

THE

37 Youth's INSTRUCTOR

An extraordinary series of events
teaches a ministerial couple a

Song Without Melody

SEPTEMBER 10, 1957

Bible Lesson for September 21



Blaming Others

We have heard these sentiments voiced by some of our teen-age and twenty-age readers:

"It is sometimes easier to hold to your standards of right when you're in a crowd of non-Seventh-day Adventists than it is when you're in a crowd that professes the same as you do."

"It is easier to be a Christian when you're a student in a high school than it is when you're enrolled in a denominational school."

We say—we have heard these ideas expressed.

Are they true? Are they false?

We cannot believe that they are true. But if in some instances they seem to be, we'd be interested to discover why.

As we view it, the only major difference between Israel at the time of the Exodus and the church before the second advent of Jesus is that the mixed multitude, proportionally, may be larger now than it was then.

What is the mixed multitude? Those who are trying to serve both God and mammon could be one interpretation.

But does a sincere Christian yield to the influence of those of divided loyalties?

Your first answer might be No.

But that answer might not be the sympathetic one.

If Peter could fall more than once, as an associate of the Master Himself, can we fairly criticize the youth who may find it easier to witness for his convictions among strangers than he is able to witness among vacillating friends?

Are you a student in school this fall? What has been your experience? We would like to hear from you. Write and tell us frankly what your experience has been. We shall keep your communication confidential. It is because we believe that the time has come for professing Seventh-day Adventists to give evidence that they are every day adhering more and more closely to the teachings of this church that we have opened the question before you in this way. Let us hear from any of you whose experience either supports or denies the ideas we quoted at the beginning of this editorial.

If we are to be victors at last, we must help one another to identify the evils that overcome us, and to learn how to accept the power Jesus has promised for our times of need.

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.

Grace Notes

GLOBE What teacher wouldn't appreciate a globe like that in the cover picture for teaching geography? Supplied by courtesy of Bethlehem Steel. Story, page 8.

MART Watch for next week's announcement of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR Photo Mart. If the program succeeds, it could do for our illustrations what the Pen League has done in stories since the latter's inaugural in 1929-30.

ANCHORS Author Behrens of "Dragging Anchors" wrote: "Some months ago I accepted a position offered me to take charge of a small ship engaged in fishing for trochus shell around the islands and reefs of the New Britain area. Before we left to begin operations some friends, with whom I was discussing Sabbathkeeping under the conditions in which I would be working, asked me whether I would like some old copies of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR to take with me.

RATIONED "In accepting their offer I did myself a really good turn, as I have received much help and spiritual inspiration from their pages. As a matter of fact I have had to be very strict with myself in seeing that I didn't read them on any other day but Sabbath, or they would all be finished long before the shelling season ends and I could return to my family and church associations.

CREW "A crew member on my boat is a boy from Mansu. He has spent some years in our schools, finishing up at the Jones Missionary School at Kambubu. This boy, Pondala, also finds a lot of interest in this bundle of YOUTH'S INSTRUCTORS, which he borrows from me from time to time."

OCCUPATION A pamphlet entitled "Occupation: Baby Sitter" is available from the National Board of Fire Underwriters, 85 John Street, New York 38, N.Y. It lists information on a popular teen-ager job. What to check on before the parents leave and what to do while they are away are questions that are answered in this interestingly illustrated pamphlet. Available free for writing.

DIVORCE For young people contemplating marriage we recommend a thoughtful reading of Susan Bennett's center spread next week. "In Between" is not written to discourage marriages. But it does treat with realism what can happen when divorce is chosen as a solution to poor mating.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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

The Facts About Decaffeinated Coffee and Tea

By JACKSON A. SAXON, M.D.

BILL, what do you think about decaffeinated coffee and tea?"

"I'm not sure, George, but I suppose that coffee and tea are all right to drink if the caffeine is removed. Why do you ask?"

"Well, Betty and I were discussing the subject and she thinks decaffeinated coffee and tea are definitely harmful!"

You may be surprised to learn that decaffeinated coffee and tea are not 100 per cent free of caffeine. Decaffeinated coffee differs from regular coffee in that 90 to 97 per cent of the caffeine has been removed. A cup of regular coffee contains 1½ to 4 grains of caffeine. If on the average 5 per cent of the caffeine remains in decaffeinated coffee, the consumption of several cups a day would still give you more than a therapeutic dose of this drug.

Caffeine is so potent that it takes very little to stimulate the nervous system into an unnatural state of excitement. It is not uncommon for some individuals to be extremely sensitive to small amounts of caffeine. Children are particularly sensitive to its effects because of their more delicate nervous systems. Symptoms of caffeine poisoning—such as insomnia, nervousness, irritability, tremor, and irregular and rapid heartbeat—can result from the use of decaffeinated coffee. These symptoms can develop so insidiously that you may not be aware of the real cause.

Even though the caffeine were completely removed from decaffeinated coffee, there would still be harmful volatile oils and extractive matter. These have a detrimental effect on tissue cells lining the stomach and intestines.

Caffeol is the main volatile oil that gives coffee its characteristic flavor and aroma. This volatile oil is a cerebral stimulant, although its effects are not nearly so marked as that of caffeine. The effect of caffeol on the stomach is to produce a

great increase in the secretion of hydrochloric acid. This may cause inflammation and gastritis of the gastro-intestinal tract, or lead to the development of a peptic ulcer. Caffeol stimulates the secretion of hydrochloric acid almost as much as does caffeine. In individuals who have peptic ulcer it is next to impossible to cure the ulcer in the presence of this excessive hydrochloric acid. Many outstanding physicians refuse to treat a person with a peptic ulcer unless he is willing to give up beverages that produce an excess of acid. Caffeol also interferes with the normal functions of the gastro-intestinal tract.

Caffeotannic acid present in decaffeinated coffee does not act as an astringent or a protoplasmic poison as does the tannic acid in decaffeinated tea. However, it retards digestion and absorption of food, and is an important factor in producing indigestion.

Decaffeinated tea also contains some caffeine as well as the very irritating substance tannic acid. Tannic acid is an active poison that kills the cells lining the stomach and intestines. This causes the superficial lining of these organs to slough, leaving a raw surface exposed to the action of the digestive juices.

The tannic acid of tea also has an astringent effect on the intestinal tract, which interferes with digestion and prevents the absorption of necessary food elements.

Because decaffeinated coffee and tea still contain some caffeine I think they qualify as abnormal stimulants. They also belong to the class of irritants and produce much the same effect as mustard and hot pepper. Because decaffeinated coffee and tea stimulate the nervous system and interfere with the function of the digestive organs, it seems inconsistent to use such beverages when you consider your body the temple of the Holy Spirit.

Coffee and tea have no nutritional value in themselves. The only food value

present in these beverages is due to the sugar and cream. Even then there is a tendency to use large amounts of sugar, which can be very irritating to the stomach and intestinal tract.

Adventists have been advised against the use of stimulants and irritants in their diet, because coffee and tea hinder the best development of the physical, mental, and spiritual powers.* Science recognizes that a peaceful stomach contributes a great deal toward a peaceful mind, and that anything that irritates or upsets the function of your digestive organs also has a detrimental effect on your mental outlook and attitude toward life. This in turn can cripple or destroy your spiritual life.

In a nutshell: the irritating volatile oils, extractive matter, tannic acid, and caffeine in decaffeinated coffee and tea can produce abnormal stimulation of the nervous system resulting in insomnia, nervousness, irritability, and irregular and rapid beating of the heart. They can cause inflammation and gastritis of the gastro-intestinal tract, and chronic diarrhea. They interfere with the digestion and absorption of food, and stimulate excessive secretion of hydrochloric acid in the stomach.

You can see that at best decaffeinated beverages must be considered the lesser of two evils. They are still harmful, and it is my opinion that they should have no place in the diet of a Seventh-day Adventist. What do you think?

* *Counsels on Diet and Foods*, p. 402.



Before Sunrise in Korea

By

VINSTON E. ADAMS

AT 6:15 A.M. it is time to start my morning constitutional. The midautumn leaves have thinned considerably on the trees. Those remaining are mostly yellowed and brown. There is no breeze, but there is a wind drift from the northwest. In many spots on the ground and on the tile and thatch roofs there is a light frost. But though the early morning air is nippy, still there is much activity.

Going down the suburban street toward the nearby countryside, I am suddenly aware that I am walking contrary to the general flow of traffic. Hardly am I outside the steel gates of our compound when I meet several oxcarts loaded with threshed rice straw, bundles of brush, and vegetables.

The rice straw is going to small factories in the city where mats, sacks, and other straw products are made. Some farmers make the products themselves and then bring them to market. The brush is for heating and cooking. The vegetables at this season of the year are mostly for making that famous Korean food called *kimche*. *Kimche* is made in various ways, but when made in the autumn for winter consumption it is largely composed of turnips, Chinese cabbage, onions, garlic, and hot peppers.

It is not too early for the Korean Army trucks to be on the road, and there is a generous sprinkling of them. The few early morning buses are not crowded at this hour.

Here comes a farmer—we can tell his occupation by his white coat and trousers. He is driving a bull ahead of him, controlling him with a long straw rope and a vicious-looking whip, and he is

leading another one behind. He is on his way to the bull market, which is about two miles farther into the city. He seems to be striking the animals with his whip or yelling at them almost constantly. Perhaps this is the only way he can control them.

There follows a straggling group of farm women also in white, though each one is wearing a pair of long, woolen, khaki trousers almost completely hidden by a long skirtlike apron. Each woman bears on her head a shallow basket two feet in diameter piled high with turnips or Chinese cabbage—ingredients for *kimche*. The baskets are heavy burdens, and the women glide along with a rhythmic motion. There are twenty-four women in all. Their faces show no emotion, and few are close enough to any other to engage in conversation.

With this same group are two whose burdens are bundles of pine needles from the mountain. The bundles sag over their heads as they walk along, almost completely hiding their faces.

Almost every dwelling that faces on the street is a store. Many items are displayed for sale. In a candy store the proprietor's scant supply is spread to show off to best advantage. The place is only about six feet square, and it seems that we could buy his entire stock for less than \$10.

Next is a drugstore. It isn't yet open, but I can tell what he sells by the Korean characters on the sign over the door. A little farther on is a fruit and vegetable store. This place is about twelve feet square—rather large. The red, yellow, and green apples are arranged in neat pyramids, but the vegetables are in not-so-neat piles. Standing in front, along with the proprietor and his wife, are vendors from the country, with boxes of spinach. Their voices are excited as they bargain for the best price.

Nearby is a place which for want of a better name we shall have to call a smithy. From variously shaped iron strips, heated in the forge, workmen pound out shovels, hoes, plows, and many other useful tools. They also do acetylene welding, and we can see two boys—about twelve years of age—already at work. The doors are open to the fresh morning air.

Farther down the street is a beauty parlor. It is identified by the large painting over the door, a picture of a woman with long blonde hair. I often wonder why, in a country where hair is always dark, the beauty parlors frequently display a painting of a blonde. But that is the case in Korea.

Every second or third house, on the average, has a dog. The dogs are not allowed to run loose, but are tied to telephone poles, trees, or posts in front of the homes. All are small; not many families are wealthy enough to feed a large dog. The animals are capering at

the end of their short leashes. Some of them bark a greeting.

Here and there is a person with a basin full of steaming water, down on the sidewalk washing his face and hands. The used water will be thrown into the street. Also there are two or three people vigorously brushing their teeth. Several girls are squatting in front of their houses operating small blowers, which quickly raise good fires in the small charcoal pots over which they will cook the morning servings of rice.

An old woman doing the same kind of work seems to have a hard time staying out of the smoke of her fire. She is wiping her eyes, but still sitting in the smudge.

Here and there is someone with a wooden yoke over his shoulders carrying two pails of water from the well that serves the whole community. There is no pump. Each person brings his own rope and a small pail which he drops into the well. When it is filled, hand over hand he retrieves it and pours the water into his larger buckets.

Some of the housewives are cooking the morning meal inside the kitchens. Though I cannot see them, I can tell what they are doing by the large volume of smoke pouring out of the many chimneys. The flues leading to the chimney in each house are imbedded in the packed dirt floors to provide a form of radiant heating that is efficient and practical. Houses are well warmed, even in coldest weather, with a minimum of fuel.

