

23
THE *Youth's*
INSTRUCTOR

This is job-hunting season for high school and college graduates. Fay Welter describes her hunt in

I Landed the Job

JUNE 4, 1957

Bible Lesson for June 15

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Yes and No

Two of the most important words in the languages of the world are Yes and No.

They are of major consequence to every man, woman, and child, whether he professes Christ or whether he does not.

Some folks seem never to be troubled over which to use. If you approach them with a new idea, their first reaction is No. They may change later, but some of the edge of satisfaction is gone because they were ready at once to discourage your creative enthusiasm by answering, "It can't be done."

Other folks, equally untroubled, can never say No. They reply Yes to everything—or almost everything. They are as quick to make a promise as though the time or the tool were even then in their hands for accomplishing it. But so often they fail to "come through."

We could name some folks we've known who fit each category.

Still others never seem quite to know when Yes or No is best. Is it a matter of duty? Their answer should be Yes. But likely as not they will answer No. Somehow, they have never taken time to decide what things were musts, what things were subject to time or talent, what things were purely optional.

What about side lines, detours, short cuts? Do you know when to say Yes to a side line activity? Do you know when to say No to an exciting detour? Do you know when a short cut may be safe—when it might be disastrous?

Normally we think of a temptation as an inducement or influence to say or do what would be wrong. Do we possess habits that make it easy on occasions to say No?

Behind every Yes or No march the accumulated decisions for right and for wrong in your lifetime. Both words mount in significance as one journeys through life toward his destination. May we be happy for their consequences in the day of final accounting.

Walter T. Crandall

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.

CHART What are some of the topics covered in the twenty-six areas of youth appeal in the INSTRUCTOR? Here are the first six in the alphabetical listing on our Topic Frequency Chart: 1. Arts: drawing, literature, music, painting, sculpture. 2. Biography. 3. Columns: Counsel Clinic, Family Fare, Frontiers, Hobbies, Prevention or Consequences, Wit Sharpeners, et cetera. 4. Conversion: Christian growth, decision, sanctification. 5. Departmental: Medical, Radio and TV, Sabbath school, Temperance. 6. Doctrinal: mixed marriage, Sabbath observance, tithing, et cetera.

REACTION For the reaction of a non-Adventist reader to Ann Clayton's "But I Can't," February 5, turn to page 20. Interestingly enough, this was not the only reaction in this vein received from non-Adventist readers. Our editorial note accompanying the letter states why we published this account about church members who sometimes make it difficult for other members to maintain standards.

HEART Among the important articles you should look for next week is Dr. Saxon's second on the subject of heart disease and teen-agers. We believe his four-point program is worth memorizing and then following. Watch for it on Dr. Saxon's Prevention or Consequences page.

TREATMENT Treatments of two kinds make a novel team in next week's INSTRUCTOR. We think you'll like Howard A. Munson's "Two Kinds of Treatment."

TOOTH Readers with a "sweet tooth" probably won't like the seventh rule in Miss Van Gundy's "What's New in Desserts," next week. But some of her recipes may help restore them to good humor.

FATHERS With Father's Day coming June 16 this year, we present three items having to do with the masculine side of the house. (We didn't forget you in the May 7 issue, mothers! But as a leveling influence, we're also printing "That Old Quilt" in next week's issue.) Back to the men: there will be "What a Brother Is," by Sheila Gueffroy; "Thanks, Dad!" by Beth Wells; and "What Is a Man?" by D. A. Delafield.

YUCCA The flower on the cover—from a Bob Taylor photo—is a colorful characteristic of many parts of Southwestern United States. Similar attractions contribute to the "Lure of Death Valley" described in the center-spread story by George Clarence Hoskins.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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June 4, 1957

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DON'T be silly! With your crazy notions about not working on Saturday, you'll never get a job at Ladish."

The very idea that I could not get a job at Ladish! Could I not give five good days of work in a week like everyone else? Could I not talk, type, and get along with people just as well as anyone else? I would show Dad that I could get an office job and still live up to my religious principles. And what is more, I would get one at Ladish. At least, I hoped I would.

"Miss Batz, how do you go about getting a job at Ladish Company," I hesitantly asked my high school business teacher the next morning. Now that I was about to set the wheels in motion, I didn't feel too sure of myself.

"Is that where you'd like to work after graduation?"

"Yes."

"I'll call and make an appointment for you with the office manager. Then you can go in for an interview."

When I entered office practice class that afternoon, Miss Batz met me with a smile. "It's all set," she said. "You have an appointment at four-thirty Thursday afternoon." She seemed so sure I would get a job, but she did not know about my problem of wanting Sabbaths off.

Thursday afternoon finally came. Rushing home from school, I changed my clothes, then hurried to catch the bus. Though I had ridden past Ladish hundreds of times before, its buildings never looked so large and formidable as they did that afternoon. One, two, three, four, five, six blocks I counted as I peered out of the bus window.

"Rawson Avenue," bawled the bus driver.

I got out of the bus, entered the main building, and found the reception room. Noiselessly the glass door slid shut behind me. My heels clicked on the tile floor. My breath was coming in gasps now. There was the receptionist. My heart was pounding in my ears. "M-M-Mr. Conn, please. I have an appointment with him. I'm Lois Wilson."

"Oh, oh! My first blunder," I thought. I had been trained to say "Miss Wilson." The receptionist did not seem to notice my mistake.

"Mr. Conn will be busy for a few minutes. Will you please be seated and fill out an application blank?" she said after speaking to him on the telephone. Sitting down, I began to fill out the blank.

Now that I was here, I did not feel nearly so confident as I had the night I decided to apply. Mentally checking my appearance, I knew that I was dressed as I should be. My navy shoes were polished, my stocking seams were straight, my suit was neatly pressed, my white blouse and

I found that my worries weren't all over even after

gloves were spotless, my hair was in place, and I had a neat hat on my head. My grades were up in school and my typing speed was above average.

All these things should help me get a job, I knew. But why did my legs persist in acting like rubber? Why were my hands trembling? Why were my words coming out in gasps when I tried to speak?

"Mr. Conn will see you now, Miss Wilson," interrupted the receptionist, giving me an encouraging smile.

"Thank you."

After knocking on the door and being admitted, I waited until I was asked to sit down. Mr. Conn frowned as he scrutinized my application. He asked me questions and we chatted.

"He looks as though he is about to draw the interview to a close," I thought. Panic was mounting, as I knew I would have to tell him about my not working on Sabbath. "There's one other thing, Mr. Conn. I wouldn't work on Saturday. I mean I couldn't," I blurted out. "You see I'm a Seventh-day Adventist and Satur-

I Landed the Job

By *FAY WELTER*



EWING GALLOWAY

An assignment in a creative writing class at Emmanuel Missionary College gave the author opportunity to relate this personal experience.

In class that afternoon Miss Batz met me with a smile. "It's all set," she said. "You have an appointment at four-thirty Thursday afternoon." But she didn't know about my wanting Sabbaths off.

day is our Sabbath. We don't work from sundown Friday to sundown Saturday." I stopped, all flustered and somewhat embarrassed. I could feel a flush rising from the base of my neck to the top of my forehead.

Silence met my words.

"Well, why doesn't he laugh and tell me they do not hire anyone who will not work on Saturday, as Dad said he would?"

More silence. Then, "We'll call and let you know." He smiled, opened the door, and I left.

Outside once more, I took a deep breath of fresh air and then exhaled. It seemed to me that I had been holding my breath ever since I had entered Mr. Conn's door.

"I am glad I didn't tell Dad I was coming for an interview. If Ladish doesn't hire me, Dad will never be the wiser. At least he won't be able to say, 'I told you so.'"

A week dragged painfully by and still there was no word from Mr. Conn. Hurrying home each day, I inquired whether a telephone call had come for me. Each day the answer was No. Mom tried to encourage me; but when graduation was only a day off and I still had not heard, my morale sagged to an all-time low.

"Graduation," I thought. "Just another disappointment to Dad so far as I am concerned. The only one of six children to graduate from high school, and now I cannot attend my own graduation because it falls on Friday night."

Friday morning came—no telephone call. "I give up," I wailed to myself. "Monday I will go job hunting some place else." The jangling of the telephone interrupted my thoughts.

"Hello," I heard Mom say. "Yes, she's here. Just a moment."

"It's Mr. Conn," she announced in a stage whisper.

Monday morning I was up exceptionally early. As I entered the kitchen, rubbing the sleep out of my eyes, Dad glanced up, surprised. "What are you doing up this early," he asked, pushing his chair back from the table. "Are you going out to look for a job?"

"No, guess I had better be getting ready for work," I replied.

"Work? Where are you going to work?"

"At Ladish." I tried to make my reply sound nonchalant. The secret had been on the tip of my tongue all week-end. I was not disappointed in Dad's reaction. His eyes bulged; his cigarette was suspended in midair. For a moment he seemed frozen.

"Ladish? How about Saturday?"

"It's all set. I didn't have the least bit of trouble getting Saturday off," I said airily.

"Well, of all things! How much are you getting paid?"

I told him.

"Not bad—not bad at all." Suddenly

realizing it was getting late, he grabbed his lunch pail and thermos bottle and dashed out the door, banging it after him as he always did. His whistling floated back to us before it was cut off by the slam of the car door.

"He's proud of you," Mom said.

I felt like some new brand of success.



Let It Storm

By EDNA ATKIN PEPPER

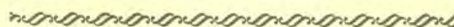
It was a perfect springtime—
It didn't even rain,
And I could hardly wait until
The flowers bloomed again.

The skies were blue and cloudless,
The sunsets were a dream—
A vision of tranquillity
In palest rose and cream.

I roamed the forest pathways
Among the naked trees,
And hunted purple violets
Upon my bended knees.

The leaves I found were dusty,
And not a bud or flower—
And how I longed to trade that
spring
For just one gusty shower!

Let Heaven's stormy weather
Beat on your windowpane;
If you would find the flowers,
dear,
Then you must have the rain.



Two months later I was transferred from the purchasing to the production department. "You'll have to get your hands dirty on this job," my boss warned.

"I'm not afraid to get my hands dirty. I need the experience."

I got both. Since my job was to work with the spirit duplicator practically all day, I was purple from my ears down. I learned how to type different forms and schedules, and I took a little dictation on the side.

The day after Thanksgiving came, and happily I went off to work. Good mornings were said as a group of us met at the time clock. The line was going more slowly than usual, and we wondered what was causing the delay. I didn't have long to wonder. When my turn came to punch in, I saw a notice on the bulletin board.

"Owing to the Thanksgiving holiday, everyone will be expected to work on Saturday," it read. My heart went down, but did not stop at my shoes. That notice meant everyone, including me. What was I going to do?

Friday finally dragged to a close without my being able to arrange for the day off. I dreaded to have Sabbath morning come. My new boss did not seem too kind, and he was very impatient especially if someone neglected to show up for work.

Sabbath morning, as sleep reluctantly took its leave, thoughts oozed through my brain. "What shall I say when the boss calls? Shall I quit without an explanation? Shall I leave for church extra early and not be here when the call comes through?" Neither way out seemed to be right. "I will act surprised," I decided.

"I am glad Dad is not here this morning. It is almost eight-thirty and the telephone has not rung yet. Maybe the boss will overlook my absence just this once."

The telephone rang.

"Hello."

"Yes, this is she."

"Why aren't you on the job this morning?" growled my boss.

"Mr. Kurth," I said breathlessly, trying to sound surprised. "I don't work on Saturday."

"Everyone works on Saturday here," he barked.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Kurth, but everyone doesn't work on Saturday, because I don't. You see, I'm a Seventh-day Adventist and I go to church on Saturday."

"Who do you think you are, Mr. Ladish?"

"I don't think I'm anyone special and I'm not trying deliberately to break the rules. If you'll check with the employment office, you'll find that they hired me with the understanding that I could have Saturday off."

"Well, okay, I'll talk to you Monday. Good-by."

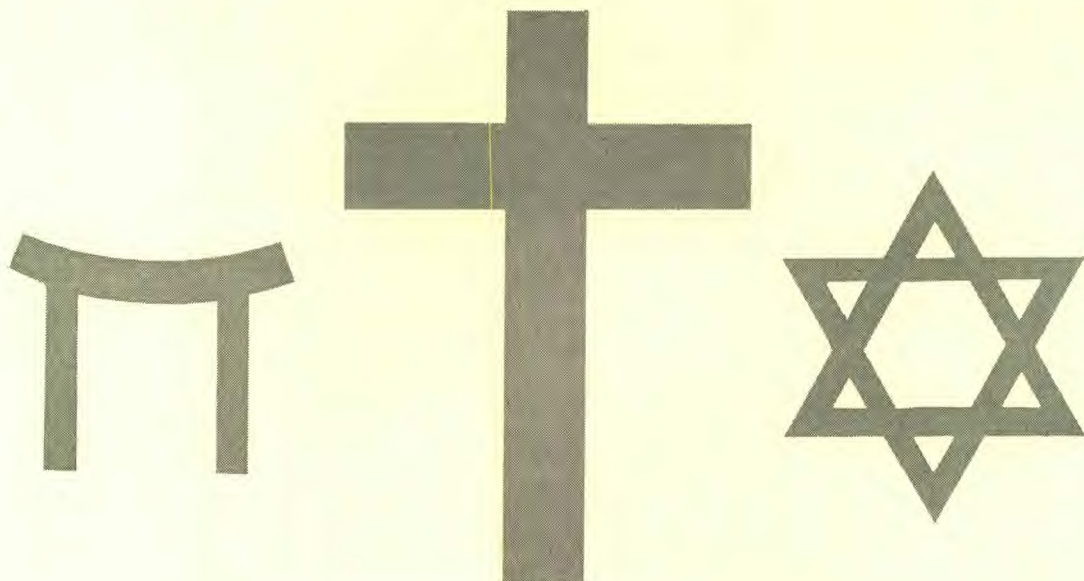
Hanging up the receiver, I dropped into a chair. "I am surely glad that is over. But here I sit, in suspense until Monday again."

Mr. Kurth met me at my desk at eight o'clock sharp Monday morning. "Come into my office," he snapped.

