



THE

# Youth's

INSTRUCTOR

MAY 15, 1956

## Eyes for a Blind Man Annual Radio Log

Bible Lesson for May 26

W. M. C.  
MAY 15 1956  
OMA PARK, D.



## WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS



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HARRY ANDERSON, ARTIST

## The Cross of Separation—2

Christ declared, "No man can serve two masters."<sup>1</sup> Paul's question, "What concord hath Christ with Belial?"<sup>2</sup> emphasizes the same truth. "Christ can not share a divided heart; sin and Jesus are never in copartnership,"<sup>3</sup> wrote Ellen G. White.

Over this fundamental principle much of the controversy between Christ and Satan is waged in the minds of youth. Jesus has said repeatedly that there is no communion between light and darkness. But Satan continually tempts us to believe that we can both profess Christ and enjoy the pleasures of sin. Because some heed Satan's suggestion, we find conformity to the world and confusion where there ought to be consistency of life and steadfastness of witness.

"The eternal God has drawn the line of distinction between the saints and the sinners, the converted and the unconverted. The two classes do not blend into each other imperceptibly, like the colors of the rainbow. They are as distinct as midday and midnight."<sup>4</sup>

That youth who copies the world in diet, or dress, or deportment, thinking that he is on safe ground, forgets the terrible lesson of Israel in asking for a king. "Make us a king . . . like all the nations,"<sup>5</sup> they pleaded with Samuel. How bitterly they were to repent that compromise.

Christ does not call men to be different just to be different. He wants them to escape the wages of sin, and He wants their example to shine in a revolted world. It was so with King Hezekiah. By two miracles God assured the king of added years of life.

So tragic was Hezekiah's failure that three books of Scripture record it.<sup>6</sup> "What have they seen in thine house?" is directed to all who must take sides in the great controversy.

<sup>1</sup> Matt. 6:24; <sup>2</sup> 2 Cor. 6:15; <sup>3</sup> *Testimonies to Ministers*, p. 160; <sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 87; <sup>5</sup> 1 Sam. 8:5; <sup>6</sup> 2 Kings 20; 2 Chron. 32; Isa. 38, 39.

*Walter Crandall*

## Grace Notes

**PROBLEMS** The Counsel Clinic has now been in operation since February, and many a youth who has asked for counsel has received help in solving his or her problem. We have delayed publication of some questions and answers, but these will appear soon. Meanwhile, if you are perplexed by some problem, send your question to the Counsel Clinic. Submit only one question at a time, confine it to one hundred words or less, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for the reply, and send the question to—

The Youth's Instructor  
Counsel Clinic  
Review and Herald Publishing  
Association  
Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

**BOOK** Even to those who have written a book, and have had it published by a Seventh-day Adventist publishing house, Merwin R. Thurber's page 7 article, "So You Want a Book Published," may prove of value. It may well be the first time in our publishing history that this information has been assembled and made available through one of our major magazines. To some of our readers who have considered writing a book, it will prove invaluable. If these individuals do not now save their weekly copies of *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, we recommend that this issue be filed with their other writing aids. And to the thousands of readers who will never think of writing a book, we suggest that Mr. Thurber's article will make you appreciative of the vast treasure of time and effort and money that goes into its production. Whether it is a book, or a story in this or some other Seventh-day Adventist magazine, an author's investment of experience and research and writing places high value on everything you read in our journals.

**PRAYER** The A. R. Simons cover photo shows Robert Wilson pausing for prayer as he begins the preparation of a lesson. Before him is his open Bible, in Braille. His story, "Eyes for a Blind Man," opens the parade of good reading in this week's issue.

**DANCING** An author writing under the name of Belle Fonn brings our readers a straightforward account of the heartache that comes to those who go the way of "Dancing Feet." Next week in *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*.

## THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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# Eyes for a BLIND MAN

By ROBERT WILSON

A. R. SIMONS

The author makes his way unaided along an Emmanuel Missionary College walk near Burman Hall.

**A**S NIGHT came, silence settled like an ominous cloud over the naval air station. The roar of the jet engines ceased, and the weary forms of many men lay comfortably in their bunks. The shrill scream of a siren pierced the silence of the night as an ambulance sped quickly to the naval base hospital.

The sirens hushed as the red-crossed vehicle glided noiselessly to the door of the hospital's emergency entrance. White-coated corpsmen quickly opened the door

of the ambulance. Two of the sailors grabbed a stretcher and scurried into the hospital, with the young man on it gasping for breath. As I watched them take my buddy in, strong hands grasped my groggy form. Two medical corpsmen became animated crutches to support me through the doors and into the emergency room. Pungent odors of antiseptics, ether, and medicines greeted me as I was helped into the room.

Taking my foul-weather jacket off, they hurriedly put me on a table, and

two or three doctors began shoving tubes down my throat and saying, "Swallow, swallow hard."

I could feel the rubber tube going into my nose, down the back of my throat, and into my stomach. A technician took my hand quickly, and laying it flat, pricked my finger, and put some of the blood on a glass slide.

A kindly white-haired gentleman peered into my face. At first I thought he was another doctor, but the cross on his sleeve revealed that he was the chaplain. His soothing voice broke through the noise and orderly confusion of the emergency room. "Son, would you mind if I prayed for you?"

"No, sir, I don't mind."

I did not realize then that through an act of my own foolishness I was about to become another name and number in the Navy's obituary. I can still remember Chaplain Towers as he bent over me with hands folded in prayer. The room became hazy, then spun like a top. The doctors, like so many blobs of white, whirled in misty confusion. White became gray, and gray turned to the blackness of a coma.

Slowly the dark veil parted, and a foggy figure loomed up at the left of my bed.

Out of the haze a voice asked me something, but I could not understand. I tried to move, but my limbs were imprisoned by the strait jacket of paralysis. A ray of recognition pierced my misty vision, and I feebly mumbled, "Chaplain Towers."

I remember the doctor's whispering to the corpsmen, "Put him on the critical list, move his bed into a private room, and set a night watch over him."

Four hands grasped my bed and began to propel it jerkily along the center corridor. Like will-o'-the-wisps the corpsmen faded from my sight as I again passed into the abyss of coma.

A warm hand gently patted my cheek, and a voice rasped, "Wake up, wake up; here are some pills for you to take."

Groggily I forced open my lips, which seemed like two useless flaps of flesh, and took what seemed like fine pieces of chalk. "Now gulp hard and swallow 'em."

It seemed so strange that the voice had asked me to do the impossible, for the dry little pieces clung to my mouth, to my throat, and just would not go down. A cup touched my lips, and cool water began to trickle down the sides of my chin. Some of it ran down my throat, carrying the pills with it. Weakly I mumbled, "Thank you," and slipped off into a half-dream world. This pill-taking procedure lasted every hour for twenty-four

[A native of Hammond, Indiana, the author has considered the possibility of someday doing foreign mission service in South America. He is enrolled for ministerial studies at Emmanuel Missionary College because, as he says, "when one finds a beautiful truth, he does not rest until he shares it with someone who is less fortunate."]



Bob has various "assistants" here at EMC. In his room he has a Greek Bible in Braille. (Let me remind you that he is a theological student, and thus he had to take first-year Greek during his freshman year here.) Another "assistant" is his tape recorder. Then some of the students help him by lending their eyes to the task of reading his textbooks. Everyone loves him, and the help given to him has been provided willingly.

Bob preaches sermons here and there; he is a very apt student; he really masters all the learning he comes in contact with. He is hoping and praying that upon graduation he will find a place in the ministry.

[From a letter written by Harry W. Taylor,  
associate professor of English.]

hours. Then the doctor announced that I was off the critical list and should be put on the serious list.

Meanwhile, my parents had arrived and were escorted by the commander and the chaplain into a room that had almost been used for a morgue. Anxiously my parents gazed upon my emaciated form, which for some unexplainable reason had been snatched out of the clutches of the death that had taken my two buddies. My mother's warm hand grasped mine, and a sweetly familiar voice chokingly said, "Hello, son." What wonderful love our parents have for us! At that moment I partially realized the love of God.

The following days were miraculous ones, and I was resurrected from the list of those expected to die to the convalescent list. The doctors shook their heads and said, "Sailor, we don't know how you made it, but you did." Yes, I had made it, but there was a change: a veil of bleak darkness now hung over the world of colorful light. My weight had dropped to 105 pounds, and at times I was hopelessly despondent. Just when I was at the bottom of discouragement's valley, an elderly nurse took a maternal interest in me and brought me special dishes, and within two months I weighed fifteen pounds more than I had ever weighed.

As the following days passed into weeks and the weeks into months, many an eye doctor's counsel was sought, but still that same negative tone of voice crushed my pleas for a cure. Abruptly the Navy decided that it could do nothing for me, and on October 1, 1950, the chief eye doctor took me into his office and said, "Sailor, we have your discharge, and we're going to send you to the Blind Rehabilitation Center at Hines Veterans Hospital."

Hastily my stuffed duffel bags and I were taken to a waiting plane. The rumble and roar of the huge machine's take-

off stirred my thoughts into myriads of confused pictures. At that moment a blind man's future appeared very dark to me. Suddenly the dismal image was shattered by the screech of the airplane tires on the runway.

Upon my arrival at the Blind Rehabilitation Center the instructor greeted me with: "O.K., let's go to chow." Cautiously shuffling with my orientator, I heard the confident tap-tapping of canes as a group of blind veterans strode quickly past us.

Weeks passed as I learned the blind man's method of travel. Then one day the director informed me, "Bob, you're discharged from the veterans hospital."

Panic stricken, I stepped into a world of fear and frustration, a sighted world, a world that seemed to have only pity for a handicapped person. The next few months were fatiguing. I slept, ate, slept some more, and ate some more, but I was wholly dead to the living society about me. Boredom hung its misty curtain about me, obscuring the sunshine of the future. What could I do? Yes, I knew; I would go to another city and find a job.

With its blaring horns and hustle-bustle life Indianapolis greeted me enticingly. Seventy extravagant days and eight hundred dollars later a job was given to me at the naval ordnance plant. I was the first and only blind man ever to enter its steel-fenced enclosure to stay.

"Yup, I'd like to go to church," I answered the foreman, "but where?"

"Well, I know a man that's going to a Baptist church right near your home, and he'd be glad to take you."

That Sunday I attended church and heard the minister pound scriptural sledge hammers on sinful living. But at that moment I was not impressed by his verbal barrage.

While I was playing hooky from work one day, something touched my heart;

I decided I had to accept Christ as my personal Saviour. After making an appointment with the minister, I rushed over to the church, and stumbling into his study, I exposed my desires to him. Amid a flood of tears I knelt with him and accepted Christ. The minister informed me that I should become a member of the church, but after hearing that the Baptists dipped people in water, I decided that I could become a Christian without that "nonsense."

Coming back from work one day, I learned that my roommate had found himself another apartment.

While talking to a group of young men at the YMCA, my new home, I heard one boy say, "Excuse me, fellas; I'm going to leave now."

"Where are you going?" I queried.

"Prayer meeting."

"Mind if I go with you?"

"All right, let's go."

We entered a quiet, peaceful little church and sat in the back pew. The minister began to explain a scripture in the Bible. Suddenly I heard someone say, "Amen." Cringing in my seat, I feared that I had gotten involved in one of those "spirit-filled" meetings where the congregation sometimes stamps and screams. But, to my surprise, the worshipers proved to be reverent, and as we knelt for prayer I decided that this church might be the one I had been searching for.

"I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." Soaking wet, I dripped out of the baptismal chamber, but in my heart was a new fire, which will never be quenched.

Happy in my new-found faith, I began to give Bible studies and to seek souls. I studied constantly, but most of the books that were read to me spoke disparagingly of Adventism. My buddies at the plant cursed me and mocked me because of my religion.

"Ha! So you don't drink, smoke, or curse; Bob, you're dead and don't know it." With tear-filled eyes and a lump of sorrow in my throat, I had to turn my back on my old buddies.

As the days passed, God covered me with blankets of blessings, and the men who had cursed me became better friends than I had ever known before. Many of them said, "Bob, you've really changed since you became an Adventist."

That summer I went to the Indiana camp meeting to hear H. M. S. Richards. Great truths were exposed to me as Pastor Richards laid open before my spiritual eyes the parable of the prodigal son and how he returned to a new and better life. As I played with the idea of becoming a minister, noble visions of helping others ran through my mind. Would they allow a blind minister in

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# By Faith ALONE

By RAE BEHRENS

## PART TWO

**T**HE Pitcairn men noticed what was happening to Miriam and Melville Adams as they fell on the slippery slope, and ran back to help. With much pushing and tugging they soon had the two new missionaries at the top of the bank.

Here some of the island women were waiting.

"Try some of these pineapples. They will relieve your seasickness," said one, bringing an armful.

Now there were the giddy heights of Long Ridge to cross. Miriam looked at the drop, down hundreds of feet into the surging surf, and her legs refused to work.

"It is hard for strangers to face the steeps," said the men; "we had better carry them." So they crossed hands and presently the newcomers were high up on a narrow path, where the perfume of morinda flowers clung to the precipices. Then, as they topped the ridge, a great wave of the clean, sharp tang of orange and lemon blossoms rose to greet them.

On the gentler slopes inside the island they entered a great silence only intensified by the distant murmur of the sea

and the tiny twitter of a little bird in the undergrowth.

They passed the lone spring and a huge banyan tree, under whose arching roots children played.

"This is a soap tree, Mrs. Adams. Have you heard of it?"

"Oh, yes! The seeds make a lather in water, don't they?"

"Yes, but it is useless for cleansing."

"I can smell food cooking," said Melville, "and really I feel quite hungry."

Sure enough, they had just come in sight of the village, with its palm roofs and little picket fences.

Soon they had been greeted by the people and were led to their future home.

"This house was built by the mutineers from the *Bounty*," Mr. Young told them. "You can see how its foundations were made by laying large tree trunks upon lines of huge stones. There are no nails used in the whole structure."

The crew of the other boat now arrived with Melville and Miriam's furniture—one bed and one easy chair—but there were rough wooden tables and chairs already in the house. Melville soon

had their "glory box" open, and Miriam began placing cushions and coverings about, to make their home attractive.

