tell them we had plenty of room and could manage nicely.

Laughing good naturedly, the doctor replied, "I'll tell you, friends, Mrs. Merickle's heart is as big as this block, but unfortunately her house isn't!" Even though we had to let them go, that compliment left a warm glow on Mother's cheeks and a warmer glow in our hearts.

For years during my childhood we

To page 23

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



MY SEARCH for religion had become a problem that seemed almost impossible of solution. Nothing satisfied my longing for inner peace. Life, now that it was almost void of purpose, lost its attraction for me. I felt so hopeless that I decided to end my life by drowning.

My childhood home had disintegrated. The tension of the family situation had caused me a short time before to resign from my job at the Cable and Wireless office at Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, and take a vacation at Speyside Bay, on the nearby island of Tobago.

One afternoon I walked six miles to the sea. From the hilly road that descended to the tropical beach, I could hear the waves breaking against the rocks along the water's edge. The sound was a dirge.

Turning a bend in the road, I came in full view of the sea. My gaze was immediately attracted to the sky above the horizon. There was the most beautiful sunset I had yet beheld. I stopped short and gazed upon the scene, a gorgeous display of colors that the hand of the heavenly Artist had portrayed.

It is still a mystery to me that this could have lifted me from self and from my intent.

All nature seemed set to give this one-man audience a never-to-be-forgotten display of unmatched splendor.

There was no one in sight. I sat upon a lone rock and continued to gaze upon the changing sunset scene as evening shadows lengthened.

Suddenly, a flock of sea gulls came within a few yards of the shore. As I looked at these beautiful birds, I began to wonder. Did they have more right to life and happiness than I did? Was God more mindful of them than He was of me? Why did I not want to live anyway?

As these questions coursed through my mind, a sweet peace stole into my heart and fears and doubts began receding.

The sunset scene gave way to the shadows of night as the golden sun disappeared below the horizon. The sea gulls took their flight beyond my vision, and for the first time I was conscious of the nearness of God. With a prayer of thankfulness in my heart and tears of remorse and joy streaming down my face, I slowly retraced my steps.

I was saved.

The conflict I had undergone had its start when I was young—a child in a divided home.

I was born in Trinidad to parents whose religious beliefs differed. According to the ruling of Mother's church, children born of such a marriage should follow her religion. But by agreement between my parents, the nine children followed my father's religion.

Regular attendance at church and Sunday school became routine. This,

however, did not keep us from being exposed to the doctrines of Mother's religion. As a consequence, my curiosity was aroused at an early age as to the truths that both religions claimed to possess.

At about the age of twelve, I completed a course in church doctrines in preparation for confirmation.

This sacrament of the church made me a fully-inducted member of the congregation, "child of God and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven," according to the words of the officiating bishop at the colorful ceremony.

But not many years later I began to question whether I was really a child of God and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. My uncertainty increased whenever I attended funeral services, for these words of Jesus were often quoted: "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."



Turning a bend in the road, I stopped short and gazed at the gorgeous display of colors in the sunset filling the sky over that tropical beach.

I Found Truth

By RUDOLPH JAMES

I had a deep yearning to understand the truths of the Bible. But no one gave me any encouragement to study them.

Shortly after my contemplated suicide at the water's edge, my father died. While I was still experiencing my first bereavement, one of my close friends was drowned.

My shock at Wilfred's death was surpassed by the calmness with which his mother accepted her great loss. This puzzled me, but she assured me of her "blessed hope." It was quite new to me, but it aroused my curiosity and occupied my thoughts for some time.

I began reading the Bible, first the New Testament and then the Old. But the joy of new light was often interrupted by some difficult points of doctrine. Yet gradually, my mind opened and my religious prejudices broke down. I began accepting invitations to visit other Christian churches.

A few months later, my search for the true religion again seemed to lead into a blind alley. Several times I came almost to the point of decision as to which was the true religion. Then I would stumble on some point of doctrine, not in harmony with the Scriptures as I understood them. Prayer did not seem to help.

At almost midnight on the eve of the new year, 1951, I was on duty at the glass factory where I was employed. Only the rumblings of the furnaces and machines could be heard as everyone silently awaited the ushering in of the new year.

As the sirens began to sound I stepped outside and bowed my head in silent prayer of thankfulness for God's blessings, then went back to my work. About two o'clock I heard a voice saying to me, "Go to the Adventist church—go to the Adventist church."

I turned about to see if there was anyone behind me, but no one was in sight. I was not frightened, but a strange feeling took hold of me as thoughts raced through my mind.

The voice was hushed, but it left its impression on my mind.

There was an Adventist church about

a mile from my home, but I had never given much thought to the peculiar people who attended church on the busiest day of the week.

