

NOVEMBER 2, 1965



The Bible instructor followed her conviction and organized a church choir.

Choral Assignment

[Sabbath School Lessons for November 6]

The Youth's Instructor

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is a non-fiction weekly. It is published for young adults who are capable of asking sincere questions, and who seek to know the counsels of Scripture. Its contents are chosen to serve readers who want to reach maturity—spiritually, socially, intellectually, and physically. Its staff holds that God is man's heavenly Father; that Jesus is man's Saviour; that genuine Christians will strive to love God supremely and their neighbors as themselves.

Its pages reflect an expanding objective from 1852 to 1965. First it was essentially a vehicle for providing youth Sabbath school lessons. Now it also provides many added services for a generation that should witness the literal return of Jesus and the restoration of a sinless world to the universe of God.

Editor WALTER T. CRANDALL
 Assistant Editor JAMES JOINER
 Art Editor T. K. MARTIN
 Layout Artist RAYMOND C. HILL
 SHARE Editor MILDRED LEE JOHNSON
 Editorial Consultants
 RAYMOND F. COTTRELL
 T. S. GERATY, THEODORE LUCAS,
 CALVIN E. MOSELEY, JR., GERALD R. NASH
 Circulation Manager R. G. CAMPBELL

Published by the Seventh-day Adventists. Printed every Tuesday by the Review and Herald Publishing Association, at Takoma Park, Washington, D.C. 20012, U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at Washington, D.C. Copyright, 1965, Review and Herald Publishing Association, Washington, D.C. 20012.

Subscription rates to U.S. and U.S. possessions: one year, \$6.50; two years, \$11.50; three years, \$15.75; perpetual (annual payment), \$5.75; introductory three months (new subscribers only), \$1.00; in clubs of three or more, one year, each \$5.25. All rates slightly higher in Canada. All other countries: add 80 cents postage each year per copy.

A month before you move, notify THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR of both your old and new address. Any correspondence about your subscription should enclose the address label from the magazine or wrapper. If the post office is unable to make delivery, your subscription will be suspended until a correct address is supplied.

Photo credits: Cover, Elwyn Spaulding; pp. 2, 4, courtesy of Helen Frances Andrews; pp. 6-8, courtesy of Francis W. Stokes; p. 10, J. Byron Logan; p. 12, H. Armstrong Roberts; pp. 15-17, courtesy of the General Conference Missionary Volunteer Department.

VOLUME 113, NUMBER 44 NOVEMBER 2, 1965



FIRST OF THREE PARTS

Choral

GREAT day—the righteous marching;
 God's going to build up
 Zion's wall . . .

Not even the rare fortune of a crisp, sparkling Sunday after a record stretch of muggy August weather could lure the New Believers Chorus from their commitment to give the gospel through song.

The N.B.C., a unique organization of newly baptized and prospective members of the Ephesus Seventh-day Adventist church in New York City, owes its existence to a vibrant woman for whom that "great day" is a vivid, imminent reality.

The New Believers Chorus was for Rosa Lee Jones an assignment received quite simply and directly from God, as is everything else she undertakes. When she came to the Ephesus church as Bible instructor in 1947 she was also asked to direct the church choir.

"Then it seemed I couldn't get the results I wanted," she recalls, "so I dropped the whole thing and devoted my time to my Bible work."

"One Sabbath when I was sitting in church the Holy Spirit said to me: 'I want you to go to work. Organize all the new believers into a chorus and include those with whom you study—they

do not have to be members of the church. Invite them in. Teach them to sing.'

"I listened to that voice and when I got home I walked the floor. 'Lord,' I said, 'that's going to be a terrible job—just anybody? Whether they can sing or not?'

"But the Lord said, 'As long as they can carry a tune, bring them in. Teach them to sing.'"

So Mrs. Jones gathered them in, about eighty men and women of all ages and backgrounds. They had never sung in any group. Most of them didn't know alto from soprano, couldn't follow tenor or bass. The task looked so hopeless to Mrs. Jones that only a lifelong habit of obedience to the will of God kept her at it.

"I would go home and cry and pray, 'Lord, it is impossible. I can't teach these people.' But new courage would come, and I would keep working with them. The first song they learned was *The Awakening Chorus*—awakening to sing, it meant to us."

The directive Rosa Lee Jones heeded that day in church has taken her to Bermuda, to Jamaica, and to West Africa, and the end is not yet.

Since it was organized in 1956, the chorus has produced "not the refined

To the left is a picture of Rosa Lee Jones, director of the New Believers Chorus, and her family.

by
HELEN
FRANCES
ANDREWS

Assignment

technique of professionals, but the natural outpouring of love and gratitude—a well of praise springing up out of the hearts of dedicated people whose major endowment is a love of music and a deep consecration of heart and soul to the work of the gospel.” So does the jacket of a recording made by the group describe an achievement possible only, as they constantly bear witness, through the power of God.

The success of the group's first benefit concert dispelled any lingering doubt that the venture had heavenly oversight. Eager to make a substantial gift to Northeastern Academy, Mrs. Jones reserved the Hunter College Hall in Manhattan. The choir began to rehearse a year ahead, and as the date approached, Mrs. Jones asked the chorus to turn in written requests for the number of tickets they would be responsible for selling. They totaled 11,000! With a hall that seated 2,000, she ordered 11,000 tickets and actually sold over 8,000 at \$1.00 apiece. If she had any qualms about how God was going to take care of the discrepancy, she didn't share them.

When the day arrived, a subway strike had slowed New York City to a crawl. Then a heavy rainstorm broke a few hours before concert time, and it

seemed likely that rather than a traffic jam, the choir would face an empty hall.

“I reached the auditorium at six o'clock,” Mrs. Jones remembers, “and sat in my car wrestling with the Lord for an hour. I reminded Him that whenever I had given a concert every penny was His, and I said that I prayed to the same God that Elijah, Moses, and Daniel prayed to.

“‘Now, Lord,’ I asked, ‘I want You to prove to me tonight that You called me to do this work, because if You didn't, I am going to give it up. We have paid our carfare, bought our music, come in rain and snow to rehearse, and not a cent is for us. Now this is what I ask: Elijah prayed and it stopped raining for three years, but I'm not asking You to stop the rain for three years. I am just asking You to stop it for the people to get here, and I am asking You to make a way for them to get here.’

“We were singing about Jesus' life, crucifixion, resurrection, and return, and I wanted people to hear the message we had prepared for them. At seven o'clock every drop had stopped. When I walked backstage about half the choir members were already there. At eight-fifteen Elder R. T. Hudson, our pastor, came back to report that the hall was nearly filled.

“Before the choir went out in their white satin robes with gold stoles, I said, ‘White robes are not enough; you've got to let the Lord clean you up on the inside. Then you can sing with power.’”

How they sang that night! And some who saw the director's face said it looked like the face of an angel.

That was only the first of many benefit concerts given by the New Believers Chorus. In 1958 Mrs. Jones was asked to come to Bermuda to organize and train a choir like the N.B.C. in connection with evangelistic meetings conducted by Elder Charles E. Bradford. The choir was drawn from those attending the meetings, and it helped to get them to services regularly. When she left she turned it over to Jerome Fields to direct. She found unusual musical ability in the people in Bermuda. In three months she taught

them twenty-five songs, including *Worthy Is the Lamb*, one of the most difficult choruses in *The Messiah*.

A year later the church-building project of the Adventists in Bermuda reached a crisis. Construction stopped because there were no funds. Rosa Lee Jones, with customary generosity, wanted to help, and as her friends and family know, anything she sets her mind to do she accomplishes. When she decided that the Ephesus New Believers Chorus would go to Bermuda and give a benefit concert, the wheels began to turn.

She bought the music and sent it to the choir she had organized in Bermuda with a tape of the New York choir rehearsing. “It was just as if I were standing there in Bermuda talking to the choir. ‘Don't do it that way, do it this way. Now, Brother Fields, you do this.’ They used the tape and learned the songs.”

Next the New York chorus recorded an album, “Worthy Is the Lamb,” and sold enough copies to boost their treasury to \$2,000. From this fund the group voted to pay each of the forty members who went to Bermuda \$35 toward the \$110 required for the trip.

“I tried to teach them that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Let your life go out in service. So they earned the rest of their fares, and we went to Bermuda.”

Many had never flown before. If a member began apprehensively, “Mrs. Jones, I have never flown . . .” she was quick to reassure her.

“Well, don't worry about it. The Lord says, ‘Fear not.’ You are going on His mission. He is going to take care of you.”

So they took their first flight, and you can still discover who went on the trip if you watch faces light up with remembered joy when you ask the group a question about Bermuda.

Just before the dress rehearsal Mrs. Jones lay down for a nap and dreamed that the Lord said, “Tell them to let Me sing in them.”

“So I went to rehearsal and told them,” Mrs. Jones adds. “God has called me to organize a group, not to be seen or heard but to be channels for His Spirit.”

The two choirs gave their concert in the Tennis Stadium. When it was rained out the first time, they repeated the concert three days later, starting earlier and finishing as the first drops fell. When they left, the Bermuda church building fund was more than \$2,000 richer.



Above is the New Believers Chorus from the Ephesus Seventh-day Adventist church in New York City.

The N.B.C. not only binds new members firmly to the church but it attracts those who are not members, often as a first step toward church membership. One Sunday morning as the group was rehearsing, a passer-by came up and introduced himself. "I heard you singing so beautifully," he said, "that I would like to sing with you."

When he was invited to join he replied, "I can't sing with you now, but as soon as I am free I'll come."

A year passed before the man returned, and Mrs. Jones had forgotten him. "Do you remember that I stopped in a year ago? Now I have arranged so that I can attend rehearsals."

A man, who is now a deacon at the Ephesus church, was invited to join the N.B.C. the first time he came to church as a visitor. Mrs. Jones urges every member to buy *The Great Controversy*, and she reads excerpts during the devotional period to get them started. She estimates that about twenty people have joined the church through their membership in the choir.

Mrs. Jones believes that this work was planned for her a long time ago. "Right after I was baptized in Atlanta, when I was fourteen, God sent an angel in a dream to call me to do this work. But like Daniel who was told 'the dream shall be for many days,' it took a while for mine to come true. It is the work that the Lord has given me to do, and I am trying to do it with all the power He gives me."

In her dream young Rosa Lee saw an angel telling her to jump off the ground, and she was lifted off the earth far out into space. There the sun had a brightness never seen on earth, and under it was a rainbow and the whole atmosphere was peace. She began to sing and then saw Jesus coming with

the hosts of angels. Her dream has recurred again and again throughout her life, bringing always a great sense of assurance and urgency that Jesus is coming soon and has given her this ministry of music to help finish the gospel.

