

THE

Youth's

INSTRUCTOR

Author Sundquist offers the evidence of word and picture that heathenism still exists:

A Stick to Bite On

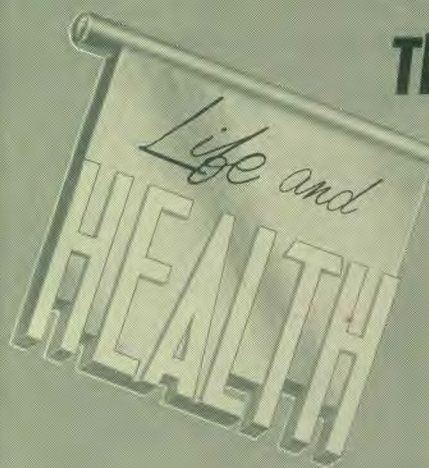
JUNE 7, 1960

[Sabbath School Lesson for June 18]



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SHE LOOKED strange and ghastly that morning of May 27, 1929. The lifeboat I was in passed right beneath her twin screws, which were poised in the air; and as I watched this million-dollar liner, the S.S. *Aleutian*, pride of the Alaskan Steamship Company's fleet, slipping steadily toward destruction, a sickening feeling swept over me. At an ugly slant the ship tilted toward her watery grave, and then, momentarily righting herself, she suddenly, without vortex or commotion, disappeared from view.

I glanced at my watch. It was 5:37 A.M. It hardly seemed possible that only seven minutes before I had been on routine duty as oiler three decks below.

It was almost three months to the day since we had struck a rock in Seymour Narrows off the British Columbia coast. That time we were able to limp

into port and had six new plates put on the starboard bow. This time our luck had run out.

We had sailed from Seattle on May 18 with three hundred passengers for Seward, Alaska. These had all been discharged before the ship left for smaller ports of call to serve the cannery trade. The morning of May 27, luckily, there were only fifteen passengers aboard, but we still had a crew of 135, including musicians.

At the time of the accident the ship was in Uyak Bay off Kodiak Island. As I was on the four to eight watch, there was no choice in the matter—I

was awake and fully dressed. The others were not so fortunate.

At five-thirty the ship suddenly gave a lurch as though driving hard onto the beach. I was hurled against the hand-rail. Catching myself to keep from falling, I quickly turned and opened the atmospheric exhaust, which releases steam so the boiler will not build up too much pressure. I had no idea how badly the ship was torn from the hidden rock; I did this merely as a precautionary measure.

We got a full astern bell from the bridge. We answered that in fifteen seconds. There was a stop bell, then a full

SEVEN MINUTES to forever

by LEONARD GRAY as told to JAN S. DOWARD

KREIGH COLLINS, ARTIST



THE Youth's INSTRUCTOR

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is a non-fiction 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.

A continually changing world is reflected in its pages as it has expanded from 1852 to 1960. Then it was essentially a medium for providing youth Sabbath school lessons. Now it also supplies many added services meaningful to twentieth-century Christians.

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VOLUME 108, NUMBER 23 JUNE 7, 1960

Wedding Song

by FRANCES OETTEL

Beloved,
 So intently swift
 The pendulum doth swing.
 Come then, let us live
 The poetry we sing.

ahead. We answered both, and then came another stop bell. It was obvious that the skipper, Capt. John G. Nord, was trying desperately to jar her off the pinnacle that had trapped us.

The water tender shut down the port engine and went forward to the fire room to see what damage had been done. In a moment he came racing back between the boilers shouting, "She's taking water over the port boilers! The bulkhead's given way!"

In about two minutes the water had grounded the dynamos and we were in darkness. There was a terrible churning sound as water began pouring over the top of the cylinder heads. Although the first assistant engineer had chased all the men out except two other oilers and myself, we didn't have to be told that it was now time to abandon ship. Ordinarily the steps are only wide enough for one person, but three of us got up them in record time even with the ship listing heavily at a forty-five degree angle and down deep in the bow.

When I got on main deck I slid all the way to the railing with water slopping around my knees. Some were already bobbing about in the water, but I managed to make it to one of the eight lifeboats that were being lowered. I could see no sense in plunging into that icy water with the lifeboats handy.

Farther out in the water I could see three empty oil drums that had been lashed securely to the bulkhead. The air pressure had forced them through the skylight and sent them ahead of me. With the water rushing into every portion of the holds, the pressure became so tremendous that sheets, pillowcases, and linen began shooting out of the portholes with such force that they never began dropping until they had gone a good hundred feet. I could hardly believe my eyes. "If anyone's below he'll be crushed," I thought.

While I was helping one elderly woman into the nearest lifeboat, the

first assistant engineer went to the railing and began prying on the fingers of one woman passenger still in her nightgown, clinging tenaciously to the outside of the railing as she dangled in mid-air above the water. When prying failed he hit her hard enough on the wrists to break any man's hold, but still she would not drop the twenty feet into the water. It wasn't until the ship had gone down enough so that she was only a few feet from the water that she finally let go.

There was a feeling of utter loneliness when the ship slipped beneath the surface, leaving hardly a ripple. Not that we were far from land and alone on the ocean, but it seemed so strangely calm and quiet and unreal. Where the huge liner had been a few minutes before, there was nothing. The great ship had dived to her grave some thirty-six fathoms below with a gash in her side from bow to midship. All of us were shaken, but Captain Nord was the most downhearted. It was his first serious accident in thirty years of service.

By the time all the lifeboats had reached shore and a fire had been built, the U.S. Geodetic Survey ship *Surveyor* was on its way in answer to the SOS call. At first it seemed that not a man had been lost. It was almost incredible that 150 people could be safely accounted for with only seven minutes between collision and sinking time.

We double checked to be sure. The Chinese janitor—always gambling in the Chinese lottery, always hoping for a "lucky nine-spot"—where was he? Had anyone seen him? Yes, he had been seen on deck for a brief moment with his lucky horseshoe, a wooden horseshoe that he stored in his locker room and before which he burned incense. But the little Chinese must have returned below to get his winnings, for he was not among the survivors.

And now the whole tragedy of a man who learned too late that he couldn't take it with him touched deep into my heart. Those seven minutes clipped off fast. In that brief span of time, while our ship's janitor had returned for some of his hidden cash in the linen closet, the air pressure had evidently crushed him against the steel bulkhead far below the main deck. None of us ever saw him or his lucky horseshoe again.

Although unmentioned in the press reports of the accident, somewhere beneath the waves of the North Pacific his corpse stands guard over his lucky horseshoe and his winnings, mute testimony to the price a man will pay for greed.

The Youth's Instructor, June 7, 1960

Cover Few can resist the charm of late spring and the invitation of a still-gentle sun and fresh green landscapes. This A. Devaney photo catches effectively the mood of picnic baskets and thermos jugs.

Letters Often we would like to publish letters but cannot because they are sent anonymously. We like to publish letters both critical and complimentary. It is our practice always to honor a request to withhold a writer's name.

California "A word of appreciation for 'With All Your Heart, Jan' [November 3, 1959]. I have been an Adventist for only two years, but had gotten the impression that our schools were some sort of paradise for Christian young people. It helped me realize that no one, anywhere on earth, is free from the temptations and wiles of the devil. How easy it is to think that the company we keep will assure our salvation, whether it be at church, school, or home. Only by personal effort, personal thinking, personal devotion, a personal experience with Christ, will we know Him when He comes for His own.

California "I would also like to comment on 'Wanted: Dead, Not Alive' [February 2, 1960] by Jan S. Doward. I was impressed with the frankness of the writer in approaching a subject that has been neglected somewhat. Much is said about the new birth without stressing that we must first 'die' before we can be 'born again.' Thank you again for the articles you print that provide a little 'scouring powder' to clean up the dirty spots in one's life. By the way, keep up the good work on the SHARE." WM. J. CARTLEDGE, JR., Anaheim.

Many readers commented by letter and in person on Catherine Mohr's "With All Your Heart, Jan," when it appeared last fall. We think we remember correctly that a college dean of women read it to her girls in a worship period and discussed it. It bears re-reading.

Sign "We are living in the last days, when the mania upon the subject of marriage constitutes one of the signs of the near coming of Christ."—4T 503.

Haste Still Makes Waste

Some folks "wolf" their food. But if someone has taken time to prepare a wholesome and attractive meal, isn't the diner missing much of what that meal has to offer, if he goes galloping through it?

Have you ever watched visitors in an art gallery? Some go pell-mell through the rooms and corridors, as though they were trying to best the four-minute mile. But others can sit and enjoy a single painting for an hour, then leave the gallery without seeing another thing. Which were really nourished?

More than one book on my library shelves is yet to be read. Others have been read until the covers are ragged. There is a book on the shelf of a daughter's library that really should be rebound. The stories in *Tiger and Tom* had been read and reread until I could all but repeat some of them by heart. Now my daughters have read the same.

Every once in a while someone writes to ask for a back number of *The Youth's Instructor*. "It has been lost or misplaced," they may write, "and we want to bind last year's volume." They want to keep the magazines for rereading of items that especially impressed them. Some parents have told us they keep the magazines for their children to read as they grow up into the reading audience.

Often, as we are working on an issue of the magazine, we read some poem or article again and again. It isn't alone that we are trying to catch and correct any error that may have slipped into type. Some of the narratives, the articles, the poems are timeless in their worth. A recent poem that called us back and back for rereading was "Space Age." * Did you see it? With concrete imagery it couched the ancient truth of our need to pray, and for a place in which to pray.

On my first day at Washington Missionary College, a teacher accosted me as I was running up the steps of Columbia Hall. "What's your hurry, young man, what's your hurry? You'd better slow down," he said. And while I still find myself taking steps two at a time on occasion, that September counsel from Elder J. N. Anderson has never left me.

We live in the rocket age. Sure. And none has a right to dawdle, to waste time. But is it wasting time when you take time to do things well—to savor fully, to store the mind against future need?

It took Divinity just seven days to create a world into being.

But Divinity's Son spent thirty years in preparation to redeem it.

When your judgment comes of age, you won't spend time on the paltry and useless and harmful. And the time you save can be used to make more meaningful those things that deserve to endure.

Walter D. Croude

* May 3, 1960.