"The floor is pretty black," said Melville.

"A little regular scrubbing should fix that," Miriam replied—too hopefully. For more than 150 years black earth had been trodden in, and the boards were permanently stained.

The palm roof housed innumerable colonies of insects, with which the family had to wage a relentless war; but when the shutters were slid away from the window spaces, there were views of towering mountain heights and unbounded sweeps of ocean that made them gasp with delight.

It was not long before they were drawn into the busy life of the island. Since the islanders had few tools, gardening and road repairing took a good deal of time.

Miriam enjoyed the evenings lighted by flickering candlenuts on long palm spikes. They sang, and told stories around the heaps of arrowroot, which was being prepared for processing.

The young couple had their own work of visiting and giving treatments. Also, in two months, another interest; for little Paul Adams was born into their home, and every person on the island wanted to turn nursemaid.

The day began with worship at five o'clock, and at half past six a bell rang and forty-two little pupils filed into the schoolhouse; but Melville and Miriam were dismayed to find that there were no textbooks, and their own supplies, ordered before they left Australia, had not arrived in a year's time.

One Sabbath morning they heard the cheerful shout, "Sail-O!" Miriam gathered up some papers and tracts and went out in one of the boats with the magistrate. They were soon hauled on board and met the captain.

"I would like to see your island," he remarked.

"You can be sure of a hearty welcome," replied Mr. Christian.

"If you could come straight away, you would be in time for the church service," added Miriam.

"That would be very nice," said the captain, as he made arrangements to leave the ship.

"Would you care to have dinner with us?" asked Melville as they came from the church, while Miriam thought, "Whatever am I to give him? Not everyone likes the island foods."

Pitcairn was known jokingly by the workers as "a home where changes never come." For three years, breakfast for the Adams family was boiled arrowroot sweetened with syrup, served with coconut milk and boiled green bananas.

How relieved she was when the captain said, "Mrs. Adams, that dinner was worth a guinea anywhere."

Afterward, while showing the captain



A Pitcairn home with its occupants, typical of those the Adamses had as neighbors on the island.



around, the Adamses mentioned how hampered they were without textbooks or school requisites.

"I will be seeing you in about three months' time," the captain said as he took his leave. True to his word, one morning his ship was sighted.

When the captain said, "Mr. Adams, we have schoolbooks, crayons, pens, and all sorts of things for you," Melville felt, once again, that even though they were dwelling "in the uttermost parts of the sea," God had not forgotten them.

But as, with pleased exclamations, he was opening the boxes, he suddenly sat back on his heels. "But, Captain, you are not coming from Australia! These cannot be our supplies."

The captain gave a little chuckle.

"No, I have just come from Portland, Oregon."

"Then how——?"

The captain leaned back in his chair.

"When I left here, I determined to seek for one of your churches when I reached Portland. Ten minutes after my ship had berthed, I found it. Their weekly prayer meeting was in progress. After the second hymn was sung I remained standing and told them that I had just arrived from Pitcairn with a message for them.

"Come forward, Captain," was their request, 'the rest of the time is yours.'

"So I spoke for an hour of my visit with you," he smiled at Miriam, "not forgetting the good dinner.

"After the meeting they surrounded me.

"What can we do for our people there?" they asked.

"I told them that you would be much encouraged to receive schoolbooks for all grades, writing materials and such things, and your denominational books and papers for the older folk.

"You will find that they have sent not only those things but also clothing for men, women, and children."

What a blessing those gifts were to that isolated community!

"Melville," said Miriam one morning, "I feel that I cannot eat this food any longer. Even the smell of it cooking makes me feel ill."

"I think it is just a case of 'mind over matter,' dear," he said, shaking his head. "Be firm with yourself and it will pass."

But two weeks of struggle brought no change.

One morning, as she was on her knees scrubbing, she began to tell her heavenly Father of the discomfort she felt. Immediately she heard a sweet voice saying, "Ask, and it shall be given you."

She put down her brush. "Thank you, Father," she said. "We do need so many things: flour to make bread, butter or olive oil, some dried fruit—and I would so like some tinned peaches——" The list became quite long.

It had been six months since any ship had been sighted. Would her heavenly Father send a ship to fill this order? Yes! The very next day the joyful sound "Sail-Oh!" came ringing through the hills.

Miriam placed her list and the money

in Melville's hand, but when the long-boat returned, he stumbled out, white-faced and wretched, with the list still in his pocket—the choppy sea had been too much for him.

Miriam wondered what had happened to that promise, "Ask, and ye shall receive." It would probably be months before another ship would pass.

But the order was secure. Two days later another ship came into view. This time when Miriam ran out she saw the magistrate making for the landing place.

"Mr. Christian," she called, judging him to be a safer messenger than her husband, "would you give this to the captain, please?" And in a few hours she was well supplied with delightful food.

After three years of service the clothing and household linen was very much the worse for wear. Only two unpatched sheets and pillowcases were left. As Miriam looked into her wardrobe she could see only one frock suitable for Sabbath.

"I will soon have to make Melville's shirts into frocks," she murmured to herself.

But the same sweet voice spoke within her, "My God shall supply *all* your need." With tears of gratitude she told Him all her requirements.

A few months later a steamer was sighted, and as the Pitcairn boat went off to her, explosions could be heard.

"She must be on fire," said one of the oarsmen.

Coming nearer the *Australplane*, they could see bandaged faces, and the sailors who lowered the ropes to haul them aboard had burns on their hands and arms; but the fire was now under control.

"I am so pleased to see a woman," the captain said as he shook hands with Miriam. "My little wife is on board. Come along to the saloon; she will be pleased to meet you. In fact, when we were fighting the fire, she was anticipating being your guest for a time."

The captain's wife was very much interested in the island, and Miriam spent about an hour answering her questions.

Some time after the *Australplane* had sailed away, the spring on the island began to fail and food became scarce.

"There must be something wrong, for 'the curse causeless shall not come,'" said the older men. "We would do well to have special prayer over our troubles."

"Are you robbing God in tithing?" asked Melville.

It was found that whole trees were tithed, whatever state they were in; but the Bible method was to tithe the fruit of the tree.

The faithful members made haste to correct this mistake.

[This is the second installment of a four-part serial. Part 3 will appear next week.]

## Do Not Hurry So

By INEZ BRASIER



Dear life, I plead, O do not hurry so,  
Nor breathless leave me here at  
close of day!

Bid flying hours but softer, slower go,  
For I would turn aside from toil to  
pray.

I would communion hold with Him  
whose hand

Has hung the worlds in space and set  
the suns,

Whose angels swiftly go at His com-  
mand

To comfort bring to weary ones.

I pray you, life, but slacken now your  
speed.

I long to be apart to rest my soul,  
For in this rush and stress of things,  
I need

To touch His garment's hem to be  
made whole.



**H**OW do you get a book published? In brief:

First, you must write it.

Then you must get someone to underwrite it.

But that is being facetious. So let's get down to specific cases.

You are a Seventh-day Adventist writer. You want to have your manuscript considered by Seventh-day Adventist publishing houses.

Specifically, you may want to have your book selected for Book Club use by the Missionary Volunteer Department. Or you would like to write a devotional book for the Morning Watch. Or some children's stories. Or a book to be sold by colporteurs. Or—well, pick your own classification after you have finished this article.

First, a definition of terms. There is a difference between printing and publishing. A printer owns and operates printing machinery. He prints, for a price, anything his customers ask him to print. He takes no responsibility for the content of the printed matter, nor for its distribution or sale. The finished work belongs to the customer after he has paid the bill. A publisher, on the other hand, is one who undertakes the task of purchasing manuscripts, editing, illustrating, stocking, advertising, distributing, and selling books. He may or may not own a printing establishment. He invests the capital to pay for all these activities, including the cost of having the book printed; pays the author for his work, either by a lump sum or by royalties on the books sold; and keeps the profits on the business, or suffers the losses if that is the way the project turns out.

Seventh-day Adventist book-publishing procedures are based on well-defined principles approved by God and revealed through the messages of Ellen G. White: No writer may speak for the denomination in print without some guiding counsel from his brethren. Independent publishing is condemned. By denominational policy, no Seventh-day Adventist can act as his own publisher and expect to circulate his book through denominational channels or promote it in church-sponsored gatherings. And no book may be published without the approval of a responsible committee. In other words, the book editors of our publishing houses do not make the final decisions. The board, on the recommendation of the book committee, votes to proceed with the publication of a book manuscript.

All this may seem to you as though the doors to book publishing are guarded by a formidable cohort of stern-visaged critics waiting to reject any hapless manuscript that falls into their hands. Such a picture is far from the truth. The doors are guarded, all right—and they should be. But there are many doors, as I will show in a moment. And the



J. BYRON LOGAN

Merwin R. Thurber, book editor of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, at his office desk.

# So You Want a BOOK PUBLISHED

By MERWIN R. THURBER

members of the committees are men who love God and His work, and who are eagerly looking for some books to be published. Authors can little realize how hopefully we gather in committee session, and how disappointed we are that so many manuscripts are unusable.

There is no such thing as a general denominational book committee. Book publishing is not a closed corporation. There are three publishing houses in the United States, one in Canada, and at least one in almost every world division.\* Each publishing house has its own book committee, or in the absence of such a committee the board acts in that capacity. The membership in these committees is large (thirty-seven at the Re-

view and Herald) and representative—administrators, editors, writers, teachers, doctors, colporteur leaders, and preachers—men who are well informed about church policies, doctrines and teachings, and literature needs.

In addition there are at least three committees under General Conference departmental leadership that regularly examine manuscripts and recommend them to publishing house boards for publication—the Missionary Volunteer Book Club committee, the Missionary Volunteer Morning Watch book committee, and the Ministerial Association advisory committee. Other department committees also act as book committees occasionally. The Voice of Prophecy broadcast and the Faith for Today telecast organizations also use several books every year, and their committees pass on book manuscripts.

There are, as you can see, eight different doors in the United States alone

\*In the United States: Pacific Press Publishing Association, Mountain View, California; Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.; Southern Publishing Association, 2119-2125 Twenty-fourth Ave., North, Nashville 8, Tennessee. In Canada: Kingsway Publishing Association, Box 398, Oshawa, Ontario. For overseas publishing houses see the current SDA Yearbook.



through which books may be introduced for publication. And far from making for confusion, they offer that many opportunities for the would-be book writer. For very often what one committee cannot use another can.

You will detect at once that some of these committees are limited in the kinds of manuscripts they can consider. The Morning Watch book committee selects only one book a year—and it must pass very rigid requirements. The publishing house book committee has a much wider range.

As a writer your part in knocking at the book committee door is quite simple. Select the committee that you think is most likely to see something of value in your work, and send your manuscript by first-class mail to the committee or to the proper officer if you happen to know the secretary or chairman. If you have any doubt, the publishing houses offer the widest chance of adoption. All three publishing houses in the United States make it a practice to share with the Missionary Volunteer Department and the Ministerial Association any manuscripts that could conceivably fall into Book Club classifications. We often do the same with Faith for Today and the Voice of Prophecy.

Naturally you are wondering what hap-

pens to your brain child after you drop it in the mailbox. The secretary of the book committee will acknowledge the receipt of your manuscript, and thus you will know that it has arrived at its destination. If you have any doubt about the safety of the mails, the small cost of registering will be more than repaid by your peace of mind.

The processes of handling the manuscript may vary a bit with the different committees. In general, however, it goes something like this: First, several committee members are selected to read the manuscript. Their written reports are then read at a meeting of the committee, and the prospects of the book are discussed. If there is a favorable reaction, a vote will be taken to recommend the book to the board for publication. If the reports are generally unfavorable, the committee usually votes to return the manuscript to the author with regrets. If there is any question that the manuscript might not have received a wide enough reading, additional readers will be appointed. A second consideration by the committee almost invariably results in a clear-cut decision.

The procedure in the Morning Watch book committee is so entirely different that it needs an explanation. The Morning Watch books are assigned—authors

are selected by the committee and commissioned to write the book. Included in the task is the Morning Watch Calendar, for the texts are the same. This is not to say that authors do not volunteer to write—some do, and some of the volunteers have been selected. But whether the author volunteers or is asked by the committee, as a first step he must submit a month's sample. As you can see, this is a compromise between an unqualified commission and the requirement by most committees that a manuscript must be completed before it can be considered. If the committee feels that the sample gives sufficient promise, the author is commissioned to finish the project. Any problems with the manuscript are thereafter handled as a part of the regular editorial process.

To the author who has sent off a brain child for examination, time drags by on heavy feet. "How long must I wait for a decision?" is the unspoken cry of every writer, even if he does not write occasional letters to the book editor to find out how things are progressing.

Frankly, it takes many months to give a manuscript a fair examination and committee attention. For one thing, it is almost impossible to have a book committee meeting in the summer, for many of the committee members attend camp meetings for at least three months. Most manuscripts require from six months to a year to reach the decision stage.

Book Club consideration complicates the problem still more. The Missionary Volunteer Book Club adoptions are made only once a year—in January or February, if possible, of the calendar year preceding the year of the course. Manuscripts too late for examination one year must wait an entire year before they can be considered by the committee. My father, Robert Bruce Thurber, author of many Seventh-day Adventist books, used to count on four years from the beginning of writing to the finished publication—one year to write, two years for consideration by committees, and one year for publishing procedures.

When you send a manuscript to a book committee, do not expect to get a decision in a few weeks. With few exceptions the machinery simply does not grind that fast.

If your manuscript is rejected, you will receive a kind but generally short letter from the secretary of the book committee stating that your manuscript was not considered usable by the committee, and that it was voted with regret to return it to you. (The trade euphemism is, "Not found available for publication.") The manuscript follows under separate cover. That is disappointing. But of course you can send your manuscript to another book committee.

Every writer in this situation immediately asks, "Now why didn't the editor

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## Grace-and-Favor Account

By DELCIE OATES

JUNE was a conscientious Seventh-day Adventist, who took her nursing seriously. All the patients loved her, and she passed her examinations with honors, but somehow, no matter how hard she tried, she just could not please the matron.

When there was apparently no fault in the ward, the matron would find a microscopic wrinkle in a bed and point to it with a long, stern finger until it seemed, to June's horror, to assume the proportions of a mountain range.