Through the difficult years, music has sustained and inspired her. Even in the dreams, which have brought guidance and encouragement throughout her life, a song has often been the medium of expression. One night when problems seemed overwhelming and she had cried herself to sleep, the words and music of "Under His Wings" came to her in a dream, and she woke to find the room flooded with moonlight and she was filled with a great sense of peace. The song expresses her lifelong trust in God.

Characteristically, Mrs. Jones doesn't know how many people she has brought to Christ, but at the close of her first ten years at Ephesus, the official conference records showed that a total of more than five hundred were baptized into the church. If you press her, she agrees that it comes to about fifty new members most years.

But a life of such rich fruitbearing was not produced without years of hardship and heartbreak. Like all refining of character, the radiance of this life was shaped by God in the crucible of suffering.

When she was only eight, Rosa Lee had her first encounter with God at a moment when her life depended upon His hearing her prayer.

This is the first installment of a three-part serial. Part two will appear next week.

Unrehearsed

by JEAN CARPENTER MERGARD

Unquestioningly, all the leaves have turned
From regulation green to all degrees
Of red through gold. Already some have burned
To crispened brown. As law-abiding trees
Performing right on schedule, this is no
Surprise to anyone; just as with spring's
Anticipated buds bursting to show
That tender leaves were waiting in the wings.
Rehearsals are unheard of, as is choice.
Trees do not stand and ponder when or how
They will perform. In fullness they rejoice;
Each scene is utmost and response is *now*.
For once a tree is earthed, its growth and hues
Must hearken only to God-given cues.

An Avenue Named Conscience

Autumn Elwyn J. Spaulding described the cover as "Children on Trail." It was a 1964 Photo Mart acceptance. His children Carol and Kenneth, with two of their friends, give meaning to this scene in the San Gabriel Mountains north of Azusa, California. Childhood and the out-of-doors should always go together if the years of adulthood are to provide some of the more meaningful memories.

Travel As regional administrative officer of the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Francis Stokes travels extensively throughout the State of Alaska. In a "Wild Goose Chase" he shares a description of one trip to the Yukon River area.

Assignment On April 4 this year, a testimonial dinner honoring Mrs. Rosa Lee Jones was given in the Hotel New Yorker by the New Believers Chorus. The founding of this chorus and its subsequent accomplishments under her leadership begin unfolding this week in the first of a three-part serial.

Church "The Betrayal" brought a first award in the 1965 Advanced Writers Division of Pen League. So well written was this "different" kind of story that it became a contender for the Grand Award in the opinion of the judges. Ramona Walraven was a contestant from Walla Walla College.

Missing The staff of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR would like to learn of any individual or institution having four specific years of the magazine, or any single issues during these years. Volumes four and five, 1856 and 1857, and volumes thirty-six and thirty-seven, 1888 and 1889, are missing from the publisher's files. Let us know if you have these, or know of someone who does. We want if possible to bring the files to 100 per cent.

Judgment "God desires us to realize that we do not glorify His name when we take so many burdens that we are overtaxed, and, becoming heart-weary and brain-weary, chafe and fret and scold."—MYP 135.

Questions addressed to Counsel Clinic each week give concrete evidence that the Holy Spirit has not withdrawn from the lives of many professing Christians. They encourage our staff to know that while evidence multiplies of God's Spirit being withdrawn from the earth, He is not leaving the follower of Jesus who yearns to be worthy of his Master's trust.

The questions run the gamut of all the problems that sin has produced. The confidential procedure set up for handling questions has apparently encouraged growing numbers of our readers to seek counsel for solving their difficulties, no matter how complex or how intimate. Rarely do we learn how the counsel has been received. But in forwarding the counsels given, we believe that the caliber of the counsels given should bring genuine help to and appreciation from questioners.

It would be inaccurate to imply that most questions received in Counsel Clinic have to do with how to make things right with God and man. This kind, however, runs like threads through correspondence.

The Holy Spirit gradually withdraws His restraining influence from men, and nature, and nations as Satan recruits his followers. Selfishness, the lust to manage men, and callous unconcern for the needs and rights of others drive away the ministry of heaven in the person of the Holy Spirit. For these causes we read of tornadoes and floods and earthquakes. The octopus of war adds its record as nation after nation becomes involved in incidents and hostilities.

The Holy Spirit can employ the symbols of Vietnam and India and Pakistan to hasten His work in cleansing the consciences of those who have become careless or indifferent about their Christian declarations.

So it is that we find courage when young Christians decide the time has arrived to right wrong, to confess sins; to learn how to go about making restitution.

Your mind is the portal through which moral judgments must be reached. Taste and touch and sight and sound and smell are tributary to it. No one of them is safe to follow except sanctified conscience grants approval. Taste and smell can be lethal; improperly used sight can blind; touch can stimulate but kill; hearing improperly used can numb and destroy.

Wonderful it is when conscience maintains alert, discriminating watch. Peace here helps in grappling with turmoil outside, whether at home, in the nation, in the world.

We are not soliciting more business for Counsel Clinic. Most situations can more easily be resolved individually, or through counsel close to home. But sometimes trained and experienced counselors are not readily available. Anonymity may encourage more freedom in stating a question. When you think we can help, let us try.

WTC

coming next week

- "HOW MUCH TO TRUST YOUR HUSBAND OR WIFE?"—Strengthening trust in each other requires that husband and wife function as a team. This is Dr. Shryock's third article in his series on trust.
- "WITH WINGS TO CONQUER"—A missionary pilot and a Pen League writer provide the answers to some questions that have been asked regarding the use of planes by our missionaries. By Clifford Port.

A Wild-Goose Chase

by FRANCIS W. STOKES

THE SUN was flooding the countryside with the warm light of an August Sunday as the station wagon, piled high with sleeping bags and other gear, rolled through the sleepy morning of Anchorage, Alaska's largest city. Ahead lay the trip of a lifetime.

For many years I had heard stories of the great river of the Northland, the mighty Yukon, which crosses the entire State on its flow from the Juneau Ice Cap to the Bering Sea. This, however, was to be my opportunity to see the fabled stream for myself.

At the Fish and Wildlife Service hangar, out at Anchorage International

Airport, the faithful old Grumman Goose was being gassed and "checked out." More than 2,500 miles of flight lay ahead before it would return to Anchorage, and everything must be in good order. Repair facilities are few and far between in the vast reaches of the Yukon country.

At last the gear was loaded in the nose and aft compartments, and the signal was given to board for flight. John, the pilot, was first. Then the rest of us climbed up the ladder, pulled it inside, and fastened down the hatches. After some scrambling for the best seats, accompanied by good-natured joshing, we fastened our seat

belts as we watched John rev up engine No. 1—then No. 2. The instrument check showed all in order.

Slowly we moved forward, away from Lake Hood (this was going to be a land takeoff). Down the middle of the road we went across to International Airport while traffic waited; then past the giant Federal Aviation Agency hangar out onto the main runway where the jets of Air France, KLM, and Northwest land and take off.

Finally the tower signaled, and N742 roared down the runway for a smooth takeoff out over the bright blue waters of Cook Inlet. Veering south over Fire Island, we set a straight course for

Below is Rampart Canyon, on the Yukon River, with a Fish and Wildlife Service Goose on the bank of the river.



Lake Clark Pass. Below and to the left was the Kenai Peninsula where oil has been discovered. Just below we could see an oil well in the middle of the inlet. Two weeks later, that same well exploded with a spectacular blaze of gas and oil. It marked the discovery of a vast new oil field beneath the waters of the large inland arm of the sea named after Captain Cook, its discoverer.

Ahead towered the southern peaks of the mighty Alaska Range, which contains Mount McKinley, tallest peak in North America. This large range rings Anchorage and the Matanuska Valley. To go in any direction from Anchorage you have to go through a mountain pass. Soon we found ourselves in the clouds, with peaks all around us. Immense glacial fields rolled back into the vastness of eternal ice.

Below us was a river valley with tributary streams cascading down steep mountainsides or pouring out of narrow valleys, at the heads of which loomed yet more glaciers. Suddenly the pass opened and we were over Lake Clark's whitish-green waters. Here and there were native villages and emergency airfields maintained and operated by the Federal Aviation Agency. The weather improved markedly as the country leveled out onto the Bristol Bay flats. Ahead shimmered Alaska's largest lake, Iliamna, famed as the home of the sock-eye salmon.

At the far end of the lake, the winding and very short Kuichak (pronounced Queejack) River was full of fish that "spooked" at the shadow of the plane. They had already schooled up and were headed into Lake Iliamna for spawning.

Now it was time to fasten seat belts and prepare for a landing at King Salmon, the airport for the Bristol Bay area.

Here we were met by friend and foe. Fellow employees of the Fish and Wildlife Service helped us unload and saw to it that we were bedded down for the night at the biological research facilities there. But also on hand were clouds of "white socks." These vicious little insects don't bite often, but when they do, they leave a vivid reminder. Most of the time, however, they hover in clouds around one's head, getting into eyes, nose, ears, and mouth.

After a good meal at the mess hall we decided to fly over to Katmai National Monument to take a look at fishery experimental work being done at Brooks and Naknek lakes. Here at the base of the Valley of Ten Thou-



The woodland scenery pictured above is typical of interior Alaska in the early fall. To the right and below are pictures of the beautiful mountain scenery near Anchorage, Alaska.



sand Smokes lie many lakes filled with fish. Here also is one of the homes of the famous Alaska brown bear. The bears were not out that particularly hot Sunday afternoon, but their tracks were everywhere in evidence. They generally will keep out of the way of humans if they can.

The following morning a thick blanket of fog had moved in over King Salmon from the arctic waters of the Bering Sea. Our ETD (Estimated Time of Departure) had been 8:30 A.M. in order to make contact with a duck-banding camp far beyond Bethel in the tundra of the Yukon-Kuskokwim Delta. However, it was not until noon that the fog had dissipated sufficiently to permit takeoff, so our itinerary had to be reduced to permit arrival at Texas Creek before nightfall.

After lunch we loaded our gear back in the "goose" and headed down the runway and up over the large array of fish canneries at Naknek and out over the tidal flats of Bristol Bay. In a few minutes we were over the northern shore with a course directed toward Lake Aleknagik, home of our SDA mission school.

Aleknagik is the lowest of a series of jewellike lakes that stretch back into the mountain fastnesses. Known as the Wood River Lakes, these large bodies of fresh water serve as natural rearing ponds, also, for the rich sockeye or "red" salmon run for which Bristol Bay is noted.

