

THE

Youth's

INSTRUCTOR

Wilma Ross Westphal tells
how Share Your Faith
was put into practice by the

Garberville Doctor 4

JANUARY 28, 1958

Bible Lesson for February 8



All Problems Solved

By **BOYD E. OLSON**

"It's just one thing after another. If it's not this problem, it's that one to worry about." Her face was sad and long as she spoke.

"Your trouble is that you enjoy worrying," chided her friend.

"Don't be ridiculous. No one wants to worry."

"If you don't enjoy it, why worry when it won't help anyway?"

"Oh, it's easy to talk that way, but there is my schoolwork, and I'm afraid I won't have friends at the academy next year, and now plans have fallen through for a trip I had my heart set on. It's always something."

Now let me talk to you straight. Worry is something we all have been guilty of. We face problems, and Satan tries to make us worry about them, but God does not intend that we murmur about our problems. The Sermon on the Mount makes that clear. "Take therefore no thought," said Jesus.

Let me share with you a statement from the practical book *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, the last sentence in the chapter "The True Motive in Service." Please read it several times, slowly and prayerfully. This wonderful promise will be fulfilled if the conditions are met, and these are met when a Christian gives his life fully to Christ.

The statement: "If you will seek the Lord and be converted every day; if you will of your own spiritual choice be free and joyous in God; if with gladsome consent of heart to His gracious call you come wearing the yoke of Christ,—the yoke of obedience and service,—all your murmurings will be stilled, all your difficulties will be removed, all the perplexing problems that now confront you will be solved."

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 1958, our objectives continue to be the same.

POPULAR Dr. Harold Shryock introduces this week a series of articles that will appear once or twice a month under the general title "So You're Growing Up!" The continuing brisk sale of his books—*Happiness for Husbands and Wives*, and others—indicates his popularity as a counselor on the problems of growing into Christian maturity.

COVER The picture of a *gondelbahns* on our cover comes from the Swiss National Travel Office. The *gondelbahns*, or chair lift, is shown above Crans s. Sierre in Valais, Switzerland. Story on page 11.

EDITORIAL "All Problems Solved" is a natural consequence of a philosophy that says, "If I submit to the Lord's management of my life, the problems of life will be solved." Both editorial and philosophy belong to Boyd E. Olson, since 1956 MV and educational secretary of the Northern Union Conference. School preparation for his work in the church was obtained at Campion Academy, Union College, Colorado State College of Education, the University of Minnesota, and the SDA Theological Seminary.

RESPONSES Florida: "Excuse the card, but I remembered your wanting to know if the young people enjoyed the article in last week's INSTRUCTOR. ["Tomorrow Never Came," October 8, 1957.] I enjoyed it very much and hope to be able to read more. The INSTRUCTOR is a part of me." Beth Davis, Minnesota: "I am very much interested in your type of story such as 'Tomorrow Never Came.' I think it is a good way to write stories. Most people are used to having a story summed up, and in this way—with the story ending abruptly—they will stop and think about it. Surely the moral is seen in this story. I'm much in favor of this type." Maplewood Academy sophomore.

INDIANS Mission fields are usually considered to be far away from the homeland in point of time and distance. This is not true of the Adventist mission among the Navahos of Arizona. The first of a five-part serial by Fred J. Crump next week will give in word and picture the story of "Mission in Navaholand."

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 106, No. 4

January 28, 1958

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Published by the Seventh-day Adventists. Printed every Tuesday by the Review and Herald Publishing Assn., at Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C., U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D.C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1958, Review and Herald Publishing Assn., Washington 12, D.C.

Subscription rates: one year, \$5.75; two years, \$10.50; three years, \$14.25; six months, \$3.00; in clubs of three or more, one year, each \$4.75; six months, \$2.50. Foreign countries where extra postage is required: one year, \$6.25; six months, \$3.25; in clubs of three or more, one year, each, \$5.25; six months, \$2.75. Monthly color edition, available overseas only, one year, \$1.75.

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four years now, and you ask me to be simple? Just how do you mean that word? Do you expect me, after all this education, to become elementary? It takes brains to become a scientist. I believe, but I also doubt. Doubt is the father of progress."

Progress is made by doubting your *own* formulas of life, but not by doubting God's laws and formulas. By "simple faith" I mean open-mindedness to God's purpose in allowing you to exist, and accepting the power to perform in harmony with this purpose. Automatically, your mind becomes a functional, unobstructed channel through which God's power can flow, provided you submit to the plan.

"But I thought we were to be free moral agents, and select our own destiny. I have chosen to be a teacher, and I have had the ambition and ability to work my way through school and become what I chose to become," an education major says.

At this point on the faith road it is easy to fall by the wayside. God is not a dictator. God is not arbitrary. This is proved by the fact that He has endowed most people with more than one talent. He knows, however, in which talent you excel and where you could do the most good, and where you would be the happiest.

Christ came that we might live more abundantly. By the abundant life He meant that we should use all our talents in living, and develop more than would be possible without Him.

In other words, suppose you can tell a class how to break down an atom, but lack the personality to make the class really interested in atoms. Are you a successful teacher?

On the other hand have you ever met

THIS is an age of *power*. Nations are racing to attain superior strength through nuclear power, electric power, jet power, sea power, and air power. Another dynamic force, however, is as yet relatively unused. It is simply called prayer power.

The strength of prayer power depends not on its source. Rather, its constancy and even flow are sustained by the proper relationship of the user to the Giver.

Let's examine this relationship, and appraise it from several points of view. It does not take a stiff course in physics to evaluate this phenomenon associated with the laws of personal victory and energy. In fact, you need not understand it scientifically at all. The only requirement in its *efficient* use is recognition of its existence, and laying hold of it in simple faith.

"Simple faith?" a college science major asks. "I've been going to college for

PRAYER power is GO power

And it's always at your mind's finger tips.

Bill Rowe tried it, and found that it works.

By FLORENCE HAMILTON JOHNSON

MV Share Your Faith FRONTIERS



C. A. OLIPHANT

LA SIERRA, CALIFORNIA.—Typical of the approximately one hundred Voice of Youth evangelistic campaigns now under way or being planned in the Pacific Union Conference is the recent series in the Riverside-Arlington area, which attracted an attendance of some five hundred people nightly. Shown here at one of the Voice of Youth planning sessions are (left to right) Deane Nelson, La Sierra College freshman student; Elder J. R. Nelson, Pacific Union MV secretary; Elder Clark Smith, associate MV secretary of the Pacific Union; and Elder Desmond Cummings, MV secretary for Southern California.

a really mature Christian who lacked a warm personality? Have you?

Mr. Science Major and Miss Education Major, are you satisfied with your accomplishments thus far? Have you contributed objectively to the improvement of your college course—for instance? Or do you feel that you need a little more inspiration, strength, or power?

That's what we mean by relative faith. Power is given in proportion to our faith and our need. The more simple and childlike and genuine our faith is, the more dynamic our lives become. This sounds like a paradox, but it is a sound truth.

When I was in college, the physics professor gave a lecture in chapel on electricity. Not being a physics student, I was inclined to feel bored at first, but became instantly alert as soon as he made the assumption that there was a connection between the power of Heaven and the electrical powers of the mind. He emphasized, of course, that he did not

understand all the implications but that he knew of the possibilities through personal experience.

Bill Rowe, usually a happy, successful man, came home one evening from his work and fell into a chair. "Whew!" was all he could say.

Mrs. Rowe, working in the kitchen, felt that something was wrong, but dismissed the feeling with a shrug and a "I guess he's very tired tonight."

The next evening was the same. He fell exhausted into his chair and didn't bother to read his paper or chat about the day's work as he usually did.

After the children had gone to bed, Mrs. Rowe asked what was wrong. Looking at her sleepily, he said, "Oh, nothing. I'm just tired."

"Perhaps," she said, "but this is a different kind of tiredness than I have ever seen before. Something is wrong."

"I guess not," he said. "Everything will be all right."

"Please tell me," she begged. "You can't fool me."

"No, I guess I can't." He sat up in his chair. "That new fellow I have to work with in the office is impossible. His work is jumpy, and doesn't vibrate right."

Mrs. Rowe laughed. "What on earth are you saying?"

"I know it sounds queer, but the fellow is out of rhythm, or something. It simply wears me out. I guess that's it."

"I think you might help him by praying for him through the day," Mrs. Rowe said. "Whenever you run into him, why don't you direct a kind thought in his direction and a little prayer. That will help to put him into the rhythm of the office."

One day, several months later, Mr. Rowe was working in the file room when Jim Jones, the new man, stopped to chat. "Until I met you," he said, "I felt all out of kilter in this office. It was the strangest thing how comfortable I felt as soon as I came in contact with you. I can't understand it."

"I was praying for you," Mr. Rowe said.

"Praying? For me?"

"Yes. You were wearing yourself out—and everyone else too—with your nervous, jumpy ways. On a suggestion by my wife, I decided to pray for you through the day. Apparently, the healing power worked both ways. I am not nearly so tired at night now, and I'll guess you aren't either!"

"I feel different and so relaxed," the new man said. "I've changed, but I didn't realize what was happening. Prayer power is go power, I guess. The fears that used to make me nervous have subsided. How do you go about this business of praying?"

Mr. Rowe smiled. "I have friendly little visits with God throughout the day. You see, we are in business together, and for that reason He is eager that I turn out all right and that I become a successful man. You simply can't be in business with God and be a personal failure.

"When I look at my problems through God's eyes they sort of fade away. On a piece of parchment I taped a tiny mustard seed one day and wrote these words on the paper, 'And nothing shall be impossible unto you.' I keep it here in my desk and I read it each morning before I begin work. You see, God talks to me through His Word, and I talk to Him through prayer."

Is there a scientist in the house? Perhaps you didn't know it, but it's you! And your scientific experiment need not be that of an amateur, either. It is within your reach to test the operation of the most dynamic power in the world—and you need not fear explosions or failure, if you use the proper formula.

Prayer power is always at your mind's finger tips.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Garberville's Dr. Leland S. Loewen, with his special oversize satchel in hand (left), starts for tall timber, where he puts in much of



his overtime practice caring for victims of logging accidents. He demonstrates (right) emergency treatment to an injured workman.

Garberville Doctor

By WILMA ROSS WESTPHAL

LELAND S. LOEWEN, M.D., of Garberville, California, would be the last to concede that he has done anything outside the line of duty or worthy of public acclaim. But the citizens of this fast-growing town tell a different story.

Dr. Loewen, who is of medium height and build, with dark, slightly graying hair and smiling eyes, began his practice virtually without funds in two motel units in April, 1948.

From the time he was a boy and first dreamed of becoming a doctor, he deter-

mined to practice in a small country town where there were no clinics, no hospitals, but a very great need.

One day when he was twelve, he was out in the field with his father when suddenly a snake struck at him, biting his left hand. His father looked at his hand and tried to keep the panic from his voice.

"Run home to your mother as fast as possible," he commanded. "As soon as I can unhitch the horses, I'll take you to the doctor."