On her day off, just recently, as June was leaving the nurses' quarters to go visiting, the matron called after her, "Nurse Richards, bring me a packet of cigarettes on your way home."

Now here was a problem, and there was no time to consider the pros and cons. To say Yes would augment June's almost bankrupt grace-and-favor account. To say No would court disaster. There was a principle at stake, and as Tennyson said—

"Because right is right, to follow right  
Were wisdom in the scorn of  
consequence."

June's voice was wavering a little as she replied, "I'm sorry, matron, I cannot bring you cigarettes, but I'll do any other errand you may wish."

Of course June wasn't thrown to the lions, but don't think that matron couldn't roar like one. Despite the external tumult, June's soul knew peace. This time the stern words of her superior were not so cutting, for she knew she had done what was right.







STANLEY DUNLAP, JR.

Jeanie suddenly saw these men as souls to be saved, and she forgot her fear. "How many do you want?" she asked in a businesslike manner. "The down payment will be half the price of the book."

# Out of This World . . . and Back Again

By WILMA ROSS WESTPHAL

**T**HE half-drunken man on the box had warmed to his subject. As he leafed through the attractively illustrated prospectus, he became quite eloquent. The Biblical terms and scriptural phraseology seemed grotesquely out of place coming thus from the lips of a drunken sot.

The voice droned on and on, sometimes striking a high crescendo, sometimes sinking to an almost inaudible groan. Now and then another man would appear. Finally there were five or six standing about. At first they had laughed and joked, but gradually they settled into an attitude of strained curiosity.

The longer the man on the box ranted on, the harder Jeanie prayed. Within herself she felt completely defenseless in the presence of this motley group of un-

disciplined men. Then gradually, almost imperceptibly, she noted a sobering influence settling over the man. He actually began to show an interest now in the subject matter he had been reading aloud for so long.

Jeanie glanced at her watch. More than an hour had gone by—an hour that had seemed an eternity! What was that the man was saying now?

"I reckon what we really need is one of these here books. What say, fellows?"

"Sure thing," one of the group replied, "if it's free!"

"Well, now, they ain't free," the man on the box retorted. "The young lady here's asellin' them there books. What's the price, young woman?"

Jeanie, in a surge of relief, took out her order book and pencil and told him the price. She suddenly saw these men

as souls to be saved, and she forgot her fear. "How many do you want?" she asked in a businesslike manner. "The down payment will be half the price of the book."

"We'll be awantin' half a dozen, eh, men? Go on back there now, an' dig up the dough. We've gotta pay fifty percent down to clench this here deal!"

One of the men started to refuse, but the others brought pressure to bear, so he reluctantly counted out the amount for Jeanie right along with the others.

Jeanie's fingers fairly flew as she wrote up the orders and handed out receipts with a hearty Thank you. Then she promised to leave the books with the grocery clerk in the store out front, requesting that they have the rest of the money there on her delivery date two weeks in the future.

Jeanie managed to rescue her prospectus and put it into her brief case along with her receipt pad, then she turned toward the door. *It was still locked!* For a moment, panic again seized her. She glanced back, with fear in her eyes again, but the man who had let her in stepped silently to the door and unlocked it.

"I used to have religion myself one time," the man said. "Got into bad company an' lost it all though. Maybe this here book'll help me to find it again. I'm right ashamed, ma'am, for the way I acted an'—an' look. Beg pardon."

"Don't worry, sir," Jeanie smiled. "I know the book will help you find your way back. Thank you all very much for the orders. Good-by."

Jeanie stepped lightly out into the bright sunshine. The world outside, she observed, seemed perfectly normal. She glanced at her watch again. It was only four-fifteen, but she was so shaken from the horror of her recent experience that she turned her footsteps automatically back toward the Handy residence. Well, why not stop a little early today? She had taken thirteen orders!

Jeanie made her final deliveries two weeks later and prepared to leave for a few days at home, then college again. Kate would be staying on awhile yet. It had been a wonderful summer, all in all. Even her narrow escapes had taught her that God's power knows no bounds, and she sensed a new nearness and kinship with her Master because of these experiences. In doing the work of the Lord one could claim His promises of protection under any circumstances.

This, then, was the close of another chapter in her life. But it had a happy ending, for, although she hadn't earned enough for a complete scholarship, there would be enough to make college a reality for another year.

A feeling of sadness again took possession of Jeanie as she got on the bus and waved good-bye to the Handys, the Handts, Mrs. Ankony and Kate, together



with others in the church who had befriended the girls. She had been in a completely different world this summer, and literally almost "out of it" on more than one occasion.

Back at college, Jeanie lost no time in getting settled. She was to live in the home economics cottage during several periods of the current school term, so after counseling with Miss Richardson, who was now head of the department, she moved right in. She began to unpack and press her clothes. That few days at home hadn't made much of an impression on the condition of her wardrobe, after a whole summer's canvassing!

Could it be that this was only September? Why, it seemed like eons ago that she had packed her things in this very room! Now she was back again, ready to pick up where she had left off. Or was she? There was no noticeable difference in the physical aspects of her surroundings; yet there was a difference. Perhaps the main difference was in Jeanie herself. For one thing, she did less groping and straining, and was more ready to accept life with its realities. Perhaps no one could ever go back and pick up where he had left off!

Jeanie donned a freshly pressed dress and went to the college to register. She wanted to get this over early and avoid the rush. On the way over to the registrar's office she met Estelle. She was as bright-eyed and enthusiastic as ever.

"O Estelle," Jeanie said, "I'm delighted to see a familiar face now and then. Must be a tremendous freshman class this year, judging from the looks of the campus."

"Lots of new students, aren't there? I wonder if we looked as green and frightened last year as some of these poor freshmen do."

"Sure, and maybe worse," Jeanie laughed. "Among so many strangers one can feel pretty lost. What's with you?"

Estelle sobered. "I'm engaged, Jeanie. Now, isn't that shattering news?"

"Indeed it is. Who's the young man?"

"Same one—you know—the boy friend back home."

"Well, I guess congratulations are in order. I surely wish you all the happiness in the world, Estelle dear."

"Thanks, Jeanie. But I'm not so happy over this as I should be, I'm afraid. I thought I was deeply in love, but now that I'm actually engaged I feel—well, sort of unhappy over the whole situation. My ideals have changed a lot here at college. I used to think it'd be just fine to marry a fellow whose chief ambition in life was to get ahead in the world. But now I don't know. I've a feeling I'd rather marry someone who has an interest in spreading the gospel message, and—"

Jeanie stood there on the stairs listening to her friend with widening eyes. "Why, Estelle dear, I'm so happy to hear you say

that! If you feel that way, you should definitely break your engagement. Have you prayed about it?"

"Yes, but I don't seem to get any answer—just this dissatisfied, unsettled feeling, and—"

Jeanie reached over and patted her friend's arm understandingly. "Did it ever occur to you that the 'dissatisfied, unsettled feeling' could be your answer?"

"No, I can't say that it has. But now that you mention it, maybe you have a point there. It would be hard to tell him—we've been going together for so long

## Gift of Love

By ELLEN G. WHITE

**It is not because of inherent power that year by year the earth produces her bounties, and continues her motion round the sun.**

**The hand of God guides the planets, and keeps them in position in their orderly march through the heavens.**

**It is through His power that summer and winter, seedtime and harvest, day and night follow each other in their regular succession.**

**It is by His word that vegetation flourishes, that the leaves appear, and the flowers bloom. Every good thing we have, each ray of sunshine and shower of rain, every morsel of food, every moment of life, is a gift of love.**

[This gem from the writings of Mrs. White is found in its original prose form in the book *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, pages 114, 115.]

—but I may muster up the courage one of these days. What kind of summer did you have, Jeanie?"

"Oh, just 'out of this world,'" Jeanie said. "You see, I canvassed all summer, so I meant that literally. It is a different world altogether—sometimes frighteningly different. But now that it is over I wouldn't exchange my experience in the canvassing field for anything in the world!"

"Door-to-door work's completely out of my line," Estelle said, "but I admire anyone who can do it. Say, not to change the subject, but have you seen Fern and Marg yet?"

"No, I haven't," Jeanie said. "Have you?"

"Yes, they're here. Fern's engaged, and

Marg is still hoping. And, O Jeanie, you should hear the latest!"

Jeanie's face was a question mark.

"Now, aren't you going to ask me anything? Well, I'll just tell you anyway. There are two graduate nurses here, and they've come to work on their college degrees."

"So?" Jeanie said. "What's so astounding about that?"

Estelle threw back her shoulders and drew in a deep breath. "One of them has been chasing around with Neal Carter all summer, and she's crazy about him. I think her name's Leena Durham, or something of the sort. She's not so much for looks, but she's out to get him, and I venture she'll do it too!"

Jeanie's face clouded momentarily, and suddenly she could hear her heart thumping. Hadn't she gotten over Neal Carter? Why, she had scarcely thought of him all summer. Why should this bit of news be so upsetting now?

"Neal has a teaching job in some academy this year. He told me about it a week before he graduated. He isn't going to be here this year, you know. He'll probably find someone else before long." This from Jeanie.

"I have it from a reliable source," Estelle said, "that he wants her to come here, and that he plans to come and see her as often as possible."

"If they are serious, then more power to them. Neal always said he wanted to become a doctor, so maybe this means that he can take the medical course. She could nurse and help to put him through and—"

Estelle laughed. "My, if we keep working at it, we'll have them all safely married and through medicine!"

Jeanie was glad they could make a joke of it—made her feel more like herself again. "Speaking of marriages," she said with a lilt, "Do you remember my brother LeRoy?"

"Sure thing. Couldn't very well forget him after the joke you played on us last year! It took us quite some time before we'd believe he was really your brother though. What about him?"

"Well, he got married last summer."

"Not really!"

"Yes, really. You see what happens the moment I turn my back. He married a very nice Christian girl, and I'm happy for them both. They're living down on the corner in one of Pappy Armstrong's houses. I just stopped by to see them a minute on my way over. They want me to stay with them a few weeks after my time is up in the home economics cottage. I'll probably stay a short time, but I don't want to overdo it, for I've a theory that young married couples should have all the privacy they can manage."

"I'll have to run in and see them soon. Say, you and I are to room together at the cottage, did you know that?"

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**T**HE days when Seventh-day Adventist young men had cause to look forward to military service with fear and trembling have passed. Maj. Gen. George Armstrong, who was at the time Surgeon General of the United States Army, recognized the Medical Cadet Corps training program by visiting Camp Doss and inspecting the work done there at the Twentieth Anniversary Camp.

In his address to the trainees he declared: "The relations between the Seventh-day Adventist Church and the United States Army have improved immeasurably in the past twenty years."

Since that time General Armstrong has retired, but in recent months he has written: "By way of introduction, the undersigned recently retired from active military duty after some thirty-two years in the United States Army. During the early part of World War II, I had charge of a Medical Administrative Corps Officer Candidate School. From 1943-1946 I was the Senior U.S. Army Medical Officer in China. Following World War II, I became Deputy Surgeon General and ultimately the Surgeon General of the U.S. Army.

"I mention the above only to emphasize the fact that it was my opportunity and privilege to personally observe literally hundreds of Seventh-day Adventists who served in the Army Medical Service between 1941-1955. I observed them in hospitals and other medical units in this country and abroad during World War II, and in this country and Korea during the recent conflict in the latter country.

"I can say without equivocation that the work of the Seventh-day Adventists has been outstanding without one single exception so far as my personal knowledge is concerned. Their devotion to duty, their willingness to perform any and every assigned duty, has established a record which is unequalled in our Medical Military Annals.

"While Surgeon General of the U.S. Army, it was my good fortune to visit Camp Desmond Doss at Grand Ledge, Michigan, and personally observe the training given there by Colonel Dick and his associates. Never, in my observations of training activities, have I seen so much accomplished with trainees in such a short period of time. I attribute this accomplishment to the motivation of teachers and trainees. Secondly, I am convinced that the training received at Grand Ledge, and that in turn passed on to others in the various satellite camps, has been an important factor in the success attained by the Seventh-day Adventist personnel after entry into the active military service.

"To recapitulate, my experiences with Seventh-day Adventists will always remain the most pleasant memories of my military service. I cannot commend these

# Continue the Program

By *EVERETT N. DICK*

personnel too highly nor urge a continuance of the pre-service training too strongly.

"George E. Armstrong  
Major General, Retired  
Former Surgeon General, U.S. Army"

We are happy for the record of Seventh-day Adventist young men in military service, which has brought favor to our denomination. We are equally gratified that our training program has made such a profound impression upon Army leaders.

The Medical Cadet program must be kept going in a strong way. We dare not relax our efforts at this time. We cannot let the nation's military leaders down after we have built up such an enviable reputation. To relax our efforts for a minute now would be to break faith with the Army.

Again this year Camp Doss will prepare you to meet the problems of Army life and to keep faith with Army officers who expect much of Seventh-day Adventist soldiers.



U.S. ARMY PHOTO

Maj. Gen. George Armstrong, who recently retired from active service as Surgeon General of the United States Army, was a real friend to Seventh-day Adventist servicemen in the Army Medical Corps.





BELDAR raced up the front steps and into the door of his palatial home. He glanced into the living room, looking for his father, Kaaran. Not finding him, he ran into the bedroom where his father lay

sleeping. Rousing the older man with a violent shake, he impatiently waited for him to wake up.

"There's an old visionary named Noah outside town declaring that the world is going to be destroyed!" he stated excitedly. "It's supposed to be flooded by water falling from the skies! The man is daft." He laughed half-heartedly. Evidently he was a bit frightened by what he had heard. Kaaran sat up, alarmed by the message. Many times he had wondered about his old friend Noah and his ideas of the earth's need of a scourge.

Beldar noticed his father's thoughtfulness. "Have you already heard about it?" he questioned, disappointed that he wasn't the first to bear the news.

"Not recently, Beldar, but once I knew Noah well. He wondered why God didn't punish the world for its wickedness. Maybe God is going to do something, son, something drastic. Perhaps He has revealed it to Noah, one of the few men who is still faithful to his Creator."

