

I Became a Seventh-day Adventist

Stories of spiritual struggle and triumph by successful men and women
who found Christ and peace in the Advent message

AS TOLD TO H. M. TIPPETT

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Before You Read These Stories

The personal accounts related here, of spiritual struggle and ultimate victory that enriched each life and led into areas of nobler service for God, will encourage every reader who seeks a conscientious adjustment of life's activities to God's will.

These stories prove quite conclusively that the scriptural requirements of obedience to Christ's teachings need not embarrass anyone in the choice of any honorable career in business or the professions. Although in every case selected for review the narrator has achieved some eminence, the providence that operated in his life has been manifested in the lives of thousands of other people in comparable situations as well as in quieter avenues of service. The lesson that God sustains and directs those who "keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus" is fully demonstrated in these examples.

It takes resolution and bold courage to accept the promises of God to the believer and to pursue a course of action that seemingly threatens the source of his sustenance and the significance of his achievements, but one may take heart in the recital of such examples as these and know that God never forsakes those who are resolutely committed to His will.

Let every reader of these stories be assured that however constricted his life may be by adhering to the prompting of his conscience, the Lord will lead every trusting heart out of perplexing encirclement into a large place in his experience. H.M.T.

Belief in the certainty of the soon return of Christ to gather His people changed my whole way of life.

1. Glenn Calkins - Eminent Business Leader

LIFE ASPIRATION FULFILLED IN PREACHING THE GOSPEL

"DADDY, don't **you** think it is time that we prayed over this matter? "

To the timid suggestion of my wife I nodded my head, but I was embarrassed. I had never prayed a word in my life, and when she took me gently by the arm and said, "Let us kneel down and try," I trembled with an unaccountable fear.

We knelt by the bedside, but for a time no words came. I was extremely self-conscious. Here I was one of the leading businessmen in Riverside, California, and head of the Rotarians, yet in the presence of the wife I loved I was dumb with confusion!

My wife whispered, "Pray," and with a strange desire welling up in my heart to be heard by the God I had never acknowledged before, I began. I am sure there was never a more faltering, stammering prayer than the one I said that night. But it came from an honest heart, and it opened the floodgates of God's Spirit in our lives to a new experience.

It proved to be the beginning of our full surrender to accept the teachings of the Bible in regard to the prophecies concerning the end of the world and the second coming of Christ. The decision brought to our hearts a sense of peace and joy we had never known before.

But it called for a reform in our habits and lives. It meant the revamping of our entire way of living. For one thing, I had been a heavy smoker. I had tried, many times to stop smoking, and had abstained for reasonably long periods, for I realized it was a hindrance to good health. But these attempts failed because they depended on sheer will power without any strong motivation. Now there was a new objective, and Someone to help me, and when I cried to the Lord, He responded. He took away the desire to smoke, and the inclination toward other habits and practices that were wrong. The love for the things of the world was supplanted by a new interest in life, in people, in living for a purpose. But before I relate the sequel, I should begin with the days of my childhood.

I was born in the State of Michigan, the only child of my parents. My father died when I was but a lad of nine years. Mother and I made our living together in Lansing, Michigan. My mother did seamstress work, and I, as a boy, carried newspapers and did odd jobs to help meet the expenses of the home. A few years later my mother remarried, and circumstances were such that at fifteen years of age I told my mother I thought it best for me to leave home. I had decided to go to California because it seemed as far away as I could go and still remain in the United States. I did not know anyone living in that State, but it proved to be a happy choice, for it was there I found my life companion and also the Bible truths that changed my life and directed me into new channels of service.

The year before I left Michigan I worked a farm on shares, and as a result had accumulated enough money to pay my railroad fare to California, with just a few dollars left over. I arrived in Chicago early one morning and learned that my train did not leave until evening. This was my first experience away from home, and I knew the loneliness that comes to boys in such circumstances. As I walked about the streets waiting for train time, I fell into conversation with a small shopkeeper, who, upon questioning me, found that I had just left home and was on my way to the West Coast. He was very persuasive, and impressed me with the great need I would have in California for a raincoat and also a pair of binoculars. It took most of my savings to buy them. After paying for the raincoat and binoculars I had just enough left to buy something to eat on the train.

I was always rather large for my age, and thus was able to pass for a young man much older than the boy I actually was. The first work I secured after reaching California was driving a mule team grading on a new railroad in the mountains south of San Francisco. Next I found myself working as a carpenter's helper in southern California. Still later I undertook to do some contracting work on my own, which proved to be disastrous from a financial standpoint. Later I went to work for the Santa Fe Railroad at Needles, California, and was transferred to Seligman, Arizona, where I worked as a mechanic's helper and then as a locomotive fireman.

After a time I returned to Los Angeles and engaged in various enterprises and occupations, from tallying lumber as it was taken from the holds of ships in San Pedro, to conducting scenic tours for tourists by Pacific Electric cars and by horse drawn tallyhos.

I Begin to Prosper

One day I saw an advertisement in a Los Angeles paper inviting men who had had experience in selling to meet the representative of one of the famous automobile manufacturers at his hotel. Although I had never had any experience selling automobiles (I couldn't even drive one at the time), I made application and was accepted as a salesman. The man was representing the dealer for the Ford Motor Company for all California. After selling in Los Angeles for some time, I was appointed as the authorized Ford dealer in Riverside County. During the years that followed, my business prospered, and I branched out into other automotive activities, all of which proved eminently successful.

When I was twenty-one years of age I was married, and I became active in Riverside civic affairs. While I was president of the Riverside Chamber of Commerce, negotiations were entered into with the United States Government for the location of a new Army air base, resulting in the establishment of the well-known March Field not far from Riverside. During the later years of World War I, I was chosen by the Federal Government as a member of the justice Department. At that time the plan was to appoint in each city a few representatives whose identity would be kept from the public and who would be available to make investigations for the Department of justice.

During the year 1919 we made our first contacts with Seventh-day Adventists. Mrs. Calkins had not been well, and it was decided that she should go to the Loma Linda Sanitarium for diagnosis and possible treatment. We were greatly impressed by what we saw and heard while she was in this Seventh day Adventist institution. As a result of the contacts made and the friendships that later developed, our interest in Seventh-day Adventists began to grow. Neither of us was particularly religious, although we had joined a popular church in Riverside, largely for the social and business associations it afforded.

We had met certain of the young medical students at Lorna Linda, and it was our privilege to help some of them in a financial way. This was our first investment in the cause of God. On a subsequent visit of my wife to Loma Linda it seemed necessary, following surgery, for her to have one of the Loma Linda nurses care for her in our home. The influence of this young woman was wonderful for both of us and drew us still closer to the Adventist people.

I well recall how strange it seemed to me to sit as a guest in the dining room of the old Loma Linda Sanitarium and hear grace said before the meal was served. I remember also one Friday evening when I was visiting my wife at the sanitarium and both of us were invited to attend the Friday evening services in the church. Never before had I been in any church where I had seen the congregation kneel while prayer was being offered. This made a deep impression on both of us.

Another time, at a later visit of my wife to the sanitarium as a patient, she was experiencing severe pain during the night hours. The doctors had done what they could to relieve the pain and the nurses had given her treatments, but still the pain persisted. Late in the night one of the nurses who was attending my wife said: "Mrs. Calkins, I don't know whether **you** are a believer in prayer or not, but I am, and if **you** would like to have me, I will kneel down by your bed and ask God to relieve **you** of this

terrible suffering." Mrs. Calkins readily consented, and God honored the honest, humble prayers of that little nurse, and my wife slept peacefully through the remainder of the night. Little by little the Spirit of God was preparing our hearts for the greatest of all experiences, that of being born again.

There was a dear little old lady living in Riverside who was always willing to come and give extra help in our home whenever it was needed. Many times she would leave tracts and magazines for us to read, but we seldom looked at them. We both were too busy with other matters. I was occupied with my business, with the civic activities in which I was engaged, and with the many lodges of which I was a member.

A Memorable Meeting

One day this dear friend of whom I have spoken invited Mrs. Calkins and me to drive over to the nearby city of Redlands the following Sunday evening to hear a lecture at the opera house. We gave little attention to her invitation. We were too busy. Mrs. Calkins reasoned, however, that since our little old friend desired to attend the lecture, it would be nice to go and invite her to ride with us. We accordingly arranged to take her to Redlands that Sunday night to attend the meetings.

The speaker was a well-known Seventh-day Adventist preacher, and his lecture was the first sermon we had heard dealing with the fulfillment of prophecy. He turned frequently to secular history to prove how certain prophecies of the Bible had come true to the smallest detail.

It was entirely different from anything I had listened to in all my life. I knew nothing about the Bible. I did not know whether it contained ten or fifty books. I had always had a wholesome respect for the Scriptures, but my understanding was that the Bible was something for women or children to read, or perhaps for old folks to dote on. But as a young businessman, I did not understand that the Bible had any message for me. The sermon that night was so logically presented and so thoroughly backed by historical facts that it appealed greatly to me. As a result, my wife and I decided to hear the lecture the following Sunday night. As I recall it now, we attended three, or possibly four, of that series of Sunday night meetings in the Redlands Opera House.

It was suggested that someone come to our home and tell us more about these things. We were interested enough to accept the suggestion, and the pastor of the Riverside church and his wife responded. I canceled many of the evening appointments that I had, and so did Mrs. Calkin's. Night after night for a period of some three or four months, often as frequently as three times a week, these dear people came to our home, bringing to us this glorious message of triumph and deliverance.

I shall never forget the first night they came. It was a blustery, stormy night, and it seemed as though the elements themselves were trying to discourage these good people from coming to our home. As we answered the ring and the door was opened, the storm seemed to burst with special fury, but as soon as they were inside, all was quietness and peace.

The more we studied the Bible, the more interested we became. It was not long until some of the prominent businessmen in the city heard that I was studying with the Seventh-day Adventists. On one occasion they sent an outstanding Bible student to our home "to straighten us out." He remained until one or two o'clock in the morning, but the longer he talked, the more convinced I was that he was the confused one and needed to have someone help him straighten his thinking.

My Hour of Decision

After many weeks of earnest study with the pastor and his wife, we reached the place where some decision would have to be made. One evening they gave a study on obedience, and it was after this study the incident occurred that I have related at the beginning. But though our decision was made to identify ourselves with the Adventist people, our struggles were not over. Being a member of many lodges and civic organizations, and eminent in business affairs, I had everything from a worldly standpoint that a man could ask for, or even hope for. I immediately set about to liquidate my business as quickly as possible, but it presented many problems.

After a few weeks I made an arrangement whereby I was able to step out from under the burden of the automobile business and begin to observe the Sabbath. Just prior to our beginning to study the truth, two prominent men in Riverside and myself had organized an oil field in Long Beach. The people of Riverside who had confidence in us put thousands of dollars into our hands for this venture. I retained my connection with the oil company until every investor had received back at least the amount of money he had put into it, and then I disposed of my holdings. I am happy to report that the money realized from that venture, as well as much of the savings from other business investments, has since been invested in the cause of God-in the educating of young people through the years or in direct donations to the great missions program of this people.

Heaven's Promises Fulfilled

In recent years I have met former friends who had engaged in the same line of business as mine was. Several had made a fortune from their automobile contracts, even as I had, yet several of them are today penniless, having lost much of what they had accumulated, during the years of the great depression of 1929 and onward. But that which God had given us had been invested in a different way. It had been invested in the bank in heaven, and we are so thankful that it is there, "where neither moth nor rust does corrupt" (Matthew 6:20). There is nothing in this world today that can compare with the promises held out to us by God in His Holy Word. This world has nothing to offer in comparison with what God is offering those who are faithful to Him.

About the time we accepted our new-found faith there came to my attention a song by Marianne Hearn, the words of which appealed tremendously to me and uniquely expressed the sentiment of my heart in those days of my youth when we found our way to the foot of the cross. I append it herewith-

Just as I am, Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who loves me,
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart, I come.

I would live ever in the light;
I would work ever for the right;

I would serve Thee with all my might;
Therefore to Thee I come.

Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be,
For truth and righteousness and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy, to make me bold,
But dearer still my faith to hold,
For my whole life I come.

And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down,
O Master, Lord, I come.

In addition to disposing of our business interest in Riverside, we sold our home and relocated in Long Beach. From there we later went to Pacific Union College. It was a wonderful experience. Never before had we had the privilege of mingling with such a clean, earnest, and devoted group of men and women as made up the faculty, as well as the student body. It was a year of transition for us from the old way of living to the new. We had many things to unlearn, as well as new things to learn.

I joined the ministerial training class, and after a few weeks I wrote to my mother, who was still living in Michigan, and told her what I was doing. I thought she would be proud to know that her boy was changed and that he was preparing for a place in God's work. I told her how on Sabbath those of us in the ministerial training class filled speaking appointments in the little churches near Pacific Union College. She knew the kind of life I had lived, and I thought her heart would be cheered to know that I was now completely changed. I remember so well the reply received from Mother. Her only comment on my being a member of the ministerial class was this: "The Adventists must be hard up for preachers." I am happy to say, however, that later my dear mother fully accepted their teachings and became a devoted believer.

My Labors for the Lord

After a year spent at Pacific Union College, we returned to our home in Long Beach, where I had the privilege of joining Elder Phillip Knox in evangelistic work as his tent master. This was a continuation of the education that I had begun at Pacific Union College. Later, in company with Elders A. G. Daniells and Meade MacGuire, I had the privilege of visiting churches in different places in revival efforts. A little later the brethren asked me, because of my former business experience, to become manager of the Loma Linda Sanitarium. I knew nothing about sanitarium management, or of denominational methods of administration. But with the help of godly men and women who were connected with the institution, the Lord blessed my efforts during the two years and a half that I remained there. I was then asked to act as vice-president of the Southern California Conference. I had been there only a few

months when I was called to the presidency of the Southeastern California Conference. At the beginning of 1930 I was asked to act as comptroller of the College of Medical Evangelists. It was during the depression years, and there were many financial problems that needed to be solved. But God was with us all the way, and weathered the financial storm.

In 1933 I was appointed to the presidency of the Pacific Union Conference, and continued in that capacity until June, 1941, when I was elected to take the presidency of the Inter-American Division as one of the vice-presidents of the General Conference. It was my privilege during the war years to labor in that division and to help build on the wonderful foundation that had been laid by my predecessors, Elders E. E. Andross and G. A. Roberts. At the beginning of 1948, upon the advice of my doctors, I asked to be relieved of my duties for a time, since constant application to the work and much heavy travel were beginning to tell on me. My wife and I returned to our home in Redlands, where for two years we spent most of the time working in the little orchard and around the house, following the counsel God has given His people, and as a result we were blessed with returning health. At the General Conference session held in San Francisco in July, 1950, I was elected one of the field secretaries of the General Conference, being assigned the special responsibility of chairman of the boards of several of the institutions in the Southern States. Upon the death of our beloved Elder Hackman I was again elected to the presidency of the Inter-American Division, having been relieved of the institutional responsibilities in the Southern States.

Now after forty years of serving Him, working harder than I had ever worked before in all my life, receiving less in a year's salary than I had been receiving in a month from my business, I can truthfully say that there isn't enough money or worldly honor or worldly glory to buy from me the peace and the joy and the happiness that I experience every day of my life. The nearer we reach the end of time and the more I see of the fulfillment of the Scriptures regarding the nearness of the coming of our Savior, the richer becomes the peace and contentment in my heart. With Fanny Crosby I can say:

Take the world, but give me Jesus;
All its joys are but a name,
But His love abides ever,
Through eternal years the same.

Take the world, but give me Jesus;
In His cross my trust shall be,
Till, with clearer, brighter vision,
Face to face my Lord I see.

2. Mary E. Walsh-Bible Instructor

FROM THE TRADITIONS OF MEN TO THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD

MY BIRTHPLACE was in Ireland. My parents were devout Roman Catholics, and to the best of their ability, they trained me from childhood in the faith. I had heard and read about the miracles that were wrought by pilgrimages, novenas, amulets, canonicals, monastic vows, sacred articles such as relics, rosary beads, the host, the cross, and the blessed crucifix; but I had never witnessed any. Nevertheless,

this did not deter me from availing myself of every indulgence that the church granted through her various mediums, but I received no lasting release from the ghostly fear of the unapproachable God.

On my first day of life I was taken by godparents to the parish church to be christened and to receive the sacrament of baptism. This was the rite by which I was led into the Catholic Church and consequently made a member of that persuasion. Thus the first step was taken that bound me to the code of Roman Catholic doctrines.

