

THE

Youth's

INSTRUCTOR



With words and pen Charles Cook
draws a sketch of Sam—

"I Get So Lonesome Sometimes"

JUNE 9, 1959

[Bible Lesson for June 20]



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• This age-bent, shaggy-haired,
Bowery-grimed little man
with the sad eyes of winter
was my friend.



SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR

"I'm eighty-five,"
Sam said,
beginning to
lose his shyness.

"I get so lonesome sometimes"

by

CHARLES D.

COOK

I PAUSED from the hesitancy of going home to nothing more than the same radio and the same books and the same pictures. I looked carelessly at the schedule of lectures posted on the outside bulletin board of the auditorium.

He was carefully examining the discarded *Daily News* as if it might contain some nugget of wisdom left intact by its previous owner. I stood now with both eyes watching the supposed movements of his mind. He folded the paper again and tucked it, along with a greasy, wrinkled grocery bag, under the frayed sleeve of his coat. He looked out into the street at the motion of cars, as if to locate his position, like a ship pilot carefully charting a homeward course by the stars. Then, stepping around me, he began a slowly paced journey in the direction I was going.

I did not follow. I felt within myself my own Sunday afternoon aloneness: the incompleteness of the museum, the emptiness of the subway ride home. But in my

mind—or perhaps my heart—I recognized a companion exile from human warmth. We were both collectors of scraps of beauty—maybe not even so much as beauty, but clippings of something to paste to the heart's pages for evenings that follow afternoons of being alone.

His eyes, the sadness of them, the mouth that turned so naturally down at the corners, the hollow gaze into the street, the empty walk, told me all and more of the story than I wanted to know. Here was the universal disease, the illness of age—loneliness. My heart suddenly spilled into the understanding one has with some friend discovered in a mutual pain or problem. This age-bent, shaggy-haired, Bowery-grimed little man with the sad eyes of winter was my friend. My friend, without an exchange of polite words but with an exchange of a common aloneness and the silence of being within but not a part of the laughter and song of the Sunday parade of people.

But he was not aware of our friendship.

THE Youth's INSTRUCTOR

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is a non-fiction weekly designed to meet the spiritual, social, physical, and mental interests of Christian youth in their teens and twenties. It adheres to the fundamental concepts of Sacred Scripture. These concepts it holds essential in man's true relationship to his heavenly Father, to his Saviour, Jesus Christ, and to his fellow men.

Beginning with volume one, number one, in August of 1852, this paragraph appeared under the name of Publisher James White: "Its object is, to teach the young the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus, and thereby help them to a correct understanding of the Holy Scriptures." Whether 1852 or 1959, our objectives continue to be the same.

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Published by the Seventh-day Adventists. Printed every Tuesday by the Review and Herald Publishing Association, at Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C., U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at Washington, D.C. Copyright, 1959, Review and Herald Publishing Association, Washington 12, D.C.

Subscription rates: one year, \$5.75; two years, \$10.50; three years, \$14.25; six months, \$3.00; in clubs of three or more, one year, each \$4.75; six months, \$2.50. Foreign countries where extra postage is required: one year \$6.25; six months, \$3.25; in clubs of three or more, one year, each \$5.25; six months, \$2.75. Monthly color edition, available overseas only, one year, \$1.75.

The post office will not forward second-class matter even though you leave a forwarding address. Send both the old and the new address to THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR a month before you move.

Photo credits: Cover, A. Devaney; p. 7, Max Tharpe; p. 11, Harvey Hansen; p. 12, C. D. Brion.

VOLUME 107, NUMBER 23

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I had gained a friend; but he, still full of emptiness, was only waiting for the light to turn WALK. "O.K. then," my mind spoke to my heart, "just walk twice as fast as your shabby-coated friend and before you've reached the delicatessen you'll catch up and you can say, 'I'm your friend Charles Cook. Won't you please have supper with me at my pleasure?'" The heart began to follow at faster pace.

But, of course, the accumulation of generations of cautiousness would not be still and allow a thing so simple to take place in the open, sun-splashed street. "Why, this is cold, crusted, every-man-for-himself New York City. One doesn't walk up to strangers with dirty shirts and say, 'Friend, come home for dinner.' Be wise! You might get into trouble. You don't know what disease hides under crumpled overcoats along the Bowery. Who is he? Where does he come from? What business do you have with him?"

I stopped at a little shoeshine booth that jutted into the street, leaned carefully against one corner, and looked to all the stream of pedestrian traffic like one of the contented sidewalk observers of life. The old man also stopped—beside three garbage cans.

He lifted the lid of one can and found more newspapers. He shifted the papers aside and looked beneath, I knew, for some treasure only an old man with a greasy, stained bag could covet. Satisfied, he replaced the first lid. Then I bit hard between my teeth the timidity and all the nonsense of culture and crowd and generations of prejudice and fear of loving for fear of losing. I met him turning.

"Say—uh—I'm just on my way home. I live alone and would like to talk to someone. Wouldn't you like to come along with me? We'll have something to eat."

A wrinkled pause. "But—you don't know me!" Large, questioning, wanting but suspicious eyes searched my face.

"That doesn't matter. Come on."

He did not answer. His face did not

change expression nor did he nod his head. He began walking beside me.

"What is your name?"

"Sam." There was more silence. The conversation was going to be difficult. The space between us was as stiff and uncomfortable as the expression of sympathy to a stranger at a funeral. We paused for the light at the last curb between us and my apartment. Then, seeming to grip all my thoughts with the unpretentious honesty found in humble men and great men, Sam looked straight ahead and said, "I don't mind going hungry, but I get so lonesome sometimes."

In the thickness of my thoughts I could only cross the street, walking slowly beside him.

He didn't finish all of the vegetarian hamburger and pushed most of the lettuce to one side. He did eat all the peas.

"I'm eighty-five," Sam said, beginning to lose his shyness.

"Ah, you're not eighty-five. You walked up those five flights of stairs too well to be eighty-five. You're not that old, now are you?"

He smiled just at the corners of his mouth to confirm the truth.

"Sam, couldn't you get some money from the city welfare? I know they—"

"I don't want any help. I'm O.K. I never ask anything of anybody." He spoke in pride and then paused before continuing "It doesn't take much to keep an old man like me alive. My brother has a little room. I stay with him. Get a bowl of oatmeal every day. That's enough. It doesn't take much to keep an old man like me." He spoke reflectively.

"What about children?"

Sam hesitated and collected them one by one into focus and slowly in remembering said, "I have three boys and two girls." Then in pride he said, "One son is a dentist in California and the other is a lawyer, I think now in Ohio."

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PRODIGAL

by
ANN
CLAYTON

Please run to meet her, Lord,
As once you met a prodigal of old.
The land that beckoned her so far away
Was lonely, heartless, cold!

She's choking on the husks,
And sickened at the sight of swine.
Make her home-coming easy, Lord.
This precious, prayed-for prodigal
Is mine!

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Of Time and a Summer



BY-LINE With this issue the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR by-line of Jessie Wilmore Murton has appeared seventy-one times since April 24, 1934. It is likely that her poems and articles in the INSTRUCTOR represent only a small portion

of the products of her pen. "I have contributed verse and articles to several hundred nondenominational periodicals—general, juvenile, religious, trade, and poetry periodicals, and newspapers ranging from the New York Times to local papers," she writes. Her works have appeared in most of the denominational magazines, and she has won many literary prizes, both local and national.

BY-LINE Mrs. Murton lists herself as a housewife and part-time writer. Collections of her poems have been published under such titles as *Frankincense and Myrrh*, *Whatever Things Are Lovely*, *The Shining Thread*, and *A Child's Book of Verses*. She has been a proofreader at the Southern Publishing Association and in other publishing firms in Iowa and Missouri. She believes that as human beings together we should be tolerant of others, take time for courtesy, and "seek . . . first the kingdom of God."

MART Write for details on the third YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR Photo Mart. Deadline for entries: January 1, 1960.

SPOKES The David W. Corson cover photo from A. Devaney has interest for human beings of all ages. The hub and spokes of a wagon wheel may well be part of a vanishing scene, but the small fry of nature's world will continue as long as time. A kitten's purr and a puppy's talkative tail remind us that affection is a commodity not limited to humankind. "The intelligence displayed by many dumb animals approaches so closely to human intelligence that it is a mystery. The animals see and hear and love and fear and suffer." Seeing the word *love* associated with animals for the first time in *The Ministry of Healing* (p. 315) struck me as strange. Yet my nightly greeting from one Pomeranian brings routine corroboration of animal affection.

TEMPERANCE "True temperance teaches us to dispense entirely with everything hurtful, and to use judiciously that which is healthful."—PP 562.

Three months from now you will find a sum total at the bottom of a column of time. While the figures will be the same for everyone, their worth will vary like the ingredients of 1 Corinthians 3:12: gold, silver, precious stones—wood, hay, stubble. The addition of the minutes, the hours, the days, the weeks, and the months will total the summer of 1959. To all will come 3 months, 13 weeks, 91 days, 2,184 hours, 131,040 minutes.

Whether your sum will represent stubble or precious stones depends on you. Of all the gifts God grants His children, perhaps time is at once the most certain and the most elusive. Every day you are alive will bring a full quota, but whether you take from it full value will depend on your purpose and precision.

You can lose money, and friends may make it up for you. You may lose health, then regain it through nature's patient ways or the ministry of a physician. But time wasted is gone forever. As the English clergyman Thomas Fuller once remarked, "He lives long that lives well, and time misspent is not lived, but lost."

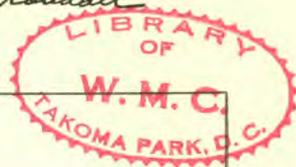
It is well said that if you take care of the dimes, the dollars will take care of themselves. Similarly, if you take care of the minutes, the hours will render a good account.

One of the new authors whose manuscripts we have begun to publish in the past year made an interesting observation in an early letter. "I do so much appreciate your interest in my efforts," she wrote. "My life has taken on new meaning in the past few months. I feel that I am doing something useful instead of wasting so much time with television. That is another topic for an article. Before I became interested in writing I was spending at least four hours a day watching TV."

Depending on your interests, you can grow a garden or read a shelf of books or learn to play a musical instrument in the next thirteen weeks. You can increase your skill as a cook or a carpenter. You can build a cabin or you can build your health into new dimensions of mental vigor or muscular tone.

Of the thousand and one profitable things you can choose to do in the summer ahead, won't it be tragic if the sum in September shows nothing but wood or hay or stubble, when precious things, imperishable values, could be yours?

Martin C. Crouse



COMING NEXT WEEK

- "DESERT THREADS FROM THE WEB OF LIFE" describes a field trip to observe insects and other creatures of medical importance and to collect them for laboratory study. The reporter is Robert D. Lee.
- "WE HAVE FOUND LIFE AT ITS BEST" reflects the enthusiasm of a youthful pair of medical missionaries in Ethiopia, who incidentally advise others to volunteer for overseas service "while you are young and can laugh at your troubles." Speaking for her husband and herself is Sandra Bokovoy.
- "I AM SO CONFUSED!" reports the conversation of a coed and the doctor who tries to help her understand the basis of some of her inner conflicts and tensions. The by-line belongs to Carl Mason.