Getting up from the bed, Kaaran walked to a big window overlooking a court garden beautiful beyond description. Many of the shrubs and plants still retained the original exquisite splendor and undecayed symmetry of those that were in the Garden. "Beldar, nearly fifteen centuries ago God created this massive structure called earth, and yet, knowing this, people spend their lives without giving a thought to true righteousness. I believe Noah might be right."

"What?" demanded the son. "You think that this man who plans to build a monstrous ship on dry land is actually sane? There is no such thing as water falling from heaven. That fanatic claims the whole earth will be covered, even above the mountaintops." He moved toward the door. "Maybe we'd better start building us an ark too," he sarcastically threw over his shoulder as he stamped out. Beldar left the house, angry because his father sided with the reformer and because he himself was wondering whether maybe Noah wasn't right. Too stubborn to admit he was mixed up, he adopted an

[This article is the result of work in a freshman English class at La Sierra College. The author has retold a Bible story in modern style, much as a minister in the pulpit might reconstruct a Bible narrative. Except for the names and the conversation, which are of course supplied, Mr. Parker has followed faithfully the commentary on the Flood as found in chapter 7 of *Patriarchs and Prophets*, by Ellen G. White. An interest in bringing emphasis to Bible stories led Mr. Parker to restudy the cataclysmic event that Jesus mentioned in His counsel on last-day signs. A business administration major, the author wants to be a certified public accountant someday. In academy he was junior class president, and president of the A. S. B.]

*Matthew 24:37-39 and Luke 17:26, 27 are meaningful texts to twentieth-century man.*

# Three Chances

attitude of bitterness and even aloofness.

He had rejected his first invitation to enjoy the hereafter.

Kaaran walked away from the window. His mind wandered aimlessly to the city square and its lush vegetation. He thought of the monument gardens with their artistic statues and shrines. He tried to picture the rolling hills and the cultivated lowlands being slowly turned into gigantic seas of turbulent, angry water. It was impossible to imagine.

The following morning Kaaran slipped down to the site of Noah's ship, where a large area had been cleared of shrubs and small trees. Noah and his sons were in the nearby forest cutting timber. Obscuring himself behind a bush, Kaaran sat down to watch. A small crowd soon began to gather. It grew until a vast multitude of people were milling around the shipsite, laughing and poking fun at the laborers.

Noah stopped his work and climbed up on a nearby stand. The noise ceased immediately. Everyone was curious to hear the words of this reformer. "I have noticed your amusement. I myself might laugh at people doing something as unorthodox as you think we are doing. But listen to me and try to understand my message. If you have the intelligence I credit you with, there will be no man among you who will take lightly the warning I bring from heaven."

The commanding voice of Noah told of the wickedness on the earth, which had displeased God. He revealed to the throng how the Lord had decided to do away with the sinfulness of the world. The attentive crowd heard about the plan of destruction that would wipe every living thing off the face of the earth. Kaaran could sense the relief among the people when Noah related how God had provided the ark as a means of escape for those who were faithful and obedient. Noah finished his speech with an appeal to the people to return to the ways of the Lord.

As the crowd was departing, Kaaran sighted Beldar near the stand from which Noah had been preaching. He fought against the tide of the city-bound throng to reach his son, who was obviously contemplating what he had just heard. Bel-

dar turned to meet his father. "You were right. Noah knows what he is talking about. You saw how the people were influenced. I was affected the same way. I can actually feel my sins as if they were dirty clothes on my back. Let's go to the altar, Father. I need to ask God's forgiveness." The two men melted into the crowd as they retreated to the city. No one was speaking. All were thinking of what they could do to save themselves from destruction.

In spite of the impression Noah had made at first, life in the cities soon returned to its previous state of decadence.

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# or Life

By NORMAN L. PARKER

During the ensuing years, the people who had been so aroused by the preachings of Noah came to accept him as a tourist attraction rather than a messenger from God. Beldar, also, grew less and less concerned with the warning of the reformer. Year by year he became an antagonist, rather than a believer. He publicly revealed his bitterness.

Thus he rejected his second opportunity to be saved.

A full hundred years had now passed since the ark had been started. By this time many men who had been faithful to God had either died or apostatized.

Among those now dead was Kaaran. The old man had pleaded with Beldar to consider his ways. Kaaran died believing the promise of his son to return to the paths of righteousness.

The words of Beldar were as unpredictable as the idle wanderings of a morning breeze. He had made the promise only to gain his father's pleasure. The wealth and splendor Kaaran would leave him were the objects of his solemn oath. Beldar had sunk to his lowest level. Without the godliness of his father to influence him, he lived his life as an abomination unto the Lord. Even so, there was an unrest in his turbulent mind. The many wives and the fabulous riches he possessed didn't make up for his unrest and dissatisfaction.

The announcement of the ark's completion fell upon deaf ears. Many who had once accepted Noah's preaching had soon lost faith. The ark to them was something to be ignored and forgotten. The day following the announcement Beldar was disturbed by shouting in the streets outside his mansion. Flocks of birds blanketed the sky as Beldar stepped into the crowded street. A tide of people carried him toward the ark. From a low hill he saw a scene that startled him. The birds he had noticed were flocking into the great ship. Animals were slowly marching into it as if being herded by a mysterious shepherd. Enemies in their natural state neither growled nor fought as they followed one another in a solemn parade that bordered on the miraculous.

Conviction struck the heart of Beldar. His thoughts of the first day at the ark were revived. He remembered the promise to his father. "This can't be of God," he suddenly decided. "It's directed by the devil. That's it! The devil has deceived Noah."

The last animal entered the ark as Noah mounted the runway and turned to face the sea of awe-struck faces. "I've been preaching and pleading for one hundred and twenty years," he thundered. "I now give my final call. All who believe with me and wish to be spared, come up immediately. It is your last opportunity."

Someone laughed, and a few walked away disgusted. Most of them, however, stood as still as if they had been turned into marble statues. No one moved toward the ship. Noah sadly turned and walked inside, followed by his family. Beldar cursed himself, for he had almost gone to the ark. Barely had he saved himself from the lifelong humiliation of having been "converted" by Noah.

A tremendous cry rose from the lips of the people as the mighty door of the ark was shut by an unseen angel. Man could not budge it now. "Another satanic trick," thought Beldar to himself with smug self-satisfaction. A third chance to live was neglected. The next week convinced him that nothing more

would happen. He was glad Kaaran was dead. The old man would never have lived through the crushing experience of having his beliefs disproved.

A roar drove sleep from Beldar's clouded mind. Again the thunderous noise sounded, weird and unearthly. It was like the roar of a powerful lion multiplied a hundred times. "What was that terrifying sound?" his tortured mind screamed. Racing to the window, he was puzzled, shocked, and then almost hysterical. Water was falling from the skies! Illuminated by blinding flashes of lightning, it poured to the earth out of a black, menacing sky. He had ignored the inner callings of his heart. Now he was doomed—doomed by his cynical mind, his faultfinding, his greed. But wait! The ark!

Without a backward glance he raced through the crowd of panic-stricken townspeople. He ran, stumbled, and fell. He crawled to the enormous ship, crying, pleading, for the mercy of the Lord. Banging on the sturdy structure until his hands were raw, he confessed his sins and begged for forgiveness. Falling to the soaked ground from sheer exhaustion, he noticed for the first time others about him also pleading for entrance into the safety of the ark. Water was washing the sand from under him. He only faintly noticed people lashing logs together into crude crafts. Animals were madly racing about, running to people as if they thought the human beings could protect them. Women were tying their children to the backs of these wild animals, hoping the beasts would run to the highest ground.

Swirling, rushing water encircled Beldar's ankles and steadily crept upward. A tremendous fountain of water erupted from a nearby valley, throwing debris far into the air. Eruptions were thundering constantly. Rocks and tree branches fell all about him. The water rose to his waist, threatening to pull him from the shelter of the mighty ark.

Suddenly his racing mind calmed. "God is just and right," he thought. "He has withstood much violence and wickedness trying to enlighten and help the sinners. He has been a patient God. Now He is justified in destroying man and his evil works." Beldar realized he was praying only for safety, not forgiveness. He realized his doom was deserved, even as the waters tore him from the ship and plunged him into a sea of swirling death. He had missed heaven's call three times. Lost forever was his opportunity for a life in the hereafter.

"For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be."

VERNON NYE, ARTIST





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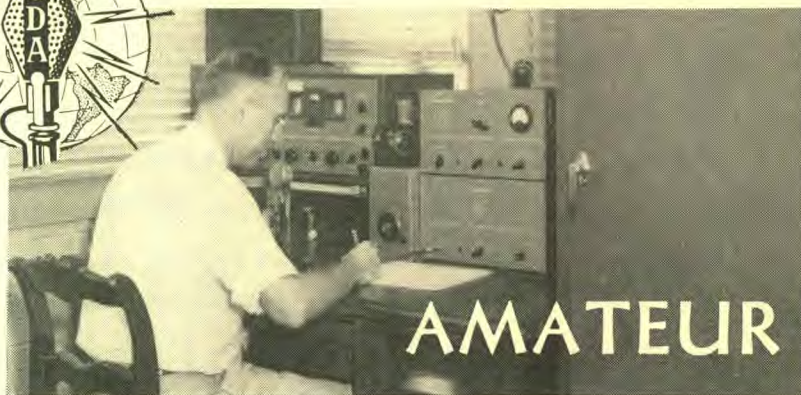
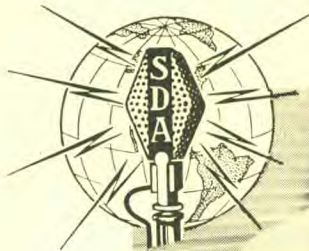
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# AMATEUR

# RADIO LOG

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR Radio Log will be brought up to date and published once a year. All new listings, corrections, and deletions should be addressed to Don Yost, THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park 12, D.C., and mailed no later than April 1 for inclusion in the yearly listing. Post earlier from overseas.

## K-W-UNITED STATES

WN1GNM—Paul F. Galusha, Livermore Falls, Maine—2, Phone.

W1QGG—Horace W. Crandall, 11 Cogswell Rd., North Reading, Mass.—All Bands, Both.

A1RKB—Alton Johnson, 60 Norwood Ave., Leominster, Mass.—4025 kc., 3245 kc., Phone; M.A.R.S.

W1RKB—Alton Johnson, 60 Norwood Ave., Leominster, Mass.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10, Both.

W1ZJG—Edwin Krick, Box 39, South Lancaster, Mass.—20, 10, CW.

W1ZUG—Atlantic Union College Amateur Radio Club, South Lancaster, Mass.—80, 40, 20, Both.

W2GYZ—Godfrey C. Beckett, R.D. 2, Washington, N.J.—80, 40, 20, 10, Both.

W2HHX—Donald Learned, R.D. 2, Cazenovia, N.Y.—80, 40, 20, 10, Both.

K2MQP—Donald W. Strong, Rt. 2, Box 757, Batavia, N.Y.—All Bands, Both; mostly 15, 10, Phone.

W2RHG—Allen Learned, R.D. 2, Cazenovia, N.Y.—20, 10, Both.

W3ATH—Harvey L. Sauder, 509 W. Long Ave., DuBois, Pa.—80, 20, 10, Both.

W3ONH—Willard P. McNeill, M.D., 8107 Roanoke Ave., Takoma Park 12, Md.—80, Phone; All Bands, Phone, Mobile.

W3SSB—Noel R. Nelson, 1101 Woodside Parkway, Silver Spring, Md.

W3TNE—Donald G. Jones, 7625 Carroll Ave., Takoma Park 12, Md.—All Bands, Both.

W3TNE—Laurance W. Botimer, 7405 Flower Ave., Takoma Park 12, Md.—6, Both.

W3TRT—Robert H. Ford, 7425 Aspen Court, Apt. 102, Takoma Park 12, Md.—All Bands, Both.

W3TSA—Takoma Amateur Radio Club, Science Bldg., Washington Missionary College, Takoma Park 12, Md. (Noel R. Nelson, Trustee)—All Bands, Both.

W3TXX—William White, 8502 Adelphi Rd., Hyattsville, Md.—All Bands, Both.

W3UYC—George E. Messinger, 7641 Carroll Ave., Takoma Park 12, Md.—All Bands, Both.

K4AZT—John R. Miller, M.D., Crestwood, Ky.—75, 40, 20, 10, Phone.

W4AZU—Clayton Schlenker, 1713 Blanton Lane, Louisville 16, Ky.—80, 10, Both.

K4CWU—C. B. Hardin, 601 E. Rollins Ave., Orlando, Fla.—80, 40, 20, Both.

K4DAR—Robert C. Newberg, 711 Wilkinson Ave., Orlando, Fla.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10, Both.

W4DVQ—Dale DeLong, Rt. 2, Box 85-A, Maitland, Fla. Some time ago W4DVQ, W4UMZ, K4CWU began Bible studies on the air every Sunday morning. W4GZV tuned in, became interested, and now he and his XYL have been baptized.

K4ESP—Jack Griffith, 103 S. Oak St., Walhalla, S.C.—80, 40, 10, Both.

K4EUF—David E. Love, Fletcher Academy, Fletcher, N.C.—All Bands, Both.

KN4GLN—Relious L. "Pete" Walden, 847 Glenco Dr., Decatur, Ga.—80, 40, 15, Phone.

W4GOS—George Tolhurst, M.D., Cleveland, Ga.—All Bands, Both.

W4GZV—Wm. Fry, Sr., 205 S. 5th St., Palatka, Fla.

K4HEQ—Jackson A. Saxon, M.D. (Ex-KL7AVK), 8122 Chesapeake Blvd., Norfolk 3, Va.—All Bands, Both.

K4HHP—Virginia M. Saxon (Ex-KL7AVO), 8122 Chesapeake Blvd., Norfolk 3, Va.—All Bands, Both.

K4IHH—Charles H. Seitz, 502 Gaymont Pl., Staunton, Va.

W4PLC—James W. Daily, Box 846, Rockwell, N.C.—75, 40, Phone.

W4UMZ—Webb Blankenship, Rt. 2, Box 13, Maitland, Fla.

W4ZFO/6—Oluf Edwin Olsen, 645 Central Ave., Loma Linda, Calif.—80, 40, 20, 10, Both.