"This is it. At least I will look as though I am going in for work," I thought as I snatched my notebook and pen.

Just inside his office door I stopped.

Glancing up impatiently he said, "Take a letter, please."



TAMIKO'S TRIALS

By RUTH LADD GRUESBECK

TAMIKO was in serious trouble. "My eyes are filled with tears for her," wrote a friend of hers in Japan to Missionary F. R. Millard, who was on furlough in California. "She is not allowed to attend church or to write to her Christian friends, and her Bible and books have been taken away from her."

Tamiko, barely seventeen, was indeed in trouble. In 1952 she had begun attending meetings in the little Adventist chapel in Miyazaki, Japan. She tried to persuade her sister Akiko to attend the services with her. "Come along with me," she urged.

"You know our parents are not Christians," answered Akiko. "Anyway, I want to go to a movie tonight."

So Tamiko went alone to the services. Impressed by the warmth and friendliness she found there, she attended the meetings again and again. She had entered a new phase in her experience—a lonely path, destined to lead her to sorrow, tribulation, and finally the loss of her home and family. But it was a path that also led her ultimately to know and trust her Creator implicitly.

Tamiko and her sister were rooming in the home of friends in Miyazaki. Their father had been killed during the war, and the mother, who had married a sergeant in the United States Army, was in America. The girls were waiting for the day when their stepfather would be

able to get passports for them to join the family in America.

The little chapel where Mrs. Araki, a blind Bible instructor, conducted services became very dear to Tamiko's heart. She drank in the Bible truths that were all new to her. In August, 1953, she was baptized.

Then the long-looked-for passports arrived, and the girls set forth for America.

"I can hardly wait to see Mother and Father again, and the little children," said Tamiko.

"What will school be like in a strange country? Imagine taking all our classes in English!" mused Akiko. Their hearts were full of dreams and anticipation for the new life opening for them in the wonderful land of opportunity.

Disembarking in Seattle, they were met by their stepfather and taken across country to the vicinity of the Army camp in the East, where their family was living. Such a happy reunion!

Packed among Tamiko's things were her precious Japanese Bible, *Lesson Quarterly*, and other books. When her parents noticed the Christian books, they were filled with dismay. Their disapproval was immediate. She was forbidden to have any contact with her Christian friends. One by one her beloved books disappeared.

"You were reared a Shinto worshiper," her stepfather told her. "You should keep your own religion. Or, if you want to change, come with me to my synagogue."

What could she do? Unable to speak English freely, she knew not where to

turn for help. "If I could only be back in Miyazaki," she thought, "and talk to Mrs. Araki. She would help me." Then she wrote one letter to Japan, asking the prayers of the church. They did not dare to answer the letter.

It was not long until a letter reached Pastor Millard in California, telling him of Tamiko's difficulties. He sent the letter on to workers in the East, and soon the local pastor near the camp had heard of Tamiko's plight.

Because Akiko was in the same high school and was unsympathetic with her sister's religious views, it was very difficult for the pastor to visit Tamiko. But one visit was made at the school, and a Japanese New Testament and papers were slipped into Tamiko's hands—gifts from Pastor Millard.

Tears welled in her eyes. "God has not forgotten me," she thought. A small ray of hope shone through the despair in her heart.

"Do you have a place to keep these books, perhaps here at the school?" her new friends inquired.

"Yes," she replied. Opening her locker, she showed them several large Japanese books—*The Great Controversy*, and others she had concealed there. "I can keep them here until school is out," she said.

The pastor's wife promised to come for them when school closed and keep them for her through the summer.

She finished the school year with credit studying far into the night with the help of a Japanese-English dictionary.

But her heart was heavy. At home her

The symbols in the illustration above indicate this story's conflict involving Buddhism, Christianity, and Judaism.

troubles had increased. It was her task to do the washing and ironing for a family of seven, and it seemed to take all her time.

Even Sabbath was no day of rest for her. Press, press, press—and then wash more clothes. It seemed a never-ending job. Try as hard as she might, she could not please her family. Even her mother blamed her for everything that went wrong in the home.

She wondered whether she would ever again meet with her Christian friends. She was still a minor and in a strange country. The future seemed completely hopeless. Would it not be better to die? She considered what plan she could use to end her life.

She continued to pray. Her friends in Japan and the new friends in America were praying too. Behind the clouds of trouble, God was working for her.

That summer her parents decided to buy a home in a city near the camp. When the family drove into town to the new home Tamiko watched eagerly for a glimpse of an Adventist church. Could not one of the many churches be one of her faith?

When school opened she found that the high school was only a few steps from the Adventist church. The ray of hope in her heart grew stronger.

One day during her lunch hour, when her sister was in class, Tamiko went around a block and approached the Adventist church from the rear. The school children were playing outside. The teacher, a motherly Christian, took her to her heart. "Come inside a few minutes," she urged Tamiko.

"I am having trouble at home," Tamiko told her. "My parents won't allow me to attend church. I wish I could have a talk with the pastor. I don't know what to do."

They had prayer, and the teacher encouraged her to be faithful. She also promised to send a message to the pastor.

A meeting was arranged for the next day at noon, when Tamiko had a few minutes free. The girl unburdened her heavy heart. "My mother hates me," she told the pastor's wife. "What shall I do? My mother blames me for all the troubles in the home."

Since she was not a citizen and was under her stepfather's jurisdiction, it seemed almost hopeless.

"Be faithful to the Lord," the pastor advised her. "Look forward to the time when you will be able to have more freedom. We'll pray for you, and see what we can do about these things. Perhaps something can be done to make your situation easier."

Tamiko was comforted and encouraged. After praying they parted, and her faith clung to the hope that somehow God would deliver her from her present unhappy circumstances.

Months passed. One day, when visiting

with the pastor and his wife at the church, Tamiko was encouraged to come to church, keep the Sabbath, and do what she knew to be right regardless of consequences.

"Then, if your parents mistreat you, we can step in and see that something is done," the pastor told her.

"But," she replied, "my stepfather has told me that if I attend that church I cannot come home again."

That sounded like a solution to the problem! She was encouraged to tell her stepfather of her decision the following Sabbath, and pray that God would touch his heart.

The next Friday evening Tamiko retired early. She slept a few hours, awaking about midnight. From that time until four-thirty, when her stepfather got up to go to work, she prayed that God would give her courage, and help her that she might have church privileges again.

"Father," she said, "I must obey God. I am going to church today."

He was greatly enraged that she should dare disobey him. "If you go to that church," he stormed, "don't ever come home again!"

That was what Tamiko was waiting for. After he left she tied some of her things into a bundle in her scarf and left the house, walking toward the church.

It was still early, so she had to wait at the side of the church until the neighbors were up. Asking permission to use their telephone, she called the pastor's home. He and his wife immediately came out and brought her to their home in a town nearby. Here she worshiped with Adventists for the first time since leaving Japan.

"It seems like heaven today," Tamiko told the pastor's wife.

But her new freedom was doomed to end suddenly. When her mother discovered her absence, she telephoned the camp where her husband was working and reported this unexpected development. He came home and began a search that lasted all day, with no success.

That night the local Adventist church was filled with Pathfinders and their counselors when Tamiko's stepfather stopped there, inquiring whether they had seen his stepdaughter. No, they told him, she had not attended church there that day.

Just then the pastor entered the church and the stepfather was directed to him.

"Yes," he said, "I know where your daughter is." He reminded the father that he had told her not to return home if she went to church, so she was following his instructions. "This is a land of freedom, where each individual may worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience," he said.

With several other men joining in the conversation, the father became less aggressive. "Yes, we will let her go to

church, but she must come back home. I am responsible for her care," he said.

Then he went with the pastor to the home where his daughter was staying. Hearing that he was coming, Tamiko and the pastor's wife hastened to pray that somehow God would open the way for her and deliver her.

"Dear God, help me that I may have freedom to worship Thee. Help me to be a faithful child of Thine." Tremblingly she awaited the appearance of her foster parent.

Not sure whether she had the legal right to leave her parents' home at present, her protectors decided that she must return with him.

Her mother was waiting for her, though it was late at night. She stood before Tamiko with a belt in her hand, scolding. "Why do you cause me so much trouble?" she wanted to know. Striking her once or twice with the belt, she continued scolding and complaining for two hours.

Her stepfather joined in the tirade. "Why do you go away from home and make so much trouble for me?" he demanded.

"I love Je—" Tamiko began to answer, but he grasped her by the neck with his strong hand, threatening to choke her.

"Don't ever say that name in my house!" he commanded. The promise to allow Tamiko to attend church services was not given a second thought.

The following Sabbath morning Tamiko again prepared to go to church. "If you go to that church again, I will kill myself!" her mother threatened.

Poor Tamiko. She knew her mother was not ready to die. She could not bear to be the cause of her death, so with a heavy heart she remained at home and spent the Sabbath hours at her mother's direction.

But there were some things she could not do in spite of scoldings and threats. She could not eat the unclean meats that were placed on her plate at mealtime. This was another cause of strife and unhappiness in the home. The stepfather told his wife, "I think I will have to leave this family. I cannot stand so much strife and friction." Of course, Tamiko was blamed wholly for the strained family relations.

Now her mother reported her to the domestic relations court as an unruly, disobedient girl. Hearing of this development, the pastor decided it was time for her Christian friends to step in and come to her help. He made a trip to the nearest immigration office to find what her legal privileges might be.

The news was encouraging. The authorities reported that under the circumstances she was at liberty to live where she chose.

Tamiko was overjoyed. She gave thanks to her heavenly Father, who was

To page 25

In Twenty Years— NO REGRETS

By R. E. FINNEY, JR.



IF IT were not for you, I wouldn't be here!"

The speaker was a tall, good-looking college sophomore whom I had never met before. He had come to me and introduced himself after a talk I had given in the college chapel.

"How come?" I asked.

His answer was that fifteen years ago I had held evangelistic meetings near his home. During those meetings, one of the neighbors had joined the church, and later that neighbor had taught the boy's father and mother the doctrines of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Now he also was a church member and a student in college.

Incidents like this sometimes prompt me to think that what I like best about the ministry is the pay. No, not the money—that is necessary, but incidental. What I like about the ministry is the tremendous dividend in satisfaction that comes my way.

Twenty years have gone by since I entered the ministry. Each five years I have taken inventory of what has gone by, and always with the utmost satisfaction. Of course there have been rough spots and discouragements, but I have not been sorry that I answered the call to the ministry. Further, if I had the choice to make over

again, I would not hesitate an instant in making the same decision.

It would be quite easy to list many material rewards that have come through the years of service in denominational work. They are not large, but they are adequate, and I am occasionally astounded to note that those who chose to go after material gain have not accumulated as much as it seemed at first they would, and that they do not live any better than I do.

On the other hand, I know some who have spoken wistfully to me of having regrets that they did not choose to go into denominational work. They could see that they had missed some very real satisfactions that were coming my way. I am thankful for the way I have been led.

I have enjoyed a wide variety of experience that perhaps could not have been mine in any other way. The first ten years were heavily evangelistic—tremendously valuable experience, I think, and most enjoyable. Direct soul-winning work has no equal on earth in its rewards. Later, pastoral assignments became heavier and there was not so much time for evangelistic endeavor, but about this time radio broadcasting was added to my program, so that I was still able to reach many people with the third angel's message.

After another few years had passed I was in conference administrative work—a line of endeavor in which I had never imagined I would find myself. Having never occupied any position in a conference office before, I floundered badly, and only the grace of the Lord enabled me to get along at all. I have never done any harder work than this, and I earnestly bespeak your sympathy and understanding for your conference president.

There are some—perhaps many—who have the idea that the work of a conference president is easy, that all he has to do is attend a few committee meetings occasionally and preach in the larger

churches when he feels like it. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He is a man who is on call seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day. He can never be sure that he will have a single hour free for work or rest that has been planned. The bigger the problem that arises anywhere in the conference, the more surely he will have it to deal with. Pray for him, encourage him, cooperate with him. He needs your help.

A young man ought to choose his hobbies carefully! About as long ago as I can remember I have dabbled in writing. Some things that I have written have been published and read. Finally, that sort of thing resulted in a call to editorial work. When the call was repeated I finally came to the conclusion that I should answer it, and editorial work is what I am doing now.

But I am still a minister. I do not preach quite as much as I once did, nor do I get to perform as many weddings as I used to or visit the sick as often as I would like to. Gradually there has come, with this new work, a realization that there is a tremendous amount of good to be done through missionary literature that can be done in no other way. This realization makes it all the more important that the work behind the literature be done with a real sense of responsibility and a great deal of care. Any one copy of any issue of a truth-filled magazine might be the turning point in some life. That has happened many times.

The work of God has carried me many thousands of miles through almost every State in the Union, and almost every province of Canada. It has taken me by automobile, by train, by airplane, and by ship. Some of the most beautiful sights in the world have been rewards along the way, incidental to the work I have been doing.

It has been my privilege to meet and interview men of prominence and to become friends with others, not because of who I am, but because of what I was doing. Because of my work I have been admitted to places where most people cannot go. Doors have been opened and the way made easy.

Not long ago I was riding on a bus at a mission that was taking me through one of the most scenic parts of Southern Europe. My seatmate and I fell to talking. He was a tourist who had come from the United States to see the country I was traveling through. After we had talked for a while he asked me what I was doing in this particular place.

"The people I work for sent me here," I said.

"Brother, I'd like to work for people like that!" he fervently exclaimed.

"Brother, I enjoy working for them myself," I thought.

"The people I work for are the right people, for I am in the Lord's work."

And that brings me to another blessing that I have especially enjoyed in my

years as a minister: my association with God's workers and His people.

When I first went to British Columbia I had no acquaintances to speak of there and had been there but once before in my life. One of my first appointments was to meet with a church board to listen in as they discussed ways and means for the establishment of a church school. They were godly men and women, and after the meeting, when I said my evening prayers in my hotel room, I thanked God for letting me associate with people like them.

Again and again I have found inspiration and uplift in witnessing the dedication of church members, in their Christian traits, and in their many abilities.