From earliest childhood I was instructed in the teachings of the Roman Church. Among the many dogmas I studied, and which are regarded as the foundation pillars of the church, are the seven sacraments, namely, baptism, confirmation, the Eucharist, penance, extreme unction, holy orders, and matrimony. I was led to believe that adherence to these prescribed teachings was the only way to salvation; and, since I was allowed no other instruction, except that which is given in the catechism, I had no choice in the matter.

My religious teaching covered two schools of thought that I could not reconcile. One class of friars centered their teaching on the infernal regions. Another class of friars preached on the love of God. My queries were: Are there two Gods: one who avenges, and one who loves? Or, is there just one God with a dual personality? Why was I ever born? Why, after living a short time on this earth, should I be consigned to an unquenchable fire throughout the cycles of eternity, or spend a period of time in a burning vestibule, that through my writhing, the justice of God might be appeased? These and a score of other questions went unanswered. Hence my mental conflict. Had I known my Bible, which plainly teaches the state of the dead and the nature of God's rewards and judgments, I would have been spared those years of mingled hope and abject fear.

After having received four of the sacraments-baptism, confirmation, the Eucharist, penance I should have found peace, Joy, and supernatural power. But the monster fear was ever tormenting me. I sat under the teachings of the Redemptorist Order. I listened with unabated interest to the legends they told depicting the punishment inflicted by God on those who were disobedient to the doctrines of the church, a choice of the unquenchable fires of hell or the ravaging flames of purgatory. My whole being recoiled at the thought of such a fate. I had no assurance should I die that I would not be consigned to one or the other inferno. I wished a thousand times I had never been born. I feared to live and dreaded to die.

As I grew to young womanhood I desired to travel. The New World was quite alluring, and therefore, I laid my plans to visit the United States. My parents reluctantly gave their consent, for I was under age. Little did I realize when I set my foot on the fair shores of this land of freedom that here I would find the message that would liberate my soul from the thralldom of superstition that ever tormented me.

Rejecting the Bible

Shortly after my arrival in New York a friend of mine called my attention to the second commandment as it is recorded in the Holy Scriptures. She told me plainly that I was violating this precept of the sacred Decalogue when I bowed in prayer before images and invoked their blessing and interposition.

The catechism from which I had been instructed did not have the second commandment recorded as it is in the Bible. But I had not been brought up to believe the Bible; and furthermore, we never had one in our home. In fact, I found myself quite hostile to Holy Writ. I was a good Catholic, and why should

anyone have the audacity to question any doctrine of the infallible church? Anyway, I was taught that the church is above the Bible; so why question any of her dogmas? But God's Spirit still strove with me.

Accepting the Bible

World War I was being fought, and the atmosphere was surcharged with apprehension. My youthful mind was agitated as to what the ultimate end would bring. None of my acquaintances seemed to have the answer. I looked to my church, but she had nothing to offer that would bring solace and hope to my anxious heart. It was during this speculative interim that my attention was called to an advertisement in one of the New York dailies announcing a lecture to be given in a certain theater, on the subject: "Will This Generation Pass Away Before We Witness the Second Coming of Christ?" How ominous! Yet, how intriguing was this subject! Would my quest for knowledge of the future be ascertained at last by the man who was to lecture in a theater?

I was eager to hear his alluring topic. Never will the memory of that first meeting fade from my mind. I listened with rapt attention as the evangelist unfolded the prophecies of the Bible relating to the second coming of our Lord. With unerring accuracy he delineated world events, past and present, as foretold in prophecy.

Imagine my conflicting emotions as I listened to the Bible being read and explained, the book which a short time before, I would have nothing to do with. All manner of questions raced through my brain. Was God the author of this book? Was it inspired? What attitude should I now assume toward it? The evidence presented that night was overwhelming. I could not, I dared not, refute its statements relative to past history and present events.

I left the theater that Sunday night fully convinced that the Bible is the inspired book of God, and that the end of the world is near at hand; that unless my life was prematurely shortened, I would live to witness the second appearance of Christ.

With such evidence before me, how could I further reject the Bible? Why did not my church teach the prophecies, and thus establish confidence in the Bible? Why was I not permitted to study its sacred pages from infancy? Why did not my parents have a copy in the home? The only reference to the Bible I can recall hearing when I was a child came from Protestant men who were working for Father.

Now my whole horizon was being changed, and the benightedness of my soul was being superseded with the illumination of the sure word of prophecy (2 Peter 1:19). The glorious light that shines from the Holy Bible was emitting its bright rays through the darkness of superstition. The words of the blind man when Christ restored his physical eyesight are most appropriate: "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see" (John 9:25).

I was now eager to purchase a copy of God's Word. My first copy was the Douay Version. I found in it the same prophecies that were in the version the evangelist used. I secured reading matter that would give me aid and guidance in the study of my new-found treasure volume. Topical study was what I was interested in, and particularly of the prophetic books of Daniel and Revelation. It is in these writings that one can find the line of demarcation drawn between the true and the false system of worship. I read and reread about the "little horn" of Daniel 7:8, 25, the power that would arise and would usurp the place of Christ and persecute the true people of God, the power that would change God's law.

Changing Views in Religion

The evangelistic meetings I was faithfully attending and from which I was receiving so much divine enlightenment were conducted by the Seventh-day Adventist denomination. I was fully aware of the fact that attending such meetings would never meet with the approval of my church. I was going to confession every two weeks. Should I confess to the priest that I was attending the Adventist meetings and receiving instruction from the Bible? From earliest childhood I had been taught never to attend a Protestant meeting because of the dire consequences that would follow. I thank my God for His protection from persecution. He and He alone is the One who withheld me from it.

One night while I was listening to the evangelist as he dwelt upon the love of God as recorded in John 3:16, my conception of Christ was entirely changed. The unfathomable depths of love that God the Father had for us in giving up His only Son was truly a new revelation to me. The evangelist depicted Christ's lowly birth, His life of privation and self denial; how He suffered reproach, scorn, insult, and mockery, and did it because He loved us and wanted to save us so that we could be with Him. I now saw Him, not as a condemnatory judge. Eager to take revenge upon helpless souls by confining them to a place of torment, but as a God of love. All fear of purgatorial fire was banished from my life. I felt the constraining power of that love which led me to vow that I would go through anything for God. There was no reserve in my submission. I gladly gave up theaters, dancing, playing cards, and other forms of worldly amusement because I realized they were displeasing to my Savior. The thought of His soon coming and the privilege that would be mine, of looking into that wonderful face of love, thrilled me with delight. Contemplation of it absorbed all my waking hours.

The crisis of my life had come. I realized that I could not continue as I had, going to mass regularly according to my life custom, while at the same time attending Seventh-day Adventist meetings. I must either renounce all that I was being taught from the Word of God, turn my back on the light that was illuminating my pathway to heaven, and be loyal to the tradition and ritual of my church and her priesthood, or accept the obligations laid upon me by my convictions. It was a bitter contest.

Many spiritual battles have been fought and decisions made, not in the precinct of a church or under the inspiration of a thrilling appeal surrounded by those who understand and are sympathetic, but under the dome of heaven in the most unlikely places. It was in the midst of the din of city traffic that the impelling conviction of the Spirit of God came upon me as I was returning from a meeting. There was no human help available. There was no one to whom I could go for advice, since my friends, both Protestant and Catholic, were bitterly opposed to my course. In fact, they had already ostracized me. But the Holy Spirit sustained me.

Yielding to God's Spirit

A vision passed before me of my Savior, who died for me. Could I withdraw from Him? Could I go back on the Holy Bible, and meet with the disapprobation of God and lose heaven at last? My decision was made. Nothing—a pompish church, family, friends, or position—would I allow to separate me from my Lord and His blessed Book. Whatever the consequences, I decided to place my hand in His, that I might be led and kept by Him. Even though that path has brought me through many an arena where I encountered the hot displeasure of my former church and bitter opposition of my family, I can truly say that my Lord has been with me, and He becomes more precious as the days go by.

As I continued my search for truth, my attention was called to the fourth commandment. I did not have much difficulty with this statute. God has spoken from His Word that the seventh day is the Sabbath. Why should I say it is not? God keep me from ever contradicting what He has written through the prophets. Every well-instructed Roman Catholic knows that his church takes claim of having changed the Sabbath to the first day of the week.

Of course, I had to give up my position in order to keep Saturday, the true Sabbath. I was told that by so doing I would starve to death. Would my God permit me to starve now that I was endeavoring to obey all His commandments? He had provided for me while I was breaking the first, second, and fourth commandments. No, never! By faith I took my stand, and though I had to be tested to prove my loyalty to Him, He stood by me. My experience made God more real and personal.

After my stand for true Sabbath observance I joined the Seventh-day Adventist Church and united with the people that stand for all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord. I am convinced that the people who teach and maintain these standards are the true people of God. Nothing on earth would keep me from casting my lot with them. I was now baptized as Jesus was, by the mode the Bible teaches-immersion.

I salute the Holy Bible as the instrument that God used in my conversion. It has unfolded to me the character of the pure, spotless One, and how He related Himself to the varied experiences of life. He has left me an example that I should follow in His steps. A piece of statuary, no matter how skillful the workmanship, cannot reveal the Christ. The Bible alone portrays Him. This is the Book I must live by and be saved by. Therefore, I commend it to all seekers for truth.

3. S. A. Kaplan-Evangelist and Author

A JEWISH YOUTH PRAYS-AND FINDS HIS MESSIAH

ONE of the greatest untapped resources in our world today is prayer. It has scarcely been touched, but its potentialities are infinite. Jesus, the mightiest petitioner of all, said, "Ask, and **you** shall receive" (John 16:24). James, the apostle, declared, "You have not, because **you** ask not" (James 4:2). And a modern writer of deep spiritual insight stated that "prayer is the key in the hand of faith to unlock heaven's storehouse, where are treasured the boundless resources of Omnipotence."

I count it a privilege to tell the following true story of a prayer that was most uniquely answered. It is but one evidence that God still "moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

I was born in Kishinev, Bessarabia, at a time when fierce persecution raged against the Jewish people. My parents took a great deal of pride in my religious training, and reared me in the orthodox branch of Judaism. At thirteen years of age I became a bar mizvah (literally, a "son of the law"). At that age a Jewish lad becomes a member of the synagogue and is subject to the Jewish traditional code of laws, of which there are no less than 613, known as Ter-Yag Mitzvotb.

To please my parents, I enrolled in a business college at the age of eleven. They hoped that as I grew up I would engage in the same business as my father, who was a fur manufacturer, but my inclinations were in an entirely different direction. From childhood I had loved to draw, especially likenesses of people. The Russian art teacher in the college I attended soon discerned that I had talent and gave me

encouragement. He enrolled me, free of charge, in his own private art school. Spurred on by his interest in me, I determined to make portrait painting and art in general my lifework.

After witnessing two massacres of the Jewish people in my home town, my parents decided to emigrate to America. We had heard much about this land of the free, the haven of the persecuted and oppressed, and to these peaceful shores we decided to go to begin life all over again. A few weeks after we bade adieu to our native land, our ship slowly steamed into New York harbor. What a sense of relief and feeling of security came over us as we placed our feet on the soil of these United States of America, this blessed land which recognizes the dignity of man and so generously offers the oppressed peoples of earth an opportunity to live a fuller, freer life within its borders.

To help our family recoup its finances, I, for a while, helped out by working in a fur shop; nevertheless, I still aspired to be a portrait painter. I soon joined an art class in an evening high school, and a few years later I passed an examination enabling me to enter an advanced art class in the National Academy of Design, of New York City, where I studied for four years. During the last school term an incident took place that proved an important milestone in my life.

A Singular Prayer

One cool, beautiful night two friends and I were leisurely walking through a park in the Bronx, in the city of New York. The stars above shimmered and sparkled in their dazzling splendor. We stopped and looked up at the spectacle in awed silence. Then, pointing to the heavens, I said to my companions: "O how much I would give to know the great Master Artist who made all these suns, and who guides them in their trackless course! "

My friends merely shrugged their shoulders and we strolled on. But these words of mine, which in reality were a prayer, expressing the sincere and deep longings of my heart, were not uttered in vain. He who is the great I AM, the Creator of the universe, reads our every thought and motive like an open book (see Psalm 139:2). We are told that "a bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench" (Isaiah 42:3). Thus God assures us that He will not quench the tiniest spark of faith in our soul, but will seek to fan it into flame. My story is told that it may encourage **you** to believe that sooner or later every sincere prayer is answered, not always perhaps in the way we may expect, but always for our best good. I have fully proved the promise, "For every one that asks receives; and he that seeks finds; and to him that knocks it shall be opened" (Matthew 7:8).

Art jury Awards Me a \$1,400 Prize

Once every two years the National Academy of Design offered a grand prize to the most gifted student of the school, the Edward Mooney Traveling Scholarship. It consisted of a \$1,400 prize, which enabled the recipient to visit Paris and other art centers of Europe. The time had come for that scholarship to be awarded. The students' work of the current year was exhibited in the spacious classrooms of the academy. A jury of eleven prominent artists, all of them members of the National Academy, were to decide by vote on the winner.

This jury carefully studied the canvases and finally agreed that the work of two students stood out above the rest. I was one of those two. At first the jury was deadlocked; five voted for me and five for my competitor, and one had not yet made up 'his mind. He was the late Kenyon Cox, whose mural

paintings adorn the Congressional Library, at Washington, D.C. After a few minutes' further study, he decided to cast his vote for me. The jury then, by unanimous vote, awarded me the \$1,400 scholarship.

I chose Spain as my first stopping place on my tour of Europe. Bidding good-by to loved ones and friends, I boarded a ship bound for Cadiz. From Cadiz I went by train to Seville, famous for its ancient and massive cathedral and for its art museum.

Sevillians love fiestas and celebrations of all kinds. The day I arrived, the city was celebrating a popular religious holy day that attracted tourists from far and near. The hotels and fondas were crowded to capacity. Accompanied by a Spanish guide, I spent an hour or more in a fruitless search for a room. The weather was exceedingly hot and humid, and we were becoming weary. At long last we found a vacancy. With a sigh of relief I placed my two heavy pieces of luggage on the floor and wiped the perspiration from my forehead. But I had strong convictions not to remain in the room that had been assigned me, and my guide obligingly agreed to help me find a more suitable one.

Late that afternoon I decided to walk up to the roof of the fonda to cool off in the evening breeze. To my surprise I found another young man up there, whom I judged to be a Spaniard. I addressed him in English, for my limited Spanish was too uncertain for satisfactory communication. Fortunately, we soon discovered that both of us spoke French, and thus we became acquainted.

On learning that I was an American recently from New York, my newly found friend, Seflor Moreno, exclaimed:

"What a coincidence, for another American is to stop here tomorrow! He is Mr. Robinson, my chief, under whom I am working. Would **you** like to meet him?" I was pleased at the prospect, for I had not seen or spoken to an American since my departure from New York.

The following morning Seflor Moreno introduced me to Mr. Robinson, a tall man of unassuming manners and amiable disposition. He was a Seventh-day Adventist missionary, a leader of the Seventh-day Adventist publishing work in Spain, and Seflor Moreno proved to be a Seventh-day Adventist colporteur. Was it a mere coincidence that I located a room in that particular hotel? Indeed not! It was God's way of leading me so that my prayer that never-to-be forgotten evening in the Bronx might be answered. The following developments are ample proof of this.

One Saturday morning Mr. Robinson invited me to his room, and pointing to his Bible, said:

"If **you** are interested, Mr. Kaplan, I would like to call your attention to an Old Testament prophecy which predicts the very year of the Messiah's first coming."

It was somewhat humiliating for me, a Jew, to be instructed in the Old Testament by a Gentile. But inasmuch as the subject in question has been of deep interest to the Jewish people for many centuries, it naturally was so to me. My pride and native prejudice yielded to my curiosity, and I nodded assent, though with some misgiving.

The Prophecy of Daniel 9:24-27

"Seventy weeks are determined [cut off] upon thy people and upon thy holy city. . . . Know therefore and understand, that from the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem unto the Messiah the Prince shall be seven weeks, and threescore and two weeks.... And after

threescore and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off, but not for himself.... And he shall confirm the covenant with many for one week: and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease.”

According to this prophecy, 70 weeks was to be cut off for the people of Daniel, namely, the Jewish nation. This period of time was to be their final opportunity to show their loyalty to God. Seventy weeks are equal to 490 days. Since a day in prophecy stands for a year (see Ezekiel 4:6), the time allotted was really 490 years. It was to begin in October, 457 BC, at their restoration as a nation, or, as the Bible puts it, “from the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem,” subsequent to their captivity in Babylon and MedoPersia. Counting from that date, namely, October, 457 BC, 490 years extended to October, AD 34.

