

## SEVENTY-FIVE YOUNGSTERS ATTEND BEULAH YOUTH CAMP

### EDITORIALS

#### A TOUCH OF REVIVAL FOR THE YOUNG

"God is no respecter of persons." He considers the young as well as the old. He visited youth camp.

Praying, weeping, seeking, repenting, the young people witnessed a touch of revival at Beulah Camp. All reports agree: a great camp. Rev. Ralph Hobson, the Supervisor, reports that sixty-two out of sixty-eight left camp with Christ. Thus many left richer than when they came.

Brother Hobson remarked that he was certainly glad to be there. If he can say that, in view of the "headaches" a supervisor has, the campers must have enjoyed themselves.

Naturally, one of the greatest factors in making the camp a success was a good staff. Although the staff have been rewarded in the success of the camp, we here express our appreciation to them on behalf of our young people: to Rev. George Failing, evangelist; Rev. Ralph Hobson, supervisor; Mrs. Mabel Briggs, camp mother; Jack Stevens, hotel manager; Ruth Harding, girls' worker; Allan Dennison, boys' worker; and Reta McGeorge, cook. C. E. S.

#### "WHEW! A WHOLE YEAR"

That's what flashed into my mind recently when I thought of writing editorials for another whole year. I am sure that I could not think of twenty-four all at once. There will be a lot less stress and strain, I guess, if I think of one at a time and as required.

Maybe some of you young people were saved or sanctified recently (as many were at youth camp). You may have remarked already, "Whew! Be a Christian a whole year."

But you don't have to be. Take Christian living in small bites, day by day, moment by moment. Don't try to jump your hurdles all at once; take them as you come to them. None will be too high that way—if you have both grit and grace. C. E. S.

#### CRYSTAL AND BELVEDERE REPORT

The Young People's Society of the Crystal and Belvedere Churches held its annual business meeting June 23rd. At this meeting we had election of officers. They are as follows:

- President—Jeanette Rickards.
- Vice-President—Roberta Nicholson.
- Secretary—Peggy MacArthur.
- Treasurer—George Woodard, Jr.
- Pianist—Peggy MacArthur.
- Self-Denial Treasurer—Eleanor West.
- Ushers—James Cooling and Richard Porter, Jr.
- Highway Reporter—Donna Cole.

This meeting was under the leadership of Mrs. James A. Blinn, our young people's leader. Donna Cole, Highway Reporter

"I see myself as the man I may become by His grace."

### BEULAH YOUTH CAMP

By Rev. Ralph Hobson

Beulah Youth Camp of 1954 has come and gone. It was my happy privilege to have been Supervisor. I wouldn't have missed the experience for anything. Perhaps apart from those who received Christ as Saviour and Sanctifier, I received the greatest blessing of any.

It was a real joy to have had the leadership over such a fine group of Young People. There were 75 Youth Campers in attendance. What a delight it was to have such a fine group of workers. A better Corps of workers couldn't have been found anywhere. Mrs. P. Briggs was camp mother. The girls' worker was Miss Ruth Harding. Miss Vera Anderson assisted Miss Harding and also conducted D. V. B. S. Mr. Allan Dennison and Mr. Jack Stevens were the boys' workers. Miss Reta McGeorge did a good job cooking for the camp. Miss Uta Chase voluntarily assisted in the kitchen. She also assisted as camp nurse in an unofficial capacity. Mrs. Ralph Hobson served as dietitian.

Rev. George Failing, of Marion, Indiana, endeared himself to the campers as an evangelist, lecturer, and as one of the gang. Brother Failing fitted into the camp program in an excellent manner. God used his ministry in a marvelous way. Mrs. Failing, Jean, Joy, and Buddy accompanied Mr. Failing and they were truly one with us. Mrs. Failing was a delightful woman and it was a joy to have her around.

The camp had a full schedule. Rising bell was at 7:15 a. m. Following that was morning dip. After dressing we had time for making beds. From 8 to 8:10 was quiet time for campers, a time of personal devotions. Breakfast was served at 8:15. Following breakfast was chore period, washing dishes, setting up tables, peeling vegetables, etc. The camp devotional period was at 9:30 a. m. Morning lectures commenced at 10 o'clock. Dinner was served at 12:15.

The afternoon program commenced with a handicraft period at 1:30. Recreation period was at 2:30. Sports and recreation included softball, volley ball, treasure hunt, capture the flag, watermelon push (a game played in the water, after the fashion of rugby football), and swimming. On the last Saturday a field day was held, with races, and a softball game between the boys and girls.

The evening service commenced at 7:30. Following the evening service there was Fellowship Centre at 9:15 in the dining hall. Fellowship Centre featured games, Bible quizzes, Friendship night and a Panel Discussion. Each night there was a different feature. Some nights because of the Spirit of God upon the altar services we didn't have time for Fellowship Centre. Tuck shop was at 10 o'clock when the Youth Campers had opportunity to visit Doug McCallum's store for pop and ice cream, etc. Several nights free refreshments were served to the campers in the dining hall. Retiring hour was 10:30 and lights out at 11 o'clock. The first Saturday night a camp fire was held on the beach.

One evening we had a backward supper. Everybody put on his clothes backwards. We turned our chairs backward sitting straddle ways. We ate with the opposite end of our forks and spoons, used the left hand to lift the glass or cup. The dessert was eaten before the main course. This event was much enjoyed.

On another evening at supper time we had hat creation night. The Youth Campers and workers made hats out of spruce twigs, weeds, flowers and leaves. Prizes were awarded for the best original hat creations. Let me say cameras sure clicked that evening.

At the commencement of camp half of the campers if not more were not living in victory. By the time camp closed all but six were professing spiritual victory. A great number professed salvation, and others sought God for sanctification. We rejoice in the spiritual victories won at the altar. One night we had a second altar service for two boys who had to come back to seek God. Another boy got back to God in his bedroom as a number of boys and Allan Dennison prayed him under conviction.

Some of the young people requested a 7 o'clock prayer meeting in the morning. A prayer meeting was requested for before the evening service. It was grand to see the young people with a desire to pray. We do praise God for the spiritual results of Youth Camp.

Very few campers were under 12 years of age. Some ages ranged as high as 18 and 22. Young people of high school and junior office age, plan now to attend Youth Camp of 1955.

To all the workers, I extend my heartfelt thanks and deep appreciation for their splendid work and fine spirit of co-operation.

### TUNE YOUR LIFE

E. Stanley Banker, Jr.

I'll use NOTES if you don't mind! What a hodge-podge of sound there would be in this world if that sound was not shaped into the beautiful through the use of the musical note suggesting pitch and duration of time! Let me suggest to you, young friend, that your life is just such a raucous noise unless you let it be shaped into the beautiful by the hand of the Master Musician.

The winds of time and the desires of youth are blowing their breezes across the heart-strings of your soul and only as those strings are tuned by the "Giver of all that is beautiful" will delightful melody and not harsh sounds be drawn forth.

Do this, will you? Place the instrument of your soul in the hands of God and say to Him, "Lord, tune my 'E' string to hear Thy voice; tune my 'A' string to rejoice in the Lord; tune my 'D' string to the service of my church; and tune my 'G' string to see the great fields of service about me." Now you are in tune! I dare you to let God play His own composition on the instrument of your soul in these coming days, and at the same time, I guarantee that life will be one thrilling major chord after another!

"Doggedly persevere—if you keep swimming you will never drown."—Oliver Wilson.

The King's Highway