But the doctor's procedure and facil-

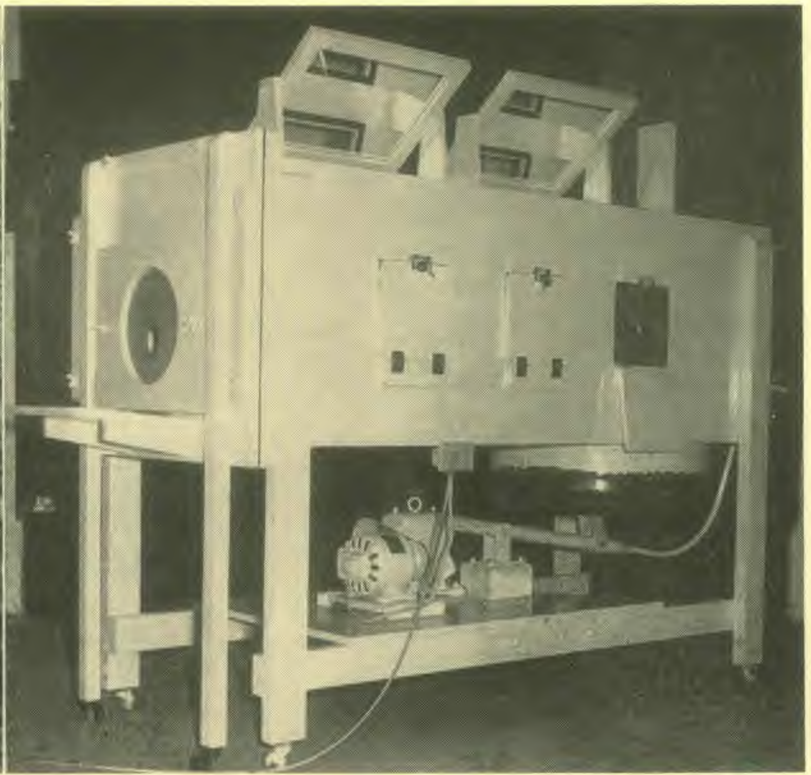
ities for treating snake bite proved ineffective. For several days the lad's life hung in the balance. In desperation his parents took him to Topeka, the nearest large city, in search of help.

Serum had to be flown from Kansas City to treat the boy. However, by this time his arm was so swollen and infected that the doctors decided the entire arm would have to be amputated, though they had been doing everything known to medical science to save it.

The doctors glanced from the boy's tense face to one another's.



PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR



The Loewen family (left) includes Mrs. Elvira, Dr. Leland, and sons Bill and John. Wooden lung (right) was made by a group of townspeople who followed instructions given in "Popular Mechanics" magazine. It was presented to Dr. Loewen for use in his medical center.

"Can't do it now," one of them sighed and shook his head. "Let's take a chance and postpone the amputation until evening."

By evening there seemed to be a slight change for the better. The doctors then decided to continue treatment through the night with the hope that the amputation might be made at the elbow.

In the morning they examined Leland's arm again and found the condition had improved so much they decided that only the hand would be lost.

"Let's take a chance on further developments," the head doctor said.

The treatment continued, and the doctors were assured that their hopes and efforts had been justified. The boy's hand eventually returned to normal.

During the nerve-racking experience Leland Loewen decided to become a first-rate doctor and bring up-to-date medical facilities to some small country community.

Why should advanced medicine and the best doctors be confined to the larger communities, when the need is often as great—or even greater—in some country areas? He asked himself this question repeatedly through the years in high school, college, and medical school.

When Leland Loewen was a sophomore in medicine, he courted and married Elvira Ochs, a nursing student. They both worked and continued their education. He graduated from the College of Medical Evangelists in 1945.

Elvira's experience as receptionist for Dr. Alfred Gilbert, during the time she and her husband were both students, gave her invaluable background in the setting-up and management of a doctor's office and clinic. This experience was to prove a great asset to Dr. Loewen's work in the years ahead.

After his internship in a Los Angeles hospital, a rotating residency in Riverside, and a couple of years of military service, it was time for him to set up a practice of his own.

He decided to travel about the country until he found the type of place he had always dreamed of. As he and his family drove from place to place, they came to the town of Garberville and were favorably impressed. Dr. Loewen glanced at his wife. He saw the look in her eyes he wanted to see.

"Well, how do you like it, Elvira?" he asked.

She was smiling as she looked around. "I think it's exactly what we've been looking for."

Garberville was without a clinic or hospital, so here they stayed, and here they will continue to stay as long as their services are needed.

When they first arrived, places for rent were scarce and fabulously high in price, and the Loewens were practically without funds. However, they found a room in which to stay while they looked for a place that would provide living quarters as well as space for an office and

small clinic. Finally a motel owner offered them a couple of units for temporary use.

At this time the family included two small sons and a dog, but they managed to settle in the twelve-by-fourteen foot one-room unit, using the two rooms of the other unit as an office and reception room. The motel was unfinished when they took the units over, but the owner was kind enough to allow them credit on future rent for the improvements they made. There was a lot to do before they could start practice.

At last everything was in readiness, and they opened their office in April, 1948, during the town's "Bank Day" celebration—an ideal opportunity to hold open house. Thousands of people were in town for the traditional log-rolling and log-cutting contests, so there was a constant stream of visitors coming and going at the new office all day long and through the evening.

The following day they had fifteen patients. The second day was even better, with twenty-two patients. That night Garberville's new doctor retired with a feeling of security and exhilaration.

"Elvira, we're really *in* now, aren't we?"

But the third day only five patients came to the office. The doctor retired that night with a feeling of great discouragement.

"Elvira," he lamented, "we're on our way *out* now, aren't we? I guess word has

been passed around that Garberville's new doctor doesn't amount to much."

In the silence and darkness of their small room they couldn't sleep, so they held a postmortem. The doctor had never felt so much a failure in his entire life. They had worked so hard in preparation for the opening of the office. And now this!

"Do you suppose, after all our hard work," Elvira whispered, "we came to the wrong place?"

A long silence followed. "Time will tell," the doctor said at last. "Only time will tell."

"Everyone passes through a period of testing, doesn't he?" Elvira encouraged. "Maybe this is ours."

The next day was better. From that time forward they never had less than twenty patients a day, and their spirits mounted. Within three or four months they were averaging fifty patients a day.

There had been from six to fourteen in attendance at the Sabbath services when they first arrived, but their coming marked the beginning of a new era for the church. From the day the office was opened, religious literature—small books, *Signs of the Times*, *Life and Health*—was always available to the patients.

As the interest grew, the group could no longer meet in homes, and it became necessary to look for a hall for the Sabbath services. Accommodations were found at the Grange Hall in Miranda, fourteen miles up U.S. 101.

During the months of crowded living and long hours in the motel-clinic, Elvira had to be not only wife, mother, cook, housekeeper, and baby sitter but also office assistant, receptionist, and full-time nurse as well. There were numerous night calls, and neither she nor the doctor were able to get as much sleep and rest as they needed.

When they were called out during the night, she would instruct the older boy, Johnny, to keep a watchful eye on Billy. Such responsibility tended to mature Johnny earlier than most of the other boys, and this was his personal contribution to the family welfare.

After about three months they were able to employ an office nurse. By the end of six months things were going well enough to convince them that they belonged in Garberville.

Some people might have found it lonely here, but not the Loewens. They loved the forests and the mountains, the blue skies and the sunshine, and even the fog, the clouds, and the rain.

Garberville nestles in the mountains on the south fringe of the cathedral-like redwood forest, with its famous "parade of giants" where towers the world's tallest redwood some 365 feet into the sky.

But aside from the scenery, they felt they were desperately needed here. They

loved their work and they loved the people.

Although Garberville is still a lumbering town, it has today clean, wide streets and modern buildings. Many changes have taken place since the Loewens' arrival. When they first came, there was no such thing as law enforcement; there wasn't even a constable. Drunken brawls and free-for-all fights were daily occurrences. In the gambling houses many a sheep ranch and many a sawmill was won or lost by the turn of a card.

It was a common thing for the doctor to be called out to a bar in the middle of the night to pick up a patient or two with gashes and bruises and sometimes broken bones—victims of drink and gambling fights.

The Loewens carried on their work in the motel-clinic for fourteen months. But they soon realized that they would have to have a more adequate place in which to treat the patients who crowded the office.

They began to draw up plans for a medical center and a home. These first plans provided for a minor surgery, two recovery rooms, a laboratory, an X-ray room, a physiotherapy department, two examining rooms, a consultation room, reception room, and business office, together with ample living space, which was to form the right wing of the establishment.

During these months the Loewens had saved every cent possible from their earnings. They succeeded in buying a piece of land in a central location, laid foundations, and put up some of the framework.

Then the funds ran out!

Undaunted, they had bright hopes of allowing the community to have a part in the project. This plan at first met with popular approval, but the community later backed out, leaving the Loewens to face their dilemma alone. It was discouraging.

They considered a number of ideas for raising the money. They thought of borrowing the funds, but the bank and loan companies required more security than the Loewens had to offer. One after another fund-raising plan fell through.

Then a strange idea occurred to them. The town's most notorious gambler had shown an interest in the project from the start. He drank heavily and swore vehemently, but his vast wealth included ranches, motels, fishing boats, bars, and sundry other properties.

So Dr. Loewen mustered his courage and approached the man. He came straight to the point.

"How about making us a loan of around \$35,000 so we can finish building and get into the new medical center?"

The stocky gambler ran a hand through his gray, curly hair and appraised Dr. Loewen.

"So you want a loan!" He swore half under his breath. "Reckon I can't help

you none, doctor, much as I'd like to." He snorted scornfully, "Ain't worth my while. Ain't used to makin' such small loans as that. Sorry. Good day, Dr. Loewen."

Good day indeed! That had been the last idea in the bottom of the barrel. At first the Loewens had recoiled from the thought of using such funds for their project. Yet, as they had thought it through, they wondered whether a better use could possibly be made of the gambler's money. Perhaps, they had reasoned, it could actually be symbolic of a new state of affairs for the city of Garberville. But now even that glimmer of hope had been snuffed out.

They settled down again and struggled along, taking their most serious cases to the hospital forty-four miles distant.

The Loewens never really gave up hope of seeing their new medical center a reality. God had led them here, and He had blessed them. They felt certain that He would open the way for them to continue the project and see it through to completion. There could be no turning back with them. Though all prospects for getting a loan vanished, they worked on and prayed.

Then one day Dr. Loewen met the gambler again.

"Howdy, Doc. Been thinkin' things over since we last met," he said. "Conscience been hurtin' me some. Reckon I better come through on that there loan you spoke of a while back."

"Are you sure you want to do it? We still don't have much security to offer you, except long hours and our own hard work."

"That there's security enough to suit me. We gotta have that there medical center, don't we? Me now—I believe in the kind of work you're adoin'. Come on over to the bank an' we'll fix things up so's you can get goin'."

The day they moved in and opened the new medical center to the public was a gala day for both the Loewens and the citizens of Garberville.

It was a relief to the Loewen family to move from their one motel room into their comfortable new home. They could look out through the large windows of the living room into a parklike patio. Many of the trees, shrubs, and flowers had been planted in anticipation of the opening of the new building.