Dear to the heart of every worker in the denomination, I suppose, is the association he enjoys with other workers. How wise Jesus was to send out His disciples two by two! Often when I have been discouraged or frightened by seemingly insurmountable problems, some consecrated worker has given me a lift—encouragement that has been priceless.

One time I was appointed camp superintendent for the annual camp meeting. It was to be a small meeting, for it was a small conference, but the prospect scared me. I had never acted as a camp superintendent before, and I had scarcely attended camp meeting in that conference, because for two summers before I had been holding evangelistic campaigns.

But it was no problem at all. The workers knew what had to be done and most of them pitched in without being asked. Occasionally one of the more experienced men would offer a suggestion as to what might be done next. The task

that I had feared became a pleasure, and was soon done.

More often than not this has been my experience in meeting the tasks to be done. Someone has nearly always come to help me in the spirit of unselfish Christian brotherhood. It was this thoughtfulness that enabled me to succeed where otherwise I would surely have failed.

The ministry is the prince of callings. How happy I have been in answering this call!

During the days of the depression, while teaching public school, I felt increasingly that I belonged in the ministry. With a family of four it seemed impossible, but God had a way. After some pleasant years of teaching I was refused a renewal of my contract because, the board said, I would not take charge of parent-teacher meetings on Friday night.

With the summer ahead of me I decided to go to summer school, though I still could see no way to leave teaching. My family and I journeyed to Union College, where I had a satisfactory summer of study and work.

When autumn came the way seemed to close up ahead of me insofar as employment was concerned. Jobs were few and money was scarce. Finally, almost at the last minute, I left my family with relatives in western Colorado and went back to Union College alone, where I spent the year in further study. In the spring I was offered work in an evangelistic campaign to be conducted by G. W. Chambers in Alamosa, Colorado. While this would last only about eight weeks, I gladly accepted the opportunity and we moved to Alamosa.

I am sure that I was not much help in

that campaign. I can neither sing nor play an instrument, so about all I could do was make calls on the interested people and try to keep the tent in order. Hopefully I did these things, waiting to hear further from the conference.

When August came with no word I felt that I must get something in mind in the way of employment. I began to visit schools—not a very encouraging task in view of the dozens of applicants for almost every job. Nevertheless, probably because I called in person, I was able to find two openings. One afternoon I tucked a set of contracts in my coat pocket and told the secretary of the board that I would like to have a few hours to think things over before I signed.

A few days before this Jay J. Nethery had visited our evangelistic campaign. I hoped that he would say something to me about further employment, but he did not.

Evening came, and after he had preached he shook hands with our evangelistic group and left for the train. After he left the tent I began to think, rather despondently, of the future. He was gone and I had nothing in sight but a possible public school teaching position. I thought to myself that if anything was to be done, I would have to do it. I started for the railroad station, for I knew the train did not leave for a couple of hours.

I found Pastor Nethery reading the evening paper on board his car. After listening with kindly attention to my plea for a chance in the ministry he said, "How much do you need to live on?" I cannot remember my answer, but as I left he said, "I will see what I can do."

When I got back to town with the teaching contracts I said to my wife, "Shall I sign them and send them back?"

"Let's wait as long as you think you can, and pray about it."

We did pray—several times—and decided that we would wait forty-eight hours before we sent the contracts back, signed.

The first and second days came and went, and I had decided that after the evening meeting I would sign the contracts and send them on their way. I had heard nothing from the conference office.

As I walked up to the tent about thirty-one of the group said, "Here is a letter for you."

Eagerly I took it. The return address was that of the conference.

Inside was an invitation to be pastor and teacher in the little church at Fort Morgan, Colorado. The salary was to be \$55 a month, and I would provide my own living quarters with no rent subsidy.

We didn't need to pray about the letter. We just thanked the Lord for the opportunity.

We have never regretted walking through the door to service that the Lord opened before us.

Others found the golden treasure
of thoughts with life and wings and
song;
why must mine stay moored and
leaden
when I willed them fleet and strong?

Follow Me

By juliette sierra andré

"Follow Me, and I will teach thee
bright new thoughts to couch in
rhyme;
heretofore thy words, though music,
knew the lack of flight sublime;
cling to Me, and I will help thee
loose the aching in thy breast,
count no cost to do My bidding,
this, My way, is heaven blest!"

Thus my Saviour answered softly
when my longing had its say . . .
then I found His precious reason
in His love, His grace, His way.

I Am a MIRACLE

By LEONARD D. ANDREWS



HARRY BAERG, ARTIST

"I'm leevying on borrowed time." Steve sat on the edge of his bed where he had been sprawled reading a foreign-language newspaper. "Here I am," he continued, "in thees beeg free America, at thees Advteentest college,



and why? I don't know—ees a miracle!" His voice held enough accent so that I had to listen closely as he spoke.

Steve glanced at me, then unfolded his six-foot-six and walked to the window. Outside, water trickled in the sunshine, and over on the lawn a big patch of grass showed through where spring had worn the snow away.

The author has been working his entire way through college. He has driven a "cat" in the northern British Columbia woods, worked as night watchman, monitored, read English papers, taught brass instruments, and been a pressman. He wrote this story for a journalism class during his sophomore year at Canadian Union College. He has edited the student paper *Aurora*, and has been literary editor of the *Aurora Borealis*. Working one's entire way through college is never easy, but Mr. Andrews is willing to stretch his program over five years in order to reach his goal of preparing for the ministry. He has been leader of the spiritual phase of the Student-Faculty Association.

"Life ees beginning again." Flashing me a broad grin, he added, "For me too." "Tell me about it," I prodded.

The grin faded. He spoke slowly, turning to gaze out the window again.

"War came to my country in 1941," he began. With war's advent, Steve went on to tell me, he had to quit his job and go back to his mother's village, leaving everything to the endless columns of invaders. Even in the remoteness of their cottage home, he and his mother put their grain, their extra clothing, and their valuables in wooden barrels and buried them in the fields.

Before long he managed to borrow a Bible, and during the long nights of terror he studied it much, reading aloud to his mother the promises that meant life and protection to them both. They found that the seventh day is the Sabbath, and covenanted to keep it if God would deliver them from the disasters that fell all around.

Soon the Bible also took its place in a barrel with their other valuables. Steve knew what it meant literally to dig for the Word of God.

The close of the war brought a new order of things, but no real liberty. Nevertheless, Steve determined to learn more about the truths found in the borrowed, often-buried Bible.

Each Friday afternoon he cycled ten miles to the home of his great-uncle and aunt to share their sundown worship and spend the Sabbath with them. For Sabbath school they crowded into a farm home with about thirty others of their neighbors. Steve listened closely to the Bible lessons, and particularly enjoyed the music as they sang and played guitars.

One Sabbath morning he heard a sermon titled "Undecided at the Crossroads." Deep in his heart a conviction grew, and he recognized that soon he must decide whether to return to the comfortable religion of the established church or to join the communion of truth, and suffer the consequences.

Then a daring new challenge arose. Relatives in America offered to help him come to a land where he could be truly free. He knew he could never get official permission to leave his country. But there was an alternative.

The first step was to move to a town in the Alps, close to the border. He made the move in November, 1951, found himself a job, and settled down to watch for an opportunity.

Border officials, however, were particular whom they allowed to stay in the area. Anyone found close to the frontier without a permit and a good reason for being there was dealt with as a traitor. Moreover, they vigorously disapproved of people who tried to cross the frontier by jumping trains.

So it was that about a month after he arrived at the border town Steve was walking down a long road that certainly led to prison and hardly less certainly to death. By way of encouragement a guard prodded him from behind with a Tommy gun, pushing him relentlessly along despite his knee, which was bruised and bleeding from his attempt to jump onto a moving train.

Shafts of anemic sunlight splotted the countryside and cast long black shadows of the pair as they walked along.

From the corner of his eye Steve watched the shadows. He noted that the guard had fallen a step or two behind, but still had his gun leveled and his finger on the trigger. Then he remembered that it was Christmas Eve.

The thought was bitter, and he looked away. The guard would be joining his family, and there would be laughter and singing, a big dinner with special pastries and puddings, and afterward presents all around. Christmas dinner prison style didn't sound very appetizing and anyway, Steve wasn't certain he'd still be alive to eat it.

They walked a long way.

Dusk came. The shadows were gone and in their place beside the road walked Death—cold, silent, waiting.

Lights glowed in houses along the way, glimmerings from another world where everything smelled good to eat and children climbed on Grandfather's knee while he told them the old, old story of the Babe, the shepherds, and the star.

The picture hurt, and Steve tried to shut it all away, to be left alone with his guard and the specter.

Night had set in when they reached the prison. At last the guard broke the silence. "We are here."

"I know," replied Steve, looking straight ahead. He noticed the lights of a car coming down the street toward them. The guard lowered his gun and turned to ring the bell.

Steve dashed into the street, leaped across in front of the car, and sprinted zig-zag fashion toward the shadows of a house on the far side. When the blaze of headlights had passed, he had disappeared into the darkness.

Behind the house Steve turned, ran across the back and up along the far side of the building. The guard, not having seen him turn, ran straight on.

An open basement window gaped blackly in the wall. Feet first, Steve slid through it, and landed heavily in a big tub of cold water. For a moment he lay in the water, peered over the edge of the tub, and listened. Hearing nothing, he climbed out, wrung the water from his clothes, and threw his overcoat back in the tub. The police would search for a man wearing an overcoat. Then he would not wear one. He swiftly slashed the laces of his ski-boots, and holding the boots in one hand and his pocketknife, still open, in the other, peered out the window. All was quiet.

Cautiously he clambered out onto the ground, walked a little way, and crossed back to the prison side of the street. Heaving himself lightly over the six high iron fences, he walked through the six rows of houses on the block and made his way into the dark woods a little distance away.

Now the fowlers' nets were tangled—the bird was in the bush!

As soon as the general alarm died down, Steve began walking through dark alleys toward the outskirts of town. The night was a cold, thick blackness, and his wet clothes were frozen stiff.

In the security of darkness once more, Steve knelt to thank God for deliverance and to pray fervently for guidance and continued protection.

Then he set off toward the Alps, the border, and more trouble. Although his knee bled badly and his feet were so swollen he could scarcely keep his boots on, he managed to reach the frontier while it was still dark.

Ahead, a strip of thick bush crossed the hilly countryside and climbed into the more distant mountains. Steve entered the bush on hands and knees, avoid-

Move Now!

By W. A. TOWNEND

D. L. Moody used to tell of an old man who once publicly announced that he had lived nearly all his life on Grumble Street. Grumble Street, you know, is one place on this crowded earth where accommodation is easy to get.

Little does it matter whether you be employed or unemployed, married or single, parent or childless, young or old—there's plenty you can grumble about if you choose to.

But why grumble? Doing so puts you on the chilly side of life. Be like the old man—he moved over to Thanksgiving Street. That's the sunny side. About the

move Moody observed: "His face showed it."

Have you been taking in more than you've been giving out? Have you been receiving Heaven's blessings—life, food, friends, a sound mind, and hundreds of other bounties? And in receiving, have you failed to send out from your life some praise and thanksgiving?

You have?

Then why not move over to Thanksgiving Street today. You'll enjoy the change, and so will your family and friends.

Move now!

ing the patches of snow and taking great care not to break any twigs. After two painful miles the bush ended and he was confronted by a mountain slope studded with big rocks and scrubby evergreens. The border was somewhere up in the darkness among the trees and rocks.

Stretched out full length, Steve began inching his way up the rough mountain-side, feeling ahead with his hands. Suddenly his fingers felt a trail—he had reached the sentry path and was lying right across it!

Pulling himself rapidly across the path, he scrambled into the shelter of some bushes, then stopped to catch his breath and take stock of the situation. His clothes were ripped from crawling over the bare rocks. His swollen feet and battered knee shrieked for relief. The iciest cliffs and deepest snows were still ahead. Before him the scene was black, but behind it was blacker. He must go on.

In the thick bush once more, Steve dared to walk upright and made better progress. But now the mountains became wilder, and every step must be explored cautiously lest it be his last.

Morning brought no relief, but rather an icy wind that rattled his frozen clothing like tattered cardboard and blinded his eyes with snow.

Endless hours of crawling, hunger, exposure, and sleepless cold began to take their toll. The deep snows forced him to stop and rest every twenty steps, soon every fifteen, then every ten. Death, still silent, still waiting, became once more his constant companion. It seemed to lag a step or two behind when he tried to push on, but he could almost feel it breathing in his ears each time he had to stop.

Finally he could not go five steps without falling exhausted. Death spread a bed in the snow for him, and every time he fell into it, the more comforting and inviting it seemed.

Too nearly dead to go farther, but not ready to die, Steve prayed urgently. "Lord, hear me from this wilderness of snow. If Thou wilt add some days to my life, wherever I go I will tell the people about Thy might and Thy salvation."

The driving snow swirled away, and down below the slope lay a little valley full of fields spotted with cottages.

Too weary to keep his feet, Steve rolled and tumbled down toward the nearest house. At the foot of the slope he found a tricklet of water, which revived him a little. Then as best he could he hobbled to the cottage and pounded on the door.

The *Hausfrau* looked blankly at the frozen, half-dead boy who tottered on her doorstep and faltered, "Where am I?"

Then she smiled, "You're safe," she said.

Silence now fell in the little dormitory room. After a moment Steve turned away from the window and sat down beside me. "I deened't believe in miracles once," he mused. "Now? I am a miracle myself. Here I learn to speak Eenglish, and here I become a real Seventh-day Adventest. Maybe there are some theengs beeger than finding an open basement window in the meedle of winter, and crossing the Alps on Christmas morning in frozen clothes. And maybe you weel help me keep my promise to God to tell everybody about Hees great salvation."

I too believe in miracles.

THE sun's rays, filtering through the great weeping willows at the south side of the two-story shingled house, made shimmering shadows on the velvet of the freshly cut lawn.

John Ross stood gazing beyond the locust and poplar trees along the front of the yard facing east while he leaned against the door of his little shop a moment to catch his breath and enjoy the quiet summer beauty. He never failed to respond to the fresh beauty of the verdant Rogue River valley, and he was so familiar with the scenes about him that he could see it all with his eyes half closed while he rested.