COMING NEXT WEEK

- "THE CHALLENGE"—For the spiritual adventurer there is always frontier, always a challenge to blaze a trail in the marvelous and tragic days of the twentieth century. By Daniel Walther.
- "HE LOVED HIS NEIGHBOR'S BOY"—a poignant story of childless John and Mary, and the heritage they provided for a neighbor's child. By Viola M. Nash.
- "YOU TAUGHT ME HOW"—A young man remembers the indomitable courage of his missionary father. By Bruce Mazat.

NON-SCENTS PETS

by ROBERT D. LEE

THE dog will probably always remain man's best friend, but more and more people are making friends with an animal that has often been thought of with disgust. For many years poultrymen have dreaded nightly raids by this animal on their henhouses, and campers have been sent home to hot showers after firsthand encounters. His name has become a by-word.

The monster that is now making its graceful entry into society is the skunk. Known also as a polecat, wood pussy, and

striper, this little rose by any other name would still smell. Basically there are two kinds, the big striped skunk known by scientists as *Mephitis* and the smaller spotted skunk, called *Spilogale*. Both are members of the same family as the weasel and mink.

It's one thing to buy a disarmed skunk in a pet store or to raise it on a skunk farm, and quite another thing to meet one face to face or in a backing-up position in the woods or behind a desert rock. With nerve-shattering accuracy, these

little rascals can shoot a stream of scent several feet.

In good skunk country and with the right kind of traps, however, it is fairly easy to make frequent catches. Two commercial live traps often used are the Tomahawk and the Havahart, both of which catch the animal harmlessly. Canned cat food works well for bait, although almost any kind of meat will do. Because skunks are omnivorous animals, eating both meat and plant food, melons, especially good-smelling cantaloupes, also work quite well.

One woman who lives on the outskirts of a southern California desert dislikes using traps of any kind. With a flashlight and two dogs, she runs skunks down as they make their nightly search for food. Asked if she was ever "shot" at by her prey she replied, "Sure, I get smelled up, but it's a living." After de-scenting the animals she sells them to pet dealers.

I've often wondered how the skunk came by his foul-smelling perfume. Did God provide it with such an odor for its own protection in the Garden of Eden or did this come about after sin entered? Or could it be that Satan changed what used to be a delicate scent to what we now can recognize with disgust a mile away? I suppose we'll have to wait until the Eden restored to find out.

Strangely enough, a skunk can be de-scented with little or no odor if proper precautions are followed. But finding a veterinarian who is willing to do the operation may be difficult. Don't try it yourself; experienced hands are always best for this kind of job.

Skunks make excellent house pets. They enjoy human association and are playful and affectionate. They readily eat canned dog or cat food and appreciate an egg now and then, which keeps their coats shiny. Many skunks make better mousers than cats. Like Siamese cats, some spotted skunks will climb curtains, but this can be corrected through training, just as it is with the cats. The younger the skunk, the easier it is to train.

Because skunks have been known to carry hydrophobia, it is a good idea to give them rabies shots. So far as I know, a license is not required for skunks in any city.

If you enjoy being a little different, ask your pet dealer for a skunk. Your friends will get a real thrill when you call, "Here, Blossom," and doing a typical handstand your little stinker makes his entrance.

But make sure of his plumbing!



HARRY BAERG, ARTIST

Community leaders and Adventist church leaders began to dovetail their know-how, and the dream of a hospital for Menard County promised to become a reality.

PART THREE

IN HIS modest law office fronting the main street Perry Hartgraves chewed thoughtfully on his pipe-stem. Another year was drifting south with the first norther, and the hospital was still in the nebulous talking stage! And in all his bound volumes there was no practical instruction about how to set up such an institution! The county judge and the commissioner's court were right; some way must be found to raise money without raising taxes. But any genius who could figure that out ought to offer his talents to Austin and Washington as well as Menard!

Fortunately the county was not heavily in debt; the local people had always believed in paying their own way. Now there would be no squawking to Washington for a Federal grant; no pleas to Austin for State aid. Menard, as always, would care for its own financial obligations.

In his office down the street, Milton Williams turned over a long thick letter from Robert Pierson. Ever since his first dealings with the Adventist church leaders Williams had ceased to feel either uncomfortable or impersonal toward them. Take Pierson now—personable, charming; yet absolutely sincere and capable. What was that statement he was always making? "Friends, if God wants Menard to have a hospital, Menard will *have* a hospital!"

And he was meticulously thorough about the planning, as one could guess from the long letter:

"October 14, 1957

"DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,

"... We have felt it would be helpful for us to write at some length setting forth our position in opening medical work in any community and in Menard in particular. . . .

"Our committee members were impressed with the live interest in the project manifested by your community leaders. We believe it would be a pleasure to work with such a group of men in establishing a representative medical service in Menard County. . . . Our final word will be dependent upon the following considerations:

The Youth's Instructor, June 7, 1960

Menard's MONUMENT to the FUTURE

by VIOLA M. PAYNE

"1. A survey shall be made by your representatives and ours to assure that the Bevans Hotel property can be satisfactorily remodeled and equipped to provide hospital and housing service at a figure Menard County can afford. . . .

"2. The facilities shall be leased to the Texas Conference on a dollar-a-year basis. . . .

"3. A careful investigation shall be made by our representative to satisfy . . . that the institution has good prospects of operating on a break-even basis after the first two years. . . .

"4. Menard County shall share in providing operating security for the first twelve to eighteen months. The amount shall be subject to negotiation after a suggested operating budget is worked out.

"5. We are able to secure a quali-

fied hospital staff and to locate at least two doctors in the county.

"6. We shall receive authorization from our own group. . . .

"Your suggestion of thirty to forty days for our final word seems reasonable. We would suggest November 15 for our deadline. . . . The Adventists will be available for counsel on remodeling, but since the hospital will belong to the city they must take the initiative. . . . Funds to properly equip will be dependent upon equipment and the condition of the hotel. . . . It might be that families in Menard could take rooms to paint and equip. . . .

"According to Government standards, a community requires 3.5 beds per 1,000 population. This would mean fourteen or fifteen hospital beds for Menard County. But we have found in



"I'm so tired at night I can hardly keep my eyes open to study my Sabbath school lesson."

our Santa Anna operation that this area has a lower-than-national-average rate for hospitalization. We would need about twenty-five aged or convalescent patients, who were living in, to help pay the way.

"We are not interested in making money. We are interested in serving your community. This will most likely require some help from your community in the early months.

"Let me mention our part briefly: we will provide professionally trained and qualified Christian personnel for the institution. It will cost the Texas Conference several thousand dollars to locate, contact, and persuade these key persons to join us in Menard. They will come from many different parts of the country, and their moving expense will not be a small item. . . . With all these things considered, the Texas Conference will be involving itself rather heavily financially and also in responsibility. In doing this we feel we are sharing with you Menard community leaders in a worthy project. Our compensation? The fellowship in service we believe that we will experience with the citizens of Menard County, and the realization that as Christians we are following the command of your Saviour and ours: 'Go ye into all the

world, and preach the gospel to every creature' (Mark 16:15).

"We believe that the Christian way of preaching the gospel includes those in physical need as well as spiritual need, for Jesus also said, 'Heal the sick.' Seventh-day Adventists exist to serve others.

"Sincerely yours in Christian service,

"Robt. H. Pierson
"Dudley Tomblinson."

The Texas Conference believed in working as well as praying. Around October 21 Architect Hubert Craine of Fort Worth was brought to Menard to inspect the hotel, draw up workable plans, and begin estimating the cost to the county of reconverting the old brick building.

The State health department thought the plans both workable and within reach, and quickly gave permission to proceed. On October 30 Adventist representatives compiled an estimate that became a goal. They decided it would cost \$135,000 to remodel the hotel and put it into operation as a hospital. On November 7 the Menard *News* editorialized again:

"The fad of pointing to Menard as the town which once was, was carried

a little further this week by the Fort Worth *Star Telegram*. . . .

"Correspondent Dolan introduces his piece by saying: 'Many a memory is locked in the darkened four-story Bevens Hotel at Menard.' He goes on to tell of the high old time folks from all around used to have at the big blowouts in the hotel ballroom, and in poker games in the guest rooms. His conclusion: 'Now it is little more than a four-story brick corpse, a monument to the end of a lively era.'

"Could be, Mr. Dolan, sir. But you . . . remind me of that time I was skinning a possum, and when the job was half finished, the possum came to life.

"The difference between Menard and that possum is that we don't aim to be skinned before we start kicking! And if you had stayed in town long enough, you would have noticed that the kicking had already started. . . .

"We figure that pretty soon now, folks will be coming from miles around. Unless our plans go badly awry, we're going to have that hospital. If we do, Menard and the Bevens Hotel will have weathered the transition from the bright era of the past to the brighter era of the future. . . ."

Then circumstance stepped in to fully arouse the public. An Asian flu epidemic raced from the Gulf across Texas. It came on the heels of cold, soaking rains, which encouraged the virus. Menard school children dropped from classes, and on November 4 schools were closed. Many adults were as sick as the children, and there wasn't a doctor in the county! This absurd and dangerous situation was heightened by the news that all area hospitals were brimming over with local patients. Outsiders must wait their turn.

The Menard people sent an urgent appeal for a doctor to the Texas Conference of Seventh-day Adventists. Dr. George Lowery came. He intended to drive in each day from Melvin; he intended to go home at night to rest. The only trouble was he had no time to rest. He made his headquarters in part of Perry Hartgraves' law office. He used one of Hartgraves' tables for examinations, and brought his own meager supply of sheets, and towels, and a few other necessities. Lowery had no time to brood over equipment; he was too busy dashing out on house calls and racing back to give shots and medications. No one could figure out how he avoided coming down sick, but he stayed on his feet and pulled his patients through the epidemic.

To page 15

ONLY five minutes more." Dave Jones laid sheets of music on each of thirty-two chairs arranged in a four-row semicircle. Academy students were beginning to trickle through two side doors into the narrow hall used for choir practice.

Hands in pockets, three boys sauntered into the room, swaggered down the aisle between two banks of chairs, and slouched into their seats, jostling others in the process. One boy, Joe, sat eying Dave, hoping to calculate the effect of his unceremonious entry upon the young choir leader. Dave appeared too busy to notice. Satisfied that there would be no immediate correction, Joe leaned back to talk with the fellows.

Finishing his task, Dave chose a nearby blackboard against which to rest. "Just a little breather," he thought, "then comes the real work." He directed a quick glance at the three boys.

"Any new music today, Mr. Jones?"

The voice was cheerful. Dave was thankful for that. A grin crept to his lips, then upward. It pounced upon the furrows that had creased his brow and scattered them as he smiled.