Now they were busier than ever, however, and their staff had to be increased considerably. Dr. Loewen employed as many Seventh-day Adventists as possible, and the service of the medical center soon became known far and wide.

It was swamped from the first with all kinds of emergency cases. The stretch of highway twenty miles north of Garberville and twelve miles south had a reputation for having as many automobile

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So You're Growing Up!

This column, appearing once or twice each month, is devoted to the social phases of Christian living. Questions from YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR readers are welcome and will be considered when topics for coming articles are selected. Address your questions to Harold Shryock, M.D., THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF LIFE

WHEN a teen-ager says, "Dad, I'd rather work for Mr. Jones at his service station this summer than work at home," he is responding as normal teen-agers do. He does not dislike home. He is curious to see if he can get along with people outside his family. He craves a certain amount of independence. He is proud of his family, but, for the moment, he would like to look at the family from outside. Even though he has to work harder for Mr. Jones than he would have to work for his father, he will take greater personal pride in earning a dollar at the service station than he would in doing a dollar's worth of work at home.

The sixteen-year-old girl who wants a new party dress is also acting normally. It is not that she actually needs more clothes. Her desire is to be attractive so that her friends will continue to be happy that she is one of their group. Also, she has arrived at the age when she hopes that some young man will notice her and that this notice may lead, someday, to a special friendship.

The twenty-year-old collegian who asks a classmate for a date is also acting normally. He has passed well beyond the boyhood stage of "hating girls" and has come to the time of life when something inside causes him to admire feminine attributes. He already looks forward to the time when he and the girl of his choice can enjoy the companionship of their own home. He does not know whether this particular girl will become his wife, but he admires her and wants to get better acquainted.

A bride is acting normally when she sheds a few tears of homesickness after the excitement of the wedding and honeymoon has passed. She may have every good reason to be happy, but she feels so overwhelmed by her change in status that she almost lacks the courage to face life's challenges. And she finds that it is lonely just to keep the apartment tidy and prepare the meals while her husband works all day. Temporarily, she almost wishes

she could be a girl again and enjoy the carefree security of her parents' home.

The Creator saw fit to endow each of His human children with certain ways of reacting to circumstances. These ways of reacting are "natural" and "normal," for they are God given. They are intended for the benefit of the human family.

The teen-ager's desire to work for Mr. Jones at his service station is part of a general pattern that will help him, as he grows into manhood, to perform his full duty. If he were to continue to be dependent on his parents, he could not later accomplish all that God intends for him to do.

The sixteen-year-old's request for a new party dress is prompted by her desire to be sociable and by her hope of being well received. If she uses it properly, this desire will bring her to a position of influence with her friends.

The college man who asks a young lady for a date is acting in harmony with the urge that God has given to every young person—the urge to find personal companionship.

The bride who has been overtaken by homesickness is not really disappointed with marriage. She is in the process of making a major adjustment to new circumstances. Her divinely implanted

sense of loyalty is being tested. Previously her primary loyalty was to her parents. Now she must include her husband and she is momentarily confused on whether it is possible for her to be loyal to her parents and also to her husband. If she follows the Christian pattern for happiness, she will gradually discern that her primary loyalty must now be shifted from her parents to her husband. But this does not require her to neglect her parents. The commandment requires that a child, even though grown, must honor the parents by ensuring their comfort for the remainder of their lives.

The basic problem with which Christian young people wrestle is the directing of their God-given desires and inclinations. If used in harmony with God's plan and purpose, these will bring happiness in life and will build personalities and characters that are suitable for fulfilling God's purpose. But if used thoughtlessly, these same desires and inclinations will lead to selfish living and final regrets.

Satan has invented many ways to pervert the natural desires and inclinations. Under Satan's prompting, the teen-ager may permit his desire for independence to make him disrespectful of his parents. The sixteen-year-old may allow her desire to be well received by her companions to make her proud and to lose sight of the Christian ideals of modesty and propriety. The college student, if his life is not governed by Christian ideals, may allow his desire for personal companionship to cause him to sacrifice principle and personal purity. The homesick bride may allow Satan to introduce the thought that her marriage is a mistake, and thus she may lose sight of the binding nature of her marriage vows.

But the same God who implanted our social desires and inclinations also sent His Son to set an example of consistent, godly living. Christianity provides a way of life in which the natural, social cravings can be properly satisfied in a manner that brings personal happiness as well as strength of character.

Our new column, "So You're Growing Up!" is devoted to a consideration of the various phases and complications of social life among Christian young people. This will lead to an understanding of the means by which our natural desires and inclinations can meet their proper fulfillment in harmony with the ideals of Christianity. It can be said of the young person who acquires such an understanding, as it was said of Jesus, that he has "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man."

Cordially yours,

HAROLD SHRYOCK, M.D.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



It Began in a Blizzard

By MARTHA ZIMMERMAN

PEERING through an unfrosted portion of a window, I scanned the distant hill for the appearance of the school bus. At the first glimpse of its orange body coming over the hill, I intended to slip quickly into my assembly line of warm clothes, grab my books, and dash to the main road just in time to climb aboard.

"It's a wonderful morning," I thought to myself as I continued my vigil at the window. The frosty panes tinted with pink and the banks of snow bathed in glowing color suggested that it was going to be one of the first typical Minnesota spring days. And spring meant graduation from high school.

"I won't wear my slacks today. I surely won't need them to keep warm for that short distance to the bus." I laid them aside.

I rather regretted my rashness as I hurried down the crusty road. The "spring breeze" carried bits of snow with it and flung them over the high snowbanks where they slithered into small soft mounds. As the bus ground to a stop a few minutes later, I walked up the steps thoroughly chilled, noticing that a few hazy clouds challenged the supremacy of the sun.

By ten o'clock the sky swarmed with flakes of snow; a very brisk wind whipped around the corners of the small high school. By noon a driving gale threw the multiplied flakes angrily to the ground and curled them around every obstacle. At one o'clock the superintendent dismissed the students who rode school buses. He wanted us to get home, lest we be participants in a live snowbound story, for we were in the midst of a full-grown Minnesota blizzard.

CARL MANSFIELD

The snow bathed in color suggested that it was going to be one of the first spring days. And spring meant graduation.

Out on the country roads the school bus rammed and groaned its way through snowdrifts that were deep and hard, packed by the piercing wind from the northeast. Not always did it manage to fight its way through the mounting crusts. Many times the students piled out into the scathing snow to push when the wheels spun helplessly.

I hated to go out, for the snow topped my overshoes and numbed my legs. And I was worried about the road by my home.

After an hour and a half of the halt-and-go process, the bus eased to a stop at the small side road a mile from home. What I had feared was true. What had been little mounds of softness that morning now was one great impenetrable bank.



Winter Day

By DOLORES BRADBURY

The limbs of trees are laced with snow
Like featherstitching, row on row,
And cotton flakes drop gently down
To dress the earth in ermine gown.

The winter day brings much delight
To children plowing fields of white.
The harvest reaped in fullest measure
Is pure, unstinted, childish pleasure.

The bus driver twisted in his seat and opened the door. "Looks like you'll have to walk, Martha."

The wind swept in through the door. "I can't battle that wind and snow for a whole mile! I didn't wear my slacks!"

"What do you want to do then?" He jerked the door shut quickly.

"Come and stay with me," my girl friend Donna suggested. "You can call your mom and dad and let them know where you are."

I accepted.

That evening, Donna and I, knowing that there would not be any school the next day, played cards and read romance magazines. Outside, the storm intensified.

The next morning the blizzard showed only signs of continued vigor. Clouds of snow raced across the open fields as we continued our vacation. We played our favorite records and practiced dance steps. Then we decided which earrings would look nicest at the spring junior-senior banquet. Finally we talked about what we were going to do after we graduated.

Not even Donna quite understood my determination to join the WACS. Although I planned to stay home during the summer to help with the farm work, when September rolled around I was going to enlist. My parents were convinced that this was not just another of my passing fancies, but that I really wanted to do this. I had practically memorized the pamphlet the recruiting officer had left with me.

But they continued to try to dissuade me. So did my older sister and brothers.

This only made me more decided. There was something very appealing about a uniform, something to satisfy an inner urge.

Tuesday passed slowly. The weather report was, "Continued blizzard conditions." Looking outside, we could plainly see mountains of white climbing higher and higher.

By Wednesday afternoon, we were thoroughly bored with the whole situation. While I gazed idly through the window at the unchanged scene outside, Donna tripped upstairs with sudden enthusiasm. She soon descended with a Bible, some papers, ink, and pen, and settled herself at the dining-room table.

I watched her out of the corner of my eye. I contemplated asking what she was doing, but I felt a familiar wave of embarrassment. I turned back to the window, but my eyes did not see the snow.

Why couldn't I speak of religion?

My mind rambled over my meager religious life with scrambled thoughts. The church our family had attended when I was a very little girl. The childish prayer I had memorized from a magazine and faithfully repeated each night since. My parents, honest and frank, who mystified me by their silence if the subject of religion came up, which was seldom, for I had learned not to bring it up. A friend's death, which served as a stimulus to awaken a need for religion in my life.

I thought of the instruction period Donna and I attended once a week at her church. All the students were dismissed for an hour a week to go to the church of their choice, and not know-

ing where to go, I had gone with Donna.

The instructor had advised all of us to read a chapter of the Bible each evening, which I had done, all alone in my room. Some things I understood; some I didn't. Some things were comforting; some were disconcerting. Some things were hopeful; some were discouraging—like the text, "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" Some things still echoed and haunted me with unyielding persistence.

I turned from the window and for a moment watched Donna. Perhaps—perhaps here was an answer. For another moment I pondered what I should say.

Donna looked up as I put a hand on her shoulder. "What are you doing?" I managed to inquire with remarkable nonchalance.

Donna smiled. "It's a Bible correspondence course I heard about over the radio. I'm on the ninth lesson now. It's really wonderful." She showed me how she did it.

"That looks interesting. Where did you say you got it? Who can take it?" The questions came in spite of my inner feelings.

"Anyone can," she said as she handed me an envelope. "Here's the address. Why don't you take it?"

I wrote it on a slip of paper—The Voice of Prophecy, Box 55, Los Angeles, California.

The storm began to calm that night, and I was able to go home the next day.

The final months of high school were packed with activity, and it was not until after graduation that I really concentrated on the course.

In the quiet environment of the farm I lingered over each lesson. They burned deeply within, telling of an ideal Friend who only asked to be permitted to come into my heart and mind, telling of a returning Christ.

Still I was determined to join the WACS. But two weeks before the deadline, a lesson came that completely overwhelmed me. It was on the Sabbath. It was clear and plain. I could not think of doing anything but believe and accept.

But how could I keep the Sabbath in the WACS? That seemed impossible. I went to Minneapolis instead and got a job.

The next five months brought many changes and surprises, both to me and to my family. Through them all God was a very present help.

In January, nine months after God began His mysterious way in leading me, He brought this chapter of my life to a happy climax. The place was the Stevens Avenue Seventh-day Adventist church in Minneapolis. The pastor was T. S. Hill, who said, as he raised his robed arm, "I now baptize you, Martha Zimmerman, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

IN WINTER, Switzerland—the little nation nestled in the Alps between Germany, France, Italy, and Austria—is, literally, a nation on skis.