As we approached the pass, the weather became so bad that we circled here and there trying to find an opening in the rapidly moving cloud masses. Finally John caught a glimpse of an opening, and he shot through. Now the sky cleared, and we headed down the valley of the Aniak.

"Take a good look at that white water," someone said. "You won't see any more clear streams like that." Sure enough, as we crossed the massive Kuskokwim and circled for a landing at the trading post of Aniak, we noticed the muddy waters of that traffic artery of southwestern Alaska. Now we were in the Alaska that most people picture when they hear the name of our northern State.

Our fuel was running low. We had used more than planned in trying to find a way through the pass. Modernity

had, however, caught up with us. There was no aviation gas at the airfield pump. Northern Consolidated Airlines, which serves this outpost, now flies Fairchild F21 Propjets, so the tanks held only JP-4 jet fuel.

A little scouting around town, however, located aviation gas in five-gallon tins at the Northern Commercial Company's local establishment. After a while a tractor and trailer arrived loaded with wooden crates. We all helped open the packing boxes, each of which contained two tins. Then, after opening the caps of the tins, we used a human chain to pass the heavy containers up to the pilot on the wing. It took fifty tins to quench the big bird's thirst.

Up in the arctic nothing is useless. A small Eskimo boy was diligently gathering the metal caps, and after we had finished filling the plane, a local resident bartered with the NC Company's agent for the empties. In a short time these cans would be serving as water carriers, roofing tin, cooking utensils, and many other household implements.

By now it was three in the afternoon. In mid-August, that meant about five



The Yukon River scene pictured here is typical of the flat country near the Yukon River, heavily timbered with Northern Spruce.

and one-half more hours of daylight, and we had nearly one thousand miles to go to Texas Creek. I was getting anxious to see the Yukon River that lay just beyond the horizon.

It was fruit-basket-upset again for the choice seats. John revved up the engines, and the plane roared down the gravel field for the takeoff. In about a half hour someone called out, "There it is," and sure enough, below us, in all its muddy splendor, lay the queen of the Northland—the Yukon River. At this point, approximately 200 miles from its mouth, the river was probably three to four miles wide. Up and down the vast valley of the Yukon, storm clouds were scudding across the sky.

Down almost to the wave tops the plane dived as the party got its first good look at an Eskimo village and its fish-drying racks. We wanted to see the stage of the fishing season as well as how successful the catch had been. A good look-see showed that the catch was indeed good and that the natives were getting the fish ready for the smokehouse. Up river we buzzed a fish wheel as it rotated ponderously in the muddy waters. Every now and then a struggling salmon would be scooped up and tossed wiggling into the "pot."

Hour after hour we flew north, then east over one of America's largest rivers. Below us an occasional moose or bear caused us to rush to the windows. Every now and then an Eskimo village was sighted, but by and large the emptiness of that huge wilderness impressed us with its loneliness.

Just as we passed through another storm center we could see a large U.S. Air Force base up ahead. It was good to see the familiar outlines of barracks and hangars in this northern wilderness. Doubly good because again our gas was running low and we had radioed ahead for fuel from the military.

After a snack at the Galena Air Station PX, at "South 48" prices, we shook off the "white socks" and climbed aboard so as to arrive at Texas Creek before nightfall. Tanana and the junction of the Tanana and Yukon rivers slid beneath us. Now the appearance of the countryside changed radically from the flat open marsh sprinkled with spruce, aspen, and birch to the rolling, grass-covered hills. We were now in the rampart country where engineers are studying the possibility of erecting the world's largest hydroelectric dam.

At the site of the proposed dam the Fish and Wildlife Service has a camp at a spot known as Texas Creek. Here

studies are being made of the effects of the proposed dam upon the fish and wildlife of the Yukon River Valley. At the rubber float, as we taxied up on the beach, was a crew of fine young men who are performing their scientific research tasks admirably in this lonely outpost. We took advantage of their hospitality and shared in the KP duties before bedding down in an abandoned Army shelter.

After a good breakfast prepared by cooks who had learned their skills up there in the wilderness, we went downriver in a river boat to see a fish wheel

the trip was an unnamed bend in the Chandalar River, one of the tributaries of the Yukon, which flows down out of the Brooks Range far to the north. Just as a front was passing through, we touched down on the gravel field at Fort Yukon, where the temperature varies from 100° in July and August to -70° in January through March.

Fort Yukon lies in the center of the Yukon River flats, home of more than two million ducks that fly here from all over North America. Log cabins are the rule in the town and, as usual, the biggest structure is the trading post of the Northern Commercial Company, the U.S. equivalent of the Hudson's Bay Company.

This was my first trip north of the Arctic Circle, so naturally I went to the post office and mailed cards to relatives and friends to commemorate the occasion. Then I settled down at the Fish and Wildlife Service cabin to listen to learned discussions concerning the enormous wildlife resources of this area.

In brilliant sunshine we took off for Fairbanks, "Golden Heart of the North," and the end of our air trek through the northern wilderness. As we crossed the hills that separated the Yukon Valley from the valley of the Tanana, we could see the diggings of the gold dredges and a road winding along the Chatanika River far below. Civilization was not far away. Soon the green fields of the farms of the valley came into view, and there below us lay the sprawling complex of military airfields and the city. To the right we could see the modern campus of the University of Alaska.

For three days we had traveled the Yukon. Our forefathers would have had to travel for months to make the same trip by dog team, pack horse, and river boat. While I was glad to be back in a warm bed with sheets and eager to visit with friends in Fairbanks, I still felt the spell of the Yukon. Before my mind flashed a mental picture of the prospectors of former days who ventured out into that inhospitable country in search of gold.

The gold for us is the people of that area, most of whom have never been reached by the message of the third angel.

Today doughty "prospectors," using aircraft like the one in which I was flying, range the north country, seeking nuggets for the kingdom of God. After seeing the country myself, I have only the highest respect for their courage and resourcefulness.

Labor in Vain

by MARION DOYLE

I will keep a calendar
Of all the birds, I said,
To cheer me through the winter days
When all of them have fled.
And I checked off their arrivals
With my little wand of lead.
But how could anything so dull,
So drably colorless,
Conjure a true vision
Of such bright loveliness—
Warbler, finch, and flicker
In hues of harvest sheaves;
Tanager and oriole,
Wind-blown autumn leaves;
The azure flash of bluebirds,
Like a flying waterfall,
Or this rainbow-flake that stands on
air
Above my garden wall.

at first hand. This well-designed bit of gear has two counter-balanced scoops that turn in the current of the river. It is anchored to the shore and so arranged that the scoops almost touch the bottom. In the murky waters the fish do not see the scoops and are scooped out unceremoniously and dumped squirming into the "pot."

Our boys were not fishing for "keeps," however; their sole purpose was to tag the fish so as to determine their destination and the ratio of catch by the natives up and down the river. Some fine specimens of salmon were caught that day.

A little before noon we loaded up the "goose" again and flew northeast toward Fort Yukon, above the Arctic Circle. Our farthest northern spot on

Education's Peanut Butter

by KAREN WALLACE



I AM of the special breed known as "missionaries' kids." I have traveled a good many miles, and believe I have benefited from this travel in numerous ways.

He who has traveled can be truly educated. He has so much over one who has never been fifty miles from home. Why is this so? Simply because the acquiring of an education is much more than book learning. It is the learning of the rather difficult art of getting along with one's fellow men. It is the molding of a well-rounded personality. It is the adoption of an open-minded outlook on life. A traveler absorbs these aspects of education much faster and to a greater degree than he who stays at home, for he is exposed to life in all its splendor, ugliness, beauty, and squalor simultaneously.

To a traveler, Hong Kong isn't that faraway place where the sampans float romantically in the harbor. Hong Kong is the pungent odor of incense burning, laundry airing, and bodies sweating. Hong Kong is the painful sight of an undernourished coolie pulling a ricksha, of too many refugees crowded into a jerry-built apartment house. Conversely, a traveler is usually more receptive to his studies, also, because his travels bring them into clearer focus. Travel is the illustration for his history book, for his Bible book, for his French book. Travel is spice to boring generalities and flavor to dry facts.

For instance, there is always the obvious historical worth. A traveler cannot help feeling a surge of propriety when he reads in his Western textbook about the sculpturing of *David* by Michelangelo if he has seen the sculpture with his own eyes. He can add to the class discussion by commenting that the right hand seems to be anatomically out of proportion with the rest of the body, but gives an illusion of great strength to the statue. The same surge of propriety pops up when the Bible themes teacher, in trying to explain to his twentieth-century class what the Jewish "high places" looked like, calls on a traveler in the class for help.

An intense patriotism is another product of travel. Having seen other governments, other economies, and other standards of living, a traveler is grateful for his own country. When he sees his flag in another country, he is proud, and is ready to defend that flag at all costs. When a traveler returns to his native soil, the sight of his flag and the sound of his national anthem stir him to the hurting point.

Recently I arrived in the United States after having been away for five years. That first day back, I went to a baseball game in New York. According to traditional ritual, the flag was raised and the national anthem was played. I stood up very straight and proud—and a tear dripped off my chin. I was glad to be an American.

There were times in other countries when I was glad to be an American. I lived in Vietnam from 1946 to 1956. The Vietnamese were, as now, fighting. Then it was a civil war—they were uprooting their French colonial masters. There were few Americans in the country at the time. Because of our blond, blue-eyed resemblance to some of the French, we were in constant danger. Our family drove a pretty white jeep with Old Glory painted grandly on the hood. More times than is comfortable to remember, Old Glory helped save our lives.

A more subtle effect of travel is the gaining of appreciation for, or at least a tolerance of, different races and their distinctive customs and ways of living. One can more easily understand why different people act as they do if he knows their peculiar cultural, social, and physical background. For instance, the first time I heard an Oriental man burst into shrill laughter when he was badly embarrassed, I thought something was wrong with him. In time I wasn't bothered by this weird—to Western ears—reaction. In fact, I have picked up the laughter habit somewhat myself as a good valve to turn when the pressure gets unbearable.

Though not all travelers bother to learn a foreign language, the knowledge of another tongue can be an important fruit of travel. To learn another language is to acquire eyes in the back

of one's head. A whole new world is opened to the linguist. An even better understanding of the ways of life can be gained through a knowledge of languages. This knowledge will in turn improve one's use of his native tongue. As I suffered through French verbs at Collonges-sous-Saleve, my English grammar improved tenfold. I was conscious of tenses as I had never been before. I began to enrich my English vocabulary with direct translations of interesting French terms. I became aware of some of the weaknesses and some of the strengths of our English language.