As I proceed out into the country I pass several small factories. One makes spools for thread, another automobile springs, another chopsticks, another caramel candy. In several cloth is woven on looms operated by foot power. Girls do this work. There is a large spinning mill nearby, but the small looms seem to prosper too.

Nearly all the year's harvest of rice has been taken to the houses for threshing, but here and there some remains in the fields, stacked in long rows on wooden frames or piled neatly on the dirt embankments separating the rice paddies.

Presently I raise my eyes from the observation of man and the things he has made, to see the handiwork of God. Over the eastern mountain, piercing the sky at an acute angle, the sun is soon to rise. The fleecy clouds that spot the morning sky have been painted by the Master Artist while I wasn't looking. He has generously used gold, reds, yellows in breath-taking combinations.

It is refreshing and comforting to see this display of the power of God, so freely given to remind us of His love, His care, and His interest in our daily lives.

A glance at my watch reminds me that I must hurry home to breakfast, but first my heart is raised again in thankfulness for the reminder that above are the things of lasting beauty.

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MY JOB takes me on a thirty-eight-foot vessel into seas that are recognized as being some of the worst to be found around New Guinea. Fishing for trochus shells calls for working right in among reefs that are often uncharted, instead of keeping well away from them.

I never start a day without praying for guidance and care. I have seen my prayers answered so often I am convinced that without God's restraining and protecting hand, Satan, through his use of the elements, would make short work of a man living on the sea—or anywhere else for that matter.

It is my practice on Friday afternoon to anchor the *Bialla* in the best shelter I can find and give my crew a holiday until Sabbath is over. Pondala, the only Adventist boy in my native crew, takes turns with me conducting the Sabbath morning service, and the afternoon is spent reading or writing missionary letters that are posted periodically when we meet another ship returning to Rabaul, New Guinea.

The end of November is a time of changeable winds in this area northwest of New Britain, as the southeast trade winds have just about blown themselves out for the year and the northwest season is beginning. During the northwest season, storms will whip up from any direction, with great violence and little warning.

One Sabbath I had anchored beside a small island that doesn't even have a name on the chart and is some miles offshore from the main island of New Britain. Friday sundown had found me too far from the safe bay I had been heading for, so I had decided to risk a rather exposed position for the night rather than keep going and perhaps go up on a reef in the darkness.

Sabbath morning came, and the small island beside which we were anchored appeared to be the essence of tropical beauty. After our little service I took a pad and pen and went ashore and started to write a letter to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. D. Sutcliffe, at Kambubu. I described the tiny island with so many of God's created things making it a veritable paradise. The sea around and the coral reefs with their columns easily visible added to the almost breath-taking loveliness.

But the letter wasn't finished on that note. Before it was completed the beauty of the day had gone; and although the sun was still shining overhead, the whole horizon was hidden in angry masses of clouds apparently moving in several directions at once.

It is not pleasant to find yourself in the center of a storm. Although we were in calm sunlight, the surrounding clouds looked like beasts or demons, glaring malevolently and just waiting to come raging down to smash and destroy.

I was praying earnestly as I considered my position. The only thing to do seemed to be to stay right where I was, since the main threat of the surrounding storms seemed to be coming from the northeast, and the island could give me the most protection against storms coming from that direction. So I had the boys put down the second anchor to hold the stern of the ship out in deep water in case the wind veered and tried to swing her round onto the reef surrounding the island.

Ordinarily the wisest course is to move out to sea as soon as a storm starts to work up. But in this case the sea for miles around was dotted with reefs of all sizes and

shapes, and once one of these circular storms decides what it is going to do, it sets about it with such sheets of flying spray and blinding, stinging rain that you have little chance of seeing a reef—perhaps just below the level of the sea's raging surface—until it is grinding the hull of your boat to splinters. So I stayed put.

It seemed that all would be well as the wind began to blow stronger and stronger from the northeast, and the ship rode to her anchors and headed into it quite happily. I went below for a few minutes.

When I came up again I had a horrible shock. The air about us was dead still, but from the mountains of New Britain

Dragging ANCHORS

By DAVID K. BEHRENS



EWING GALLOWAY

One of the most ominous noises a sailor can hear is the rumbling through the ship as an anchor begins to drag. The crew frantically heaved on the chain, but the anchor skidded across the reef.

a few miles away to the south, a great mass of black cloud, the underside of which was almost on the sea, was racing toward us. Ahead of it was a leaping, frothing line of white, as the wind thrashed the sea to fury.

Too late I saw what would happen, and before the boys could even get the anchor chains shortened, the wind had come down on us with a force that made the steel wire of the rigging hum and scream like mighty violin strings. Then came one of the most ominous noises that a sailor can hear, a dull rumbling all through the ship as an anchor began to drag. It quickly changed to an angry grating and crunching as the chains telegraphed to the hull that the anchors were crashing their way through the beautiful but treacherous coral growth down below.

The whole ship was shuddering with the jerking of the dragging anchors, and the crew was frantically trying to pull in the bow chain to prevent the ship

from swinging ashore. But it was no use.

As fast as they heaved on the chain, the anchor would skid across the reef. The bow swung around till it was headed straight for the beach. The fast-rising seas were smashing against the stern now, and together with the wind were forcing the ship farther in over the fast-shallowing reef.

A wave bigger than the rest picked up the *Bialla* and hurled her forward in a mighty surge that ended with a jarring crash as the wave spent itself on the reef and beach. The following trough dropped the ship onto the jagged coral below.

In a matter of seconds succeeding waves threw her up so far that as each trough followed a crest, she fell over onto her side with a shock that sent things inside flying in all directions.

It seemed hopeless.

I couldn't pray coherently, but my heart was filled with unspoken pleadings with God to help us out of a situation

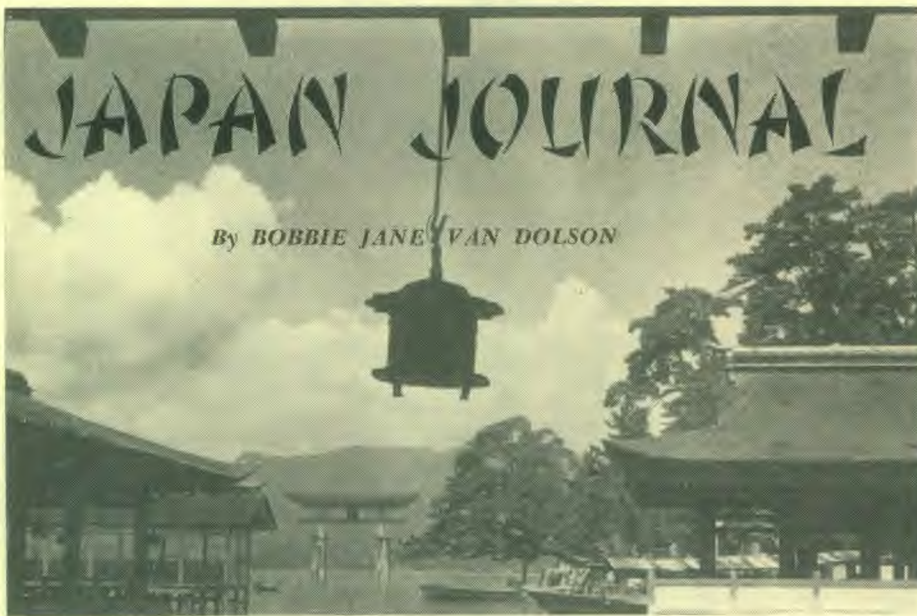
that looked like the end of the little ship that was my responsibility and livelihood.

I got the four crew boys, and together we pulled on the small anchor chain until it seemed our arms would be pulled out by the fierce jerking of the ship against the anchor.

Earlier, when both anchors had dragged, the heavier one had come sliding in with only three boys pulling it. Now with five of us—our feet braced against the ship's stanchions—heaving with all the energy of desperation, this small anchor was holding.

We strained to the utmost and sometimes won an inch or two when a wave lifted the *Bialla* clear of the coral. But we realized that the unequal fight couldn't last much longer.

As our arms refused to take more of this punishing jerking, and because it looked as if our efforts had gone for nothing, I let go of the chain. I looked around, and as the ship pounded and lurched, I



COURTESY OF THE EMBASSY OF JAPAN

ABOUT a week ago we began a new series of meetings in the Kobe church. With the exception of two months in the summer, we are almost always involved in evangelistic meetings of some type.

Sometimes there are budgets and sometimes not. There happens not to be any for these present meetings; consequently there is no advertising. But there are enough interested people who have attended past meetings to make it worth while. But what a slow process it is before these people at last see their way clear to take their stand! Even though postwar Japan presents far greater op-

portunities than ever were possible before 1941, it is still slow work.

If, by the blessing of the Lord, Leo is able to report forty baptisms at the year's end, we feel that it has been a good year indeed. We shake our heads in amazement when we hear of fields where thousands are baptized during a year. The simple fact is this: while certain other places may count their converts by the hundreds or thousands, Japan, along with the Middle East and other hard-to-work lands, counts hers by the tens and scores.

If ever I'm tempted to feel discouraged over the seemingly small returns of our work here, I have only to look in retro-

spect a bit to send my spirit soaring again.

A few Sabbaths ago, while sitting in the back of the church near the small, pot-bellied coal stove, I glanced over the congregation. Near the front was Hosoda-san. He is an alert, intelligent boy, heavy set for a Japanese. He came faithfully to one series last year, but we hardly dared hope he would actually take his stand. The Sabbath presents a difficult problem for students here. In the high schools and colleges it is almost impossible to be excused from six-day attendance. But Hosoda-san came through.

Tsuyuki-san was sitting near him. He was baptized a short time ago, and has one of the most charming smiles I've seen. Just as he stepped out from the baptistry, he turned to the audience and bowed low, with the water still dripping from his black baptismal robe. His face was radiant and the congregation was instantly aware of how much Jesus meant to him.

Mrs. Oseko was sitting just a few seats in front of me. She is a tiny thing with sparkling eyes and a hearty laugh. Her daughter was baptized recently and is now attending the Adventist school on the Chiba Peninsula. Mrs. Oseko joined the church just a little later, and we are hoping that her husband will soon be baptized. It is a special joy when families come into the church, and the church always seems strengthened.

There were others, too, who had been recently converted. I must have counted ten from my seat near the stove—all results from a few small, almost budgetless meetings in a hard-to-work country.

I bowed my head and breathed a thankful prayer.

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prayed. As the boys let the chain fall loose again and the ship resumed her journey toward the beach, I received another shock—this time one of wild hope. I noticed that the wind had swung a full 90 degrees and was now blowing strongly on the starboard side of the ship, while there on the port side only a few yards away was a deep gutter running from the outer sea right into the reef. And it was just a bit wider than the *Bialla*, as near as I could guess!

I yelled to the boys, "Pull," and that startled them into renewed activity. Again we strained against the jerking chain. As the ship bumped and lurched her way sideways toward the gutter, I listened to that wind screaming through the wires. Seldom have I heard sweeter music.

I thought with gratitude how God had worked twice in helping us out of a situation that could have ended in the loss of another ship to the treachery of the storms, and a great thankfulness welled up in my heart even as I continued to pull.

Then a fresh thought struck me. This wind which was driving the ship toward the gutter—if her planking didn't collapse first—would drive her with equal force right across the narrow width of deep water onto the coral on the other side. And we would be as bad off as ever.

The bow anchor, which I had forgotten about, had been dragging uselessly across the reef as the ship drifted. Now just as she was slipping safely into the gutter it caught and held fast. In fact, we had to pay out some chain so the ship could drift into the deep water safely.

After surveying the mess inside the ship, I knelt in the cabin.

However, all was far from right yet. After sending a boy down with swimming glasses to see that the propeller was clear, I started up the Diesel and prepared to go astern slowly to get out of the gutter. There was a crunching and shuddering that followed as I gently put the gear lever to "astern." Apparently the brass rudder had been bent during the journey across the reef and was in the propeller as it started to revolve. The results were disastrous to both rudder and propeller.

The wind had eased off a bit by then and we were able to get the *Bialla* into a safer position before night fell and the storm renewed its efforts.