THE young man to whom I'm engaged insists on my granting him privileges when we are alone together. He says it is all right because we love each other and because we are soon to be married. What do you think?" So writes a college girl.

It will help in our understanding of love in the setting of active romance if we first consider the broad spectrum of love in all human relationships.

God is the author of love. The ability to love is a divine endowment. It is, among other things, the highest emotion of which a human being is capable.

Love must find expression. Even though there are many forms of love that are appropriate in the various aspects of living, love in any of its forms cannot lie dormant for long. Without opportunity for expression, love soon disappears.

The method of expressing love must depend, of course, on the circumstances within which love occurs. God has expressed His love to us in countless ways. The crowning evidence of His love is in the gift of "his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Love to God must find expression. It requires an attitude of reverence. It prompts faith and trust in His providences and leadership. It requires obedience, for the Master Himself expressed the challenge, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

Love to our friends and fellow beings takes the forms of fellowship, of unselfish willingness to help, and of loyalty under circumstances of stress.

The normal relations between parent and child call forth many expressions of love. The parent expresses his love by his constant devotion to the child's welfare. The child, in return, expresses his love for his parents by obedience and loyalty.

The love between a husband and wife finds expression in their desire for companionship. They like to share life together. They feel lonely when away from each other. United, life's experiences are colorful, interesting, enjoyable. A sunset is even more beautiful when they enjoy it together.

Genuine love in marriage prompts the development of full confidence and a respect for each other's wishes and preferences. It generates an understanding of the sacredness of marriage. It produces perfect loyalty, each to the other. It builds solidly for permanent happiness.

God intended marriage to be the happiest of all human relationships, and He endowed it with a provision by which husband and wife may express their love

for each other in the most intimate and satisfying manner. The bond between husband and wife is more personal than that between parent and child. "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh" (Gen. 2:24). But the ultimate happiness of marriage depends on a recognition of its sacredness.

There are various ways of expressing love. 1. Love may be expressed *emotionally* by fellowship and comradeship, by the mutual enjoyment of music, and by the sentiments expressed in love letters. 2. Love may be expressed *in material ways* as by the care a parent gives to a child, by the solicitude of a grown child for his elderly parents, or by the bestowing of gifts and other tokens of love. 3. Love may be expressed *intellectually* by the sharing of common interests and beliefs, and by the development of attitudes of loyalty, respect, and trust. 4. And love may be expressed *affectionately* as by the mother who cuddles her young child, by the child who hugs his daddy as he returns from work, and by the husband and

wife whose intimate embrace provides an expression of love that cannot be stated in words.

Only the first three methods of expressing love apply to all situations. Love to God, love to fellow beings, love between parent and child, and love between husband and wife may all be expressed emotionally, materially, and intellectually. The fourth method of expressing love, by intimate affection, is properly reserved for the relations between parents and children and the relations between husband and wife. And even here there is a difference in the manifestations of affection, the expression of love between a husband and wife being by far the more intimate.

This brings us to a significant question: In what category do we place the love of the young man and young woman who are engaged?

Courtship and engagement, taken together, constitute a transition period during which a friendship develops into a romance that leads to marriage. The love between two young people begins as a

Love must be expressed

*Marriage
for keeps*



simple admiration, friend for friend. It grows to a phase that can be compared to a brother-and-sister relationship. In this phase there is pleasure in going places and doing things together. There is also a growing sense of responsibility by which the young man honors and protects the good name and the welfare of the girl he loves and by which she encourages him in things that are commendable and worthy. Then comes engagement, which leads progressively toward marriage.

The reason some young people become confused over the appropriate manner of expressing their love during the period of engagement is that they fail to realize that engagement is still part of the transition that leads toward marriage. They are not married yet. They are still single individuals whose lives have not yet been fully united.

Christian ideals require that a young man and young woman who are engaged to be married make a distinct difference in their thoughts and in their conduct between the pleasures of engagement and the privileges of marriage. It is under-

stood, of course, that as the wedding date approaches, a young couple's growing affection will draw them into a closeness of companionship that is somewhat more intimate than they experienced during the earlier phases of their friendship. But it must be recognized that engagement is not the same as marriage. The engaged couple have not yet stood before a minister of the gospel to exchange their wedding vows. Even though their intentions to marry are perfectly sincere, their relations to each other during engagement should be such as to leave no sense of guilt and require no apology.

It is a worldly tradition prompted by a godless attitude that allows engagement to become an experimental marriage. It is such an abandonment of moral perspective that has brought about the degradation of the marriage relationship so prevalent in the world today. Indifference to the sanctity of marriage has caused much of the sinfulness and sorrow which presently exist.

We mentioned earlier that love is expressed in four ways: emotionally, ma-

terially, intellectually, and affectionately. No serious problems arise during courtship and engagement by expressing love in the first three of these ways. Through the media of flowers, cookies, letters, poetry, pleasant surprises, and comradeship, two people find ready means of expressing their love appropriately. It is when lovers hasten the time of expressing their love affectionately that they introduce complications that threaten the happiness of their prospective marriage.

Learning to express love in the first three ways lays a foundation on which the happiness of marriage rests securely.

During courtship it is easy to admire the beauty of the girl you love. You notice only her desirable traits and prefer to say the things she likes to hear. You eagerly arrange to spend time together. When she feels sad, you sympathize. Such evidences of love deserve to be carried over into marriage and will help to perpetuate for life the pleasures of living together.

The material expressions of love also make their contribution to enduring happiness as they are continued from court-

ship into marriage. During courtship you always remember your lover's birthday with a token of love. Let the habit continue throughout marriage. In courtship you concern yourself primarily with your lover's welfare. Let this same attitude make you a good provider or a devoted and skillful homemaker, as the case may be. It takes more than an attractive house to make a home, but the united efforts of a husband and wife who have earlier learned to express their love in unselfish material ways can make a house so attractive and homelike that happiness naturally resides there.

Intellectual expressions of love, too, have their beginnings in courtship. One component of happiness is the seeking and respecting of each other's opinions and counsel. The ability to plan together and to solve problems objectively is also important. The ability to be tolerant, even under provocation and disappointment, is an intellectual attainment, which, in a happy situation, begins in courtship and carries through marriage.

The failure by lovers to learn how to express their love in these first three ways causes tragedies in marriage. Basically, divorces do not usually come from an ignorance of how to express love affectionately—they come from a failure to express love emotionally, materially, and intellectually and from a failure to perpetuate these expressions throughout marriage.

Courtship and engagement properly provide the opportunity for constructing the foundation on which the love of husband and wife will be solidly built. For two persons in love to introduce the fourth, the affectionate, method of expressing their love at too early a time, detracts from their building of the foundation for permanent happiness. Indulging in intimate affection before this foundation is established is just as disastrous as erecting a beautiful building on a foundation of sand.

God intended that the physical, affectionate expressions of love between a man and woman should be the bonus of joy that comes to a husband and wife as the reward for having built a firm foundation in the first three realms of our list. The building of this firm foundation is climaxed by the sealing of the marriage vows in sacred ceremony.

If you are a person with Christian ideals coupled with the natural desire to be permanently happy, you will want the pattern of your courtship and engagement to provide a firm foundation on which the happiness of your marriage can rest securely.

Cordially yours,

HAROLD SHRYOCK, M.D.



QUESTION *I was much interested in the advice given to a youngster in your column commenting on "unfailingly obeying the principles of safety and all traffic laws at all times." What about the example set these young people by ministers who tell as a matter of fact of driving from 70 to 100 miles per hour? I will not say they are bragging about the speeds they drive, but they seem to feel that they have some special right—that they are justified because of their position and the necessity of many trips connected with their ministerial duties. One minister was quite admired by the young people for the short time it took him to drive to different places, and said that (1) he believed the Lord took care of him and that (2) he felt he was justified in cruising at 90 miles per hour. Are ministers exempt from speed laws, and if so, by what right?*

ANSWER Your question comes as no surprise. It seems that ministers often are obliged to rush from one church to another in order to meet appointments and speaking engagements. You are no doubt aware that many ministers preach from two to four sermons a Sabbath.

The fact that one has many engagements during the course of the Sabbath day does not, however, give him legal immunity. I have been able to find nothing in the Holy Scriptures to substantiate such an idea.

Whether a person be a layman or a minister, I think he should ask himself these questions: How would Jesus drive if He were on this earth today? Would He drive faster than the legal speed limits? Would He stop at stop signs? Would He leave half the road for others? Christ had great respect for civil authority and He taught that God stood behind it.

Since a traffic law in no way conflicts with the law of God, we are obliged to obey such a law.

A speed of 90 miles an hour is not a cruising speed; it is a dangerous speed, and a man who is ordained of God to preach His Word would be presumptuous to think that the Lord is responsible for taking care of him at that speed.

Several years ago in a Western State a minister of the gospel was approaching a small town. As he passed a sign that read "Speed Limit 35 Miles per Hour" the speed of his car was close to 60, and he

kept on moving at that speed. Suddenly a child ran from the edge of the road into the path of his vehicle and was killed. Needless to say, there was heartache for the family who lost their child and remorse for the minister who disobeyed the speed law. Fortunately, the minister had insurance; insurance, however, will not replace a child or ease a man's conscience.

To feel that the Lord takes care of us when we are willfully breaking the laws of the land is a monstrous idea, and the one who uses such thought, whether he be an ordinary citizen or a minister of the gospel, is most certainly wrong in his thinking.

One of the largest insurance companies in the United States recently conducted a survey of the drivers for whose accidents it had paid. Sixty-four occupations were used in this survey, and it was interesting to note that county agents and finance men were listed at the top as among the best drivers; educators were 10th; clerical workers, 20th; editors, reporters, and photographers, 25th; liquor and beer distributors, 56th. Much to my dismay I learned that clergymen and church workers were 57th. With this survey in mind we might say, "Of all bad drivers, religious bad drivers are among the worst."

The automobile today is a family convenience when used properly, but when used improperly it is a lethal weapon, and a person driving a vehicle at an excessive speed can become a killer. When not behind the wheel of an automobile, such a person might be a model citizen, but for some unknown reason all sense of decency is sometimes thrown to the wind when driving.

If we believe that God will protect us in our driving, we should drive according to the speed laws, so we can help Him protect us.

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

The answer will represent the considered judgment of the counselor, but is not to be taken as either an official church pronouncement or, necessarily, the opinion of the editors. Every question will be acknowledged. Problems and answers of general interest will be selected for publication, and will appear without identification of either questioner or counselor.

(1) Submit only one question at a time. (2) Confine your question to one hundred words or less. (3) Enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope for the reply. (4) Send your question to: THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Counsel Clinic, Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

Exciting adventures in China and
Share Your Faith experiences in America
show how amateur radio can be

MORE than a hobby

by J. HAROLD SHULTZ

RETURNING to the United States after mission service in China, I was disappointed to find that though there were many Seventh-day Adventist amateur radio operators, there was no common network or regular communication among the whole group.