One statement a traveler can never make is "I have no friends." To travel is to meet new people, interesting people. And people are potential friends. A traveler chooses his friends from a wide variety of professions, cultures, and nationalities. He meets bellhops and he meets governors. Of the many, many different people he encounters, a certain number become his friends. From them he not only will reap as many memories as he who stays at home but will also glean insights into the diversity of human nature.

I remember my little Filipino dress-maker in Manila who, in spite of the Oriental well-known habit of never getting things done on time, plus the added liability of eleven children, was always ready for fittings on time.

And then I remember Ah Sam, our little Vietnamese maid in Saigon. Ah Sam was a Buddhist. She stood a round four and a half feet. She spoke no English and never learned any. She wore her straight, black, ankle-length hair in a knot at the nape of her neck. For five years she kept house, washed, and cooked for my busy mother, practically raised my brother and me, and succeeded in making herself quite beloved. I haven't seen Ah Sam for six years, and now I probably will never see her again.

A traveler may never see some of his friends again, for the world keeps turning, and our traveler cannot ask to be let off. My father once remarked that I had more friends than most, but I'd never see many of them a second time. However, do I not still have my memories? I have gained much more than I have lost.

A traveler is bound to develop an optimistic attitude toward life. He learns to smile at strangers and he can put on a good front when inside he may not be feeling so good. How does a traveler get so optimistic? He knows when he boards a plane that it may

crash instead of land. He has also learned that a human life is not worth much in the eyes of other humans. So he has fixed his sights on God, because God watches and God cares. This holds especially true for the missionary traveler. In Vietnam we never knew when we might be shot at or when something might be confiscated. God has to be real to us; there was nothing else in which we could put our trust. And we were happy.

This thought brings me to the spiritual benefits to be gained from travel. An Adventist traveler who sees the dissatisfaction in the religions of the world today is immensely grateful for his wonderful faith. So few have anything for which to live. We have a Listener for our prayers, a Comforter for our sorrows, and a Saviour for our sins. Can Buddha begin to parallel any one of these, this Buddha who sits in all his stone or metal glory with a fixed smile on his face and a fat belly under his

folded arms? Can Mohammed?

But I hear a reader say, "It takes money to travel. Your talk about the advantages of travel, what it has done for you and what it can do for me, is fine. But how does one go about this business when there isn't enough money?"

I answer you with another question. Would you rather have that stylish new car or travel to some place that has special significance? It all boils down to a question of values. Something is only as valuable to a person as that which he would give up for it. If travel is important to someone, there usually will be a way to pay for it.

Bread is nourishing, plain. Peanut butter makes it tasty. Travel is to education what peanut butter is to bread—taste. Travel can teach getting along with others, develop a well-rounded personality, and give one a bright outlook on life. Why not have some peanut butter with your education?

Beware of Borrowers

by DOROTHY EMMERSON

WHEN we were living in Inter-America a dear little couple with a brand-new baby moved next door to us. The first few times Irma borrowed something, I really didn't think much about it—after all, you know how it is when you have just moved. Besides, I liked our new neighbors and wanted to help them out.

But as time went on I soon discovered that almost more of my kitchen tools were in Irma's kitchen than in mine!

Sometimes I would be in the middle of baking and would reach for my sifter, for instance, only to remember that Irma had borrowed it and forgotten to return it. Once when we were having company for dinner, and I was ready to mash the potatoes, I had to drop everything and run over to her place for my potato masher—only I couldn't get it. Irma had gone shopping for the day!

I finally decided I would have to do something when I went over to

get my egg beater and found her baby gleefully banging it on the floor.

Now that's the worst part about borrowers. They usually are careless users and poor returners. If you must borrow, take good care of the borrowed item and be prompt in returning it.

Remember, too, that the person who lends an article usually has a better memory than the person who borrows. Perhaps that is because the habitual borrower lacks organization and couldn't care less about another person's property.

What did I do about Irma's borrowing? I thought I had the perfect solution. That year for Christmas I gave her a set of kitchen tools just like mine. But this really didn't help. She just borrowed other things—the lawnmower, the hose, my pinking shears. . . . I must admit we were happy to move to a new location.

Borrowing has its place—anyone can be faced with an emergency. But to be a witness means to be a considerate neighbor.

✓

AS FAR back as I can remember there was grandma. She lived on the edge of town. Not the edge with the dirt road into town, nor the edge with the old schoolhouse of yellow stone, but the edge that ended with a field. No roads left her corner of town for other places.

Bison, Kansas, is a German settlement. It is a tiny town, but it loomed large in my childish eyes. It was a real trip when grandma sent me downtown for milk. Three stores lined Main Street. Next to the grocery store old men in crumpled felt hats batted wooden balls around in the croquet yard.

Grandma began each day with a verse from her German Bible. Sometimes I could almost understand verses such as Psalm 90:1, "*Herr Gott, du bist unsre Zuflucht für und für.*"

Grandma prayed the same German prayer at every meal. We didn't touch a morsel of food until she uttered these strange but beautiful words, "*Segne Vater, diese Speise, uns zur Kraft, und dir zum Preise. Amen.*"



The Betrayal

by RAMONA WALRAVEN

The rest of the day I could help grandma weed and water the garden. I liked to kneel in the dark, moist soil and pull a carrot out of the soft ground. I would take the hose and run the cold water over the carrot, and with one loud crack, bite into it.

Grandma remarked, "Give me the water hose. I want to turn it a little bit down so we don't waste so much water. Now you may hold it and let it sprinkle your feet so you will be nice and cool. See? Pick some radishes but

don't step on the cucumbers. They are just coming out of the ground good. Pretty soon we will go in out of the hot sun."

Keeping the big yard around the white frame house was plenty of work for both of us. The house always seemed to keep itself. We cleaned only on Fridays, and then the only really dusty place was the parlor. No one was allowed to enter it except the preacher and special company. When grandma was busy in the garden, I would walk

Every Sabbath morning grandma would lay out my Sabbath dress, shoes, and hat, and we would be ready just as the bell in the white church steeple pealed two silvery notes of invitation. We walked. Everyone did. There was no asphalt parking lot at the church. There was tall wild grass all about, and the steeple pierced the sunny sky.

Inside the church, dark pews and stained-glass windows reminded me that this was no place to chatter or play. Upstairs in the balcony I sang, "Dropping, dropping, hear the pennies fall," and looked at pretty pictures.

During church I never listened to the preacher, or if I did, it was only to the story at the beginning. I never understood the rest of the sermon. Usually I read *Our Little Friend* and made two babies in a cradle out of grandma's hanky. The grownups sang the hymns in German. I would hum along, never being heard anyway amid the lusty singing of some of the bearded grandpas.

The rest of the day always went quickly. I don't remember much about anything on Sabbath but going to the white church.

At grandma's I could do whatever I wanted. At least once a day I went down the block to Uncle Jake and Aunt "Cake's" house. They were actually grandma's cousins, but everyone called them aunt and uncle. Why anyone would ever want to name her little girl Cake was beyond me. I thought maybe it was because she always had flour on her elbows. I was seven years old before I learned that her name was Kate.

All my friends were afraid of Uncle Jake because of his big black, scratchy beard. I liked him. I often sat on his lap and he would pat my head and tell me to be a good girl and to say my prayers. I liked to watch him laugh. His big tummy always jiggled me. I often wondered whether he was anything like Abraham. He prayed every Sabbath at church. I thought he would have offered up his son, only his son was gone to war.

My daddy was at war too. I hardly even knew him then. Mother lived at grandma's house when she wasn't sick in the hospital. Twice she came home, and brought a baby with her. The first one was blonde and chubby, and she

either laughed or cried intermittently. The second baby was dark and quiet. She didn't cry; she whimpered like a puppy. As Rita and Janet grew, they fought. Rita would bite Janet, and Janet's beautiful big eyes would fill with tears and Rita would immediately hug her and cry, "Me torry."

Mother and grandma, and Rita and Janet and I, all lived in the white house because daddy was at war and we didn't have our own house.

Aunt Bea, mother's sister, had babies too, and they grew and we all played together. We climbed windmills, picked all the high school's zinnias, and tore up ant piles. We even played at the white church on the edge of town.

About four feet from the ground a ledge just wide enough to support our pink toes surrounded the church. We would line up and begin edging our way around the church, clinging to the wall. If we fell off at the southeast corner, we were safe because that was "heaven." We would fall into the tall grass, screaming with delight, then run around to the steps and begin again. But the back cellar door was the "wolf's house," and if we fell there, we would be eaten. Real sweat rolled down our brows as we rounded the corner safely.

The inside was never a place for games. Once I helped grandma clean it. It was different inside on a weekday. Darker and quieter. I knew that if I spoke so much as one secular word, fire from heaven would come down and burn me up. We quietly dusted the pews and vacuumed the rug.

Daddy came to grandma's often to visit, but one day when he came he said he was through at the war. I didn't understand. I thought the war was where he worked. We were going to move away and live in our own house.

The day we left, grandma hugged us all hard and bit her lip. Her blue eyes were watery. I hugged her aproned figure, barely reaching even halfway around. She smelled of homemade soap.

"We'll come back, Grandma," I said. "Don't cry. We'll come back and water the garden and comb your hair and go to church. Don't forget us." I had never realized until then that we were as much a part of her world as she was of ours.

Clasping her hard, work-worn hand, I walked to the car. We drove away,

quietly past her, through the kitchen and dining room, into the parlor. It was dark with the rich crimson of the velvet couch shining through the dimness, and I could smell the leather chairs. I would eat crackers and sit and think. If I felt lonesome or sad, I always went there. The room was quiet and safe—just like the white church down the street.

Friday afternoons always seemed to come quickly. We hurried to finish the watering and baking. Then we would take our baths and put on freshly laundered cotton dresses. As the sun sank behind the dusty green trees, we sang Sabbath songs, and grandma rocked in her old rocking chair and read from her Bible. I loved the sound of the words—smooth and musical, reverent and full of meaning for her—and for me, too, in my own way.

Sometimes while she read I combed her long hair, silver and gray. It had never once been cut. I let my hair grow once, but mother said I looked like a shaggy dog, and she made me have it cut.

watching grandma standing on the corner, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, then waving, the white church in the background getting smaller and smaller.

Life was different after that. Daddy didn't let us pray the German prayer at meals. He said we shouldn't say it if we didn't know what it meant. But he didn't understand. The German prayer was holy and religious. The food wasn't really blessed in English.

Daddy built grain elevators. When he had finished one, his company would send us to another town. We moved about twice a year.

Sometimes the towns we lived in did not have churches. None of them had a white church. If they had any, they either were big and new or small and dumpy. But none of them had a bell we could hear ringing every Sabbath morning. Sometimes my sisters and I would forget it was Sabbath, and we would quarrel over the dishes or who would wear which dress. We didn't take our baths before the sun went down, but afterward, just before we went to bed. We didn't live as carefully as grandma did.