At the north extreme of the valley spread famous Table Rock Mountain as though waiting for some giant guests to partake of the valley's bounties. The thriving city of Medford, surrounded by the fabulous pear orchards, stretched itself in the summer sun under the friendly brow of Roxy Anne. The snow-capped peak of Mount Pitt gleamed in the distance, and far to the south Mount Ashland rose regally above her lesser neighbors. Historical Jacksonville, holding tightly to the tag end of Millionaire Lane, which rippled along the sloping hills at the west like a ribbon blown about by the breeze, half hid herself under the frilly green skirts of the pudgy Applegate country.

John and Laura Ross had brought their four younger children here sixteen years before, so that they might enjoy the privileges of a Christian education. To be sure it hadn't always been easy, for John had a weak heart, and the doctors had had to keep an eye on him through the years. But he had bought an acre of rich land about a mile below Rogue River Academy. He had planted his young trees and laid the foundation for an ample, roomy home, for he had a steadfast determination to keep going and somehow come out on top.

Then the depression, like a blighting blast, had swept the country, leaving bread lines, For Sale signs, and panic in its path. But the family had struggled on, and by faith, unceasing effort, and the blessing of God had finished the house sufficiently for comfort and been able to keep the children in school. There had been nothing left over for luxuries, however, or even many of the things some people deem essential. But they thanked God for His goodness, and for sparing them their home when so many had lost all their possessions along the trail of the depression.

But all this was a long while before. The children had, in the meantime, married and founded homes of their own. And, although John and Laura had been exceedingly lonely at times without their children, there was more time now for

missionary work and for their hobbies. John's woodcraft had grown into a widely recognized art by this time, and frequently the mechanical problems of the community were brought to his little shop, where they were resolved with seeming magic under his practiced hand.

Then too there were the stone and mineral collections. Through the years they had taken on amazing proportions, for Laura and John had become "rock hounds" of the first rank. The contacts they made through their expanding activities won them many friends, and they found the scope of missionary opportunities ever widening.

Laura, in her quiet, unassuming way, worked in her garden, made quilts and rugs, taught in the kindergarten department of the Sabbath school, and worked in the Dorcas Society. She told stories to her grandchildren and to the neighborhood children, who dropped by frequently to listen and to play with the toys and dolls that she always kept in a large

box at the end of the porch in summer, and in the spare room downstairs in winter.

The little woman with graying hair and twinkling blue eyes had a special way with children, and she had made good use of her talent. One day when a distinguished guest had become verbose in his admiration of her husband's lovely carved pieces, he had turned to her abruptly and asked, "I've never seen such lovely work anywhere. And what is your special talent, Mrs. Ross?"

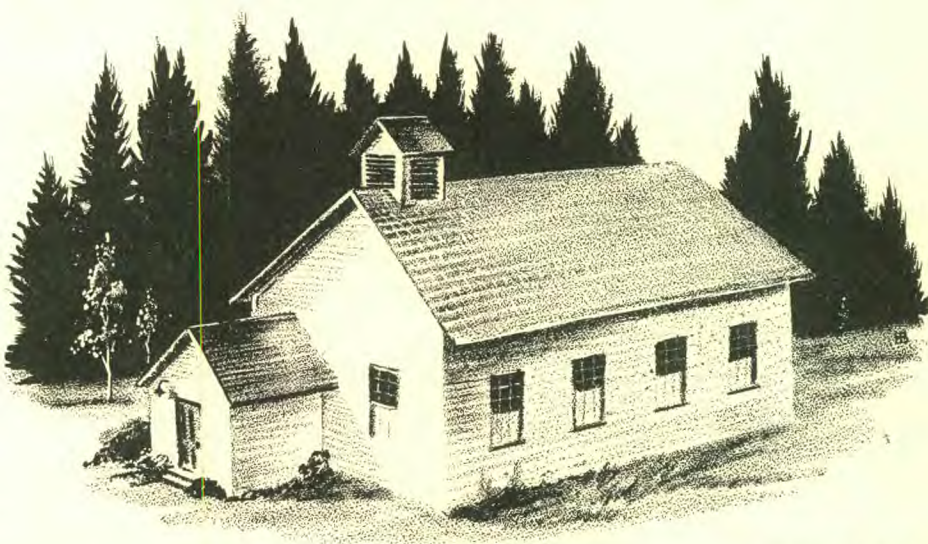
The usual twinkle had left her eyes for a moment and she shook her head. "I have no 'special talent,' I guess," she said, then added brightening, "I love children and they love me, but—but that doesn't show up, you see!"

The guest had faced her. "Your talent will show up in places and times far distant perhaps. The carving of character is a fine art too, and is not to be passed over lightly."

John watched now as she dug among

Once in a LIFETIME

By WILMA ROSS WESTPHAL



HARRY BAERG, ARTIST

As the group emerged from the evergreen grove, Wilma and Chester gasped, then stood transfixed. There in the middle of a clearing stood a lovely little church—evidence that dreams come true.

her flower beds. He thought wistfully of his scattered family. The click of the mail box and the crunch of gravel in the driveway interrupted his reveries.

"Mornin'," the mailman waved, "there's a letter from your daughter in Panama. Good news, I hope!"

Laura, who was nearby, reached the box first and eagerly tore open the familiar foreign-stamped envelope. "Come, John," she called, "let's sit on the porch and read the letter!"

They had been receiving letters from their daughter Wilma and her missionary husband from different points of Central and South America for about fourteen years now. Fourteen years was a long time. Well, there should be another furlough soon.

They scanned the letter eagerly. "We are coming home soon now. . . . We shall have to fly because of the war. . . . This is our furlough time, but the doctors say it will probably have to be a permanent return because of health conditions. We do hate to think of leaving our beloved work down here, but of course we shall be very happy to be nearer our loved ones."

In a daze of excitement they made their plans. There would be the bright chatter of the seven-year-old twin girls. The house had seemed wistful and lonely with its empty bedrooms for the past few years. Of all the six children only Orval had remained in the Rogue River valley after his marriage. Wanda had married Willie Pflugrad, whose older sister had married Cal. After their marriage they had made their home in Washington State. The two youngest boys, Glen and Johnny, Jr., had married local girls and moved to different parts of the State to live.

And so the occasional visits of their children and grandchildren were high lights to which John and Laura Ross looked forward with eager anticipation, and for which they made enthusiastic preparation.

They began to count the days until the missionary family would arrive. Then the hours.

The bedrooms upstairs had been cleaned and garnished, and the white ruffled curtains fluttered gaily in the summer breeze; the hedge bore a freshly manicured look and the flower beds were gay and bright against the green of the lawn.

Then they were there, and the house resounded with gaiety and laughter.

After the first greetings were over, John and Laura looked gravely at their daughter and son-in-law. "We'll have to see that you gain some weight and get some color back into your faces," they observed with concern.

"We'll be fine once we've gone through a brisk winter again. The year-round tropical heat drains the color and energy right out through one's pores! I guess

we do look a little pale compared with most people in the States—but just give us a little time," Wilma answered happily.

The twins had already climbed an apricot tree in the back yard and were enthusiastically disposing of the luscious fruit. Their parents and grandparents wandered leisurely over the lawn inspecting the shrubs, flowers, and trees.

Laura, walking ahead, called to her daughter from the back yard. "Come on back and look at our vegetable garden," she urged. "You can get an idea of what you'll be eating the rest of the summer when you see our garden!"

To the returning missionaries that garden looked like Paradise regained! There were strawberries ripe and red in the leafy rows; tomatoes in abundance weighing down the giant vines; rows of green peas and long, tender green beans held up by rows of poles and wires; there were carrots, beets, cabbage, lettuce, radishes, and green onions, and far to the back there were rows and rows of tall green corn flaunting yellow tassels in the breeze.

And between the house and garden the yellow Gravensteins pulled the limbs of the apple trees groundward, while the peaches in the back row blushed from among their curling leaves.

"Say, what's for supper?" the son-in-law was calling from the strawberry patch. "I think I can eat a lot of everything!"

"You'll soon have the chance," Mother Ross said happily. "We have everything about ready, and you'll have to eat a lot to do it justice."

During the meal, John and Laura Ross exchanged glances across the table. There was happy chatter going on all around them, and it was hard to hear anything.

Before the supper dishes were quite finished, Orval came in with his wife, Edna, and small son, David. "We just couldn't wait any longer," Orval told Wilma. "It's been seven years since your last furlough!"

"My, I'd like to hug you all at once," Wilma said as she proceeded to hug them each in turn. "And look what these last seven years have done for *you*—got yourself a wife and family!" She took Edna's hand. "We were *so* happy when we heard of Orval's interest in the Curtis family—in *you*, that is. I've always had a warm place in my heart for the Curtises ever since your father baptized Cal and me when we were children years ago in Colorado."

Edna smiled. "My father used to tell us about the Rosses whenever he'd return from his trips to the San Luis valley. Little did I dream then that I too would be a Ross!"

"Sounds like something out of a book," Orval observed. "But I can assure you it's the real thing!"

"Now, if the others were only near

enough to run in like this! Glen and Johnny were still in church school when you left for the mission field over fourteen years ago," John observed.

"A lot can happen in fourteen years," Orval reflected. "But I guess no one knows better than you who've been overseas. Say, how about telling us some of your experiences?"

"Yes, please do," the others pleaded.

After two hours of listening to mission stories, the gray-haired couple beamed proudly. "We could listen to such accounts all night long. We always wanted to do work like that ourselves, but we'll have to be content with letting our children do the missionary work, I guess."

"There's more than one kind of missionary work," their daughter reminded them. "I can't remember when you folks haven't been more concerned over the needs of others than of your own. Why, that's where I got my desire to become a missionary in the first place—right at home listening to you talk about your activities, in church and out—giving out literature, giving Bible studies, and helping others in need. Why, such work has always been the main topic of discussion in our home, if my memory serves me right."

Chester, Wilma's husband, smiled at her, and laid an arm across her shoulders. "I think the dear, faithful church members—the sacrificing, self-effacing fathers and mothers who 'stay by the stuff'—who give of their means, and who perform the humble, day-by-day tasks, who train and dedicate their sons and daughters to the cause they love, and show constant concern for the well-being of their fellow men, are the real missionaries of the world after all!"

"And the folks have done plenty of that," Orval said as he rose to go. "Even while they struggled with their own financial problems during the worst of the depression, they took in a destitute family of six for a whole winter, and—"

The light from a carved wood table lamp seemed to form a halo about the gray-haired couple as they rose. "Now, none of that!" they smiled with a toss of their heads. "After all, we only did our duty as we saw it—nothing more. We had shelter and plenty of food, and they didn't. It's time to go to bed now, I think!"

A month later John and Laura Ross accompanied their "children from the mission field" on a visit to "the boys'" home up the McKenzie River.

"You'll notice many changes here too," John warned as they turned the car eastward on the highway out of Springfield.

The winding highway had been widened and straightened, and the once-familiar landmarks had taken on a new look. The old lane, lined with wild roses and honeysuckle, led back to the house

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*To the
Bride*

*To the
Groom*

By WILLIAM ELDON MAY

He is waiting at the altar.
He, whose heart has chosen you,
Now with love waits to receive you
To be his your whole life through.

As you give your young life to him
To become his darling wife,
Bear in mind that rain and sunshine
Make the rainbows of this life.

Share your joys of life together.
Together take your griefs to God,
And the skies will all be brighter
O'er the pathway that you trod.

Give your heart's love and devotion.
He full measure will repay,
And if faith and love sustain you,
You will conquer, come what may.

And if children be your blessing—
Joy of life, fruit of your love—
Guide them in the path of service.
Train them here to live above.

Then when sin's long night is ended,
And this earth no more we trod,
May you share your lives together
In the Paradise of God.

To this altar comes a maiden,
Comes to give herself to you,
Gives her heart, her life, her being—
Yours to keep your whole life through.

Take the hand in love she offers,
Cherish her through all of life—
Through its sunshine and its shadow,
Through its peace and through its strife.

Guard her from the coarse and evil.
Shield her from the things that shame.
Spare her heart those other sorrows—
Thoughtless deeds and words that pain.

Share with her life's brighter moments.
Help her o'er the stony way.
Thus will faith and love grow stronger
As you journey day by day.

Take her with you morn and evening
To the altar of the Lord.
Pray together for His Spirit;
Feed together from His Word.

Then when earth's last hour is numbered,
And the gift of life is given,
Side by side in glorious union
May Christ bring you home to heaven.



NE thousand," then "two thousand" read the elevation signboards as we approached the entrance to that wonder of wonders, Death Valley—that searing and wasted valley that lies far below the level of the sea in eastern California. Then the three-thousand board flashed past, and soon the car eased its laboring purr and started through a pass that was the gateway to a slowly descending dry wash that grew wider as the miles sped by.

The father-son team had talked for weeks of making this trip, thrilling more and more with expectation each time the subject was mentioned. The happy starting date had arrived. Camp gear was in the car—sleeping bags, tarpaulin, cots, water jugs, stove, food, even a home-made evaporative cooler. We were to camp on the desert floor of Death Valley under the canopy of diamond-studded sky.

At six in the morning the home folks were left behind. The breakfast stop was at eight. Lunch was at Death Valley Junction at noon. The ride was a pleasant one, with cooling desert breezes fanning our faces as we sped along, for the time of year assured us pleasant weather conditions even in this valley of torrid fame. A few specimens of Ming tree possibilities were added to our load as the first trophies of our trip, which already was proving of remarkable interest.

We had dropped down about a thousand feet when a well-labeled fork in the road directed us to the left. We were eager to comply, for the road led us to that breath-taking lookout, the summit of the mountain peak—Dante's View. Now the motor again began to labor as we passed three thousand, then four thousand, then five thousand feet elevation. Soon the hairpin curves appeared, and far above we could see the silhouette of our goal. The motor tugged its way to the top in low gear.