To sum it up, in the above prophecy it is predicted that the following events were to occur during these 490 years:

1. The appearing and anointing of the Messiah within 69 weeks, or 483 years. This period began with “the going forth of the commandment . . . to build Jerusalem,” which was in October, 457 BC, and reached to October, AD 27.
2. Three and a half years after His anointing, the Messiah was to “be cut off,” or die, “not for himself” but for the sins of the whole world. Three and a half years from October, AD 27, extends to the spring of AD 31.
3. Three and a half years after the Messiah’s death, the 490 years allotted to Israel as God’s chosen nation were to end, namely, in October, AD 34.
4. After Israel’s rejection of their Messiah, Jerusalem and the Temple were to be destroyed and Israel was to be scattered to the four corners of the earth.

Mr. Robinson presented the proof that these predictions had been literally fulfilled:

1. Jesus’ anointing as the Messiah (the word Messiah is a transliteration of the Hebrew word Moshiah, which means “the anointed one”) took place in the fall of AD 27, when Jesus declared, “The time is fulfilled” (Mark 1:15).
2. He died on Calvary’s cross three and a half years later, in the spring of AD 31, at Passover time. He was the true Paschal Lamb, “the Lamb of God, which takes away the sin of the world” (John 1:29).
3. The 490 years ended in AD 34 with the stoning of Stephen, the first Hebrew Christian martyr.
4. In AD 70, Titus, at the head of the Roman army, burned the Temple at Jerusalem. Since then the Jewish people have been wanderers over the length and breadth of the earth.

As Mr. Robinson explained this prophecy and proved its amazing fulfillment, I was profoundly impressed. His explanation of this prophecy led me to the investigation of other closely related prophecies, such as the sanctuary truth so beautifully portrayed in connection with this subject. I learned that this 490-year period was a part of the longest time prophecy in the Bible, comprising a total of 2300 years, which extended to October, AD 1844. The reader will note that from October, 457 BC, to October, AD 1844, is exactly 2300 years.

In Daniel 8:14 it is foretold that at the end of this 2300-year period “shall the sanctuary be cleansed.” Seventh-day Adventists believe that the question of the sanctuary is of paramount importance to every human being, and it is indeed the central theme of the Scriptures. As I delved into this subject I learned that the earthly sanctuary of the Old Testament dispensation was but a miniature representation, a figure, of the sanctuary in heaven, in which Jesus is now ministering as our high priest (see Hebrews 9:1,2).

I learned, furthermore, that up to October, 1844, Jesus carried on His ministry in the first apartment of the heavenly sanctuary, but during October, 1844, at the end of the 2300-year period, He transferred His work of intercession to the second apartment of the heavenly sanctuary, or the holy of holies. This constitutes His final work of mediation in behalf of repentant sinners, for when that is completed, Jesus will return in the clouds of heaven to receive His redeemed people unto Himself. Although the Scriptures do not reveal the day or the hour of His coming, they definitely point to the time in which we are living as the last generation, the one which is to witness the personal and literal return of Jesus in power and great glory.

I was deeply moved by these Bible truths and was convinced that the Seventh-day Adventist teachings concerning the sanctuary were sound, being grounded in God’s Holy Word. However, because of my native prejudice against Christianity and the precious name of Jesus, I did not then decide to accept Christ ‘as my personal Savior.

A Resurrected Letter

Leaving Seville, I went to Madrid, Spain’s beautiful capital, in order to visit the Museo del Prado, famous for its collection of paintings by Velasquez. I did some sketching and drawing, in the meanwhile continuing my study of God’s Word. As I read, conviction that I was in need of a Savior fastened itself upon my soul. After some time of wrestling and struggling I finally surrendered. Fearing that an art career might interfere with my newly found faith, I decided to sever all connections with the National Academy, and so wrote them of my convictions, explaining that under the circumstances I did not feel entitled to the remainder of the prize money, which still amounted to \$1,000. I mailed the letter in the main post office of Madrid, feeling that I had discharged a painful duty.

But that night I was unable to sleep. As I reviewed the singular circumstances connected with the awarding of the prize and the subsequent trip to Spain, which led to my acquaintance with Mr. Robinson, I was convinced that I never should have written that letter to the academy.

The following morning found me aimlessly walking the streets of Spain’s capital city. MY courage was at a low ebb. As I wandered hither and yon, a ray of hope suddenly seemed to pierce the gloom. I was impressed to go back to the Post office and ask for the return of my letter. My hopes sank as I reminded myself that it was a full twenty-four hours since I had mailed that letter. Nevertheless, the conviction persisted. I finally yielded, reasoning that there was nothing to lose by the venture. In faltering Spanish I explained my predicament to the post office official. He looked at me rather quizzically and asked, “Did **you** say **you** mailed your letter yesterday?”

I answered in the affirmative. The official then told me that it was utterly futile for him to look, for my letter must have long since left the post office. However, I continued pleading, and moved by my

appeals, he finally agreed to look for it, but assured me that there was not a chance in a million that my letter was still there.

He disappeared behind a door for what seemed the longest three minutes in my life. When the door finally opened again there he was with my letter in his hand! With an expression of utter amazement he said:

“Seiiorito, no comprendo como eso sucedie, pero su carta todavia esta aqui. Esto es un milagro, nada menos! [“Young man I don’t understand how that happened, but your letter is still here. This is nothing less than a miracle!”]”

And a miracle indeed it was! I verily believe that God’s hand had covered that letter and hidden it from the postal authorities, so that I might be able to reclaim it, and continue my study of art and use it in His cause.

From Madrid I went to Barcelona, and there met Mr. Robinson and other leaders of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. I received more instruction, and as I delved into the Holy Scriptures I learned that Jesus, as God’s Son, was the active agent in the creation of the universe. He was indeed the great Master Artist who created the galaxies of stars and who guides them in their endless circuit. I was satisfied that I had been led step by step to my Creator, Redeemer, and High Priest, and the thought of His imminent second coming in this generation thrilled me with expectation and anticipation of a “new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwells righteousness” (2 Peter 3:13).

It is now more than thirty years since this experience came to me, but the longer I live the more wonderful it all seems, and the more grateful I am to God for so marvelously fulfilling the longing of my soul, and answering that simple prayer.

More than twenty-five years ago I was ordained to the gospel ministry, and most of these years have been dedicated to the carrying of the gospel to my brethren in the flesh, namely, the Jewish people. Time is short! Soon Jesus will come to gather His faithful people from every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. May **you** and I be among that noble and happy throng!

4. Leonard Lopp-Glacier Park Artist

PROVIDENTIAL LEADINGS RECLAIM HIS EARLY FAITH

IN THE eighties of the last century my father emigrated from Iowa in a covered wagon to take up a homestead in Hyde County, South Dakota. Having taught school in Iowa, he devoted himself to the same profession to supplement his living while developing his stock farm. The pay was twenty dollars a month.

Later my father married Mrs. Silenor Hare, a widow with two daughters, Edna and Dolphy. I was the eldest of three children born to them, two sons and a daughter. My brother, Frank, became a dentist with a successful practice in Lincoln, Nebraska, and my sister, Winifred, married a farmer, Lee Aalborg. Their two sons are Seventh-day Adventist ministers.

Life on the prairies in my boyhood days was very rugged. Sagebrush and bleached buffalo bones stretched as far as the eye could see. The and plains had little to sustain any animal life except jack rabbits, which were prolific. In winter there were terrible blizzards, with snow covering the straw

barns. Our home was built of material from abandoned homestead shacks, purchased for a mere pittance. They were loosely put together and then sodded up for warmth and protection against the wind. Field mice would gnaw their way through the sod and into the house, 'and our only recourse was to cover their holes with bits of tin. To relieve the drabness of the walls, Mother would paste newspapers over the boards.

In summer it was hot, dry, and windy. The few grain crops Father would sow would yield scanty returns because of the lack of moisture. Water was very scarce, and well after well was dug, too often without results. We were subject to sudden and terrible electric storms that threatened to destroy everything in their path, for they were accompanied by violent winds. On one occasion as a storm approached, Mother took us children and ran for the dugout about forty feet from the house. Father followed in a few minutes-before the tornado struck. When we ventured to look out, the house was gone. We were obliged to take refuge in the schoolhouse, which was still standing. Father managed to erect a makeshift shelter from some of the debris the storm had strewn about. To get started in business again he borrowed some money from the bank at 18 to 24 per cent interest.

Not long after this a plague of blackleg broke out, and cattle all over the area died by the hundreds. Hides brought only a dollar, and calves were sold at 25 cents each. Mosquitoes proved to be another kind of plague, hovering over the cattle in clouds. Prairie fires were a constant threat in the summer months, and we were hard put to it in combating their hazards. I have seen cattlemen, for lack of other means, split a calf in two and drag the carcass through the grass to try to extinguish a fire. It was not uncommon for men to lose their lives in these flaming menaces to our property, for tumbleweeds would carry the fire from field to field.

My father was reared in a Methodist family, but my mother was a Catholic. Being of a missionary rum of mind, Father helped to form a Sunday school, of which he was the chief supporter. Neighbors lived at great distances from one another, and although of many religious persuasions, they rallied to this communal enterprise established by the Lopps.

Schoolhouse Evangelism

One day two itinerant Adventist preachers by the names of Cobble and Smith came along, and began to hold meetings in the schoolhouse. Their exposition of the prophecies and their evangelistic fervor caused no small stir in our community. Father and Mother were the first among a small group to signify their decision to keep the Sabbath. Those who knew them were sure they had lost their minds. The homesteaders' custom of exchanging work with one another when it was needed was so well established that Father's Sabbath keeping created no small conflict. It brought him much censure and criticism. But he was strict in observing his weekly day of rest and worship, even refusing to sign the schoolteacher's warrant for her pay on the Sabbath.

School on the prairie was poor at its best, because the session could convene only in the spring and fall, owing to the rigors of the winters. One of my sisters was the wife of E. G. Hayes, an Adventist minister of Madison, South Dakota, and it was arranged that for school advantages I should go and live with her. I attended the State normal school there, and remember it as a revelation and happy season for me. I was only thirteen, but the truths of the Adventist doctrines appealed to me and I was baptized.

In the meantime the conference had begun to build an academy at Elk Point. I had high hopes as I looked forward to attendance at this new school. As all teen-age boys are, I was idealistic and had visions that life at the academy would be like living in Paradise. I had sold papers and taken odd jobs while at the State normal so that I would have some funds to go on when I reached the Elk Point school. With what Father gave me and what I could earn, I anticipated a wonderful experience.

As soon as I arrived on the campus and was assigned a room and a roommate, I was given the horses and cows to care for. Those were pioneer days in some of our Adventist academies. The funds were meager, and the only heat available was in the boys' study room. The winters were bitter, and water froze in our sleeping rooms. The food was plain and often quite light for boys doing heavy manual labor. But economy was rigid, and sacrifices on the part of both teachers and students were taken for granted. They were working toward the ideal of a school where the corrupting influences of the world could not reach, but the rigors of the system sometimes obscured the goal for which they denied themselves. We have come a long way since those days in erecting and maintaining schools of high standards, adequate equipment, and trained instructors.

I worked at nearly everything at the school, from broom making and milking cows to odd jobs in the press. With all the vicissitudes, I still clung to Christ the best I knew. I loved the chapel period and especially the Friday evening vespers.

Unfortunately for me at this time, there came a change in managers at the school. The methods of the new manager were severe, and owing to a wretched misunderstanding over matters beyond my control, I was dismissed from the institution.

A Period of Discouragement

I regret to say, however, that my sense of being an outcast preyed upon my mind to such an extent that I finally quit taking part in family worship. I well remember the time I did not offer my usual morning prayer. My spiritual backsliding began from that hour, and although I received letters from the academy faculty, in which they tried to encourage me, I could not seem to get my old faith back.

My folks then moved to College View, Nebraska, so that their children might have better school privileges. It was here that my natural interest in art was stimulated by P. J. Rennings, head of the college art department. It was an inspiration to study under this artist, but he had to resign by reason of ill-health, and I was again disheartened. This and a lack of finances made me leave college before I had finished the year.

I then went into painting rather seriously, studying when I could, but drifting further and further from my early religious faith. In all my wanderings, however, I never touched alcohol or went into the excesses of so many modem youth. I would paint pictures, put on displays, and close them out at auction. It proved to be a profitable business. Indeed, it was so successful that I would buy the work of other artists and auction them off with my own.

On one occasion during an exhibit I was persuaded to join a traveling show troupe, for I had taken dramatic art and could still continue with my picture work. With the troupe was a magician who fascinated me with his talent. He gave me instructions and I became quite proficient. After I quit the company I delved more and more into professional magic, developing a combination act of cartooning

and sleight of hand that seemed to make a hit with the public. It led me into the moving-picture business in the days of the old silent films.

At a summer resort exhibit in Colorado I met Margaret Booth, and as she also was an artist and we felt we could combine our efforts to our mutual advantage, we were married a year later. We spent our time with exhibits and paintings, traveling all over the United States and Canada, and even into Alaska. All the while I kept improving my magic and cartooning and incorporating Mrs. Lopp into the act. In Denver we met the manager of the influential Pantages theater circuit, and he liked our act so much that he offered us a sixteen weeks' booking at four hundred dollars a week. It appealed to us and we signed up. We had established our home in Portland, Oregon, knowing of the Ellis and White Conservatory there, and feeling that it would be a good place to study and yet live at home. But God was working His purpose out, and we knew it not.

After our theater circuit was done we went to Portland for the off season. Evangelist Charles T. Everson had built a large tabernacle in the city, and placards advertising the meetings were in all the streetcars. In my heart I truly loved the Bible teachings I had learned as a boy, and all the time I was in theater work my conscience was hurting away down deep. I seldom went to church, and when I did I could not sing the hymns, for the songs of Zion do not go very well with theater vaudeville. I had told my wife all about my early faith, and she was quite well informed. She, too, had been reared loving spiritual things, for her family were Baptists.

The Everson meetings stirred our interest from the beginning, and we went again and again. The piety of the evangelist and his personal witness to his deep faith were inspiring. We could not help feeling the genuineness of the message he bore. When a traveling vaudeville show came to town we thought we would go to see if there might be something we could learn that would improve our act. But the Holy Spirit was working on our hearts, and we could not stand more than half the program before we got up and went out. It was the last time we attended such a show.

When we reluctantly went down to northern California on a business trip, the tabernacle company said they would put us on their prayer list, and we were glad. Having finished our business in northern California, we started farther south on another business deal, but out in the country I was impressed to stop the car and suggest to my wife that we return to Portland. She was delighted, for her heart was with the message being preached at the Adventist tabernacle.

We Yield to God's Call

We arrived in the city on Sunday, and that night was Elder Everson's last meeting. When the evangelist made the call for decision, something told me, "This is absolutely your last chance." Both of us were trembling like leaves in the breeze. We were under deep conviction. I said, "Let's stand." But when I tried to get up I couldn't. Again I tried, but it seemed as though something was holding me down. Finally in desperation I took hold of Mrs. Lopp's arm and literally jerked her and myself to a standing position. I have always felt it was Satan's power that held us in those seats. But, oh, what a change as soon as our decision had been publicly confessed. In Mrs. Lopp's words: "Everything seemed changed. Although Portland is a beautiful city, the flowers never seemed so bright or the song of the birds so beautiful as they did after that decision."

Thus it was that after many years of wandering I came back to serving Christ.. How good God was to us, how patient and long-suffering! Long since, my magic equipment was burned, but we kept on with our art, eventually locating in Great Falls, Montana. Our travels led us many thousands of miles, exhibiting our paintings and lecturing to all kinds of educational and cultural groups in schools, churches, and universities. On these journeys we had many opportunities for witnessing to our faith, from conducting funerals and preaching the truth about the resurrection and the state of the dead, to serving as leaders in churches where our stay was prolonged.

One day, through the influence of a Catholic friend, a doctor with considerable influence, we were introduced to the president of the Great Northern Railroad and employed as staff artists. I painted some of the gorgeous scenes in Glacier National Park, and these canvases were exhibited and sold in the park hotels. During the summer we made our home at Many Glacier Hotel.

Era of Growing Prestige

Naturally, our employment with the railroad afforded contact with many influential people, and one summer George H. S. Rowe, president of Travelers Insurance Company of New York, purchased a few of our pictures. It was our privilege later to be house guests of the Rowes in their beautiful New York apartment on Fifth Avenue.