From the moment of this mysterious experience, I felt that it was of God. But how could I explain it without being thought of as the victim of my imagination?

Like Jacob, I wrestled until break of day. Home from work that morning, I fell on my knees and prayed as never before that the Lord would show me whether the voice was of Him or not. The few hours that followed seemed like an eternity until I decided to obey that inspiration.

Whether it was merely coincidence, I do not know. But it happened that my day off from work that week fell on Saturday.

"How would it be," I wondered, "to have my folks know that I was going to the Adventist church? Besides, who could I say invited me there?"

Saturday morning dawned with bright sunshine and clear skies. I was appropriately dressed for church before Mother observed my movements.

"Where are you going, all dressed up?" she asked.

"To church," was my casual reply.

"To church?" she exclaimed, as she turned about and stared at me in bewilderment.

"Yes, Mother, to church."

"What's wrong with you now? Don't you know that today is Saturday? To what church could you be going today?"

"To the Adventist church." As I had thought, she held her breath, and with wide eyes she looked me over with disapproval.

"To the Adventist church? What's going on there today?"

"Oh, the usual church service on Saturdays."

As I rode away on my bicycle she stood looking at me transfixed.

The little church was filled almost to capacity when I arrived. Someone was telling a story of church work in a mission land as I quietly seated myself in the pew nearest the door.

After the speaker took his seat, a quartet of young men sang the most heavenly and harmonious gospel song I had ever heard. From then until the end of the midday service, everything that was said and done was such as I had never seen in any church before.

Before the benediction was offered, I was fully convinced that this was God's answer to my prayer. This was God's church; these were God's people; this was where I belonged.

The peace my soul found compensated amply for all the difficult days and anxious moments I had known in my search for truth. From that time on I was a Sabbathkeeper.



Resurrection

By ROBERT H. PARR

Stark upon a craggy hill crest,
Gaunt and bare of leaf or bud,
Withered, naked, blasted, useless,
Not a tree, but barren wood.

So it was when last I passed it,
On a bitter winter's morn,
But today, alive with blossom:
Spring had come; new life was born.

Petulant and evil tempered,
Feared and hated, not a friend,
Mean and moody, sullen, hopeless,
Nothing could his nature bend.

So he seemed, when last I saw him,
On a bitter winter's morn,
But today, erect and smiling,
God had called; new life was born.

So it is, in man and nature,
Sponsored by the Spirit's power,
Beauty comes, with graceful stature,
Crowns with fruit, or decks with flower.

Sabbath School LESSON

Prepared for Publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

The Third Persecution

LESSON FOR MAY 25

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 6:8 to 8:2.

MEMORY GEM: "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God" (Acts 7:56).

OUTSIDE READING: *The Acts of the Apostles*, chapter 10; *Early Writings*, pp. 197-199.

Inspiration

"When they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth. But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up stedfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. And said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God. Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him: and the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep" (Acts 7:54-60).

"Wherefore, behold, I send unto you prophets, and wise men, and scribes: and some of them ye shall kill and crucify; and some of them shall ye scourge in your synagogues, and persecute them from city to city: that upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth" (Matt. 23:34, 35).

"Yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service. And these things will they do unto you, because they have not known the Father, nor me. But these things have I told you, that when the time shall come, ye may remember that I told you of them" (John 16:2-4).

Spirit of Prophecy

"By faith look upon the crowns laid up for those who shall overcome; listen to the exultant song of the redeemed, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb that was slain and hast redeemed us to God! Endeavor to regard these scenes as real. Stephen, the first Christian martyr, in his terrible conflict with principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places, exclaimed, 'Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God.' The Saviour of the world was revealed to him as looking down from heaven upon him with the deepest interest; and the glorious light of Christ's countenance shone upon Stephen with such brightness that even his enemies saw his face shine like the face of an angel.

"If we would permit our minds to dwell more upon Christ and the heavenly world, we should find a powerful stimulus and support in fighting the battles of the Lord. Pride and love of the world will lose their power as we contemplate the glories of that better land so soon to be our home. Beside the loveliness of Christ, all earthly attractions will seem of little worth.

"Let none imagine that without earnest effort on their part they can obtain the assurance of God's love. When the mind has been long permitted to dwell only on earthly things, it is a diffi-

cult matter to change the habits of thought. That which the eye sees and the ear hears too often attracts the attention and absorbs the interest.

"But if we would enter the city of God, and look upon Jesus in His glory, we must become accustomed to beholding Him with the eye of faith here. The words and the character of Christ should be often the subject of our thoughts and of our conversation; and each day some time should be especially devoted to prayerful meditation upon these sacred themes."—*Messages to Young People*, pp. 113, 114.