KN5CPC—Milton Korgan, Ozark Academy, Gentry, Ark.—40, 15, CW.

KN5CSY—Monte Mooers, Ozark Academy, Gentry, Ark.—40, 15, CW.

K5CUH—G. M. MacLafferty (Ex-KH6EW), Keene, Tex.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10, Phone.

K5DVK—Keene Kilocycle Klub, Southwestern Junior College, Keene, Tex. (G. M. MacLafferty, Trustee)—80, 40, CW.

W5GCD—Hazel W. Welborn, 4219 W. 14th St., Little Rock, Ark.—All Bands, Both.

W5IRY—W. E. Ross, Sr., 4003 W. 21st St., Little Rock, Ark.—40, CW.

W5JFN—Frank G. Strobe, 3905 Wayside Dr., Fort Worth 10, Tex.—80, 40, 15, Both.

W5ZDP—G. Herbert Fleenor, New England Sanitarium and Hospital, Melrose, Mass.—75, 20, 10, Phone.

K6AAQ—V. W. Stuyvesant, 1720 Brooklyn Ave., Los Angeles 33, Calif.—20, Phone.

W6AIU—Arthur W. Rowe, P. O. Box 457, Angwin, Calif.—40, Both.

K6AKE—Alan Webb, 1720 Brooklyn Ave., Los Angeles 33, Calif.—80, 40, 20, Phone.

K6APM—Paul E. Bliss, 4828 York Blvd., Los Angeles 42, Calif.—All Bands, Both.

K6CBJ—Wendell S. Thomas, M.D., 745 Solway St., Glendale, Calif.—20, 15, 10, Phone.

K6CFB—Robert M. Reeves, 905 N. San Geronio Ave., Banning, Calif.—All Bands, Both.

K6DIQ—E. L. Griffith, 4961 Vine, Riverside, Calif.—All Bands.

W6DQL—Angwin Radio Amateurs Association, Pacific Union College, Angwin, Calif. (Walter M. Bolinger, Trustee)—80, 40, 20, 15, 10, Both.

K6DSI—John R. Clough, 11747 Campus Drive, Arlington, Calif.—All Bands, Both, Member, Mission Trail Net, 3854 kc. nightly at 1900, Pacific time, SDA Net, Monday, Wednesday, Friday mornings, 0630, Pacific time. Will handle traffic for La Sierra College and vicinity.

W6ECE—Bernie Mallory, 7835 Howe St., Paramount, Calif.—All Bands, Phone.

W6EDL—College of Medical Evangelists Amateur Radio Club, 1720 Brooklyn Ave., Los Angeles 33, Calif.—All Bands, Both.

K6EIQ—Robert B. Griffith, 4961 Vine, Riverside, Calif.—6.

K6EJY—Joseph M. Kootsey, 2918 Williams Rd., San Jose, Calif.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10, Both.

K6EKP—Warren Gough, 873 Acacia Ave., Sunnyvale, Calif.—All Bands, Both.

W6EVP—Jack Mallory, D.D.S., Paradise, Calif.—All Bands, Both.

W6FTL—Glenn L. Foster, 514½ Progress Place, Los Angeles 33, Calif.—75, 20, 2, Phone.

W6GLH—La Sierra College Amateur Radio Club, La Sierra Station, Arlington, Calif.—All Bands, Both.

W6GLK—Ray L. Foster, c/o Southern African Division of SDA, Grove Ave., Claremont, C.P., South Africa. Home QTH: 3812 Dwigins, Los Angeles, Calif. Temporarily inactive.

W6HKH—John D. Thompson, French Camp, Calif.—80, 75, CW.

W6IMO—Lorna A. Allred, Rt. 1, Box 404, Colton, Calif.—80, 40, 20, 10, Phone.

K6ITY—"Hersh" Nieman, Box 637, Angwin, Calif.—All Bands, Both.

K6IWR—Helen H. Ing, 2312 U St., Sacramento, Calif.—80, 40, 20, Phone.

W6JGT—Paul E. Allred, Rt. 1, Box 404, Colton, Calif.—80, 40, 20, 10, Phone.

K6JIT—Evert A. Tinker, Jr., Box 475, Angwin, Calif.—6, Both.

K6JLD—Melvin E. Chapman, 5542 Mitchell, Riverside, Calif.—All Bands.

K6JMQ—Dwight Nieman, Rt. 2, Box 298, Galt, Calif.—80, 40, 6, Both.

K6JRY—A. L. Rice, Valley Center, Calif.—40, CW; 75, 20, 10, Phone.

K6JCU—Harold Ludwig, 360 E. Third, Rialto, Calif.—40, CW; 40, 10, Phone.

K6KIV—Davy Nilsen, 620 S. Irena Ave., Redondo Beach, Calif.—80, CW.

W6KOA—Eleanor Foster, 514½ Progress Place, Los Angeles 33, Calif.—75, 20, 2, Phone.

W6KPV—Elmo J. Martin, 1706 Orchard Ave., Glendale, Calif.—80, 40, Phone.

W6KTK—Morris L. Venden, 2544 Catalina Drive, Sacramento 21, Calif.—80, 40, CW.

W6LAF—Charles W. Messick, Rt. 1, Box 241-Q, Grass Valley, Calif.—160, 75, 40, Phone.

KN6LIC—Richard R. Trautwein, 324½ N. Adams St., Glendale 6, Calif.—80, 40, CW.

KN6LID—Evelyn M. Trautwein, 324½ N. Adams St., Glendale 6, Calif.—80, 40, CW.

KN6LJN—Frank Schulz, 11131 Mountain Ave., Arlington, Calif.—40, CW.

KN6LOS—Bill Hullquist, 6904 Arbor Dr., Riverside, Calif.—80, 40, CW.

KN6LOY—Ruth Martin, 2361 Utley Rd., La Crescenta, Calif.—80, 40, 15, CW.

K6LVO—George F. Gough, 873 Acacia Ave., Sunnyvale, Calif.—All Bands, Both.

KN6LXI—June Schulz, 11131 Mountain Ave., Arlington, Calif.—40, CW.

KN6MBX—Laurel A. Weibel Truman, M.D., 4235 Nipomo Ave., Lakewood, Calif.—2, Phone.

K6MIL/5—Mrs. Genevieve Johnson, 2412 Idaho, Dallas 16, Tex.—75, 10, Phone.

K6MIM/5—Donald R. Johnson, 2412 Idaho, Dallas 16, Tex.—75, 10, Phone.

W6MMJ—Rodney E. Willard, 3817 Pomeroy, Los Angeles 33, Calif.—All Bands, Both.

K6MUA—"Joan" Nieman, Box 637, Angwin, Calif.—All Bands, Both.

W6MXL—Nevin L. Otis, San Andreas, Calif.—160, 75, 40, 20, 15, 11, 10, Phone.

KN6OBF—James W. Kaylor, 2921 Old San Jose Rd., Rt. 2, Santa Cruz, Calif.—80, CW.

KN6OPC—Barbara R. Willard, 3817 Pomeroy, Los Angeles 33, Calif.—40 CW; 2, Phone.

KN6OSD—Elgeva J. Hall, 672 Rosita Ave., Los Altos, Calif.—80, 40, CW.

KN6OSE—Judith Ann Hall, 672 Rosita Ave., Los Altos, Calif.—80, 40, CW.

KN6OSF—Harry C. Hall, 672 Rosita Ave., Los Altos, Calif.—80, 40, CW.

W6OWT—Stanley C. Hall, 672 Rosita Ave., Los Altos, Calif.—80, 40, Both.

K6PGG—Howard F. Maxson, 649 W. Fernfield Dr., Monterey Park, Calif.—20, 10, Phone.

W6PKD—Hubert A. Larson, M.D., 395 Merrill Ave., Apt. C, Glendale 6, Calif.—80, 75, 40, 20, 10, Both.

K6PRQ—Kay R. Schultz, P.O. Box 43, Sanitarium, Calif.—80, 40, 20, CW.



KN6PTS—Bill Habenicht, 4602 Pierce St., Arlington, Calif.—80, 40, CW.

KN6PUA—Reginald G. Scarbrough, 7050 Clark Rd., Paradise, Calif.—80, 40, CW.

KN6PUN—Douglas M. Gordon, 1188 Pearson, Paradise, Calif.—80, 40, 15, CW.

KN6PWC—Bob Pooley, 1844 Dean Rd., Paradise, Calif.—80, 40, 15, CW.

KN6PYW—Shirley Annofsky, 202 N. Bailey St., Los Angeles 33, Calif.—80, 40, CW; 2, Phone.

KN6QDE—Roberta Foster, 202 N. Bailey St., Los Angeles 33, Calif.—80, 40, CW; 2, Phone.

W6QDS—Reginald Shephard, 1222 W. 161st St., Gardena, Calif.—80, 40, 20, Both.

K6QEF—Arthur F. Barnaby, Jr., 1834 Pennsylvania Ave., Los Angeles 33, Calif.—40, 15, 10, Phone.

KN6QIK—Don Daily, 11033 Pine St., Lynwood, Calif.

KN6QJK—Lois M. Bray, 214 Starr St., Loma Linda, Calif.—80, CW.

K6QMP—Jerome L. Bray, 214 Starr St., Loma Linda, Calif.

W6QOF—Quenton F. Christy, 1448 W. 126th St., Los Angeles 47, Calif.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10, Phone, Fixed and Mobile.

W6QPZ—Rolland Truman, 4235 Nipomo Ave., Lakewood, Calif.—75, Phone; 75, 20, 10, Phone, Mobile.

K6RNA—H. U. Martin, M.D., 2243 Vandalia Ave., Los Angeles 32, Calif.

W6RNR—Lawrence W. Ing, M.D., c/o Sacramento Amateur Radio Supply, Sacramento, Calif.—80, 40, 20, Phone.

W6TAK—Malcolm P. Swingle, 15177 Hibiscus, Fontana, Calif.—10, Phone.

W6TPE—Dave Martin, 2361 Utley Rd., La Crescenta, Calif.—All Bands, Both.

W6UKI—Mrs. Jacqueline Unger Moncrieff, 1521 Michigan Ave., Los Angeles 33, Calif.—80, CW; 75, 20, Phone.

W6UTM—Kenneth A. Snider, 1720 Brooklyn Ave., Los Angeles 33, Calif.—20, 15, 10, Phone.

W6WNT—D. R. Pearson, U.S. Forest Service, North Fork, Calif.—All Bands, Phone.

W6ZRK—Robert E. Moncrieff, 1521 Michigan Ave., Los Angeles 33, Calif.—80, CW; 75, 20, Phone.

W6ZTY—Guy B. Welsh, 321 E. Stanislaus, Avenal, Calif.—75, 40, 20, 15, 11, 10, Both.

WN7AKH—Dwight Hart, Rt. 1, Troy, Idaho—80, 40, CW.

WN7AXQ—Clifford L. Witzel, Auburn Academy, Auburn, Wash.—80, CW.

W7BFH—William A. Weathers, Malin, Ore.—40, Both; 10, Phone.

W7BOE—Samuel C. Hanson, Star Rt., Buxton, Ore.—80, 40, Both.

W7BOQ—John H. Fletcher, 1306 McKinley Ave., Yakima, Wash.—All Bands, Both.

W7BZZ—Albert Wiggins, Granger, Wash.—80, 40, 20, 15, 11, 10, Both.

WN7CNC—John R. Carman, Rt. 2, Sunnyside, Wash., and Upper Columbia Academy, Spangle, Wash.

WN7CUL—Marjorie C. Nowlin, Clark Fork, Idaho—80, 40, CW.

WN7CZB—Jack Lamberton, Upper Columbia Academy, Spangle, Wash.—80, 40, 20, CW.

WN7CZF—Warren Peters, Upper Columbia Academy, Spangle, Wash.

W7EXT—George W. Allen, M.D. (Ex-VQ4CO), 9115 S.E. 151st Ave., Portland 66, Ore.—All Bands, Both.

W7GHY—Merrill Hart, Rt. 1, Troy, Idaho—160, 80, 40, 20, 10, Both.

W7GTI—John Lewis, Box 204, Oceanlake, Ore.—80, 40, 20, 10, Both.

W7HGG—Lloyd H. Smith, M.D., Wenatchee Valley Clinic, Second and Mission, Wenatchee, Wash.—All Bands, CW; 75, 20, Phone.

W7NFE/6—Robert M. Roaney, College of Medical Evangelists, Loma Linda, Calif.—All Bands, Both.

W7OBR—Bruce W. Smith, 1124 Alvarado Terr., Walla Walla, Wash.—All Bands, Both.

W7PZW—Leonard F. Graham, S. 2215 Inland Empire Way, Spokane 44, Wash.—40, CW.

W7QHK—Steve Butterfield, 2186 N.S. Glisan St., Portland 10, Ore.

W7QHR—J. W. "Bill" Jensen, 510 S.E. 4th St., College Place, Wash.—80, 40, CW; 75, 40, 10, Phone.

W7RDU—Eugene E. Taft, Box 374, Ocean Park, Wash.—80, 40, 20, Both.

W7SZW—Marvin J. Krause, Newberg, Ore.—80, 40, 20, 15, 11, 10, Both.

W7UHY—Nolan W. Cramer, Box 153, Moses Lake, Wash.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10, Both.

W7VAF—Lloyd A. Meade, M.D., 7215 S.E. 118th St., Portland 66, Ore.—All Bands, Both.

W7VDR—Warren W. Bacon, M.D. (Doctor "B"), Rt. 2, Box 96, Gig Harbor, Wash., Phone: 44-2440 (Patch)—80, 40, 20, 15, 11, 10, CW.

W7VUD—Marvin E. Youker, 29616 Sixty-sixth Ave., S. Auburn, Wash.—80, 40, 20, 10, Both.

W7VXX—Thomas E. Spindle, P.O. Box 367, Centralia, Wash.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10, Both.

W7WOC—William Lee, M.D., Poplar, Mont.—80, 40, 15, 10, Phone.

W7WSU—Patricia Hart, Upper Columbia Academy, Spangle, Wash. (during school term); Rt. 1, Troy, Idaho (summer)—160, 75, 40, 20, 15, 10, Phone.