"Yes, one new number," he replied.

The metallic sound of chairs jolting together clanked into Dave's consciousness, punctuating jumbled bits of student conversation. Each new arrival that joined the group added to the commotion. Dave waited. For a moment his thoughts sought escape from the din.

In imagination he could picture a ghostly image of himself forsaking his body to survey its house of flesh. The young man it beheld was of slender build with dark, wavy hair, black eyes, a prominent chin, and long arms still bronzed from a summer of lumberyard work. His phantom mind blinked its unbelief.

"You, Dave Jones, 'Mr. Jones,' a choir conductor? Why, you're just a kid. You aren't even out of college yet."

"Maybe I am young and have a lot to learn," Dave's self defended, "but I'm not sorry that I accepted this opportunity."

Dave allowed his eyes to wander over the group of noisy students. In another minute a bell would announce the beginning of rehearsal. As if by magic, all those voices would blend into the single sound of a choir—his choir.

At random, Dave's roving gaze picked out the friendly face of Jane. "One of my best," he mused. "Always quick to learn. Very mature for a freshman."

Dave's temper rocketed, and his arm was poised to swing swift and sure.

Then there was Dale, serious-minded, intelligent, a good musician, and cooperative—a mainstay of the choir. "Couldn't do without him. Wish they were all like that."

Dave's glance fell next on Joe. There it stopped cold. "That fellow looks downright unhappy," he thought. He had often seen Joe on campus. Several times, Joe's scowl or sneer had drawn aside a protective veneer to reveal a bitter, chip-on-the-shoulder attitude. Dave's eyes wandered on, but his thoughts remained with Joe. "I wonder whether there's anything I can do to help him. Maybe I could—"

The bell rang out, even above the thirty-two voices that all seemed to shout at once.

"Well, here goes." Striding to a low platform, Dave mounted it and took his place behind a music stand. He faced the choir. Raising his voice above the tumult, he called for silence. When the noise abated, Dave looked at Dale, nodded, and bowed his head. "Let us pray."

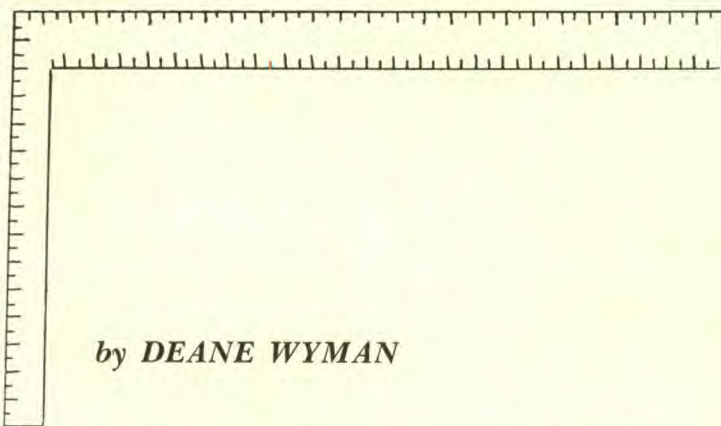
"Dear Father in heaven," Dale began, "we thank Thee that we can sing together today. Help us to do our best as we practice, and help Mr. Jones to teach us in the right way . . ."

A fervent Amen leaped to Dave's lips. There it poised, unspoken.

First prayer; then roll call. By now, taking record had become almost automatic.

It was six months since he had agreed

a SQUARE hit



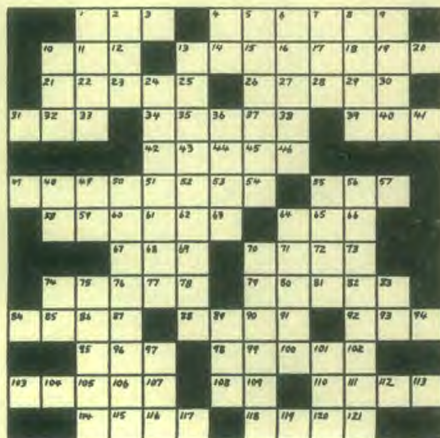
by DEANE WYMAN

Sharpeners

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. (The Bible texts are taken from the King James Version.)

Darkness Defeated

- 1 For we being many are one _____, and one body for we are all _____ of that one bread. (1 Cor. 10:17)
- 2 In that day shall his _____ cities be as a _____ bough, and an uppermost branch, (Isa. 17:9)
- 3 When thou beatest thine _____ tree, thou shalt not go over the _____ again. (Deut. 24:20)
- 4 We have also a more _____ word of _____; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, (1 Pet. 1:19)
- 5 He cast the tables out of his _____, and brake them _____ the mount. (Ex. 32:19)
- 6 Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, _____ a _____ ox and hatred therewith. (Prov. 15:17)
- 7 A certain Pharisee besought him to _____ with him and _____ went in, and sat down to meat. (Luke 11:37)
- 8 The Lord is my _____, I shall not want. (Ps. 23:1)
- 9 We cannot _____ who put our money in our sacks. (Gen. 43:22)
- 10 And they said unto him, Yesterday _____ the seventh _____ the fever left him. (John 4:52)
- 11 He that earneth wages earneth wages to put it into a bag with _____ (Hag. 1:6)
- 12 It shall not be lawful to impose _____, tribute, or custom, upon them. (Ezra 7:24)
- 13 Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil, when the iniquity of my _____ shall compass me about? (Ps. 49:3)
- 14 Thy _____ shall be iron and brass; (Deut. 33:25)
- 15 But love ye your enemies, and do good, and _____, hoping for nothing again; (Luke 6:35)



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Key on page 15

to try conducting. To begin with, he and the choir had worked frantically to prepare for a patriotic program in which they were to sing. With only a few weeks to learn six new songs, everyone was so busy that discipline had been but a minor problem.

Since the program, however, things had not always been quite so rosy. There had been a few "incidents" that Dave did not care to remember.

Just how does one channel pent-up energies that demand release? That was an important question. Dave had tried to solve it in different ways. Some worked. Others? Well—

"Yes," Dave admitted inwardly, "I still have a lot to learn."

"Help Mr. Jones to teach us in the right way." By some quirk of fancy, Dave grasped at reverberating sound waves that still lingered in the air. Thought reorganized them into words, Dale's words, repeating the request over and over, stamping it upon Dave's mind.

"Oh, Lord," he prayed silently, "grant me wisdom, understanding, love."

The record taken, Dave put the choir through the usual five-minute warm-up exercises. He tried to make them a game in which each singer had to keep alert. This was his chance to test the choir's pulse. Restlessness could be contagious. By spotting it early, Dave hoped to apply an antidote before it could reach epidemic proportions. Now and then he cast a watchful eye at the tenor and bass sections.

"They're not really bad boys," he had often told himself, "but they can be lively at times."

Next came a brief review of choral responses for church service the following Sabbath. Routine tasks out of the way, there was still time to tackle new music and polish off old numbers.

"Listen carefully while the accompanist plays our new piece," Dave instructed. "Just follow as best you can."

"O.K., you've heard it once. Now let's try it."

"Sopranos, I'll sing with you while the others hum. By the time we're through, the rest will have learned their parts."

"We'll see who learns the fastest," Dave continued. "Tenors, you're the brightest section. You'll be first, won't you?" Dave winked at Dale.

"Yeah!" Dripping with sarcasm, Joe's answer knifed the air. Unperturbed, Dave disregarded it.

"All right, sopranos, are you ready? Let's go."

Time passed swiftly. Student minds concentrated on mentally photographing notes and words. For some, the usual shutter speed was sufficient. Others required a time exposure. But soon Dave was able to announce, "I think we know this well enough to stand and sing it."

"This piece begins on *forte*," Dave reminded when the rattle of chairs had ceased. "Watch me so we can all start together. No ragged edges on the first word."

Dave motioned to the pianist. "Introduction, please."

Student eyes focused on Dave, each person poised, expectant. Tension mounted as the choral entry neared. Then it was there. Dave cued in the choir. Loud and clear came the first word. It was a clean attack, but for one smudge. Joe had blurted out full force—on the wrong note. The mistake was deliberate. Dave aimed a frown of disapproval at Joe, but said nothing.

The choir did well until halfway through the score. Then, the altos faltered over a difficult place and gradually dwindled away to silence.

"Better work this out now," Dave decided. He called the other sections to a halt. "Girls, I'll help you with your part." Oblivious to all else for a few moments, Dave concentrated his efforts on the ailing altos.

A restless wave of foot shuffling swept through the waiting sections. Dave, his mind preoccupied, paid little heed. A second wave arose, noisier than the first. Reaching the tenor section, this one broke. There was a brief scuffle. Metal clanked against metal as chairs crashed together. Dave whirled to face the commotion. At that instant, two tenors sprawled on the floor. One was Joe.

"What's all this fuss about?" demanded Dave.

No one spoke.

Dave, wearing a judicial expression, searched the clump of tenors. He was too late. Each appeared innocent.

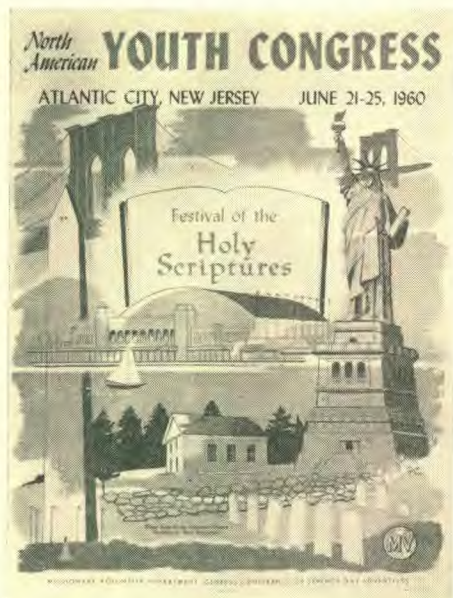
"O.K., fellows, get up," Dave directed.

Rubbing a bruised shin, one red-faced boy picked himself up. Not Joe. All eyes had turned on him, and he knew it. He was the center of the stage. The attention that stardom brought was too rich to give up so soon. He lay there reveling in the glory of it.

"I said to get up," Dave repeated.

Still Joe lay there. He was not to be hurried.