Notes

Interesting Term: "Suborn." To provide or procure, but always in a bad sense. In connection with legal action "suborn" means to provide witnesses who will swear falsely.

The death of Stephen marked a turning point, and God's chosen people, the Jews, were to be no longer the sole recipients of God's message of salvation. In their rejection of Christ as the Messiah the Jewish nation finished their transgression and made an end of their sins (Dan. 9:24).

"So Jehovah once had a nation on earth, His chosen people. That is no longer true. He once chose and worked through the Jewish people, a literal, material, temporal kingdom. They sinned away their national relationship to Jehovah. He has rejected them.

"Instead of a nation, a literal kingdom, Jehovah now works through a church, made up of people of all races, nationalities, and kingdoms, scattered over all the earth. It is not a kingdom of this world. It is a spiritual brotherhood separated from the world, each true member of it born anew, regenerated, transformed as the result of that spiritual birth."—HAYNES, *The Book of All Nations*, p. 360.

Quizangles

1. What is said of Stephen's character? _____
2. What did he accomplish for God? _____
3. What charge was laid against him? _____
4. What kind of witnesses were suborned? _____
5. What impression did Stephen make on the council at first? _____
6. List the six charges Stephen made against his accusers:

7. What was the reaction of these men at the end of Stephen's sermon? _____
8. In addition to the sting of Stephen's charges, why was it they were so angry? _____
9. Did Stephen really see Jesus in heaven, or was it a vision? _____
10. While suffering under the onslaught of their stoning, what was it Stephen prayed for? _____

NEXT WEEK, June 1, lesson title: "Missionary Exploits." Scripture Reference: Acts 8:3-40. Memory Gem: Acts 8:35. Outside reading: *The Acts of the Apostles*, ch. 11.



Japan MV's Prepare for Service

By L. E. Smart

TOKYO.—*One hundred and ten out of three thousand!* But let us explain. The first MV Leadercraft Course ever conducted in the Far Eastern Division has been completed in Japan Union Mission. The training program was under the direction of Pastor Warren I. Hilliard, Missionary Volunteer secretary for the Japan Union Mission. One hundred and ten young people completed the training course and were awarded their certificates. Pictured here are Masao Kato and Chitose Omori, first to receive certificates after completing the course. Both these young people are now enrolled in Japan Missionary College.

Mr. Kato is in his second year, taking an education major. He has been active in Share Your Faith activities, and during the past summer helped in an evangelistic campaign at Morioka, in Northern Japan.

Miss Omori is also in her second year of study for an education major. She is already engaged part time in her chosen profession, teaching special classes. Miss Omori was a professional dressmaker before she entered college to prepare for a place in the Lord's work.

Though our church membership in Japan amounts to only about 3,000, 110 young people have prepared themselves to be better leaders through the MV

Leadercraft Course. This is a wonderful ratio, and we believe it portends great victories for the gospel in Japan. Our Japan youth are enthusiastically preparing themselves for leadership in God's work, and we believe great days are ahead for the church in the Land of the Rising Sun.

Ohio Leadercraft Class

By Mildred Lee Johnson

DAYTON, OHIO.—Among the first to schedule a conference-wide ten-hour MV Leadercraft Course for officers of Missionary Volunteer Societies was the Ohio Conference. The Dayton church was the gracious host. More than one hundred attended classes, and fifty, including the conference president, received Leadercraft certificates for completing the full ten hours.

The teaching staff included A. J. Patzer, Columbia Union MV secretary, Warren N. Wittenberg, Ohio Conference MV secretary, and the writer. The Ohio Leadercraft session was typical of many held during the early months of this MV Golden Anniversary year.

Leadercraft is a modern lecture-demonstration-discussion plan of teaching youth leadership. A year beginning, as 1957 has, in well-planned training, portends a year of great Missionary Volunteering.

Camp Doss Serves You!

I am glad that I went to Camp Doss for several reasons. I am thankful for the Christian fellowship that I found there. I learned to know Christ better because of the Christian leadership of the staff at the camp. The training did a lot for me even though I may not be called into the service. It has made me a better citizen of my country. Should I be asked to serve in the military forces, I feel prepared for it, and can face the problems there, with God's help, keeping true to Him.

—Daniel Adels,
Takoma Park, Maryland

It may seem hard to some fellows to lose a job in order to train at Camp Doss. I had to give up mine in order to attend, but I know the Lord richly blessed me. I enjoyed being under the guidance of Christian staff members and was blessed by the association of fellow Christians. Seventh-day Adventists will receive an untold blessing by attending, and I urge all young men to prepare for the future by attending Camp Doss before their call to military service.