In China, on the other hand, ham radio had been a part of our life ever since the twenties, when many mission stations were being closed because of unsettled conditions and undependable communications. Military leaders were frequently in conflict, and bandits roamed the country in large groups, systematically disrupting railway travel and telegraph and telephone lines.

Even when postal and telegraph systems were supposed to be functioning, letters and telegrams sent to announce special meetings and important committees were frequently delayed until after the ar-

rival of the leaders from headquarters. Medical emergencies also arose, and could not be met for the same reasons.

"Shultz, I believe I have the solution to this problem," H. L. Graham, later known as AC9GH, said to me one day. "I have been experimenting with a small radio transmitter and receiver. If we could have one of these sets in our outstations, we could keep in touch every morning and pass on any important information. Then if regular communications are cut, we can still keep in contact and make arrangements as necessary."

Soon AC9GH was on the air, and not long afterward others were helped to construct stations and learn the code. Through the years in China our amateur radio operations helped in many ways—transmitting directions for the emergency amputation of an arm, working out ransom arrangements for kidnaped missionaries, determining the best time to evacu-

ate before the expected arrival of invading troops.

When my work eventually brought me to the headquarters of the Voice of Prophecy in Glendale, California, two members of the King's Heralds quartet and I talked of doing something about the lack of a network for Adventist hams. At the 1954 General Conference session in San Francisco a station was set up. It aroused considerable interest and also served to keep Voice of Prophecy delegates in touch with Glendale.

When the broadcast group went on tour, scheduled contacts were maintained via K6DTT, the home club station of the Voice of Prophecy, and W6UFO, Tenor Bob Seamount's mobile unit in the station wagon.

One night as the group was stranded in the Midwest we were able to diagnose their motor trouble, and they got on their way without having to spend the night by



the side of the road! Again when there was illness at Wichita, and Bob Edwards could not carry on, we arranged for Del Delker to rush out via air. We even followed the station wagon by radio as it went to the airfield and met the plane. By the use of a "phone patch" the quartet and Elder Richards are frequently able to converse directly with their families.

Last summer the local Seventh-day Adventist radio clubs and Elder Walde met and decided to follow a suggestion made by Art Rice (K6JRY) and publish a small paper devoted to the interests of the SDA hams throughout the world. This paper, called *WARN* (short for World Amateur Radio News, its ambitious name in full), is serving as a medium of communication, information, and fellowship. All receiving it have expressed appreciation for it, many to the extent of donating \$2 or more to help meet publication costs.

Every SDA ham who has filled out a Q card is listed in the log, which includes such important information as telephone number, transmitter and receiver data, time, type, and frequency of operation, and membership in nets. More than 250 have filled out cards to date. We also have the names and call letters of another two hundred or more.

Time and frequencies of field day contacts are also featured in *WARN*. The first two were held Christmas Day and New Year's Day last year, and a thrill was experienced by many hams when they heard others calling CQ GO. GO, or George Oboe as it is called over telephone, is the name we have adopted for

our SDA nets. More field days are being planned.

Finally, and most important, methods of sharing the Advent message with others in an interesting and tactful way are suggested in *WARN*, and successful enterprises are reported.

There are numerous evangelistic opportunities in amateur radio. Dr. John Rogers, for instance, makes many contacts with overseas DX amateurs who usually request a QSL, or confirmation card. A QSL usually gives the operator's name and address, brand of transmitter and receiver, and power used, and the time, frequency, and signal strength during the transmission. Dr. Rogers also sends a copy of *Signs of the Times* and frequently continues sending other copies.

A letter he received from New Zealand reads: "The real reason for this note, John, is to express my sincere gratitude to you for your kind effort in sending me each issue of *Signs of the Times*, which has been a very great help. I read each issue thoroughly and fully appreciate the excellent articles. I have more than a passing interest, as many of the articles have been written around Palestine where I spent three years in 1916 to 1919 as a soldier in the New Zealand Mounted Brigade. . . . I have had in my possession two U.S. dollars for a long time, and I enclose these toward the cost of any future issues you may care to send me."

Many other similar letters have been received, one of them containing a substantial Ingathering offering.

Another project, this one fostered by Art Rice, K6JRY, is enclosing a copy of the little booklet *Dazzling Frontiers of Science* by Roy F. Cottrell, written especially for this purpose and carrying an invitation in ham language for enrollment in the Bible correspondence courses offered by the Voice of Prophecy and Faith for Today. Many enrollments have been received, and one man baptized as a result of this project is now a local elder in his church.

A third project involves two SDA amateurs who make contact over the air and discuss some interesting Bible topic. One asks questions, the other gives the Bible answer. Discussion and argument may follow. Others listening in often get into the discussion and interest develops. In one locality two have been baptized because of the discussions. The project began with Dale DeLong, W4DVQ, formerly of Maitland, Florida, and Jack Griffith, K4ESP.

Radio is more than a hobby. It is an intellectual and technical challenge, and in the hands of a Seventh-day Adventist it is a means of contact with other Adventists. It promotes good will and serves as an opportunity for community service in time of stress and emergency. And in skillful hands it may awaken a spiritual interest with results that only eternity can measure.

Mud

THOUGH it is slow flowing, silent, and of unglamorous name, Mud Creek and its environs play pleasing melodies for the heart.

In great S turns it meanders through miles of the tall grasses, clustered bushes, tangled swamps, and wooded islands of the immense marsh that lies long and broad, southwest of Clearwater Lake, Wisconsin.

So one summer evening you walk expectantly down a trail toward the muddy old stream—into adventure!

It begins when you seem to hear water running fast. But Mud Creek does not flow like that. A new spring developing in that island of trees to your right? No; the sound is farther away. You hurry toward the stream itself. Then comes another sound, a series of whistly snorts. Now you know. Playing and feeding in the water are deer.

Though they do not see you, they hear the squishing of your shoes in the mud of the final few yards of trail and are concerned about your presence. That's why they snorted. But they are not frightened completely away, even when you come closer.

Perhaps they too are partaking of the tranquillity of God's outdoors. The sun has just gone down. The afterglow is bright and high across the sky. Haze in the east reflects a purplish tinge and newly forming clouds in the south are colored pink. Nature's breath is soft, and gentle sounds carry far beyond their usual bounds. Even the leaves on tree and bush hang still.

You crouch and sneak forward to a bush at the water's edge and slowly, quietly part its branches. A hundred feet beyond, three deer—two adults and a large fawn—are standing. The fawn and one adult splash to the bank and vanish from sight; but the other remains snorting. You render undivided attention to each other for two or three minutes.

Then another deer, downstream and hidden, snorts too—a long snort followed by a half dozen shorter, softer snorts. Just before the deer take their leave, a blue heron flies overhead and a kingfisher appears over the stream. He screams, and like a swimmer treading water, he beats the air with his wings, keeping himself in one spot for several seconds. Then he



Pitcairn Island's Floyd H. McCoy, VR6AC, is one of the world's most sought-after hams.

Creek Melodies

drops straight down, thirty feet to the water. He rises again and flies away—with nothing. Perhaps it is getting too late in the day for the accurate high diving that catches his water-creature food, for he does not reappear.

You turn to go too. But there in tall grass is an old canoe lying bottom side up. It is not tied or fastened and evidently no one but you is interested in using it at that hour. You know you will bring it back and replace it as it was. You slip it into the beckoning water and find its sawed-off oar sufficient to the occasion as you paddle upstream to listen to more of the music of old Mud Creek.

The multiplicity and intermingling of the colors, shades, odors, and sounds indeed defy description. The not-too-distant trees, both leafy and evergreen; the close-by grasses, plants, and bushes; the birds, both singers and squawkers; the insects, both silent and stridulating; and the animals moving about—all supply your eyes, ears, nose, and heart liberally with the proverbial spice. You wish you had along a nature field book to help you identify things you cannot yet name.

Small birds along the bank chirp and twitter happily and unafraid. Small frogs sitting in the water continue to make their *glup, glup, glup* and chatterlike croaks.

Interspersed with the calls of a blue jay

flying over the nearby highland come the sweet, long notes and the exquisite, cascading melodies of various upland thrushes and warblers. Two faint sounds come from the faraway, just barely reaching your consciousness—sounds of civilization, of an airplane and a motorboat. They remind you that you are still in this world after all.

Suddenly a V spreads rapidly behind a dark object in the water ahead. You stop the canoe. The creature continues toward you, then heads for the bank. It is a muskrat. It nibbles briefly there on something and then comes straight toward the canoe. Within ten feet it gets scent of you and veers toward the bank. But he does not go all the way. Halfway there he dives, and from the underwater disturbance you see that he is merely bypassing you at what apparently to his mind is a safe distance. After a few yards he is swimming on the surface again.

You round a bend, and up flies the blue heron you had seen earlier. Now it is so dark you can barely see him. There are insects dropping into the water and every few seconds small fish rise for them. So that's what the heron was doing—fishing where the fish are. The fish are feeding on the falling insects and the blue heron is feeding on the fish. You do not know what the insects might be feeding on, but you wish they were feeding on what is

feeding on you. The outdoors is not all a bed of rose petals. There are some thorns too—in the form of mosquito proboscises. But it's altogether endurable because of the beauty and interest of what you see as you paddle along.

Another muskrat pops up and this one races with you. You are on one side of the stream and he on the other, about ten feet apart. You proceed that way for about one hundred feet. Then he turns off into a drive-in—a little channel of water going back into the tall grass.

There is a swish and you see the head and white, flagging tail of a deer bobbing just above the tops of tall grass as he leaps away. Out of sight he stops and snorts, each snort echoed by the woods.

Suddenly you hear a quacking and up fly two ducks. They land a few yards distant in a hidden bend. Calling out with many loud, long peeps, a duckling rushes out of the concealing grass and scoots downstream, sounding like a little outboard motor as he beats the water with the pinion power of his as yet flightless wings. One of the parents returns to the little one, quiets it, maybe instructing it in the art of evading a canoeist. Then the adult flounders around as though she were injured. This she does to attract you away from the nesting area. No matter how disabled she appears, however, and no matter how much you try to get close, she maintains a short but safe distance.

You decide to return to the car. You must, if you are going to keep on the right trail through the deepening darkness. The afterglow is almost gone. A couple of bats zip past. The long lone call of a loon a mile or so distant is faintly heard. Other birds are silent. Frogs are still *glupping* and there is the gentle splashing of fish. A silent mist comes, the low-skimming fog that forms when the water is warm and the air has cooled. And again a deer snorts, this time just once. The slender curve of a new moon hangs low and golden between tall, darkly silhouetted spruce and pine. Just sufficient light reflects on the water for you to find the tiny open spot that is the mooring place.

In just two and a half hours God gave you from Mud Creek and its environs more than enough sights and sounds to inspire again your love for His outdoors.





Hundreds of young Adventists attend Philippine Union College (above) near M

by **IRENE WAKEHAM**

IN MOST Filipino dialects the word *sacrifice* would be given a Spanish pronunciation and spelled *sakripisiyo*. But whether it is a Tagalog or Ilocano or Visayan word, it holds poignancy for the Filipino as well as the American. As a missionary, I have never been inclined to hold up national workers or laymen unrealistically as paragons of all virtue. But to some, honor is due.