It was difficult to repair the rudder and straighten the propeller without any docking facilities. (Dry docks or slipways just don't seem to grow in these parts.)

But every time I think back over the Sabbath that started out so peacefully and came so near ending in disaster, I can't help thinking that it is a wonderful thing to be a child of the King and to be able to call on Him when things get beyond our control.

Present Danger

By HERBERT FORD

OUR sleek United Airlines *Con-
vair* was just about to become
air borne from the airfield
at Lincoln, Nebraska. It was
late evening, and through the plane's
windows to the left I could see the last
faint smudge of light punching the day-
night time clock out on the western hori-
zon. With its engines screaming our
plane seemed straining every metallic
fiber to get off the runway. Suddenly, as
we started to surge aloft, a great shud-
dering seized the plane. Near the tail
where I sat, the violence left me startled,
shaken, but unafraid, for the shaking
ended as quickly as it began.

Within a few minutes the captain ap-
peared. Bending over my seat, he asked,
"Do you mind if I sit in your seat for a
moment? I want to look at our landing
gear." We exchanged places, and he be-
gan to shine his large flashlight through
the window. Over his shoulder I could
see he was examining each of the dual
tires and the landing gear itself with
great care. His beam sought out each
part large and small.

As he brushed past me to repeat the
examination of the left landing gear he
confided, "I think we blew a tire on our
take-off at Lincoln!"

I sensed the danger implied by the
captain's statement. A thousand questions
raced in and out of my brain. Which tire
was it? Was the captain sure it was a
tire and not something else? Would only
one good tire of the affected dual carry
the plane safely on landing?

I began to recall a score or more haz-
ardous experiences I had witnessed in
military service—airplanes with blown
tires, malfunctioning landing gear, and
related problems. Pictures of tragic dis-
aster presented themselves.

At best we would descend and land at
Omaha airport with only a slight wobble
caused by the overloaded single tire. Be-
yond this the situation could mean side
skidding, collapse of the gear, flipping of
the aircraft, fire, explosion, possible
death.

In a moment I knew that only my
heavenly Father was master of the situa-
tion. I had absolutely no knowledge of
what would happen during the coming
landing; there was no way I could alter

the situation one whit even with some
special knowledge. The captain, by his
own admission after examining both sides
of the landing gear, wasn't sure exactly
what the matter was. So I talked to God
about it. "Dear heavenly Father," I
prayed, "I am in this airplane on Your
business. In the past You have seen fit
to protect me from danger, and I know
that if it is Your will I shall be protected
in this present danger. Please grant me
safety, and all those aboard this plane a
like protection, if that is Your will.
Amen."

Very soon the captain's voice announced
over the communications system, "We
are starting our descent toward Omaha
airport. We think a tire blew out as we
left Lincoln. Would you please fasten
your seat belts with care and stuff the
pillows the stewardess will hand you
firmly about you. The aircraft might tend
to swerve during the landing."

I joined the other passengers in obey-
ing the captain's instructions as the plane
began to settle toward the ground.
Gently, ever so gently, the pilot reac-
quainted the plane with the runway. The
touch of rubber on concrete was so gentle
I could hardly feel the point of contact.
And then we were rolling along with only
a slight wobbling motion. The propeller
pitch was reversed to slow the plane. The
landing gear held!

At the first taxi strip the plane turned
off the main runway and came to a
halt. "To move the aircraft further would
ruin the entire wheel," the captain's
voice informed those in the cabin.
"Transportation from the terminal will
soon be here to take you in." Through
the windows of the plane I could see a
fire engine's great red light blinking us
an ominous welcome.

Pulling the pillows from around my
seat, I told God how happy I was that
He had seen fit to reach down with His
all-protecting hand and care for the peo-
ple on our airplane landing at that
airfield out on the Nebraska plains.

God does answer prayer. If I needed
any proof to remind myself of that fact,
I certainly had it that night in Nebraska.
In good times and in bad I fully sub-
scribe to the Master's words, "Men ought
always to pray."

Global Attraction

By BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY

THE world's largest globe is fascinating visitors—all the way from goggle-eyed school children to snowy-haired professors—at Babson Institute of Business Administration, Wellesley, Massachusetts.

There, for the first time, you can get a true perspective of the earth's movements by standing off and viewing the twenty-eight-foot sphere as though from a distance of 5,000 miles. The globe rotates about its axis and revolves on its carriage to represent accurately the passage of day and night and the various seasons of the year. It takes only four minutes to simulate the elapse of one year.

The surface of the earth is portrayed in twenty bright colors fused permanently into a porcelain-enamel skin at high kiln temperatures. Every country is

marked, together with its capital plus cities with a population of one million or more.

Other features include twenty-five of the world's major mountain peaks, twenty-five major mountain ranges, one-hundred principal rivers, innumerable lakes, islands, the poles, Tropics of Capricorn and Cancer, the equator, international date line, and meridians of latitude and longitude. The ocean depths are indicated in three shades of blue, heights of mountain ranges in two shades of brown.

The globe's movements are controlled by a round, six-ton steel shaft and circular carriage with chain drive, each being activated by a one-horsepower motor. The globe, weighing twenty-one tons, is set at an angle of 23 degrees and 27 minutes from the vertical—the actual angle of the earth relative to the plane of

its orbit in space. The supporting shaft, which is nearly two feet in diameter, was made hollow to admit a network of electric cables necessary for lighting and operation.

The globe was erected outdoors in a walled courtyard adjacent to the Institute's Coleman Map Building, well known because it contains the largest relief map of the United States. Standing on a balcony, students peer down at the map to visualize the mountains, plains, rivers, and lakes of the United States as though seen from an altitude of seven hundred miles. The plaster model measures sixty-five feet from east to west and forty-five feet from north to south. Since its completion in 1940 it has attracted about five thousand school children a year, arriving at the Institute's four-hundred-acre campus in busloads.

Now visitors leaving the Map Building balcony can descend by an iron staircase to the globe courtyard right outside. There, for as long as time permits, they can make imaginary trips to such far-away spots as Pitcairn Island in the South Pacific, better known as the *Mutiny on the Bounty* settlement, to storied Kilimanjaro in Africa, or to the icy wastes of the North Pole.

Constructed at a cost of \$200,000, the globe was given to the Institute by its founder, Roger W. Babson, the noted business analyst. He envisioned the globe not only as a visual aid in the teaching of exports-imports, foreign exchange, commercial geography, and allied subjects but also as a means of impressing students with the need for the nations of the world to get along with one another.

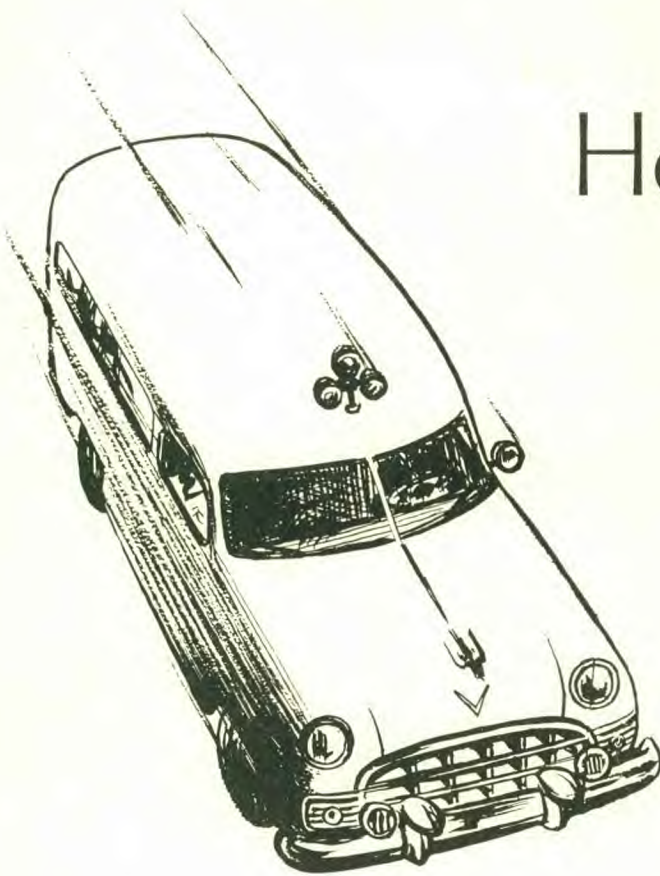
Left: Even a portion of South America on the big globe dwarfs the two Babson Institute officials who are scrutinizing it. Right: A view of the globe under construction shows the rotating mechanism, including the steel shaft and supporting carriage, powered by a pair of one-horsepower motors.

PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR



How Can I Give Her Up?

By LOIS M. PARKER



AMBULANCE is bringing in some accident victims from east of town. Kids pretty badly broken and cut up. Should be there in about ten minutes."

The matter-of-fact voice of the State policeman ended in a click as he hung up his telephone. With a shudder the night nurse returned hers to the hook.

Doctors to call. With unutterable gratitude she found that the first call brought an answer. "Be right over!" Sometimes it took seven or eight calls to find a physician who was free to come.

The ten minutes were going fast. A plasma setup was already at hand. She had checked that when she first arrived on duty. When it was needed, there was no time to search.

Sterile towels, needle holder, cutting needles, hemostats, a skin forceps, local anesthetic, sponges. She paused in despair over the array of suture material. Doctor must choose his own.

She couldn't call the X-ray man until she found what would be needed in that line. Probably the police would want blood samples for alcohol tests.

Now what else?

There was the siren.

In a few moments the bleeding victims were in the emergency surgery. Bless those ambulance men for standing by

to help until things were under control.

The boys were not hurt too badly. The cuts were superficial; they could wait. One had knees skinned and torn, another a possible broken arm. One girl was hysterical—no cuts, only a few bruises and abrasions. She could go right on crying; it wasn't going to kill her. She had been in the back seat of the car, no doubt.

The other—a jagged gash reached from one cheek across her throat just below the chin. How could anyone still live with that? But she was living.

There were scalp wounds. An arm was lying across her chest at an unnatural angle. An ambulance man nodded toward her feet.

"Oh!"

Her lower legs were mangled and crushed out of any resemblance to human form.

"Do you recognize any of them?"

The policeman's notebook was out, and he was jotting down data from a billfold. "No identification on the girls. Can't get anything out of the other one yet. Expect they will all have to be admitted as patients."

The doctor was here now.

"Put those three to bed, and give them a sedative. We won't get to them for a while."

The ambulance men took charge of the two boys, and they disappeared toward a men's ward. It was a relief to have the uninjured girl out of the way, headed for a deep sleep that would be the best cure for her condition.

Piecing together the shreds of human flesh was a complicated jigsaw puzzle. Stopping the bleeding, drawing together torn tissue, the doctor's hands were beautiful in their precision.

The State policeman was watching with awe.

"Didn't suppose anybody could make her look like anything again! You're all right, doc!"

The night nurse was puzzled. As the girl's face emerged from the welter of blood, and took shape, there was something familiar about it.

"How'd it happen?" the doctor asked.

"A case of beer, a fifth of whisky, plus four kids, and a car, at two o'clock in the morning. If there'd been anyone else on the road, they'd have gotten them too. As it was, they just wrapped themselves around a tree. The engine was driven back on her feet."

The night nurse glanced back at the girl's face. She gasped.

"I know who she is! I saw her at church, but not recently."

The curve of the patrolman's lips might have passed for a smile.

"She wasn't going to church when this happened. Where does she live?"

Horror tightened the nurse's throat as she answered. She was remembering the unusual prettiness of the young face bent above a hymnbook, and the pride in the glance of her mother beside her.

Jungle Tempo

By ESTHER PURSLEY

NYOKA, *Omukyala, Nyoka,* gasped the boy. He pointed to the fang marks on his leg. The missionary-wife's heart sank. For a moment she remained motionless, almost paralyzed with fear.

Snakes had held no great terror for her, but now it was different. Just the day before the family had arrived at their new station in Uganda, East Africa, a woman had died from snake bite within a mile of the mission. Frequently a snake was killed on the grounds. One of the boys had seen a huge cobra under a tree where the family often went. Another snake had begun to glide into the mission office. Still another had been found in one of the lovely frangipane trees in front of the house, and had finally been killed after much rock throwing by one of the boys and some passers-by who had stopped to help.