—Vern D. Walton,
Charlotte, North Carolina



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Pastor L. E. Smart, Far Eastern Division MV secretary, and Pastor W. I. Hilliard, Japan MV secretary, present Japan's first Leadercraft certificates to Masao Kato and Chitose Imori. Pastor Y. Seino, right, was translator.

Pastor Warren N. Wittenberg, Ohio MV secretary, introduces a panel discussion during the conference-wide Leadercraft session in Dayton. An interested group of more than 100 attended, and 50 completed the full ten-hour course.



LOMA LINDA FOODS

SOUP'S ON!

By M. DOROTHEA VAN GUNDY

SO MUCH has been said about drinking with meals that many people have begun to wonder if it is all right to use soup in the menu. Soup may be a valuable addition to the food program if it is carefully prepared, tastily seasoned, and made to pack a number of the nutritional elements needed by the body.

The harm in drinking with meals comes mostly from iced beverages, particularly where they are used to wash the food down so it will not have to be chewed properly. This type of drinking with the meals reduces the temperature of the stomach to below normal and dilutes the gastric juice to lower than normal concentration, and in either case it delays the digestive process.

Soup should be made to carry some of the protective elements—protein, vitamins, and minerals. It may be served hot or cold. If served extremely hot or ice cold and if eaten too fast it may have a harmful effect on the lining of the stomach; however, it may be eaten slowly and chewed a bit so it will have the right temperature before reaching the stomach.

A hearty soup may well form the backbone of a meal, and with a salad and simple dessert it makes an adequate and completely satisfying meal.

Serve something crisp and crunchy with soup—something in the way of crackers or toast, but beware of the ever-popular soda crackers. Most of the crackers on the market are made with lard. Let's make our soup accompaniment carry the elements we need for good nu-

trition. Thin crisp whole-wheat zwieback is one of the finest accompaniments you can find, or you can make your own crackers. (You'll find recipes for these in last week's article in this series.) Rye Krisp is safe to use, for it contains no shortening. Even if soda crackers are obtainable from companies using vegetable shortening, they still are not a good nutritious food, for they contain soda and white flour.

Extra protein may be put into soup by adding a few tablespoons of soy flour, or wheat germ, or flaked brewers yeast, or rice polish.

You may add extra vitamins and minerals by putting a bit of chopped parsley, chopped water cress, or sprouted alfalfa seed into the soup just before it is served. These add extra eye appeal as well as taste appeal.

When should soup be served? At almost any meal. Ever try soup for breakfast? A few years ago I found an article in *Better Homes and Gardens* with the title—"Let's Serve Soup for Breakfast." The author had come by this idea quite by accident on a vacation when her family arrived at their destination without the usual food for breakfast. They did have soup, however, and proceeded to use it. They found it a delightful change from the usual breakfast fare and so have had it often since. If you try this idea for breakfast, use something that is rather rich in protein, such as green soybean, lentil, or garbanzo soup, or some other kind that would carry considerable protein.

If soup is to be served with a meal

that is rather heavy and full of calories, it should be light and low in calories, but if the meal is to be very simple, then the soup may be more hearty.

The commercial soup business has really moved into big business these days, but you'll find extra zest and fun in cooking up your own soup pot. Here are some recipes for you to try:

Summertime Soup

- ½ cup chopped onion
- ¼ cup chopped green pepper
- 1 Tbsp. oil
- 3 cups heated rich soy milk
- 1 avocado peeled and sliced
- 1 tsp. minced parsley
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. Accent
- ½ tsp. paprika

Sauté onion and pepper in oil until tender, but not brown. Pour in hot milk. Add avocado, parsley, salt, Accent, and paprika. Re-heat but do not boil. Serve at once to four persons.

Potato Soup

- Bring to boil 2 cups water and 2 pkgs. George Washington golden broth Whiz in liquifier and add to above:
- 1½ cups water
- ½ cup powdered soy milk
- Bring to boil
- Add: 2 small shredded raw potatoes
- ½ cup chopped parsley
- ½ tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. Accent

Simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Serve at once.

Eggplant Soup

- 1½ cups shredded eggplant
- Barely cover with water
- Cook 8 minutes. Add:
- 1 cup rich soy milk
- ¼ cup chopped parsley
- ½ tsp. Accent
- salt
- ¼ tsp. paprika

Tomato Soup

(Serve hot or cold)

- 2 cups tomato juice
- Thicken with 4 tsp. cornstarch or whole-wheat pastry flour
- Season with soy sauce, Accent, and salt
- Add thickened tomato to 2 cups hot soy milk
- Do not boil
- Add 1 tsp. mashed soy cheese or cottage cheese for each serving
- Serve at once.