W7WUG/CS3AC—Walther H. Treftz, 1936th AAC SQDN. APO. 406, New York, N.Y.—40, 20, 15, 10, Both. Local Address: Lajens Air Base, Terceria Island, Azores Islands, Portugal.

W7ZDU—Don Myers, P.O. Box 194, Cottage Grove, Ore.—80, Both.

WN8DDW—Carlyle B. Shultz, R.F.D. 5, Wapakoneta, Ohio—80, CW.

W8DEJ—Ray Brooks, Rt. 2, Twin Lake, Mich.—6, Phone.

W8EAC—Robert L. Beckermeyer, 22141 Fifteen Mile Rd., Mt. Clemens, Mich.—160, 75, 40, 20, Phone.

W8FEM—Richard Sowler, Mount Vernon Academy, Mount Vernon, Ohio—All Bands, Both. Temporarily inactive.

W8GGY—Gary McIlvain, 1028 Cadillac Dr., Grand Rapids, Mich.—40, Phone.

WN8GMU—Ronald Hunn, R.F.D. 5, Box 642, Battle Creek, Mich.—80, 40, CW.

WN8GOR—Ron Skantz, Rt. 1, Mount Vernon, Ohio—80, 40, CW.

W8HTC—Robert P. Swisher, 134 W. William St., Delaware, Ohio—6, 1 1/4, Both.

KN9AXB—Alvin E. Anderson, 4907 Oakwood, Downers Grove, Ill.—80, CW; 2, Mobile.

K9BME—John W. Ingels (Ex-W6FQX) Rt. 1, Box 80, Fortville, Ind.—All Bands, Phone. Will handle any traffic for his area.

K9CKW—Bruce C. Smith, 242 Rountree, Platteville, Wis.—All Bands, Phone.

K9CKW—Aubrey Gooch, 1228 Avon St., La Crosse, Wis.—80, 40, CW.

W9GHL—Vernon W. Rice, 1928 Marshall Ave., Waukegan, Ill.—All Bands, Both; 40, 20, 10, AM and FM; 2, FCDA.

W9KNV—Martin Carlson, 9126 30th St., Brook-

field, Ill.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10, Phone. Will take traffic for Broadview Academy.

W9RJH—Bob Forman, P.O. Box 127, Monmouth, Ill.—All Bands (especially 6), Both.

K0AWQ—Jim Gilbert, Union College, Lincoln 6, Nebr.

K0BKR—Jerry Gilbert, 1047 Kingsbury St., Belle Fourche, S. Dak.

K0BKS—Art Hensel, Heron Lake, Minn.—All Bands, Both.

W0GVA—Merlin E. Dealy, 5017 Locust, Lincoln, Nebr.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10, Both. Will take traffic for Union College.

W0SKK—Floyd Bartling, Rt. 4, Box 171-B, Fort Collins, Colo.—All Bands, Phone.

W0TXV—Virginia Bartling, Rt. 4, Box 171-B, Fort Collins, Colo.—All Bands, Phone.

W0VGH—William E. Wilson, 198 E. Lincoln St., Seward, Nebr.—75, Phone.

W0YHX—Oliver F. Sevrens (Ex-KN6BHV), 3245 S. 48th St., Lincoln 6, Nebr. Temporarily inactive.

W0ZWV—Richard W. Wilson, 198 E. Lincoln St., Seward, Nebr.—80, 40, 20, Both.

W0ZWG—Violet M. Wilson, 198 E. Lincoln St., Seward, Nebr.—80, 40, 20, Both.

#### KL7—ALASKA

KL7ACM—William Brennan, Buren St., Ketchikan, Alaska—75, 20, 10, Phone.

WL7BST—Douglas G. Fleming, Box 2099, Juneau, Alaska—80, 40, 15, CW.

#### TG—GUATEMALA

TG7CB—S. L. Saunders, Box 1, Puerto Barrios, Guatemala—40, 20, Phone. Will gladly handle any SDA QSP for Guatemala.

TG9TH—Tulio R. Haylock, Mision Adventista del Septimo Dia, Apartado 218, Guatemala City, Guatemala—40, 20, 15, 10. Daily and Sunday, 12 to 2 p.m. Will handle any traffic for the Guatemala Mission.

#### CX—URUGUAY

CX2BP—Kenneth J. Indart, Arrayan 1767, Montevideo, Uruguay, S. A.—All Bands, Both.

#### DL—GERMANY

DL4LA—Peter M. Melvin, A/2C, U.S.A.F., 7th Shoran Beacon Sqd., A.P.O. 61, New York, N.Y.

#### LU—ARGENTINA

LU7FBO—Gustavo G. Meier, Humboldt, Santa Fé, Argentina—80, 40, 20, Phone.

#### OA—PERU

OA4CG—Octavian and Helen Socol, 1003 Casilla, Lima, Peru—20, 15, Phone.

#### OZ—DENMARK

OZ2LR—Leif Ryttertoft, Storegade 75, Grenaa, Denmark—80, Both; later 40, 20, 15, 10.

OZ5AW/OZ7SDA—Arne Wagenblast, Nr. Alle 30, Aarhus, Denmark—All Bands, Phone. Sundays, 7:00-9:00 and 14:00-17:00, G.M.T., on 21 mg.

OZ7GM—G. Reinhardt Moller, Stromgade, Osterveas, Denmark—80, Phone.

#### VE—CANADA

VE6IF—Bob L. Davies, 935 Thirty-second St., NW., Calgary, Alberta, Canada—80, 40, CW.

VE7AAL—R. N. Guild, 1951 Violet Ave., Victoria, B.C., Canada—80, 75, 10, Both.

VE7AFV—Elwin L. Liske, R.R. 1, Salmon Arm, B.C., Canada—80, 40, 20, 10, Both.

VE7CO—J. A. G. Bunting, R.R. 2, Kelowna, B.C., Canada—75, 40, 20, Both.

#### VR6—PITCAIRN ISLAND

VR6AY—Andrew C. Young, Pitcairn Island, Pacific Ocean—20, Both.

#### ZL—NEW ZEALAND

ZL2AUZ—Russell L. Blair, New Zealand Missionary College, Box 1, Longburn, New Zealand.

#### ZP—PARAGUAY

ZP5IT—Ira E. Baillie, M.D., Paraguay Mission of SDA, Yegros 429, Asuncion, Paraguay.

ZP5JE—Clara Baillie, R.N., Paraguay Mission of SDA, Yegros 429, Asuncion, Paraguay.

#### ZS—UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

ZS1AH—Mervyn Thomas, Helderberg College, P.O. Box 22, Somerset West, C.P., S. Africa—80, 40, 20, 15, CW. Desires contact with our colleges.

ZS1HRC—Helderberg College Radio Club, P.O. Box 22, Somerset West, C.P., South Africa (Gwen E. Smith, Trustee)—20, 15, 10, Both.

ZS1NQ—Gwen E. Smith, Helderberg College, P.O. Box 22, Somerset West, C.P., South Africa—20, 15, 10, Both.

ZS1QP—Stanley V. Maxwell, Helderberg College, P.O. Box 22, Somerset West, C.P., South Africa—20, 15, 10, Both.

ZS1RY/OQ5—Miriam van der Walt, B.P. 2099, Elisabethville, Congo Belge, Africa—20, 15, 10, Both.

ZS6ANP—Ken Thomas, Sedaven High School, P.O. Box 197, Heidelberg, Transvaal, S. Africa—40, 20, CW.

## SYF for Amateurs

By A. L. RICE

**A**MATEUR radio is so much like fishing—the kind of fishing Christ referred to when He said, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." You throw out a series of CQ's, and back through the ether comes your own call. You turn to the friend visiting in your "ham shack" and whisper, "Sh, I have a customer." Since this is my first contact with this station, I must send a QSL card. Then why not enclose a message-filled tract with that card?

Here is the big news! The Voice of Prophecy has just published a sixteen-page booklet entitled *The Dazzling Frontiers of Science*, written by Roy F. Cottrell. It deals with modern inventions, the time of the end, and the Saviour's return. It will hold the attention of all who have opportunity to read it. The front cover pictures an operator at his rig, followed by a most interesting article. The last two pages feature publicity by Faith for Today and the Voice of Prophecy, announcing their free Bible courses.

One hundred of these booklets will be mailed to each Seventh-day Adventist amateur radio operator who will send his station call letters and one dollar to cover mailing.

If you live east of the Mississippi River, address Faith for Today, Box 8, New York 8, N.Y. If you are in the West, send your request to the Voice of Prophecy, Box 55, Los Angeles 53, California.



# SABBATH SCHOOL



## God's Chosen Fast

LESSON FOR MAY 26

### FOR SABBATH AFTERNOON

**MEMORY GEM:** "If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it" (Isa. 58:13, 14).

**OUTSIDE READING:** *The Great Controversy*, pp. 451-460 (chapter: A Work of Reform).

### FOR SUNDAY

1. What word was the prophet given to speak to the people?

*"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and shew my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins" (Isa. 58:1).*

**NOTE.**—This is not the easy way, nor is this the kind of leaders the people want. The "leaders" who can satisfy the itching ears (2 Tim. 4:3) of the masses are those who stay the longest and receive the most praise, vainglorious though it is. Such half-hearted leadership is what the half-hearted, worldly-minded multitude will follow. Someone has defined half-heartedness thus: The effort to serve the Lord in such a way as not to offend the devil.

"The trumpet note of warning must be sounded. We are living in a fearfully wicked age. The worship of God will become corrupted unless there are wide-awake men at every post of duty. It is no time now for any to be absorbed in selfish ease. Not one of the words which God has spoken must be allowed to fall to the ground."—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 517.

2. While continuing their sins how did the professed followers of God seek to win His favor?

*"Yet they seek me daily, and delight to know my ways, as a nation that did righteousness, and forsook not the ordinance of their God: they ask of me the ordinances of justice; they take delight in approaching to God" (Isa. 58:2). See also Isa. 29:13; Eze. 33:30-32.*

**NOTE.**—"Daily." It is possible, then, to seek the Lord daily, to have family worship and private devotions, and yet not be right with God. What an alarming and heart-searching thought!

These people delight to know God's ways. They are eager to know the divine will, as eager as if they were in reality a people that practiced righteousness. They are not conscious hypocrites—quite the reverse. But they seem to lack a proper appreciation of what constitutes true religion.

### FOR MONDAY

3. What complaint do the people bring against God?

*"Wherefore have we fasted, say they, and thou seest not?"*

*wherefore have we afflicted our soul, and thou takest no knowledge?" (Isa. 58:3, first part).*

4. How does God answer this charge?

*"Behold, in the day of your fast ye find pleasure, and exact all your labours. Behold, ye fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness: ye shall not fast as ye do this day, to make your voice to be heard on high" (Isa. 58:3, last part, 4).*

**NOTE.**—The people had made fasting an end in itself, showing signs of taking pride in their humility. Having fasted, these people expect God to take heed and give them due credit, or reward. Now they complain that God apparently has not seen them. They are willing to conform to all the requirements of religion, but they want recognition for it, they want pay.

Real fasting presupposes such a seeking of God that worldly things will be forgotten. True fasting permits of no other "business" than that of seeking God. Merely to be hungry is not to fast.

### FOR TUESDAY

5. What question does God ask?

*"Is it such a fast that I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord?" (Isa. 58:5).*

**NOTE.**—God disapproves of the kind of fasting here mentioned. "Jesus said, 'When thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face; that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret.' Whatever is done to the glory of God is to be done with cheerfulness, not with sadness and gloom. There is nothing gloomy in the religion of Jesus."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, pp. 131, 132. (See also Matthew 6:16-18.)

6. What eight tests by which to measure the true fast does God give?

*"Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?" (Isa. 58:6, 7).*

### FOR WEDNESDAY

7. What wonderful promises does God make to those who enter into the experience of true fasting?

*"Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily: and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward. Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am. . . . Then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon day: and the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones: and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not" (Isa. 58:8-11). See also Ex. 14:19-25.*

8. What will be the result of such an outpouring of heavenly power on the people of God?

*"And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places: thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called, The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in" (Isa. 58:12).*

**NOTE.**—"The prophet here describes a people who, in a time of general departure from truth and righteousness, are seeking to restore the principles that are the foundation of the kingdom



of God. They are repairers of a breach that has been made in God's law,—the wall that He has placed around His chosen ones for their protection, and obedience to whose precepts of justice, truth, and purity, is to be their perpetual safeguard."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 677, 678.

#### FOR THURSDAY

9. What is the first part of the Sabbath reform God calls for?

*"If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day . . ." (Isa. 58:13, first part).*

10. What estimate is to be placed on the Sabbath?

*" . . . and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable" (Isa. 58:13, second part).*

11. How is God honored in Sabbathkeeping?

*" . . . and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words" (Isa. 58:13, last part).*

12. What results will surely follow this program of Sabbath reform?

*"Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it" (Isa. 58:14).*

NOTE.—"High places of the earth," that is, "I will carry thee triumphantly over all obstacles."—*Cambridge Bible*.

#### FOR FRIDAY

Special assignment: Make up a list of Sabbath activities which you think are in harmony with the principles laid down in this lesson and be prepared to discuss them in class.

NEXT WEEK, June 2, lesson title: "The Final Triumph of the Righteous." Scripture Reference: Isa. 59; 60. Memory Gem: Isa. 59:1. Outside Reading: *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 593-602.



## The Fourth South African Youth Congress

By Geoffrey E. Garne

PIETERMARITZBURG, NATAL, S. AFRICA.—Azaleas bloomed their welcome to the young people attending the Fourth South African Youth Congress. The congress city and capital of Natal, South Africa's "garden province," is always beautiful. But when the azaleas burst into bloom, this becomes a city of flowers. The parks and gardens are a blaze of color, and the air is filled with fragrance. For South Africa, this is the season of men in high spirits, ladies in spring nylons, and children with pink cheeks.

Against this background of festivity we paint our picture of yet another glorious triumph for the Advent youth of the Union of South Africa. P. H. Coetzee, union MV leader, director of the previous three congresses, worked untiringly to make this event another memorable milestone in the annals of South African MV history. His yeomanly efforts were amply rewarded by the clockwork precision with which high light followed high light, and blessing mounted on blessing.