We stood on the brink of Dante's View, 5,400 feet above sea level, plus 280 feet more to the floor of Death Valley—and everywhere below was salt. Sixty miles to the south, hidden by projecting mountains, was the lower limit of the valley. Directly across, about twenty miles away, was Sentinel Peak, 9,480 feet high, and Telescope Peak, 11,045 feet. To the north, far beyond our view, was the upper boundary and Scotty's Castle, "Death Valley Scotty's" mansion of world renown. Below, more than a mile down, was Badwater, the lowest point in the valley—282 feet below sea level.

We stood enchanted, marveling, until we found our voices and began to comment in exclamations of astonishment. We were bound by amazement and wonder as we viewed the vast desert gulf below with its splashes of white in every direction, for God must have left this stretch of bleakness and waste for the admiration and wonderment of those

Gentle breezes, arid and laden with alkali, salt, and borax, fanned our faces and parched our lips as we felt

The Lure of Death

By GEORGE C



was just above our heads and seemed so very, very near.

Gentle breezes, arid and laden with alkali, salt, and borax parched our lips. The night was quiet with a stillness that could be heard and felt. There were no flies, insects, birds, or any kind of wildlife to disturb. All that did disturb was the silence, with its imaginings, if its comfort and charm could be so termed.

Morning came, a dawn draped with a gorgeous sunrise, and rain clouds shrouded the top of Telescope Peak. Breakfast was quickly disposed of. We left our camp well anchored and partially packed so we could quickly erect it when we returned. Now we headed for the Devil's Golf Course, Badwater, the ruins of Harmony borax works, Scotty's Castle, and other points of interest.

The Amargosa River, the main source of Death Valley moisture, exclusive of the infrequent rains, rises far to the north and east of the valley and flows in a south-easterly direction to Reno, where it turns west and enters the valley. Its course is then northwest into the floor of the valley, where it ends in the salt fields and the small pond of Badwater. Miles before the Amargosa enters the valley it has flowed leisurely through the desert and has already acquired a strong alkali-salt solution.

Badwater is a shallow pool about a hundred feet across, which is slowly growing smaller. Evaporation has left the ground surface for miles around honeycombed and uncertain to foot travel, with a salt solution only a foot below the surface and much in evidence. Even the mountainsides and gorges indicate a sloughing away of the alkali and salt content of the soil, leaving honeycombed sand and gravel hanging perilously and threateningly above our heads.

Furnace Creek Inn, an oasis in the desert, is the bright spot. If there was once a Furnace Creek, we did not find it. But there is a sufficient amount of fresh water from several springs nearby

who chose to explore its depths and marvels.

It was indeed a valley of death to the forty-niners. We had followed their trail all afternoon. They were seeking a gateway to the gold fields of California. For twenty-five miles they had negotiated the dry wash to the present location of Furnace Creek Inn. Water was scarce, and the party could not agree on their course. Some turned south, and perished at Badwater, the water being clear as crystal but of dense salt solution. The rest of the party turned north. The survivors crossed the valley at Stovepipe Wells and found exit at Towne Pass, 5,250 feet elevation, through the Panamint Range.

Reluctantly, but urged by the lengthening shadows of Telescope Peak, Father and I left this fascinating vista. An hour before sunset we spread camp, and we were soon relishing a supper of vegetable soup, kidney beans and lemon juice, bread and butter, fruit, and nuts. Best of all, the dishes were few. Daylight sped away, and there was just enough cloud formation to supply an overcast for a most beautiful sunset.

The camp lamp was lighted and we read and talked. But soon we were gazing open-eyed, void of sleep, at myriad stars that seemed to gather above our cots to assure us of a restful and refreshing sleep in the desert night. A reverent fancy led us far a-sky, into the realms of endless light years, for Orion

Valley

ENCE HOSKIN

to supply the needs of the inn and irrigate its tropiclike grounds and park. Hotel and cabins are available for the tourist.

The old borax works of twenty-mule-team fame is slowly disintegrating. Only a skeleton remains to remind us of the ingenuity and thrift of the adventurous pioneers who conquered the desert wastes of Death Valley. Every effort is being made to shield and preserve the remains.

It is difficult to describe Zabreskie Point, a short distance from Furnace Creek Inn. A side road leads to the point a few thousand feet above the valley floor. The approach leads through shallow canyons of bright yellow clay, with odd formations of jagged peaks all

around. A certain fascination possesses one as he finds himself surrounded with these freaks of upheaval. The view of the valley beggars description at this point.

Several of the side roads of remarkable scenic value were closed by landslides, the result of a recent heavy torrential rain, and we were not permitted to roam at will. These were left for the next trip.

Death Valley Scotty's Castle—the apex for all Death Valley tourists. Scotty was a desert character of human ambitions and desires. The report is that he possessed an uncanny ability to locate water. He and his faithful burro could travel for days away from his cabin without seeming to suffer from thirst. Others who followed him in an attempt to learn the source of his gold supply would perish in the trackless canyons and alluvial fans.

For several years he traveled with Buffalo Bill's Circus of more than a half century ago. Tiring of the excitement, he retired to his old haunts in Death Valley. Knowing every foot of the valley (so the report has it), he was able to select the one strategic spot for his home. Here he spent ten years erecting a mansion that was to rival the extravagance of Old World castles, with furnishings, drapes, equipment, services, tiling, wood carvings, mosaics, and general splendor beyond description. When the railroad entering the valley was abandoned and dismantled, Scotty purchased the ties for fuel in his beautiful fireplace. The ties cost him \$1,500, and he paid \$25,000 to have them transported to his castle. This

was the only fuel available in the valley, and now there is sufficient fuel stored in Tie Canyon to last the castle for several hundred years.

The source of Scotty's fabulous gold supply was not a mine, as many were led to believe. Scotty had once befriended a fine gentleman of wealth and influence, of the same adventurous nature and with similar likes and dislikes, who took great delight and satisfaction in building to his friend's whims and glory.

This benefactor and his wife lived but a few years in the castle to enjoy the fruits of their toil. Scotty came quietly to his end a few years ago, and the castle is left to be viewed and marveled at by a curious public.

As we strolled through the rooms and halls and sat in the large music salon listening to the \$50,000 organ, we were suddenly brought back to earth by an exclamation of a woman standing near. "Wouldn't it be fun just to go right on living here forever?" That remark of earnestness and sincerity came from one who knew not that she spoke a reality for those who find comfort and hope in the words "They shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat: for as the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands."

The trip had been planned for photographic purposes, the junior member of the team being a devotee of the art. But the overcast sky grew more heavy, until it was impossible to secure good color shots. The team went into a huddle and decided to fold camp and return home, and to make another attempt at a later date.

Death Valley is a gem of desert lore and mystery, rich and rewarding. Death Valley is different. Its light and shadows are revealing; its mountains and gorges are rugged and vast. Its winds are varied, sometimes soothing and at times irritating; its air is dry and withering; its dust is penetrating. Its cloud formations are rare, interesting, and marvelous; its water is scarce, and lifegiving in the extreme. Its silence is overwhelming. Its character, its color, its historical background, and its intense human interest are almost indescribable. There is only one Death Valley.

The clouds over the valley continued to mass. From Telescope Peak they rolled down the mountainside, obscuring those magnificent formations of shapely ruggedness. Misty at first, the drops began to splash the windshield. Camp was dismantled, and reluctantly we stowed things in the car. Our camera trip was at an end. We needed the wipers the entire 330 miles home. We hope for more auspicious weather for our next trip into the treasured scenes of Death Valley.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Death Valley Scotty spent ten years erecting his mansion, which rivals the extravagance of Old World castles with its furnishings, drapes, tiling, wood carvings, mosaics, and general splendor.

THE cars disappeared down the road looking like big bugs trailed by a cloud of dust. Pressed tightly into ten Volkswagens, fifty student colporteurs were leaving for another full day's work, cheerfully singing Missionary Volunteer songs.

This is a typical picture at the West German Marienhoehe Missionary Seminary every Wednesday morning. While most of the academy students and those taking commercial subjects continue with their daily routine, those in the college group have the day off to canvass. Between fifty and sixty young people respond each week, most of them theology students who do not mind attending Sunday classes. Nothing can keep them back from witnessing for their Master, and what thrilling experiences they tell when they return.

Frankfurt, Mainz, Mannheim, Ludwigshafen, Worms, and Heidelberg are only some of the cities covered systematically year after year. People in that part of the country have become accustomed to the boys who represent the Adventist college at Darmstadt. The school enjoys an excellent reputation.

With a population of well over half a million, Darmstadt is conveniently in the center of a prosperous industrial area. Any of the cities mentioned can be reached by car in less than two hours, which gives our students enough time for a full day's work. Those preferring small towns are given territory closer to the college.

The sun had not yet risen above the tree-covered hills north of the school. Knowing that the field secretary was soon leaving to assist some beginners in selling books, I decided it was time to see him.

Eduard had just recently graduated from theology and had proved a wise leader and good organizer. We called him Eddy for short.

Upon my arrival at his office I found

him seriously studying a large wall map covered with red- and blue-headed pins.

"All set for a big day?" he inquired with a broad smile, eyes sparkling with enthusiasm. "You may go to Frankfurt, Wiesbaden, Heidelberg—anywhere you like as long as you limit yourself to American colonies. Would you like to begin in Frankfurt? You can ride with me in that case."

"Sorry, Eddy, but I think I should work the colony at the bottom of the hill just southeast of here today, since this is my first experience canvassing among English-speaking people. You don't object, do you?"

"Go ahead, but report to me tonight. Remember, we are all praying for one another," and he turned to the map again.

I paused long enough to see him remove the pin that marked the location where I had labored previously as a member of one of the other groups. Before the day was over there would be more changes made on this map, as the

driver of each car reported the names of each town covered. A blue-headed pin indicated that a town had been worked through with books; red marked towns that were full of our magazines.

A timetable was being kept up to date, so that in due course the same territory could be canvassed again. Statistics were available to group leaders revealing the distribution of the Protestant and Catholic population. Recent figures in sales and orders proved that Eddy's system worked.

Shortly before noon I was approaching a house at the end of the road that led up through the forest to the seminary. I was getting hungry.

"Oh, another home that needs dog protection and a fence to keep salesmen away," I thought to myself as I rang the bell, and sought shelter behind the wooden gate as two dogs, barking furiously, came racing toward me.

When the door opened, a young woman dressed in slacks and wearing lipstick appeared. She spoke a stern command to the dogs, who retreated before she bade me come in.

"You mustn't be offended at their way of saying Hello. They never hurt anyone. I am Mrs. Cramer. Can I help you?"

While I was giving my pre-canvass, someone in the direction of the living room called in German, "Doris, who is there?"

Somewhat surprised to find German-speaking people in a colony of American families, I wondered what would happen next.

"Oh, come here, Mother, there is somebody to talk to us about health," answered the young woman also in German.

Now I inquired, "You don't mind if I join the conversation in the language so familiar to both of you?"

"Not at all," I was assured, as Mrs. Cramer introduced her mother, Mrs.

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Faith Sharing at MARIENHOEHE

By DIETER P. HAIN



REVIEW AND HERALD PHOTO

Marienhoehe Missionary Seminary, West Germany, where students witness for God every Wednesday.

Sabbath School LESSON

Prepared for Publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

The Ministry of Peter

LESSON FOR JUNE 15

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 9:32-11:18.

MEMORY GEM: "God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him" (Acts 10:34, 35).

OUTSIDE READING: *The Acts of the Apostles*, chapter 14.

Inspiration

"Peter went up upon the housetop to pray about the sixth hour: and he became very hungry, and would have eaten: but while they made ready, he fell into a trance, and saw heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth: wherein were all manner of fourfooted beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air. And there came a voice to him, Rise, Peter; kill, and eat. But Peter said, Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten any thing that is common or unclean.

"And the voice spake unto him again the second time, What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common. This was done thrice: and the vessel was received up again into heaven. Now while Peter doubted in himself what this vision which he had seen should mean, behold, the men which were sent from Cornelius had made enquiry for Simon's house, and stood before the gate, and called, and asked whether Simon, which was surnamed Peter, were lodged there." "And he said unto them, Ye know how that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company, or come unto one of another nation; but God shewed me that I should not call any man common or unclean" (Acts 10:9-18, 28).

Spirit of Prophecy

"Cornelius, the Roman centurion, was a man of wealth and of noble birth. His position was one of trust and honor. A heathen by birth, training, and education, through contact with the Jews he had gained a knowledge of the true God, and he worshiped Him, showing the sincerity of his faith by compassion to the poor. . . .

"Cornelius had not a knowledge of the gospel as revealed in the life and death of Christ, and God sent a message direct from heaven to him, and by another message directed the apostle Peter to visit and instruct him. Cornelius was not united with the Jewish church, and he would have been looked upon by the rabbis as a heathen and unclean; but God read the sincerity of his heart, and sent messengers from His throne to unite with His servant on earth in teaching the gospel to this officer of Rome.

"So today God is seeking for souls among the high as well as the low. There are many like Cornelius, men whom He desires to connect with His church. Their sympathies are with the Lord's people. But the ties that bind them to the world hold them firmly. It requires moral courage for these men to take their position with the lowly ones. Special effort should be made for these souls, who are in so great danger because of their responsibilities and associations.

"Much is said concerning our duty to the neglected poor; should not some attention be given to the neglected rich?"—*The Ministry of Healing*, pp. 209, 210.

"The Bible condemns no man for being rich, if he has acquired his riches honestly. Not money, but the love of money, is the root of all evil. It is God who gives men power to get wealth; and in the hands of him who acts as God's steward, using his means unselfishly, wealth is a blessing, both to its possessor and to the world."—*Ibid.*, p. 212.

Notes

Interesting Terms: "Centurion." An officer in the Roman army, commanding a hundred men. "Band." The Greek word so translated indicates any unit of from 4,000 to 6,000 men. "Housetop." The flat roof of a Syrian house offered a place of family privacy, away from the turmoil of the street. Frequently a small room was built on the housetop, and almost always there was a canopy for shelter. "Remission of sins." The "sending away" of sin, that is, the separation of sin from the sinner (Ps. 103:10-12). "Devout." A term used to describe Gentiles who have taken the first steps toward professing Judaism.