The mission was located on a beautiful site, and while the house and yard were filled with flowering tropical trees and bushes, it seemed that each bit of vegetation harbored its share of snakes.

And now one of the younger school boys had been bitten. She knew that a life was at stake, and that she must do something quickly.

Suddenly the head teacher arrived with the other school children.

Pushing the children aside, the missionary, together with the teacher and the garden boy, began to give the patient first aid. A tourniquet was put on, the wound gashed, and potassium permanganate applied. A blanket was brought to cover the boy, and he was given a hot drink.

"Did you kill the snake?" questioned Mrs. Lane.

"Yes," replied the teacher. "We have it just outside. It is a puff adder. People often die from its bite."

Fortunately, the mission family had just purchased a new car, and the old one had not yet been sold. So there was a way to take the boy twelve miles to a hospital to get the necessary injection, even though the bwana was gone.

The six-week-old baby girl was put in a basket in the back seat of the car and the two-year-old boy was left with the houseboy. With the teacher going along to watch the now thoroughly frightened boy, the group started to the hospital.

"I must loosen the tourniquet," remarked the teacher. He recalled the lessons he had learned in his first-aid class at Bugema Missionary College. "It must be loosened every twenty minutes."

Even though minutes might mean life or death, the attendants at the hospital insisted that the boy be properly admitted to the hospital before anything was done. They were also reluctant to call the doctor because he was busy. But finally, after a long delay, the necessary shot was given, and the boy was left in the hospital.

When the bwana returned that day, he called the whole school together and a special prayer meeting was held. Each day thereafter many prayers ascended.

The patient remained in the hospital for several weeks, but he finally regained health enough to be released, and some time later returned to the mission school. Once again God had intervened to spare a life.

of her standing in the eyes of Heaven." Her hands twisted.

"What can I do to help her now? Help me think what to do."

The girl's eyes opened from a drugged sleep.

"My feet hurt so. Mother, rub them."

"I can't rub them yet, dear. They're all bandaged. As soon as the doctor lets me, I'll do everything I can."

"Mother, my head hurts. Did—did it scar my face? Where is my mirror? Mother, why did it happen to me?"

"Sweetheart, you are alive!" The mother's face glowed. "It is only by God's grace that you are here. You should be dead, you were so badly hurt."

The girl turned her head fretfully, as the doctor entered.

"Well, young lady, you are looking better than we expected. You will be glad to hear that your friends are all doing fine. I have sent two of them home, and the other can go in just a day or so."

"Doctor," she was pitiful in her pleading, "is my face scarred? I just can't bear it if I am scarred."

"Of course," he said slowly, "there will be scars, but none that will show much. Those in the hairline will be covered, and the large one under your chin won't be conspicuous at all, especially with lotion and a little powder. It isn't your face that worries me. It is your feet."

"What happened to my feet? They hurt."

He shook his head. "The seat next to the driver is the most dangerous in the car. Especially with a drinking driver."

"Oh, don't preach! I get enough of that from Mother."

The doctor's laugh was a little forced.

"Probably your condition is sermon enough. It will be a long time before you walk again, so you will have quite a while to think about it. We will do our best to give you good feet again, but we will need lots of cooperation from you."

The girl's eyes widened.

"You mean, I may be lame?" She covered her face with her free arm. "Maybe I will never be able to dance again! Oh, go away! I hate you all, and I hate God for letting this happen to me!"

A silent little group walked down the hall. The doctor left a gentle pat on the mother's shoulder before he went downstairs. She turned abruptly to hide her face against the nurse's arm.

"I don't know how to bear it," she said haltingly. "I keep thinking of the scripture, 'Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone.' But I can't give her up."

"Don't give her up." The nurse held her strongly. "Our Father in heaven loves her. He didn't let her perish in the accident, so surely there is hope for her yet. Keep on loving her and praying for her. We will all be praying with you. We cannot give up one of these young people, though Satan leads them far astray. There is a way back."

The pride had given way to silent hurt a few minutes later, outside the church, as the girl brushed aside the mother's hand with an impatient shrug.

"I can't help it, Mother. I've got a date, and am not coming home to dinner."

"But, darling, I hardly see you at all, and on the Sabbath—"

"Oh, bother the Sabbath! I went to church with you—isn't that enough?"

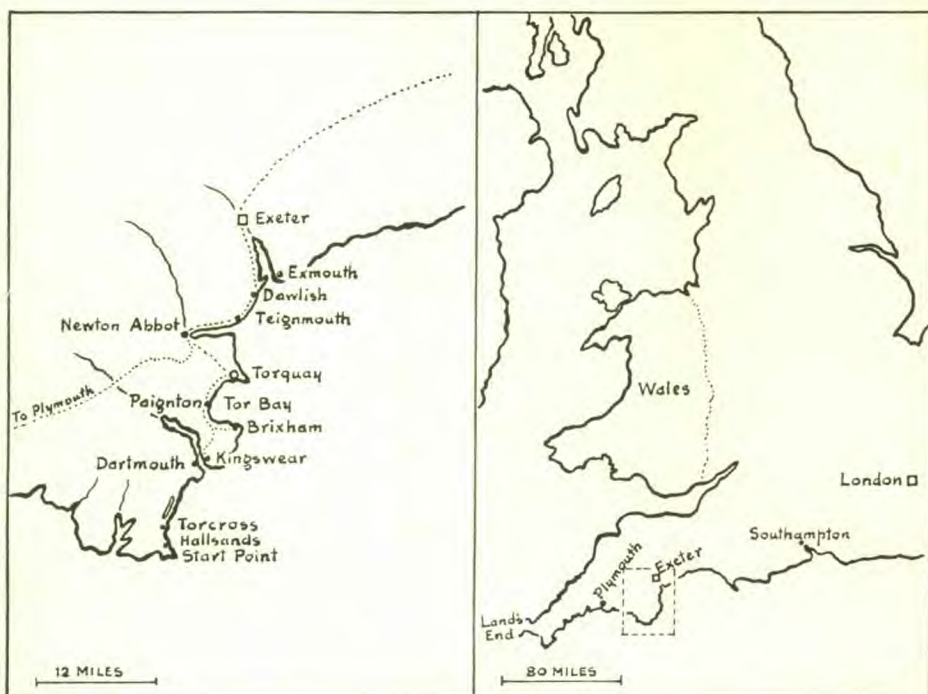
The night nurse swallowed something that must have been tears. Nurses cannot weep on duty.

As another night came, the nurse dreaded entering the room. A gray-faced little woman rose and reached for her hand.

"I'm so glad you are here! She will live and I am so thankful to God that He spared her, to have another chance."

She clung tremblingly to the nurse, her eyes dry.

"It is my fault, I know it is. She was so beautiful, always, from a tiny baby. I was so proud of her. I let her grow up thinking more of her appearance and the impression she made on people than



MAPS BY THE AUTHOR

Map on the left shows railroad route coming southwest from London to Plymouth, showing points of scenic interest along the South Devon coast. Map on the right shows relationship to England.

A queer sight it made, with the motorboat fussing and chugging alongside the ferry. But we reached the other bank of the river.

There is something decisive about crossing the Dart. It forms a boundary line between two beautiful but very different parts of the South Devon coast. Behind were the ever-popular and beautiful seaside resorts of Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, and Paignton; before us stretched a section of the coast, secluded, peaceful, and even more beautiful.

Back north, about eighteen miles as the gull flies, the Exe River gently empties its waters into the English Channel. The estuary of the Exe ought to be about a mile and one half wide, with the popular town of Exmouth on the northern shore—ought to be, if it were not for the mile-long sandbank called Dawlish Warren, which stretches out into the estuary from the southern shore, to within a half mile of Exmouth.

On this sandbank there is a golf course, and many holiday makers come here to enjoy the sands and the bathing, and to

To page 19

SURELY the most extraordinary ferry I have ever seen," I said to myself, standing on the waterfront at Kingswear and looking across the incredibly beautiful Dart River in South England.

Behind me rose the tree- and villa-clad hills on which much of Kingswear is built. On the opposite bank four hundred yards away, rose, upon similarly beautiful hills, the more famous town of Dartmouth. And plying backward and forward between these two towns near the mouth of the river, was the ferry.

A man in uniform was looking my way. "Hurry along, please," he called.

I obeyed. I walked down the slope to where one "end" of the ferry was pressed up against the steep ramp that ran down into the water. I walked on board. The ferry was merely a floating platform with railings on each side, wide enough to take two rows of autos and long enough for four. With eight autos aboard there was not much room left for passengers, but I tucked myself in.

I was naturally curious to see how this strange contraption propelled itself, and the secret became apparent.

A fair-sized motorboat lay alongside, its bow secured to the middle of the side railings, and its stern in the direction of the opposite bank of the river. The engine was started, the ropes securing the stern of the boat to the far end of the platform were released, and the motorboat, pivoting on its bow rope, turned round until it faced the opposite bank. The stern ropes were again secured, and we were off.

From the Exe to the Start

By EDGAR A. WARREN

Running northward from the village of Torcross, the road back to Dartmouth divides the large fresh water lakes, home of large numbers of wild birds, from the shingle of the English Channel beach.

PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR





ALMOST dusk. They stood together at the top of a lonely, wind-swept hill, caught in the expectant hush of twilight. In the vast stillness it seemed that time itself had stopped, while the ancient hills turned

black against the lemon-colored sky.

Mark turned. "Sue—" his voice was low, miserable. "Sue, I'm sorry. I never thought it would be like this. I could take it alone, but with you—" Mark's words trailed off into nothingness.

Sue touched his cheek. It was as cold as her fingers. She smiled gently.

"Now look here, my fine-feathered husband," she teased, "as far as I'm concerned it's just as bad to freeze to death as to starve to death—and I for one don't intend to freeze! Not if I can do anything about it!"

Sue paused. Her eyes met his. It didn't work. The lost look was still there.

"Mark, it will be all right. Honest."

His dark head nodded. "It will be all right, Sue. But sometimes I guess I need to be reminded." Mark caught her hand. "Let's take the short cut. If we don't watch out, the service will start before we get there!"

A big white moon sailed into the sky and balanced on a distant pine. No dog barked. No sound touched the stillness except the swish of the late winter wind high in bare branches. Below them the village of Lonaconing lay in a pool of green light, frozen in silence, a land under snow.

Mark and Sue half ran, half slid down the snowy path into the heart of Lonaconing. Lovely Lonaconing, an ancient gem in the Cumberland Mountains of Western Maryland.

The path ended, merging into a narrow lane, where the tired houses leaned together until only a knife-cut of sky lay overhead. For a moment they stopped, breathless, caught their truant poise; then Pastor and Mrs. Mark Gorman emerged into the softly lighted street.

"Evenin' Parson." A rosy little man,

*A young ministerial intern and
encounter a situation that teach*

SON

almost buried in scarfs, shuffled along beside them. Only two weeks had passed since the young Adventist minister had taken a room in the old hotel at the corner of Main and Elm, but already he was well known. "'Bout time for meetin', eh? Be right along. Soon's I get a bite."

"Get a bite . . . a bite . . . a bite" echoed along the quiet street, emphasized with every footfall, mocking. Sue felt the pressure of Mark's hand on hers. He kicked at a bit of crusted snow. "Manna," was all he said.

"Manna. Yes, maybe even manna."

It was rough being hungry. Worse than she wanted him to know. But with all the expenses, how would they get along until the check came?

A. DEVANEY



WITHOUT MELODY

By RUTH MARPLE

Sue's thoughts were her own. "Why not? A miracle is a miracle, and we need a miracle—now!"

Mark paused in the lamplight at the corner by the hotel, glanced at his watch and whistled. "Whew! We'd better hurry! No," he changed abruptly, "you go on in. I'll be along as soon as I open the hall and get the lights on."

Sue's buoyancy faded with Mark into the shadows. It was rough being hungry. Worse than she wanted him to know. There had been so many extra expenses this month. Moving. Hotel. How would they get along until the check came?

The heavy door of the old hotel resisted intruders. Sue leaned hard against it, and the soft tinkle of a bell sounded as it opened into the gloomy hall. The warmth and the gloom covered her, and each creak of the narrow stair questioned her, ridiculed her:

"So this is what it's like! This is what you studied for—gave your life for! Hundreds of miles from home, from friends. Tramping through snow, begging the strangers, the godless, to come to a stuffy old hall to hear preaching! Out all day, now this place—and hungry! It's thirty-six hours now, isn't it? How long do you think you can go without food?"