"Joe, I told you to get up, and I expect you to do just that," Dave com-



manded. His tone needed no interpreter. It was accompanied by a look that Joe dared not ignore. Joe's rebellious, what-you-hollering-at-me-for stare met Dave's, then fell. He untangled an arm from the legs of a chair. First one foot and then the other he gathered beneath himself, taking his own time. Slowly he regained his feet, muttering all the while.

"What did you say?" Dave's question fairly crackled.

The muttering subsided to a sullen, "Nothing."

"All right then, let's get back to business. Any more trouble, and out you go."

During the remainder of rehearsal, the group finished working on the new music, then switched to an old number for finishing touches.

Dave tried to forget the incident, tried not to notice the thunderhead that had settled on Joe's countenance, though it warned of a brewing storm, tried to convince himself that the matter was closed. Outwardly, it was closed. But not so within.

"Maybe you were too hard on him," conscience accused. "You aren't sure he started the trouble."

"Yes, but he was stalling," ego retorted. "You had to call his bluff, or— or else lose face!"

Back and forth the battle raged until, exhausted, Dave called a truce.

"Oh, Lord," he pleaded, new meaning in the words, "wisdom—love—help me."

Closing notes of "The Lord's Prayer" were just being sung, when the jarring bell heralded the end of practice period.

"Well, that's it for another day,"

Dave sighed. "What a relief!" He excused the choir.

Again commotion reigned, but this time it walked out of the room with each group of departing students. At last, Dave found himself alone with his thoughts once more. Resignedly he began to pick up sheets of music from thirty-two chairs, now in disarray.

"Twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven." Dave was nearly finished when his ear caught the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps.

"Mr. Jones!" The voice was loud, belligerent.

"Sir?" Dave spun around. The intruder was nearly upon him.

"Mr. Jones, I could just slug you!"

It was Joe. Lightning flashed from his seething gray eyes. His closecropped blond hair bristled above a scowl that was darker than Dave had ever before seen him wear. Both hands were clenched, rocklike. The storm had come.

Stepping ominously closer, Joe shook a menacing fist in Dave's face.

"Mr. Jones, I could just slug you!" Defiantly he spat out the words again.

Dave's face paled. His eyes narrowed to mere slits beneath black, knitted brows. Joe, though somewhat shorter than he, was of a wiry build, and certainly no weakling. Yet it was not fear, but uncertainty, that held Dave petrified.

Like leering ogres, past disciplinary frustrations seemed to unite, embodying themselves in Joe's impudent form. Forgetting his position as a teacher, the choir, his surroundings, everything but Joe, Dave was a red-blooded young man being challenged to a fight. Now was his chance to strike out against all that had annoyed.

His temper rocketed to the boiling point. His lips tightened into a thin, white line. Every muscle tensed. One hand twitched at his side, anticipating a solid smack on the jutting jaw that blurred before him. His right arm arched upward.

"Dave Jones, you are a teacher!" The suddenness of the thought, quicker than movement, checked his swing.

In the seconds that followed, many scenes flashed before Dave's mind, scenes that had revealed Joe's bitterness, his rebellion, his unhappiness. Flooding into the stream of Dave's thoughts came also the remembrance of his own requests for wisdom and love toward his students.

Looking Joe straight in the eye, Dave spoke. "Joe, you aren't happy, are you?"

It was a square hit. Joe's mouth jerked open. His glare dropped. The fists that had been so menacing fell to his sides, limp. The rigid lines on his face softened. He was tired, beaten, deflated. A solid uppercut could not have done as much.

"H—how did you know?"

"I've watched you before, Joe," Dave answered, hoping to encourage confidence. "What's wrong?"

Joe stared at the floor. "You wouldn't understand."

"I might."

There was a long pause.

"Joe." Dave's voice, mellowed with earnestness, broke the stillness. "Joe, let's sit down and talk about it."

The two young men, teacher and student, sat down. Joe talked about his way of life, which had caused feelings of rebellion against the school, its rules, its teachers, and had brought nothing but hollowness to his heart. Dave offered the best advice he could, trying to point Joe to Christ, who would understand and who could give him the help he needed.

Then they prayed. Kneeling together, each found what he needed: the student, a new source of strength; the teacher, new wisdom, understanding, love.

FAMILY FARE

With My Father

by MARIE PFEIFLE KNOTT

I READ the Sabbath school lesson story to my four-year-old son, but he was confused; he could not understand why the prodigal son ever left his home. Then we went over the memory verse, "I will arise and go to my father."

I could not lead him to repeat it correctly. His version, translated from his own experience, was "I will arise and go with my father." On Sabbath he still insisted, "I will arise and go with my father."

Father of this trusting little fellow, keep faith with him. In his sight every day is Father's Day. Quickly he responds when you invite, "Come with me for a walk." Gaily he accompanies you on errands in the automobile. Joyfully he anticipates playtime when he can have a "horsey" ride with his daddy. Faithfully he waves to you each day as you leave for work. But his brown eyes fill with tears whenever you forget to wave back to him.

May you ever walk in integrity and honor before God so that our son who wants to go with you may not stray into the path of a prodigal. May he walk *with you* into the presence of the Eternal Father.



The trephining knives are simple tools not unlike those used for pruning. Although granulation will eventually close the skull, the scalp scars remain for life.



A ST.

FORGIVE me if I am a bit inquisitive, but this sounds incredible." These were my first words to the seven before me.

Whatever their impression was of me as I pointed the camera at them from a rather unorthodox angle in order to capture the scars on their heads, my impression of them was one of wonder.

I had heard that somewhere in the distant past people in South America and on the islands of the Pacific submitted to the ordeal of trephining of the skull. But here—and now? Never!

Yet there they were, attending a Seventh-day Adventist camp meeting in the Kisii area of Kenya, a convincing witness to what happens all around us—maybe even at this moment of writing.

There was Kerebe, a girl of eleven, with a T-shaped scar on the crown of her head, showing ill-concealed surprise at my amazement. A couple of years before, when she was carrying a clay pot full of water, she slipped, and the pot crashed on her head, resulting in a constant, nagging headache for which only the *omobari*, the operator of the skull, held the cure.

And there was Nyamoka, a lively twelve-year-old boy. Playing around



*surgical methods often bring relief to the throbbing pain of head wounds;
the operator is a layman with no formal training.*

by J. P. SUNDQUIST

*Reportedly, five hundred
persons each year submit
to the delicate surgery.*



CK to BITE ON

with some other boys on the way home from school some eighteen months before, he was hit by a stone, and when the pain didn't leave him, the *omobari* was called. In placing my finger on the slowly closing wound I could still feel the pulsating of his brain, but the headache had gone.

Five hundred people a year are reportedly operated on by men who have no formal training but perform delicate surgery as part-time activity when the need arises. The *omobari* simply puts aside his hoe for a while, washes off the dirt from his hands, collects his little skin bag with instruments that are as few as they are simple, and then performs an operation that is remarkable in its performance if not in its effects.

One man found an operation necessary after the cow he was leading broke the rope and attacked him, inflicting a severe wound in his forehead with her horn. "It felt as if a piece of broken bone had been pushed right inside my head, but the *omobari* took it out for me," he explained simply. A woman, running hurriedly into the house, hit her head against a low, protruding beam, and when the pain didn't go

away, her head had to be opened—that was all!

One after the other described in terse and descriptive language the reason why he had submitted to an operation that to them seems natural. Some, in fact, have had two and even three. Is civilization making us soft, I wondered, or haven't we understood the philosophy of pain?

I asked jovial Esther Nyabanda, now a happy member of the Keuri church, how it was done. She looked about as healthy as any person I had met, and she was willing both to tell and demonstrate what in medical language is called the trephining of the skull.

"I was cutting wood and the ax head came loose and fell down on the top of my head, causing me terrible pain. When the sore healed I still had pain inside. When I ran it started pounding inside, just as when you stamp the mealies—I thought my head was going to split. When the sun beat down on my head I had to go in the shade and sometimes I had to sit down, because everything just went round and round. But," she concluded smilingly, "since the *omobari* operated on me in 1951 I haven't had a day's sickness."

Placing herself on the ground, and with the nodding approval of the others, she proceeded to demonstrate what takes place. Reliving their experience, the others joined in, and from their pooled information I gleaned the following story of trephining as practiced in Kenya.

The patient, who is operated on in his own home, is placed in a lying position, usually face forward, on a bed. Some friends or relatives—and there usually are quite a number present—hold him down by sitting on the arms and legs or otherwise pinning them down securely. The only anesthesia given to the patient is a stick to bite on—poor comfort during an operation that may take many hours. When the operation has begun, it cannot be stopped, although a "breathing space" is afforded at times.

When the incision has been made on the spot previously marked as the center of trouble, either a relative or one or two "apprentices" hold back the skin to give free access to the bone. With a skill that has been acquired solely by observing another *omobari* in action, the operator then takes a sharpened tool of bent iron—more like a pruning knife

than anything else—and begins to peel off the bone, sliver after sliver. Or he may choose to use a piece of an old hack-saw blade by means of which he cuts through the bone in a square and chisels off the rest. Like a sculptor he slowly and deliberately carves on until he lays bare a part of the dura mater or the membrane surrounding the brain. Utmost care is taken not to puncture the membrane, and the purpose is sim-

ply to relieve the pressure caused by the blow that has been inflicted on the head.

Now and then an assistant pours water over the operating field to clear it of carvings. Some incisions are T-shaped, others are in the form of a cross, and others are rectangular, with the completed "window" through the skull varying in length from just a small point up to several inches. The size of

the incision determines the size of the fee, which is from four to fifty dollars and is paid on the installment plan as the patient recovers.

After the wound has been washed with water, the *omobari* applies a mixture of beaten herbs and melted butter over the opening, pulls back the skin and applies a bandage of sorts, or simply leaves it to heal. Through the slow process of granulation the hole eventu-



Long-tailed Chat: Comedian of the Bird World

by JOHN BODLEY

I FIRST heard the mysterious whistles and calls on a bright May morning while tramping down a hillside. It was the same wooded area I had explored for nearly a year, and I had never heard anything to compare with these weird noises. Quickly I made my way to the opposite hillside, hoping to get a glimpse of the strange singer.

After searching vainly for several minutes I gave up and walked on.

Once again came the calls. They were loud, powerful whistles emitted at short intervals. Each note started low and then rose to a high pitch.

The entire serenade gave an effect that was startlingly human. At first it sounded as if someone were calling his dog, but there was no one nearby. Hastening to the area from which the sounds seemed to be coming, I found only a dense thicket of blackberries and brush. This was most puzzling. It seemed that a bird—if it was a bird—possessing such vocal powers would be large enough to be found with little difficulty. I couldn't have been more mistaken on this point.