Prudencia Guerrero was one of the church's first postwar missionaries sent out from the Philippines. After her graduation as an English major she sailed for Bangkok to be dean of women in the sanitarium school of nursing.

There is, however, no gypsy in the typical Filipino. He has never been noted

for his exploratory or adventurous traits. His family ties are close, his family affections deep. He clings to his native island, his tribal ways, and language and food and friends. Change has little appeal to him. When you tell him many Americans like to go out for a Chinese or Indian or Mexican or Italian dinner, just for fun, he shakes his head. Why fool around with strangers' food when you know you like your own best?

Not even in their middle or late teens do most Filipino youngsters seem to have any urge to leave home. Once, in a creative writing class, I was trying to inspire my students to tackle themes less hackneyed than the breakaway from their Catholic background or the struggle for an

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



or Mountain View College in the south.

*The young people described here
are not paragons of all virtue. But from the
testimony of their lives
shines love and dedication.*

Sacrifice is an intimate word

education. "How about a story," I suggested, "dealing with the inner thoughts and feelings of a young person who comes to the point where he must stand on his own feet, independent of his family—make his own decisions, carry his own responsibilities, maybe go to a new place and build his own reputation there on his own merits. Could you make your readers feel the inwardness of that transition, that adult separation from the shelter of the family circle?"

The faces in front of me were blank. "But ma'am," finally one spoke up, "we do not like to leave our families, or separate from our dear parents, or go away from our homes. That brings us nothing but sorrow." And he was right.

Independence, as we in America have known it for centuries, is not conferred, merely by presidential proclamation, on a people steeped in colonial tradition.

So that Sabbath afternoon in 1950, when at the Golden Cords ceremony they sang "I'll go to the ends of the earth for Thee. . . . Here am I, send me," I knew it wasn't love of adventure that stirred in Prudencia's heart. I knew that bidding her mother good-by and sailing alone out of Manila Bay to an alien land to work among an alien, non-Christian people, meant a type of sacrifice I had never known.

I think of the young nisei couples now working in Japan, former students of mine. They are American citizens, born

in Hawaii, American educated, accustomed to every convenience and comfort the average American values. Yet they must work with those who, while racially the same, are culturally an ocean apart. The Oriental is courteously tolerant of the Westerner who fails to follow Eastern ways; but the nisei have no assurance that such tolerance will be extended to them. Economically they are by no means in the same bracket as the American missionary, no matter how accustomed they may have been to a wholly American standard of living. Sacrifice, however it may be said in Japanese, has real meaning for them.

Febe Salvador had grown up with her family in the Manila area, and after her graduation from Philippine Union College had worked in the local mission office, still living at home with her parents and brothers and sisters.

We put through a call for her to come to Mountain View College, which is not much farther from Philippine Union College than Los Angeles is from San Francisco. But the two schools differ widely. PUC is on the outskirts of the great metropolis and capital city of Manila, headquarters for the North Philippine Union Mission and crossroads of travel for the Orient. MVC is in a completely different language area, in the South Philippine Union Mission with headquarters at Cebu. It is painfully distant—for the city-dweller—from any kind of metropolis, situated on an isolated mountaintop fourteen muddy kilometers from the nearest roadside store.

Febe's capability in secretarial work had also won her an urgent call to work at the union office in Manila, where she could still live at home, meet the many important visitors always passing through Manila, and enjoy the conveniences of city life. The Salvadors were an unusually close family, even for Filipinos, but Febe accepted our call to MVC. I knew the break was not easy, and her living quarters were far from adequate, but I believe she enjoyed her work with us.

One day she was on her way to the coastal city of Cagayan with a group of students, for Ingathering solicitation. A few miles before reaching the coast, the bus topped a little rise, and suddenly she could see the wide blue ocean, fringed with coconut palms, with a Manila-bound inter-island ship at the pier. In spite of herself the tears came. Home was so far

away, the sea between so wide, the boat so available.

But she is still with us, though she knows that even a hint of interest on her part would promptly bring a call for either teaching or office work back home. Sacrifice is no stranger to her.

Ana Chan and Agripino Segovia were married in our home after Ana had been our helper for nearly six years. Like so many students who worked in American homes, she had become accustomed to American ways and American food. Not infrequently, going back to the province for a visit and eating the food served in her home brought on a first-rate stomach-ache. Yet without a word of complaint she followed her young minister-husband from one primitive location to another,

making the best kind of home possible out of what was available.

Right after the birth of her second child they were sent to hold meetings on a small island so remote that the only way of reaching it was by sailboat. Food was a problem; sanitation was a problem; medical help for the baby's illnesses was a problem; but Ana was part of the solution, not part of the problem. Sacrifice is a familiar friend in their family life.

The father of Editha Sumicad, our dean of women, is a veteran worker now on sustentation but still active in visiting churches. During MVC's first year of operations, living conditions were starkly primitive. In addition to utterly inadequate housing, both for herself and her girls, Editha was burdened with a heavy

teaching load. Then the matron's health broke in the middle of the year, and Editha had to take over that job, as well as the supervision of the sewing department.

During Christmas vacation she visited her parents, determined not to return. The work was too hard. Later she told me how she pleaded with her parents to let her stay at home, and even cried in their presence. But her father's gentle verdict remained the same. "You must go back and continue in the Lord's work. We do not have any need for you here at home. The college and the students there need you." Encouraged by her parents' consecration, she returned to MVC and finished the school year. She is still with us. Her sunny young smiles and loving

Housewife or Homemaker?

by BERTHA A. CREECH

THE bored census-taker hesitated. "Occupation—just a housewife?"

"Homemaker," I answered firmly. But my reply made no impression.

Again he bent his head over his forms and wrote. "Housewife."

I was surprised that he didn't write "Just a housewife." I went about my interrupted work mentally quarreling with this present civilization, which takes such a dim view of the ancient art of homemaking. What makes so many of us answer so meekly to these blank-fillers, "Just a housewife"? Why don't we say proudly, "I'm a homemaker"?

If we aren't making biscuits with one hand and tending a desk with the other we are "just a housewife." With all respect to those many women who must work, I still think it is time we stopped apologizing for staying home and taking care of our children.

The wise King Solomon called her blessed who "looketh well to the ways of her household." Was the homemaker of his day, with her spinning, weaving, making of linen and scarlet, dealing in real estate, helping the poor, any more busy—or blessed—than her modern sister who is often family chauffeur, husband's secretary for family business, seamstress, laundress, dietitian, and nursemaid? Her duties these days also include holding various church offices, aiding in community affairs, and keeping herself well, attractive, and informed.

Maybe it is being fussy to resent the title of "housewife," but the implication is, to me, that I am married to my house.

I remember promising to love, honor, and cherish my husband, not my house. Of course, the dishes must be washed and meals palatably prepared and served on time. Society rightly frowns on the mother who allows her children's clothes to go unmended, or whose laundry gathers tattle-tale gray.

But the *housewife* is the girl who has to scrub the bedroom when her husband wishes she would take a walk up the hill with him to see if the blueberries are ripe, or the one who makes everyone at the party feel personally responsible when the fudge boils over, and stops the proceedings to clean, scour, and polish the stove. The *homemaker* is the one who can cheerfully pack a picnic lunch for the children to eat in the orchard when what she had planned for lunch was soup and salad.

Mother was a homemaker, I think. She could make the loveliest little ballerina dolls from a sweep-skirted hollyhock blossom topped by a hard green bud-head. I remember how she carefully picked the petals off a purple violet and behold! a tiny king wearing a golden crown, and soaking his tired feet in a dainty lavender tub! Often she squeezed the snapdragon blossoms to make them open their mouths, and pinched and patted a live-forever leaf until we could blow gently into the end and make a plump, green frog.

With six children she was, I'm sure, often behind in her ironing or dusting; but then, she was a homemaker, not a housewife.

A young woman said rather frantically to her wise mother, "I just can't get my work done! The children take all my time."

"Why, my dear, your children *are* your work," her mother said. One young mother of several children wished she could afford household help to care for the children so she could get her work done, while her neighbor wished for a maid to do the work so that she could spend more time with her children. It all depends on the viewpoint.

When my first son was very young I began to wish, as most young parents do, that he would hurry and learn to sit up, to walk, to talk. A friend counseled me, "Honey, enjoy your children as you go along. Don't try to rush the little feet from one experience to another. They are tiny such a little while. They grow up so fast and your arms are so quickly empty."

It was good advice. They grow up so fast that if the housework takes all your time, your arms and home will one day be empty, leaving you with just a house. You will wonder where the years have flown.

Take some time to enjoy the light in your baby's eyes when he feels the kitty's soft fur or smells the fragrance of a dew-damp rose. Watch the sunbeams in his hair as he plays on the floor by the window. These are the memories you will treasure. Housekeeping can wait; homemaking cannot.

What if you lie down for a half hour while the baby naps, or before the children get home from school? That pile of diapers will still be there to fold, but you will tackle it with fresh energy—and greet the children and your tired husband with a smile and cheery word instead of a fretful face and dragging step.

A fresh bouquet on the kitchen table, a saucy red bow in your hair, a walk with sister to see the pussy willows by the brook, a sprinkle of paprika on the cottage cheese—these are the differences between housewives and homemakers.

ministration at home might have meant much to those aging parents. Sacrifice walks daily by their side.

Pura Nanez, another city girl from Manila, not only had her family connections there but also a highly satisfying income from her canvassing work. She could help with the educational expenses of her family and at the same time feel she was actively doing her part to spread the gospel.

But majors in her field were scarce, and we needed her to teach at MVC. Her salary as a teacher would be perhaps a third as much as she had been making. She had never been off her home island of Luzon, and coming down here to the wilds of Mindanao would make her almost as much of an alien as an American would be in France or Argentina. But she came, and is still with us, learning—not without effort—to live on her reduced income and daily growing in a knowledge of sacrifice.

Miriam Sarno, now Mrs. Nicasio Tumangday, was one of my most competent English majors at PUC. She joined the faculty there right after her graduation. "Stateside fever" is virtually pandemic among progressive Filipino professionals, and Miriam had been encouraged to try for one of the many available scholarships for graduate study in the States. Along with others, I had written a sincerely enthusiastic recommendation to the screening officials. Finally the day came for the personal interviews, where they try to evaluate such things as the candidate's personality, scholarship, and ability to profit by further study.

As chance or Providence would have it, they started asking her questions about Shakespearean drama. Miriam had taken all her college English at PUC where the amount of Shakespeare her classes had contained left her almost blank before the examiners. She started a hesitant explanation, but her apologies were quickly brushed aside, and the interview closed. There were plenty of graduates from the University of the Philippines steeped in dramatics and the novel and short story, who could continue their probing of Elizabethan drama on some American campus.

Although Miriam's mastery of English as a medium of communication may have far surpassed theirs, she walked out of the interview convinced of what later proved true: her chance for a graduate degree from the States was no more. Does Miriam now feel that her choice, made years ago, to take her training in a Christian school, was too big a sacrifice? Was it worth losing out on a possible trip to the States? I'll be happy to furnish her address to anyone who wants a firsthand answer.