The lesson of Peter's experience on the housetop is made crystal clear in Acts 10:28—"God hath shewed me that I should not call any man common or unclean." To the Jews, Gentiles were no better than dogs. Peter says he learns from this experience that Gentiles and Jews are all men.

But in addition to this testimony there are four factors in the story itself that support this conclusion. The first is "he fell into a trance" (v. 10); the second, "as it had been a great sheet" (v. 11); the third, "this vision which he had seen" (v. 17); and the fourth, total silence on the subject of Peter's eating anything contained in the sheet.

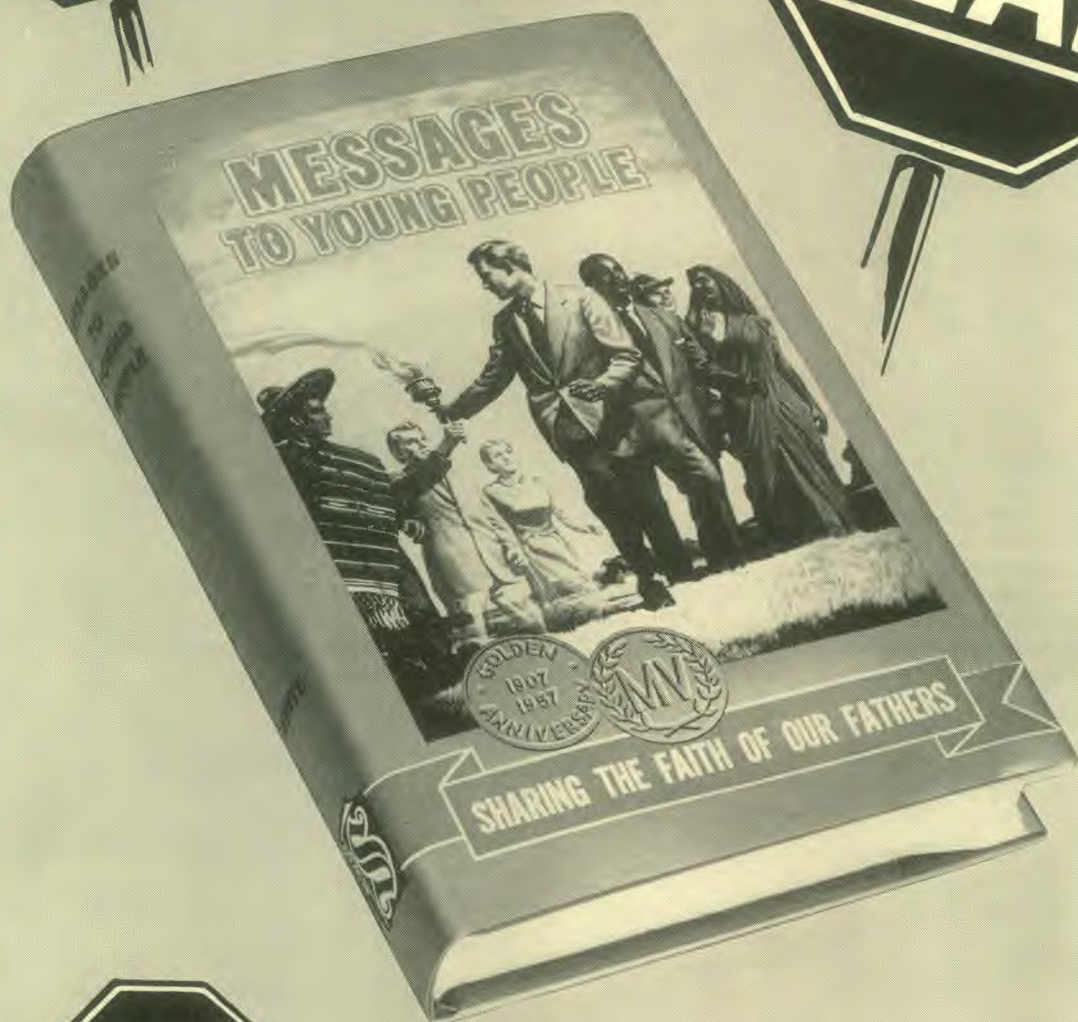
Instead of reading a parable in a book, or hearing one in a sermon, Peter saw a parable in a vision. There was no actual sheet before him with all manner of living things. It was "as it had been a great sheet." Young's translation reads, "a certain vessel, as a great sheet," and Weymouth makes it read thus, "what seemed to be an enormous sheet."

Further, when Peter related this experience in the next chapter he used precisely these same three expressions all over again. And the brethren in Judea concluded with him, "Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life" (Acts 11:18).

Quizangles

1. What did Peter do for Aeneas? _____
2. How many in Lydda turned to the Lord? _____
3. Who was Tabitha? _____
4. What did Peter do for her? _____
5. Who was Cornelius? _____
6. What did the angel tell him to do? _____
7. What did Peter learn from the vision of the sheet and the living creatures? _____
8. Who told Peter to go with Cornelius' men? _____
9. How did Cornelius and his household respond to Peter's mission? _____
10. What was the climax of Peter's mission? _____

NEXT WEEK, June 22, lesson title: "The Work at Antioch." Scripture References: Acts 11:19-30; 13:1-3. Memory Gem: Acts 11:26. Outside Reading: *The Acts of the Apostles*, ch. 16.



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SPRINGTIME is salad time. Try serving a salad plate, which with a tasty soup and a simple dessert makes a nutritionally adequate meal.

Selection and care of vegetables:

1. If grown in one's back yard, pick early in the morning as needed.
2. If purchased, buy as fresh as possible and as needed.
3. Wash thoroughly, do not cut or peel; dry and put in refrigerator as soon as possible until needed.
4. Prepare vegetables for cooking or salad just before using.
5. Use dark green vegetables instead of bleached, as celery, endive, and so on. Save all outside leaves.
6. Use vine-ripened tomatoes, if possible. Their vitamin content increases with maturity.

Now, with all the delicious salad dressings you had in last week's article and the following suggestions for salads, you are really going to have fun! Here is a chance to use your creative ability and make some real pictures.

Corn Salad

Cooked corn cut off cob, chopped green and red peppers, onions, and soy mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce.

Carrot and Coconut

Grate equal amounts of crisp carrots and fresh coconut, grated rind of one orange, juice of one orange. Mix all together and serve on crisp lettuce.

Nuteena Salad

1 cup cubed Nuteena*
 ½ pkg. uncooked frozen peas
 1 cup chopped celery
 Soy mayonnaise and pimiento
 Mix thoroughly; serve on salad greens.

Golden Slaw

1 cup shredded turnip
 1 cup shredded cabbage
 1 cup shredded carrot
 Chopped onion to taste
 Watercress

Toss vegetables together lightly and serve with soy mayonnaise.

Minted Tomatoes

Slice tomato, chill, season with salt and a whisper of brown sugar or honey, chopped fresh mint, and lemon juice. Maybe thin slices of fresh cucumber, too. Put all in an individual bowl.

Ambrosia Salad

Dice oranges and nut meats, add grated fresh coconut. Mix carefully and serve.

Stuffed Tomato

Stuff with:
 corn salad
 sauerkraut
 cole slaw
 soy cheese salad

Top with soy mayonnaise and garnish with pimiento.



LOMA LINDA FOODS

MORE SALAD IDEAS

By M. DOROTHEA VAN GUNDY

Tomato Cabbage Slaw

Shredded cabbage
 Finely chopped tomato
 Soy mayonnaise
 Mix thoroughly, chill, and serve

Banana and Nut Butter Sandwich Salad

Slice banana lengthwise and spread with generous layer of nut butter; add top and serve whole on shredded lettuce.

Avocado Supreme

Cut a ripe avocado in half lengthwise; remove seed; peel; brush cut surfaces with lemon juice. Just before serving, spoon tomato aspic in center. Serve half an avocado on each chilled salad plate with soy cheese, apricots, sweet cherries, and watermelon balls with brown-bread-and-butter sandwiches. Pass French Dressing.

CCC Salad

Shred unpeeled cucumber and two carrots. Mix lightly with 1 cup mashed soy cheese. Serve on shredded lettuce. Garnish with soy mayonnaise.

Lettuce Rolls

1 head lettuce
 1 cup soy cheese
 ½ cup raisins
 ½ cup walnuts
 soy mayonnaise
 salt
 pimiento

Mix cheese, raisins, walnuts, and soy mayonnaise and place spoonful on lettuce leaf. Roll as jellyroll. Garnish with pimiento strips.

California Fruit Salad

Equal parts of sectioned:
 grapefruit
 oranges
 unpeeled red apples, cubed
 avocado, cubed
 banana, sliced

Use equal parts of lemon juice and honey with chopped fresh mint leaves for dressing. Cubed Nuteena* is a nice addition to this.

Vegetable Plate

Arrange raw vegetables on a large plate around a bowl of deluxe spread.** Any combination of vegetables may be used such as raw cauliflower, zucchini slices or wedges, broccoli, celery, tomato wedges, etc.

Cantaloupe Surprise Salad

Cut in half small cantaloupe and remove seeds. Take out cantaloupe to make balls. Put one serving Nuteena* mixed with soy mayonnaise and chopped celery in bottom of each cantaloupe and pile in cantaloupe balls with any variety of fruit.

Jeweled Beet Salad

1 pkg. Jell Quik,* raspberry
 1½ cups boiling water, or liquid from canned beets, if they are used in place of raw beets
 1 cup finely grated beets, raw or cooked
 2 Tbsp. lemon juice
 ¼ cup chopped celery
 ¼ tsp. salt

Dissolve Jell Quik in boiling water and boil for two minutes. Add other ingredients and place in individual molds or large mold.

When set, may be unmolded and garnished with salad greens. Serve with soy mayonnaise. Serves 6.

Soy Cheese Salad

- 1 cup soy cheese (fresh or canned)
- 1/4 cup chopped celery
- 2 Tbsp. chopped parsley
- 1 pimiento, chopped
- 2 or 3 Tbsp. soy mayonnaise
- 2 Tbsp. chopped olives

Mix thoroughly and serve on tomatoes, pineapple, or lettuce.
 These salads carry a lot of the protective elements, and they are tops in taste and eye-appeal.

* Products put out by the Loma Linda Food Company.
 ** Recipe in last week's issue.

Next Week: What's New in Desserts?



Bible-Crostic

Fill in the missing words in the Scripture clues. Under each letter of these words you will find a number. Write each letter in the square that contains the same number as the letter. When you have written all the letters in their proper places, you will be able to read a well-known verse of Scripture.

- 1 . . . Except a corn of — 18 28 7 30 15 — fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; . . . (John 12:24)
- 2 And gavest them — 1 33 10 22 8 — from heaven for their hunger, . . . (Neh. 9:15)
- 3 . . . And thou shalt — 37 5 23 21 — to many nations, . . . (Deut. 15:6)
- 4 . . . I have set before thee an open — 24 35 — and no man can shut it; . . . (Rev. 3:8)
- 5 . . . God called unto him out of the midst of the — 4 2 34 16 —, . . . (Ex. 3:4)
- 6 And a man's — 14 19 32 12 — shall be they of his own household. (Matt. 10:36)
- 7 . . . The — 17 6 29 — is not satisfied with seeing, . . . (Eccl. 1:8)
- 8 Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to — 3 20 38 — you, . . . (1 Pet. 4:12)
- 9 . . . Ye are of this world; I am — 36 9 27 — of this world. (John 8:23)
- 10 He shall not fail — 25 13 31 — be discouraged, . . . (Isa. 42:4)



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Key on page 25



On the Other Side

To the Editor of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR:

I want to comment regarding the article "But I Can't" in the February 5, 1957, issue of the INSTRUCTOR.

This story caused much discussion in my family circle, and I give you our conclusions: The author had a purpose in writing the story and she accomplished that purpose. As we saw it, it showed the betrayal by members of one's own house to the place where a true witness could not speak for her Lord. How true to life this betrayal is! But on the other side—such betrayal never hinders any man from giving his personal witness.

This is the point where a wrong philosophy may be established in the story. It is saying, silently, that when relatives betray you, then your personal testimony must be silent. Not true!

I think the boy is honest in seeking an answer to his problem. He has asked for advice of one he thinks might have an answer. He has come to the right source. The mother knows.

This is the open door. If this were the recurrence of a physical malady, you would quickly tell him the truth, regardless of your own maladies or those of your family.

True, you may have to apologize; you may have to be humiliated; you may have to be sorry and even admit your own failure as well as the betrayals. But the way is wide open to tell clearly what you believe is the inner, subconscious problem of your daughter's trouble.

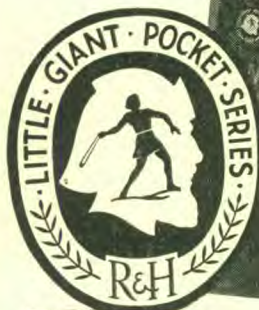
You can say to him, "This is the way she was taught and the way she thought in the developing years of her girlhood. This is what she is trying to run away from. This may be her basic problem.

"I would suggest that you say to her, 'Let's go to church once or twice a month. Let's talk with a preacher and see if we can find some help.' Take her to the church of her childhood and see the effects. Watch her closely. Note any change for the good, and if it comes, then—if you want her to be happy and to have a happy home—go all the way with it, no matter what it costs."

Just as he wrote confidently to you, so you as the mother-in-law should in turn open up and bare your heart confidentially to him; tell him just what you think in the kindest terms and clearest language possible, without criticism (except of yourself) or coercion. This will do more than all the literature you can send him. At least you will be honest, and he won't flounder in this direction longer.

A Non-Adventist Reader

The foregoing letter, together with a number of other written and oral comments, was received shortly after publication of the February 5 article carrying the by-line of Ann Clayton. We have shown this letter to the author, and she is in full accord with its sentiments. Readers will be glad to learn that she did find ways of helping her son-in-law and daughter. The recital of the complications brought on by compromising Christians she wrote in the hope of awakening the conscience of those who forget that they have an accountability for their influence. For this reason we published it.—ED.