The Swiss themselves ski. Nearly every one of the nation's 5 million people is or has been a skier. But Switzerland is also the mecca of skiing enthusiasts the world over. Within its 15,000 square miles (twice the area of New Jersey) are more than a hundred skiing resorts and countless ski runs.

Swiss skiing facilities are unequalled for variety and accessibility. Large cities have runs and schools virtually in their back yards. There are ski camps for young people and even ski kindergartens with specially trained instructors. The high-speed downhill runs have intricate warning signals and signs. The runs are patrolled and rescue teams stand by, ready to go into immediate action in case of accident.

Preparation for the skiing season is a tremendous operation, beginning in Switzerland long before the first snow.

Ski courses are worked over, trails through the woods widened, rocks removed, fences lowered, and barbed wire taken down, all before a flake has fallen. After the first snows, armies of workmen

stamp down the high-speed tracks with great care. Half-buried rocks are either made clearly visible or buried beneath a firm, trodden surface of hard snow.

On the courses used for *slalom* races, in which the competitors must turn through a succession of flags, the pivot points present a special problem. Deep grooves develop rapidly when fifty or sixty racers all turn sharply twice at the same spot. A special kind of snow cement is used to harden the snow at such points. Often the lower layers are sprayed with water. This was tried during the 1948 Olympic games at St. Moritz with excellent results; there were scarcely any signs of wear when the race was over.



Signpost at crossroads of Alpine trails gives choice of seventeen downhill runs.

A Nation on Skis

By SWISS NATIONAL TRAVEL OFFICE

Here the cables, poles, and each single screw of a ski lift, one of hundreds of uphill hoists in the Alpine regions of Switzerland, are being carefully overhauled by experts.

PHOTOS, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR



Skiing is a relatively new thing in Switzerland. Skis were invented in Scandinavia centuries ago, but no Swiss had even seen one until a Mr. Wild went to Norway on a business trip and brought back a pair to his home town of Glarus in 1868.

The Swiss saw a good thing, adopted it, and began to improve it. A neighbor of Mr. Wild's became interested in skis, read the epic *On Skis Through Greenland* by the Norse explorer Nansen, and in 1892 put on in Glarus, with the help of two Norwegian visitors, the first skiing demonstration in Switzerland. The Glarus Skiing Club was formed the next year. The Swiss Army ordered six pairs of skis for the garrison at St. Gotthard, which is generally snowed in from November to May.

In 1897, after enthusiasts had traversed several high mountain passes in dead winter, Monte Rosa, 15,203 feet high, was ascended on skis.

Today Swiss skiing techniques are taught the world over, and thousands of people come to Switzerland each winter for that sport alone.

With the older generation in particular, tobogganing is still popular in Switzerland. Ice hockey flourishes, and there are figure-skating schools for girls. For the less athletic, there are ski walks and mountain tours, ski lifts eliminating all heavy climbs. But for those in the prime of life, high-speed skiing still holds the greatest attraction.



"IT'S a lie!" Carrie wanted to scream. "It's a horrible lie! There isn't a single Adventist in this whole school! Not one!"

Conflicting emotions struggled for supremacy as her eyes remained glued on

the bulletin board in the main hall of Stratton High School. The Student Church-Membership Roster had just been posted, and beneath the heading *Seventh-day Adventist* two names appeared:

Carole Farris
Clyde Upton

Some Adventist Clyde Upton was! Carrie's thoughts protested in disgust. He even worked on Sabbath sometimes. Few things could be more obvious violations of Adventist principles than that, and the church knew about it too!

"But some right you have to judge, Miss Carole Farris," Carrie reprimanded herself. "It's just as wrong for you to go to those Friday night football games and shows, even though the church doesn't happen to know about that!"

The junior girl stared again at the two names before her. "I hate shams!" she stormed vehemently and almost aloud this time. "And I'm the biggest one of all. Why can't I be either a good, representative Seventh-day Adventist or none at all?"

The answer wasn't particularly hard to discover, she acknowledged to herself. She had simply started out wrong from the beginning. Take the very first Friday night of the school term, for example. The gang had stopped by to invite her for a ride over to Jennings, a nearby town.

"What harm could there be in just a ride?" they argued.

It had been fun, too, until someone suggested that they stop by Dot's Fountainette for cokes. When she had protested someone laughed and said, "Clyde wouldn't be such a spoil-sport." (How obnoxious that phrase had become in the subsequent days and weeks!) There seemed nothing else to do under the circumstances but consent. After that her friends expected her to give in to their every whim. And so far they certainly hadn't been disappointed.

"I will do better," Carrie promised herself. At the same time a deep voice loomed from somewhere in the region of her shoulder.

"Hi, Carrie! How about a date Saturday night? *The Creature From Mars* is showing for the last time, and I'd be afraid to sit through it alone." As suave

"Each Small Victory," written as a freshman English assignment, was intended to "be of help to other people," explains Chloe Foutz. Editor of the 1958 *Mispan*, the Southwestern Junior College yearbook, and student librarian, Miss Foutz, however, lists home economics as her first interest and swimming as a favorite hobby.

Spiritually speaking, Carrie would probably have flunked out if she hadn't had her eyes opened to the growing possibilities of

EACH SMALL

By CHLOE FOUTZ

and completely self-assured as ever, Bob Simmons besieged her with his most flattering smile.

"But Bob," Carrie protested, "you know what my church—"

"Oh nonsense, Carrie. Clyde belongs to the same church you do and he isn't particularly hampered in his entertainment. Besides, if you can go to Friday night games—"

The same old logic. She wasn't even consistent.

"O.K., Bob, I'll be ready about eight," Carrie conceded weakly, feeling entirely too defeated to argue. Her will power had failed again. To hide her confusion, she hurried to meet Penny Barton, her neighbor and companion for the walk home.

Penny's greeting and the bright, crisp October afternoon soon erased all unpleasant thoughts. Who could remain gloomy in the presence of such good news as that she bore?

"Your Highness," Penny said, with a low, sweeping bow, "please allow me to assist you with those voluminous tomes of learning. Thy fair hand may become soiled by such menial labor. I am your humble slave. Do with me as you will."

"Chivalry is not dead!" Carrie laughed. "But I never thought I'd see the day when you would offer to carry my books."

"Hold your tongue, wench. I am the harbinger of good news. History is in the making! Miss Carole Farris is contesting Miss Gwendolyn Parks for the presidency of the Future Homemakers of America."

"Penny! You're joking! I'll never be elected."

"Stuff an' nonsense! You've always wanted to be a politician—here's your chance!"

They never had any difficulty maintaining gay, light-hearted banter, these two close friends, alike in sunny disposition and love of a good time, yet different in many other respects. Carrie was tall with shining auburn hair and a rosy-pink

complexion. Penny too was tall, but above her small, round olive face was a crown of abundant short, dark hair. Carrie was older by two years, an honor student at Stratton High, and deserving, Penny felt, of the highest office available. She was determined to do everything in her power to help Carrie win that election.

As the two girls parted at the Barton front door Penny called out, "By the way, Carrie, the bazaar is Saturday at three. Please be there. You know how the girls would feel about a presidential candidate who didn't even show up at the dear ol' Annual Bazaar."

"Saturday at three! But that's the same time as MV meeting; I can't possibly go."

"I'll just bet Clyde doesn't attend all those meetings!" Penny was rarely sarcastic, but her tone on this occasion approximated that state. "Surely you can miss one."

"Oh, I'll be there," Carrie said. But her thoughts, far from resigned, ran along an entirely different track. "Some president I'd make anyway; I can't even stand up for my own convictions in front of a few friends. What would I do with a whole club? If I only had more will power."

But as long as the "infallible Clyde" with the highest IQ and the best grades in school could do as *he* pleased, who was Carole Farris to stand against the fiery dragon of public opinion?

So Carrie kept pace with the gang, taking part in all their activities—except dancing. It was peculiar, the way she avoided this particular entertainment. She couldn't explain why, even to herself, but with so many other things vying for her attention, she was spared the effort of trying.

Her campaign for FHA president was an absorbing enterprise. Penny had appointed herself campaign manager, and the results of her labors were pleasing indeed.

VICTORY

"I think the phrase 'will power' is greatly misused," the minister said. "It isn't so much the power to say 'I *will*' that the average Christian lacks as it is that of saying 'I *won't*!' at the critical moment of temptation."

"Nothing could fit me any closer than that," Carrie admitted. "Now I hope he gives a sensible solution to the problem."

"The Christian's 'won't power,'" the minister continued, "is far too often al-

lowed to go unexercised. In its resulting flabby condition it can be readily overpowered by the *will* power. Each time the 'won't power' is neglected one more step is taken in the wrong direction."

"Whoever gave him my case history certainly did a thorough job," the girl observed as the speaker paused for breath.

"For your encouragement, however," he went on, "there is something to be

Interest in the election, which was scheduled for second semester, mounted rapidly as the time drew near, and Carrie, for one, was swept along with it.

The monopolizing topic was not easily dismissed from her thoughts even on Sabbaths. Although she did many things that would have been frowned upon by the church members, she still attended church every Sabbath—merely to save face she told herself. But she felt a need that could be filled in no other way. Later she was to be especially thankful that she had been there one particular crisp Sabbath morning in the little buff brick church on Grove Street.

When the visiting minister announced his sermon title, "The Christian's *Won't* Power," Carrie's thoughts snapped to attention.

H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

"Penny! You're joking!"
Carrie said, surprised.
"I'll never be elected."



said about the *building up* of the 'won't power' after it has been allowed to lapse. Each small victory gained makes subsequent victories the easier to obtain."

"Each small victory." Carrie hugged the reassuring words to herself as the benediction was offered. When the prayer continued on, seemingly without end, however, she was tempted to fidget about as some of the juniors were doing. "Each small victory." The phrase seemed a kind of talisman that she should keep.

Victor's Heritage

By HARRY B. LUNDQUIST

WHEN, in the century before Christ, the Gauls found they were no match for the invading Alamanni, they made a big mistake: they called in the Romans to rid them of their enemy. Julius Caesar accomplished this in record time, but there was something about the balmy air and fertile fields of Gaul that attracted him. He decided to stay.

The unhappy Gauls then realized that they had struck a poor bargain; they had on their hands a much larger problem to solve. They did everything they knew how to get rid of the new enemy, even resorting to the scorched-earth stratagem, but to no avail. The supply lines from Rome counteracted this procedure, and the Gauls soon found themselves besieged, their sovereignty and freedom threatened.

In this plight, a young leader named Vercingetorix determined to purchase, if need be with his own life, the liberty and survival of his people. A truce between the beleaguered Gauls and the proud Romans was obtained, and, at the appointed time, their chieftain, with head held high, threw his bright sword at the feet of the waiting Caesar.

A few weeks later, to grace his triumph, Caesar rode through the streets of Rome with the Gallic chieftain, his head still erect, and his gaze unashamed, manacled and chained, following after. In the eyes of the world Caesar had obtained another victory. But, who, after all, was the real victor?