The surprising thing about the many young professional Filipinos who do go to the States for advanced work is not that so many are not willing to return, but that some are.

Americans are quick to say, "They should be willing to go back and live according to local standards; it is what they have been used to all their lives." But how many Americans would be willing to go back to the conveniences we considered adequate twenty or fifteen or even ten years ago?

Maybe the Filipino grew up in a bamboo house with *nipa* thatch and went to the river for bathing and laundry and studied by the light of a candle or lamp. As an Oriental he may be slow to change, but in the States he finds himself making changes in his way of living with surprising speed. He comes to take certain comforts for granted, even as you and I do.

The twentieth century was well on its way when I was born, and I grew up on the campus of a senior college, yet I was well along in my teens before my family owned either an electric washing machine or a refrigerator. Yet now I think I live in a barn because my bathroom (temporarily, I hope) has unpainted planks instead of tiling for the walls and floor.

We are all prone to forget that we once lived happily without cellophane wrappings and package mixes and frozen foods and thermostats and television. And until more of us are willing to sacrifice such as

these, let us look with charity on those of other nationalities who hesitate going back to a standard of living that none of us are asked to accept.

We may want to question the missionary spirit of the Filipino worker whose primary burden is for the unevangelized multitudes of his fellow countrymen in California, but let each examine himself, and let him that is without sin cast the first stone. Do we—as many here do—think first of what benefits will come to us as we accept this or that position in the Lord's work? Or are we like the few who can look with clear, steady eyes at the sacrifices involved and make our choice to live with them?

A boat from Cebu, as usual, pulled away from the dock an hour or so behind schedule one evening, bound for Mindanao. Passengers who had made the trip before knew that sometime in the middle of the night, as the ship neared Bohol, it would anchor, and dozens of little boats would surround it. Vendors would come aboard with absurdly cheap native-made baskets and hats and mats.

Among those along one rail we see a young girl returning to her home after a year of study in Manila. Others are opening their bedrolls, spreading their mats, preparing their cots, perhaps changing into pajamas and stretching out for the night on deck. By midmorning they will be in Mindanao. But this girl is wide awake. Instead of spreading her colorful mat, she is carefully placing all her things in it, folding it into a compact bundle, and firmly tying it. She is poised on the edge of her cot, her eyes watching for any light on the horizon. Let's ask her why. "Tell us, why aren't you preparing for a night of sleep, like all the other passengers?"

"Because," she replies with the shy, friendly smile of the true Filipina, "my home is on Bohol."

"When will you reach that place?"

"I cannot tell," she continues in her precise college English. "It may be the boat will be there by midnight, maybe by two o'clock in the morning."

"But the ship will not land; how will you get ashore?"

"I must transfer to a small boat first."

"And all your baggage?"

"Of course. I must take it with me in the small *banca*."

"And is your home right near the place where the *banca* will land?"

"No, it is still quite far."

"But that is very hard—to arrive in the middle of the night, and have to transfer all your things to a small boat in the dark, then go ashore and wait there for the bus, maybe several hours. Surely that is very inconvenient."

Again comes the shy, fleeting smile. "No," she murmurs, "it is not inconvenient. Not when you are going home."

It is not sacrifice. Not when you are going home.

WIT Sharpeners

Step-O-Gram

By EARL HILLIARD

Fill in the blank spaces with the missing letters to form the words defined.

Definitions

1. One who frees by repaying
2. Light trousers worn by Biblical priests
3. Governor of Syria when Joseph and Mary paid tax
4. The home city of Samlah, king of Edom
5. A group division of the Israelites
6. Spiritual relationship of Christ's followers
7. A Biblical name given to the henna plant

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Key on page 17

There's a place

by **FREDERIC T. WRIGHT**



"Not losing your vision, are you?"

Tony asked from across the room.

"In a way, Tom said. 'Let's say I've found a new one.'"

R. E. HUGHES, ARTIST

TOM FINDLEY went to work determined to set the Junior Missionary Volunteer Society on a sound footing in the shortest possible time. Having to start from scratch necessitated a good many evenings after work—making banners, mottoes, and flannel boards, laying plans, and preparing programs.

The boys and girls were enthusiastic and excited. They had regular meetings every Sabbath afternoon, missionary work after the meetings, and campfires, hikes, and picnics on various Sundays, when work on the church was stopped for the purpose.

As the weeks went by, Tom became

absorbed in this phase of his work. Each youngster he regarded as his special charge and he carefully watched the children's progress and development.

As he looked around the church he could see gaps in families where a one-time Sabbath school member had grown up to find the lure of the bright city lights too desirable. He wondered if the story would have been different had there been an active program to hold their interest and develop their talents. That would depend, Tom decided, on how good the program was, and that in turn would depend on the hard work and consecration of its leader. He determined to do better still.

His JMV Society progressed and soon found a consistently high rating in the conference MV secretary's monthly report.

Meanwhile, the erection of the new church building was making steady progress. Apart from subcontractors who did the plumbing, tiling, plastering, electrical wiring, and glazing, the work was done by Tom and Tony Martin, a young man who also had done woodwork and building at college, with the church members assisting on Sundays.

Tom and Tony lived together in a room above a garage in the spacious backyard of a large Adventist home some six miles away from the job. They liked

the quiet, comfortable quarters and used a motorcycle to make the trip each day to and from work.

Tom was now beginning to have his hands full. He had not stopped to calculate what the JMV and other church work would cost him in time. It was taking up most of his evenings and his studying was being pushed more and more to the side, until he was seriously behind.

He began to worry about it. Still before him was his ambition to be an evangelist. On the other hand, he was already in a field of labor in which he could serve. For several weeks he battled with the problem, endeavoring to keep up the whole program. He managed to finish the course in Daniel and the Revelation and pass the examination, but his English, math, and history were a long way from completion.

He began to realize that something must go. Either he would have to give up the church work and concentrate on his study or he would have to leave the study and devote himself to the work on hand.

Coming home from his work one Sunday when his roommate was away for the weekend, Tom wearily ate his evening meal and lay down on the bed to think. He had been there hardly a few minutes when he heard the sound of a motorcycle coming down the drive beside the house. It crossed the lawn diagonally and in a moment he heard it in the garage beneath him. The motor cut out and Tony came bounding up the wooden stairs and into the room.

Tom smiled. "Have a good trip?"

"Tip-top," Tony replied, as he pulled off his gloves and coat and hung his goggles on the back of the chair.

"Glad to hear it," responded Tom, "and no doubt you were as welcome as ever."

"Every bit and more so," Tony laughed. "Many on the church today?"

"Three or four. Everybody seems to like Sunday for a lot of other things. However, we did a fair bit."

"I'll be glad when either that job or the year is finished, and we can get back to college again."

Tom gazed at the ceiling.

Tony glanced across at him and said, "Say, what are you thinking about? Lately you seem to be always lost in thought. Got problems?"

"Yes, I have."

"Life getting you down a little?"

"Well, not exactly. It seems that I have two roads open before me, and the farther I go the more my feet seem to go in one direction, but it isn't my first choice."

"Come now, don't talk in parables. Let's have it straight."

"My first ambition—my lifelong ambition—has been to become an evangelist and spend all my time and energies in the Lord's work. For that purpose I have been at college, for that purpose I came out to earn more funds this year, and for that purpose I have been studying by corre-

spondence with the intention of going back to school next year."

Tony nodded and Tom went on.

"On the other hand, while we need many more evangelists, it seems to me that in the churches there ought to be many more educated laymen who could carry the burden. They can do an essential work that ministers cannot do, you know. Look at this little church. Of all the members, only one man is at all capable, and he can't do everything. You know what has become of Mrs. James's son Barry, and what appears to be happening to Reg Salter and Leslie Perkins. It's going to take a lot to save those two boys, because something should have been done for them years ago. Now it may be too late.

"Meanwhile, there are the other eight who are coming along splendidly and enjoying their JMV activities so much. I'm doing my best to train leaders from the church members, and as you know, Mrs. Heeble is learning well, but she won't be through her Master Guide Course for some time yet, and she would hardly be experienced enough to take over completely by the time we are ready to go back to school. I see a real need here. It ought to be met."

"This type of work doesn't appeal strongly to me," Tony commented, "but I can see your point quite clearly. What do you propose to do now?"

"Look, I've been struggling now for five years, and I've succeeded in getting three years of education. I've four more years to go, which may take me six to complete, considering my financial difficulties. There are lots of fellows who go to college with backing from their parents and have a fair chance to complete their courses. I think I'll let them be the ministers and evangelists and I'll join the ranks of laymen and do my best in the work nearest my hand."

"Not losing your vision, are you?"

"Perhaps, in a way, and yet not really. Let's say that I've found a new one. Maybe God knows I am not fitted to do the grand work of my high ambitions. It may be that He has another plan for me. Be that as it may, I'll always be disappointed at not being a full-time worker."

"Have you thought this through very carefully? I hope you will have no regrets."

"I have prayed about it, too. If I can help to save these children and use my best talents in this church, I'll have no regrets."

"Then I wish you the best of success," said Tony as he looked through the window. "Remember, your whole future life may depend on the decision you make now."

With his mind now free from conflict, Tom went to work with a will, and his JMV Society continued to prosper.

Toward the end of the year the work on the church building was temporarily discontinued. Funds were running low,

and since the heavy construction work was completed and the roof on, it was decided to continue for a time at least with voluntary labor working some evenings and Sundays.

Tony went back to college, and Tom became construction foreman on a large three-story house. The architect was an Adventist and was so pleased with Tom's work on the church that he had sought his services. The new job kept him employed throughout 1950.

Tom had now completely reconciled himself to being a self-supporting lay worker. His building work, while it satisfied his financial needs and gave him a sense of accomplishment, was secondary to his real business of soul winning.

In the meantime his old companions at college lost track of him. He made no effort to advertise his church work, and even the conference MV leader was unaware of how progressive his group had become.

But Tom did not stop to feel that he was being neglected, neither did he covet any special recognition for his efforts. He worked only for the work's sake and asked no reward other than the satisfaction of seeing the children grow.

Grow they did, and the time came when their class records showed that they were almost ready for Investiture. This, Tom decided, would have to be a notable occasion, first because it would give the children and youth some sense of the real importance and significance of their work, and second because it was the first time in the history of the church that there had been such a thrilling event.

Accordingly, he planned a special service designed to highlight the JMV program of development toward leadership. He drilled the children until their standard of presentation was such that he felt safe in writing to make an appointment for the great day.

Soon the conference MV leader replied, saying that he would be happy to come on a Sunday evening two weeks later.

The next Sabbath afternoon in JMV meeting, Tom told the news. It created high enthusiasm, excitement, and anticipation among the boys and girls. There remained only the final preparation for the program.

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

KEY

Wit Sharpeners

R E D E E M E R
B R E E C H E S
C Y R E N I U S
M A S R E K A H
H U N D R E D S
B R E T H R E N
C A M P H I R E

The Youth's Instructor

Amateur Radio Log—1959

K1IKC—Chuck Mitchell, Sterling Rd., South Lancaster, Mass. (Attends South Lancaster Academy).—80-10. Phone AM, and CW.