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MV Share Your Faith FRONTIERS

Once in a Lifetime

From page 12

Lay Members Witness in West Africa

By I. Nwaobia

ABA, EAST NIGERIA, WEST AFRICA.—My faith is always challenged when I hear and see the wonderful work of some good Adventists, especially that of lay members. Mrs. Elijah was a teacher in a non-Adventist school in the Calabar province in East Nigeria. When she accepted Adventism she did not hesitate to share her faith with others.

She has organized a branch Sabbath school near her home and another one two miles away. Every Sabbath she goes the two miles to conduct Sabbath school while a friend, whom Mrs. Elijah led into the church, stays home to take charge of the other one. This means a great deal of sacrifice on the part of these ladies, but what a joy it is to them to be able to work for the Master!

May the Lord bless the untiring effort of Mrs. Elijah and her friend in proclaiming the good tidings in their vicinity.

There are many such stories of faithful activities by our lay members here where heathenism prevails. The Adventist spirit is always evident, and many are being saved from heathenism.

Six Youth Camps in South India

By J. I. Crawford

BANGALORE, INDIA.—During the winter months successful youth camps were held in South India at Nuzvid, Narsapur, Madras, Vellore, Kudikadu, and Kottarakara.

The Nuzvid camp was held in the Christmas season. Fifty nurses were under the direction of Ella Mae Stoneburner and other members of the staff of Giffard Memorial Hospital. High light of the camp was a long hike through wild, rugged territory to the site of an ancient fort. Fruitage of the days of study came when 40 young people were invested.

R. E. Shorter directed the Narsapur camp. The entire student body of Narsapur High School spent a quiet time of rest and study by the sea.

The sea was also the setting for the Kudikadu camp. Sixty-three students of our E. D. Thomas Memorial High School visited Point Calimere, on the extreme southeast tip of India. Sixty students were invested in MV classes.

The Kottarakara camp was held in a mountainous area where wild life abounded. John Parobek, the principal of Kottarakara High School was camp director.

Detroit Regional Leadercraft Goal

By Wayne Maycock

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.—Speaking on behalf of the Lake Region MV department, and emphasizing the importance of 1957 as MV 50th Anniversary year, Ivan Thomson says that the Leadercraft Course goal in the regional churches for 1957 is one hundred trained instructors in the Detroit area.

He has made available an instructor to assist each church in meeting suggested goals. Mrs. Claradean Doram was assigned to assist in the Belleville, Milan, and Inkster churches; Mrs. Sally Simms in the Detroit Burns Avenue church; Miss Miriam Davis in the City Temple church; and Ivan Thomson in the Ypsilanti and Ecorse churches.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF R. A. TYSON

Susan Phelps, of Dover, and Pete Viehman, of Wilmington, Delaware, dressed in costume of fifty years ago, participated in a program at the recent Tri-Conference Golden Anniversary Youth Rally at Hagerstown, Maryland, held by Chesapeake, East Pennsylvania, and West Virginia MV departments. Elder W. C. Moffett (center) was present at Mount Vernon when the Missionary Volunteer Department was organized during a convention in July, 1907.

at the edge of the evergreens. There was a curio shop that belonged to "the boys" out along the highway. A lush filbert grove that hadn't been there before was flourishing between the house and the highway.

There were other changes about the beloved old place. The elderberry tree by the side of the path was bending now under the burden of its maturity; the great cluster of plume grass spread itself like a proud peacock at the edge of the lawn; and the grape vines a few rods to the right of the house now ambled gracefully over an arched trellis and spread leafy tendrils over the east gable.

The car stopped between the woodshed and the old lapidary shop, and for a few minutes one couldn't tell just who was being smothered by whom in the show of affection that followed. The twins had scampered down through the filbert grove while their parents trailed John and Laura and the uncles and aunts inside the cool old house, which had welcomed friends and relatives, and many a stranger, for nearly three decades.

Inside, there were few changes: the usual immaculate order was in evidence, while the savory aromas from the kitchen gave promise of a wonderful noonday meal. Ollie Cole had joined her two brothers and her sister Minnie since she had become a widow.

"So, while I was busy with my own family, you grew up, picked out a husband for yourself, and went off to the mission field—all without any help from me!" Ollie teased as she drew her niece down on the sofa beside her for a little chat. This is just the way Wilma had always remembered Aunt Ollie—like Aunt Minnie—artistic and an excellent cook and housekeeper, with a dash of fun and good humor thrown in as an extra bonus!

"And how's the poet?" the niece asked as Cam came into the room. "Have you anything new? And have you been sending anything out for publication lately?"

Cam grinned. "Oh, I've had a number of things published—some in the newspapers and other periodicals, and some in the *Review* and the *Youth's Instructor* through the years. Maybe I'd have more published if I'd send them out, but I'm my own worst critic—if my work doesn't measure up, I don't send it!"

"James Cameron Ross! I fear you've been cheating the public again. Why, even your name's poetic, and I've never seen any poem with your name attached that doesn't 'measure up'! I think you need a manager!"

They had all laughed then, and John suggested that they go to see the collec-

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

tions. They went to the upstairs rooms first, then on to the lapidary workshops in back, and from there down to the curio shop by the side of the highway.

"Rock hounds" from many States in the Union had, through the years, come here to admire and to add to their own collections by purchase or trade. The curio shop had not only been a source of pleasure, but it had also augmented their income. Even ex-President Herbert Hoover had stopped here occasionally on his way up the McKenzie River to fish.

Ed looked down at his brother's eldest daughter, and smiled. Everyone else had wandered to the little room at the back, and he reached over now and patted his niece's hand. "Good to have you back. I sort of miss you, you know."

"I've missed you, too, Uncle Ed!"

Dear Uncle Ed! He had been, along with her parents, her senior counselor from childhood. She was remembering now the time he had been concerned over a friendship of hers and had come over to have a little heart-to-heart talk with her on the subject.

"Don's not a bad sort," he had said, "but he's just not the one for you, girlie. You need to go on with your education. He's sort of a shiftless lad, and well, don't let your heart carry you away. You have a lot of time yet, you know."

"Uncle Ed," she had asked abruptly, "were you ever in love?"

That point-blank question had startled him somewhat. "Why, yes, I was once in love." His voice was low, tremulous.

"Just once?"

"Just once," he had echoed.

"What happened?" she asked.

"Well, er—she finally married and moved away."

"I didn't know. Why did you let her do that?"

"See this hand?" he had asked, holding up the right one. "I have the use of only two fingers. And I've a bad leg too. I didn't feel that I could make an adequate home for your grandmother and have a wife and family too." His voice had grown inaudible and his eyes misty.

"I'm so sorry," she stammered. "But you shouldn't have stopped to figure everything out like that! There would have been a way. Love always finds a way!"

"No, girlie, there was no way!"

"What was she like?"

"Oh—she was very—pretty and—wonderful! Why, what am I saying?" He had taken his handkerchief from his pocket and pretended to be cleaning his glasses. But the mist was over his eyes, not his glasses. Then he had cleared his throat and said firmly: "Don't ask me any more questions, child. I—I can't— Anyway, I came to talk to you about your problems. Besides, mine is no longer a problem!"

The girl before him had swallowed a



The Bible Year plan came into being shortly before the MV Department was organized on a worldwide basis. Early in 1907, M. E. Kern wrote: "In accordance with the recommendation of the recent council of secretaries of young people's work, a prayer cycle or calendar has been published. A definite line of Bible study is suggested for every day in the year 1907, including suggestions for special objects of prayer. This calendar is published with the hope that many of our young people will be helped, thereby, to form the habit of daily communion with God."

lump in her throat and said, "Thank you for telling me, Uncle Ed. I always knew there was something special about you. You're so unselfish and kind, and always thinking of others! Why, you gave up the most wonderful thing in the world!"

"Girlie," he had said, "you won't know for a good while yet just what it was I gave up. But there are many kinds of happiness. Cam and I have our collections for a satisfying hobby, and I have dear Mother still; and there is Minnie and Cam and your folks, and you and my other nieces and nephews. Besides, I have my Bible studies and my church work, you know. My life is very full."

The girl had brushed a tear away from her eye. "If I can be as good as you and my folks and the rest, and if I can someday do as much good in the world as you have done, I'll be very happy. Don't worry about me any more, Uncle Ed. I won't let my heart run away with me."

"Good girl," he had said, patting her hand in a surge of relief.

"What's the matter?" her Uncle Ed asked now as he examined a polished stone in his hand. "You look as though you'd just seen a ghost or something of the sort!"

"Perhaps I have," his niece laughed. "I was thinking of the time you talked to me about Don. Well, are you satisfied with my final choice, and the outcome?"

"Couldn't have done better if I'd picked him for you myself," he chuckled. "A fine man, your husband! And we're proud of you both. Say, after dinner we have a surprise for you back of the picnic grove."

As soon as the dishes were done they were on their way, and the moment the group emerged from the evergreen grove Wilma and Chester gasped, then stood transfixed.

There in the middle of a clearing stood a lovely little church—a tangible evidence that long-cherished dreams often come true!

"The boys" had donated the church lot and enough timber from their property to practically finish the little church, once it had been milled and cut into proper lumber. Then along with other members they had donated their time and labor until it was completed. And there it stood, so white against the evergreen background—a symbol of faith, prayer, and careful planning on the part of these faithful lay members!

A few days later, as the uncles and aunts gathered around the car to wave good-by to John and Laura and "their children," Ed leaned over and said wistfully, "We're real proud of the good work you've been doing all these years! I'd like to have done that kind of work myself, but my place was here at home."

"We haven't done anything greater in the sight of Heaven than you have done right here," his niece said. "Sometimes I think the greatest missionaries in the world are those who stay at home and carry on the work of the home, the church, and the community. There could be no foreign missions without the lay workers and home missionaries."

This is the sixth installment of an eight-part serial. Part 7 will appear next week.

Faith Sharing at Marienhoehe

From page 16

Specker. "We are both Swiss citizens, but I am married to an American official. Since we speak German, why don't you tell us the purpose of your visit in that language?"

At once I gave a canvass for *Lebensbilder*, a four-volume set of fascinating stories in German. I found later that many Americans bought these religious books for their German employees. I also carried *Life and Health* and *Signs of the Times* in English.

Both women were thrilled, and agreed to purchase a set for Christmas. When I offered personal delivery, Mrs. Cramer suggested that I should come after seven o'clock in order to see her husband who, being quite religious, would be happy to meet me. We agreed on December 18, a few days before I would leave for my Christmas vacation.

In the meantime I continued to study theology, while on Wednesdays I was going from house to house with the books. Because of my experience as interpreter for the U.S. Army, I felt a special burden for the occupation forces and their families. In working among English-speaking people I also sought to gain practice in sharing my faith with Americans, for I planned sooner or later to cross the ocean.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but from January 1, 1954, to May 8, 1954, according to the Distilled Spirits Institute, nine times as many people voted for prohibition as voted against prohibition.

There were 277 local option elections held in that period. The population of the areas affected totaled 768,961.

The population of the wet areas that voted dry stood at 100,683, while the dry areas that voted wet stood at only 10,919.

This steady progress of the dries, referred to by the liquor interests as the "nibbling" tactics of the dry forces, or "creeping prohibition," is a constant worry to the wets, for over 25,000,000 people are now living in dry territory. Local option, they claim, is bringing prohibition in through the back door.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

When on December 18 I called at the Cramer residence, I not only delivered my books but was introduced to a tall, smiling gentleman dressed in civilian clothes. "This is my husband," said Mrs. Cramer.

After shaking hands, he inquired, "So you are the fellow with the books on religion, are you? I hope you brought some spare time along. Come into the living room with me."

Handing me a beautifully decorated jubilee edition of the King James Version, he sat down beside me. For the next hour we talked about the inspiration of the Bible and about Jesus. I discovered that Mr. Cramer had a fairly good knowledge of the Scriptures. He had been attending various churches, but had never been wholly satisfied with their doctrines. "With most of them it's just a matter of making money," he insisted. "What church do you belong to?"

After I told him, he said that he had never heard of Seventh-day Adventists before. "Tell me more about them. What do they teach?"

Before I realized what had happened it was 9:55 P.M., which meant that I had exactly five minutes in which to reach the dormitory. Having expressed my fears about not getting home in time, I was surprised by the offer of Mr. Cramer to drive me up.

In his car he showed an intense desire to know more about my religion. We agreed to meet again the first Wednesday evening of the new year.

When I returned to their home through a thick layer of fresh snow that now covered the countryside, I found Mr. and Mrs. Cramer and Mrs. Specker ready for a good study. After asking the Lord's blessing upon His Word, we talked of God's wonderful plan of salvation.

Soon I discovered that Mrs. Specker was unable to follow in English. For her sake I summarized each point in German. This took more time, of course, but it worked effectively. I was invited back for the following Wednesday evening.

Our second study dealt with prophecy and its place in the plan of salvation. Mr. Cramer became quite enthusiastic about the study of Daniel 2, confessing that never in his life had he heard the Bible explained in this manner.

After my next visit I left with him several pamphlets and a two-volume edition of *Daniel and the Revelation*, by Uriah Smith. In less than two weeks he personally returned these volumes, beaming as he announced, "I have read them through." For Mrs. Specker I had also secured several books in German. These she enjoyed.

After covering most of our doctrines at weekly intervals, I realized that it was time to teach them about health principles. I knew the Cramers were fond of tobacco, tea, coffee, and pork. Asking the Lord for extra help in presenting this important subject, I was seeking opportunity to introduce it as convincingly and attractively as possible.

My chance came sooner than I had expected one evening when Mrs. Cramer turned to me. "Say, how did you ever come to believe all the things you are telling us? You mentioned having formerly been a Lutheran, and I know that a Lutheran doesn't change his religion overnight."

While I was painting a vivid picture of my own conversion, I emphasized the great change that had taken place in my eating and drinking habits. I was careful to mention my break with tobacco.

Astonished, Mrs. Cramer looked at her husband and exploded, "I suppose I should stop smoking cigarettes, then. And you should quit your cigars, honey. The young man is right about their harmful effect."