Vercingetorix left as a precious legacy to his country and to all people for all time an undying love of freedom. Caesar left an empire that within a few hundred years crumbled into dust and disappeared.

The Romans, when national decay threatened, tried to appease their people's

She wondered if things like concentrating on the prayer counted, and forced herself to listen. It was indeed a small victory; but if the minister had been right, the next thing she needed to do would be easier.

Carrie kept experimenting with the small victories and found that the formula really worked. Among her New Year's resolutions she placed first her resolve to strive ardently for a true Christian experience. This included giving up

movies, the Friday night games, and some of her borderline activities. Her problem of make-up didn't receive attention until later, but it, too, was made easier by the victories that had preceded it.

Election day finally arrived. By noon the ballots were all in, and a club meeting was scheduled for one o'clock.

Just one more hour and she would know! Carrie felt that her head must surely belong to someone else. It felt light and unreal, as if it would go drifting off into space at the merest touch. Just one more hour. Of course she wouldn't win, but what if she did? There were definite things in connection with the position that her newly awakened conscience would not permit her to do.

"Will the meeting of the Future Homemakers of America please come to order?" Miss Smith, the sponsor was speaking. "I will now, with much pleasure, turn the meeting over to our new president. Carole Farris, will you please stand and allow me to be the first to congratulate you for the honor you have received?"

The applause was almost deafening as Carrie rose to her feet. She knew she must say something, but she couldn't think of anything to express her feelings. Her voice wavered with indecision as she began, but became firm as she continued.

"I am, of course, very grateful that I have been elected, but because the State convention is held on my Sabbath and a president must naturally be in attendance, I really feel that I cannot accept. If only I had had the courage to withdraw my name earlier instead of being such a weakling—" she paused. "Can you ever forgive me?"

Miss Smith arose and stopped Carrie with a gesture. "Since Carrie is your first choice for president," she said, "I really feel that we cannot allow her to resign. All those who are in favor of permitting her to send a delegate to the convention in her place, please raise your right hand."

Carrie sank down almost breathless among the sea of uplifted hands. The decision was unanimous. Another not-so-small victory had been gained.

Bulletin boards look much the same to the casual observer, but the one hanging in the unpretentious halls of a certain Christian college administration building was completely different—at least to the tall girl with auburn hair who smiled as she scanned the roster. The students' names were listed by States, and under the heading of her home State one name stood out above all the rest: Carole Farris. In spite of financial difficulties she was here, here in her own church college with other Adventist young people. A real achievement some would have called it—and it was—but it had all begun as just a "small victory."

growing discontent with corn and circuses. The main feature of these circuses was the gladiatorial contest in which two condemned prisoners were matched in mortal combat. When the less fortunate of the two had been felled by his opponent, his only salvation from instant destruction was the caprice of the emperor. If he cared, he could ask that the victim be spared to fight another day. But if the emperor felt he deserved to die, a signal to the victor was all that was necessary to launch him into eternity.

And what was the victor's reward? A perishable laurel wreath, symbol of an empty victory. On the moral side, the remorse of having taken a life.

In these same circuses, to illuminate the ghastly spectacles that were often the sacrifice of Christian martyrs to ravenous wild beasts, other Christians were many times covered with pitch and burned alive. In those days, to pronounce the words "I am a Christian" was sufficient to secure one's condemnation to one of these unspeakable modes of execution. In fact, the word *martyr* is a transliteration of the Greek word for *witness*.

But who for a single instant would deny that those brave men and women who witnessed with their lives and their sacrificial deaths had discovered what real victory meant, devotion to a noble cause? To name some of history's great witnesses suffices to answer any doubt that might exist as to who is a victor: Jesus, Paul, James, Peter, Stephen, Justin, Savonarola, Huss, Jerome.

God is today calling for witnesses who are willing, with the noble men and women of other ages, to bear witness to Christ—whether the light has to be passed on to the next generation by their burning bodies or by the shining example of their godly lives.

Called to Missions

By JUANITA TYSON-FLYN

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

SORRY, sir, there have been no cancellations on the New York run tonight."

My husband turned slowly from the ticket wicket at the New York Central station in St. Thomas, Ontario, and looked at his little family who stood wistfully nearby. All of us had been under a strain the past few hours, and the children were perplexed by our attitude of rush and uncertainty.

Here we were, ready to start on our journey to Africa, and on the very first night there was no berth. Remembering how the Lord had led us thus far, Arnold smiled as he came over to us and at my questioning look answered that we would have to wait a bit longer. "Often at the last minute something turns up," he added.

Mother and Father stood silently close to us and we could sense the emotions that pulled at their hearts and the tears that came very close to spilling over. With a swoosh the train roared in, and as the pause was but a short one, we said a hasty Good-by, and brushing the tears back, we hurried Carol and the suitcases onto the train. Little Bruce was unmindful of those who stood at the station, straining to get the last glimpse of us as the train rushed on again. They stood alone, having given their children to Africa.

We walked almost the whole length of the train before we found a seat. A double seat it was, with the old green plush covering. The coach itself was very old and hot and not too clean. The family across the aisle was having troubles too. The two small children had been eating too much to suit their stomachs; consequently, their stomachs were rebelling. Our two children sat fascinated watching the events. In vain we tried to interest them in the lights passing us so swiftly outside. My head began to ache from the stifling air in the coach, and I wondered just how long this would all last.

Arnold went to find the porter to inquire about berths in case of a cancellation. The porter said he would remember us if anything turned up. There was nothing we could do but make the best of it.

When our supply of stories was exhausted, Carol finally gave up the struggle to keep awake, and thankfully we settled her on the seat with her teddy clutched tightly in her chubby arms. By this time Bruce had also succumbed to sleep, and Arnold and I made ourselves as comfortable as possible on the remaining part of the seats. We sent up a silent prayer for help, for we well knew the difficulty we might face at the border with no passports on hand.

As it drew toward midnight, the customs officials boarded the train and began their questioning. Too soon they arrived at our seat.

"Where are you from?"

"Oshawa, Ontario."

"Where are you going?"

"New York."

"How long do you plan to be in New York?"

"Only a few hours. We have reservations on the Pan American Clipper leaving at 1:30 tomorrow bound for Johannesburg, South Africa," my husband answered, and wondered what next.

"Africa?" the official asked. "Your passport, please."

"Our passports are in New York at the Egyptian consul's office, where we are to pick them up," my husband stated hopefully.

The customs official looked at us as if he was trying to figure out whether we were in our right minds, and then curtly stated, "One doesn't make a trip like that without a passport on his person. This is very irregular, and I am afraid I will have to ask you to get off the train or produce—"

"Excuse me," interrupted my husband. "This may straighten out the situation," and he handed the man his credentials from the General Conference and the letter along with the wire from Elder Alt-

man and the Pan American Airways about our reservations.

The officer took one look at the credentials and asked, "You are Seventh-day Adventists?"

With our affirmative reply he spoke in a friendly tone. "Well, I know something of you people. I had a neighbor who was a Seventh-day Adventist. A fine neighbor." We gave a sigh of thanks for that good neighbor.

"Now, sir, if you will come with me to the baggage car and show me your bags, please."

My husband went with alacrity. In a few minutes he returned, smiling. The inspector had looked at the bags, put on his mark, and had not even suggested looking inside.

During the few minutes in the baggage car my husband had told the official of our plight in not being able to get reservations. Not many minutes after we had crossed the line, the porter came to call us. He had two empty upper berths that we could have. We have often wondered whether the official gave up his berth for us or arranged for us. We never found out. But this we do know: a heavenly Father was mindful of our needs.

It seemed we had no more than closed our eyes before the porter was tapping on the curtain and announcing that we would arrive in the Grand Central Station in half an hour. We were waiting and eager to step off the train into the swirl of New York.

We breakfasted in style in the Commodore Hotel dining room. The oranges nestled in silver bowls of crushed ice and were garnished with orange leaves. The toast was crisp and golden brown. Everything was just perfect.

When a call was put through to Mr. Cole, the church's transportation agent, he assured us he would look after everything and told us to come right out in a taxi. We really felt our headaches were over. From then on, the trip would be wonderful.

Our first ride in a New York taxicab across the vast city was an experience and

a revelation. I clutched baby and daughter and as many other things as I could and held my breath as the cab weaved in and out of the morning rush-hour traffic. The glass top of the cab only added to my disquiet, for the skyscrapers seemed to lean menacingly toward us. We tumbled out gratefully at the transportation office.

Mr. Cole was most kind and helpful. We told him about our financial trouble, and that money was awaiting us at the Royal Bank of Canada branch in the city, and about our passports. He immediately went to the telephone.

We were relieved to learn our passports were still in New York. I asked about food for the baby on the plane, and he called the airways to find that baby food was provided, so there was no need to worry on that score. But we would not have time to go to the bank for our money. Mr. Cole promised to cash a check for us and bring the money

to the airlines' downtown office. As we left his office for the Egyptian consul's office he called after us, "See you at the terminal at 11:30."

We arrived at the airlines' office with our passports at 11:45. Mr. Cole was nowhere to be seen, and when our bags had been weighed in we were hurried out to a special bus, for the regular one for the 1:30 flight had already left. Arnold paid the bus fare and looked with concern at the coin lying in his palm. A brand-new twenty-five-cent piece gleamed up at him. It was the last money we had, and we had an ocean to cross, to say nothing of a stopover in a strange city in far-away South Africa. But surely Mr. Cole would be at the airport.

The bustling La Guardia Airport swallowed us, and in the crowd we seemed to lose all identity and wondered how we would recognize a man we had only seen for a few minutes that morning. I kept

my eyes glued on as many of the revolving doors as I could until people seemed just to go round and round. Then a voice called over the intercom system, announcing that all persons for flight 317 should go to a certain gate.

I looked over to Arnold, who was busy filling out papers. Soon the second call came and Arnold glanced around apprehensively. He asked me to fill out the rest of the papers while he made a telephone call. He changed his quarter into nickels and asked where he could call. The man at the desk shoved the telephone to him and he called Mr. Cole. Mr. Cole was very apologetic. He had arrived at the airlines' office, but after we had left, Arnold told him of our predicament and after a pause he asked to speak to the official at the desk. We listened with interest.

The official kept saying that he was sorry, but it was impossible. Then we heard the third and final call for all those leaving for Johannesburg to go out at once. Our hearts almost stood still.

Still holding the telephone with one hand, the official opened a drawer and pulled out some bills. Asking Mr. Cole to hold on, he laid down the receiver and into my husband's outstretched hand he counted fifteen crisp ten-dollar bills, stating dryly that they didn't usually do business that way. With the money clutched in his hand, Arnold looked about for a porter or someone to help. Someone was standing right at his side. Carol was lifted onto broad shoulders, the bags were grabbed, and we were almost all carried out and onto the plane. We had hardly been seated when the doors of the clipper were shut, the motors hummed and the huge bird skimmed down the runway and lifted into the air.

"Mommy, we're in the air!" Carol whispered in awe as she gazed out the window.

Arnold and I looked at each other and began to laugh. Here we were, in the air, on the way to Africa, with \$150 clutched in his hand, my hat askew and face red and shiny, and Carol awed at being in the air.