Sue ignored the creaks, but her heart persisted:

"Why don't you tell the Philpotts? They'd help. Or write home? Send a wire collect. By morning you'd have money. They'd never leave you stranded."

"No!" Sue spoke aloud. With emphasis. "No! We're on our own. Married. In the ministry. We're not going to be problems. We're not!"

Sue opened the door to—home. The room was stiff and bare and lonely, but softened somehow in the near-darkness. She crossed to the window, following the lacy pattern of light etched on the worn floor by the street lamp. She drew aside the curtains and raised her eyes to the distant pale stars.

"God," she whispered brokenly, "do something. Do something."

"Sue!" The opening door, Mark's voice, the switch of the light, startled her. "Sue—what's wrong?" Then, "Look! Where'd this come from?"

With one full stride Mark reached the bedside table. "Vegetable soup! A whole quart! With crackers!"

Sue was beside him. With wonder she touched the small, round, salted wafers. "Manna." Her voice was low, wondering, but Mark heard. He understood.

Mark preached that night. As the service closed Pastor Philpott stopped by the book display table. "He did all right, Sue. That husband of yours will make a preacher yet."

And Sue could tell he meant it! She'd tell Mark. But now, there were books to sell, people to greet. Then they were gone—all except Mark and Sue, and slight, wrinkled Mrs. Dingess, who lingered, leafing through the books.

"Which ones tonight, Mrs. Dingess? You'll soon have quite a library."

"No," she smiled. "Not tonight." She reached out and took Sue's hand into her own gnarled ones, rough from years of dishwashing in the town's only restaurant.

Sue felt the cold of a silver dollar in her hand.

"For you," the old lady said.

"No—why no, Mrs. Dingess!" But the wrinkled hands had withdrawn. Mrs. Dingess was leaving, going toward the door.

"Now never you mind," she called back. "The Lord impressed me."

Mark and Sue closed the door and stepped out into the quiet street. Mrs. Dingess was out of sight. Two men came by, unsteady, from the bar across the way. A hard-faced woman passed. Mark nodded. She didn't. She had winter in her eyes, in her heart.

"How can we reach them, Sue? They won't come. How can we tell them that there are—" Mark's voice hesitated, then went on in almost a whisper, "—that there are miracles—miracles in manna, miracles in lives?"

Day stretched into day. The check didn't come. But the miracles did. Miracles out of nowhere. Miracles, twentieth-century edition. Miracles, but never once overlapping.

Morning shadows traced ebony strips across the chalk-whiteness of snow-covered streets. Frosty slabs of sunlight cut through the soft, restless sounds of village life.

Mark and Sue were a part of that life now. A confident part. There was a new sureness in their eyes, a new strength in their step, a new power in their voices. They were living a miracle—and they knew it.

Two weeks had passed since the day of the first miracle, but others had followed exactly as needed. When the silver dollar's last slice of bread was gone, there was another dollar, this time a bill, pressed into Sue's hand. It was given in the same place, in the same way, and with the same words, repeated, "The Lord impressed me," but the giver was not the woman with the gnarled hands, but wealthy, dignified Mrs. Weber, the owner of Weber's Department Store.

When the wonder of the first miracle had begun to fade into the reality of each day's new blessing, the first miracle was repeated—but a banana custard was added to the hearty soup, again placed by unknown hands in the drab hotel room.

As Mark and Sue walked the quiet streets of Lonaconing, visited in the simple homes of these near-strangers, they searched the faces, wondering: "Are you one who's had a part in our miracle?" But it was a question they could not ask, a question that had no complete answer. Not then. They alone knew their problem. God alone knew the answer.

But sometimes they stood aside and watched the miracle work.

It was just before song service one evening that new Adventist friends, the Goodwins, invited Sue and Mark to have supper with them the next day. Sue was puzzled.

A class in Creative Writing at Washington Missionary College gave an author opportunity to write this unusual true story. A mother and a pastor's wife, she is kept busy with school-time studies as an English major, and her work as assistant to the college librarian and teacher of Art and Home Economics at Takoma Academy.

How should they answer? There was no gasoline in the car. There was not one penny in their pockets. The Goodwins lived five or six miles from Lonaconing. After tramping through snowy streets and lanes for seven or eight hours distributing announcements, giving literature to the interested, visiting with the troubled, could they walk five unfamiliar miles to supper? No—they couldn't go!

Sue's faith dimmed, wavered. She turned to Mark. He smiled and half nodded.

"Why, thank you! Yes, we'd love to come!" Sue accepted.

As Mark turned to begin the song service he whispered one urgent word, "Pray!" And Sue prayed and sang. Mark sang and prayed. They both waited.

The service was over. What would happen? Sue wondered as her eyes searched out the Goodwins. She saw them hesitate. Her hopes rose. They went on. Unknowingly the disappointment registered on her face. But a moment later Mr. Goodwin was back, talking to Mark.

"Say, I was just thinking, Preacher," he said in his pleasantly abrupt way. "There's no point in you folks driving over, using up your gas. I come right

through here on my way home from work." He didn't pause for a breath. "Now, you be out at the corner—say around five? See you." And he was gone.

Mark's eyes met Sue's questioning ones across the crowd. He sent his answer with his smile.

The magical days faded into the third week. It was Sabbath—a winter Sabbath just touched with a hint of spring. Mark and Sue walked together along the gently winding road through the hills into the sunset.

A car passed. Mark waved. It was the Dursts, going home. They were soon lost from sight. The road curled into the distant haze. Everything was still again.

"How's it going, Sue?" Mark's voice betrayed more concern than his words.

"Doesn't look as though this day was made for miracles, Mark," she answered soberly.

"But this day's not over!"

Sue looked up quickly. She caught the ring in his words. An old black Chrysler drew to a stop just ahead.

A familiar voice called, "How would you two like to come to the Dursts' for a bit of supper?"

How they would!

Familiar words, words as old as time

caught in Sue's heart: "My God shall supply—shall supply your needs. All your needs." They formed themselves into a song. A song without a melody.

The last rays of the Sabbath sun stretched long fingers across the supper table as the gray-haired man thanked God for the blessings of the day—and for food. Around the fire that evening time ticked pleasantly away. The old clock on the shelf solemnly chanted the hour. Mr. Durst yawned, checked his large gold watch with the chimes.

"It's getting late," Mark suggested. Mr. Durst nodded. He looked at his watch again. "'Bout time for the bus to be comin'. Better get y' down there."

"The bus?" Sue questioned weakly.

The gray-haired man seemed not to notice the question. He was struggling into his heavy coat. "Cold out there tonight. Mother, where's my flashlight?"

"No. No!" Mark objected. "Please don't bother. We can get down to the highway all right. It's too slick——"

"Nay—you'll need the light," Mr. Durst insisted. "Y' have to flag the bus!" He opened the door. The air had a touch of ice in it. He paused, and turned to Sue. "Never drive the car after dark," he explained.

From the hilltop they could see distant Lonaconing lying in the white light of the stars. The night was silent, still.

Five short minutes stretched into eternity—then shriveled into a second. Two beams of light cut through the emptiness. The older man waved his light. The bus groaned to a stop. The doors opened.

Sue bit her lip. What now? She hesitated. Mark's face was drawn. Should he tell that they had no money? Not a penny?

No. Sue saw the decision. She stepped into the bus. Mark followed.

Then Mr. Durst caught Mark's arm. "Say! I almost forgot! I have two bus tickets left. Might as well use 'em. They run out at midnight."

The bus doors closed. Mark checked his watch. It was 11:40. He smiled, and handed the tickets to the driver.

The four-mile ribbon of highway unwound.

"Lonaconing!" the driver called mechanically.

The bus stopped. The doors opened. Mark helped Sue off the bus. The doors closed. She linked her arm in his. "Wonder if the check came today?"

Mark patted Sue's hand. "If not today, it will Monday."

"Monday. A check—or a miracle."

Lonaconing was a fairyland of sparkle in snow. Mark and Sue walked together down old Main Street to the corner of Elm. There was no moon that night. A blue mist of starlight lay over the sleeping town—the town where two hearts alone had learned a song without a melody.

Meet the Scallop

A scallop is an intricately designed, jet-propelled clam. Unlike its cousin the oyster, the scallop is a free-swimming animal. It moves by opening its shell and rapidly closing it, forcing the water out in jets. Power is supplied by a white column of muscle that ties together the two halves of the shell, and operates the biting movement. In addition to pushing the scallop along, the hinged shell is home and fortress. Wavelike corrugations fan out from the hinge to give the distinctive shape familiar in ancient symbolism and modern gasoline advertising. The form provides great strength with little weight.

No Head, but Plenty of Eyes

At the edges of the shell, when open, can be seen a remarkable organ, the mantle. This enveloping membrane secretes the shell, but its services do not stop there. The scallop has no head, so the mantle grows its eyes. As many as 120 have been found on a single animal. They are blue or blue-green, and equipped with lenses, retinas, and optic nerves.

The scallop breathes and eats with its mantle, which contains two siphons. One pulls water into the gills, and the other pushes it out again. The gills draw oxygen from the water and pass it on to the colorless blood. The gills also catch the scallop's dinner. Mucous coatings trap microscopic life in the water and deliver it to the creature's mouth.

TV Eavesdropping

The Fish and Wildlife Service is conducting investigations of the scallop to find whether it needs protection either from man or natural enemies. Operating out of Woods Hole, Massachusetts, research scientists are tagging live scallops, and checking their habits with television cameras lowered into the depths. Some of the pictures come from as far down as 150 feet. Results are not yet conclusive, but tagging returns indicate that the animals don't move very far, for all their jet propulsion, and that the species seems to be in no immediate danger.—*National Geographic Society.*

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

Chichicastenango! The name had been tinkling in my desires for years. So it was with unusual anticipation that my husband and I planned a trip to the famous Indian town. We were fortunate to have Prof. Moises Tahay with us, for he speaks the Quiché language, since it is his own.

Back we traveled over the same mountain road that had brought us by car to Guatemala City. The view of Lake Atitlán was as breath taking as before. High above the lake we took a dusty road that turned off the unpaved Pan American Highway. Three and a half hours after leaving the capital we came down a steep hill onto the cobblestone streets of Santo Tomás Chichicastenango—"Chichi" for short.

It was market day, and the town was full of Indians from surrounding villages. Knowing well his people and their costumes, Professor Tahay could easily tell us where each one came from. A special strip on the wrap-around skirt, a peculiar design on the loose blouse, the color of the sash around the waist, or the stripes in the men's pajamalike pants were enough to tell him what an Indian's home town was.

The skirts worn by the women in Chichi itself are short, contrary to the usual custom. Their blouses, woven in rich tones of magenta and wine, have little symbolic medallions added. The women whose husbands can afford it wear many chains of cheap beads that look as though they might be Christmas-tree baubles. Babies bob contentedly up and down on the mothers' backs, secure in shawls, as the women jog along at a dog-



By BARBARA O. WESTPHAL

Near Huehuetenango in western Guatemala are ancient Mayan ruins that have been restored, including a great pyramid and temple-altars built around a central patio—all similar to other Mayan ruins.



PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Inside the church at Chichicastenango, the Indians pray beside candles and rose petals on the floor. Tied to the folkways of centuries, they still often try to mix old heathen practices with Christianity.

trot, arms swinging rhythmically, enormous loads of market produce balanced on their heads. Always barefoot, the heavily laden women step along over stony paths with grace and poise.

The Indian princes or nobles in Chichi wear black woolen jackets with flaring pockets, short black pants slit at the knees, rough sandals, and red bandana handkerchiefs over their heads.

"Poor people!" we exclaimed as we watched them plod along.

"Oh, some of them aren't poor at all," the professor told us. "They have houses and lands, and some of them have children being educated in the United States or in Europe. But they don't change their ways just because they have some quetzales. They want to keep on living just as their forefathers did."

We decided to go first to the St. Thomas church. The white building with its broadly curved stairway is on one side of the market in the plaza with

I Must Pray

By MARY GUSTAFSON

To "pray without ceasing" means to me
That I must pray at my daily tasks;
I must lift my thoughts incessantly,
Centering each as I seek to ask
Guidance and help throughout the day
If ever I am to walk His way.