K1IUV—John Tyler, Sterling Rd., South Lancaster, Mass.—80, 40, 15, 6. Phone and CW. Mobile and fixed.

KN1JEI—Clayton Wilson, Parker Rd., South Lancaster, Mass.—80, 40, 15. Want WAS.

KN1JEP—Cecil Harris, Jr., 74 Pleasant St., Newport, Vt.

K1JRV—Roger Moyer, Jr., Sawyer St., South Lancaster, Mass.—20, 15, 10, 6. Phone and CW.

W1QGG—Horace W. Crandall, 43 Lotus Ave., Wakefield (Stoneham P.O.), Mass.—160, 80, 75, 40, 20, 10. Phone and CW.

Pilgrim 13—Paul Niemi, 69 Marshall St., Fitchburg, Mass.—2. Mobile.

W2HHX—Donald A. Learned, R.F.D. 2, Cazenovia, N.Y.—20. Phone.

K2MKB—Kenneth Siddell, 210 Stites Ave., Cape May Court House, N.J.—80, 40, 15. CW. Phone operation planned for the fall. Southern N.J. traffic handled.

W2ODY—George B. Suhrie, 67 Glenwood Dr., North Haledon, N.J.—75, 20, 15, 10. Phone AM.

K2QKA—Robert W. Keene, 64 Ramsey Ave., Yonkers, N.Y.

W2RHG—Allen J. Learned, R.F.D. 2, Cazenovia, N.Y.—20. Phone.

K2VEW—Irma V. Keene, 64 Ramsey Ave., Yonkers, N.Y.

K3DPV—Timothy Neufeld, 705 Langley Dr., Silver Spring, Md.—6.

K3DQA—Arthur Robertson ("Art"), 8117 Chester St., Washington 12, D.C.—6. Phone. 1500-2100 E.S.T. weekdays; any time Sunday.

K3GUE—Virginia M. Saxon, 7806 Garland Ave., Takoma Park 12, Md.—40-10. Phone.

K3GUM—Jackson A. Saxon, M.D., 7806 Garland Ave., Takoma Park 12, Md.—40-10. Phone.

KN3HPZ—Karl L. Klimosh, 100 South Linden Ave., Hatboro, Pa.—40, 15. CW.

W3UYC—George Messenger, 7730 Greenwood Ave., Takoma Park 12, Md.—180-10. Phone and CW. 10, mobile.

W4AZU—Clayton Schlenker, 4013 Blanton La., Louisville 16, Ky.—75, 20, 15, 10. Phone AM and CW. SSB. Phone patch.

K4BDX—Peter Altman, R.F.D. 1, Box 113, Warsaw, Va.—80-10. Phone AM and CW. SSB. Messages handled.

KN4CCE—Gerald White, Shenandoah Valley Academy, New Market, Va.—80, 15. CW.

K4CWG/5—Pvt. Horace T. Hughes, US 53324862, Co. D, 3d Bn Class 13 B, U.S.A. M.T.C., Bamec Fort Sam Houston, Tex. MARS member.

W4DVQ—Dale DeLong, Blue Ridge Youth Camp, Hidden Valley, Montebello, Va.—75. Bible study net, 0600 E.S.T., 3855 kc.

KN4DWU—Ronnie Maples, Route 2, Box 436, Morganton, N.C.—40, 15. Need all states west of Mississippi, also Puerto Rico, Bermuda, Cuba. Will handle traffic for Asheville, N.C., and vicinity.

K4GLN—"Pete" Walden, P.O. Box 1313, Orlando, Fla.—40, 20, 15, 10. Phone.

K4QYH—Bob Shipman, 2020 Hillcrest Ave., Orlando, Fla.—40, 10. Phone and CW.

K4RTO—Wilton B. White, Shenandoah Valley Academy, New Market, Va.—75-10. Phone and CW. Bible study net, 0600 E.S.T., 3855 kc.

K4SCP—Hersch Martin, M.D., 303-A Fairview Dr., Dalton, Ga.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW. Phone patch. Any traffic invited.

K4TOB—Charles T. Jones, 7213 Rome Ave., Birmingham 6, Ala.—20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

K4UME—Charles R. Strickland, 2023 S. Fourth St., Louisville 8, Ky.—80, 40, 15, CW; 75, 40, phone AM; 6, mobile.

K4YAL—Shirley Strickland, 2023 S. Fourth St., Louisville, Ky.—6. FM. Mobile.

KN4ZEP—Benny Thomas, 313 N. Sterling St., Morganton, N.C.—40. Would like a W6 or K6 and a KH6 or WH6. Will handle traffic for any Eastern states.

K5CUH—G. M. MacLafferty, Box 337, Keene, Tex.—75-10. Phone AM.

K5DLH—J. L. Copeland, Jr., 1706 Cherry Ave., Lawton, Okla.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW. Mobile and fixed. Phone patch.

W5FWK—Jim Calloway, 1005 Cuero St., Garland, Tex.—All bands, fixed; 75, 40, mobile.

K5HIK/6—Genny Johnson, 249 Lark St., Oxnard, Calif.—All bands. Phone AM. SSB. Mobile and fixed. Phone patch.

K5HIL/6—Don Johnson, 249 Lark St., Oxnard, Calif.—All bands. Phone AM. SSB. Mobile and fixed. Phone patch.

W5IRY—W. E. Ross, Sr., 4003 W. 21st St., Little Rock, Ark.—80, 40, phone AM; 80, 40, 20, CW.

K5LHA—Edgar Reno, 2223 Barlow, Dallas 24, Tex.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone AM. SSB. Fixed. Phone patch traffic invited.

W5PX—Arthur W. Beem, Route 1, Traskwood, Ark.—75, 40, 20, 10, fixed; 10, mobile. Member Ark. MARS.

K5RFP—David "Dave" Fisher, 724 Cagua, S.E., Albuquerque, N. Mex.—40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

W5SFE—Bob Stahluecker, 217 New Mexico Dr., Portales, N. Mex.—40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

KN5UJO—Wesley Jenkins, Route 2, Box 700, Albuquerque, N. Mex.—40, 15. CW. Missionary traffic invited.

W6AIU—Arthur W. Rowe, 11080 Harris Ave., Lynwood, Calif.—40. Phone and CW.

K6APM—Paul Bliss, 4828 York Blvd., Los Angeles 42, Calif.—80, 40. Phone and CW. R.T.T.Y. SDA net, MWF, 0630 P.S.T., 3854 kc.

W6BUX—Walter M. Bolinger, Box 494, Angwin, Calif.

WA6CBV—Michael D. Milliron, 415 Concord St., Lodi, Calif.—80, 40. Phone and CW.

WV6CCC—Ronnie Kuest, 1220 Church St., Lodi, Calif.—80, 40. CW.

WV6CQX—Wilber Elliott, 2801 10th St., Ceres, Calif.—80, 40, 15. CW.

WA6CSM—Charles David Scarbrough ("Charlie"), 7020 Clark Rd., Paradise, Calif. 40, 10. Phone. Will handle messages and will participate in any missionary net.

WV6DLI—Thelma Elliott, 2801 10th St., Ceres, Calif.—80, 40, 15. CW.

W6DQL—Angwin Amateur Radio Association, Pacific Union College, Angwin, Calif. Walter M. Bolinger, trustee.

WV6DRY—Edlen Wood, 1294 Woodcroft Rd., Paradise, Calif.—80, 40, 15.

WA6DRZ—Larry Drayton, 5608 Cherry Lane, Paradise, Calif.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone AM and CW.

WV6DTV—Merritt C. Horning ("Chuck"), 5955 Canyon View Dr., Paradise, Calif.—75, 40, 15.

WA6DVO—Leonard Drayton, 5608 Cherry Lane, Paradise, Calif.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone AM and CW.

WV6ECC—Edwin Pullen, P.O. Box 336, Galt, Calif.—80, 40. CW.

W6EDL—College of Medical Evangelists Radio Club, White Memorial Hospital, Los Angeles, Calif. Jack Wilson, secretary.

WA6EKA—Edwin H. Krick, 10877 Orange Grove, Loma Linda, Calif.—All bands. Phone. Use the CME station—W6FZV.

WV6ESL—Scot Holland, 5733 Newland Rd., Paradise, Calif.—80, 40. CW.

W6FGO—Fred P. Zeagler, 15035 Beckner St., La Puente, Calif.—75, 40, 10. Phone and CW. Mobile. Missionary traffic invited.

W6FZV—Loma Linda Amateur Radio Club, Box 88, Loma Linda, Calif.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. SSB.

K6GDZ—Merlin E. Dealy, 1967 Via Trinidad, Corona, Calif.—40. Phone.

W6HKH—John D. Thompson, 3730 N. Stanislaus St., Stockton 4, Calif.—80, 40. Phone and CW. SDA net, MWF, 0630 P.S.T., 3854 kc.

W6IWD—Arthur E. Brown, Route 2, Box 587-A, Atascadero, Calif.—80, 40, 10. Phone AM. SSB.

K6JAI—Roy H. Steck, 11518 Westwood Dr., Arlington, Calif.—6. Phone.

K6JCU—Harold Ludwig, 23007 Vista Grand Way, Colton, Calif.

W6JFI/2—Beryle Edward Wyman, M.D., 226 Sheridan Blvd., Mineola, L.I., N.Y.—20, 15, 10. SSB. Evenings irregularly.

K6JIT—E. A. Tinker, Jr. ("Bert"), 6011 Rose Arbor Ave., San Pablo, Calif.—6. Phone and CW.

K6LOS—Bill Hullquist, 5474 Mission Blvd., Riverside, Calif.—40, 20, 15, 10. Phone AM. SSB. Mobile and fixed. Traffic handled.

W6MCJ—Sid Toms, 1804 Bonita Vista Dr., San Bernardino, Calif.—80, 40, 20. SDA net, MWF, 0630 P.S.T., 3854 kc.

K6MJS—C. H. Seitz ("Mert"), 1955 Marta Dr., Pleasant Hill, Calif.—All bands. Phone mostly. Will handle Bay area traffic. Phone patch Northern California traffic. Net, 1845 P.S.T., 3905 kc.

K6MMB—Kenneth Krohne, 25472 Van Leuven, Loma Linda, Calif.—6. Mobile and fixed.

K6PKH—Philip Borisovich, 1618 Berkeley Way, Berkeley 3, Calif.—80, 40, 20, 10. Phone AM and CW.

K6PUN—Douglas M. Gordon, 1188 Pearson Rd., Paradise, Calif.—40, 10. Phone AM and CW. SSB. Phone patch.

KN6PZR—Dan Ballew, 5834 N. Sultana, Temple City, Calif.

W6QDS—Reginald Shepard, 1303 Carlton Dr., Glendale, Calif.—40, 20, 15, 10. Phone AM.

K6SFV/0—Bernard Marsh, M.D., Porter Sanitarium and Hospital, Denver 10, Colo.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

K6TJZ—Bill Adams, 1421 Valencia Ave., San Bernardino, Calif.—40, 15, 10.