"As far as pork is concerned," Mrs. Specker interjected, "my doctor doesn't permit me to eat any of it, which goes to show that it is detrimental to good health."

I proceeded to prove from the Bible that our bodies are a temple of the Holy Spirit, and that God requires them to be kept clean. All three seemed impressed.

Mrs. Cramer put away a freshly lit cigarette, announcing emphatically, "Well, if that's what the Bible says, I am quitting cigarettes right now! How about your cigars, honey?"

"If you can quit, I can too," her husband contended.

"Then let's both quit together."

And they did quit. When I came to their home the following Wednesday evening, the ash trays were empty. As Mr. Cramer drove me home I missed the strong aroma of his cigars in the car. God had performed a miracle.

The rest of the story is quickly told: The whole family drank in the truths brought to them from week to week. Soon, I could tell, they would be ready for baptism. Mr. Cramer was in charge of the administration of a million-dollar Army supply camp and had to apply for Sabbath privileges; but God helped him to settle that without much difficulty.

About that time I was getting ready to leave Darmstadt, having made arrangements to canvass in Sweden for the summer holidays before flying to Canada, where I planned to attend Canadian Union College. On my last visit to the Cramer residence I was accompanied by one of the Bible teachers from the seminary. He promised to continue with the Bible studies, and we both prayed for the final surrender of the family to God.

At CUC the following winter I received word from Germany that the Cramers had been baptized.

What a valuable experience it was to take books and magazines into the homes of the surrounding communities at Marienhoehe, and especially to see concrete results from this Share Your Faith venture.

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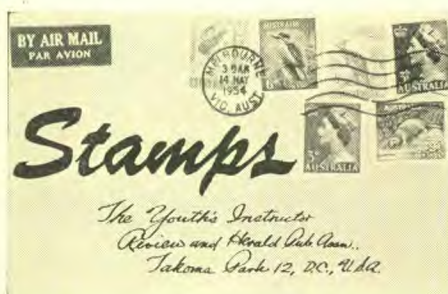
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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



My Philatelic Flower Garden

By BULA L. DEEB

FOR several years I have been collecting stamps with flowers on them. I had them arranged as artistically as I could on separate pages in my stamp album, but I was not satisfied with this prosaic arrangement. I thought such beautiful stamps deserved a lovelier, more natural setting, so in the winter when the weather was too cold to do real gardening, I made a garden indoors—a philatelic flower garden.

Magazines, scrapbooks, and seed catalogs supplied ideas. Then I began sketching on good-grade drawing paper that would take water colors. I drew scenes that would naturally have flowers in them, such as a hill with a tree and low, flowering bushes in the foreground. Also

I drew a lake or river with bushes hanging over the edge. Other scenes included a desert, a waterfall, a rose arbor, a rustic bridge, a house surrounded by flower beds and many other similar scenes that would provide natural backgrounds for my stamps.

These scenes I painted in subdued colors with as little detail as possible and sprayed them with a fixative to set the colors. When the pictures were dry I arranged the stamps on them, putting appropriate flower stamps on the bushes, shrubs, and flower beds.

What would a flower garden be without bees, birds, butterflies, and insects? So I put some bees and butterflies over the flowers and some beetles and other insects on the ground under the plants. Stamps with flying birds on them I put in the open sky, perched birds I put in the trees.

In the desert scene, beside the cactus flower stamps, I put stamps showing a fox and a rattlesnake. In some other scenes I placed a few other creatures, such as a stag drinking from the pool at the foot of the waterfall, a squirrel in a tree, some fish in the water, and a baby near the door of the house.

For protection I put the completed pictures into cellophane page covers—two in each cover, back to back. Then I put

them all in a loose-leaf notebook that was held together securely by screw posts.

Although I am not an artist but just a dauber, the results of my daubing seemed to emphasize the beauty of the stamps and make a pleasing effect well worth the time and effort I put into it.

Stamp Exchange

George P. Goodburn, Bon Accord, Alberta, Canada, has worldwide for worldwide, but prefers British Colony stamps.

Howard Kuar, Thunderbird Academy, Scottsdale, Arizona, has mint U.S. Commemoratives to exchange for mint United Nations.

Roger McFadden, 715 Sandusky St., Mount Vernon, Ohio, has worldwide in exchange for worldwide and is interested in British Commonwealth.

Mildred Berggren, Dar es Salaam Hospital, Alwiyah Park, Baghdad, Iraq (senior 2,000 stamps), has Middle East, particularly Lebanon, Egypt, and Iraq stamps in exchange for worldwide.

Bonnie Bailey, 922 Myrtle Street NE., Atlanta, Ga., would like to exchange worldwide stamps for worldwide.

Mrs. Ben Cornforth, Box 25, Montgomery Creek, Calif., (1,700) has valuable old post cards (1907-1912) in exchange for stamps of similar value or several stamps of less value per card. Also would like to exchange worldwide stamps.

Tamiko's Trials

From page 6

answering her prayers and the prayers of her friends.

It was the closing week of school, with examinations in progress. On Friday morning Tamiko would have an examination, and plans were made to meet her at the church at noon. Other Adventist friends were present and they brought another Japanese girl who had also been through serious home trials.

How the two girls feasted in fellowship together! Each had ears only for the other.

Finally the pastor's wife asked, "When are you coming to our home, Tamiko? Tomorrow after church? or perhaps to-night after young peoples' meeting? or do you want to go now?" Tamiko did not hesitate in her answer. It was just one word, "Now."

It was felt best to go to the local judge to be sure that she was within her rights and that the local authorities understood the situation.

The judge was very sympathetic. "You may live anywhere you want to live. The only thing your father can do is to get legal help. Then the case will come up in my court."

"Thank you so much," said Tamiko.

The judge added, "Whenever I can help you, be free to come and see me."

Greatly encouraged, Tamiko went with the pastor and his wife to their home. However, her difficulties were not yet over.

That evening her stepfather again appeared at the church near her home, looking for his missing daughter. He was told where she was and he went to the pastor's home, hoping to take her home with him. He and her mother talked a long time, scolding, accusing, and condemning. Finally they became discouraged and left.

A chaplain from the camp was sent to interview her. He reminded her of the duty of children to honor their parents. "That is true," Tamiko told him, "but I must obey God first."

The telephones were kept busy, and always it was to accuse and scold.

Again the parents visited her. Now their former courtesy to the pastor's family failed. "What kind of church is this," they wanted to know, "that divides families?" After making threats of bringing pressure to bear, they left, promising to be back soon.

By this time camp meeting was

scheduled. What a happy interlude! Tamiko reveled in the meetings with other Christian young people, though she could not understand all that was said. Her friends were moving to Pennsylvania shortly. They promised to try to find work for her there.

Tamiko went to Pennsylvania a few days after camp meeting and worked for a year in a drapery factory. She has not seen her family since the spring of 1955.

A surprise came to her several months ago, however, when a letter was forwarded to her from her stepfather, asking her forgiveness. She later called her family by long distance telephone, though her mother refused to talk with her. She is praying that somehow God will overcome their prejudice and bring the light of truth to her loved ones.

Now enrolled in a Christian college, Tamiko is taking the pre-nursing course with the hope of someday returning to Japan as a missionary nurse. Her hope is bright for the future.

KEY

Wit Sharpeners

But he ye doers of the word, and not hearers only. . . . (James 1:22)

► THE B-47 bomber has 300 per cent more electronic equipment than the B-29 of World War II.

► GREENLAND's icecap covers 700,000 square miles, an area nearly a fourth the size of the United States. In some places it is more than 10,000 feet thick.

► THERE are nearly four and one-quarter million business enterprises in the U.S. today, ranging in size from the one-man fruit stand to the multiplant industry.

► A SURVEY indicates that Americans who have gone to college have a higher score in church attendance than those who have had only a high school or grade school education.

► NEW DELHI has banned all advertising of alcoholic drinks as a part of its prohibition program. Public drinking is already banned, and two days weekly are completely dry.

► A MEMPHIS, Tennessee, doctor reports an increase of more than 30 per cent in the incidence of stomach ulcers in women, and indicates that career women top the list of ulcer candidates.

► MAURITIUS, a sugar-producing island about 1,000 miles east of Africa, was discovered by the Portuguese, named and occupied by the Dutch, ruled for many years by the French, and is now a British possession.

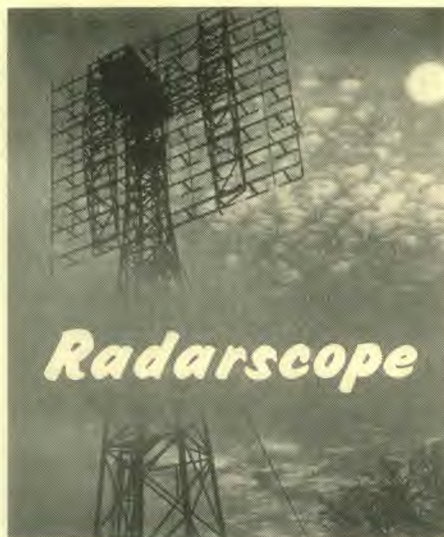
► FLUORESCENT paint is being tested for use on airplanes to help prevent mid-air collisions. Researchers think that orange-red is the right color and have developed a compound that has endured six months of hot-sun tests.

► COUNTING migrating birds as they cross the face of the moon is a common practice among amateur bird watchers during springtime. Using binoculars and telescopes, watchers on Long Island have sighted as many as 1,000 birds against the moon on a single night.

► DURING the historic Berlin airlift, which started in 1948 when Russians blocked land and water routes to Germany's divided capital, Allied planes ferried 2,325,500 tons of food and fuel to the city. The total averaged more than a ton of supplies for each inhabitant of West Berlin.

► SIX oil paintings of World War II combat have been added to the extensive collection of historical art at the Smithsonian Institution. A young artist of Florida, who served aboard the heavy cruiser *Pensacola* during World War II and when off duty painted his impressions gained during numerous historic engagements against the Japanese, has presented these six paintings to the Smithsonian.

► SINCE April 1 in Geneva, Switzerland, nobody under 18 can attend theaters, dance halls, movies, or night clubs. Older persons have to carry identification cards in order to enter. The steady increase in juvenile delinquency is "shocking in a community like ours where family life is healthy, broken homes are rare, and there is relatively little poverty," says a judge. Since these bad habits apparently are acquired outside the home, that is where the city fathers are acting.



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

► AUTOMATIC turn signals on ordinary passenger cars are now required by law on all new automobiles in Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, and Ohio. Four other States have passed laws establishing design and operating standards for turn signals.

► FILTRABLE viruses are subject to drastic mutations, or genetic changes, which usually affect the diseases they cause. Thus, one that apparently causes no disease at all suddenly may change into a strain that is virulent or lethal, reports the virus laboratory at the University of California.

► AMONG Glacier National Park's 400 bears, only a dozen beg food from visitors. One of the most notorious bear panhandlers was once trapped and taken to a remote area. Three weeks and 60 miles later she was back on her old stand on the Going-to-the-Sun Highway.

► FASTER-THAN-SOUND commercial air transportation "within a decade" has been predicted by a scientist at the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics Installation at Langley Field, Virginia.

► TALKING animals cannot really communicate with man, according to the National Geographic Society; they are merely vocal mimics entirely unaware of the meaning of the words they have mastered.

► NIGERIA annually exports 100,000 tons of chocolate beans. This British colony on Africa's west coast accounts for about 15 per cent of world production.

► A MINIATURE town with small vehicles running in streets named from children's stories is used as the first traffic school for children in Denmark.

► AN accidental death occurs in the U.S. every five and one-half minutes, and an accidental injury occurs every three seconds around the clock.

► TO burn accumulated amounts of worn-out paper currency costs the United States about \$500,000 a year.

► IN the 1630's a single tulip bulb of an exotic new variety could bring \$10,000.

► THE first city water works company was established in Boston in 1652.

► THERE are about 20 million trucks in the world. Nearly half of them are in operation in the United States.

► THE sardine was named after the Mediterranean island of Sardinia, whose coastal waters swarm with the tiny fish.

► THE largest self-governing country in Africa is the Republic of Sudan, a little more than a year old. It is almost four times the size of Texas.

► A BOEING four-jet 707 recently flew 42 passengers and a crew of 10 from Seattle to Baltimore in 3 hours and 48 minutes, using only one third of the runway in landing.

► A PERSON sitting still generates enough heat to bring a quart of water to boil in an hour, and while running, a person would create enough heat to do the same in 15 minutes.

► FIVE circular cutting knives fitted into a white plastic housing make a device which, when rolled over a chopping board, minces food to the desired fineness. The gadget is imported from West Germany.

► A MOSQUE exclusively for women, the first of its kind, is being built by the Ministry of Religious Affairs in Egypt. Because women who pray in mosques are not allowed to mingle with the men, a priestess will officiate.

► FOODS of lower caloric content—cereals, grains and their products, vegetables and fruits—are characteristic of those groups of people throughout the world that have a lower incidence of coronary thrombosis than Americans, says Harvard University.

► THE United States' official standards of length are computed on two platinum-iridium bars in the National Bureau of Standards, Washington, D.C. The bars are exact duplicates of a prototype preserved since 1888 in the International Bureau of Weights and Measures in Paris.

► TEMPERATURES nearly two thirds as hot as the sun's surface are produced by a new solar furnace—which concentrates the sun's rays into a single hot spot about one-quarter inch in diameter. At this spot a test specimen of heat-resistant material will break up and other materials will vaporize into gases.

► MODERN America is a "picture world," says the U.S. Commissioner of Education. Picture magazines, "comics," illustrated newspapers, motion pictures, and television shows flood the land, and, he continues, it is a rare instructor who does not appreciate what can be done through the use of photographs, records, maps, and charts.

► FOR centuries, seagoing traders have used harbor sites at the top of the Gulf of 'Aqaba. Near today's Eilat, Solomon set up his port, Ezion-geber, (Elath) and received riches from many countries. In return, he shipped out iron and copper from his mines. Diggings can still be seen in barren, rock-hewn country around Eilat (named for old Elath). Their black-slag remains recall the Biblical words: "A land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass."

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