If the town didn't have a church, we played church. I played the make-believe piano, Rita gave the sermon from *Our Little Friend*, and Janet prayed like Uncle Jake. Once daddy came and sat down, and after something Rita said, he said, "Amen!" We laughed, and that sort of spoiled the mood of church, although we knew daddy was only teasing us.

Once a year we went to see grandma. We would bounce up and down on the car seat as we drove down the dirt road, past the grocery store and the croquet yard, past the school and around the corner. There was grandma's house with the white church in the background. The minute the car stopped, we were out of it and down the sidewalk. Grandma looked up from her gardening and came running. We were home at last! We hugged and kissed grandma and then ran through the house to see that everything was just as we had left it.

The jar lids we had played with for hours were still in the bottom drawer in the pantry. Sugar cookies filled the old earthen jar on the shelf, and fresh loaves of rye bread were lined up on the breadboard. The kitchen smelled heavenly. Grandma's house had a smell all its own. Some houses smell like cigarettes and coffee, some smell like a hospital, but grandma's was full of many smells—bread baking in the

kitchen and the peculiar smell that comes from many potted plants in the living room.

After we had seen all we wanted to see, we ran down the block to the white church. We usually kicked off our shoes, and began our game of going around "heaven" and the "wolf's house."

One time we stopped short as we neared the front steps. We noticed that the doors were drooping on their hinges. Paint was cracking and peeling, baring weather-beaten timber. Several of the windows were shattered from what looked like a B-B gun. The rope that pulled the bell was rotten and the bell was rusty. The wind seemed to moan through the belfry, "Come back to church again." The grass was tall and wild-looking.

We ran back to grandma's house as quickly as we could. Breathlessly, we asked grandma what was wrong with the white church. It looked old! She became misty-eyed and said that too many families like ours had moved away. Men in black suits had come, she said, and closed it and she and Uncle Jake and Aunt Cake went to another church sixty miles away.

Bison was never the same after that. Something had died in the town. We loved to come see grandma, but Sabbath mornings were never so joyful again.

Grandma came to visit us occasionally, but she never stayed long. She would get a faraway look in her eyes, and Aunt Bea would come and get her. I figured she missed her garden and her house. And I felt guilty because maybe she was hurt by the way we kept the Sabbath.

I was fifteen when grandma died. We drove from New Mexico to Kansas as quickly as we could. When we arrived at the house, people were quietly standing around. The realization of death came when we went to the funeral parlor. There was grandma, looking like an angel, with her hands folded and with a calm, restful look. We cried hysterically at first; then my sisters and I stood there just looking. After a while death seemed to creep through our skin. We felt it.

At the funeral we felt better when the preacher said it would be in the "twinkling of an eye" to her, and Jesus would be raising her from the ground.

Still, it was hard to let them put her down into the cold, damp ground. We cried again, deeply; and she was gone. Now we had only a memory. Rita, Janet, and I would say, "Remember how we used to comb grandma's hair?"

or "Remember how we used to eat crackers in the parlor? I'll bet she knew we were there all the time."

Often in later years I resolved, "I can't do this. I love God as grandma did. Even if everyone else is doing it, I know she wouldn't have."

But life must go on. After the funeral we all drove back into town. Funny how Bison had changed. It seemed so small now. All but one of the stores were closed. Most of the people had moved to larger cities where there were good jobs. The croquet yard was full of weeds. Houses looked back at us with a vacant stare. The swings and teeter-totters looked like scattered bones around the tiny school. Even the windmills were easily climbed in seconds. We knew. We climbed them again.

A man drove up to grandma's house. Then more people came, and they kept coming. They were auctioning off the house and everything in it.

One of my aunts had said, "We don't want any of that old-fashioned stuff. It's just junk anyway. May as well get what we can out of it." Grownups were cruel.

We watched precious memories go for fifty cents. The crimson velvet couch was sold to a red-haired woman with four children. Janet and I looked at each other. They wouldn't treat it right. It belonged in a dark quiet room.

The box of old felt hats we had played house with for hours in the basement on hot summer afternoons was sold to a neighbor boy. He was going to tear them apart. Even the jar lids didn't sell for much. The grouchy woman down the street who never let us climb her windmill bought them. So it went, on and on.

Just as the auctioneer set grandma's rocking chair up on the platform, Uncle Johnny ran forward and grabbed it. "It's not for sale," he cried.

We ran to him and hugged him. He was one of the few grownups who had not become hardened when he went away from Bison. He remembered and loved as we did.

The auctioneer droned on for hours. We grew tired and sick at our stomachs. Suddenly Rita cried, "We have the white church. Let's go play our game." Then quietly, "It will be our last chance. We probably won't be coming back."

We ran down the street, wishing by some miracle that someone would be up in the tower ringing the bell for us. But it looked older and more worn than ever. We were going to play our

To page 21

SHARE

World News of Missionary Volunteers



First East Indonesian Congress Held in Celebes

by John H. Hancock

Menado, Sulawesi, Indonesia—While truckload after truckload of Communist demonstrators on their way to a mass meeting in Menado rolled by the campus of the North Celebes Training School at Kawangkoan, more than 1,000 Missionary Volunteers met together for the first East Indonesian Union Mission Youth Congress, May 25-29.

Delegates came to the school by boat, by bus, by horse and cow carts, while others walked long distances to fellowship together. Seven young men from a church over 100 miles away pedaled their bicycles over the rough road to arrive shortly after the congress began.

Under the direction of Pastor Paul Emerson, MV secretary of the newly organized East Indonesian Union, the congress was one of great inspiration and helpful instruction, including a complete course in MV Leadercraft taught to all the delegates by Pastor Charles Martin and the writer.

"Aflame for Christ" might well be the description of the youth of East Indonesia, where we have more than 10,000 Seventh-day Adventist members. During the first phase of MV TARGET 30,000 of these young people reported winning 378 persons to the church through eight Voice of Youth efforts,

392 Friendship Teams, 218 branch Sabbath schools, and 221 Bible study groups. At the close of the Leadercraft Course, and after hearing the challenging message brought to them during the congress, these Missionary Volunteers set a goal of 1,000 baptisms for the next 12 months.

Many are the obstacles they have faced in sharing their faith in this Moslem land. They have very little in the way of Share Your Faith materials such as the youth of North America have. Paper is very scarce, and printed materials such as Voice of Youth sermons and Bible study outlines in their



Delegates to the East Indonesian Youth Congress are seated in a bamboo bangsal on bamboo seats; bamboo decoration overhead.



East Indonesian young people fellowship together between congress meetings on the campus of North Celebes Training School.



Cyclists rode more than one hundred miles over rough road to the first East Indonesian congress held at Kawangkoan, Manado. Their earnest spirit was characteristic of others attending.



A marimbalike instrument called a kolintang was one feature of the musical ensembles at the East Indonesian Youth Congress. Many youth make stringed instruments of bamboo and plywood.

language have not reached them. One MV Society in Manado held 14 branch Sabbath schools with only one Sabbath school Picture Roll that had been sent from America. They divided up the picture sheets and arranged the schedule to make this one visual aid available for each branch school.

Armed with courage and simple faith in God, these youth have gone forth with their Bibles to preach with power under the might of the Holy Spirit. Never have I heard more spirited preaching by both girls and boys. The voices of Ina, Lysje, Jetty, and Rentje still ring in my ears as they share the faith that is theirs.

These four youth were from the Tondano MV Society of 67 members, which has held four Voice of Youth efforts this year. They were the speaking team for the effort, with Ina Tewu, a young woman of 22, as captain of the team. Lysje Manurit and Jetty Rorora are also young ladies, and Rentje Sumarau is a young man. When I visited with them at the congress they had seen 12 persons baptized from their efforts and had five more preparing in a baptismal class.

The Makassar MV Society in the South Celebes with 125 MV members is also very active. Voice of Youth meetings in the Mariso Church and the Djalan Durian 28th Street church have resulted in 13 being baptized. The MV leader there is Jerry Mamahit, a young

man studying economics at the Hasanuddin University. He helped organize the youth into soul-winning teams. As the youth distributed literature and gave invitations to their neighbors, they were disappointed that one particular family did not respond. Again and again they visited this family, but there seemed to be no interest manifested. Finally, Evie Tjioe, an 18-year-old Missionary Volunteer niece of the husband in the family, paid them a visit and gave a personal invitation to the meetings.

She said, "Uncle, I am one of the speakers for the Voice of Youth meetings and tomorrow night I'm going to speak. Won't you please come out just this once and hear me?"

The uncle replied, "I will come to hear you tomorrow night when you speak." He was coming out of sheer curiosity, for he didn't believe his niece could possibly be a "preacher." He was so impressed with what he heard, however, from these Missionary Volunteers that he never missed another Voice of Youth meeting, and later with his wife was baptized.

These youth of Indonesia do not have much in the way of worldly goods, but this in itself may be a great blessing. Their "Kongres Pemuda Advent" was held in a specially constructed bangsal, an open-air auditorium built of bamboo poles lashed together, with a roof of galvanized tin sheets and can-

vas. Delegates sat on seats made of narrow strips of bamboo with no back rests. There was no organ or piano for accompaniment but the singing of these youth was superb. They were quick to learn many new gospel choruses in the English language, and since the congress Paul Emerson writes that everywhere he goes in East Indonesia he hears Missionary Volunteers singing these choruses with ringing enthusiasm.

Many of these young people have made their own stringed musical instruments such as mandolins, guitars, and bass fiddles out of bamboo and plywood. Several of the delegates brought a kolintang, a bamboo percussion instrument similar to a small marimba, which lends itself well to Indonesian music. I met one young lady who had played her kolintang for President Sukarno.

A visitor to the East Indonesian Union Mission Youth Congress could not help but be impressed with the outward and inward beauty of these young people. Most of the young ladies have jet-black hair that reaches to their waist, and their dress is colorful and modest. The young men are clean cut and very friendly. But best of all, with the fire of evangelism burning fervently within their hearts, they returned to their towns and villages with a new determination to see the work of God finished in *this* their generation.

Camp Helped by Pennies Draws Large Attendance

by G. T. Hewlett

Madison, Wis.—Camp Wahdoon, 280 acres of woods and lakes in the midwestern section of Wisconsin, and the object of more than 2.5 million pennies given by Badger State young people early this year, burst into activity with a record-breaking attendance.

Under the leadership of Pastor Adrian Zytoskee, now MV secretary of the Korean Union, a successful penny campaign (SHARE in YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, July 6, 1965) helped to provide the funds necessary to construct the basic essential buildings and sanitary facilities to make the operation of the camp possible.