On the following day the same game was repeated. By this time it was becoming a little tiresome. Though I knew the exact location of the sound, my eyes

weren't sharp enough to penetrate the thick entanglement of blackberries and brush that practically choked a small stream flowing through its midst. An hour of useless looking went by, during which I would hear the calls in one place, rush to it, only to hear them where I had been standing before.

At last I sat down to eat my lunch on the edge of the blackberry jungle. Just then the now-annoying calls again sounded, this time temptingly close. After jumping up and looking several times, I caught a glimpse of the elusive songster.

It was surprisingly small for such a loud voice, and completely yellow beneath, olive brown above, with peculiar white spectacles about each eye. It remained in sight just long enough for me to recognize it as a long-tailed chat.

This unusual bird is a member of the warbler family, but is most un-warbler-like in appearance and behavior. I was overjoyed to see it, for never before had I encountered the chat.

From that day on, each time I passed that one patch of brush I was ready for the chat. By this time he also knew I had spotted him and had learned his identity, so he gave up all thoughts of secrecy. He would perch at the top of a

small willow and squawk like a jay. When I whistled back at him he only blared louder. I even clapped my hands at him, but he kept right on. If I approached too close he would drop into the brush and pop up on the other side of me.

This bird seemed to do absolutely nothing in the accepted manner. Sometimes he would fly three or four feet straight up from the ground and hover, legs dangling loosely. And what a performance he put on for me. One could see that it was a tremendous strain for so small a bird to muster such volume in his whistles and calls. With each note his throat would swell to enormous proportions, and all of his feathers would stick out in a most unconventional manner.

At first I thought this bird was a bit different from the others of his species, possibly even a little "touched." I found, however, that all chats are this way. They seem to be among the only birds that will go out of their way to heckle any would-be observer. They seem to have a sense of humor. Whether they direct their jeers to fellow birds, I do not know, but they do imitate a wide range of birds. The chat will chirp like a contented robin, or scold with all the choice phrases of the jay.

Their stronghold is usually the most inaccessible patch of blackberries and thick brush they can find. They prefer to have a stream flowing through the thicket to suit their peculiar tastes. For food they normally choose insects, but these are well supplemented with available fruit.

They are found in suitable habitat throughout the Western States. In the East they are replaced by the yellow-breasted chat, a different variety of the same bird.

The presence of the chat has made my nature outings more interesting and oftentimes very exasperating, but without them certain patches of brush and blackberries would be rather dull places.

ally is closed, but the scars remain for life.

"And then," concluded Esther, "you have to lie absolutely still for two weeks, and nobody is allowed to speak loudly to you or to cut wood near your house. Some die, but we are alive by God's power."

Despite the number of operations performed, not more than some ten deaths are said to have been reported during the last three years, although quite a number are brought to the hospitals for aftercare when inflammation occurs.

When I mentioned it to the doctors at Kendu Mission Hospital they said that at times they have had as many as five such patients in the hospital, some for aftertreatment when infection had set in, and others for other complaints, but still with the telltale scars.

A little later I tried to visit one of the experts of the clan. Directed to his hut by a former patient of his, I found that he was away, but with much hesitancy his wife engaged in conversation. She was afraid that I might get her husband into trouble. The practice of trephining is not outlawed but it is discouraged by the authorities, since the practical value, medically speaking, is often nil, though sometimes it does actually relieve pressure caused by a blood clot or a concussion. Only in the case of a death of the patient can the operator be brought to court.

Thanks to my interpreter, the African pastor, the *omobari's* wife not only let me take a photo of herself displaying the contents of the magic bag but, persuaded by her son to be liberal to the stranger from afar, let me purchase one of the homemade "scalpels."

As I returned to another camp meeting appointment I pondered what I had seen: a people groping for a way to get well when misfortune strikes; the stoicism of those who are prepared to go through such an ordeal in search for healing; the skill of men who, many of them, have never darkened the door of a school and never been to a hospital, yet have found what they think to be a way of helping their own people.

Shall we admire them, pity them, or condemn them? Well, I leave you to sort out your own feelings—I have enough trouble with my own.

KEY

Wit Sharpeners

"For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee" (Isa. 60:2).

MENARD'S MONUMENT TO THE FUTURE

From page 8

During the epidemic Gordon T. Charlton of San Angelo, vice-president of Columbian Securities Corporation, buyers of Menard bonds, announced that a hospital bond increase could be retired in Menard County without a tax increase. He told the citizens' group that money was available from a farm-to-market road program, which had cost less than anticipated. The amount of road improvement levy could be reduced to meet the hospital bond levy. "You have a wonderful opportunity," he told the local group. He pointed out that if the Adventists operated the hospital and maintained it as they had agreed to do, the county would not be faced with levying a hospital maintenance tax.

On Wednesday, November 13, just before noon, a telephone call came to Milton Williams from Pierson, stating that the Seventh-day Adventist Church definitely would be willing to operate a hospital in Menard. Immediately the citizens' committee began to circulate a petition asking the commissioner's court to call a bond election. Within two days 465 names were obtained; on November 19 the commissioner's court issued an order calling for the hospital bond election on December 14.

During this official stir, Editor Weddle of the *News* spoke of a personal sorrow:

"When a loved one is lost, it is difficult to understand that it is God's will and according to His plan.

"One listens with heavy heart to the funeral service, wondering doubtfully as the minister tells of the omnipotent plan through which all things work for the good of those who love the Lord.

"Such doubts, we suppose, are only human. We pray that God will forgive our lack of faith, for these are the thoughts we had yesterday as we gave up our Bonnie Kay.

"The healing of the wound, the filling of the void, will not come quickly or easily.

"We cannot but feel that Bonnie Kay would still be with us, to be born a healthy, mature baby, if Menard had only had a hospital a few weeks ago when the trouble began.

"Now, too late to bring her back, we have a chance to get a hospital.

"Perhaps our loss will help others to see the need, to realize that such a loss as ours could in time be theirs.

"No, a hospital will not return our

Bonnie. But there are other lives to be saved.

"A vote for the hospital may be a vote for saving many lives."—The *Menard News*, Nov. 14, 1957.

And so Weddle turned personal anguish to public good.

All subscribers to the *News* read the "Letters to the Editor" department. These letters were genuine bits of correspondence that came to the busy editorial desk. Now, with the hospital issue being discussed all over the county, opinions were being aired. One letter came from Oneida, Kentucky.

"DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,

"At the suggestion of Elder Pierson, it gives me great pleasure to give you a brief account of what the Seventh-day Adventists are doing here deep in the Kentucky mountains.

"Our little hospital has been built for more than twenty-five years, and was operated as a maternity institution for more than thirteen years.

"The trustees had bequeathed it to the health department for the Kentucky mountain area. It was revealed that the institution was losing the State money and they willingly gave it back to us after spending a great deal of money here. We could not run a hospital; doctors were unwilling to come and make the sacrifice. After almost two years' search, we made contact with the Seventh-day Adventists in Washington, D.C. . . .

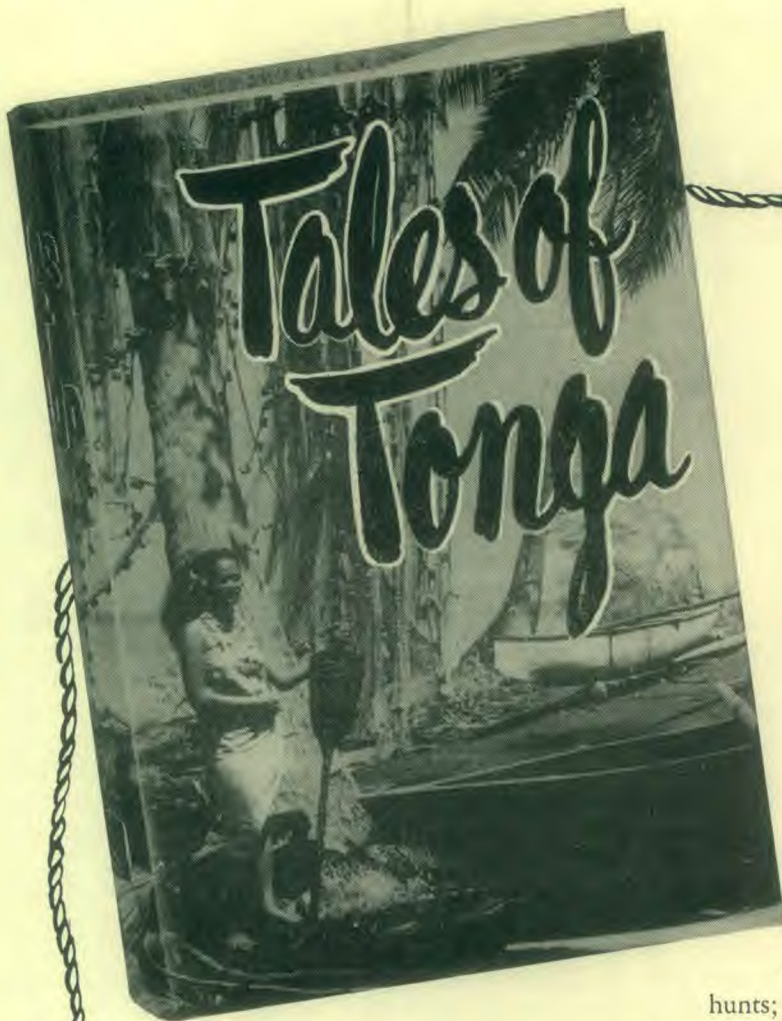
"Of course, I'm a Baptist, and the majority of people of these mountains are Baptist, so we gave them the first chance at our proposition. They refused. . . .

"The proposition the . . . Adventists . . . made was: if the community would put up \$5,000 and clear the title, they would come in. . . . They took charge August 22, 1955, and they are gaining friends almost daily. The institution is a twenty-five bed hospital, which has two M.D.'s and a surgeon. They do a high grade of work. . . .

"Last and greatest tribute to them is that they are the most consecrated people we have ever been thrown among; we say this candidly. If your section is in need of a religious group who will serve the Lord and humanity as the Good Book tells us to do, you cannot afford to pass them by.

"THOMAS L. BRITTON."

This is the third installment of a five-part serial. Part four will appear next week.