I must pray when the dishes heap the sink,
When the bread is risen and ready to knead;
When the broom is clasped in my hand I think
Of a quickened prayer as my planning speeds
Over and into the tasks ahead,
Beyond the baking of daily bread.

I must pray that His promise will ever be
Given to others through words and deeds;
When I'm at my tasks I must watch to see
Into the future of daily needs.
I must pray always to meet and do
The work that is given me all day through.

another white church standing opposite across the way.

On the lower steps we saw a stone altar blackened by smoke. Several shaman, or Indian priests, were swinging their incense censors back and forth as they chanted their prayers amid the pungent smoke. The steps were full of people, and no one seemed to resent our presence as we stood and watched. This altar was not dedicated to any of the saints. It was a pagan altar on the steps of a Christian church. The Indians stopped to worship there before entering the church.

We had seen similar things in Mexico, but there they were hidden to the uninitiated. But in Guatemala there was no hiding the fact that the Indians were still partly pagan. The church permits these practices because it brings the Indians to the new faith. Also it is a great tourist attraction.

Inside the church we saw hundreds of little candles gleaming in the dark interior. They were on the bare stone floor in neat rows and beside them the Indians had laid out their offerings—ears of corn, rose petals, coins, fruits, grains, and vegetables. Some were thank offerings and others were seeds to be blessed before planting. There the Indians knelt beside their little candles and poured out

their hearts, not in a prayer from a book, but in words that came from their personal needs.

Professor Tahay stood beside us, understanding their devotions, and told us what they were requesting—mostly blessings on their harvests, but sometimes healing or answers to personal problems.

"Don't they mind our standing here watching them?" we asked.

"No, as long as you are respectful, they are pleased to see your interest. But if you laugh at them, there would be trouble."

Then the professor asked if we would like to see the idol on the hilltop called Pascuala Baj. We followed him up the steep path, pausing frequently to catch our breath. An enterprising Indian had the path to the hilltop pass right through his big patio. As the tourists go through with their guides he performs an Indian dance in a weird mask and costume, accompanied by an original type of marimba in which the pipes are gourds in graduated sizes. Then he passes the hat.

At the top of the wooded Pascuala Baj we found two Indian priests swinging censors before the blackened figure of an ugly stone idol. Passers-by stopped to pray and leave an offering with the

priests. The incense from their censors mingled sweetly with the scent of the pines and with the fragrance of an incense plant growing in low bushes around us.

Coming back down into town, we walked through the market, enjoying the sight of Indian bargaining with Indian instead of the usual Indian-tourist act.

"What is this?" we asked in Spanish, looking at some dark balls about the size of onions.

"Soap," the Indian vendor answered in brief English. We tried again. "Qué es esto?"

The answer came back clearly: "Coffee."

Not for nothing was the beautiful Mayan Inn where American tourists stay just around the corner. They were used to Americans.

Professor Tahay took us to the home of an Adventist family who were Ladinos (a Guatemalan word that refers to anyone not an Indian). Here we were treated to fresh blackberry punch and delicious custard apples called annonas. When the *señora* saw that we were fond of annonas she sent a little maid running to the market for more and bigger ones for us to take back to the city with us.

Our host was an artist as well as a storekeeper, and the walls of his home gave us proof. The chimney in their bedroom was built in the form of a fish with the fireplace like the mouth of the fish. Above their bed was a large painting of the lost sheep, and on either side the artist had painted in black silhouette his head and that of his wife.

On the wall of the kitchen was a verse from Leviticus warning them against unclean meats. A concrete boat in the patio was filled with a little garden, lake, and island. Dining room, living room, and patio were decorated with frescoes of Guatemalan and Mexican scenes and Bible verses. The large room used for church services in their home was adorned with a diagram of the 2300 days and a map of the Inter-American Division. No visitor could doubt their religious allegiance.

The road back from Chichicastenango is filled for miles on market days with Indians trudging back home under heavy load or carrying produce to a distant town to sell in another market. We saw one bowed under the weight of four fifty-pound sacks of flour. Others carried clay jars wrapped in a rope net, the pile towering high above the head of the slight Indian figure. They will walk under such burdens for days to earn a few cents.

When we saw a woman with a live turkey on her head, its wide tail hanging down over one eye like a fancy hat trimming, we decided to try for a picture. We drove around the corner and parked

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Sabbath School LESSON

Prepared for Publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

The Journey to Rome

LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 21

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 27; 28:1-20.

MEMORY GEM: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble" (Ps. 46:1).

OUTSIDE READING: *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 439-468.

Inspiration

"And they said unto him, We neither received letters out of Judaea concerning thee, neither any of the brethren that came shewed or spake any harm of thee. But we desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest: for as concerning this sect, we know that every where it is spoken against. And when they had appointed him a day, there came many to him into his lodging; to whom he expounded and testified the kingdom of God, persuading them concerning Jesus, both out of the law of Moses, and out of the prophets, from morning till evening. And some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not. And when they agreed not among themselves, they departed, after that Paul had spoken one word, Well spake the Holy Ghost by Esaias the prophet unto our fathers, Saying, Go unto this people, and say, Hearing ye shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing ye shall see, and not perceive: for the heart of this people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed; lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them. Be it known therefore unto you, that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that they will hear it. And when he had said these words, the Jews departed, and had great reasoning among themselves. And Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him" (Acts 28:21-31).

Spirit of Prophecy

"The voyage began prosperously, and the day after they started, they cast anchor in the harbor of Sidon. Here Julius, the centurion who had listened to the apostle's address before Agrippa, and had thus been favorably disposed toward him, 'courteously entreated Paul,' and being informed that there were Christians in the place, he 'gave him liberty to go unto his friends to refresh himself.' The favor was highly appreciated by the apostle, who was in feeble health, and but scantily provided with comforts for the long journey. His brief stay in Sidon was like an oasis in his barren and dreary path, and proved a comfort and encouragement to him during the anxious, storm-tossed weeks upon the sea."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul*, p. 263.

"All night the tempest raged, and the ship leaked. The next day, all on board—soldiers, sailors, passengers, and prisoners—united in throwing overboard everything that could be spared. Night came again, but the wind did not abate. The storm-beaten ship, with its shattered mast and rent sails, was tossed hither and thither by the fury of the gale. Every moment it

seemed that the groaning timbers must give way as the vessel reeled and quivered under the tempest's shock. The leak rapidly increased, and passengers and crew worked constantly at the pumps. There was not a moment's rest for one on board."—*Ibid.*, p. 265.

"Paul was among the most active in collecting fuel. As he was placing a bundle of sticks upon the fire, a viper that had been suddenly revived from its torpor by the heat, darted from the fagots and fastened upon his hand. The bystanders were horror-struck, and seeing by his chain that Paul was a prisoner, they said to one another, 'No doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live.' But Paul shook off the creature into the fire, and suffered no harm. Knowing its venomous nature, they watched him closely for some time, expecting every moment to see him fall down, writhing in terrible agony. But as no unpleasant results followed, they changed their minds, and, like the people of Lystra, said that he was a god. By this circumstance Paul gained a strong influence over the islanders, and he sought faithfully to employ it in leading them to accept the truths of the gospel."—*Ibid.*, pp. 270, 271.

"The travelers reach Appii Forum, forty miles from Rome. As they make their way through the crowds that throng the great thoroughfare, the gray-haired old man, chained with a group of hardened-looking criminals, receives many a glance of scorn, and is made the subject of many a rude, mocking jest. Not one of all he meets bestows upon him a look of pity or sympathy. He meekly wears his chain, and silently, slowly pursues his way.

"Suddenly a cry of joy is heard, and a man springs out from the passing throng and falls upon the prisoner's neck, embracing him with tears and rejoicing, as a son would welcome a long-absent father. Again and again is the scene repeated. With eyes made keen by loving expectation, many discern in the chained captive the one who spoke to them the words of life at Corinth, at Philippi, or at Ephesus.

"The whole company is brought to a stand-still, as warm-hearted disciples eagerly flock around their father in the gospel."—*Ibid.*, p. 273.

"At Rome the charge of the centurion Julius ended. Here he delivered up his prisoners to the captain of the emperor's guard. The good account which he gave of Paul, however, together with the letter of Festus, the procurator of Judea, caused the apostle to be favorably regarded by the chief captain, and instead of being thrown into prison, he was permitted to live in his own hired house. The trial of having constantly to be chained to a soldier was continued; but he was at liberty to receive his friends, and to labor for the advancement of the cause of Christ."—*Ibid.*, p. 274.

Notes

Persons: Paul; Luke; Aristarchus; Julius a centurion and his soldiers; the ship's captain, passengers, and crew; the people of Malta; Publius the governor and his father; Christian believers in Italy; the Jews of Rome; a Roman army officer and soldiers.

* * *

Interesting Terms: "Euroclydon." A northeast wind, a troublesome weather breeder in the east Mediterranean in the winter season.

"The fast." Probably the feast of Atonement, on the tenth day of the seventh month of the Hebrew religious year, coming in the latter part of October, when based on the barley harvest reckoning. Compare October 22, 1844.

"Boat." A lifeboat carried by the larger ship.

"Quicksands." The shores of modern Tunis, in North Africa.

"Adria." The Adriatic Sea, east of Italy.

"Meat." Old English translation of an original, meaning food in general.

* * *

Huge ships sailed the Mediterranean in Paul's day, especially for the grain trade between Egypt and Rome. Ships of lengths up to 200 feet with 50-foot beam, are noted, with 150 to 200 oarsmen, and sails to supplement the oars.

Quizangles

(Write out the answers for discussion in class.)

1. What kind of people inhabited the island of Melita? _____
2. How did they treat the ship's crew, passengers, and prisoners? _____
3. How did they regard Paul when the viper fastened itself upon him? _____
4. How did they regard him after he cast it off and suffered no harm from this attack? _____
5. What other miracles did God use Paul to perform in this place? _____
6. Who met Paul's company at Appii Forum and the three taverns? _____

7. What special consideration did Paul receive from the captain of the guard in Rome? _____
8. For whom did Paul call when he was established in Rome? _____
9. Why did Paul say he had been bound with a chain? _____
10. What did the Jews in Rome want to know from Paul? _____
11. What were the results of his preaching? _____
12. How did Paul account for these results? _____

NEXT WEEK, September 28, lesson title: "Paul's Last Days on Earth." Scripture Reference: 2 Tim. 1:8-18; 2:8-10; 4:9-15, 19-22. Memory Gem: 2 Tim. 1:12. Outside Reading: *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 469-513.



J. BYRON LOGAN

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

QUESTION What is your counsel regarding church groups eating lunch in city parks on Sabbath, or two or three families having dinner at someone's home? We rather frequently invite people to our home after church and occasionally accept dinner invitations.

We live in the country and have two small children and are not able to associate much with our people except on Sabbaths, but I want to do what is right.

ANSWER Before I could say whether I consider your Sabbath activity right or not, I would need more information. However, there are some important principles of Sabbathkeeping that we may review.

The commandment "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy" requires laying aside all secular pursuits, including our own pleasures, our own interests, and buying and selling even of food (Neh. 13:15-22).

It would appear, however, that you desire to get out into nature and enjoy

the worship of God and fellowship with other believers on the Sabbath. Surely this would be in harmony with God's commandment. The Sabbath should be called a day of delight. It should be "the most joyful day of the week."—*Testimonies*, vol. 6, p. 359. After the morning worship is over the "portion remaining to the family may be made the most sacred and precious season of all the Sabbath hours."—*Ibid.*, p. 358.

It would seem to me that the problem is not so much whether we should eat a lunch in the open air, or even at a fellow member's house, as what we do on such occasions and the objective of the visit. If these occasions are designed to direct the minds of the young and old alike to the things of nature and nature's God, there could be no better way of keeping the Sabbath. If, on the other hand, we are interested only in the meal itself, even buying food, and if we fritter away in idle chatter and entertainment the day God calls His own, that is wrong.

QUESTION Because there are few Adventists in my community, I find it hard not to associate with people of various churches. Often a hostess, who doesn't know about my faith, will bring me a cup of tea or coffee. Shall I refuse this harmful drink and perhaps hurt her feelings? When I entertain non-Adventist friends should I prepare tea for them?