For nearly 15 years Wisconsin's MV camping program has been conducted on the camp meeting site of Portage. Although it was situated on the shore line of Silver Lake, it lacked the setting of woods, wildlife, hiking area, and freedom from the sights and sounds of modern life.

The 263 junior teens and youth who signed Camp Wahdoon's first camp record will never forget the natural beauty of the Cathedral of the Birches, a large white birch sitting deep in the woods, where camp council and Sabbath services were held; the waterfront; tenting in the woods on the edge of the lake; tasty food; campfire overlooking Dead Goose Lake; the musical deep-throated slumber song of the frogs; new friends, including Lowell Litten of the General Conference MV Department, and Fred Beavon, Lake Union MV secretary; and all that camping means.

MV'S ASSIST MISSION SCHOOL STUDENT



Catalina Campos receives a check for \$266 to apply on her expenses at the Calexico Mission School in the Southeastern California Conference. Young people of the El Cajon church raised the money for the girl, who lives in Mexicali, just across the border in Mexico. Pastor Kenneth Livesay (holding the check) and three youth leaders from El Cajon flew to Calexico to deliver the check personally. Left: Arthur Mitchel, principal of Calexico Mission School.

Down an old logging road about a half mile from the lodge, nine boys with J. Nephew and L. Bissell selected a wilderness campsite on a rise above Mallard Lake. Nearby trees were cut and lashed to form a table, benches, and cooking frames. Pup tents in a semi-circle served as sleeping quarters. This was rugged frontier living. Trail breaking campcraft, a 60-mile canoe trip on the Red Cedar River, two days with overnight camping on the riverbank—all added zest to wilderness camping. During the junior girls' camp nine teen-age girls braved the rigors of wil-

derness living, including the canoe trip, and thoroughly enjoyed it!

At the close of each of the three camps Sabbath activities included a baptismal service. Seventeen young people sealed their commitment to the Lord, while scores of hands were raised indicating a desire to prepare for the rite.

Under the leadership of Lester Rilea, recently appointed MV and educational secretary of the Wisconsin Conference, a full program of camping filled each day. The waterfront with boating, skiing, canoeing, sailing and



The new lodge is one of the recent improvements at Camp Wahdoon.



The camp's Cathedral of the Birches was a popular meeting place.

swimming instruction; the craft classes; nature classes; Morning Watch with prayer bands; inspection; camp council; three daily visits to the dining room; flag raising and lowering; and campfire, made camping a wonderful experience for 86 junior boys, 77 junior girls, and 100 teens.

Construction is still continuing under the direction of Sheridan Johnson. Hasty last-minute work had to be done to ready the camp for the first registrants. Tents with a carpet of leaves provided all campers with outdoor atmosphere for their living quarters. Present buildings include a lodge with a large stone fireplace, well-equipped kitchen and dining accommodations for 200 young people, craft and headquarters center, waterfront storage, and two washroom facilities. This is but the beginning of a new MV camping era in the Badger State.

MV TARGET 1000 Makes News in South India

by Harold W. Beavon

Bangalore, India—Young people helped win 37 persons in Madras State who were baptized during the second quarter of 1965. Seventy-two senior youth and 33 junior youth accepted baptism in Kerala State during the second quarter. In Andhra State 50 young people were baptized during the same period. At Narsapur High School 105 students joined baptismal classes during the July MV Week of Prayer. Pathfinder Clubs and Senior Youth Outdoor Clubs are in operation in the following major cities of South India: Madras, Bangalore, Hyderabad, and Tiruchirappalli.

Campion Academy MV's Serve Local Churches

by Ted N. Graves

Denver, Colo.—The young people who participated in the Campion Academy Voice of Youth program in Loveland last spring are conducting efforts in local churches in Colorado. Elwyn Owen, a senior at Campion, is the leader of the group. Mr. and Mrs. B. U. Nesmith of Campion Academy are the sponsors.

Others participating are Nancy Nelson of Loveland who plays the piano;

Kathy Thompson of Denver who sings solos; Ruthita Jensen of Loveland who tells a story for the children. The Voice of Youth speakers are Elwyn Owen from Loveland, Linda Tucker from Denver, Duane Brown from Fort Collins, and Linda Sparks from Loveland.

The Brighton, Idaho Springs, Steamboat Springs, and Thornton churches have been visited by this group.

Their motto is taken from Galatians 6:9: "And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

MV PERSONALITIES

THE AMAZING STORY OF RAMÓN ROMAN

by John H. Hancock

Ramón Roman had enjoyed a happy childhood until he reached eleven years of age. At that time he was afflicted with a paralytic condition which the doctors said was caused by a lack of fluid in the cerebellum. He began to lose control of his body motions similar to the paraplegic, and soon was unable to walk. Month after month, year after year, this young man lay in bed.

One day a Seventh-day Adventist layman, Abner Agiam, gave Ramón a Bible and the book *Light for Today*. Ramón studied the Bible and read the book eagerly, becoming very much interested in the Seventh-day Adventist faith. When he was 23 years old he was taken to tent evangelistic meetings held by Pastor J. D. Leones. He accepted the message and was baptized.

Following his baptism his physical condition seemed to improve somewhat. One day Ramón's friends got together and built a little wooden pushcart that he could hold onto and move himself about the neighborhood. This brought new courage to his heart, and he decided immediately that he wanted

to share his faith with someone else.

The first place he went on his faith-sharing adventure was next door to visit a young man named Honorio Capitulo. Ramón asked this 15-year-old neighbor if he would help him read the Bible and explain the Bible correspondence lessons he had with him. The neighbor was happy to help his crippled friend. The plan worked just as Ramón had hoped and prayed it would. Honorio read himself right into the message and was baptized in 1963.

But there were even happier days ahead for both of them. They decided to join as an evangelistic team, and began to lay plans for sharing their faith somewhere else in the neighborhood.

Honorio said, "Ramón, I'll push you around in your cart, and together we can give Bible studies."

Down the street the two boys journeyed until they met another young man fifteen years of age named Laureano Descanzo. They won his friendship, gave him Bible studies, and in 1964, Laureano was baptized.

Now there were three in the evangelistic team. At the North Philippine Union Youth Congress in Manila this year I saw Honorio and Laureano carry Ramón onto the platform, place the little wooden cart before him, and then the three of them made their way to the pulpit to tell their thrilling story.

What an inspiration it is to see how God used this crippled youth to win two souls in two years! The chain reaction, however, has only begun, for in their testimony to the assembled delegates Ramón, Honorio, and Laureano, filled with the zeal of the Holy Spirit, told how they were eager to return to their homes from the youth congress for there were three more persons waiting baptism whom God has helped them to win this year.

Such is one story among hundreds of how God is using the Missionary Volunteers of the Philippines in a mighty crusade for souls during the worldwide thrust of MV TARGET 30,000.



Ramón Roman (center) with Honorio Capitulo and Laureano Descanzo.

Sabbath School Lessons

NOVEMBER 6, 1965

Prepared for publication by the General
Conference Sabbath School Department

SENIOR

VI—Objectives and Methods of Church Organization

MEMORY VERSE: "In whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord" (Eph. 2:21).

STUDY HELPS: *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 188-200; *Testimonies to Ministers*, pp. 24-32; *Gospel Workers*, pp. 481-490; *The SDA Bible Commentary*.

STUDY AIM: To study the Biblical principles of church organization, and to see how those principles are applied in the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

Introduction

"Christ would have His followers brought together in church capacity, observing order, having rules and discipline, and all subject one to another, esteeming others better than themselves. Union and confidence are essential to the prosperity of the church. If each member of the church feels at liberty to move independently of the others, taking his own peculiar course, how can the church be in any safety in the hour of danger and peril? The prosperity and very existence of a church depend upon the prompt, united action, and mutual confidence of its members."—*Testimonies*, vol. 3, p. 445.

Organization in the New Testament Church

1. When the unity of the local church was threatened by serious division of opinion over a certain doctrine, what steps did the leaders of the local church take to solve the problem? Acts 15:1, 2, 6.

2. What steps did the apostles and elders take to meet the problem and convey the decision to the church? Acts 15:22-29.

3. In what spirit did the churches receive the decision, and with what result? Acts 15:30, 31; 16:4, 5.

4. What indications are there that local churches in the New Testament times had definite memberships? Acts 2:47; 1 Cor. 5:4, 5; Matt. 18:17.

NOTE.—The fact that churches added members and dropped members indicates that there must have been organized churches with definite memberships.

5. What intimations are there that local churches developed ties with one another?

ANSWER.—(a) Churches in widely scattered countries had officers bearing the same names, and apparently with commonly accepted qualifications (Acts 14:23; Phil. 1:1; 1 Tim. 5:17; James 5:14).

(b) There were geographical groups of churches (Gal. 1:1, 2; 2 Cor. 8:1; 9:2).

(c) On occasion these groups of churches joined in electing special delegates to accompany Paul

(2 Cor. 8:19; Acts 20:4) and interchanged letters they received from the apostle (Col. 4:16).

(d) Members were given letters of commendation (Rom. 16:1, 2; 1 Cor. 16:3; 2 Cor. 8:19).

(e) Pastors were transferred from one church to another (1 Tim. 1:3. Compare 2 Tim. 4:9, 10, 12; Titus 1:5).

(f) Local churches had organized welfare plans with rules concerning who was eligible for relief (1 Tim. 5:9, 16; 1 Cor. 16:1-5; Rom. 15:25, 26).

NOTE.—As in the formative stage of any group, there was doubtless some variety of organization among the early Christian churches, with uniformity developing as the years passed. "Later in the history of the early church, when in various parts of the world many groups of believers had been formed into churches, the organization of the church was further perfected, so that order and harmonious action might be maintained."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 91, 92.

Organization Exists to Expedite the Church's Work

6. What instruction does God give us concerning order and wise planning in His church? 1 Cor. 14:33, 40.

NOTE.—"Christ designs that heaven's order, heaven's plan of government, heaven's divine harmony, shall be represented in His church on earth."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 680.

"While it is true that the Lord guides individuals, it is also true that He is leading out a people, not a few separate individuals here and there, one believing this thing, another that. Angels of God are doing the work committed to their trust. The third angel is leading out and purifying a people, and they should move with him unitedly. . . .

"The world is filled with strife for the supremacy. The spirit of pulling away from our fellow laborers, the spirit of disorganization, is in the very air we breathe. By some, all efforts to establish order are regarded as dangerous—as a restriction of personal liberty, and hence to be feared as popery. They declare that they will not take any man's say-so; that they are amenable to no man. I have been instructed that it is Satan's special effort to lead men to feel that God is pleased to have them choose their own course, independent of the counsel of their brethren."—*Testimonies to Ministers*, pp. 488, 489.