Sharp at 7:30 P.M. on the opening Friday evening, the Good News Quartet from Cape Town stepped in front of the mike. Already they had earned the love of MV's

far and wide, but never had their singing been more enjoyed and appreciated than it was during the three days that were to follow this dramatic moment. Immediately following their song, a voice rang out from behind the stage, reading the words of the congress chorus especially written and composed for the occasion by P. A. Venter, editor of the South African *Signs of the Times*. As the words were slowly recited, the eager group of youth in the auditorium were able to follow the chorus, with the narrator, from two large, hand-painted facsimiles that flanked the stage on either side, one giving the words in English and the other in Afrikaans. Both fifty-square-foot "chorus sheets" were complete with music. The message of the motto that glistened in shining letters over the stage—"JESUS IS THE ANSWER"—was driven home to every heart as the delegates heard and read the words—

"Christ is the answer to my every need  
Every moment of every day;  
He is my Friend and my Brother indeed,  
As I travel the homeward way.  
He takes my sin and my guilt from me,  
Buries them deep in the deepest sea;  
Now I can sing and rejoice in His name,  
He is the answer to me."

The production of the man-size chorus sheets, as of the other signs, had been executed by Mr. Fillmore, a consecrated layman from Cape Town, and Pastor

W. V. Norcott, a mission MV secretary. But it was the enthusiastic song leaders, John Pullin and Carl van Heerden, who lifted the chorus off the paper and engraved it on the hearts of the young people.

In the same way we were to see God's appointed servants, through the medium of their sermons, impart the message of the motto to their listeners as a living reality and experience.

An interesting device was used to introduce the delegates to the congress. A map of the South African Union had been prepared in outline on a large board. As representatives of each district were called forward by the two conference MV secretaries, Pastors J. J. Oosthuizen from the Natal-Transvaal Conference, and J. M. Coetzee from the Cape Conference, each representative, assisted by the wives of the MV secretaries, placed on the map a colored section covering the area from which he came. When the delegates had all come forward it was found that the entire map had been covered, indicating that the entire Union Conference was represented. We were happy to welcome, as well, many guests from other unions in the great Southern African Division. Among this group were several of our young missionaries on furlough from Nyasaland, Kenya, Tanganyika, the Rhodesias, the Belgian Congo, and Portuguese Angola.

G. S. Stevenson, union conference president, preached the opening sermon. Taking for his theme the slogan, "Jesus Is the Answer," he clearly demonstrated that Christ is the only answer to the needs of both the world and the individual. His message set the spiritual tone for a week-end of Christ-centered preaching.

L. A. Skinner, of the General Conference MV Department, J. P. Sundquist,





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youth leader for the Southern African Division, and R. S. Watts, division president, were the guests of honor at the congress and took the main services. Although it is possible that the young people may forget, through the process of time, much of what was said in the dynamic sermons, some things never can be forgotten: the divine unction, the urgency, the challenge, the invitation, the summons, the appeal, the upward look, the heavenly vision, which came with renewed force at every service.

A service that was of practical and lasting value to the young people was the address by E. W. Marter, of the Helderberg College department of theology, on the subject "Love, Courtship, and Marriage." Copies of his sermon were given out by the union MV department to those in attendance.

No less enjoyable and challenging were the excellent programs. Who will ever forget the SYF program on Sabbath afternoon, at which Pastor Sundquist presided? On the platform with him stood a large board twelve feet long and eight feet high inscribed with a single word—"GO." No one in the audience guessed that the "O" was in effect a large door—not until he called through the door those who had been out sharing their faith. These young people were invited to tell their thrilling experiences. Some had "trophies" to present to the Lord as fruitage for their efforts.

The call was then made to all to consecrate themselves to God's service. Those who wished to respond were asked to leave their seats and pass through the SYF door. Practically the entire audience answered the call. As the young people passed through the door, each one received from Pastor Coetzee a dedication card, which he was invited to sign.

The next high light was the Master Guide Investiture on Saturday evening. The program, written by Roy Rothwell, MV leader of the Durban Society, and presented by his society, dramatically portrayed the providential guidance of God in the establishment of the Broken Stone Mission in Peru. Present at this program was the deputy mayor of Pietermaritzburg, who welcomed the guests to the city and expressed his appreciation for what he had seen and heard. The investiture of the twenty-five candidates was conducted by Pastor Skinner and the local MV department leaders present at the congress. On the following day a Master Guide banquet was held, which was attended by more than one hundred Master Guides. This is the first Master Guide banquet ever held in South Africa.

Another popular event was the Temperance program on Sunday evening, under the chairmanship of Pastor Coetzee, who is also the union conference temperance secretary. The oratorical contest was preceded by the showing of an excellent film and by a sketch, which was well per-

formed by the Bloemfontein young people. The speeches in the contest were unique this year in that they were given as addresses to the Liquor Licensing Board. Warwick Davison, member of the Natal Provincial Council, and Mrs. A. N. Ingle, president of the Federated Women's Institutes of Natal, were among those who served on the panel of judges.

Top honors in the contest went to Marie Schröder, twenty-four-year-old schoolteacher from Durban, South Africa's eastern seaboard city. Runners-up were Danie Swanepoel, of Helderberg College, and Gert van Blerk, of Johannesburg. The Helderberg entrant was the winner of the essay feature. Prizes were also awarded, as in previous years, for posters and jingles. The prizes were presented by Mrs. R. S. Watts, wife of our division president.

### BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but a new traffic law has recently been adopted in Turkey calculated to reduce the number of traffic accidents and fatalities. Anyone applying for a driver's license must prove that he does not use narcotic drugs in any form, including alcoholic beverages. Drivers' licenses will be issued only to total abstainers.

If such a law were adopted in the United States, approximately 12,000 lives would be saved annually.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

An outstanding feature of the congress was the music. There were three choirs in attendance: the school choirs from Helderberg College, Cape, and Sedaven Academy, Transvaal; and the young people's robed choir from Durban, under the capable leadership of Roy Rothwell, MV society leader and founder of the choir. The Helderberg group made the fourteen-hundred-mile trip to the congress in a fleet of cars under the chaperonage of the college president, E. Lyndon Tarr, and four fellow staff members.

A report of our fourth youth congress should not close without making mention of two outstanding displays—the book display and the hobby display. The book stall, under the direction of P. J. P. Botha of the conference book depository, broke all previous records in book sales, practically doubling the sales of the previous congress. The hobby hall, in charge of Mavis de Witt, an enthusiastic Bible instructor, and H. F. Steenberg, Pietermaritzburg MV leader, broke all previous records in appeal, variety, and interest, and in the number of visitors who viewed the exhibits. Another fact of interest that we should not fail to

record is that for the first time the congress sermons were preserved and offered for sale in written form. Hundreds availed themselves of this service, which was provided by the Pietermaritzburg church. Copies are doubtless still available to those who may be interested in obtaining them.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the factors that made this congress an event to be long remembered, or to evaluate the contribution of the many who gave of themselves in ministration for the youth at this great gathering. But it was a great gathering in every sense of the word. If indeed you were to seek to isolate any one factor that made it such, you would have to attribute its overwhelming success, not to the meticulous planning, the careful attention to detail, the eloquent preaching, the excellent music, the interesting programs, or the variety and quality of the features, but to the fact that from beginning to end everything was so completely, so absolutely, Christ-centered. When everything else has been forgotten, and when the azaleas have faded from our memory, this we will continue to remember—that "Jesus Is the Answer."

### Eyes for a Blind Man

From page 4

the Adventist Church? I had never heard of one.

The next morning a warm hand grasped mine, and a friendly voice softly greeted, "Hello, brother." Yes, I met my beloved radio friend, Pastor Richards. This experience made me more determined to become a minister.

The bell in the church steeple clanged as we entered the little chapel. As Pastor Robert Whitsett finished his message the fire of enthusiasm roared up in my heart. Crossing the aisle, I grasped his hand and blurted, "Pastor, I want to become an evangelist."

"Go to college," came the simple reply.

"But, sir, I have only a partial high school education."

"Try it anyway, brother. God will guide you."

Stumbling down the steps, my brother and I raced across the campgrounds and into the counseling booth of Emmanuel Missionary College. There, to my surprise, I was informed that I might be able to attend college.

The admissions committee met at the college later that summer, and presently over the phone came the answer, "Bob, you're accepted."

As I realized that my lifework was cut out for me, tears filled my eyes. In my heart I purposed to be a thorough student, to become a good minister of the gospel.



When I arrived at college, sudden fear assailed me with whips of failing confidence. Would the students be cordial? What grades would I receive?

The students—young men and women—rallied to my assistance by reading to me. The warm handshakes and the hearty hellos and good-mornings of students and teachers said, "Bob, we accept you." As for the grades, God bountifully watered the seeds of knowledge so that at the end of the first semester I harvested six A's and one B.

Through the darkness of the past five years God's light of love has guided me to a people, to a faith, and to the joy of giving a message of truth to those in worldly darkness. "Whereas I was blind, now I see"—spiritually.

## Out of This World . . . and Back Again

From page 10

"Yes," Jeanie said, "isn't that great! See you at the cottage then. Bye now."

Upstairs in the registrar's office Jeanie met Dot. "Why, Jeanie, you're looking fine. I almost feared you weren't coming back again this year. I've missed you this summer."

"I've missed you too, Dot. We must see a lot of each other this year. I guess I'm next in line now. Be seeing you."

It took Jeanie a good part of the day to line up her year's work and to register. When she finished, she checked her schedule for possible conflicts: public speaking, journalism, cookery II, dietetics, interior decorating, household arts, Daniel and Revelation, expression, chorus. No conflicts. Looked a little heavy, but interior decorating and household arts were two half-year subjects, so that when she finished one, she would simply begin the other.

The class in expression was not a required subject in the course, but Jeanie had always been interested in giving readings, and in learning to express herself properly in public, so she would enjoy both public speaking and expression. Chorus was an elective, but this was the only music she felt she could afford, and she loved music. The second semester she was to take home nursing too. Well, she would try this schedule and see how things worked out by the second semester.

When Jeanie entered the home economics cottage a few minutes later, she was introduced to Kathleen Coombs and Dianne Carr. These girls had just arrived and were to room across the hall from her. Estelle hadn't come in yet,

but Jeanie was happy she was to have her for a roommate.

Dianne was very chic looking and had a pleasing way about her. She wore simple, well-fitting clothes, and her blue eyes seemed to be twinkling all the time. And when she smiled her entire face came to her assistance with a radiant performance.

But Kathleen! Jeanie looked at her from the corner of her eye. Coal-black hair and a frosty-white complexion, eyes that never quite looked at you, and a mouth that turned down at the corners like the pages of a forgotten book. She was a little pudgy around the waist too.

"I hope you girls like it here," Jeanie said. "Is there anything I can do for you before I finish unpacking?"

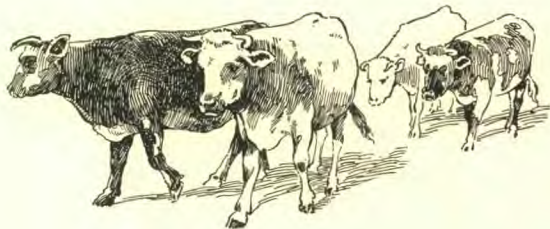
Kathleen looked at the floor. "I don't expect to like it here particularly. Expect to get my B.S. degree, but I actually hope to meet some nice young men."

"You'll soon meet so many you'll be all confused. If there's anything I can do for either of you, I'll be up in my room," Jeanie said over her shoulder. On her way up the stairs she thought, "Here to get her B.S., eh? Sounded more like she came to find a husband. Wonder how she'll make out, anyway!"

Next week: Short cuts, diets, and rats.

## Whom Are You Following?

By MARION L. TAYLOR



**I**T WAS a wet Sabbath afternoon at Wahroonga, Australia, and I was curled up on the lounge reading—reading the latest *Youth's Instructor*.

My eyes nearly popped out as I read the editorial regarding the editor's visit to a meat-packing plant.\* You see, traveling as I do for the Australasian Division, I too once had a few hours' stopover to fill, way up in Queensland. And right

there is the largest meat-packing plant in the Southern Hemisphere.

What I saw does not make a pretty story either, but there I learned a lesson. Steers were killed, 890 that day, in the selfsame way as the editor explained. But how did they get into the building from the resting yards?

Out there was an old bull, a white bull at that, and the men had had him for thirteen years when I was there. He had been trained, the old villain, and he it was who led the young steers to

their doom. You've just got to believe me—his name is Satan.

He had been trained to go from the resting yard into a smaller one, and so on until he was in a narrow race. He'd been doing this for all these years and nothing untoward had happened. (I guess it will someday when he's too old.) Young steers will not go into any race without a leader. And who could they better follow than a pure white bull, though not so pure as his whiteness would lead you to believe?

Once they were inside the race, with no possibility of turning either way, a gate was opened, and pure, white Satan went through, but not one of the young who had followed on. To the hammer and to the knife they went, and in less than three minutes the steers were in a dozen different departments of the meatworks.

So it could be that Satan steals eternal life from our young people before he "stuns and sticks them," at the time when they chose whom they will follow. Would to God that all of us, Seventh-day Adventist young people and leaders, might make very sure of our consecration, for the younger ones are following us, though we might be quite oblivious of that fact. It is our privilege to lead them right through the gates—into the kingdom.

\* February 8, 1955.



## So You Want a Book Published

From page 8

tell me *why* this manuscript was rejected?" And he generally adds modestly under his breath, "Perhaps I could profit by the criticisms, rewrite the manuscript, and then there wouldn't be any reason why it could not be published." It should be pointed out that this is asking more than a writer has a right to expect from a publisher. Our rejection letters are much more gentle and personal than rejections in the publishing business generally. The usual form is a printed slip—not even a letter.

The author has a right to submit manuscripts. The publisher has a right to accept or reject. After all, it is the publisher's money that will be risked. And he need not explain his actions. The buyer does not tell the seller why he does not buy. In our social contacts even our best friends will not affront us by telling us what is wrong with our looks, our actions, our attitudes, or our children. You can therefore hardly expect a publisher to tell a total stranger what is wrong with his brain child.