"If you ask me, we have just come down out of the air," I laughed. Arnold kissed the fifteen bills and placed them in his billfold, and then we became serious, both realizing how the past two days had been full of perplexities that we could never have worked out ourselves. I reached over to put my hand on Arnold's. My voice wasn't very steady as I whispered, "I am sure He wants us in Africa."

We looked around to see who was traveling with us. We found we had all the room we would need. There were few passengers. Carol could stretch her legs and play about without disturbing anyone.

The stewardess did everything she

To page 21

Dear Son,

That letter of yours might have set the mail on fire! Do be careful. But it's better to explode to us than to others.

We do know that lots of fellows cheat. When Daddy was at college he took astronomy, and some of the students just sat right there and copied from their books! And I'm not going to say that they died a terrible death and confessed just in time and all that. They did no such thing. They got a top grade and went to Loma Linda and some to other places to finish their chosen course. And since grading in that class was on the curve, it made it doubly hard. But would you want to be one of them?

Later, at the university, men not only cheated but they actually hired "sit ins" to take their examinations. And they hired "ghosts" to write their theses.

Life is full of chisellers. You'll just have to accept that fact. And far better to get less yourself than to be classed with them.

Fortunately, some who cheat will get over it. When they meet God they will suddenly realize that they cannot bear to have "cheater" written across their record for all heaven to see.

I have often said that if I could take just one word for a motto I'd take integrity. Integrity in love, integrity in friendship, integrity in my conduct, integrity in my religion, integrity in my personal habits, integrity in my speech, integrity in my job, integrity in my schoolwork, integrity even in the way I dress—think what that would mean!

So waste no time or emotion on the chisellers. It isn't worth it. And if you can help any of them, do so.

The girls are begging to go and look at a birdbath. Bye for now.

Love,
Mother



Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

The Two Sons; The Unmerciful Servant

LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 8

Daily Study Record:

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LESSON SCRIPTURES: Matt. 7:21-27; 18:23-34; 21:28-31.

OUTSIDE READING: *Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 243-251, 272-283.

MEMORY GEM: "And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God, love his brother also" (1 John 4:21).

1 Parable of the "Yes" and "No" Sons

1. What command did a certain man give to one of his two sons, and how did the son respond?

"A certain man had two sons; and he came to the first and said, Son, go work to day in my vineyard. He answered and said, I will not: but afterward he repented, and went" (Matt. 21:28, 29).

NOTE.—Don't waste any time admiring the youth for speaking freely and frankly. Such free and frank speaking was not to his credit when he was speaking the wrong thing, no matter how freely or frankly. The emphasis here is on the fact that he repented.

2. How did the second son respond to a similar request?

"And he came to the second, and said likewise. And he answered and said, I go, sir: and went not" (Matt. 21:30).

NOTE.—And don't waste any time admiring this youth for saying the right thing. His kind looks good only on parade. He stands high in talk, low in performance. The total effect—a fraud, and a demonstration that he did not even have any real respect for himself, let alone for his father and God.

3. How did Jesus drive home the force of this parable?

"Whether of them twain did the will of his father? They say unto him, The first. Jesus saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you" (Matt. 21:31).

NOTE.—"In this parable the father represents God, the vineyard the church. By the two sons are represented two classes of people. The son who refused to obey the command, saying, 'I will not,' represented those who were living in open transgression, who made no profession of piety, who openly refused to come under the yoke of restraint and obedience which the law of God imposes. But many of these afterward repented, and obeyed the call of God. When the gospel came to them in the message of John the Baptist, 'Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand,' they repented, and confessed their sins."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 275, 276.

2 The Real Test of Obedience

4. As between the sayers and the doers, how did Jesus choose?

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall

enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 7:21).

NOTE.—"The test of sincerity is not in words, but in deeds. Christ does not say to any man, What say ye more than others? but, 'What do ye more than others?' Matt. 5:47. Full of meaning are His words, 'If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.'"—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 272.

5. What does James say to indicate how serious a thing it is to know what is right and then refuse to do it?

"To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin" (James 4:17).

"To the person who knows enough to do right and fails to do it, to him it is sin" (James 4:17, The Berkeley Version of the New Testament).

3 The Man Who Would Not Forgive

6. What did Peter want to know about forgiveness?

"Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?" (Matt. 18:21).

7. What answer did Jesus give him?

"I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven" (Matt. 18:22).

8. What story did Jesus tell to illustrate His answer?

"Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants. And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him, which owed him ten thousand talents. But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made. The servant therefore fell down, and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt" (Matt. 18:23-27).

NOTE.—"The pardon granted by this king represents a divine forgiveness of all sin. Christ is represented by the king, who, moved with compassion, forgave the debt of his servant. Man was under the condemnation of the broken law. He could not save himself, and for this reason Christ came to this world, clothed His divinity with humanity, and gave His life, the just for the unjust."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 244.

9. What did this man, so greatly blessed and favored, turn right around and do?

"But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellowservants, which owed him an hundred pence: and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest. And his fellow servant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. And he would not: but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt" (Matt. 18:28-30).

10. When this was brought to the attention of the forgiving king, what did he do?

"So when his fellow servants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done. Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me: shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow servant, even as I had pity on thee? And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him" (Matt. 18:31-34).

NOTE.—Don't miss the splendid service performed by the informers. No, it was not squealing, or tattling, or stool-pigeoning. Their sense of loyalty to a good master called it forth. Their pride in being a part of such an establishment demanded it. Their duty gave them no other choice. Withholding the information would have been an act of disrespect to their master and to themselves. They seemed to believe that it is equally important to clean up and keep clean the back yard as well as the front. It is thus that families, communities, institutions, etc., are kept fit to live in.

4 Love for God and Man

11. What lesson does this parable teach?

"So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you,

if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses" (Matt. 18:35).

NOTE.—"He who is unmerciful toward others shows that he himself is not a partaker of God's pardoning grace. In God's forgiveness the heart of the erring one is drawn close to the great heart of Infinite Love. The tide of divine compassion flows into the sinner's soul, and from him to the souls of others. . . . But 'if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.' Rom. 8:9. He is alienated from God, fitted only for eternal separation from Him.

"It is true that he may once have received forgiveness; but his unmerciful spirit shows that he now rejects God's pardoning love. He has separated himself from God, and is in the same condition as before he was forgiven. He has denied his repentance, and his sins are upon him as if he had not repented."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 251.

12. What goes right along with love for God?

"If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God love his brother also" (1 John 4:20, 21).

13. To what extent does Jesus say He expects His followers to love one another?

"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another" (John 13:34).

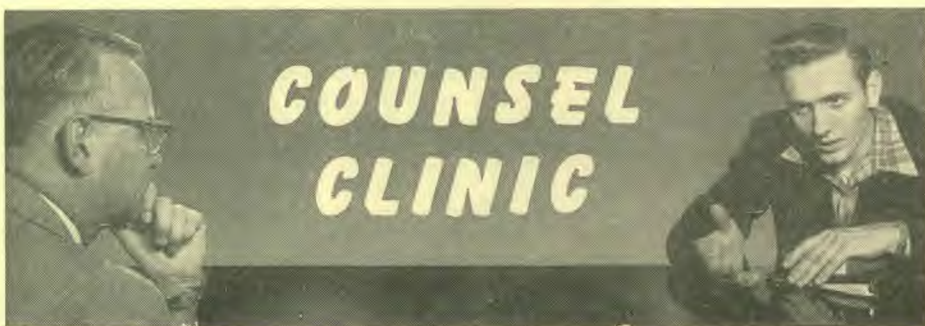
14. How will everyone be able to identify a Christian?

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another" (John 13:35).

Quizangles

1. Is it always important for the deed to match the word? (1)
2. If not, when Yes and when No? (1)
3. How did the Jews prove that "seeing is believing" is a thoroughly unreliable guide to truth? (1)
4. Whom did Jesus say will enter the kingdom? (2)
5. What did James say is a sin? (2)
6. Did Jesus mean in his answer to Peter about forgiveness that one should count carefully up to 490 (70 x 7) and not forgive a single time after that? (3)
7. Instead of looking for someone to "slap down" right after such a heart-warming experience with the king-forgiver, for whom would good taste require the forgiven servant to have been looking? (3)
8. When something goes wrong in your group, is it proper or "yellow" to bring it to the attention of the one in charge? (3)
9. What is the very best identification badge for the Christian? (4)

NEXT WEEK, February 15, 1958, lesson title: "The Lost and Found." Scripture References: Matt. 18:12, 13; Luke 15:1-32. Memory Gem: Luke 19:10. Outside Reading: *Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 185-211.



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 I entered some things in our fair this year and gave all the prize money I won to the Investment program. Would you please tell me if tithes should have been paid first?

Also, should one pay tithes on gifts received?

ANSWER We are directed to Genesis 28:20-22 as the basis upon which we are to reckon the tithe. Jacob made a solemn vow that if God would be with him and give him bread to eat and raiment to put on, of all that he received he would surely give a tenth to God.

We need to keep in mind that the Lord makes a difference between tithes and offerings. We are to pay a tithe of all He gives us because the tithe belongs

to Him, and has been entrusted to us that we may show our loyalty to Him, and our honesty in giving Him what is His own. All this tithe money is sacredly set apart as God's appointed means of supporting the ministers of the gospel.

Then God expects offerings from us to show our love for Him and our desire to share with Him in the work of saving souls.

If I were in your place, I would feel it my duty to pay the tithe on the prize money, and then give the remainder to the Investment Fund.

ANSWER I cannot find anything in the Bible that would require tithing devoted things. You consecrated the prize money—it was all devoted to God. The Levitical

laws did not, in so far as I have found, require tithing of devoted offerings whether that offering was a field, a beast, or an individual. It all belonged to God.

Certainly in your situation there could be nothing wrong in placing the tithe in the treasury and the remainder in Investment; but it seems to me that tithing of Investment enterprises is not specifically required. It therefore remains a matter of personal conscience. If you pray earnestly, God will direct you personally in the matter.

Concerning the matter of tithing gifts, we should follow the principle of tithing—one tenth of the increase. Increase implies an investment in labor and capital. Of course, every gift might be considered an increase in our possessions. However, we might not know the real value of a particular gift or it might be something we would not have bought.

Under these circumstances, the receiver might not feel obliged to pay a tithe on it. Gifts of vegetables and flowers from a neighbor's garden might be difficult to tithe. However, one could pay tithe on the estimated value, if his conscience directed him to do so. I have always tithed gifts of money. I have not always tithed other gifts.

No one can prescribe duty for another. God will teach you your duty if you will first determine to do nothing in any line that will displease the Lord. Then present your problem to God in full detail. Claim such promises as Matthew 7:7, 8; Psalm 32:8. You will also be encouraged by reading *The Desire of Ages*, page 668, paragraphs 3 and 4.

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mishaps as any stretch of road in the entire State of California. Besides the highway accidents, there were accidents on the ranches, in the mills, and among the loggers in the tall timber. These emergency cases, besides the regular community sicknesses and infectious diseases, kept their staff more than busy.