In the summertime this soup is delightful and refreshing when served cold. Thicken the tomato juice and allow to get cold. Just before serving add the cold soy milk and cheese. Garnish with chopped parsley or chives.

Fruit Soup

- ¼ cup tapioca
- 2½ cups berry juice
- 1½ cups pineapple juice
- 2 Tbsp. lemon juice
- Honey as needed to sweeten

Cook tapioca in part of the juice until it is clear. Add other ingredients and heat to

just below the boiling point. Serve hot or cold. Sliced berries, shredded pineapple or sliced banana make a nice garnish. Makes approximately one quart.

Scandinavian Fruit Soup

¼ cup sago
2½ cups water
½ cup cooked prunes (cut)
½ cup stewed raisins
½ cup tart fruit juice
Honey to taste

Cook sago in ½ cup warm water, then

add 2 cups boiling water and cook until transparent. Add other ingredients, heat and serve. Makes approximately one quart soup. (Other dried fruit may be substituted for the ones listed.)

Whatever kind of soup you are brewing, give it plenty of eye-appeal and taste appeal, but most of all make sure it carries plenty of the protective elements of protein, vitamins, and minerals.

Next Week: Modern Methods With Vegetable Cookery



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 answer 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 Would it be wrong for me as a Seventh-day Adventist to sing in a Protestant church choir Sunday mornings?

ANSWER God is not dishonored when sacred hymns are sung on days other than His Sabbath, and certainly He loves all mankind, whether inside another church or out. In and of itself there is no wrong in joining other Christians in praising God in song on Sunday or on other days of the week. However, in this problem, as in most cases, other factors must be considered that may make such action

unwise for the Seventh-day Adventist. For example, will the influence of association with those not of our faith tend to weaken the ties of fellowship with fellow believers and the church? Will "strange doctrines" (Heb. 13:9) thus encountered weaken or confuse one's faith?

If these questions can be clearly answered in the negative, the questioner may feel free to sing in the choir on Sunday. If, however, there is the slightest doubt concerning the possible implications of such action, it would be regarded as an unwise course.

Once in a Lifetime

From page 8

came a reality. Their family now included a sunny little fellow named Orval, and a brown-eyed little girl, Wanda. John had worked quite regularly at his building business, making his own plans and hiring his own help. The ten-acre tract upon which he had built the new home was within walking distance of "the boys'" ranch. As a side line, the four brothers raised potatoes, some of which could be stacked on the arm like stove wood!

The community was constantly growing, and there was a corresponding interest in the third angel's message. "I think Glen Hoffman will join the church

sometime," John told his brothers one day. "We've had a number of discussions on Bible truths and he seems interested. If only a minister could come and finish off the interest."

Ed, who was head elder of the local church, agreed. "I'm going to ask the conference to give us some help real soon now."

One day when the sweet peas and poppies were blooming in Ed's flower gardens, Addie Ross Sherman—one of the Ross sisters and a widow—arrived from Wichita, Kansas, with her family of three—Lillian, Marie, and Harvey.

Lillian, who was the older of the two young women, found a kindred spirit almost immediately in Everett, and the two of them began to disappear regularly

for strolls down the willow-fringed lane, or for drives over the rambling country roads.

Marie, with her fresh young charm, classic features, and curly hair, her dainty blouses and princess-style skirts, turned the head of many a young hopeful in the community.

John's oldest son, Cal, and Harvey were about the same age and became pals at once. Addie herself was a delightful combination of widowhood and cheerful animation. She was immediately cataloged by the children as another favorite.

Everett from all appearances these days was making progress in the pursuit of happiness, which for him seemed to be embodied in the person of Lillian. John's and Ollie's children had heretofore considered her their cousin; now however, she was to become their aunt. It had seemed exceedingly complicated to them, for their Aunt Addie, who was Lillian's mother, was also their Uncle Everett's sister, and was soon to become his mother-in-law! And Lillian's grandmother would soon be her mother-in-law, while her own mother, by virtue of her forth-coming marriage would become—

To say the least, there were a great many questions on the part of the children over this mystery. The adults took time out to explain in great detail that Lillian was a foster child and there was no blood relationship. The adults understood it all well enough, but the youngsters didn't understand a whit better after all the trouble of infinite explanation.

By this time, two more widowed sisters, Clara Ross Hook and Minnie Ross Main, and her son Alonzo, joined the group of relatives in the San Luis Valley. Ollie's daughter, Jewel Cole, greatly admired by her younger cousins, had a lawn wedding.