TALES OF TONGA

by C. S. PALMER

*This is the story of ships— and island people. Ships that have broken apart on the sharp coral reefs; ships that carried hardy whalers on their dangerous hunts; pirate ships that brought heartbreak to the sunny isles; it is the story of kalias and dinghies and adventuresome yachts; of the noble *Pitcairn* and the trusty *Endeavor*. For ships are indispensable to island life. To the island*

people they mean trade and mail and contact with the rest of the world. And ships have brought them the blessed hope.

Upon the shores of these happy islands there are today groups of joyful Adventists—precious trophies of the intrepid workers who down through the years have sailed these restless seas to tell the glad news of salvation. Whether the missionary author is telling an experience of his own, or telling of an incident that happened before his arrival there, he will hold captive your interest.

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MV's Take Operation Light Into Dark World of Sightless

by Eileen Mayberry Lantry

Parkersburg, W. Va.—For the past seven months the Parkersburg, West Virginia, Missionary Volunteers have been sharing their faith by bringing rays of light into the dark world of the blind. Operation Light is an active program under the excellent leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Ferrell, who make the appointments with the blind. The young people lead out entirely in the excellent sacred programs given. From twelve to twenty youth participate each time.

The band began by visiting nursing homes in the Parkersburg, West Virginia, and Belpre, Ohio, area. Here they found several old, lonely, and forgotten people who can do nothing for entertainment, since they lost their sight in their old age and cannot read Braille.

Frail little Mrs. Lupardus, who is not only blind but has just one leg, sings the hymns with the young people with tears in her blind eyes. Old Mrs. Masser, a former music teacher, declares that the music is of very high quality. Ninety-three-year-old Mrs. Owens, whose mind seems as clear as a young person's, begs us to come back. The youth leave such people with a real happiness in their hearts.

The band recently visited Mr. and Mrs. George Edgell, who are both blind. They have two boys, eight and ten, with normal vision. The Missionary Volunteers enjoyed observing Mrs. Edgell's seeing-eye dog. They are happy to be able to tell the blind of the free record players available for them from the U.S. Government, so that they can

enjoy the talking books in their own homes, and of the embossed publications free to the blind from the Christian Record Benevolent Association.

Elderly Mrs. Horner, who is never able to attend her own church, enjoyed the meeting by the band members so much that she arranged to have a

woman prepare refreshments for them.

The band often visits Carl F. Shorney, who is confined to a wheel chair. Recently two MV's, Bonnie Hagele and Elizabeth Kinsey, made a cake for him, and about 20 young people surprised him on his eightieth birthday with a special program and ice cream and cake. His joy was apparent.

Many other opportunities to visit more of the blind are opening up. The band may have to divide into two groups to care for the requests. The MV's love to go, and the joy received in giving happiness to those who live in such a dark world is measureless.

WISCONSIN MV OFFICERS RATE BIBLE AS BEST "KEY"



Missionary Volunteers at the 1960 MV officers' convention held at Wisconsin Academy agreed that of all the "Keys for MV's" the Word of God takes top priority. Emphasis of other important "keys" included the MV KIT, The Youth's Instructor, MV Book Club, Master Guide, MV Leaflets, and nature clubs. Spencer Waagen, Kathie Mabie, Richard Gillespie, and Charlotte Pedersen of Wisconsin Academy dramatically portrayed before their fellow youth and youth leaders the importance of using all the keys. "Spotlight on the Bible" is the MV theme.



MV Rally Features Unique Program

by Emerson Hillock

Calgary, Alberta, Canada.—The picture of the Taj Mahal and a rice field with an elephant in it served as a background while the Missionary Volunteers presented the Sabbath school mission story at the MV rally held in the new auditorium at Rosebud, Alberta. Lights on the map of India indicated the places where the incidents related took place. The cross and the Bible represented the sources of power that make it possible to perform miracles.

MV's told of a Sikh, one of three occupants in a truck, kneeling with another man and a sick woman at the edge of a torrential river to pray for guidance through the water that had necessitated others' turning back. The Sikh said, "If your God can do that, I'll take Him for my God."

In the Garo Hills of Assam, before a Seventh-day Adventist worker entered, a man who went into the hills to pray received light which he passed on to the people. As a result, a number of people were partially ready for baptism when our worker came to that section.

The president of the Alberta Conference, J. W. Bothe, in his morning sermon counseled the young people to be ready for the final harvest when Jesus comes. The Calgary choir, under the direction of Don Melashanko, sang while the young people stood in rededication of their lives and promised to do their part in ministering to others.

The Canadian Union College music department, under the direction of Prof. R. A. Gibson, provided an inspirational afternoon sacred music concert.

MV CALENDAR HIGHLIGHTS AT OMC



Students of Oshawa Missionary College presented the messages during the recent Week of Prayer, led by Elder A. Dick and Charles Stewart. Shown in the picture, the group who presented one of the programs are, left to right: Thomas McKibban, Myrna Coolen, Phyllis Fare-nick, Victor Gill, Paul Manuel, Louise Thompson, and Frank Johnson. The Week of Prayer brought a large response for rededication by the students. For their first visit to the Aged Folks' Institution near Oshawa, the college MV's received hearty approval from the supervisor.

Middle East Youth Plan Best MV Week of Prayer

by Mary A. Haddad

Beirut, Lebanon.—Acting upon the recommendation of the faculty of Middle East College that the Week of Prayer this year be sponsored by the MV Society, the MV Council chose the theme, "The Discovery of Living." Student committees were set up to do the planning and organizing. It was very inspiring to attend these committee meetings and to see and hear what young people can do.

At last the day came, and the hour struck for the youth to be in action—and what a mighty power was seen! The Middle East is a difficult area to evangelize, but the young people leading out in the Week of Prayer indicate that the future is bright.

This was the young people's first experience in conducting the Week of Prayer, and I know it will not be the last. The week was a rich blessing to those taking part and an inspiration to the listeners. One could feel the enthusiasm among the students.

The question "What did this Week of Prayer mean to you?" brought some striking comments: "Man is given life for the one purpose of choosing which way to live." "Many testified for Christ for the first time in their lives." "This student-conducted Week of Prayer meant to me that the power we always speak about, which will carry the message to the Middle East, is right here at Middle East College." "The hidden talents were revealed and used for the glory of God, and 'real living' was discovered." "The students' talks from burdened and sincere hearts made impressions on the student body that were never felt before."



Lotfy Abadir and Sami Bishai of Middle East College made this poster for Week of Prayer.

Eight Youth Teams Launch Colorado Operation Fireside in Pilot Effort

by Lee Carter



An Operation Fireside team from the Greeley, Colorado, MV Society begins work in first home.

Denver, Colo.—Thursday, March 10, was a great day for the Colorado youth. It marked the beginning of the pilot effort of Operation Fireside in the Colorado Conference. Under the strong leadership of Dale Aalborg, pastor in

the Greeley district, young people there have launched out into this special type of evangelism, believing that the Lord will help them win many souls to Him.

As the eight teams of young people went into eight homes on a Thursday

evening, they were happy to find a combined audience of 109, 50 of whom were non-Adventists.

The aim is to enlist every senior MV Society in the Colorado Conference in Operation Fireside by next September. The goal of souls won to Christ during 1960 is 150.

STUDENTS SERVE COMMUNITY

by John Lindfors

South Lancaster, Mass. — Students challenged by the appeals of the Atlantic Union College spring Week of Prayer, "Adventures in Faith," have been spending their Sabbath afternoons in soul-winning endeavors. A survey of the surrounding towns is being conducted to find how AUC may serve the spiritual needs of the community more fully.

Two by two, young people go to the doors and inquire about the local churches, the availability of religious periodicals, and the people's opinion of how well their own churches benefit the communities they serve. Finally a pamphlet telling about the Faith for Today Bible Course is presented.

Eighteen Bible studies are being held or arranged for, and it is expected that a branch Sabbath school will be begun soon. Students are finding out that Christian service begins not after one receives his diploma, but *today* in towns and villages that surround Atlantic Union College.

LARGE LEADERCRAFT CLASS AT MOUNT VERNON ACADEMY



An enthusiastic class of seventy students and five adults recently completed the ten-hour MV Leadercraft Course at Mount Vernon Academy. Instructors included Elder E. M. Peterson, Columbia Union MV secretary; Professor Jack Shull, principal of Mount Vernon Academy; Elder Warren Wittenberg, Ohio Conference MV secretary; Dr. Vernon Shaffer, psychologist of Worthington, Ohio; and Mrs. Jody McCoy Flory. Many of the Leadercraft graduates are working toward becoming Master Guides, to better prepare for many phases of Missionary Volunteering.

MV'S

ON THE JOB

Youth Baptisms in South America

✓ Montevideo, Uruguay.—Through the direct witnessing of Adventist youth more than 500 young people were won to the Advent message in the South American Division during 1959, according to MV secretary J. T. Araujo. The record for the entire year was 4,391 youth baptized. Missionary Volunteers recently planned more than 70 MV Voice of Youth projects, for which they received instruction in regular training classes.

Master Guides Organize in Michigan

✓ Lansing, Mich.—Michigan Master Guides met at Camp Au Sable, February 19-21, for study, recreation, and to organize their first State-wide Master Guide club. Enos Van Duinen was elected president; Mrs. Lilly Wymer, vice-president; Mrs. Donna Ranzinger, treasurer; Harold Chevrier, publicity secretary; and Dr. Bayard A. Benfield, field-trip chairman. The next meeting is scheduled at Michigan's new youth camp at Scott Lake.

Australian Youth Serve the Handicapped

✓ Wahroonga, N.S.W., Australia.—Young people from MV Societies in Brisbane, Australia, are sharing in the work of a community agency that serves deaf-and-dumb persons. Missionary Volunteer Athol Hedges introduces the group who each week provides a program of hobbies, lip reading and sign language, games and social activities for the deaf-and-dumb children. The officers of the community agency praise the young people highly for the help given.

Leadercraft in Nova Scotia

✓ Moncton, New Brunswick.—A carload of young people drove 150 miles daily to attend the Leadercraft Course in Halifax, January 12-16, which was under the direction of MV secretary H. C. T. Johnson. Others came from as far away as 275 miles. Evening classes were conducted, attended by 30 to 40 people. In the closing commitment ceremony 22 certificates were awarded to those who completed the full ten-hour course.