When the Loewens were settled in their new home, they opened it for Bible studies and prayer meetings, and the public interest in their religion kept growing. In the office, patients began to ask for the free books that were kept in reserve, and they read the tracts and periodicals that were kept in the magazine racks and on the tables in the waiting rooms.

In the early days of the medical center Dr. Loewen and his wife were called out one night to one of the town bars. There had been a knife fight between a Garberville man and an Indian. The man was slashed from his elbow up behind his shoulders and on down the side of his back.

He was still dead drunk when they brought him to the medical center. He staggered across the lobby and down the hall to surgery, leaving a steady stream of blood all the way along. Fortunately, only muscles and tendons were cut, with no damage to the blood vessels and nerves. Many stitches had to be taken, but when he returned the following day to have his arm dressed, he didn't even know he had been in surgery!

The Loewens were kept on the go almost night and day. It seemed that the doorbell or the telephone—and often both—rang almost constantly.

They never planned on home deliveries, but they had them. However, it was all in a day's work, or, more to the point, in a night's work!

One Sunday afternoon about two o'clock they received an emergency call to go find an injured hunter. Elvira called a baby sitter to stay with the boys, and accompanied her husband into the mountains as far as they could go by car. Then the doctor went five miles back into the timber in search of the patient.

Soon it was dark, and the doctor had to carry the man, single-handed, through forests and down a precipitous canyon before he could finally get him to the car. On the road back to Garberville over the mountains, a heavy fog set in, so they had to inch their way along.

Reaching home at last around seven o'clock in the morning, they cleaned up the patient, set his numerous fractures, bandaged his cuts, and put him to bed. Then they had a little breakfast and prepared for the day's work. It had been quite a night!

After the new building had been in

use about nine months, the Loewens decided to take a month off for a rest. It seemed that they had done little but work since their arrival. They returned on a Sunday evening much refreshed from their vacation, and were ready to go to work again with new vigor.

But the night after their return home, the gambler died from a heart attack while watching a poker game.

Upon hearing this news Dr. and Mrs. Loewen were gripped with fear, for the gambler's widow was in a position to demand full repayment of the loan if she wanted it.

They could scarcely eat or sleep, knowing that they could now easily lose everything they had put into the medical center. They prayed. Surely, they thought, there was something that they could do personally to divert bankruptcy.

With a prayer in their hearts and temerity on their faces, they went over to pay the woman a call. They found her sitting at her husband's desk summing up a big box of IOU's that had been made out to him. The sight of her determined face as she sat there going through those papers didn't bolster their spirits a particle.

She waved the Loewens to some chairs and went on adding. "This stack of papers represents between \$55,000 and \$60,000 owed to my husband besides legitimate business loans backed up with securities," she said crisply. There was a pause. Then grimly: "For these there are no securities."

Dr. Loewen and his wife seemed to shrink in their chairs as they exchanged glances.

The gambler's wife must have read the anxiety registered in their faces, for she faced them and smiled. "Now, of course, where you are concerned, I haven't a worry, Dr. Loewen."

Dr. Loewen cleared his throat and leaned forward in his chair. "But you have no securities from us either," he reminded her guardedly.

"With you I need no security. The medical center is a real asset to the community. Your word is your bond. I have reason to know that you meet your financial obligations. I repeat, I have nothing to be concerned about where your loan is concerned."

The doctor sighed with relief as he stood up. "Those words are good to hear, and we do thank you for your kindness. We want to assure you that you will have no occasion to regret it."

"Of that I am sure." She opened the door for them and smiled.

A great burden seemed lifted from their shoulders as they made their way back home.

"My," Elvira shuddered, "I wouldn't

want to go through the uncertainty of that experience very soon again."

"Neither would I," said the doctor.

This turn of events was such a relief from the frustration of anticipated loss that it gave them a new lease on life at a time when they needed it. As the practice grew, the need for expansion increased. So they worked out plans to add a ten-bed hospital unit and a dental suite to the center.

The gambler's widow volunteered to loan the money for the hospital unit and the necessary additions to the original



Bible-Crostic

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

- 1 And he shall pass through the sea with affliction, and shall smite the in the sea, . . . (Zech. 10:11)
- 2 Why do the heathen . . . (Ps. 2:1)
- 3 But he that entereth in by the is the shepherd of the sheep. (John 10:2)
- 4 . . . Every man that eateth the grape, his teeth shall be set on edge. (Jer. 31:30)
- 5 . . . As a prince thou power . . . (Gen. 32:28)
- 6 . . . Thou shalt have none that cast a by lot in the congregation . . . (Micah 2:5)
- 7 . . . Go thou to the sea, and cast an . . . (Matt. 17:27)
- 8 And as a vesture shalt thou them up, . . . (Heb. 1:12)
- 9 And I was afraid, and went and thy talent . . . (Matt. 25:25)
- 10 Who himself a ransom for all, . . . (1 Tim. 2:6)
- 11 (2 words) And where my hope? . . . (Job 17:15)



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Key on page 22

buildings. They were able to secure four additional acres of city property adjacent to their own.

In June of 1952 the hospital unit was completed. The buildings now formed a U around the large garden patio.

About five hundred people called to wish Dr. and Mrs. Loewen success on opening day. The reception room and hallways had many lovely floral displays that carried the feelings of good wishes and congratulations from local business people and friends throughout northern California.

The formal opening of the new hospital was an occasion in which all members of the staff participated with enthusiasm, conducting visitors through the various departments. The new ten-bed hospital unit included additional recovery rooms, a nurse's lounge, a diet kitchen, a clinical laboratory, a new office for Dr. Loewen, a physiotherapy center, and other facilities.

When the last guest had gone, the doctor and his wife couldn't help recalling the opening of the motel-clinic, and the heart anguish they felt when they had thought their venture a failure.

A short time after the opening of the new unit, the institution became a licensed hospital with another full-time doctor, Jerold E. Phelps, to assist Dr. Loewen. More nurses were added as well as a physiotherapist, extra office help, and a full-time dietitian—all to help provide better medical care for the people in the area covered by the medical service, about eighty miles along Highway 101.

About this time the Northern California Conference sent Pastor and Mrs. F. C. Bailey to the district. The interest and attendance at Sabbath services were greater than ever, and the church membership had grown to twenty-eight. The accommodations at the Miranda Grange Hall were now inadequate.

It was agreed to boost the building fund and look for a church site, but while plans were thus being laid, the increasing membership had to be cared for. The community church at Myers Flat was available for services, so its use was arranged. This took the members six miles farther north—twenty miles from Garberville—but it offered an opportunity to bear testimony in a new place for the next two years.

In 1953 a church of thirty-eight members was organized, and still more rapid growth followed. An Adventist lumber mill was set up near Myers Flat, and a church school was opened in a private home at Miranda with seven pupils in attendance.

By this time much of the early prejudice had been removed. A wooden lung, completely equipped for immediate use, was built by members of the Community Club in neighboring Piercy, following instructions in *Popular Mechanics*. They

presented their product to Dr. Loewen. It was finished in a shiny white enamel, and made a professional-looking piece of equipment, capable of performing all the functions of the better-known and more expensive iron lung. Dr. Loewen was grateful for this gift, though he expressed the hope that it wouldn't soon have to be put to use.

Everything ran very smoothly until the floods of December, 1955, descended. The lumber mill and the homes of Pastor and Mrs. Bailey and numerous church members were swept away. The meeting place was also destroyed.

The entire district was affected. In Humboldt County several towns, including Weott, Pepperwood, and Myers Flat, were submerged by the rampant waters of the Eel River, which broke its bounds and washed countless homes down to the sea. Aside from the loss in property, several lives were lost and many persons were injured in the aftermath of one of the most violent storms on record in northern California.

Dr. Loewen and Dr. Phelps, together with the nurses at the center, worked around the clock for days after the disaster, caring for the sick and coordinating medical supplies throughout the area. They made numerous flights by plane and helicopter into the surrounding country and isolated areas to evacuate the most serious cases and to treat the others.

After the flood the only place left where the church members could meet for Sabbath services was the new church school in Phillipsville. The school had grown to an enrollment of 30 pupils, with two teachers. This transfer required the crowding of 100 or more into a space that could accommodate comfortably only about 70.

Called to Missions

From page 16

could make us comfortable on our trip, but we were rather worried when we asked about food for the baby and learned they had no baby food on the plane and only powdered milk. Bruce was big and energetic and always ate with gusto, and when his mealtime arrived we wondered how he would react to a bottle of plain powdered milk—with no vegetable, no fruit, no egg, no Pablum. He took his bottle and went to sleep.

The bottle seemed to satisfy him for the whole trip. Even when we had to get off the plane about four in the morning, disturbing him, he seemed to realize how much his good behavior meant to his anxious parents. He was perfect.

There was a short stop at Gander, Newfoundland, and then we were off to the Azores. Then breakfast in Lisbon.

The situation called for action.

Today, with conference aid and personal sacrifice of the members, the church has a beautiful redwood grove of three and a half acres in Miranda, with an auditorium that will seat 200 people, and a well-equipped two-room church school for the 35 pupils in attendance.

Eleven persons were baptized during 1956, bringing the total membership near the 100 mark. Many of these members were brought into the church through cooperation between the medical workers and the pastor. Colporteur C. Eddy tells of scores of homes where he has gained admittance and placed literature because of the far-reaching influence of the medical center.

Pastor Bailey declares: "Dr. and Mrs. Loewen have brought our work into excellent repute throughout the vicinity, and their financial assistance and personal labor has greatly assisted our building program. It is certain that without them the progress and prestige of our work would have been much less.

"They have served the cause well in every possible way that their profession provides, in opening their home for meetings, distributing literature, helping to establish our church school and assisting in its maintenance, promoting a building program, Dorcas work, praying with patients, and giving counsel from the Word of God."

Today, nine years after their arrival in Garberville, Dr. Loewen believes more than ever that "he that loseth his life shall find it."

The medical program in Garberville has come a long way, but he talks with a touch of nostalgia about the anxious days of his humble beginnings. He looks forward, however, to greater service to his community in the future.

Then off again southward, where we caught a glimpse of the Sahara. About two the next morning our plane soared down onto the landing strip at Dakar and about four we stopped at Accra. It was very humid and still. As we walked into the hotel lounge, the copilot swatted an imaginary something on his back and said, "This place always makes me feel itchy. Don't try any of the drinks here either."

Of course, being told not to drink, we became terribly thirsty. I began to itch—first here, then there, and before we got back on the plane I was sure I was crawling.

Leopoldville in the Belgian Congo at nine in the morning was already steaming, and all the Europeans about seemed particularly listless. We were glad to take

to the air again and were excitedly talking about the next stop—Johannesburg. The copilot spent some time visiting with us, and he told us we would probably land about four that afternoon. We enjoyed listening to his description of the great city.

"Say," he interjected, "you folks have reservations in Jo'burg, I hope?"

"Well, no, we haven't," we both replied.

"That's bad. You told me you didn't know anyone there, either. Jo'burg is quite a place if you don't know your way around, and it's almost impossible to get a hotel room out of the blue."

"What will we do?" I asked Arnold after our friend had left.