Thus the gradual increase of the Ross family came about by the year-by-year immigration of relatives from adjoining States in the Union, and by their joining in unions in the state of matrimony.

The church membership was on the increase too. Pastor H. M. J. Richards, father of H. M. S. Richards of the Voice of Prophecy, was district leader at the time the Rosses came to the valley. The interest that had been kept alive through systematic Bible study, was climaxed at last by a baptism. As time went on several other ministers visited the church at Blanca: Pastors John Turner, H. A. Vandeman, (father of Evangelist George Vandeman), J. S. Rouse, and E. H. Curtis, who baptized John and Laura's two older children.

The group had long since met in the schoolhouse, and included such stanch members as the Littles and children, Trilla, Lela, and Floyd; the Parkhursts



Attractive Family Groups



*We enjoy meeting and gaining the
acquaintance and friendship of a refined family.*

BALANCED READING

This popular group of periodicals will satisfy your personal needs in profitable reading matter and at the same time save you money by the special combination price.

Review	\$ 5.75
Youth's Instructor	5.25
Life and Health	3.50
Worker	2.90
Liberty	1.25
GO	1.50

Value \$20.15

Special Club Price \$14.95

You Save \$ 5.20

To include JUNIOR GUIDE, the journal for all alert junior youth, add \$3.25 to the FAMILY GROUP Club Price. (Value, \$4.25)

To countries requiring extra postage, add \$1.75 for FAMILY GROUP; \$2.10 for combination of FAMILY GROUP and JUNIOR GUIDE.

"The family tie is the closest, the most tender and sacred, of any on earth. It was designed to be a blessing to mankind."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 356.

Here is another splendid family you should meet—a group of six periodicals held in high esteem by thousands of citizens everywhere. This literature will bring you joy and entertainment as well as spiritual and physical help and guidance.

USE THIS ORDER FORM

Church Missionary Secretary or

Book and Bible House:

Please enter my subscription for one year as checked below.

	Value	Group Price
<input type="checkbox"/> New <input type="checkbox"/> Renewal		
<input type="checkbox"/> FAMILY GROUP (Review, Instructor, Life and Health, Liberty, Worker, GO)	\$20.15	\$14.95
<input type="checkbox"/> FAMILY GROUP with JUNIOR GUIDE	24.40	18.20

Name _____

Address _____

Names for additional subscriptions for friends and loved ones may be written on a separate sheet and returned with this order. Sign name as you wish it to appear on gift cards.

Review and Herald Publishing Association, Washington 12, D.C.



ORDER FROM YOUR BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE

FOR
THE GRADUATE



TESTIMONIES FOR THE CHURCH

by Ellen G. White

For keeping alive an active faith in the divine revelation of God to His last-day church this set of books presents inspiration for every situation. What finer graduation gift could you give to a Seventh-day Adventist young person than this beautiful set bound in the nine individual volumes?

Cloth, per volume \$ 3.00

Complete cloth set 25.00

De luxe, per volume 4.00

Complete de luxe set 34.00

ORDER FROM YOUR CHURCH MISSIONARY SECRETARY
OR YOUR BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE

Pacific Press Publishing Association
Mountain View, California



LA TOUR

and Elsie and Albert; the Glen Hoffmans and children, Alvina, Mary, and several others; Mr. Thompson and son, Emerald; the Brown family, and various others.

Now with so many sharing the need of a church school, they got together and made definite plans. As though in direct defiance of the opposing forces which had originally created the need of the dungeon at the Tom Tobin ranch during an era of physical conquest, it was now transformed into a church school room!

The dungeon lost its sinister quality the day the church members, under John's leadership, cut through the thick walls and installed windows along the side facing the court. A floor was laid. The dank old walls which had never seen the light of day, were plastered and painted. Desks were put in place.

So the old dungeon, which had once

furnished protection to the white man from the early raids, and which had later housed bandits and criminals, was now converted into a place of light and learning. Here for several years to come Marie Sherman, Addie's daughter, was to help her pupils catch a vision of the power of God to "make light the dark places" and to "loose the bands of wickedness."

But the day came when Marie Sherman—the church school teacher—was wooed and wed by Emerald Thompson, one of the church's eligible young men. Several futile attempts were made to secure a teacher for the school. Finally Esther Graham came from Denver. But she didn't stay long, for besides being engaged in teaching, she was also engaged to be married. Now, the members feared the school would have to close for lack of a teacher.

This is the third installment of an eight-part serial. Part 4 will appear next week.

Mother Was a Princess

From page 14

were isolated Sabbathkeepers. How we did enjoy having visiting ministers and other workers come to see us, and if they stayed a day or so they were thrice welcomed.