ANSWER Inasmuch as tea and coffee are harmful, one cannot consistently use them and at the same time live in harmony with 1 Corinthians 3:16, 17.

Actually, there are many non-Adventists who do not use tea or coffee, and you will offend no one if you just thank your hostess and politely tell her that you do not care for any.

However, while Seventh-day Adventist Christians should be health reformers, we should avoid doing anything that might prove a stumbling block to those not acquainted with Bible teachings.

"The Lord desires our ministers, physicians, and church members to be careful not to urge those who are ignorant of our faith to make sudden changes in diet, thus bringing men to a premature test. Hold up the principles of health reform, and let the Lord lead the honest in heart. They will hear and believe. . . . Present the principles of temperance in their most attractive form."—*Counsels on Health*, p. 442.

If friends are visiting in your own home, you need not make any explanations at first. You could ask them if they would like a hot drink with the meal and then serve a hot cereal beverage, or you might even suggest to them, "I have a new mint tea that we think is delicious. Won't you try some?"

The instruction that has come to us through the inspiration of the Spirit of God should be practiced in the life all the time and everywhere.

watch the many kinds of sea fowl that inhabit this part of the coast.

As the train from London approaches the coast, travelers ride along for several miles on a track laid within a few feet of the water's edge.

Just over a mile after leaving Dawlish Warren we reach the pleasant resort of Dawlish, with its crowded beach. Boys and girls on the sands stop their play and turn to wave to us as we hurry by in the train.

Now we pass quickly in and out of a series of short tunnels through red sandstone cliffs, and once clear of these tunnels there follows more than a mile with rail and sea once more in close company.

Here a public promenade skirts the track on its seaward side—a wonderful place for a walk, especially for boys of any age who love trains and the sea as well.

After passing through the next station, Teignmouth (pronounced Tinmuth), the journey is something of an anticlimax as the line leaves the coast and heads for Newton Abbot, an important railway junction and market town.

But whether you continue the trip by train or in imagination leave the railroad here and proceed by auto, the next town of importance on the coast is Torquay, known far and wide as "The Queen of the English Riviera."

The town spreads itself gracefully over the whole of the promontory forming the northern arm of Tor Bay. It has the sea on three sides, and is said to be built, like Rome, on seven hills. Terraces of modern white villas peep out from the tree-clad slopes. Red cliffs, secluded bays, seven miles of coast line, a sparkling island-dotted sea, gardens ablaze with color, and an abundance of sunshine and warmth—no wonder the town becomes a personality to those of us who love it. No wonder that from the moment of departure we look forward to the next visit. No wonder Napoleon when, as a prisoner, he viewed it from a ship in the bay exclaimed, "At last! There is a beautiful country."

One Sabbath after I had preached in the church at Torquay, a church member was taking me home to lunch, but first he was to drive an aged member to her home in Paignton, two miles farther south, where smooth sands and pleasant situation are an attraction to thousands every season.

On the way back, after having done his good deed, a sudden glorious view of Torquay was spread out before us.

"Paignton hasn't got the character of Torquay," I ventured, knowing he would agree with me.

"No, indeed."

"I sometimes wonder," I said, knowing

there were only "Torquay people" in the auto, "why people go for a holiday to Paignton with Torquay so close at hand."

"There's only one answer to that," he replied with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Oh, what's that?"

"People go to Paignton because from Paignton you get such lovely views of Torquay!"

And still, I suppose, there will always be people who prefer Paignton, others who prefer Torquay, and still others who dislike both, and prefer Brighton or Blackpool.

Four or five miles around the bay through Paignton again, and we arrive in Brixham, Torquay's opposite number on the southern arm of the bay—Brixham, the landing place of William of Orange in 1688; Brixham, where Henry Francis Lyte wrote "Abide With Me";—a quaint little place dearly loved by a growing circle of admirers.

We are once again approaching the Dart River, where we began our journey. Its mouth is stanchly guarded by two castles, one on each side, named Dartmouth Castle and Kingswear Castle. King Edward IV once agreed to pay the burgesses of Dartmouth £30 per annum "for ever" if they would undertake to build and maintain a "strong and mighty defensyve newe Towre" and a "cheyne sufficient in length and strengthe" to stretch from one bank to the other to protect the "haven of Dartmouth." Hence the two castles, though the chain has gone.

Dittisham, a pretty little village on the banks of the river about three miles upstream, is a place of pilgrimage for thousands of visitors to whom the name conjures up happy memories of real Devonshire cream teas, complete with homemade plum jam.

Thus fortified we return to Kingswear, officially the terminus of the so-called Torquay branch of the railroad. But if you cross the river by the ferry to Dartmouth, you will see a building on the water's edge proudly labelled "Dartmouth Station," though no railroad is to be found on this side of the water at all. The explanation is that the railroad also operates a ferry—a far more conventional kind—and its landing stage on the Dartmouth bank is called Dartmouth Station.

The Naval College at Dartmouth—known to every Englishman—occupies a magnificent situation on the hill overlooking the river and facing Kingswear. The foundation stone was laid by King Edward VII in 1902, and since its opening three years later, boys of all ages and ranks have come and gone. Dukes and princes both of England and continental countries have studied within its walls.



Who Me?

You mean

I can give talks?

--and lead discussions?

--and hold meetings?

BUT

YOU

DON'T

KNOW

ME!

Oh, you say the

MV Program Kit

will teach me how? that others are finding out it isn't hard, after all?

. . . O.K., I'll try!



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It is by far the most impressive building for miles around.

If we board the Plymouth bus at Dartmouth Station, we shall soon pass by one of the entrances to the Naval College. But just after this, if we turn and look back, we shall have a most rewarding view of the river four or five hundred feet below, and of the tiny, toylike trains in Kingswear Station, on the far side.

We will have gone only a little farther along this road before another inspiring view spreads itself out—this time before us. If the air is clear we shall see, nine miles away, the slender white tower of the lighthouse at Start Point, sometimes called the Start. This is the goal of our trip, the end of our exploration of this part of the coast.

It is only a fleeting glimpse, however, as the road dips downhill slightly, and anyway our attention is soon directed to the approaching little village of Stoke Fleming. And what a delightful place it is, with narrow streets, sharp corners, and quaint cottages. But we are soon through the village and on our way to Blackpool Sands.

The road continues downhill steadily, and soon we find ourselves close to the cliff edge again, with the sea about a hundred feet below.

We descend to the little bay of Blackpool. It is just a tiny sandy bay set among pine and eucalyptus trees, with high protecting cliffs on either side. Though far from the surging crowds of the resorts, more and more people who appreciate this type of scenery are "discovering" it every year. In springtime the fields behind the bay are filled with primroses and other lovely flowers.

It is a steep climb before the road regains the cliff top once more. Then suddenly the road sweeps inland and we come to the village of Strete. After passing through Strete, the coastal hills recede about half a mile inland for the next three miles. Thus you would expect to find a flat, uninteresting plain. But it is one of the most interesting parts of the country.

The road descends steeply to sea level and proceeds straight to Torcross, with the shingle of the beach immediately on the left. On the right there are large fresh-water lakes extending almost the full length of the level ground. Partly overgrown with reeds, they are the home of large numbers of wild birds, and the waters abound with fish. Only the road and the bank it runs on divides the lakes on the one hand from the sea on the other.

This area was chosen for practice invasions during World War II, and the surrounding villages were evacuated while the training was in progress. Not until several years after the war was the news released that during one of these exercises an enemy submarine crept in and released its torpedoes with disastrous

results to the participating troops: more than three hundred American soldiers were killed.

Halfway along this strange road there used to be a hotel, standing right on the shore. But during the war it was demolished by a bomb, and where it stood is now a monument erected by the Americans in appreciation of the cooperation of the local people in leaving their homes while the exercises took place.

At the end of the lakes, where we reach the quiet village of Torcross, the hills again sweep round toward the sea, and from there on lend grandeur to the coast line. A footpath leads over the hill, first passing the fishing village of Beesands, with another smaller lake called Torcross Ley.

The next village is Hallsands, and by now we are getting close to Start Point. Hallsands was originally built on the shore, under the shelter of the low cliffs. But when, in the nineties of last century, the construction of Plymouth docks was planned, many tons of shingle were removed from this shore in order to produce the concrete required. The results were unforeseen. The shingle had served as a natural breakwater, and now the stormy seas came right up to the cottages, gradually battering them to pieces. The new village of Hallsands was rebuilt on top of the cliffs together with a very select modern hotel.

Now we are nearing the end of our

journey. At every step the shining lighthouse seems to get nearer, and we can see more plainly the curious series of jagged rocks running down the promontory to the lighthouse.

And when at last we stand, by the courtesy of the lighthouse keeper, on the top of the tower, we survey with deep satisfaction the way we have come. And turning toward the west we see a wonderful panorama of sea and cliff as the coast sweeps on toward Plymouth, about twenty-five miles away.

We have finished our journey at the Start.

Visitor in Guatemala

From page 16

the car and my husband set the camera to catch her as she came past. Mrs. Tahay and I stood blocking the shady sidewalk so she would have to walk past in the sunny street. Just as Henry was ready to click the shutter she lowered the turkey at a word from her husband who had caught on. They laughed and we laughed, but we had missed a good picture.

Another weekend found us visiting Adventist churches in three more "nango" ("place") towns: Quetzaltenango, Momostenango, and Huehuetenango—all up in the high country.

The first is the second largest city of Guatemala and also the historic spot where Alvarado, the Spanish conqueror, killed the last Maya-Quiché chief, Tacun Umán, in hand-to-hand conflict.

The Mayans had a belief that certain people were bound by intimate ties to some animal spirit, which is called a nagual, and that this spirit might come to the defense of the individual in a moment of danger. Or it might die with his human counterpart. The chief's nagual was the gorgeous bird called the quetzal. At the moment when he was stabbed the bird is supposed to have appeared, fluttered over his form, and then fallen dead beside him.

The quetzal is the national bird and emblem of Guatemala as well as the name of its momentary unit corresponding to the U.S. dollar. Belonging to the family of trogons, it is one of this world's most beautiful birds, with its crimson breast, its shining green crest, and its long wing coverts hanging down like a tail twice the length of the bird itself. The quetzal is about the size of a dove, but the male may be about thirty-eight inches long including the gracefully curved tail.

It is not seen in zoos because it will not live in captivity. Because of this it is considered an emblem of liberty.

Quetzals are now very rare, and few Guatemalans have ever seen one other than the stuffed specimens in the museum of natural history. It was my great desire to see a quetzal and add it to my

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but while in Europe I read the following graphic account of the evaluation a man placed on his vices:

"This man, who died at the age of 73 had a flair for exactness. He kept a minute record of his vices from the age of eighteen for fifty-two years.

"He says that in the fifty-two years he smoked 628,715 cigars of which 43,692 were given him as presents. He paid for the remaining 585,023 the sum of \$10,433.00.

"According to his book-keeping he drank 28,786 glasses of beer, and 26,085 glasses of liquor for which he paid the sum of \$5,350.00.

"Ruefully examining the account of \$15,783.00 worse than wasted in this poisonous pastime, he closes his diary with the words:

"I have tried all things; I have seen many; I have accomplished nothing."

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

list of nearly six hundred birds seen, but that still remains an unfulfilled dream. Professor Tahay said he had seen them in the wooded canyons outside Momostenango in the early morning, but by the time I was in a wooded canyon near Momostenango it was noon and there were many people about.

Momostenango is a primitive Indian town with no hotel for American visitors. There we saw the building that had once housed an Adventist Indian training school then closed for lack of funds. It was market day, Sunday, and the cobblestone streets were filled with Indian blankets spread out for sale, for handwoven woolen blankets are the specialty of Momostenango. Sometimes they are on display wet to prove they have already been shrunk. It was to see this shrinking process that we walked down the precipitous canyon outside the village.

"What is that noise?" we asked as we picked our way down.

"That's the Indians beating their blankets," Professor Tahay told us. "Here, stand on this rock and you can see what they are doing."