If your manuscript is accepted, you will receive a letter from the secretary of the committee telling you the good news. The publishing house treasurer will send you a contract, and your book is under way. By denominational action,

royalty on most of our books is set at 5 per cent of the retail price of the book. On books sold by colporteurs it is less.

A little arithmetic at this point is in order. A \$3 Book Club volume that sells three thousand copies will earn the author \$450—5 per cent of \$9,000—payable at the end of the year on the books sold. Since as author you have doubtless put in more than 450 hours on the book, you could have earned more at any other work that is under the wage-hour laws of the United States. In other words, don't expect to make a living at writing for denominational publications. It just isn't done. If you've had some fun doing the work, just pocket the change as a little extra bonus in life, and be thankful that you could make a contribution.

The mathematical chances that your manuscript will be accepted are small indeed. I heard recently that one large New York publisher read five hundred manuscripts to find three acceptable ones. That is less than 1 per cent acceptance. Our own percentages are better. During a recent period the Review and Herald book committee considered 159 manuscripts and accepted 29 of them—slightly better than 5 per cent acceptance.

Fortunately for writers, manuscripts are not accepted on the basis of percentages, but on the basis of merit. The author has complete control over that.

What he has to say and how he says it are largely up to him.

Manuscripts are frequently rejected for one or more of the following reasons:

1. Does not fill a definite need in the over-all picture of Seventh-day Adventist book publishing.

2. Covers a subject that is already adequately covered by some book already in print and currently available.

3. Tells a primary story in adult language—or vice versa.

4. Seeks to use denominational literature to promote some new and unaccepted theory or to debate a subject already standard in Adventist teachings.

5. Deals with a subject of insufficient interest to justify publication.

6. Deals with an interesting subject but lacks sales appeal. (Books have to be sold after they are printed.)

7. Is so poorly written as to make clear that the author has little literary talent.

8. Simply does not have the makings of a book.

There are other reasons, of course, some of them quite specific, but this general list may help you to avoid the pitfalls that have resulted in rejection for many a manuscript.

You probably are wondering, "How can I increase the merit of my manuscript to the publisher, and thus increase my chances of acceptance?"

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Or perhaps you think, with many others, "Why don't I explain my idea for a book to some publisher and get him to accept it before I go to all the work of writing it out?"

In answer to the second proposition I should tell you that such commitments in Seventh-day Adventist publishing practice are exceedingly rare. Arthur W. Spalding was commissioned by the Review and Herald to write the denominational history that resulted in the two books *Captains of the Host* and *Christ's Last Legion*, and was placed on the publishing house payroll for the duration of the task. But unknown or unproved writers can hardly expect such treatment.

Actually, book committees usually refuse to consider a manuscript until it is completed and available for examination by readers.

Now back to your question of increasing your chances of acceptance.

First of all, survey the field. This article is an attempt to help you, but you will have to do your own research work. If you want to write a book for the Voice of Prophecy, look over the last ten or fifteen books they have put out. Write to the manager and ask what subjects they might be willing to consider. See how their subjects have been handled. In other words, discover, if you can, what target needs to be hit. And then aim at it.

If the Book Clubs are your goal, look over the selections for the last several years. Learn all you can about Book Clubs. In the Missionary Volunteer Book Clubs there are three age levels—senior, junior, and primary—with from three to five books in each every year. There are thus twelve to fifteen books every year that are sure to be published, and that the committee would be glad to have written by Seventh-day Adventists. I think there have never been enough available manuscripts by Adventist authors to fill all the courses under a balanced program. It is true, of course, that sometimes there are more than enough manuscripts in certain fields in a given course in a given year.

If you have followed the Book Clubs for some time, you will recognize that there are well-defined subject areas that are acceptable—missions, biography, nature, stories that teach a lesson, Adventist history and pioneer stories, stories of inventions and science, and devotional and inspirational books. Mission stories are perennial, but of course they must give the various fields something like equal representation.

I have a letter on my desk, as I write, from a worker overseas. This missionary called at my office several months ago, just as he was leaving for his field. He asked if he could write a Book Club selection on the mission field to which he was going. After a survey of the past

few years I pointed out that his mission field had not been represented in the Book Clubs for quite some time. This looked like a promising opportunity.

His letter, written a few days ago, has the following questions:

"What is the deadline for considering such [Book Club] manuscripts?"

"Which of the following types of books do you think would be most acceptable with reference to ———? I have materials for each of them. . . .

"a. A book that outlines the experience of a denominational educator 'following the blueprint' from the time of his call right through a successful, God-blessed experience in the field.

"b. A collection of mission stories for senior youth.

"c. A series of stories for young children of either primary or junior age."

And at the end he says, "I realize that in all this you cannot promise anything for the committee. I am willing to risk that."

This is an ideal example of cooperation between author, publisher, and Book Club committee, without a commitment, and with clear understanding of the principles involved.

Many otherwise good manuscripts are rejected because the author did not aim at a target that was denominationally acceptable or that had not been hit too many times already.

This brings me to the subject of one-time books and repeat books.

Certain books in our church literature are written "once for all," to use a Bible phrase. *The Seventh-day Adventist Bible Commentary* is a prime example, or L. E. Froom's *Prophetic Faith of Our Fathers*, or our standard doctrinal and prophetic books.

Mission story books, as we have said, may be repeated as long as time shall last. And Morning Watch devotional books. And new books for young peo-


ple. And even books on the twenty-third psalm, or the Lord's Prayer, or Peter's ladder, or 1 Corinthians 13, or the Ten Commandments.

All this is not to say that our literature does not or should not repeat our doctrinal message over and over again. As a matter of fact, most of our doctrines are repeated in several different forms—large books, medium books, small books, Crisis books, Little Giant books, tracts. Each has its place. The very multiplicity of forms gives evidence that there was a need. And there are new needs and new methods arising constantly. In book publishing the end is not yet.

Books are intended to be more or less permanent literature—as distinguished from magazine and periodical articles. Wisdom seems to dictate, therefore, that the writer of a book should have had some previous writing experience. If you want to write a book, wait until you have acquired skill and gained experience in writing something less pretentious. Try writing articles for *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, the *Signs of the Times*, or *These Times*. The Review and Herald publishes perhaps twenty-five or thirty books in a year. The INSTRUCTOR, to mention only one of the magazines, uses nearly six hundred articles or stories a year. The other magazines need comparable numbers of articles.

There are several reasons for trying out your literary wings on some rather modest flight. The amount of work is not so great, and the disappointment is not so severe if an article is rejected. It is also possible for a magazine editor to give a little more direction and encouragement to writers than is possible in the book field.

With an ever-growing publishing work in the church, new writers are needed. Perhaps you will be the one to make a substantial and lasting contribution to the finishing of God's last-day message.



I unhesitatingly urge all Seventh-day Adventist young men facing military service to avail themselves of the pre-induction training offered in Medical Cadet Corps by the church.

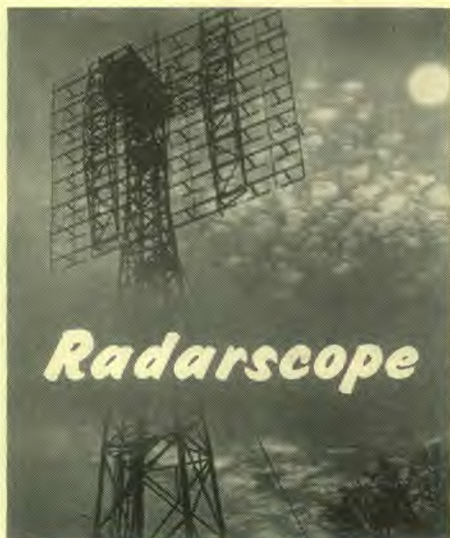
*S. B. Hays*  
S. B. HAYS, Major General  
Surgeon General, U.S. Army

Write to your union Missionary Volunteer secretary for details

**SDA National Medical Cadet Corps Training Camp**

Camp Desmond T. Doss—June 26-July 10, 1956—Grand Ledge, Michigan





U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

► ARMY engineers have holdings in land and buildings amounting to \$25 billion, scattered throughout the United States, its territories, and 22 other countries. They have mapping agreements with 46 nations and are now converting the maps of all the nations belonging to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization to a standard military grid. They operate six technical intelligence services. Their many duties and operations are performed with an annual budget of about \$2 billion and a personnel of 10,000 officers, 100,000 enlisted men, and 50,000 civilian employees.

► AN electronic device used by policemen to check the speed motorists travel works from a pair of rubber tubes. The tubes are laid across the road at a predetermined distance apart. When a car's front wheels touch the first tube a switch is closed and a stop watch starts. When the wheels go over the second tube, the watch stops, and the officer takes the rate of travel from its dial. Manufacturer Roy D. Scheske, of Marshall, Michigan, says, "There have been over 1.5 million arrests, and we haven't lost a case."

► FIFTY years ago in *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*: "The Japanese of the future are to be of the normal stature of Caucasians, according to Baron Takai, surgeon general of Japan. He says that his countrymen, for centuries, have been eating food which makes bone, muscle, and sinew, instead of contributing to stature. Now, food suited to producing height is to be eaten extensively, and the people advised to grow tall."

► A "BUBBLE OXYGENATOR," which costs less than \$5 and serves as a temporary replacement for the human lungs during direct-vision intracardiac surgery, has been developed at the University of Minnesota Medical School. Of seven seriously ill patients with cardiac septal defects operated on in 1955, there were five successes and two deaths.

► CORDUROY is derived from the French *corde du roi*, meaning the "king's cord." Originally it was used for the livery of the French king's outdoor servants and had little fashion value.

► THE poison of the black widow spider is about 16 times more powerful than rattlesnake poison.

► THE British House of Commons has 640 members, compared with 435 members in the United States House of Representatives.

► AT least one out of every seven employed persons in North America gains his livelihood from the manufacture, sale, service, or use of motor vehicles.

► THE Wayside Inn, historic Massachusetts landmark ravaged by fire last December, is to be fully restored, reports William Clay Ford, president of the board of trustees. The Ford Foundation will take the financial responsibility.

► A NEW and revised edition of the ancient Talmud will be printed this year by the World Academy in Jerusalem, an institution devoted to Talmudic and Biblical research. Publication will be in 30 volumes of 600 large folio pages each, and the first volume is expected to be issued next fall. The Talmud embodies Jewish moral and spiritual teachings based on Biblical precepts and laws covering a period of about 1,000 years.

► KENTUCKY'S General Assembly has banned comic books that contribute to juvenile crime. A penalty up to \$1,000 or imprisonment up to one year has been imposed for publishing literature that depicts crime, horror, physical torture, brutality, or immorality. The measure also includes a \$500 fine or six months in jail, or both, for anyone who "knowingly shall sell, lend, give away, show, advertise for sale or distribute commercially to any person under the age of 18 years" any such books.

► THE production of Western and crime movies is continuing strong, while the production of noncrime movies "has decreased greatly," according to the U.S. Senate Juvenile Delinquency Subcommittee. This has caused an increased emphasis on "sadism, brutality, and violence" on the screens of America's theaters. The committee's report on "Motion Pictures and Juvenile Delinquency" revealed that the movies, comic books, and television "have a tremendous influence on the young child in his early development." In all studies of this kind it is difficult to show the exact relationship between portrayals of violence and delinquent behavior, the report said, but "it is quite clear that professional people generally view the presentation of brutality and violence in these media as definitely deleterious to the personality development of normal, pre-delinquent, and delinquent children."

► Two ancient Biblical manuscripts are being deciphered by scholars at the University of Mississippi. One manuscript is a parchment codex dating from the fifth or sixth century, containing the major part of the books of Jeremiah and Lamentations. The other manuscript is believed to date from the third or fourth century, making it one of the oldest extant texts of any part of the New Testament. It contains the Book of Jude, the first epistle of St. Peter, the Book of Jonah, a homily on The Passion by a second-century church leader, Bishop Melito of Sardis, and a fifth work as yet unidentified.

► FIRST photographs taken as far as three miles below the sea's surface have been successfully recorded by a 100-pound camera invented by Dr. Harold E. Edgerton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Used in the experiment was a nylon cable less than one quarter of an inch thick, the strength of which was proved when it snagged on an obstruction 10,000 feet under water and pulled backward the ship from which the camera was lowered.

► ACCORDING to a research bureau, the hair on the head of a brunette averages 108,000 strands, each growing half an inch a month, and making an accumulative average of six and one half feet an hour. Blonde hair, numbering about 140,000 separate strands, grows at the faster rate of eight feet an hour.

► TWENTY-FIVE years ago in *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*: "Centuries ago France put a tax on windows. The landlord paid it, and based his rent on the number and size. Last year the tax was abolished, and now builders are rejoicing in the opportunity to make windows extravagantly large and beautiful."

► THERE has been an increase of 65 per cent in the number of persons working in banks in the United States during the past 16 years. The 15,000 banks in America now employ more than 525,000 persons.

► A SECOND attempt is now being made by an Argentine expedition to scale the 26,795-foot Dhaulagiri Mountain in Nepal, it is reported.

► FIFTY million persons visited the parks of North America in 1955. This was two million more than in 1954.

► ABOUT five quarts of milk are needed to make one pound of American cheese.

## Focus

We call ourselves civilized; we claim high moral standards. How then can we explain the continuing popularity of crime and horror on the screen, over the air, and in print? Why is it that some whose job it is to promote peace among nations read cloak-and-dagger mysteries in their spare time? Why do cultured men and women of honesty and integrity enjoy watching dramas of intrigue and greed? How can these things be?

Underneath the civilized, sophisticated exterior and behind the talk of high social standards and moral behavior, man is thoroughly a child of sin. Unless he gives his heart and life to Christ, no amount of superficial moralizing can hide his wicked desires and evil tendencies. What we see in the comic books, pulp magazines, cheap books, movies, and on TV and what we hear over radio, simply reveal what the majority of people would like to be and do were it not for the restraints of a society built upon Christian standards.

"Men in their blindness boast of wonderful progress and enlightenment; but to the eye of Omniscience are revealed the inward guilt and depravity. The heavenly watchers see the earth filled with violence and crime." "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

DON YOST