W6UKI—Jacqueline Unger Moncrieff, 24545 Stewart St., Loma Linda, Calif.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. SSB.

K6VUO—Robert L. Hilliard, 10625 Mountain View Ave., Route 2, Redlands, Calif.

W6WWT—Donald R. Pearson, U.S. Forest Service, North Fork, Calif.—All bands. Phone.

W6WZB—Jasper Wilson ("Jack"), 2300 S. Bradshaw Ave., Monterey Park, Calif.—40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW. Phone patch traffic invited. Would like to use station for missionary work.

K6YBK—Howard Swenson, 1705 Timothy Ave., Modesto, Calif.—80, 75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW. Phone patch.

K6ZGL—A. A. Cree, 5290 Rindge Rd., Arlington, Calif.—160-10.

K6ZLU—Lester Gilpin ("Les"), 2944 Home Ave., Fresno 3, Calif.—80, 40, 25, 11, 10. Phone.

W6ZRK—Robert E. Moncrieff, 24545 Stewart St., Loma Linda, Calif.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. SSB.

W6ZTY—Guy B. Welsh, 321 E. Stanislaus, Avenal, Calif.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

K7ADR—Paul Arthur Heim, Route 2, Box 165, Gaston, Ore.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone AM and CW. Mobile and fixed.

K7AFV—Carlton E. Cross, 24 Northeast Ash (P.O. Box 2078), College Place, Wash.—40, 15, 10. Traffic, particularly missionary, invited.

K7ATX—Ivan Whitehouse, 16911 S.E. Foster Rd., Portland 66, Ore.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone AM. Phone patch.

K7AZD—Dave Claridge, Route 2, Box 154, East Stanwood, Wash.—80-10. Phone and CW, mostly CW. Portable at Auburn Academy during school year.

K7BCF—Charles Samuel Werner, P.O. Box 112, Merlin, Ore.

W7BOE—Samuel C. Hanson, Star Route, Buxton, Ore.—80, 40. Phone and CW.

K7BRU—Gil Saulter, 1906 Washington St., Seattle 44, Wash.—75, 40, 15, 10. Phone and CW. Missionary traffic invited.

K7CPA—Edmund Jones, 201 Broadmore, Plentywood, Mont.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10. Mobile and fixed.

W7CUL—Marjorie N. Krause, 201 S. 8th St., Corvallis, Ore.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

W7CYL—Dale O. Wagner, Upper Columbia Academy, Spangle, Wash.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10, 2. Phone AM. Phone patch. Gladly handle any traffic to the academy.

KL7CYQ—Teddy Walters, 238 Bryant St., Ketchikan, Alaska.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone AM and CW. Phone patch. Missionary traffic invited.

K7DDY—Don Keith, 1365 N. 4th St., Salem, Ore.—All bands. Phone and CW. Fixed and portable.

KN7DEW—Edith Redford, 9247 S. Sheridan Ave., Tacoma, Wash.—80, 40, 15. CW.

W7DKG—Vern Anibal, 900 H St., The Dalles, Ore.—All bands. Phone AM.

K7DLK—Larry Lambeth, R.F.D. 2, Box 15, Pendleton, Ore.—75, 40, 15, 10, 2. Phone AM and FM. Mobile and fixed. Phone patch.

W7DLT—S. R. Butterfield, 1114 19th, N., Seattle 2, Wash.

K7DNE—Vernon P. Mohr, 5813 Evergreen Ave., Las Vegas, Nev.—All bands. Phone and CW.

W7EXT—George W. Allen, M.D., 11775 S.E. Idleman Rd., Portland 66, Ore.—20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

W7GEA—Donald Shephard, Auburn, Wash. 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone AM.

W7GSY—Bill G. Orock, 305 Pike St., N.E., Auburn, Wash.—75, 40, 10. Phone patch.

KN7GUR—Ken Veal, Auburn Academy, Auburn, Wash.—80, 40, 15. CW.

KN7GUU—Harley Bagley ("Lee"), Auburn Academy, Auburn, Wash.—80, 40, 15. CW.

KN7GUV—George Lyman, Auburn Academy, Auburn, Wash.—80, 40, 15. CW.

K7GXC—Donald C. Popp, 550 W. 19th St., Tempe, Ariz.—80-10. Phone.

KN7HIW/K7HIW—Richard Jones, 1917 Pacific Ave., Forest Grove, Ore.—80, 40, 15, 6. Phone and CW.

K7HJU—Robert F. Reiber, Box 10097, Phoenix, Ariz.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone AM. Missionary traffic invited.

W7HVR—Gerald S. Schoepflin, Milo Academy, Milo, Ore.—40, 14. Phone AM and CW.

W7ICF—Doug Fleming, 1722 Maple, North Bend, Ore.—75, 40, 20, CW; 15, 10, phone AM and CW.

W7IUI—Ruth Martin, 9247 S. Sheridan Ave., Tacoma, Wash.—6. Phone and CW.

W7NAB—Jerry Brooker, 12337 S.E. Henderson St., Portland, Ore.—75, 40. Phone. Phone patch.

W7OTF—Linden Bahnsen, Route 1, Box 73-N, Carlton, Ore.—75, 20, phone; 80, 40, 20, CW.

W7QHR—Bill Jensen, 510 S.E. 4th St. College Place, Wash.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone AM. Mobile and fixed.

W7RDU—Eugene E. Taft, Box 112, Ocean Park, Wash.—Soon all bands. Phone and CW.

W7SZF—Michael James Perry, 335 W. 202 St., Seattle, Wash.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone AM. SSB. Will handle phone patch traffic.

W7SZW—Marvin J. Krause, 201 S. 8th St., Corvallis, Ore.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

W7TPE—Dave Martin, 9247 S. Sheridan Ave., Tacoma, Wash.—160, 75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone AM and PM and CW. SSB.

W7TYE—Raymond Riffle, 608 N. Florence Ave., Sandpoint, Iowa.

W7WOC/2—William Lee, M.D., 76 St. Joseph Ave., Staten Island 2, N.Y.—20, 15, 10. Phone AM.

W7WUI—Stephen Yost, 1014 S. 34th St., Tacoma 8, Wash.—75, 40, 20, 10. Phone and CW.

K8CWE—Richard Nimbach, 1882 Eaton Rd., Berkeley, Mich.—75, 40, 20, 15. Phone and CW. /8—Adelphian Academy, Holly, Mich.

W8DEJ—Raymond F. Brooks, Route 2, Twin Lake, Mich.—6, 2. Phone and CW. Mobile and fixed.

W8FEM—Richard Sowler, P.O. Box 311, Mount Vernon Academy, Mount Vernon, Ohio.—80, 20, 10. Phone and CW.

K8GJS—Mal Rausch, 17861 Juliana, East Detroit, Mich.—80, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone AM and CW. Mobile and fixed. MARS member.

WSHTC—Robert P. Swisher, 120 Oak Hill Ave., Delaware, Ohio.—6. Phone and CW. Mobile and fixed.

KN8MTQ/K8MTQ—Barry M. Straw, 3120 W. Michigan Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.—80, 75, 40, 15. CW. Missionary traffic invited.

KN8NGY—Terry Fore, 912 Staples Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.—80, 40, 15.

K9BBV—H. Russell Knudsen, 801 E. Jackson St., Attica, Ind.—6. Phone. Mobile and fixed.

K9GPG—Cloey Walls, Star Route, Doans, Ind.—80, 40. Phone and CW. On a.m. Ind. phone net, 9800 C.S.T.

K9IBT—Nesbit A. Boyles, P.O. Box 7, 414 N. Walnut St., Hartford City, Ind.—6. Phone and CW. R.T.T.Y. Phone patch. Mobile and fixed.

K9JPZ—"Bob" Johnson, Box 206, Withee, Wis.—80, 40, 20, 15. Phone and CW.

K9LBY—Aubrey Gooch, Jr., 1228 Avon St., La Crosse, Wis.—40. CW.

K9LBY—Aubrey Gooch, Sr., 1228 Avon St., La Crosse, Wis.—40. CW.

KN9ORV—William Haper, 2614 Krum St., Alton, Ill.—40, 15, CW; MARS AFA9ORV, 80, phone.

KN9OVK—Richard M. Klin ("Rick"), Wisconsin Academy, Columbus, Wis.—80, 40, 15. CW.

KN9QKT—Stennie G. Walls, Star Route, Doans, Ind.—80. CW.

KN9RWA—Ronald Myers, 718 Brown Ave., Evans-ton, Ill.—80, 15. CW.

W0ATU—Marshal B. Davis ("Marsh"), R.F.D. 1, Hershey, Neb.—80, 75, 20. Phone AM. SSB. Western Nebr. net, 3850 kc. Missionary traffic invited.

K0AWQ—James Gilbert, 2605 6th St., Boulder, Colo.—All bands. Phone AM.

K0BKR—Gerald Gilbert, 1047 Kingsbury St., Belle Fourche, S. Dak.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone.

W0EMM—James Y. Nakamura, M.D., Deer River, Minn.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone AM. SSB. Mobile. Phone patch.

K0HEC—Vasile J. Lucas ("Luke"), 4306 Bellefontaine, Kansas City, Mo.—15, 10, 6. Phone.

K0IUS/3—Melvin C. Baker, Summit Trailer Park, Media, Pa.—40. CW.

K0JGM—Willis H. Lyon, 721 B Ave., Nevada, Iowa.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10.

K0LFF—James E. Martin, Jr., 1314 N. Lorraine, Wichita 14, Kans.—80, 40, 20, 10. All Virginia contacts especially appreciated.

K0LXU—Henry Darrell, 1518 N. 22d, Kansas City 2, Kans.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone AM. Mobile and fixed. Phone patch.

W0OPF—E. W. Thomson, 616 Carson, Brush, Colo.—All bands. Phone and CW.

The next Youth's Instructor Radio Log is scheduled for publication in August, 1960. Listings must be in the editorial office not later than June 1, 1960.

KN0RAO/3—Mrs. Melvin C. Baker, Summit Trailer Park, Media, Pa.—40. CW.

KN0SLQ—Arthur Landmark, 1045 Mapleton Ave., Boulder, Colo.—75, 40, 15. CW.

KN0SSJ—Dale L. Harry, 200 S. 3d St., Montrose, Colo.—80, 40, 15, 2. CW.

W0VCG—Harry C. Lloyd, Box 71, Nucla, Colo.—75, 40, 20, 15, 11, 10. Phone AM and CW.

W0VKY—Jacob Joyner, 827 C Ave., Nevada, Iowa.—75, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

ARGENTINA

LU8JAU—Roberto G. Bernhardt, Moreno 1750, Crespo, Entre Rios, Argentina.—80, 40.

AUSTRALIA

VK2AGP—Edmund A. Parker, Australian Missionary College, Cooranbong, N.S.W., Australia.—80. CW.

VK3APG—Phillip John Grigg ("Phil"), Lot 44, Glenburn St., Newcomb, Geelong, Vict., Australia.—All bands. Phone and CW.

VK2AYH—J. A. Howie, 6 Kembla Ave., Chester Hill, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.—21, 7. Phone.