While we were in New York, the Milch Gallery on 57th Street, one of the most noted in America, accepted all twenty four of the paintings I had given them for exhibition. Mr. Milch was most complimentary in his praise, and the prestige we gained from our exhibition there was most gratifying.

Our personal friends included some of the most influential people in the East, from high officials of railroads and the Pullman Company to managing officials of the Curtis Publishing Company. We were entertained at dinners and banquets in many places on our way home, with college presidents and prominent doctors as our hosts. In recent years newspapers such as the Oregonian, of Portland, the Spokesman Review, of Spokane, and the Times, of New York, have given us much space in featuring our paintings. Without seeing our work, the art department of Marshall Field, in Chicago, invited us to put on an exhibition, explaining that anything approved by the Milch Gallery in New York was recommendation enough.

All these things I have recorded, not to boast, but to show that one may truly serve God as a Seventh-day Adventist, and be known as one, and yet be accepted and respected in the most cultured circles. We have never been sorry for the change we made in our way of living. There is nothing we enjoy more than giving a Bible study. We love our people, and in the absence of the pastor I oftentimes occupy the pulpit in our home church. If I have come to any eminence in my professional art work, it is because God has been true to His promise: "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths" (Proverbs 3:6). I look upon the disciplines that have come to me as a part of the chiseling process necessary to make me a stone fit for His building.

We have never had children of our own, but it has been our joy through the years to assist young people in various ways. We have helped children by taking them into our home and by providing for medical and school expenses. One girl we practically reared from babyhood to maturity, and a musically talented eleven-year-old boy is our latest responsibility.

Our home has been open to the many wonderful people we have met in our travels and during our exhibitions. Some of those with whom we have studied the Bible come and want to hear more of the Advent truth. We have helped several make their decision for God. People whose names are prominent in the radio, television, and entertainment world have visited us here at Rocky Haven on Flathead Lake.

It is wonderful that we have a kind heavenly Father who says, "I will heal their backsliding" (Hosea 14:4). God has been true to His promise. It has been a long road from my South Dakota shanty days to the financial comfort and spiritual happiness I enjoy today, and the chief means of expressing my gratitude is getting close to people's hearts and unfolding to them the hidden treasures of God's Word.

It was my great delight recently to have the honor of presenting one of my latest pictures to former President Harry Truman when he took part in the dedication ceremonies of the great Hungry Horse Dam project. The gift was sponsored by a citizens committee, and a picture of the presentation was published in Northwest papers.

5. Clyde Harris-Christian Industrialist

HE MADE HIS CHURCH STEWARD OF HIS TEN-MILLION-DOLLAR BUSINESS

MY SUCCESS in developing a midget box factory into a multimillion-dollar business has been a marvel to many people. When my brother and I opened our little factory in 1913, at Milton, Oregon-on a shoestring-we did not envision the expansion that forty years of operation would bring.

Our first shock came one morning when a representative of a West Coast lumber company stepped into our shop and said, "Harris, I have a million feet of lumber I can sell **you** at an attractive price. Can **you** use it?"

"Certainly we can use it," I replied, "but I don't see how we can pay for it. We are struggling along here on meager resources.

"Tell **you** what I'll do," insisted the agent. "**You** can raise the \$2,500 for the freight charge, I'll lay the lumber down here at your plant and make a contract for payment that **you** can handle."

It was almost more than we could believe possible. Here we were just a couple of young fellows barely established in business, being treated like big-time operators. We talked it over, saw how the fruit growers in the valley were becoming more numerous and demanding more boxes for their crops, and decided to assume the risk. To be able to buy carloads of lumber where before we had dabbled in small quantities was an omen of success to us.

The story of our subsequent development up to 1942, when Mrs. Harris and I acquired the stock of the entire enterprise known as the Harris Pine Mills, only to give it away ten years later as a contribution to the promulgation of the gospel in the earth, is really tied up with my spiritual conversion. For we feel that it has been God's blessing on our lives and on our obedience to His counsels that has made our business prosper. I will therefore go back and recount the events in my career that led to the much-publicized story of our gift to the Seventh-day Adventist Church, of which we are members.

I grew up from boyhood in a small community in eastern Oregon, where I played in the hills, climbed the mountains, swam in the rivers, and roamed the wide-open spaces, which were then slowly being

settled by homesteaders and farmers. I love these natural environs as only a boy can who loves the great outdoors. The Walla Walla River, abounding with fish; the uncut timber, where dwelt the animals and birds of the forest; and the unfenced grazing lands were all a joy to my soul.

I used to wonder how these things all came into existence, and puzzled myself as to where the birds got the instinct for their migrations, and who gave the animals wisdom for storing their food against the cold winters. These things and the stories my Christian mother told me of a wise and good Creator stirred in me a reverence for the Bible that I count as basic in my subsequent experience.

My father was not a Christian and did not believe the Bible, and his negative influence counteracted much of the good training of my mother. As a consequence, I grew up lukewarm toward religion, and like many a young fellow I took things as a matter of course, without any definite convictions about what I should do with my life. The Spirit of God had a care for me, however, and molded circumstances so that more and more I was forced to believe in God, in the Bible, and in the teachings of my mother's church in regard to the fulfillment of prophecy.

Thus it was that at fifteen, when I began to think about earning a living, I found there were many things I might do, but I was baffled because of the difficulty in keeping the seventh day Sabbath, which my mother kept religiously. Although I was not a church member and was really making no profession of faith, I decided that I must get into some kind of business or occupation that would not embarrass me should I ever decide to become an Adventist and keep Saturday as God's day of worship.

In 1914 I married a Methodist girl. She was devout in her faith, and the first Sunday after our wedding ceremony she said, "Let's go to church today, dear."

"If I ever go to church," I replied, "it will not be on Sunday, but on the day before, for God says that the Sabbath is the seventh day of the week."

My wife was visibly perturbed by this declaration, and with a show of indignation she cried, "If **you** had told me that before we were married, I never would have married **you!**"

We argued the relative claims of Saturday and Sunday as the Sabbath all through the morning. As so many others have been, she was sure it would be easy to find the Bible authority for a Sunday Sabbath. Unable to find any such text, she appealed first to the Methodist minister and then to the pastor of the Christian church. She was deeply troubled by their inability to uphold the teachings of their faiths with Bible support.

We were living in Milton, Oregon, at this time, and it was in that very perplexing time of our adjustment to each other's beliefs that W. H. Martin began a series of evangelistic meetings in our town. It was not hard for me to recapture my mother's faith, which had lain dormant in me since my boyhood. I really studied, and with growing enthusiasm, until one Friday night I went forward in a consecration service, determined to dedicate my life to God. My wife was not clear on some of the doctrines held by Seventh-day Adventists, and she did not go forward with me. It was not until she heard a sermon by the Christian minister in which he showed a bad spirit in answering Evangelist Martin's sermons that she began to have misgivings about Sunday as God's day of rest. In time the Sabbath doctrine became crystal clear to her, and it was our joy to be baptized together five months after our marriage.

When I finally began keeping the Sabbath, one of my brothers who had not been making any profession of religion said, "If Clyde can keep the Sabbath and earn a living, so can I." Then I realized the tremendous influence of example.

I Become a Tithe payer

As a boy I had always known the importance of tithe paying. Mother had instilled into me the idea that giving a tenth of one's increase to the Lord was as basic as Sabbath keeping. I was deeply convinced that God had as great a claim on a tenth of our income for the support of His work as He had upon the seventh of our time to devote to His worship. Both of these things were a confession of faith in God's creator ship and ownership of our lives. The promises in the Bible attached to tithe paying I have proved true in the prosperity with which God has blessed all my efforts.

There were other practices, such as a demand for clean living, that identified the Adventists and that were very attractive to us. We took no credit to ourselves for avoiding the use of liquor and tobacco, and other bad health habits, for this was according to the pattern of our home life in our youth. The usual worldly activities of the town young people, such as dancing and theatergoing, were passed by for the more delightful pleasure we found in missionary endeavors.

I attribute my success in temporal things to the fact that I have been obedient to what I felt was a clear line of duty.

After my brother and I had operated the box factory for three years, we added a sawmill in 1916, and in 1924 branched out further. In the thirty-nine continuous years of operation, there was only one year, 1932, when we did not show a profit. In that year I wished I might walk out from under the burdens of the business, free from responsibilities; but every time I came to a blank wall an avenue of escape opened before me and gave me valuable experience, which has been useful since then. When in difficult places, we claimed the promise in Deuteronomy 28:13: "And the Lord shall make thee the head, and not the tail; and thou shall be above only, and thou shall not be beneath." He has fulfilled that promise many fold.

As we added fruit farms to our holdings, the Lord rebuked the devourer for our sakes, so that we always had crops. Our gardens and orchards prospered.

It has always been my conviction that to make money one must produce. In other words, I believe that man must not hide his talents; he must use them. From our earliest box factory, in the mill, and on to the furniture factory, which has become the largest producer of unfinished furniture in the world, I have maintained production at a high level, and the factory ships furniture to every State in the Union and to Hawaii and Alaska. To do this, we have needed much wisdom. I believe that the Lord will give wisdom if we ask in faith. When tools, instruments, lumber, or whatever was needed seemed unavailable, I claimed the promise, and like the oil and meal in the widow's barrel in Elijah's day, the supply has not failed. We have been able to operate a highly competitive business employing 650 workers, and have never failed to pay our workers.

Many times during the period when we were making fruit boxes we were under pressure to operate on the Sabbath. Each summer our customers would threaten to quit doing business with us if we did not supply boxes on Sabbath, but each time we rested in God's promises of prosperity to those who keep His commandments.

We Give All to God

As I began to approach the age that many regard as the retirement age, I pondered as to what disposition I should make of my property. I thought of the wealthy men whom I had noticed when I was young. What had they accomplished? I bore in mind that all must soon pass. Why should I wait until I was old and no longer had the zest of life before I made my decision? My wife and I considered the matter seriously. We decided we wanted the Lord to have the business. The next step was to decide how and when. "Why not now?" I asked. "Why not turn it over while I am in my right mind and can help in an orderly transfer of operation?" Was I afraid to take the chance? Did I fear for the operation of the business I had spent my life in building? It was a struggle. It is easy to tell about it, but only those will understand who have given away their lifework. Here was a huge fleet of trucks-ours today. We would sign a paper, and tomorrow they would no longer be ours. Here was a vast sprawling plant-ours today, tomorrow ours no longer! But we made the decision, we signed the papers, and have no regrets. It was a pleasure to turn our stewardship of a great industry over to responsible church leaders for its future administration.

From the time we became Seventh-day Adventists we have believed wholeheartedly in the promise in Malachi 3:10,11: "Bring **you** all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, said the Lord of hosts, if I will not open **you** the windows of heaven, and pour **you** out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, said the Lord of hosts."

We have fulfilled our part of the covenant, conscientiously meeting the conditions. If ever there was a question in our minds as to the exact amount of the tithe, we always added enough so that there was no question remaining. I fully believe that God requires a faithful tithe and liberal offerings. We have proved Him through the years, and He has rebuked the devourer for our sakes. He has multiplied our means a hundred fold-yes, a thousand fold and more.

In keeping with our resolution to do the most good with our holdings, and to promote the work of the Lord, which was so close to our hearts, in September, 1951, Mrs. Harris and I gave our entire holdings in the Harris Pine Mills to the General Conference Corporation of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, with the understanding that they should be operated as a denominational enterprise, the profits to be dedicated to the extension of the gospel message proclaiming the glorious second coming of Christ to the earth. God has blessed this great industry since that time, and those in control of its destiny are dedicated to the plan for which it was given.

6. Robert Leo Odom-Editor

THE SPIRITUAL SAGA OF A REFORMED SAILOR

IT HAPPENED aboard the U.S.S. Hart, a destroyer attached to the Asiatic Fleet of the United States Navy. My mind was distressed at the time. I had read piles of fiction and stories of adventure, and had discovered that they are not true to life. In no country were living conditions in general so good as those in the United States. However, at home I had been dissatisfied. I was living for self-for what pleasure, adventure, travel, money, and carnal indulgence could give me.

Looking at the literary trash I held in my hand, I muttered: "Here **you** are approaching your twenty-first birthday. You have read many volumes of this stuff, and **you** don't have much more sense now than **you** had when **you** started to read your first novel. What are **you** living for, anyway?" Throwing the book away, I turned toward the future with a new resolution, purposing that from that day forth I would read and study what is useful and uplifting, and that I would devote my life to seeking the good of others.

Immediately I inquired of my shipmates if anybody aboard the vessel might have any books on history, science, religion, and other useful subjects that I might borrow to read. Someone told me that in the stem of the vessel there was a box of used books that had been donated to the ship's crew. I resolved to look them over and see if they might contain anything of interest to me.

After choosing a book or two, I spied in the pile a small, cloth-bound tome the title of which had faded. On the title page were the words Holy Bible. For a moment I recalled my dear Christian mother, and in the next instant I sensed my ignorance of the Good Book and my lack of a hope of something better after this life.

As I read histories and scientific works, life assumed a different aspect. More than ever I was impressed with the fact that moral principles are necessary for the proper regulation of human conduct. I began to read the little black volume, partly from curiosity, partly from a desire to be able to talk intelligently with people about religion, and partly with the thought that by it I might be helped spiritually. As I studied, the eyes of my understanding began to open, and I saw my relationship to God and to man in a clearer light.

One night, while a disgusting orgy of debauchery was going on among some of my shipmates below, I was on the bridge of the vessel riding at anchor in the harbor of Manila. I was reading the little book. My past, with its record of guilt and shame, rose up before the mirror of my memory. I was arraigned before the tribunal of my own conscience, and was convicted.

Gripping the iron rungs of the ladder leading to the range finder station above the bridge, I climbed up there, fell flat on my face, and cried out to God for help. As I poured out my soul to Heaven, I said, "O God, if there is anything You can do for me, do it now! This condition is crushing the life out of me!" I confessed my sins, and asked God's forgiveness and help. The heavy burden then rolled from my heart, and I stood upon my feet a different man.

Veer to the Right

With the determination to serve God and make my life a blessing to others, I felt that I needed a clear understanding of religious truth. Hence I asked myself, "To what church shall I go to get it?"

During the ensuing months I read the teachings of several religious bodies, compared them with the Holy Scriptures, and found them unconvincing. Later our vessel anchored in Shanghai, China, after we had spent some time in Chefoo. As I was being relieved of the quartermaster's watch by another petty officer one afternoon, I turned to pick up my binoculars and the logbook, which I had laid inside a ventilator. There beside them lay a roll of used copies of the Watchman Magazine and the Signs of the Times. They were religious journals. The first is published by the Southern Publishing Association, Nashville 8, Tennessee, under the present title of These Times; and the other is issued by the Pacific Press Publishing Association, Mountain View, California.

Going to my quarters, I took out the little black book and looked up the Bible texts that I found quoted in the articles of those magazines. As I read I became convinced that I had found a people who were teaching the Bible truths pertinent to these modern times.

I read of a great Sabbath reform message that was to sweep the world as a fulfillment of prophecy, pointing out a return to the keeping of the ancient creation Sabbath on the seventh day of the week. I saw that this message was to accompany the proclamation of the imminent return of Christ to the earth to resurrect the righteous dead and to reward the faithful. Along with these were other cardinal truths that had been obscured for centuries by the traditions of men. My whole outlook was changed, and my heart responded in a dedication of my life to Christ and the Advent message.

Little did I dream that within two years from that time I would be sailing over the waters of another ocean to teach men the story of salvation. In that box of old books, and in that roll of used magazines, placed on a warship, by whom I know not, there was a hidden treasure worth everything to me. I thank God that the eyes of my understanding were opened to see His truth. This treasure has changed the course of my life. It has been no little source of happiness to me to have been able to serve in several fields of Seventh-day Adventist mission service—two terms in Latin America, one in Europe, and again in the Philippines as editor in chief of the Philippine Publishing House. More recently, in editorial responsibility with the Ellen G. White Publications of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, I have had opportunity to evaluate at first hand the writings of Ellen G. White, whose deeply spiritual interpretations of scriptural doctrine have been accepted by the church as a divinely inspired gift.

7. Joseph Bielicki-College Dean

ACE CIVILIAN PILOT BECOMES COUNSELOR TO YOUTH

THE instruments on the big panel of my transcontinental plane suddenly registered zero. Every one of them! I was flying blind.