Academy MV's Sponsor Voice of Youth

✓ Watsonville, Calif.—In preparation for an MV Voice of Youth effort in Watsonville, California, the Missionary Volunteer Society of Monterey Bay Academy distributed 5,000 to 6,000 tracts each week for a period prior to April 8, when the meetings began on a schedule of three nights a week. Youth speakers were Dick Winn, Sally Anne Baldwin, Jerry Fikes, Kenneth Whitnach, Paul Hawks, and Don Turner. Stuart Tyner served as chorister and Cheri Ames as pianist.

MV's Help Children

✓ Candler, N.C.—Student MV's of Mount Pisgah Academy are still feeling the blessedness of giving rather than receiving at holiday time. They invited more than a hundred underprivileged children to be their guests for a good meal in the cafeteria, a special program, and to receive gifts. Each student sponsored one or more of the guests. The young people have voted to make this an annual affair.

SMC Appoints Congress Delegates

✓ Collegedale, Tenn.—John Christian Treu reports from Southern Missionary College that Don Clark and Joyce Callaway have been appointed by the MV Society as delegates to the North American youth congress, Festival of the Holy Scriptures, to be held June 21-25.

Wisconsin Hobby Show

✓ Madison, Wis.—More than 40 people displayed their special interests at a hobby show sponsored by the Madison, Wisconsin, Nature Club. A man brought his prize fantail pigeons, another a portion of his collection of mounted birds and animals. Other hobbies shown included shells, stamps, coins, rocks, model airplanes, antiques, embroidery, knitting, cuff links, wax figures, beeswax candles, oil paintings, pencil drawings, woodwork, and pastel pictures. The young people feel that this is an excellent idea that promotes better understanding of people.

MV's on Television

✓ Wahroonga, N.S.W., Australia.—Television Channel 9 recently gave a place in their Australia-wide news circuit to Operation Grand Rescue featured by Frank Gifford, MV secretary of the Queensland Conference, during the annual youth camp at Maranatha, their permanent campsite. The explosion of three plugs of gelignite provided many "injured" and "dead" to be rescued and returned to base hospital, where Dr. Peter Miller and his staff were operating. One "patient" was brought across a river on a stretcher. The whole imaginative event provided excellent training in civil defense activities and helped to show that Adventist youth are preparing to assist in emergencies.

Youth News Arena

First Ecumenical Youth Assembly

Lausanne, Switzerland.—Some 1,700 Protestant and Orthodox youth from around the world are expected to attend the first Ecumenical Youth Assembly in Europe, scheduled here for July 13-24. The 12-day meeting will be the first major gathering of European young people across denominational lines and national borders ever held under the auspices of the churches. The assembly is being sponsored by the World Council of Churches youth department in cooperation with national ecumenical youth councils in Europe.

Quakers Press for Youth Corps

Washington, D.C.—Creation of a Point Four Youth Corps to enable American young people to volunteer for service in helping to raise the standards of living in underdeveloped nations of the world was urged on the House Foreign Affairs Committee here by a spokesman for the Religious Society of Friends.

Teen-age Marriages

Minneapolis, Minn.—More than half of the nation's girls now get married before their twenty-first birthday, according to the youth-work director of the National Council of Churches. The Reverend Donald O. Newby, New York, believes that the general instability of society is a factor in prompting marriages by more than 500,000 teen-agers annually.

YFC Team to Work in Europe

Wheaton, Ill.—A team of six college students will leave in July for six months in Europe to work with teen-agers in developing there the Youth for Christ rally and high school club program carried on throughout the U.S., Canada, and 45 nations overseas.

Sabbath School

Lesson

Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

XII—FAILURE OF THE EXILES TO FULFILL THE DIVINE PURPOSE

(June 18, 1960)

Daily Study Record:

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MEMORY GEM: "Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy" (Jude 24).

OUTSIDE READING: *Prophets and Kings*, pp. 669-687.

Introduction

Soon after entering upon this solemn covenant to serve the Lord, the Jews again lapsed into apostasy. Nehemiah was absent for a brief period, and being left without strong leadership they yielded to Satan's devices.

The reason for their failure? They seemed to have no life or root in themselves. Ever since they left Egypt their spiritual experiences were principally influenced by their leader. When one arose who was ardent in the service of God, the people followed him as he followed the Lord. When one with idolatrous tendencies came upon the scene, large numbers went his way into apostasy. They lacked a personal religious experience.

The messages of the book of Malachi give evidence that departure from God also marked the Jews' history in the decades following Nehemiah's ministry.

1 Nehemiah's Return to Jerusalem

1. Where did Nehemiah go for a time?

"I had returned to the king" (Neh. 13:6, Berkeley).

2. How had God's house been profaned during his absence?

"Eliashib the priest . . . had made for Tobiah a large chamber where previously had been stored the meal-offering, the frankincense, the vessels, and the tithes of grain, new wine, and the oil, which, by commandment, were to be given to the Levites, the singers, and the gatekeepers, and the heave-offerings for the priests." "I learned of the sinful service which Eliashib had done for Tobiah in making a chamber for him in the courts of the house of God" (Neh. 13:5, 7, Berkeley).

NOTE—"During his [Nehemiah's] absence from Jerusalem, evils crept in that threatened to pervert the nation. Idolaters not only gained a foothold in the city, but contaminated by their presence the very precincts of the temple. Through intermarriage, a friendship had been brought about between Eliashib the high priest, and Tobiah the Ammonite, Israel's bitter enemy. As a result of this unhallowed alliance, Eliashib had permitted Tobiah to occupy an apartment connected with the temple, which heretofore had been used as a storeroom for tithes and offerings of the people.

"Because of the cruelty and treachery of the Ammonites and Moabites toward Israel, God had declared through Moses that they should be forever shut out from the congregation of His people. In defiance of this word, the high priest had cast out the offerings stored in the chamber of God's house, to make a place for this representative of a proscribed race. Greater contempt for God could not have been shown than to confer such a favor on this enemy of God and His truth."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 669, 670.

3. How did Nehemiah meet this situation?

"It grieved me sorely so that I put all the personal items of Tobiah out of the chamber. Then I gave the order and they cleansed the chambers, after which I returned there the articles of the house of God, with the meal-offering and the frankincense" (Neh. 13:8, 9, Berkeley).

2 God's Laws Broken

4. What responsibility to the Levites had the people neglected?

"I discovered that the portions of the Levites had not been given them so that they and the singers, who were supposed to do the work, had resorted to their own fields" (Neh. 13:10, Berkeley).

5. How was the evil straightened out?

"Therefore I remonstrated with the rulers and said, 'Why is the house of God thus abandoned? Then I gathered them together and assigned them to their positions. This done, all Judah brought their tithes of the grain, the new wine, and the oil into the storehouses. And I appointed as managers over the storehouses Shelemiah the priest, Zadok the Scribe, and Pedaiah of the Levites, and as their assistant Hanan the son of Zaccur, son of Mattaniah, for they were considered trustworthy, it being their responsibility to distribute to their brothers" (Neh. 13:11-13, Berkeley).

NOTE—"What Nehemiah saw was that the Levites were absent, and that the Temple service was neglected. On inquiry, he ascertained the reason for their absence—tithe had not been paid. Since the Levites lived from the tithe and the first fruits, and these were held back, they had to earn a living from the fields surrounding the towns and the villages where they lived."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Neh. 13:10.

6. How far had the people departed from the Lord in the matter of Sabbath observance?

"In those days I saw that certain persons were treading winepresses on the Sabbath day, besides bringing heaps of grain, wine, grapes, figs and other produce loaded upon donkeys into Jerusalem on the Sabbath. . . . Also merchants of Tyre were staying there, having brought in fish and other wares and were selling them on the Sabbath in Jerusalem to the people of Judah" (Neh. 13:15, 16, Berkeley).

NOTE—"Another result of intercourse with idolaters was a disregard of the Sabbath, the sign distinguishing the Israelites from all other nations as worshipers of the true God. Nehemiah found that heathen merchants and traders from the surrounding country, coming to Jerusalem, had induced many among the Israelites to engage in traffic on the Sabbath."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 671.

7. What did Nehemiah do about this?

"I reproved the leaders of Judah. . . . Then, as it began to get dark at the gates of Jerusalem before the Sabbath, I gave the order and the gates were closed; I furthermore indicated that they should not be opened until after the Sabbath. Also I stationed some of my servants at the gates to see that no burdens were brought in on the Sabbath day" (Neh. 13:17-20, Berkeley).

8. How did this work out?

"As a result, the merchants and sellers of the various types of wares lodged outside of Jerusalem once or twice. But I warned them, saying to them, 'Why are you remaining here outside the wall? If you do so again I shall arrest you.' From that time on they did not come on the Sabbath. Then I gave command to the Levites that they should purify themselves and come and guard the gates that the Sabbath might be kept holy" (Neh. 13:20-22, Berkeley).

3 Heathen Alliances

9. Into what other error had the people fallen again?

"In those days I also observed the Jews who had married women of Ashdod, Ammon, and Moab, so that their children

spoke half in the Ashdod tongue, not being able to speak the Jews' language well, but the language of their respective nationality" (Neh. 13:23, Berkeley).

10. How did Nehemiah deal with this situation?

"Then I contended with them, . . . striking some of them, and pulling out their hair, and I caused them to take an oath in the name of God, saying, 'You shall not give your daughters to their sons, nor shall you take from their daughters for your sons or for yourselves.'" "Even one of the sons of Joiada, the son of Eliashib the high priest, was the son-in-law of Sanballat the Horonite; him I chased from me" (Neh. 13:25, 28, Berkeley).

NOTE.—"There were some in sacred office who pleaded for their heathen wives, declaring that they could not bring themselves to separate from them. But no distinction was made; no respect was shown for rank or position."

"Many who had married idolaters chose to go with them into exile; and these, with those who had been expelled from the congregation, joined the Samaritans. Hither some who had occupied high positions in the work of God found their way, and after a time cast in their lot fully with them. Desiring to strengthen this alliance, the Samaritans promised to adopt more fully the Jewish faith and customs; and the apostates, determined to outdo their former brethren, erected a temple on Mount Gerizim, in opposition to the house of God at Jerusalem. Their religion continued to be a mixture of Judaism and heathenism; and their claim to be the people of God was the source of schism, emulation, and enmity between the two nations, from generation to generation."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 674, 675.

11. What was the success of Nehemiah's reforms?

"Thus I cleansed them from all foreigners, and established the duties of the priests and of the Levites, each according to his own task; and I provided for the supplying of wood at the appointed times of sacrifice and of the first-fruits" (Neh. 13:30, 31, Berkeley).