But this hospitality was not alone reserved for those of our faith. Our home was humble, and there were many mouths to feed, but never have I seen Father or Mother turn anyone away. For every tramp, Mother's heart was full of sympathy. Sometimes she would say to us, "One of our boys might be in need, you know." As she placed the food before them, and then talked of better days, of their loved ones, perhaps, and told them of the love of God and His plans for those who obey Him, many a hardened heart seemed to soften, and tears glistened in eyes apparently unused to tears. With a hearty Thank you for the food they had enjoyed, they went on their way, happier no doubt, for having been ministered to by a princess! Mother's heart was big and she entertained as royally as she could in our humble home.

All her life the golden rule was Mother's watchword. Many a time she helped us to make right decisions by asking how we "would like to be treated" under similar circumstances.

Father and Mother loved to sit in the gloaming of a quiet evening and sing the old Adventist songs so dear to their hearts. This, too, is a picture from memory's hall I think I shall never forget. No music ever sounded sweeter to me.

I was reared with six brothers and three sisters, most of them older than I, but never do I recall my parents cuffing or slapping us. Mother was gentle with us, and often when we were at work

or play, and voices rose in anger, we would hear a quiet voice come floating through an open window or door, singing—

Angry words, Oh, let them never
From our tongues unbridled slip.

How could we continue to quarrel?

She taught by precept and example—"here a little, and there a little." When one of us would make a request of another and forget the common courtesies that help to make life worth living, Mother would add a softly spoken "Please" or "Thank you" as the case might be. Sometimes she would quote this little verse. Indeed, I think she taught it to all her family!

Hearts, like doors, will ope with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that two of these
Are "I thank you" and "If you please."

It did not take long for this to penetrate young minds and Mother's purpose was accomplished!

With all my heart I thank God for the Christian parents to whom He gave me.

After Mother had left us, I found, among other things tucked away in a box, a letter written to her and Father a few years before for Mother's Day. I thank the One who knows hearts, that He put it into mine to write among other things, "If all the parents in the world were before me to choose from, I'd still choose you, Mother and Father, for my parents." To know that it brought happiness to them brings joy to my heart today.

We who hope soon to dwell with the King of kings, in palaces prepared for the heirs of salvation, may become princes and princesses if we meet God's requirements. One of these is "Honour thy father and thy mother."

Hold Their Attention



with helpful ideas
found in the MV
KIT. You'll be glad
you did. And so will
the members of
your society, for
programs from the
KIT offer variety
and inspiration that
will capture the in-
terest of everyone.

*Please order from your
Book and Bible House.*

\$1.50 a year in U.S.

\$1.60 in Canada

\$1.70 overseas

Published by the
**SOUTHERN PUBLISHING
ASSOCIATION**
Nashville 8, Tennessee



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

► THERE are more than 200,000 service stations in the United States.

► MAYONNAISE, a variant of the original term "mahonnaise," refers to Mahon, a port on the island of Minorca.

► THE United States Air Force says it loses more personnel through automobile accidents than through aircraft accidents.

► A REDONDO BEACH, California, housewife is the 200,000th graduate of the Voice of Prophecy Bible Correspondence School in Los Angeles.

► TRUCK transportation creates employment for more than six and one-half million Americans, one out of every ten people employed. Of these more than five and one-half million are truck drivers.

► A DISTILLERY executive predicts that record advertising expenditures this year by the industry will boost liquor consumption 7 or 8 million gallons higher than last year's total of 210 million gallons.

► RHESUS monkeys are being used in the study of tuberculosis in a research project sponsored by the National Tuberculosis Association. Monkeys that have a type of tuberculosis similar to that found in man will be studied to test the efficacy of various drugs.

► THE 1957 National Geographic Society map shows Himalayan Mount Everest to be 29,028 feet high—a 26-foot jump over its height in previous National Geographic Society maps. Everest is still the world's tallest mountain in terms of skyward reach, but ocean-rooted Mauna Kea, a Hawaii landmark, is actually the champion in total height, measuring 33,476 feet from base to peak with 13,796 feet rising above the sea.

► AN electronic computer and a radar unit are part of a system whereby airplanes may be landed safely under any weather conditions. The Bell Aircraft Corporation device has been tested extensively on land and is beginning water tests. Planes flying in zero-zero weather—no ceiling and no visibility—may be brought by the pilot to a "radar gate" as much as four miles away from the runway, where the new system completes the landing by fully automatic controls.