The copilot and I looked at each other in amazement. I called the mechanic, and he began to look for the trouble. In all my years of flying passenger planes for the United Airlines I had never had a similar experience. Two score of lives or more were depending on my skill, although they were unaware that anything had happened. But the mechanic did not find a single thing wrong!

I glanced at the westering sun and noted it was just sinking beyond the horizon. Suddenly the realization came to me that it was Friday evening, and a text of the Bible flashed into my consciousness: "From even unto even, shall **you** celebrate your Sabbath" (Leviticus 23:32).

As soon as I recognized that the failure of the instruments coincided with the going down of the sun, I was impressed that God was trying to teach me the importance of a Bible truth I had been studying, and I unconsciously offered a prayer for guidance. The indicators so important to a pilot gradually resumed their normal registering of height, direction, wind pressure, fuel consumption, speed, and a dozen other factors so essential in flying.

The incident made a tremendous impression upon me, and was one of the many things that led me to begin the observance of the seventh-day Sabbath.

Shamokin, coal-mining town in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania, was my birthplace. The first world war and its global terror had only begun when I made my appearance in the family of my Polish parents. Like other ambitious families of Europe they had left their native land for the promised advantages of fabulous America. My mother brought her Roman Catholic faith with her, and my father, his atheism. Liquor flowed freely in our family, and drunkenness in my father, my uncle, and my grandfather was a familiar sight to me. In fact, my father abused his new-found American freedom by selling moonshine whisky, and I have often seen my mother dump the stuff down the sink when told that revenue agents were near.

My Unhappy Childhood

My brother and I frequently bore the brunt of Dad's befuddled sense of discipline. The leather strap was often used, and for variation in punishment we were sometimes made to kneel on dried peas. When Mother elected to interfere, Dad proceeded to take it out on her. In such a home environment religious instruction was naturally at a minimum. My father's bitterness toward religion in general came from the reported refusal of a priest to put a business deal aside in order to administer the last rites of the church to a brother of mine who died in infancy.

The incidents of my boyhood were typical of the average American boy and need not be recited here, but there was one time when the family thought I was dying of double pneumonia, and I faintly recall their crying around my bed. Subsequent events have made me conclude that it was only in the mercy and providence of God that my life was spared at that time.

When the family moved to Hellertown, Pennsylvania, my interest followed a pattern of athletics and the Boy Scout program. The sports mania got me, and I became an enthusiast for everything except duties at home. In truth, I would run off in the morning and go swimming all day. My downright laziness was in sharp contrast to the help I had formerly given my mother in scrubbing the floor, washing the dishes, and doing other household duties. One thing of value came out of this experience, and that was my contact with P. L. Fisk, of the American Legion. He taught me the ideals of sportsmanship and kept me away from pool halls and their dissipations.

My high school career accented athletics. I joined the Lutheran church because it sponsored an excellent baseball team. I was the recipient of medals, honors, and public acclaim, and became captain of various teams. An athletic hero is always popular, so I was elected president of the high school student assembly. Our principal, M. E. Illick, was a man of high ideals, and through his training and encouragement I was taught to weigh decisions carefully, to cast my influence on the side of truth, and to shun evil associates. I believe God had a care over my life in throwing me into association with such men as I have described.

In 1932 I entered Pennsylvania State College, enrolling in health and physical education courses. Naturally I found myself again in the center of the athletic schedule. I received All-American awards, and to my great pride, was designated one of the 10 outstanding students among the 4,500 enrolled. When I was chosen to tour Scotland with the Penn State soccer team in 1935, I felt I was really advancing in a career of importance. In all this experience I had the counsel, and felt the influence, of such men as Dr. N. S. Walke, head of the Brooklyn College School of Physical Education; William Jeffrey,

of the soccer team; and Joe Bednek, head baseball coach. These gentlemen helped to shape my life for the great decision I was later called to make.

During a baseball game with Bucknell University, in trying to avoid spiking an opposing player, I suffered an injury that threw my knee out of joint and finished my playing career for three years. It made me bitter that the college officials refused to pay the heavy medical bill incurred in having my knee cared for. Their plea was that I had graduated and was no longer under their jurisdiction. The injustices of the world must be accepted as a part of life's disciplines. If we meet them courageously, they do something for our character.

From my early adolescence, beginning with my first airplane ride, I had been intensely interested in aviation. My secret desire was to become a pilot. I made tentative suggestions that I wanted to go to Parks Air College, but Dad laid down the law and forbade it. Then began a round of different kinds of employment. I first worked in the Bethlehem Steel Works as a laborer, and later became a slagger in the open hearths. Melted low-carbon steel reaches a temperature of 1280 Degrees Fahrenheit, and I wasn't sorry to be laid off when a reduction in output was called for. I then worked on a farm for 25 cents an hour. A better opportunity opened to me when I was hired as athletic director for the East Pennsylvania Valley High School at Millheim. The following year I went to my old high school as coach and physical education teacher.

My Aviation Career

In 1937, the aviation urge got me again, and I tried to enlist in the Army Air Force, but was unsuccessful. Two years later the Government started the Civilian Pilot Training Corps, and I jumped at the chance to learn to fly. After completing all the courses I connected with United Airlines, reporting for duty at Oakland, California. This was the culmination of a prayer experience, I truly believe, for I had been praying for aviation as a career ever since a high school speaker had impressed me with a statement during assembly one day, "If **you** want something badly enough, pray for it." I had been promising God that if my ambition was realized, I would do anything for Him.

My first flights were with the Military Air Transport Command. United Air Lines was doing contract carrier service for the Army. Some of my flights took me to Fiji and to Canton, China. My wife became ill and needed surgery. We felt it best to move nearer to our loved ones. Our first move was to Chicago. Then we went to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, my flights operating out of Newark, seventy-five miles away. The state of my wife's health became grave. She weighed only seventy-eight pounds. Another operation was necessary, but she was too weak to undergo it without a program of conditioning. She subsequently became better, and began to improve after her second operation. For a year we looked for a home, and I resolved that I would take the first place that opened up as a reasonable purchase between Pennsylvania and New York.

We eventually found a house to our liking near the airport, but we had difficulty finding the realtor in his office. After several attempts we concluded that H. S. Campbell, the man we wanted to see, did not work on Saturday. When we stopped on a Thursday we were able to make our down payment. My wife was so happy at the prospect of being in our own home, and so pleased with what we had found, that we paid fifteen hundred dollars instead of the five hundred dollars we had intended to pay.

We were deeply impressed with the courtesy and kindness of the Campbells, who were wealthy real estate people. It was not long until my wife and Mrs. Campbell were good friends. Somewhere we had bought a copy of Bible Readings for the Home, and it opened the way for some missionary talks by the Campbells on the second coming of Christ, the signs of the times, and other topics we had never discussed. But Mrs. Bielicki was tenacious in adhering to her early religious training. She said, "We believe it is better not to talk religion or politics. My mother was a Lutheran, and she died one. I was reared in the Lutheran faith, and I do not intend to change."

Mr. Campbell began to fellowship with me in unobtrusive ways, and before I knew it I had agreed to let him give us Bible studies. When we hinted we might be leaving for California, he said to his wife, "From now on, we'll talk Daniel 2 and other Bible prophecies, and no more television." His exposition of the second chapter of Daniel left me spellbound. The Holy Spirit convicted me right then that here indeed was the truth of God. I was ready to be persuaded of other Adventist teachings. It was at this point I had the experience in the plane related at the outset of this account.

As I recall the experience, the things outstanding in my mind were the fine Christian association of the Campbells, the wonderful practice-what-**you**-preach example of Pastor and Mrs. C. L. Duffield, this minister's remarkable memory of the Scriptures as he proved point after point to establish our faith, and the way these people went out of their way to bring us the message, traveling many miles at great inconvenience and loss of time to themselves. I was so convinced of the truths as held by Seventh-day Adventists that I asked for baptism.

Of course, refraining from labor on Saturday would be a problem. I knew that acutely, but I did not hesitate to call my United Air Lines headquarters and ask for my release from duty from sundown on Friday to sundown the next day. Before the week was out I had their reply-a refusal to grant my request. I asked our pastor's counsel, and he advised me to stand by my decision and not take out another trip.

By this time, Mrs. Bielicki was as persuaded as I was that we should keep God's Sabbath, and when I reminded her what it would mean if I lost my pilot's commission, she assured me, I would rather live in a tent than to break God's commandments." Along with our friends, we had special prayer. It was all I needed. I called Newark airport dispatch and told them to cancel me out of the Friday evening flight.

The joy of Sabbath Keeping

I cannot express the peace that filled my heart as we went to church that first Sabbath after my decision. At one o'clock there was a telephone call for me from New York from the flight superintendent of the Eastern division. He asked me whether I was sick. I explained to him I had just found that Saturday was God's true Sabbath, and to keep it was a matter of conscience. I explained that I was sending in my resignation. It pleased me much that Captain Hale sincerely tried to find a place for me in the United Air Lines organization where Saturday work would not be required of me. My eight years of service without a single demerit had made a deep impression on him and on the entire official force. Hale's efforts were in vain, however, and he reluctantly accepted my resignation.

After my baptism I told my mother of my new-found faith, and she only observed that she could not understand how a man who had graduated from college, as I had, could-join a church at variance with the practice of all the world. Along with others, she thought my family would be reduced by necessity

to the point of starvation. But I remembered that David said he had not seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread, and I was confident God would take care of me. My subsequent experience has proved the Bible promises true in regard to sustenance. It was not easy to give up my twelve thousand-dollar salary and trust God's providence, but somehow He makes provision for all our needs.

I accepted a principal ship in the Brakeworth junior Academy, an Adventist denominational school, so that I might help mold the lives and destinies of young people as worthy men have molded mine. Later as dean of men at Emmanuel Missionary College, a fully accredited Adventist college in Michigan, and more recently in similar responsibility at La Sierra College, California, my opportunities for service have been broadened, and I can see God leading in the way His Spirit has directed me.

My former life had its unique personal satisfaction. I have had the honor of piloting planes with many distinguished men and women of America as my passengers, from Hollywood celebrities to Washington diplomats. I used to consider it a very serious responsibility, to have the lives of fifty-two passengers in my hands, and it was, but today I have a greater sense of responsibility for the men and women I meet every day who do not know God or the power of His gospel. It is to the spreading of that special message of His coming again, that my life is dedicated.

When I was a four-stripe airplane captain, licensed to fly any kind of plane in any kind of flying weather in and out of any airport in the United States or in countries friendly to it, I sensed my need of fidelity to the regulations set down by my company. Now that I am a Christian, dedicated to God's work, I feel the need of the same fidelity to His commandments, which are the foundation of His government. So it is, that after a deep and trying experience, I have been brought to keeping the vow I made to the Lord years ago, that I would do anything He required of me if He would give me a flying commission. He gave me that, but in doing so He called me to a higher commission, that of helping to point the souls of men to Himself and a promised heaven.

8. Michael Halstead-Concert Evangelist

HOLLYWOOD CAREER FORSAKEN FOR CHRIST

"There was only one perfect man. He was Christ, and they crucified Him." The words burned their way into my heart.

CECIL B. DEMILLE, the famous producer of great motion picture spectacles, was standing near me and heard my angry oath. "That's all right," he said calmly. "Don't worry. We'll get it. There was only one perfect man. He was Christ, and they crucified Him."

I have never forgotten that moment of my television and screen and stage career! It was like someone speaking to me from another world. The words burned their way into my mind and heart. They were both a rebuke and a challenge, and as I walked away I kept thinking, "There was only one perfect man." What would it be like to be perfect, and to live a life full of peace, contentment, and blessing to others? My life was so void of perfection. My heart was so starved and empty. I once had known something of the Perfect Man, but I had strayed far from those early years of instruction. The stage life I was living accented the desolation of my life and the seeming futility of existence.

The incident I refer to here occurred on the Paramount Pictures lot, where we were filming the four-million-dollar picture *The Story of Dr. Wassell*, a real-life drama of a missionary doctor among his

Oriental peoples. He was there with us as technical adviser. It was an elaborate set, with a beach; the wrecked ship, the Marblehead, on which the men were wounded. A submarine; the ship on which the stretcher cases were evacuated; rain- and wind-making machines, to give us the tropic storms; water buffaloes, cattle, pigeons, and dogs; Javanese buildings, shops, and markets in the background, staffed by Dutch and Javanese shopkeepers and vendors. A complete passenger train pulled into the station and unloaded passengers during the filming of some of the scenes. Hundreds of people were employed in this production.

In one of the scenes I was cast with Gary Cooper and another actor in what was known as a tight shot. The camera moves in close and doesn't give the actor much room, for his movements.

My part was to walk into the scene and lay a report down on the hood of a jeep as I repeated my lines. In order to get into the right position for my work I had to set one foot between the bumper and the wheel of the jeep. It was an awkward piece of business, and the first two takes were failures. We were in a hurry, and I was trying to get an O.K. on the first take. It was at this point that I became angry and let go with the rough language I have alluded to above.

There came to me that longing, lonely, hungry feeling, reminiscent of my faraway Kanawha Valley days. I will begin my story from the time I finally decided to return to the haunts of my childhood.

The highway wound its way over rivers and streams, through fields and meadow, toward the hazy Blue Ridge. It was the old George Washington Turnpike, surveyed by him when a young man. Though I had traveled over plain and prairie nearly 2,500 miles from Hollywood, there was no feeling of fatigue, but only of joyous expectancy. As my eye swept over the familiar scenes the thrill of coming home again brought to mind a flood of memories.

I passed through the sleepy little town, turned left up College Hill and out the old Dry Ridge Road. To the right, hundreds of feet below, Cold River flowed peacefully, splitting the fertile valley. At the end of a hot day of work in the fields my brothers and I had joyously splashed away many a twilight hour in its crystal green waters. At the mouth of Indian Creek, where the river turns northward, was our favorite swimming haunt. A string of pyramid like cribs, built of logs and filled with rock, stood in the middle of the river. My father had helped to build and fill them with stone quarried from the mountainsides. These booms, as they were called, were built to catch and hold the logs that were floated down to the old Bowman sawmill, a half mile below the bend. Again I could hear its early morning whistle. It always blew at five, an hour before Father and the other men started to work. From six to six they labored in those days, some of them walking four miles to work.

I hurried around the mountain road, with its red clay banks. On either side was a forest of oak, hickory, and ash, dotted here and there with the familiar pine. Breathlessly I sped up over the last hill and there it was, the old farm, its sloping fields hugging the roadside. Nero, wagging his shaggy tail, ran out to greet me. He was scarcely changed, for the years had touched him lightly.

A Happy Reunion

Home for the family reunion! Eleven of the twelve children were there. As Mother hugged me, tears of joy glistened in her blue eyes, and Dad welcomed me with a handshake and a loving pat on the back. As I entered the dining room my eyes feasted on rows of fresh-baked pies pumpkin, banana custard,

blackberry-with crusts crisp, short, and appetizing. It was always that way at home, the table laden with good things to eat.

After dinner I walked up the hill and sat a long while looking down over the fields that had been such an intimate part of my early life. To the right were the apple orchards, below was the peach orchard, and to the left the cherry trees squatted against the hillside. Above me on the hill stood rows of grapes entwined around locust posts that, with a hickory maul, I had driven deep and solidly into the earth where they stood. Two miles beyond sprawled the wide Kanawha Valley. Shiny streamliners raced along the tracks of the C & O, hurrying east and west from Washington, Cincinnati, and Chicago. Busy steam-boats and tugs pushed long lines of barges up and down the Kanawha River. As I watched the familiar scenes a nostalgic longing welled up inside me.

It was always a thrill to go out to grandfather's farm, two miles beyond on the Ridge Road, with its hundreds of acres of rolling hills and fields of blue grass. As one turned in from the road, a huge white barn stood on the right, with its red galvanized roof. Grandfather was meticulous, and everything about the place reflected it. From the first gate **you** passed through to the last, they swung true and even upon their hinges. They were hung upon square-hewn posts with metal caps, and their oak latches slid back and forth with precision.

Grandfather was sheriff of Kanawha County, with offices in Charleston. During strikes and upheavals in the coal fields he had a number of deputies under him. He always wore two guns, but **you** would never know he was armed. There were many notorious people brought to justice by him, including the Hatfields and McCoys during their feuding hostilities. But he was kind to his prisoners. Grandfather despised whisky. It was open season the year round for him on moonshiners. He told many an amusing anecdote of his experiences during thirty years as sheriff.