"I have the pastor's address."

At last we were circling the airport at Johannesburg. Eagerly we watched to see the huge dumps from the gold mines and the busy thoroughfares. We strained our eyes to get a glimpse of a familiar face, but knew there would be none. The huge clipper settled on the ground, and the doors were opened.

We were among the first to alight, and as we did so the stewardess handed us a business card with the names of the president and the secretary-treasurer of the Natal-Transvaal Conference and a message. "Welcome. We are waiting for you in the lobby."

Strange how easily Adventists the world around can pick one another out even in a crowd. We had no trouble finding the two men, who helped us through customs and drove us to a hotel where they had reserved a room with private bath for us. We felt immediately at home, knowing we were part of a large family that circled the globe and that someone back home had wired faraway Africa that we were coming.

After a few days of rest and sight-seeing in Johannesburg we boarded the train for the interior. It took us five long, hot, tiring days to travel the thousand miles to the mission at Malamulo, Nyasaland. Just as the rays of the sun were folding away and the Sabbath was beginning we stepped from the train and were warmly welcomed by the two doctors from the mission. We were driven to the home of the mission director and there we found good food, clean beds, and pleasant company.

Our clothing was dirty and our baggage had gone on to Blantyre, the union headquarters, so we didn't have a change of clothes for the Sabbath. But again we were made to realize the blessing of belonging to the great family of God. The mission folks supplied clothes, and we were well dressed and clean for church.

The Africans welcomed us with open arms, and so we began our mission service.

We asked ourselves many times why our plans had been shifted so unexpectedly just as we were leaving the homeland. How rewarding it was to discover,

when we got into our mission program, that our arrival had been scheduled on Heaven's timetable that if we had come at any other time, our arrival would not have been so happy. We had been too anxious to solve our own problem, when God was solving it for us.



TAKING CARE OF PARAKEETS: A Feature Release

The parakeet is everybody's darling. With proper care and feeding, love, and attention, he will become an engaging companion and a willing pupil.

PARAKEETS

When you first bring your parakeet home, he may act dull and drowsy. It takes a while for birds—especially young ones—to become accustomed to new surroundings. Too much excitement may frighten him. At first, it's wise to keep his cage covered for several hours during the day. But before long, your pet will feel settled and will be his usual playful, friendly self.

Here are some points on the care and feeding of your parakeet provided by French's Pet Bird Institute, Rochester, New York.

1. The cage should be roomy enough to allow the bird to move freely. The door should latch securely; a clever bird soon learns to manipulate a sliding latch. Floor and food cups should be removable for easy cleaning. Round or oval perches should be placed so that the bird can reach his food and water easily. A hanging bell, a marble, or a small mirror are toys the parakeet can enjoy in a small cage. If there is room, you can include a ladder or other devices.

2. The cage may be carried from room to room or hung from a bracket. Avoid drafts, full sunlight, and sudden extreme temperature changes when selecting a location for the cage.

3. Once a day empty the floor tray and sprinkle it with a fresh layer of gravel. Once a week, the cage should be thoroughly cleaned. Wash the tray and the food dishes in hot soapsuds, rinse well, and dry. Do not wash the perches. Moisture roughens the wood and makes it irritating to the bird's feet. When neces-

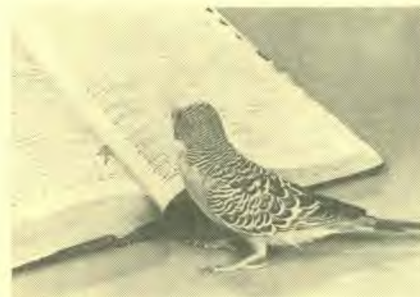
sary, the perches can be scraped smooth and cleaned with a knife.

4. Do not be alarmed if your parakeet does not bathe. It is not essential to his welfare. If you place a pan of lukewarm water where he can reach it, he may splash and frolic in it as other birds do, but this will be the exception, rather than the rule.

5. Make sure your bird has an ample supply of parakeet seed, conditioning food, and treat at the start of each day. Before adding fresh seed, pour off any empty seed husks you find in the seed cup. Keep cuttlebone in the cage to supply a ready source of calcium. Picking at the cuttlebone is good exercise for birds and helps keep their beaks in trim.

6. Grit is necessary for your parakeet's digestion, because he has no teeth. He will eat bits of gravel to be used in his gizzard to grind food into a soft, easily digested form. Use a packaged parakeet gravel made of clean quartz crushed to proper size by the manufacturer.

7. Although your parakeet seems to require little drinking water, it is important to keep a fresh supply always available to him.



HARSHE-ROTMAN, INC.

The parakeet has become the center of a multimillion-dollar commercial activity.

KEY

Wit Sharpeners

For who is God, save the Lord? and who is a rock? save our God? (II Sam. 22:32)

1958 Missionary Volunteer BOOK CLUBS



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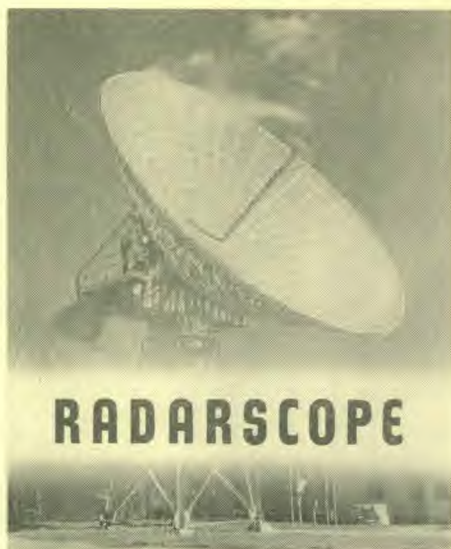
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RADARSCOPE

U.S. ARMY PHOTO

► THE American chemical industry is exporting snow to the Eskimos in the form of polystyrene foam for building weatherproof igloos. *Chemical Digest*

► WOMEN are gaining over men in the rising life span. Whereas in 1926 the average length of life of white males was 57.0 years and that of white females was 59.6 years, the respective figures in 1955 were 67.3 and 73.6 years. *Scope*

► THE Colorado River, one of the greatest waterways in the United States, is 1,450 miles long. Living up to its Spanish name, *colorado* (red), the river flows heavy with mud, and is said by old-timers to be "too thick to drink and too thin to plow." *NGS*

► THE U.S. Military Academy at West Point has hospital wards equipped with desks and typewriters. In order to keep cadets in an environment of study and discipline, the injured and ill are required to keep up their studies unless explicitly forbidden to do so by doctor's orders. *Scope*

► TELEVISION's effect on school children is not all bad—in fact, children's strong interest in television may be an asset, if television watching is handled properly in the home, according to recent studies conducted in a psycho-educational clinic. The studies also indicated that there seems to be little relationship between grades and time spent watching television. *AMA*

► AIRCRAFT manufacturers have borrowed a technique from medicine to ensure that their aircraft will meet rugged performance requirements. Hypodermic needles, similar to those used to administer penicillin or inoculations, inject adhesives into honeycomb panels to perfect the bonding between the exterior skins and interior cores where the regular process didn't take. The hypo process makes well-bonded panels that otherwise would be rejected for failure to meet rigid aircraft standards. *Planes*

► THE International Geophysical Year Committee of the National Academy of Sciences has announced that a snow pit dug at the South Pole had reached a depth of 50 feet in October, 1957. The snow in the pit is so hard that even saws cannot be used. The snow must be chipped loose with ice axes and then hauled to the surface. The pit serves a dual purpose: the successive levels of snow laid bare provide an unspoiled record of climatic and other history, and the snow itself is melted for the station's water supply. *Science*

► ACCORDING to a study made by two San Francisco doctors, on male tax accountants during three tax-deadline periods, blood levels of cholesterol, a fatty substance associated with hardening of the arteries, and acceleration of blood clotting time are very often caused by periods of unusual emotional stress and tension. Many physicians believe that these two factors play a part in setting the stage for heart attacks. *AHA*

► LONGLEAF pine survives better than competing species in dry areas where fires are frequent because the scaly, orange-brown bark of the mature trees resists fire. Shortleaf pine survives by sprouting from the stump after burning or cutting, as many hardwoods do. Though these shoots seldom grow large, they produce two-winged seeds in abundance and thus reforest broad areas. *NGS*

► As recently as 1952 no all-weather road existed between the borders of these five republics of Central America—Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. The Pan American Highway Congress has pushed construction of a route extending southward more than 1,200 miles, promised to be completed by this month. *Ford Times*

► FLAMINGOES feed with their heads upside down. The tall water birds with handsome pink plumage thrust their long flexible necks far from their bodies, then feed back toward their feet. The curved upper mandibles serve as scoops to take organic material from the mud. *NGS*

► THE nation's tallest furnace, higher than a 10-story building, has been put into operation in Torrance, California. The 110-foot furnace is used to toughen aluminum alloy shapes under temperatures as high as 800 degrees Fahrenheit. *Westinghouse*

► THE man who developed what is claimed to be the first United States graham cracker died recently at the age of 97 in Buffalo, New York. He was Charles M. Dake. He modeled his cracker from one imported from England. *Chopletter*

► THERE are 7,000 hospitals, 2,500 museums, 170 symphony orchestras, and 7,500 public libraries available to the American public. *Du Pont*

► EVERY eighteen minutes a scheduled airliner completes a crossing of the North Atlantic Ocean or Pacific Ocean. *Planes*

► FOUR medical researchers have related the occurrence of cirrhosis of the liver, a usually fatal disease in persons who regularly consume excessive amounts of alcohol, to a change in zinc metabolism. *Harvard*

► THE National Palace in Mexico City occupies the spot where Montezuma held court. Cortés appropriated the site and built a fortresslike residence that was later ruined by rioters. The present palace was begun in 1692. *NGS*

► A NEW strain of the Satsuma mandarin has been developed in California and shows promise for use in navel orange areas. The Satsuma is a seedless variety that ripens from December to January. The new strain is said by scientists to be "superior in over-all characteristics." *University of California*

► THE word *gold* comes from an ancient Sanskrit word that means "to shine." Gold is the most universal of metals, being found in its natural state throughout the world. It can be beaten to a thickness of 1/300,000 of an inch, and one gram of gold can be stretched into two miles of wire. It does not corrode, rust, tarnish, disintegrate, or crumble. *BVI*

► SOVIET scientists report an experiment with a fifteen-year-old "lap dog" to prove what they can do with artificial sleep. The dog was totally senile and near the end of its life when the scientists treated it with artificial sleep for three months. The dog was completely rejuvenated, and the scientists claim to have kept him alive "six years beyond his natural age limit." *Gaines*

TARGET

Discipline is pretty rigorous at West Point. It has to be. The U.S. Military Academy aims to turn out the best Army officers in the world.

Many a young Adventist is tempted to feel that the regulations in church-operated schools and colleges are too tight, that there's not enough "freedom," that there are too many restrictions.

What he needs to remember is that the tougher the test, the higher the standard; the stricter the discipline, the better the chances are for him to be in perfect combat readiness when school is over. It's too bad that some can't take it. Because being in "Christ's last legion" is the best thing that can happen to a person. *FG*