7. Why do the members of the church need to be united together in fellowship and service? 1 Cor. 12:14-17.

NOTE.—Organization makes it possible for persons with specialized abilities to concentrate on tasks they are well qualified to do. Inasmuch as God's work, like the body, requires specialized functions, when believers unite their efforts they accomplish more than they could working alone.

8. How does the Bible portray the folly of lack of cooperation and united effort as members seek to fulfill the gigantic task of the church? 1 Cor. 12:18-21.

9. What basic attitude is necessary in order to have unity in the church? 1 Peter 5:5.

10. What happens in the church when each member rightly uses his gifts in co-operation with others? Eph. 4:16.

YOUTH

VI—The Supremacy of Love

MEMORY GEM: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal" (1 Cor. 13:1).

ILLUMINATION OF THE TOPIC: *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 318-322, 548-551; *Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 483; *The SDA Bible Commentary*, on lesson texts.

AIM: To show why love is the most important element in the Christian life.

Kind of Organization

11. What words of Scripture show that the organization of the church must be carefully and wisely worked out? Eph. 2:21, first part.

NOTE.—The words "fitly framed" and "fitly joined" (Eph. 4:16) indicate that the members of God's church must plan and organize the work in the most efficient manner of which they are capable. "There should be more wise generalship manifested in doing the Lord's work."—*Counsels to Writers and Editors*, p. 126.

Good organization is determined by function. Organization is good to the extent that it enables the objective to be fully attained or the task properly performed in the easiest, quickest, and least expensive way, consonant, of course, with respect for the rights and welfare of individuals.

12. What examples in the Bible have led the church to establish a representative type of church organization and administration? Acts 1:21-23; 6:3-5.

NOTE.—God desires a form of church organization that respects the dignity and judgment of the individual members. God speaks through the minds of many of His followers, and our organization was formed in such a way that the individual may be heard, but the majority rules. As in all large groups, delegates or representatives are chosen by the members to speak for them; but God desires that all members think about His work and plan together for its advancement.

"He [God] does not give to one of His servants an experience independent of and contrary to the experience of the church itself. Neither does He give one man a knowledge of His will for the entire church while the church—Christ's body—is left in darkness. In His providence He places His servants in close connection with His church in order that they may have less confidence in themselves and greater confidence in others whom He is leading out to advance His work."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 163.

13. What is the basic unit upon which the Seventh-day Adventist Church organization is founded?

ANSWER.—The local church, the members of which choose one of their own members to serve as the local elder, or presiding officer. Inasmuch as he is not able—nor would it be desirable—to perform or direct all the various projects of the church, other officers are elected to help him; namely, deacons to help with the temporal affairs of the church, Sabbath school superintendent, home missionary leader, young people's leader, et cetera. These officers serve as a committee or church board, acting in behalf of the people, but the elder bears the responsibility of all phases of the church work and heads all the departments.

NOTE.—"Every member of the church has a voice in choosing officers of the church. The church chooses the officers of the state conferences. Delegates chosen by the state conferences choose the officers of the union conferences, and delegates chosen by the union conferences choose the officers of the General Conference. By this arrangement every conference, every institution, every church, and every individual, either directly or through representatives, has a voice in the election of the men who bear the chief responsibilities in the General Conference."—*Testimonies*, vol. 8, pp. 236, 237.

Introduction

The word *charity* as used in the King James Version was borrowed from the Vulgate. It was used to avoid the sensuous and vulgar feeling with which love was often associated in the sixteenth century. The word is altogether too limited in meaning, and therefore *love* is a more correct and meaningful term, and is used in all the more modern translations.

More Excellent Way. Excellent is from the Latin root, which means "to go beyond the limit." Love is the more excellent way that goes beyond that which is required. It is the spirit of the second mile.

Sounding Brass. This expression connotes empty, ostentatious, noisy profession. The Greek word for "sounding" is related to our word *echo*, and as used here it means an empty, mocking, noisy echo.

1—The Resplendent Life

1. What gift is more important than any listed by Paul in 1 Corinthians 12? By what striking illustration does Paul emphasize its importance? 1 Cor. 12:31; 13:1.

"The attribute that Christ appreciates most in man is charity (love) out of a pure heart. This is the fruit borne upon the Christian tree. . . .

"Love is a plant of heavenly origin, and if we would have it flourish in our hearts, we must cultivate it daily. Mildness, gentleness, long-suffering, not being easily provoked, bearing all things, enduring all things—these are the fruits upon the precious tree of love."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on 1 Cor. 13:13, pp. 1091, 1092.

2. How is this gift of love brought from God, the fountain of love, to man who needs it so much? Gal. 5:22, 23.

"Your compassionate Redeemer is watching you in love and sympathy, ready to hear your prayers, and render you the assistance which you need in your life-work. Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, faith and charity are the elements of the Christian character. These precious graces are the fruits of the Spirit. They are the Christian's crown and shield. . . . Nothing can give more perfect content and satisfaction.

"As you receive the Spirit of Christ . . . you will grow and bring forth fruit. The graces of the Spirit will ripen in your character. Your faith will increase, your convictions deepen, your love be made perfect. More and more you will reflect the likeness of Christ in all that is pure, noble, and lovely. . . .

"This fruit can never perish, but will produce after its kind a harvest unto eternal life."—*Sons and Daughters of God*, p. 32.

3. To what did Paul compare eloquence without love? 1 Cor. 13:1.

The Hebrews had "loud cymbals" and "high-sounding cymbals" (Ps. 150:5). Loveless religion is often loud and noisy and unharmonious. To ancient Israel the Lord said, "Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs" (Amos 5:23). From the viewpoint of Heaven, all religious exercises constitute discordant and unintelligible noise when love is not the motivating principle.

2—The Gifts Given to Manifest Love

4. With what other three important spiritual gifts does the apostle compare love and what does he conclude? 1 Cor. 13:2.

"Having listed the possible possession of the gifts of prophecy, wisdom, knowledge, and faith, outstanding and greatly desired spiritual endowments, Paul makes the simple statement that all these things, admirable and important though they may be, are ineffective without love. . . . Thus it becomes apparent that mere intellectual attainments, separated from the Godlike quality of love, merely serve to aid the enemy in achieving his ends, and do nothing to further the spiritual interests of men. One who may have had much of this world's wisdom, together with a theoretical understanding of the relationship that should exist between man and God, and yet had no experimental knowledge of love, would still be lost."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on 1 Cor. 13:2.

5. Why has God put the gift of prophecy in the church, and for how long will it continue? Amos 3:7; 2 Peter 1:19; Eph. 4:11-13.

6. How is the importance of wisdom and knowledge emphasized? What is the result when God's people lack knowledge? Prov. 4:7-9; 9:10; Hosea 4:6.

"While we cannot now comprehend the works and ways of God, we can discern His great love, which underlies all His dealings with men. He who lives near to Jesus will understand much of the mystery of godliness. He will recognize the mercy that administers reproof, that tests the character, and brings to light the purpose of the heart."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 394.

7. What is faith? How important is this gift of the Spirit? Heb. 11:1-6.

"Faith is not the ground of our salvation, but it is the great blessing—the eye that sees, the ear that hears, the feet that run, the hand that grasps. It is the means, not the end. If Christ gave His life to save sinners, why shall I not take that blessing? My faith grasps it, and thus my faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen. Thus resting and believing, I have peace with God through the Lord Jesus Christ."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on Rom. 5:1, p. 1073.

8. What caused Peter to nearly lose his life on one occasion? Matt. 14:28-31.

"Looking unto Jesus, Peter walks securely; but as in self-satisfaction he glances back toward his companions in the boat, his eyes are turned from the Saviour. The wind is boisterous. The waves roll high, and come directly between him and the Master; and he is afraid. For a moment Christ is hidden from his view, and his faith gives way. He begins to sink. But while the billows talk with death, Peter lifts his eyes from the angry waters, and fixing them upon Jesus, cries, 'Lord, save me.' Immediately Jesus grasps the outstretched hand, saying, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?'"—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 381.

3—Love Supreme

9. From what motive must the gift to the poor be made to bring a blessing to the giver? 1 Cor. 13:3, first part; Matt. 6:1-4.

The value of true charity is determined by how we give, rather than by the act itself. The most liberal giving from a selfish viewpoint robs charity of its charitableness, making it more a bid for honor and glory and popularity, or a commercial

investment than a manifestation of love.

"He might display great liberality, but should he from some other motive than genuine love bestow all his goods to feed the poor, the act would not commend him to the favor of God."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 168.

10. Under what circumstances might even the martyr's supreme sacrifice be of little value in the sight of God? 1 Cor. 13:3, last part.

"The idea of the KJV reading is that martyrdom that is sought for self-glorification has no merit. In Paul's day it was not customary to put men to death by burning; stoning, crucifixion, or beheading with the sword were the usual methods of execution. . . . To give one's body to be burned would represent an extreme form of self-sacrifice. . . .

"If the one who suffers martyrdom by fire does not possess the character qualifications represented by 'love' he has no hope of eternal life, and consequently has lost everything. Love, therefore, is more precious and valuable than the gifts of the Spirit that the Corinthians desired to have or than singular acts of beneficence or self-sacrifice. Nothing can take the place of love. God accepts only the service of love."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on 1 Cor. 13:3.

11. What is the greatest manifestation of human love? How was the love of Jesus greater? John 15:12, 13; 10:18.

"Love to man is the earthward manifestation of the love of God. It was to implant this love, to make us children of one family, that the King of glory became one with us. And when His parting words are fulfilled, 'Love one another, as I have loved you' (John 15:12); when we love the world as He has loved it, then for us His mission is accomplished. We are fitted for heaven; for we have heaven in our hearts."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 641.

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?"

"But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do."

—Isaac Watts

What Is in This Lesson for Me?

This lesson brings me face to face with a fundamental question. On what is my religious experience founded? What makes it "tick"? Do I go to church because my parents would grieve if I did not? Perhaps to show off my new clothes? Do I testify because of what someone may think if I don't? Do I go to church because I love Jesus or just to reach a personal goal? Do I sing a solo because I have a good voice? Why do I pay my tithe? Do I do these things because of love?

Love Divine

Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown!
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.
—Charles Wesley

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but according to the Wall Street Journal, a California firm has launched what they refer to as "space age smoking."

To meet the demand of the times in which we are living—namely the space age—the firm has manufactured a new pipe, selling for \$9.95, the bowl of which is lined with pyrolytic graphite, a heat-resistant material used in rocket nose cones and nozzles. The firm claims that the heat reduction cuts the smoker's nicotine and tar intake.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

From page 14

old game, but the old ledge wouldn't hold us any more. We sighed and sat down on the front steps.