How long I sat there on the hill reminiscing I do not know. I turned and looked down at the friendly three-story house where we children had spent so many happy, busy years. We all loved music. Evenings we would gather around the piano and sing. These occasions were a ritual with us, each singing his part, the voices harmonizing melodiously. But music was more than a wholesome recreation for me. It was life itself. It seemed to be the only thing that could satisfy that empty, hungry feeling I had always had. My musical education really began there on the farm when I bought my first record player. My choice of recordings was among the better selections. I think the quality of the songs, the great voices and interpretations of these artists, influenced my taste in music more than any other factor.

Homecomings are usually infrequent, and too brief for most of us to say and do all the things planned, and this visit was no exception for me. I had to get back to Hollywood. Years before, when I had first come to California, I did a few small parts in pictures, but it was nearly three years before I succeeded in getting my first singing assignment, a chore in *The Cat and the Fiddle*, a production by Metro-Goldwin-Mayer starring Jeannette MacDonald. She was a gracious person to work with. Her charm and easy manner made our task a pleasant one.

I divided my time between working in pictures and studying voice. Since singing has always been my first love, I put my best efforts toward advancing my musical education. After the attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941, I went into the Army, but before I had finished my basic training, the commanding officer, in going over my record, discovered that I was a singer, and subsequently I was assigned to

entertaining. Thereafter I sang for our sick and wounded in hospitals and Army bases, for the officers, and for bond rallies.

Next I went to Warner Brothers in Hollywood, where I sang in a musical, This Is the Army. Irving Berlin spent quite a little time with us, since we were singing his music. During this production some of the generals and "top brass" visited us on the set.

By the time This Is the Army was finished I returned to civilian life and entered into a busy schedule, working in one picture after another. At times I was contracted to two different studios. Some of these productions were very costly, no expense being spared to give them realism and authenticity. They depicted life in strange lands and faraway places, and one gains a liberal education in this kind of work. One also gets to know people, to understand and admire them for their basic qualities of character.

The Tragedies of Stage Life

From Hollywood I went to New York and was thrown among people who, like so many of those in the theatrical world, were charming and interesting. One couple from Texas particularly engaged my friendship. They were operators of a theater chain, and their daughter had married a young man who later became a Hollywood star. But Hollywood life affords particular temptations to those whose names are box-office attractions. This daughter, also a star, became infatuated with a producer and left her husband and two lovely children. The disappointment of my Texas friends over this broken home was keen.

When I returned to Hollywood and resumed my work in the studios, I again saw the young man whose wife had now divorced him and announced her intention to marry the producer. The poor fellow had grown pale, morose, and reticent. His eyes revealed to any observer the tragic story of his broken home. When, some months later, the papers announced his death of a nervous ailment, those of us who had worked with him knew that he had died of a broken heart. Should I reveal his name, many would at once recognize it. Such a story is not exceptional on the moving picture lots.

When one has spent fifteen years working with thousands of people-actors, technicians, and artisans, who unite their talents in making 150 motion pictures-he is bound to gain out of all this experience some understanding of life and its meaning. He begins to distinguish between the real and the unreal. Inevitably the day comes when he arrives at the crossroads and must make a decision that will affect his life for all time. We may not care to face it, but everyone must make this choice, either for good or for evil. The day Cecil B. DeMille said to me, "There was only one perfect man. He was Christ, and they crucified Him," I became conscious of two powerful forces striving for the mastery within. Before me I could discern the crossroads not too distant. The day of decision was drawing on faster than I realized.

It had seemed every barrier to my complete happiness would vanish if I could sing on national broadcast shows, accompanied by a fifty-piece orchestra, with millions of people to listen. This dream became a reality when I sang over the networks. To be sure, it is a thrill to hear the audience yell, "Bravo!" at the finish of a dramatic song. Or to complete a scene in a picture and have actors come and compliment **you** on your performance. But how empty these words of praise, which feed only the fires of vanity, when the soul of a man is hungering for he knows not what.

Two years previous to the mental conflict I was undergoing I received a gift from a friend of mine, which proved to be the most valuable I was ever given. It was an excellent teacher's Bible engraved

with my name, and it was suggested that I read it and join some church. This was the first time anyone had made a religious approach to me in all my years in Hollywood. Surely it was the proper gift at the right psychological moment, for I was looking for something to fill my soul's need, and Hollywood had not supplied the answer.

So Many Creeds

I began attending services in a number of churches, but each succeeding hour of worship left me more perplexed. There was such a confusion of religious concepts among the various congregations. Recently, as I viewed the rare Japanese collection of painting and sculpture in the National Gallery of Art in Washington, the confusion I knew back there was again impressed upon my mind. In the exhibit I found particularly interesting the spiritual philosophies of the Oriental mind, with their multiplicity of deities. There was the god of thunder, the god of wind, the Buddhist Messiah, the Trinity, and others. One of the gods had six arms and six legs, with a variety of weapons in his hands, and was riding a blue ox against a background of flames. He was reputed to subdue evil and protect the virtues of the people.

I asked myself, Why so many gods, such a multitude of religions? Is God a god of confusion? Are there a thousand different ways to Paradise? Or is there just one straight and narrow path? I decided to take time to read that Bible through, every word from cover to cover, and find out for myself.

From my desk I took the Bible, opened its pages, and began to read the first chapter of St. Matthew. "The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham." By the time I had finished the twenty-second chapter of Revelation, love had grown in my heart for the Holy Scriptures, a desire to live a life different from the one I had been living. Turning to the first chapter of Genesis, I continued to read: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." For weeks I read and studied. When I finished the final chapter of Malachi I knew there was a way men must take, and that was by the way of the cross through Jesus Christ. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." The whole Bible is a revelation of Christ, and yet one can know a thousand things about Him and never really know Him. How different the life He lived from that of men. They crowd and trample one another underfoot in their mad rush for advantage, seeking the spotlight and praise and honor. His was a life of humility.

How my heart thrilled as I began to comprehend the love of Christ. The leper shunned, driven from the Temple, banished from home and loved ones, bathes his fevered brow in the stagnant pool of the desert. He is touched by the gentle hand of Christ, and the curse and the pain vanish. The woman taken in the act of sin and dragged before Him to be judged, hangs her head in shame as He writes the sins of her accusers in the dust. When they are gone He raises her up, and with pity and compassion in His voice says to the humiliated woman: "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more" (John 8:11). Her heart is broken. With tears streaming down her face she kneels and worships her Master.

Alone He stands before the high priest Caiaphas, forsaken by even His disciples. He sees His beloved Peter with the rabble, warming himself by the fire. He hears him, with cursing and swearing, deny his Lord for the third time. As the denial dies upon his lips the Master turns and their eyes meet. In that bloodstained face Peter sees not condemnation but pity, and from those pale, trembling lips comes no rebuke. Sobbing, the heartbroken disciple rushes out into the night.

Come with me to Pilate's judgment hall. See the spotless Son of God standing serenely there, His countenance shining with righteous beauty. Behold the Creator of all the universe, before whose throne the angelic host have bowed low and worshiped. Vile men strike Him and spit in His face. They mockingly press the crown of thorns into His sacred brow until the blood trickles down. Breathless, the whole universe of angels look on. All heaven is silent; not a harp is touched.

Barabbas is brought forth and commanded to take his place beside the Christ. In contrast with this evil man, his face blackened by sin, his hands stained with human blood, look again upon the countenance of the Son of God, whose gentle beauty and brightness radiate His purity and majesty. There they stand side by side, representatives of the conflict between Satan and the living God. "Whom will **you** that I release unto **you**? Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ?" (Matthew 27:17). Pilate, self-condemned, yet weak and vacillating, hopes for respite for his perfidy. "Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas. . . . Crucify him, crucify him" (Luke 23:18-21). Alas, the crowd is demon possessed, and Pilate is putty in their hands. Here is He who could give them eternal life and a crown of glory, but the crowd choose Barabbas and the way of death.

He is led away, and the cross of Barabbas is laid upon Him. Simon the Cyrenian carries the cross to Calvary, and it melts his heart. The executioners drive those cruel spikes through the gentle hands of Jesus and nail Him to the cross. With violence they thrust it into the ground, and there the Son of God hangs dying between two thieves. In His expiring agonies He cries, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do" (Luke 23:34). In the anguish of those dark hours three sinners give their hearts to Him-Simon the Cyrenian, the thief on the cross at His side, and the Roman centurion who smites his breast and says, "Truly this was the Son of God" (Matthew 27:54).

My Hour of Decision

"O Love that wilt not let me go." When I finished reading I got down on my knees as the tears of repentance flowed, and gave my heart to Christ. I promised to tell the story of the cross as long as I lived, and in His strength I have kept that promise. For seven years now, my beloved wife and I have traveled back and forth across the United States and Canada, telling of God's great love with our music. We have seen businessmen, bankers, city attorneys, and loggers from the lumber camps of the Northwest weep openly, unashamed, as they listened to the story of the cross.

Once, while renting a motel in California, we knelt in prayer before registering, and prayed for a poor back sliding sinner. When we arose she sobbed, "I know God sent **you** here; I have been so unhappy." We gave this woman and her family a series of Bible studies, and showed them that the seventh day is the true Sabbath, the birthday of creation, and that it was given as a memorial between God and His people forever. They were happy to learn that the Lord has always had faithful men and women who have worshiped Him upon this day. The woman and her son were baptized. Her husband, her daughter, and her son in the Navy, with whom we prayed and studied, were preparing to join the church.

One day in Hollywood I was talking to a man about Jesus as he filled the tank of my car with gas at a station near the NBC studio. He was discussing how people waste hours every day listening to the programs at the studio. "Some of them go in their wheel chairs," he said.

I told him Jesus is coming soon, that I used to sing in that studio, but not any more, for now I was singing for God. "When Jesus comes," I said, I don't want to see people lost because I didn't tell them of His soon coming."

He was a large man, over six feet tall, about thirty-five years of age, a Westerner from Montana. When I glanced up at him, tears were rolling down his cheeks, and he was wiping them with the back of his hand. He said, "I used to be a Christian. I went to Walla Walla College three years."

"You're not happy, are **you**?"

"No," he answered.

"Well, we're going to do something about it."

Weeks later, when I returned from a ten-thousand-mile trip, I went back to see him. I had been praying for him every day. Again he began to weep as I spoke to him. His wife cursed me, and asked me why I didn't leave her husband alone. She said, "The rabbis don't bother him. The priests don't come around annoying us with their religion."

"This is my work; I must speak to people about Jesus," I replied. Later I took him home. We studied the Bible and had prayer. He made his decision for Christ. He sold out his business and was baptized. I could tell a hundred experiences like this. How much more satisfying they are than all the plaudits and vainglory of the theater world.

An elderly lady came to me at the close of a concert and said, I am going home and get down on my knees for the first time in twenty-five years."

And there was a cabdriver. He complained that business was very poor. On our way to my destination we talked of Jesus. I asked him whether I might pray, as we drove along, for God to bless him. When we arrived, the fare was almost three dollars. He said, "You don't owe me a cent. You don't know what that prayer has meant to me. No one ever prayed with me before."

In parks, on planes, in trains, we talk and pray with men and women. Many hearts today are being touched by God's Holy Spirit. "There was only one perfect man. He was Christ, and they crucified Him." Oh, if I could lead all men to know "the breadth, and length, and depth, and height" of His great love. There is no joy or peace so boundless as that which comes into my soul when I see men and women give their hearts to Him, resolving to keep His commandments at whatever cost, and to be ready for His glorious coming.

9. Harold S. Campbell-City Development Planner

FINANCIAL SUCCESS TURNED TO ACCOUNT IN LAY EVANGELISM

"SAY, Harold, how about investing in my dairy and forming a partnership with me? I've built it up to a \$160,000 business since **you** worked for me."

"Fred," I answered, "thanks for the invitation, but my real estate business is worth more than a half million dollars and takes all my attention. Besides, I couldn't work seven days a week any more, as I used to. I work five and keep the Bible Sabbath."

My old employer looked at me in astonishment and was full of questions, which I was glad to answer for him. After all, he had been good to me in the days that had been a bit rough for me, and had given me a chance to make a livelihood soliciting new milk customers. In fact, this work had given me a start in my own milk agency, and I had followed this occupation for several years, working my earnings up from 39 cents, the first day's profits, to fifty-five dollars a week. I attribute all my later success in profitable business ventures to the fact that once I learned from God's Book what His requirements were, I followed the prompting of my conscience in strict obedience. God then honored me with His promised blessings.

Some of my friends have urged me to relate the story of my success, and although I do so reluctantly lest I should boast, perhaps the narrative of my ups and downs, of my failures and successes, may encourage others who are struggling with personal problems similar to those I had to face.

Shortly after my birth in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on May 5, 1912, my parents moved to a picturesque farm on the Tohickan Creek, in Bucks County, near Quakertown, Pennsylvania. It was here that I learned to play on the large rocks that jutted out of the beautiful stream, both banks of which were heavily wooded, appealing greatly to my boyish imagination. I also learned to trap for mink, muskrat, opossum, raccoon, and skunk with my father and older brothers, thereby deriving a deep interest in all outdoor life. Later this avocation furnished me with money to buy a bicycle and other delights of a growing boy.

Blessed Memories of Home

My earliest memories of childhood were of my dog and cat, and of sitting on my mother's knee in the large rocker next to the old shining black kitchen stove while my mother sang "Climbing Up the Golden Stairs." How I loved to hear her sing that hymn, and I look back to those days with fond recollection-it takes me forward in hope to that journey that she and I, together with loved ones and friends, will take someday, with Jesus as our companion and friend, in the promised golden tomorrow. The lasting impressions I received from my mother's singing have bound up times of discouragement and healed my heart in many a forlorn situation.

Mother's influence was effective in my religious experience in other ways too. She would read one chapter from the Bible every evening, and just before we retired she would read a prayer from a prayer book. She was a Methodist and Father was a Lutheran, but she joined the Lutheran Church to encourage him, and I was confirmed in the Lutheran faith. We lived only three miles from the old Lutheran church, and Mother and Dad would hitch up the horse and buggy, or sleigh, and drive two or three times a year to communion. My impressions of God and of religion were very serious, and I developed a deep reverence for the sanctuary. I gave attention to the minister's prayer and to his sermons. I also tried to sing, but lost the place after the first line because I didn't understand how to follow the stanzas.

Occasionally my sister, who is twelve years older than I, took me across the fields and through some woods to a chapel where a layman held Sunday school. It was there in that picturesque old chapel in the woods that my devotion to prayer was further deepened. My family later moved to another farm, toward Richlandtown, where I began to attend Sunday school regularly.

All through my youth I prayed that God would make me successful in one of the professions, and I worked toward such a goal. Since one of my older brothers was successful as a pugilist, there was instilled in me a desire to be a professional boxer. I trained with him, and it was not uncommon to have the neighborhood boys congregate in our home gymnasium, which was converted out of a large wagon shed.

When I was fifteen my parents moved again, this time to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. There, my determination still burning to-be a boxer, I set up another gymnasium, and began to condition my body for a pugilistic career. But when I was seventeen I began to think that being a professional performer in the squared ring might spoil my countenance, harden my look, and otherwise spoil my personality, so I reluctantly dismissed boxing from my mind as a possible objective.

One other pursuit had appealed to me, that of being a building contractor. I had a desire for a fortune sufficient to sustain me when I retired, and the building field seemed to offer the best opportunity. I started to work for a contractor as a carpenter's helper at 30 cents an hour. I received fifteen dollars a week, and often banked the full amount. Father allowed me my board as long as I saved my money. Naturally, I had to deny myself all the expenditures so common among youth, for I gave up all indulgences such as ice cream, candy, sodas, etc. I seldom went to the theater, and became lonely and friendless. Because my work kept me from attending school, I was not included in school functions, and found myself quite isolated from young people of my own age.

One evening I sauntered into a neighborhood eating place and noticed some young fellows playing a slot machine. I decided to try my luck. With my first nickel I hit the jack pot, a surprise to me and a source of envy to all who stood around.

I attended the theater that night, and on the way home the temptation to try the slot machine was too much for me, so I dropped into the same place I had made my winnings and played back not only all I had won but some of my own money as well. I learned from that experience that my quest for fortune did not lie in gambling and that there are no short cuts to success. I determined to give myself to industry and the savings plan as a foundation for what later I should do. I gained proficiency in carpentry as the year wore on, and in two years I was receiving full carpenter's pay.