There were hot springs among the rocks and falls and pools below us. The Indians washed their heavy blankets in the hot water and then rolled them up and laid them on the rocks. There they were beating them with heavy sticks, then squeezing and twisting them deftly with their bare feet as they tramped out the water. From this process the Momostenango blankets come forth—Sanforized!

In the small pools of warm water the Indians were taking advantage of the situation to get a hot bath. Men and women were bathing together in apparent innocence with no swimming suits at all. While the women bathed they nursed their babies and scrubbed their naked little bodies and washed their little black heads all at once.

Huehuetenango lies in the foothills of the high Cuchumatanes mountain range. As we drove over more mountains and across more valleys to reach it, Professor Tahay told us how he and his students at the training school in Momostenango had often walked across the intervening mountains for hours to conduct meetings near Huehuetenango.

When we came into the town he stopped to tell one of our church members that there would be an evening meeting and he promised to pass the word around.

In the meantime we drove out to see the ancient Mayan ruins that have been restored. There was a great pyramid, temple-altars around a central patio, and a ball court just as we had seen in other Mayan ruins in Mexico. The site was surrounded by a deep ravine except for a neck of high land where the road entered. Guatemala has many of these an-

cient ruins, but most of them are in the Petén-Yucatán region and are inaccessible by car.

We were pleased to find many listeners that evening at the little Adventist hall where the church group has only occasional visits from the Guatemalan worker in charge of the Indian district.

Near Huehuetenango we saw the cut where the Pan American Highway is to

connect with the Mexican highway in the mountains. Then the tourist will crowd the highway to visit Guatemala, the land of volcanoes, for it has everything to offer—pleasant climate, gentle people, good hotels, natural beauty in every form, ancient ruins, and the most colorful Indians of the Americas. It will be another thrilling mission land accessible by car from the north.



SHELLS: By Edna L. Meyer

When school bells ring and the majority of the tourists have left the beaches of North America, then it is time for shellers to get out their tide books (which can be obtained from a sporting goods store).

SHELLS September brings returning lower tides with the lowest coming in late December. The minus-one tides begin in November. Very low tides recur throughout January and February.

Better look up those shelling buckets, plastic bags, sticks, and strips of cloth, towels and knives! See that your tennis shoes are handy for someday someone may unexpectedly call, "Let's go shelling," and in your hasty preparations you may forget something essential. What could be more disappointing than to find yourself at the beach without a bucket and trowel? It has happened to me.

Now is a good time to consult your requirements for an honor in shells. The beginner's requirements are quite easy, but the advanced requirements will cause you to shell a little more diligently, as so many more species are required. So check what you have previously gathered and the number of shells you will need to meet the requirements.

All summer during higher tides the sea life has been hidden from most hobbyists. The babies that were hatched or born late in spring will have grown to a size desirable for collecting. First come, first served—so shellers take advantage of the first low tides. It would be well for you to consult the tide book on the laws that limit as to size and quantity the collecting of so-called edible shells.

Recently I heard of a man being swept off a rock by a huge wave. I have been

told his unfortunate experience is duplicated many times every year. So be cautious when you are shelling in rocky areas. Slippery rocks must be respected too, for you can quickly land in a tide pool or in the surf if you disregard your footing.

Greedy shellers deplete the shell supply so some areas are quickly "shelled out," a term that applies to a number of once-fertile shelling areas. Rocks have been turned over in search of shells and not re-turned, thus destroying attached sea life. So take what you need, turn the rocks back, and you will be respected for your consideration of the accepted rules for good shellers.

Sharing your extras with others will give you added pleasure, and sharing your time in helping beginners is a most gratifying experience. Seek the help of a conchologist in your area, who will be happy to help you identify your shells. Shells without names are like chickens without feathers. They lack something very essential.

Then apply yourself to the enjoyable task of completing the requirements for an MV Honor in shells, so that you may be of greater service to others.

Happy shelling!

Shell Exchange

Edward F. Smith, 1001 North Pacific, Oceanside, California.

John Beaton, 637 Palm Avenue, Los Altos, California.

Mrs. Richard Severson, Belfield, North Dakota.

Gayle Hackleman, 430 Pitsanuloke Road, Bangkok, Thailand.

Far and Near

the Fields Are Teeming With the Sheaves of Ripened Grain." **THESE TIMES** will help you to give the gospel to someone across the nation, town, or street. You can help enlarge the harvest of souls by sending **THESE TIMES** to relatives, acquaintances, business and professional persons, Ingathering contacts, prisons, libraries, Bible course enrollees, and others.

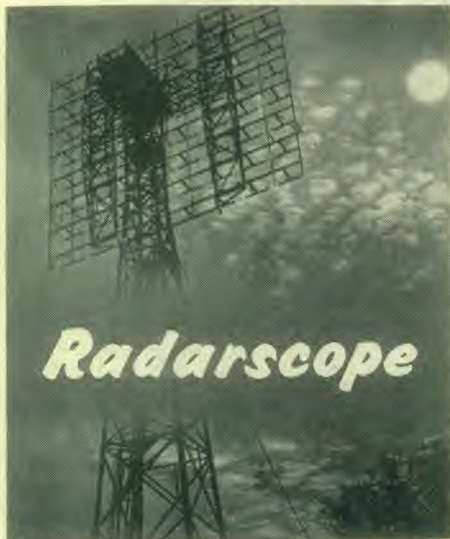


"Blessed, soul-saving Bible truths are published in our papers."—*Testimonies*, Vol. 9, p. 63.

"Let us now, by the wise use of periodicals . . . , preach the Word with determined energy, that the world may understand the message that Christ gave to John on the Isle of Patmos. Let every human intelligence who professes the name of Christ testify, The end of all things is at hand; prepare to meet thy God."—E. G. White, *Review and Herald*, July 30, 1908.



Contact your church missionary secretary or Book and Bible House for special low missionary rates, effective October 1 to November 30, 1957.



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

Radarscope

► FOR the typical American wage earner every third day is now free. Weekends, holidays, and vacation time add up to a full 121 days each year. **ALCOA**

► THERE is nothing yet known to science that will restore color to hair or cure early male baldness, according to the chief of the Federal Food and Drug Administration division of pharmacology. **AMA**

► ARIZONA lives by four big C's—climate, cotton, cattle, and copper. The Morenci open pit, northeast of Tucson, is one of the nation's largest copper operations. Diggings have literally converted a mountain into a hole in the ground. **NGS**

► COASTAL BERMUDA grass enabled farmers from Florida to California last year to convert more than a million acres of once-wasted land into a rich source of livestock feed. Whereas 20 acres were needed to carry one cow on native southern grass, with the use of Coastal Bermuda and fertilizer, eight head of cattle were carried on six acres. **Steelways**

► EVERY autumn National Park Service specialists must scientifically predict when Washington, D.C.'s famed cherry trees will bloom the following spring. Officials fix the date of the Cherry Blossom Festival accordingly. There is scant margin for error, for the trees bloom for only about 11 days. Park veterans still shudder at the memory of 1952, the worst miss in recent years, when by festival time the blossoms had come and long gone. **NGS**

► CITING a number of surveys indicating that strenuous competitive athletics is harmful for the young adolescent, Dr. John L. Reichert, chairman of the Committee on School Health of the American Academy of Pediatrics, declared that such contests might contribute lasting damage to the heart, lungs, or kidneys of the young athlete. He said, "Violent and sustained exercise, and the bruising and fatiguing activities of strenuous competition are believed by many authorities to throw a damaging overload on an immature heart, lungs, or kidneys. Often the damage is not evident at the time but manifests itself weeks or even years later. Evidence to the contrary that I have found in the literature is not well controlled and is not impressive." **Scope**

► BRAZIL has long been known as a treasure chest of minerals useful in peace or war. Besides its remarkably pure manganese deposits, the South American colossus is believed to contain more high-grade iron ore than any other country on earth. There are also coal and crude oil and large deposits of chromium, aluminum-producing bauxite, and tungsten. Widely distributed gold, semiprecious stones, and diamonds—industrial and jewel—add glitter to the pile of minerals found in Brazil. The country is at present the only source of commercial quantities of high-grade quartz crystal, valuable in making precision instruments. And uranium prospects are bright. **NGS**

► IN the annals of taxation few articles have escaped notice. A tax on togas, once levied in the Roman Empire, was graduated proportionally to their elegance. A tax on doors in Greece put a levy on those opening outward on public footway. A tax on fireplaces in France was meant to tax the wealthy, but actually only produced cold homes. A tax on funerals, used in the Roman Empire, had to be paid before the ceremony began. **Du Pont**

► UNITED STATES presidents who have been musicians include Thomas Jefferson, who indulged in string quartets with friends; John Quincy Adams, who played duets with his wife; Warren G. Harding, who was a trumpeter; Harry Truman, who performed on the piano; and Dwight Eisenhower, who has enjoyed the harmonica for years. **AMC**

► Now relegated to the scrap heap of old wives' tales is the popular belief that all sunspots are bad for overseas radio communications. The results of a ten-year study of solar radio disturbances indicates that transmitting conditions on international radio circuits actually get better as the number of sunspots increases. **RCA**

► THERE is evidence that the fundamental processes of life go on in the deepest parts of the ocean, where pressures reach 17,000 pounds per square inch, the temperature stays just above freezing, and sunlight never penetrates. However, the only specimens a Danish vessel brought up alive on a recent research expedition were bacteria. **UC**

► LATEST figures available indicate that Americans spend \$15 billion a year for medical care. About three fourths of the total amount is spent for private care and the rest for public care, Federal, State, and local. **California's Health**

► THE latest lightweight ladder is constructed of glass fiber and polyester resin and is nonconductive for electrical uses and noncorrosive for outdoor purposes. **Chemical Digest**

► THE United States makes more than 40 per cent of total world steel production—steel for bathtubs, refrigerators, shoe lace tips, and thousands of other items. **AISI**

► Food store buyers in the United States are being offered an average of 24 new items a day, more than 6,000 a year. **Tee-Pak**

► THE "head" of a shrimp houses the crustacean's heart and stomach. The meaty tail is the part that is eaten. **NGS**

► THE whale has a naked skin except for a few scattered hairs on the head. **NGS**

► ARISTOTLE was apparently the first writer to note that all babies are born with blue eyes. **BVI**

► THE length of blood vessels carrying nutrition throughout the body of the average person totals about 12,000 miles. **Today's Food**

► IN the 1957 season, every major-league baseball team in the United States has been sponsored on radio or television by a beer company. **MBT**

► A REPORT of the Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency dismisses the following as real factors in the rise of delinquency: lack of organized recreation, poor housing, economic status. **NAM**

► ONE of the cheapest sight-seeing rides in the world is the nickel ride on the Staten Island ferry, which affords the passenger a five-mile scenic ride and a view of the Statue of Liberty. **NY Convention and Visitors Bureau**

► ALMOST everyone reads lips at some time without realizing it, according to a hearing therapist. People who work in noisy environments, but whose efficiency depends on accuracy of hearing, unconsciously learn to watch and read not only the lips of a speaker but also facial expressions and gestures. **UC**

► EXTRACTING underground wealth has long been a Bolivian custom. Silver was discovered in the 1540's and brought early Spanish settlement to the cold, wind-swept Altiplano, the high plateau rising from South America's west coast. Silver production declined in the 1870's, but soon fabulously rich tin deposits were discovered nearby. Now the country is carrying out a long-range program to develop another of its resources—the black gold of oil. **NGS**

► FROM serving exclusively as a prankster's phrase, the "sky hook" has become a roof bolt of substance and value in a sizable number of coal and metal mines, helping to form self-supporting roof arches. Steel shafts up to eight feet in length and an inch in diameter, the sky hooks skewer the overhang and lock it in place. They replace timber roof supports and provide miners with more and safer working space, better underground visibility, and improved ventilation. **Steelways**

► FEMALE canaries have been observed to sing like males for about a month after injection with male hormone. In one experiment, twelve days after the injection all the treated birds were definitely singing, although the "song" lasted only for a few seconds at a time. In the following days the length of sustained song became greater and was indistinguishable from that of a male bird. The first attempts at singing were similar to those of young males, but the injected females developed more rapidly. Vigorous singing continued for about a month, and then there was a gradual decrease. The experiment was conducted as a result of complaints from pet dealers who reported that some of their imported canaries sang as typical males for a time, but later refused to sing. **Science**