"The inside! It will be the same!"

Janet jumped up. "Come on."

It was. Almost. It seemed smaller and dustier, but otherwise it was the same. We could hear faintly, "Dropping, dropping, hear the pennies fall." There was Uncle Jake praying in loud, awful tones up on the rostrum. And we saw three little heads bobbing up and down in one of the pews, one girl pestering grandma for a mint or a hanky, another reading, and one looking at the words in the hymnal. Remembering made me ache terribly. It must have made Rita and Janet feel the same way, because we three cried like babies.

Rita raised her head. "What's that?"

We heard people coming, talking, laughing. We ran outside. The auctioneer led the crowd. We ran to mother.

"Please, Mother, they aren't going to sell the church!"

She cried with us. "It has to go. No one uses it any more. Someone may as well get some good out of it."

The auctioneer cried, "Come on now, folks. This has some pretty good lumber in it. Someone start the bidding."

We prayed that no one would say anything.

Suddenly Uncle Johnny ran up to the auctioneer, who spat and nodded his head. Uncle Johnny ran inside and up the old creaky stairs. The old bell groaned, and then we heard two silvery notes—they sounded the same as ever. The crowd became quiet. Many people had tears in their eyes. They seemed to be remembering too—something about an old way of life and an old religion. They stood silent in the crowd and listened as the bell pealed its last sermon over the rooftops of Bison.

The auctioneer broke the silence. "Now what am I bid?"

Someone yelled, "Twenty dollars!"

Another yelled, "Thirty dollars!"

A man said, "I'll give you ninety dollars, and that's the limit."

"Sold to the man in the white straw hat!"

Sold for ninety dollars. Now everything was gone. I was empty.

An Oldsmobile stopped at the curb and my sisters and I climbed in. We sat in the back seat. The car drove away and we never looked back.

Epitaphs

by RUTH JAEGER BUNTAIN

IN THE secluded mountain cemetery of Trinity Center, California, there is an unusual epitaph. Inscribed on a small cement slab are three words of stark anonymity: "Unknown stage robber."

Pausing before the marker of the unidentified outlaw, I pondered his life story. What kind of family nurtured him? What kind of environment helped fashion him? What kind of circumstances prompted him to resort to violence in order to enrich himself?

Wandering on in the cemetery, I came to another grave, marked by a marble monument. At the top of it was a pair of hands. Beneath the handclasp was the identification data which revealed that the person had died in 1878, at the age of sixty. On the base of the marker were these words:

"His toil is o'er, his work is done,
And he is fully blest.

He fought the fight, the victory won,

And entered into rest."

The two epitaphs were in marked contrast. One was that of a desperado. The other, that of a man who had "fought the fight, the victory won."

In all probability, both men had known both happiness and sorrow. Both had experienced seasons of well-being—seasons of distress. Both had had to contend with the same forces of evil that besiege all men. Both had had available to them the love of God and the power of God to triumph over evil. Yet, if the epitaphs correctly characterize the deceased, one died in defeat, the other in victory.

These two epitaphs might well symbolize the memorials of all who are entombed in the earth—and the memorials that will be written for those who are now living. In spite of the misdeeds that have been committed or the victories won, there is, in actuality and finality, only one of two epitaphs: "He died as an

overcomer" or "he died overcome."

Whether the markers erected by men read "Known" or "Unknown" is not important. Whether they were erected in times past or in times present is inconsequential. Eventually time will blur the inscriptions. It will obliterate the memory of all but the mighty men of earth.

But however transitory earth's markers may be—or how fallible their character summarizations of the deceased—each person has an epitaph that can never be effaced, neither by time nor man. These imperishable epitaphs are not printed on slabs of stone or placed in earthly cemeteries. These have been written in the record books of heaven. And it is with these epitaphs that men should be concerned. Written by an angel's hand, they will be used "to determine the decisions in the judgment."

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."¹

"The books of record in heaven, in which the names and deeds of men are registered, are to determine the decisions of the judgment."²

Two men rest in a mountain cemetery not far from the northern end of Trinity Lake. The wind rustles the evergreens in nearby woods but they know it not. A boat drifts by on the placid waters of the lake, but they know it not. In the distance the Trinity Alps lift snow-covered crags to the sky, but they are unaware of the scenic beauty. Each sleeps "the long sleep," awaiting the judgment. Then each will be called forth from the dust to learn what epitaphs the angel penned for them: the epitaphs each chose while still living.

¹ Rev. 20:12.

² *The Great Controversy*, p. 480.



ON LAND OR SEA, KEEP A HEARTY CREW...

Whether of the salt air or dry land variety, sailors of all types find delicious WHITE-CHIK sandwiches contribute heartily to the success of the voyage. A product of Worthington Foods, Inc.





Radarscope

Key to source abbreviations published January 14, 1964.

► Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," was one of the first vice-presidents of the American Bible Society. ABS

► During one year the United States has consumed some 43.2 billion bottles of soft drinks, or 227.4 bottles for every man, woman, and child in the country. *The Highway User*

► Cleopatra's barge has been replaced by hydrofoil boats on the Nile. Three such high-speed boats named for Egyptian queens cruise the river between Aswan and Abu Simbel. National Geographic Society

► An aerial survey crew of the Canadian Wildlife Service has reported finding four whooping crane eggs in one nest. Whoopers normally lay only two eggs. Three other nests with eggs were sighted, but one nest has been abandoned. There were only 42 known wild whoopers when the birds started north for the nesting grounds. USDI

► In the first three months of this year, 368,000 lower-income taxpayers (under \$5,000) got refunds because they overestimated their tax, while 108,000 had to pay more because of errors. Survey showed 781,000 had mathematical errors, 475,000 of which were due to use of the wrong tax table. For this fiscal year, ending June 30, almost 2.6 million errors were found in the 63.4 million returns filed. AMA

► Under consideration is legislation to establish a national system of unspoiled streams somewhat similar to the Wilderness and National Park systems of the United States. Rivers would be preserved primarily through purchase of scenic easements rather than by acquisition of new lands. Listed for initial wild river designation are portions of the Salmon (Idaho), Middle Fork of the Clearwater (Idaho), Rogue (Oregon), Rio Grande (New Mexico), Green (Wyoming), and Suwannee (Georgia and Florida). IWLA

► The first lightweight system for maintaining an "earth away from earth" necessary for the manned space stations and long-distance space flights of the future has been developed by University of California researchers. Named the Algaatron, the system uses a mixture of algae (single-celled green plants), bacteria, and water to create a closed biological environment that will provide a continuous supply of fresh air and water. The problem of weight has been overcome by using centrifugal force—or a spinning action—to keep a thin film of the moisture growing on the inside of a transparent plastic drum. UCAL

► Thirty-three research vessels from seven countries will carry out the first phase, scheduled to last from July, 1965, through February, 1966, of a cooperative study of the Kuroshio Current, the equivalent in the Pacific Ocean of the Atlantic Gulf Stream. Japan, the Soviet Union, the United States, the Republic of Korea, the Philippines, the Republic of China, and Hong Kong are participating. Oceanographers hope to learn data that can have an important effect on weather in the Far East. Changes in the Kuroshio also influence fisheries. UNESCO

► On the slopes of Mount Kinabalu, highest mountain in Southeast Asia, carnivorous plants devour insects lured into their poison pitchers, and washtub-sized *Rafflesia* bloom, the world's largest flower. Some *Rafflesias* reach a yard across. Kinabalu is in Sabah, formerly North Borneo, a member of the Malaysian Federation. National Geographic Society

► Loss of crops and the economic breakdown of a year-long rebellion have brought protein-loss kwashiorkor to Kivu Central province in the eastern Congo. Officials say about 20 children a day have been dying. United States Air Force turboprop transport planes are carrying wheat and powdered milk to the area. AMA

► Smallest and rarest bear of North America is the Blue or Glacier Bear, which stands only two feet high at the shoulder. Its habitat is the Mount St. Elias region of southern Alaska. National Geographic Society

► Utilizing a silver-zinc system, a new type of primary electric battery can operate at temperatures up to 250° F. This is rechargeable by solar energy, for use in outer space. Snell

► About 20 cents of every dollar spent in food stores pays for nonfood items. Minutes

► Among nations of the Antilles chain in the Caribbean, the Dominican Republic is second in size to Cuba. National Geographic Society

► Magnetic sound-recording tape that will withstand temperatures up to 600° F. for prolonged periods consists of stainless steel with a magnetic coating. Snell

► During the past century castles in Spain have been disappearing. Many have been dismantled to obtain stones for building small homes and barns. Only 2,000 of 10,000 old castles remain. National Geographic Society

► Television viewing among the higher-income groups is at a record level, with six hours and 21 minutes per home per day. Younger families view more than older families. Homes without children view more than five hours a day. Men under 35 watch three hours daily, and women under 35 watch more than four hours daily. NAB

► Acting on the report of a team that toured Africa, the World Council of Churches is asking its 222 members and associates to subscribe \$125,600 for medical equipment for Malawi, the Cameroon, and the Congo. This is part of a \$10 million emergency program by the World Council of Churches, embracing all kinds of social development over the next five years. AMA

► Two police dogs are being trained by London police experts to smell out hidden drugs. Tess, a German female sheepdog, is being taught to find the cannabis plant commonly known as Indian hemp or hashish, a relative of marijuana. Pitch, a black Labrador dog, is learning to discover opium. The training is expected to take six months and is based on methods used by West German police, who have used dogs to sniff out contraband at docks. Listen

► At one time in the Middle Ages only 10 Samaritans were left. However, at present the once-powerful sect immortalized by Christ's parable of the Good Samaritan has slowly increased to 374 members. Most of them live in Nablus, Jordan; about 150 live across the border in Israel. The Samaritans have their own calendar, their own theology, and write in an alphabet resembling ancient Phoenician. As their Bible they recognize only the Pentateuch. National Geographic Society

A MILLION FAMILIES WILL SAY "THANKS A MILLION"



For *Life at Its Best*

The 1965 missionary edition of
The Ministry of Healing by
Ellen G. White

The book that's welcome in every home

\$1.00

10 or more prepaid to one address.

Postage on single copies, 15 cents.

Sales tax where applicable.

Those who will say
"THANKS A MILLION"

include:

Parents

Newlyweds

Worried Smokers

Problem Drinkers

Teen-agers

Those Seeking Better Health

All Who Want Jesus

to Guide Their Lives

Order today from the church missionary secretary or from
the conference Book and Bible House