The depression years of the early 1930's left me unemployed. Although I searched everywhere, there seemed to be nothing for me to do. It put me in a mood of melancholy and frustration. Father's home was threatened by reason of default on mortgage payments, and I gave him all my savings to help hold the home. We lived on a meager fare for economy reasons. But having been accustomed in earlier days to rugged accommodations where bathrooms were rare, central heat and automobiles were still luxuries, and kerosene served the purposes of electricity, we came through the ordeal very well. I had carried a 50-cent piece in my pocket for three months, not daring to spend it. I supplemented my meager schooling with night courses at Lehigh University and with special courses in salesmanship. Diligent reading and travel made up for much that I lost in a lack of formal education. I am reminded of Paul's wisdom: "All things work together for good to them that love God" (Romans 8:28).

Opportunity opened a job for me as a carpenter on a large stone project in a neighboring city. It didn't last long, and I was soon idle again, but I had paid my bills and saved seventy dollars. A friend invited me to take a trip to Philadelphia and try selling produce from house to house. My family tried to dissuade me, but I was restless and wanted activity. I purchased an old Dodge sedan for thirty-five

dollars and a truck body from a Pontiac for six dollars, and made the two into a usable truck for the delivery of fruits and vegetables. Purchasing produce from the Philadelphia wharves, I would return the fifty miles to my home about 6:00 AM and then go out on the streets for two days selling my load.

My first week's work produced seventeen dollars profit, which was not too bad for the depression years. After more than a year of this kind of livelihood, I noticed a friend soliciting for milk customers and using paper bottles. The paper container was an innovation, and it gave me the idea that perhaps I too could take on an agency for milk deliveries. Until 1939, I followed this venture, when I disposed of my business at a modest profit.

My Interest in Bible Truth Is Awakened

About this time I was informed by my mother that my deaf brother had become interested in what she termed a "crazy" religion called Seventh-day Adventism. My chief knowledge of it was that its adherents kept the seventh day of the week as a day of worship and that, like the Jews, they didn't eat the unclean meats forbidden in the Bible. I could find no fault with their keeping the seventh-day Sabbath, for early in life my mother had told me that some religious power had changed the Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday. It seemed reasonable enough to return to God's original day, but other matters of conduct on the part of my brother, such as paying tithe to the church, embarrassed me.

Shortly after this, when my mother was baptized into this church communion, I was more perturbed than ever. Perhaps my disturbance came from the fact that I had a deep confidence in my mother's knowledge of the Bible and in her honesty and integrity. She had read the Bible daily in our home for years. I attended some of the studies, into which she had coaxed me, but I didn't become much involved because my interest was chiefly in my business affairs. If I happened to be in the neighborhood, I would sometimes drop in to her church for a service, just to please her.

One day I heard a sermon by a layman on the second coming of Christ that made a powerful impression on me. The fact that the man was not paid by any church to preach made me believe he was sincere, and I had my first solemn reminder that one should make preparation for the return of Christ if that was what the Bible taught. One can never predict the ways in which God will work, and what followed in my experience was something I could not foresee.

A Miracle of Healing

One morning while at work I was stricken with a severe pain in my side. I suspected appendicitis, and a visit to a neighborhood doctor confirmed my fears. He advised an operation, but I refused. I languished in bed for a week, with no subsiding of the symptoms. In the midst of my affliction I began to reach out to God for help. I knew there was no other source from which help might come. I asked my mother to have someone come and pray for me. Within an hour she was back with my father and an Adventist layman and his wife. They read some scripture and offered prayer, the doctor, who was still there, kneeling with the group.

God has promised that where two or three are gathered together there He is in the midst, and it proved true in my case that day. A miracle of spiritual healing was wrought, the burden that was upon my heart left me, and I was now willing to submit to the necessary operation. I had been under the specter of fear, and only love for, and confidence in, God can cast that out of a man's mind. The fear had been built up by the years of belief that all surgery was horrible, that it was only a means to use as

a last resource. The operation proved successful, and helped me to make a decision about uniting with my mother's church, which keep the commandments of God. I was baptized in October, 1936.

Immediately I was confronted with problems. How could I continue to deliver milk on Saturday mornings and be considered a Sabbath keeper? I prayed earnestly about it, for it was in the milk business that I had established myself as a successful businessman. In fact, I had been making plans to erect my own dairy and bottling plant. But the text so often confronting those at the crossroads of experience came to me: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" I began to look for a successor for my business.

The business was sold at a fair profit, and as I continued to pray I began to believe that my boyhood ambition might be fulfilled, after all, and my prayers answered. For I was persuaded to enter the construction business, and with the modest funds on hand I built my first house in 1937. It proved to be profitable only by way of experience, for I didn't make any money on the venture.

Although I do not wish to seem unduly self-congratulatory about my success in the contracting business, perhaps a brief review of how God has blessed my activities may be a source of encouragement to those who are afraid to trust God for guidance in the material things of life.

My first large venture was the purchase of a thirty-acre tract bordering a high-class development. We plotted 128 beautiful individual lots, planned an irregular street layout, and called the development Rosemont Acres. Within one year I was able to pay it off completely and launch into larger enterprises.

In 1945 I purchased fifty-nine acres on the north end of the city of Bethlehem and erected eighty homes, with room for many more. This site has one knoll that has a commanding view overlooking the city. Lehigh Mountain, with its famous Christmas City Star, is in the background.

Four years later, on a twenty-seven acre tract in a very select part of the city adjacent to large estates, we erected a number of our very finest homes, sparing no expense to make them distinctive. A number of industrial executives have purchased here, for it is a section that is the envy of the whole residential area. It has the name Countryside Trails, and is noted for its Pacemaker of Progress homes.

But as long as we live in an evil world we shall have obstacles and difficulties to overcome. God tries our patience and our integrity in this way. My West Gate Hills project was handicapped by too small a drainage pipe across the State highway. The houses I had already erected next to the highway would suffer from storms and flash floods, the cellars and garages filling with water. The State agreed to enlarge the pipe from eighteen inches to forty-two inches. But it was stopped by the property owner on the lower side of the highway.

I made every kind of overture and proposition to try to persuade my neighbor to capitulate, offering him damages or whatever he wanted. But it was without avail, and I had to wall up my garage entrances, and till and grade the driveways for the convenience of the house owners. Not one of them was cross or unreasonable. They knew what my problem was, and all cooperated. One woman who had suffered from the spitefulness of our obstructionist said she was praying he might die. I told her, "No, don't do that. That is the wrong spirit."

But about eighteen months later, the man who was refusing the enlargement of the drainpipe suffered a paralytic stroke, and advertised his one-hundred-acre farm for sale. Through an agent I was able to

buy it, and it turned into a profitable venture. Thus patience and the resolution to do the right thing for those to whom I was responsible brought me out once more into the favor of One who watches over His confessed children.

Prosperity Through Tithe Paying

In 1950 I purchased the Catasauqua Machine Works and became its president. I was strongly advised against this move, but in one year the business had increased 600 per cent. Later I bought the old Davis Thomas Foundry, which had made most of the iron segments that went into the large Holland and Lincoln tunnels under the Hudson into New York City. I sold half of this plant for as much as I paid for the entire parcel, and in two years sold the Machine Works, also, at double the purchase price. All this prosperity I attribute to my faithfulness in paying tithes into God's work. He assures us in Malachi 3 that He will bless the tithe payer, and I have found in His promise more than I could hope for.

After my baptism into the Adventist faith, I led what I suppose might be called a normal layman's life, supporting the church in every possible way, struggling along financially as most of my brethren did. I became interested in the church school, for I recognized it as a tremendous factor in inculcating spiritual ideals in the children of the church, as well as in giving them an honest intellectual training.

Our church was having unusual financial troubles at the time of which I write, and reluctantly the school board decided it would have to abandon the school temporarily because of the lack of a proper heating system. But the school project was dear to my heart, and I felt I could not go along with the board's decision, at least not until I had tried to do something about the heating unit. In my enthusiasm I pledged to install a satisfactory heating system if the church school would be kept open. This was a seemingly rash thing for me to do, because it was long before my later business and financial success.

I drove to Philadelphia, and was successful in purchasing a secondhand furnace and radiators in good condition for only \$480. I signed a contract to pay for it in installments. Although I had never made a donation like that before, I was sure God would help me meet my obligation, for I believed there should be a church school in every church that could muster enough children to justify one. I have never regretted that move. It helped to establish my faith in God's promise that He would honor our faith in times of need.

The reason I think God honors one's faith in matters such as I have related about the school is that shortly after this my good fortune in financial dealings began, which I have briefly recorded above. God is better to us than we deserve, and my experience and business success convince me that He is especially pleased when we launch out in faith, as I did in the church school matter, when so many were afraid to go ahead.

But I must tell of some of my mistakes, too, or this wouldn't be a human story. One time I had a thousand dollars lying around, and I thought I should put this into some project of the church. I had it fully in mind to do so, but had not turned the money in yet. Just then the idea came to me, a temptation of the evil one though it turned out to be, to plant some seedling trees on the lots I had purchased and thus enhance their value.

This I did, and **you** should see those trees today! None of them ever amounted to the proverbial hill of beans. Later I took two of those trees and planted them across the street from my house. Both of them

died. I am thankful today for those two old stumps. They remind me of my unfaithfulness. I am glad to say that I have been very particular ever since to follow the prompting of God's Spirit before my intentions were sidetracked.

Christian Witnessing No Hindrance to Business Success

I believe a man can be a successful businessman and also be a Christian. We have prayer for guidance in our office in regard to every move we make. I try in my business contacts to bring the conversation around to spiritual things whenever I can.

In 1943 I asked the local minister of our church to let me have some experience in holding Bible studies. He arranged one for me at the home of a backslider. The result was that after a few studies the whole family resumed church attendance, and have remained faithful members ever since. This experience greatly thrilled my heart and encouraged me to give more studies. The pastor asked me to substitute for him sometimes in neighboring churches of his district. I took a course in public speaking to improve whatever talents the Lord had given me. As a result, it was the joy of Mrs. Campbell and me to see a number of people accept the Bible truths on the second coming of Christ and the obligation to keep God's true Sabbath.

It was not long after this that I sold a home to a young couple from Newark, New Jersey. They were likable people, and it wasn't long before we were visiting back and forth. Mrs. Campbell was startled one day when she saw a copy of Bible Readings on their bookshelf. And that was the beginning of a friendship and a series of studies on the Advent faith that was the high light of our layman activities up to that time. I am greatly tempted here to tell the Bielicki story and the joyful part we had in it, but he is also telling his experiences in this book.

A few weeks after Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bielicki's baptism the pastor invited me to take the Sabbath service at the Stroudsburg church. I invited Joe to go along. I spoke on the coming of the Lord and then asked Joe, the former ace pilot of United Air Lines, to say a few words about his conversion and acceptance of the Sabbath. This appointment led to others, and before we knew it we were having invitations to more meetings than we could conveniently attend.

The calls began coming from a distance, and after counsel and prayer we purchased a four-seated Beechcraft Bonanza airplane in order that we might fly to our appointments.

I feel that someone else should tell the story of our subsequent labors, but I will only briefly speak of our recent trips to appointments in the British West Indies. Through a Christmas holiday visit to the home of our former pastor, now the president of the British West Indies Union, I became acquainted with H. S. Walters, president of the West Jamaica Conference. He asked me to speak at the Montego Bay Laymen's Convention the following July. It seemed out of the question at the moment, so I put it off. But through a series of strange circumstances I found myself down there, as had been scheduled, and what wonderful meetings we had. I felt impressed to speak on the subject "God Calls Men." When the call was made for decisions, about two hundred responded. It was a great demonstration of God's power.

The success of this meeting made it seem imperative that I should return there the next spring, and I did. The story of this itinerary on the island is a saga in itself, for church after church was revived, and groups of converts took their stand, until, all told, there were 350 new believers rejoicing in the truth

of Christ's second coming. We feel very humble as we hear our home church members and others say they are praying for the success of our efforts. If I have seemed unduly aggressive in this layman's activity, I can only plead the conviction I have felt as I saw the signs of the times and the omens of the Lord's coming, that "the king's business required haste" (1 Samuel 21:8).

10. Harry Anderson-Nationally Known Illustrator

KITCHEN PREACHER MAKES CONVERT OF BUSY ARTIST

IN THE autumn of 1941, Harry Anderson, whose illustrations have adorned the pages of some of America's most popular magazines, purchased a home for his family in the Chicago area. As is generally true with getting settled in a new place, many tasks presented themselves for which he could spare but little time from his occupation as a commercial artist. The screens had to be changed for storm windows, floors had to be scrubbed, windows washed, the yard cleaned, and other odd jobs attended to. He applied to an employment agency for a handy man who would be able to meet his varied needs.

In response to his application a Mr. Stoller was sent to do the necessary work. Finding him a pleasant, competent workman, Mr. Anderson left everything in his charge. He also suggested that to save time in going to and from his home Mr. Stoller should eat his lunches with the Anderson family. It was this arrangement that enabled Mrs. Anderson and her mother to become very well acquainted with the new workman. He proved to be a most unusual person. He had been a Wisconsin farmer but moved to Chicago when his son went into the Army.

Not only were Mr. Stoller's views extraordinary, but his habits were quite puzzling. To the surprise of Mrs. Anderson's mother, for instance, he passed by the nicely cooked pork sausage she had prepared for him, as well as the steaming cup of coffee, and contented himself with bread and butter and a glass of water. Thinking perhaps he was not hungry, she prepared somewhat the same kind of meal the next day. When Mr. Stoller once more ignored the meat and coffee, his hostess asked him if there was some religious reason why he did not partake of them. His reply astonished her.

The Harry Anderson picture "What Happened to Your Hand" has gained phenomenal popularity all over America.

"It isn't exactly a religious matter," he said, "but there's instruction in the Good Book against eating unclean meats, so I do not indulge."

The family asked him to show them where he found such prohibition. He agreed to do so if they would bring him a Bible. When it was brought, he opened to the eleventh chapter of Leviticus and made clear to them the intent of the Scriptures. Mrs. Anderson gently chided her mother for not telling her such a thing was in the Bible, but it was apparent that neither of them had heard these references to unclean foods before.

The first result of these initial talks was in Mr. Stoller's favor, for on the fourth day, having found that their new workman was a vegetarian, the Anderson's had provided a meal in keeping with his principles. And because he had aroused their curiosity, they questioned him about other things in the Bible, to which he gave such fair and candid answers that the daily noon meal became for them a new adventure.

"Are **you** a preacher?" they asked.

He assured them with a smile that he was not, but only a Christian layman who was trying to guide his life by the teachings of God's Word.

Preached While He Worked

Their questions day by day gradually evoked from him what the Bible teaches about the second coming of Christ, and the signs in the modern world pointing to that great event. His two listeners were so keenly interested that they followed him about his work in the yard, eager to be instructed in these things that were so new to their understanding. In spite of this unusual way of studying the Bible, they noticed that Mr. Stoller did not use it as an excuse to be idle at his tasks. He kept working faithfully until each job was done with thoroughness and dispatch. One day the Andersons remarked:

"Mr. Stoller, we notice that **you** are so different from the two men whom we employed before **you**. They were unsatisfactory and unreliable, but **you** are different. You are an excellent workman. You don't drink. You don't smoke. You don't swear. What is it that makes **you** so honest and conscientious?" His reply was a request that he might bring Mrs. Stoller over some evening when he could show them some pictures about the Bible and its teachings, and he would answer more satisfactorily the matters that puzzled them.

On the appointed Friday evening the Stollers came to the Anderson home and brought with them a set of slides and a projector. These visual aids were used effectively to illustrate the points Mr. Stoller made in his Bible study. It was all so interesting to the Anderson's that they made an appointment for similar studies on ensuing Friday evenings. In this way the fulfilling prophecies of Daniel and the Revelation were explained, and most of the cardinal doctrines of Seventh-day Adventists were reviewed, supported by Bible references. It was all so intensely interesting that their neighbors were often invited to enjoy the studies with the Andersons.

It was with regret that the Anderson family discovered that the Stollers had found it to their advantage to move to another city, too far away for the studies to be continued by them. But they arranged for a conference worker to follow up the interest, and for many weeks Inis Morey traveled twenty five miles to visit and encourage the Andersons in their search for truth. Eventually they were persuaded to attend some Sabbath services, and from that practice resulted others-such as the payment of tithe to the church-and in the end their baptism.

Unique Gift Dedicated to God

Dr. Glenn Millard, a successful dentist who had given up his practice to become a Seventh-day Adventist minister, baptized Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and encouraged them to give their talents to the church. As a result, Mr. Anderson was engaged by the Review and Herald Publishing Association on contract to supply illustrations for its books and periodicals. From the painting of pictures for secular publications, some of them for the tobacco and liquor industries, to the portrayal of scenes in the Old Testament and in the life of Christ was a novel change in both the thinking and practice of this noted artist. That it was a financial sacrifice needs no argument, and the invitations to return to the lucrative contracts he once commanded have been many.