► MAN's basic aircraft is the kite. Ten years before the Wright brothers flew to fame in their crude biplane, Alexander Graham Bell began experimenting with kites in his own pioneer work to develop a practical heavier-than-air flying machine. A century and a half before that two Scotsmen fastened thermometers to kites to register temperatures of clouds. When Marconi flashed the first successful radio message across the Atlantic, a kite held up the antenna at the Newfoundland receiving station. In World War II big kites were used as targets for gunnery practice, as radar reflectors, and as standard equipment on life rafts.

► TO cut down on the possibility of confusion of medical terminology, the American Medical Association publishes a book called *Standard Nomenclature of Diseases and Operations*, now used by 85 per cent of the country's hospitals, and based on a system of numerical designations. Thus the skin disease that most people call "athlete's foot" and most doctors call "dermatophytosis" may be referred to by and filed under the number 112-211.

► THE average home use of water in the United States is 150 gallons per person per day, breaking down into a half to a gallon of drinking water, six as a minimum for a laundry load, five for washing hands, shaving, brushing teeth, etc. Tub baths require twenty-five gallons, and showers five gallons to the minute. With modern home appliances, the water demand per person increases.

► A MECHANICAL heart-lung device, ordinarily used only in certain types of heart surgery, has been used in a New York hospital to assist a patient with an acute heart attack. The machine is said to relieve about one third of the heart's normal work load by pumping part of the person's blood from a vein through an artificial lung and back into an artery.

► DURING the first part of the Christian Era the only person to be seated in a church was the bishop, who sat on his elaborate canopied chair, called a *cathedra*, which was taken with him on official visits. The great temples built to house the bishop's court and chair thus acquired the name cathedral.

► THE Indian rhinoceros carries a fortune on its nose. Its horn, reduced to powder, brings as much as \$150 a pound. Many Asiatics believe the horn has wondrous powers for solving almost any problem, mental or physical.

► THE fearsome-looking tarantula is not so villainous as most people think, says zoologist Raymond Gowles. It can't inflict serious wounds, nor is it aggressive, and, he asserts, it is a fine pet, living happily in captivity.

► PORTLAND, Oregon, is said to enclose more evergreens than any other city on earth. A wilderness of 6,000 acres known as Forest Park lies 70 per cent within the city limits.

► ETHIOPIA's Emperor Haile Selassie I traces his ancestry back to Menelik I, traditional son of King Solomon.

► IMMIGRANTS to Canada this year are expected to total about 200,000.

► THE American Red Cross fund campaign goal for 1957 was set at \$95 million.

► THE U.S. Post Office Department gets 25,000 suggestions a year for new stamps.

► A BILL increasing bounty on rattlesnake skins from 50 cents to \$1 has been passed by the Iowa House.

► THE first true railway dining car in America was the Delmonico, built in 1868 by George M. Pullman.

► FOR those seeking to lose weight gradually, *The American Heart* points out that one hundred fewer calories a day add up to a ten-pound loss in a year.

► WOMEN excel in teaching parrots to speak. This, says the National Geographic Society, is probably because parrots find it easier to imitate the voices of women.

► CORK, the dead outer bark of an evergreen oak, may be removed periodically without killing the tree. In Portugal, where cork is the chief export, the law permits the stripping of a tree once every nine years.

► THE government of Italy has announced its intention to spend 20 billion lire—about \$32 million—in an attempt to save from ruin artistic and archeological treasures such as historical buildings, old paintings, and ancient manuscripts.

► BECAUSE a woman in Memphis dislikes fiddling with TV dials, she owns nine sets—one each in the living room, den, breakfast room, and the three bedrooms; one that can be moved anywhere in the house; one in a nearby family cottage; and one at her office. Thus, she says, if she wants to watch another channel, she moves to another room.

► TO ASSIST in an Operation Deepfreeze construction project at the South Pole a seven-ton, pallet-loaded caterpillar tractor was dropped from a C-124 Globemaster. The tractor itself was supported by four parachutes, each 100 feet in diameter. The tracks, bulldozer blade, and cab were dropped separately. Quickly assembled, the tractor was in operation before the two planes taking part in the air drop left the Pole.

► HATCHED in mid-ocean, baby eels every spring begin their assault on the streams of the East Coast of North America. Countless thousands, running the gantlet of water birds, fish, and adult eels, will work their way up rivers, creeks, and brooks to find fresh-water homes. After about eight years, the survivors of this horde will return to the ocean to lay eggs. Two years after that their descendants will again swim upstream in spring.

► A CITY should be safer from atomic fallout than the surrounding country, two Milwaukee researchers have concluded from studies of pollen and mold fall-out. A city is usually warmer than the surrounding country, and the rising warm air currents above the city carry solid particles—pollens, molds, and radioactive particles—aloft and keep them there, whereas they fall to the ground when there are no upward air currents, especially when the air nearer the earth is cooler than the air above it.