NOTE.—"The success attending Nehemiah's efforts shows what prayer, faith, and wise, energetic action will accomplish. Nehemiah was not a priest; he was not a prophet; he made no pretension to high title. He was a reformer raised up for an important time. It was his aim to set his people right with God. Inspired with a great purpose, he bent every energy of his being to its accomplishment. High, unbending integrity marked his efforts. As he came into contact with evil and opposition to right, he took so determined a stand that the people were roused to labor with fresh zeal and courage. They could not but recognize his loyalty, his patriotism, and his deep love for God; and seeing this, they were willing to follow where he led."—*Ibid.*, pp. 675, 676.

12. What does the over-all record show?

"From the days of your fathers you have turned aside from my statutes and have not kept them. Return to Me, and I will return to you, says the Lord of hosts. But you say, 'How shall we return?' " (Mal. 3:7, Berkeley).

4 There Is a Way of Victory

13. What is our only hope?

Memory Gem.

NOTE.—"Christ, who connects earth with heaven, is the ladder. The base is planted firmly on the earth in His humanity; the top-most round reaches to the throne of God in His divinity. The humanity of Christ embraces fallen humanity, while His divinity lays hold upon the throne of God. We are saved by climbing round after round of the ladder, looking to Christ, clinging to Christ, mounting step by step to the height of Christ, so that He is made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption."—*Testimonies*, vol. 6, p. 147.

Quizangles

1. Where did Eliashib prepare a chamber for Tobiah? (1)
2. What was the matter with this? (1)
3. Of what three items did "all Judah" pay tithe in kind? (2)
4. Into what three heathen nations did the Jews marry? (3)
5. What effect did this have on the children born of these mixed marriages? (3)
6. Whose daughter did the grandson of Joiada, the high priest, marry? (3)
7. How did Nehemiah handle him? (3)
8. What did God say of the trend of the Israelites with reference to His statutes? (3)
9. What is Jesus able to do for you? (4)

NEXT WEEK, June 25, 1960—Lesson title: "The Divine Purpose Fulfilled in the Christian Church." Outside reading: *Prophets and Kings*, pp. 703, 733; *Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 296-306; *Testimonies*, vol. 6, pp. 9-13. Memory gem: Hebrews 2:1-3.



Question I would like to ask about the wearing of pins, tie clasps, et cetera, which are set with stones. There has been increased interest in lapidary among our church members. One of our camp leaders has a star sapphire set in a tie clasp to use to show his class. He asked that I mention that also when I wrote. Could you please help us? Where do we draw the line?

Counsel There has been an increased interest in lapidary and a number of

our MV Camps and Pathfinder Clubs have equipment for cutting and polishing precious gems and stones. But we eliminate all costume jewelry that is worn purely for decorative purposes. There are, however, utilitarian items—tie clasps, cuff links, bolo neckties—for which polished stones are used. We would see no objection to a tie clasp, cuff links, or bolo tie if a person used a piece of petrified wood or agate, which he had polished and prepared for mounting.

The questions to ask now would be, How much money is involved? With what degree of pride do I wear this tie clasp or cuff link? Is it unusually large or gaudy, so that it attracts attention unnecessarily? I am sure we should maintain the principle of simplicity in this matter as well as in others. Without getting onto questionable territory much may be accomplished and much pleasure may be derived in the hobby of lapidary.

The services of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR Counsel Clinic are provided for those for whom this magazine is published, young people in their teens and twenties. Any reader, however, is welcome to submit a question to the Counsel Clinic.

The answer will represent the considered judgment of the counselor, but is not to be taken as either an official church pronouncement or, necessarily, the opinion of the editors. Every question will be acknowledged. Problems and answers of general 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.

► AN AVERAGE child between 6 and 16 years of age misses 8.4 days of school each year because of illness.

New Medical Materia

► SAWGRASS of the Florida Everglades is a potential source of paper, particularly newsprint. The plant, like papyrus of Egypt, is not actually a grass. It is a sedge and has a pithy stem. NGS

► THE FIRST school band in America was organized at Thompson Academy, Boston, Massachusetts, in 1857. Today there are more than 73,000 bands and orchestras in the national school system. AMC

► BETWEEN 30,000 and 40,000 children with congenital heart defects are born in the United States each year, according to estimates, and about 75 to 80 per cent of them can be helped by surgery. AHA

► BRAZILIAN oiti trees yield nuts whose oil is used in varnishes, floor and deck enamels, special insulation material, and automobile brake linings. The United States, largest customer for the oil, imports up to 8 million pounds a year. NGS

► ACCIDENTAL over-exposure to packaged chemicals took the lives of 1,422 persons—355 of them preschool children—in one year, according to latest U.S. statistics. In addition, there were 142,000 to 213,000 nonfatal injuries from poisonings of this type. AMA

► AN UNIDENTIFIED substance in peanuts can apparently control bleeding in some instances of hemophilia. Four volunteers treated during a hemophilic attack with peanut material and given no other therapy were relieved of symptoms within one or two days. *Scope*

► INTERNATIONAL plant exchange was begun in 1898 by the United States Department of Agriculture's Plant Introduction Section. After a lapse of fifteen years Russia and America are now exchanging plants that include grasses, legumes, oilseeds, small-grain and other cereal seeds, tobacco, and fruit-breeding materials. *Esso Farm News*

► NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY MEDICAL SCHOOL has announced that, beginning in the fall of 1961, its program will be reduced from the traditional seven or eight years to six years for a pilot study group of 25 talented students accepted by the university directly from high school. During two years of liberal arts work they will take premedical courses in a more concentrated form and in graduated sequence. *Science*



radarscope

► A COUNTRY mansion on a ten-acre estate, near Durban, South Africa, has been converted into a children's hotel where parents may leave their children overnight or for an extended time under the care of a fully trained staff. The Kiddies Hotelette accommodates 86 children, ranging in age from nursery tots to junior age. The average price for overnight, including dinner and breakfast, is about \$3.00. ISSA

► A GIANT electronic brain is intended to provide "blueprints" of the chemical nature of the stars. The IBM 704 computer will enable scientists to obtain data hundreds of times faster than was formerly possible. They hope to learn about the composition and the physical conditions of stellar atmospheres. UCAL

► PENNSYLVANIA's governor has announced a broad traffic safety program calling for periodic physical re-examination of all motorists, starting next year. Beginning in '62, drivers must submit to physicals every ten years up to the age of 60; every five years for persons 60 and over. AMA

► AIR POLLUTION, increasing throughout America, threatens two types of disaster: (1) noxious smogs that blanket an entire community; (2) low or moderate levels of pollution over a long period of time, so that biologic damage and slow ruination of a population's health occurs. *Scope*

► NEW JERSEY cropland yields more cash per acre than that of any other State. Huge farms produce fruits and vegetables for markets and packing houses from the time the first dandelion greens are cut in March until spinach is picked in November. NGS

► COMPANIES comprising the aerospace industry were awarded 52 per cent of all defense contract awards made during the fiscal year 1959. *Aerospace*

► THERE are 3 million patents on file in the United States Patent Office. NGS

► THE FIRST census taken in the United States was that of 1790 and accounted for 4 million people. Smithsonian

► A PUBLIC poll in West Germany revealed that advertisements showing pictures of dogs were preferred to those using pictures of beautiful girls. *Gaines*

► ABOUT 95 per cent of headaches result from conditions elsewhere in the body. Poor ventilation in a room, fever, hunger, and extended concentration are likely causes. AMA

► SINCE 1835 the American Bible Society has distributed to the blind more than 750,000 volumes of embossed Scriptures and Talking Book Records in more than 40 different languages and systems. ABS

► SOME cathedral chimes in the Indian Ocean's Seychelles Islands give the hour twice. The second striking is for people who were not quite awake when the chimes first sounded and for those who lost count. NGS

► A RARE coral collection that assumes a fluorescent glow when exposed to ultraviolet light has been assembled from specimens gathered off the coast of New Caledonia in the South Pacific. Exposure, however, tends to shorten the corals' lives. *Scope*

► OUT OF the 50 States of the Union, only seven have State-wide air-pollution enforcement statutes: Delaware, Florida, Oregon, Idaho, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and New York. Laws in four States—California, Ohio, Tennessee, and Washington—provide State assistance for local enforcement efforts. *Outdoor America*

► OF VARIOUS occupational groups the percentages that wear glasses are as follows: clerical and administrative, 51 per cent; near point assembly, inspectors, draftsmen, 50.8 per cent; skilled craftsmen, technical help, 43.2 per cent; routine production jobs, 35.4 per cent; unskilled labor, 31.6 per cent; drivers of mobile equipment, 27.2 per cent. PD

► AMONG the first useful products of Antarctica to reach the outside world are two one-ton boulders of marble recently brought to Christchurch, New Zealand, to be cut into cornerstones for new hospital buildings. The stones came from Marble Point, perhaps the most promising piece of real estate in all of Antarctica's 5.5 million square miles. The area is free from ice, reasonably level, and big enough for a modern airfield. NGS



Dreamers are needed in the church, too

*We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams . . .
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems.*

—Arthur O'Shaughnessy

Throughout the history of the world the dreamers of better ways of doing things have made important contributions to the lives of everyone. The dreams of many men and women have also made important contributions to the work of the church.

And yet the dreamer of today, if he is to make a significant contribution of his own, must be an *educated* dreamer. He must have assimilated the knowledge and undergone the training that will enable him to dream *profitably*, beyond the present ways of doing things.

The remnant church still needs its dreamers— young men and women whose vision will help speed the giving of the gospel to all the world *in this generation*.

Continue your education in one of these Seventh-day Adventist colleges:

Atlantic Union College, South Lancaster, Massachusetts
Canadian Union College, College Heights, Alberta, Canada
College of Medical Evangelists, Loma Linda and
Los Angeles, California
Emmanuel Missionary College, Berrien Springs, Michigan
La Sierra College, Arlington, California
Oakwood College, Huntsville, Alabama
Oshawa Missionary College, Oshawa, Ontario, Canada

Pacific Union College, Angwin, California
Potomac University, Berrien Springs, Michigan, and Washington, D.C.
Southern Missionary College, Collegedale, Tennessee
Southwestern Junior College, Keene, Texas
Union College, Lincoln, Nebraska
Walla Walla College, College Place, Washington
Washington Missionary College, Washington, D.C.