Some of Mr. Anderson's pictures made for religious calendars and denominational books have become well known. Perhaps the most famous of these is the painting What Happened to Your Hand? portraying Jesus seated in a lovely garden and showing some little children the nail prints in His hands.

It has been lithographed and put on sale everywhere in the United States. His denominational contracts have not interfered with a large public work he still does for nationally distributed magazines, and the name Anderson may be found on many a beautiful four-color illustration in the most highly rated secular periodicals.

Characteristic of Harry Anderson's modesty and humility is the statement he made recently for the press: "I would like all who approve my work to join with me in the prayer that what I may be able to do in 'preaching with pictures' may abundantly 'extend the Lord's work in the earth, and be to the honor of Christ, to whom all glory belongs."

11. Anders Hagen-Ski Champion

HE PROVED HEALTH IDEALS ARE A PART OF GOOD RELIGION

SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS are advocates of the gospel of health. They believe that clean minds and clean hearts can dwell best in clean bodies. Any gospel that purports to be a way of salvation must save the whole man. It must save him from filthy habits that degrade the soul, and from every unwholesome way of living. Good health thus becomes a handmaid of religious faith, and a wholesome body a fit dwelling place for God's Spirit.

For nearly a century Seventh-day Adventists have carried on a health program, with emphasis upon fresh air, exercise, proper periods of rest, frequent bathing, and balanced nutrition. As an aid to cleaner living and freedom from disease, they have abstained from the use of narcotics, alcoholic beverages, and even tea and coffee. Around their ideas on the treatment of disease and the promotion of health has grown up a worldwide system of sanitariums and hospitals, whose doctors and nurses endeavor to minister to the minds and souls of patients as well as to their sick bodies.

Anders Haugen, twice world's record ski jumper, and several times national ski champion, is an outstanding witness to the effectiveness of the Adventist ideals of healthful living. This sturdy Norwegian-American athlete won the national ski championship back in 1910. The next year, at Ironwood, Michigan, he established the world's record up to that time. Then in 1912 Haugen lost his laurel wreath to other competitors through intemperate living. Tobacco, unwise food combinations, and other indulgences that undermined his stamina contributed to his downfall. Apparently he had gone the way of many another champion-into obscurity.

But something unusual happened to Anders Haugen in 1912. Two Seventh-day Adventist evangelists held a tent meeting in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and the young ski jumper was attracted to the services. As he listened to the story of the cross and divine love, as he followed with increasing conviction the fulfillment of the Old Testament prophecies in contemporary times, he resolved to identify himself with the people who were sponsoring the meetings. He found that Seventh-day Adventists were champions of the Bible as the pure Word of God to troubled humanity. He responded with enthusiasm to the call for a reformation in habits of living.

It was not difficult for young Anders Haugen to choose the way to health when he saw it presented in clear outlines, for he recognized that he had given in to foolish indulgences that had undermined the sturdy heritage of strength he had received from his Nordic forebears. The first things to go were tobacco and liquor. Then his irregular habits of living), and eating came in for revision. He became a vegetarian, finding in the abundance of fruits, vegetables, grains, and nuts an adequate and delightful

diet for the building of his nerves and tissues into muscular tone. He went into training once more, for the ski meet of 1913.

When the tournament was over, Anders Haugen had demonstrated to his own satisfaction, and to that of many another who knew his story, that clean, healthful living, along with faith in God, pays marvelous dividends. Haugen won five prizes that year, and carried on with his new way of life until in 1919, he broke his former world's record with a leap of 213 feet. The national championship went to him in 1920, as he established what was at that time another world's record, of 214 feet. In 1923 he took first prize in every contest in which he participated.

But Haugen, as is the case with all men who obey the laws of true living, was not content to rest on his past successes. He attended the Olympic games held at Chamonix, France, as captain of the American Olympic ski team. There he made some sensational jumps, outdistancing all his competitors from Norway. Sixteen years after he had won his first national championship, he again took the national ski championship in America.

Along with his new health regime, Haugen had learned to obey God's Word in regard to Sabbath keeping. He saw that the seventh-day Sabbath had had an unbroken history from creation until the present time, and that everyone who conforms to Heaven's requirements will be blessed in the keeping of the day the Lord has blessed. Consequently, there were frequent clashes between tournament dates and his sense of duty to the Sabbath day. He had won such respect from the officials, however, for his straightforward resolution and honesty in his religious convictions, that in 1924 the national tournament was changed from Saturday, the seventh day of the week, to Friday, so that he might be included in the meet.

Fidelity to His Faith Wins Respect

At Steamboat Springs, Colorado, a ski tournament on Friday was so successful that a demand was made for its continuance next day. Since that day was the Sabbath, Anders Haugen politely refused to compete. The secretary of the club and a minister tried to dissuade him by debating with him about the so-called change of the Sabbath. But as the popular athlete held his ground, quoting his authority from the Scriptures those standing about were impressed with his sincerity so much so, that one young couple decided they, too, would become Sabbath keepers.

An interesting episode in the experience of Anders Haugen occurred in a ski tournament that was held in Canada. Two days had been appointed for the ski meet, Tuesday and Saturday. The two chief contenders for highest honors were Haugen and a champion named Henry Hall. The officials knew Haugen would not 'take part on the Sabbath, and they planned that Hall should make the Saturday appearances. But between Tuesday and Saturday Haugen talked to Hall about the Bible truths he had come to love. Hall was so convinced that when Saturday came he refused to appear. Both ski men observed that Sabbath together, and the tournament was appointed for another day.

When asked whether his early convictions about diet were the secret of his athletic success, Anders Haugen always answers in the affirmative. Furthermore, because of his success, some of the foremost ski jumpers in America have adopted the vegetarian diet. During the quarter of a century in which his physical prowess was at its prime, Haugen had many financial offers to lend his name and approval to

cigarette advertising, but he realized what his crown of victory had cost, and resolutely refused to taint his record and his conscience with such compliance.

At sixty-three, Anders Haugen was still giving exhibition ski jumps in various parts of the country. He invented an indoor slide made of cane mats, which take the place of snow. From the heights of a civic auditorium he took the slide as gracefully as if it were a mountainside. His wonderful record of forty years of athletic prominence is a wonderful testimony to the principles of right living he embraced when he became a Seventh day Adventist.

12. Frank Jeffries-Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society

GREENWICH OBSERVER WITNESSES TO STABILITY OF CREATION WEEK.

IN THE brief account that follows I have tried to set down a few incidents in my life of sixty-four years. More especially do I wish to record how the Lord undoubtedly led me to a full conviction of the Bible truth for these last days contained in the Seventh-day Adventist message.

Of my very early years there is nothing much of interest to relate-unless it be that I was shy and retiring in disposition. At eleven years of age I entered the Royal Naval School for Boys, at Greenwich-which was then my home town. Here the next four years were spent in studying navigation, spherical trigonometry, nautical astronomy, and all those subjects that would be useful to a junior naval officer in the Royal Navy, for which service I was being trained.

When I was fifteen, to my great surprise, my headmaster suggested that I compete for the post of computer at the Royal Observatory in Greenwich. Looking back, I can vividly recall the butterflies in my stomach as I rang the bell and was ushered into the precincts of this very ancient and historic institution. Little did I dream that those walls would be almost a second home to me for nearly half a century!

Conducted to one of its libraries, I was carefully examined throughout the day in all those subjects on which this great observatory depends for carrying on its highly technical and specialized work. My examiner was none other than Mr. Eddington (later Sir Arthur)-the man who some years later was to become one of the greatest astronomers of his time. Incidentally, he was also Albert Einstein's greatest disciple.

Thus, to my great joy, I obtained the post of computer in our great national observatory, and my preparation for sea came to an abrupt end.

During these first years, seven to be exact, my work consisted of making observations of the sun, moon, and stars with transit telescopes and computing from them the exact positions of these heavenly bodies. It was my great good fortune during these early days to assist, as their computer, Dr. Cowell and Dr. Crommelin in their calculations for the prediction of the return of Halley's comet in the year 1910, after its seventy-five year journey to the confines of our solar system and back.

In 1912 my real opportunity presented itself. A member of the observatory staff transferred to the Colombo Observatory, leaving an established post vacant. I applied for permission to qualify for the post, and being successful in my examinations, became a member of the permanent staff.

The scope of my work was now much greater. My night observing became of a much more varied nature-visual work with the transit telescopes, measurement of binary systems of stars (i.e., stars that revolve around a common center of gravity), photographic determination of star positions and their distances with the great refracting telescopes.

I served with the Royal Engineers as an observer in France, Macedonia, and Turkey during World War I, resuming my position at the Royal Observatory in the spring of 1919.

I Am Appointed F.R.A.S.

On my return I was proposed as a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society by Sir Frank Dyson, and seconded by his chief assistant, Mr. Jones (now Sir H. Spencer). In these latter years I have served the society as secretary of its Photographic and Instruments Committee.

My last ten years at the observatory were spent, inter alia, in assisting in the re-determination of the solar parallax (the distance of the earth from the sun. This is the astronomical unit-the astronomer's yardstick that he uses in so many of his investigations and measurements).

However, it was ultimately decided to remove the research departments to Herstmonceau Castle in Sussex in order to escape the lights of London and its smoky atmosphere. This seemed a propitious time for me to retire, and on January 3, 1953, I stepped out, after what had been a long and active period of service as senior experimental officer. Thus ended my forty six years at the Royal Observatory-very happy years, both professionally and socially.

Sermon on the Stars Intrigues Us

The events leading to our acceptance of the Adventist message can be very simply told. On fine Sunday evenings my wife and I were fond of making the journey to London from our home in Eltham to listen to a band or to take a stroll in one of the parks. It was on one of these outings, on Sunday, September 21, 1952, that we were attracted by a great queue of people outside the Coliseum Theatre, near Trafalgar Square, London. We were naturally much surprised to find that the theater was open on Sunday, for that in itself was quite unusual. When we discovered that an address was to be given, illustrated with slides, under the intriguing title "The Stars Are Telling," we decided to join the queue in order to find out what it was all about. This proved to be a red-letter night for us both-the beginning of a wonderful new outlook on life and religion.

Perhaps I should digress here a little to mention that I was brought up in a strict Protestant family. As a boy I became well versed in its creeds and beliefs. However, I was never very happy in the church, for somehow in my mind I failed to reconcile the prayers and sermons read from the pulpit, with the simple teachings of the Gospels.

I was never confirmed in the faith, and gradually drifted away to worldly pursuits. Moreover, my attendance at church in the years that followed were very few and far between. My chief interest outside my work was in one of the popular fraternities, to which I gave most of my time and energy.

Needless to say, this initial visit to the Coliseum was preliminary to many such visits in the months that followed. We listened to Evangelist George Vandeman with ever-growing conviction of the truth of the message that he so ardently and ably preached. He presented the kind of simple faith we had been seeking, founded on the Bible and void of all ritual. The obligation of keeping the seventh-day Sabbath,

as enjoined in the Scriptures, was a revelation to us, but we readily appreciated it to be the true Sabbath ordained by God. My dear wife and I were baptized into a new life in Christ on the night of March 22, 1953.

It is a strange fact that even today there is a great deal of confusion concerning the question of so-called lost time. Alterations that have been made to the calendar in the past have left the impression that time has actually been lost. In point of fact, of course, these adjustments were made to bring the calendar into closer agreement with the natural year. Now, unfortunately, this supposed lost time is still being used to throw doubt upon the unbroken cycle of the seventh-day Sabbath that God inaugurated at the creation. I am glad I can add the witness of my scientific training to the irrevocable nature of the weekly cycle.

Having been time computer at Greenwich for many years, I was happy to testify during the London evangelistic meetings that all our days are in God's absolute control—relentlessly measured by the daily rotation of the earth on its axis. This daily period of rotation does not vary one-thousandth part of a second in thousands of years. I also endeavored to show that the year is a very definite number of such days. Consequently, it can be said with assurance that not a day has been lost since creation, and all the calendar changes notwithstanding, there has been no break in the weekly cycle.

In conclusion, my wife and I offer our deep gratitude to Him whom we feel sure, in His great love, led us to the Coliseum on that Sunday night in September, that we might hear His call to join God's remnant church and to testify in His name.

13. Carl Sims-Arizona Legislator

FORMER FARM BOY CARRIES ADVENT FAITH INTO STATE LEGISLATURE

THE HONORABLE CARL Sims has been a member of the Arizona State Legislature for the past seven years, along with a fellow member of his race, the first Negroes to achieve such political distinction in the history of the State.

Born in Bremond, Texas, the story of Mr. Sims is not unlike that of many an American youth who seized such opportunities as came to him for gaining standing in a competitive world. His early schooling was interrupted to help his family, and he went to work on a farm. In 1927 he migrated to Arizona, following the example of many thousands of the colored population of Texas. Two years later he married, and became father of seven children, working to support them as a landscape gardener. His skill in this activity led him into employment for several years with the State Highway Department.

"During my adolescence and early manhood," he said, "I made no profession of religion. I did not know Christ or His power in human life. But one day a little lady came down our street, knocked on our door, and induced me to buy the book she was selling, *Hope of the Race*. I became interested in the themes this book discussed, such as 'The Bible the Word of God,' 'The Mystery of Sin,' 'The Future Revealed by God,' and 'The Blessed Hope.'

"A member of the Seventh-day Adventist church in whom we had much confidence lived across the street, and I discussed the contents of my book with her. She suggested that we have someone come and study the Bible with us, which study led to an entirely new experience for my wife and me.

“As the studies progressed we were particularly impressed with the earnestness and consecration of the young woman who opened up the Scriptures to us. We felt convinced by what undoubtedly was the Spirit of the Lord working on our hearts, that the themes being opened to our understanding were God’s truths for these times in which we live.

I was deeply stirred by the studies dealing with the second coming of Christ and the fulfilling of the prophecies showing that He surely would come in this generation. I read and reread the book that had been sold to us by the colporteur. I had not realized that the history of the nations of the world was an unrolling of the scroll of prophecy, as it were, and that all the twelve great lines of prophecy outlined in the books of Daniel and the Revelation were converging right down in these modern times and finding fulfillment to the very letter.

“Among other themes we studied was the institution of the Sabbath as a day of rest. Along with the rest of the world I had been observing Sunday as a weekly holiday, although it had little religious significance to me. When I realized that the seventh day was specifically given to man by God to keep as a memorial of His rest from all His works at the end of creation week, it began to assume a matter of importance that I should keep it if I was to enter into the blessing He said He had put into it. To me the clinching argument in the matter of Sabbath keeping was the fact that Christ Himself kept the day holy and never anywhere mentioned that it should be kept on any other than the seventh day of the week. The apostles kept it too, and in none of the New Testament epistles could I find where they suggested that Sunday, the first day of the week, was to be the new Sabbath. I knew the orthodox Jews kept the Sabbath from long before Christ down to the present time, so apparently the weekly cycle was never any other than it is now, and no time has been lost.

“This obligation to keep the Sabbath was all the more impressed on me by the doctrine of the soon appearing of Christ in the clouds of heaven in keeping with His promise of Matthew 24. The wars and rumors of wars which He said would be one of the signs preceding His appearing were having fulfillment in worldwide distress of nations. The godlessness of the world, another of the signs, was growing more violent as the years passed. The fulfillment of the 11th and 12th chapters of Daniel pointing to the coming of the Messiah seemed imminent.

“When I learned what great changes were to take place in the world with the coming of Christ, how the wicked were to be destroyed and the righteous to inherit the earth cleansed from sin, with all the glory of the Garden of Eden restored as it was in the beginning, I began to long for such an inheritance. So it was that with my wife I was baptized into the Advent faith on January 11, 1936.

“It has been my privilege to take part in the leadership of the Phoenix, Arizona, Seventh-day Adventist church. I thank God that He led me into this communion of believers. I have found it no hindrance to good citizenship, as is attested by my election to the State legislature and to serve on four of its important committees. I have also found it a delight to do work in lay evangelism. For four years I preached weekly at the Phoenix jail and have seen hardened hearts touched with the Spirit of God.

“For young men and women who have difficulty in making choice of a life profession, I can recommend nothing more profitable, either as a lifework or as a means of missionary endeavor, than joining the army of men and women engaged in literature evangelism. It was this activity that brought me into faith with God, love for the Savior, and confidence in the Bible as the Word of truth.”