VK6UF—Fred H. Turner, 15 Temby St., East Cannington, Western Australia.—CW.

VK6ZAH—Laurie Gooding, Darkan, Western Australia.

BELGIAN CONGO

OQ5DG—Marlowe H. Schaffner, Songa Mission Hospital, Kamina, Belgian Congo.—20, 15, 10. Phone AM and CW. SSB.

OQ5MJ—Miriam (van der Walt) Hazan, P.O. Box 448, Elisabethville, Belgian Congo, Central Africa.—40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

BRAZIL

PY1A00—Floriano Moura, Caixa Postal 2353, Rio de Janeiro, D.F., Brazil.—All bands. Phone AM and CW. DSB.

PY3ARM—Adolpho Paulo Neumann, Caixa Postal 2180, Porto Alegre, R.G.S., Brazil.—80, 40, 6.

PY1BSG—Ennis A. Meier, Caixa Postal 2353, Rio de Janeiro, D.F., Brazil.—40, 6, phone; 20, 15, 10. DSB.

CAMEROUN

FESAP—Pierre Minot, Boite Postale 77, Yaounde, Cameroun.—15. Phone. 2100-2300 G.M.T.

CANADA

VE7AFV—Elwin L. Liske ("Al"), R.F.D. 5, Kelowna, B.C., Canada.—75, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW. Mobile and fixed. Phone patch.

VE7AMZ—Victor Loo, c/o Vancouver SDA Church, 405 W. Tenth Ave., Vancouver 10, B.C., Canada.—All bands. Phone and CW. VFO.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

H18AJS—Alvin J. Stewart, Box 568, Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic.—40, 20, 10. Phone.

GHANA

9G1CY—Wesley L. Parker, SDA Seminary, Box 45, Bekwai, Ashanti, Ghana, West Africa.—40, 20, 15, 10. Phone.

HAWAII

KH6CWQ—Matthew Douglas Lee, 1428 Kauluwela Lane, Honolulu 17, T.H.—40. CW.

OKINAWA

KR6DR—George Tolhurst, M.D., Okinawa Amateur Radio Club, P.O. Box 739, A.P.O. 331, San Francisco, Calif.—All bands. SSB.

PARAGUAY

ZP5IT—Ira E. Bailie, M.D., Yegros 429, Asuncion, Paraguay.—20, 15, 10. Phone AM. DSB.

ZP5JE—Clara N. Bailie, R.N., Yegros 429, Asuncion, Paraguay.—20, 15, 10. Phone AM. DSB.

SOUTH AFRICA

ZS1HRC—Helderberg College Radio Club, P.O. Box 22, Somerset West, C.P., South Africa.—40, 20, 10. Phone and CW. Miss G. E. Smith, trustee.

ZS1NQ—Gwen E. Smith, Helderberg College, P.O. Box 22, Somerset West, C.P., South Africa.—40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

ZE7JC—Mervyn Arnold Thomas, P.O. Box 115, Selukwe, Southern Rhodesia, South Africa.—40, 20, 15, 10. Phone.

God's plan

By JESSIE WILMORE MURTON

In spite of all that would His world destroy,
God's plan moves on, unswerving and unstayed;
In cool green grass the earth is still arrayed;
And birds lift songs of happiness and joy;
The daffodils mint gold without alloy,
While blue cornflowers with bits of sky are sprayed;
And small brooks search for rivers, undismayed
By obstacles that would their course deploy.

My soul, be thou as constant in thy love
And trust in Him whose handiwork they be
As the most humble blossom, bird, or tree.
Lift faith's unsullied eyes to heights above
And steadfastly as heaven's bright galaxy
Pursue thy great Creator's plan for thee.

"I GET SO LONESOME SOMETIMES"

From page 4

"Don't you hear from them?"
"Not for more than three years." It was a heart-pained answer.

Sam talked more about the children. About the little barber shop just off Delaney Street near the approach to the Williamsburg bridge and the savings for piano lessons for the girls and college and how back then the politicians came around with bags full of silver dollars, passing them out for votes. He refused to talk about religion and politics because he said that made enemies. He did express his disgust with drink and said he would never go to the movies because the pictures outside were only of guns and girls, and he had no need for either.

"What do you do with your time, then?" I asked.

"Oh, I walk over to the square. You know, the park over in the Village, and read the papers I find. Some days I go over to the Jewish Community Center and sit. They keep promising to let me cut hair at the Center. I can still work. I don't want any help from anybody. They keep telling me 'some other time.' I can still cut hair. You know the unions—they don't want anyone to work after he's sixty-five.

"Lots of times I go to the lectures and concerts at Cooper Union. I go to bed early. Sometimes I—I'm sorry, I'm sorry." Sam rose to reach for his coat. "You don't want to hear all this talk. It's so seldom I have someone to talk to, I forget myself and don't know when to stop. I get so

lonesome sometimes that when someone says Good morning to me I'm happy all day."

"Oh, Sam, I really do like your stories. Just stay as long as you like."

His mind was fixed and he got his coat off the sculpture in the corner he'd used as a coat rack.

His face was full of character and inviting to draw. "Look, Sam, please come back Tuesday and let me make some sketches of you. Will you do it? I'll draw and you can talk the time away. O.K.?"

Sam's voice changed in saying good-by and his eyes gained a new wetness, and over and over and over he repeated thanks and thanks and thanks as he tucked again the greasy bag, the newspaper, the sadness, under his arm and returned to somewhere that was less than nowhere in the coldness of the evening street.

The door closed. I turned and looked at the uneaten lettuce on my drawing board turned table and knew in the feel of tears that this so ordinary Sunday afternoon of sunlight and shadow was no simple accident of chance meeting. I dropped beside my bed, and in the rush of extreme joy that descended Spiritlike upon me, I knew that God had whispered in this common day a great lesson. Oh, cold heart, frigid man, gross me, to see only now that partnership with Jesus can be so simple, so everyday, so nothing more difficult than saying Good morning.

The flood of Jesus in my heart was beyond all flowers.

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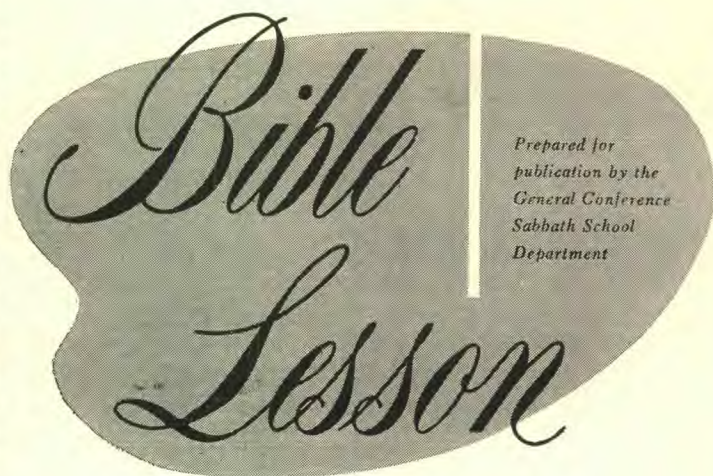
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THE WORD OF GOD

Lesson for June 20, 1959

Daily Study Record:

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MEMORY GEM: "The word of the Lord endureth for ever" (1 Peter 1:25).

OUTSIDE READING: *Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 103-114, 123-134; *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 315-320.

Introduction

The term "word of God" is threefold in its meaning. It identifies God's spoken word, His written word (or inspiration), and the Person of the Son of God, both in heaven before the incarnation, after His birth as the Son of man, and now.

Wherever Jesus, the Word, went, the people were blessed. Living nineteen centuries later, we perhaps sometimes feel that the disciples and others had spiritual opportunities that are not now available to us. But we should remember that "the Bible is God's voice speaking to us, just as surely as though we could hear it with our ears. If we realized this, with what awe would we open God's word, and with what earnestness would we search its precepts! The reading and contemplation of the Scriptures would be regarded as an audience with the Infinite One."—*Testimonies*, vol. 6, p. 393.

"The Saviour desired to fix the faith of His followers on the word. When His visible presence should be withdrawn, the word must be their source of power. Like their Master, they were to live 'by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' Matt. 4:4."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 390.

1 The Power of God's Spoken Word

1. What holds the worlds in their orbits?

"Upholding all things by the word of his power" (Heb. 1:3).

2. How were the worlds created?

"By the word of the Lord were the heavens made" (Ps. 33:6).

NOTE—"The work of creation cannot be explained by science. What science can explain the mystery of life?"

"Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." Hebrews 11:3. . . .

"In the creation of the earth, God was not indebted to pre-existing matter. 'He spake, and it was; . . . He commanded, and it stood fast.' Psalm 33:9. All things, material or spiritual, stood up before the Lord Jehovah at His voice, and were created for His own purpose. The heavens and all the host of them, the earth and all things therein, came into existence by the breath of His mouth."—*The Ministry of Healing*, pp. 414, 415.

3. To what two familiar things does the Lord liken the power of His word?

"Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" (Jer. 23:29).

4. Who was in charge of the Flood?

"By the word of God the heavens were of old, and the earth standing out of the water and in the water: whereby the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished" (2 Peter 3:5, 6).

5. What is said of the healing power of the word of God?

"He sent his word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions" (Ps. 107:20).

"The centurion answered and said, Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof: but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed" (Matt. 8:8).

NOTE—"It was by His word that Jesus healed disease and cast out demons; by His word He stilled the sea, and raised the dead; and the people bore witness that His word was with power. He spoke the word of God, as He had spoken to all the prophets and teachers of the Old Testament. The whole Bible is a manifestation of Christ."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 122.

2 Spiritual Blessings From the Written Word

6. What power brings about the new birth?

"Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God" (1 Peter 1:23).

NOTE—"The creative energy that called the worlds into existence is in the word of God. This word imparts power; it begets life. Every command is a promise; accepted by the will, received into the soul, it brings with it the life of the Infinite One. It transforms the nature, and re-creates the soul in the image of God."—*Education*, p. 126.

7. What provision has God made for the growth of babes in Christ?

"As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby" (1 Peter 2:2).

NOTE—"All who study the word are represented as eating the word, feeding on Christ. . . . Even as the bodily necessities must be supplied daily, so the word of God must be daily studied—eaten, and digested, and practiced. This sustains the nourishment, to keep the soul in health. The neglect of the word means starvation to the soul. The word describes the blessed man as one meditating day and night upon the truths of God's word. We all are to feast upon the word of God. The relation of the word to the believer is a vital matter. Appropriating the word to our spiritual necessities is the eating of the leaves of the tree of life that are for the healing of the nations. Study the word, and practice the word, for it is your life."—*Counsels on Sabbath School Work*, pp. 43, 44.

8. What will God's Word do in the heart?

"Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee" (Ps. 119:11).

NOTE—"The means by which we can overcome the wicked one is that by which Christ overcame,—the power of the word. God does not control our minds without our consent; but if we desire to know and to do His will, His promises are ours: 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the teaching." John 8:32; 7:17, R.V. Through faith in these promises, every man may be delivered from the snares of error and the control of sin."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 258.

9. To what relationship with Him did Jesus open the way for His followers to enjoy?

"Abide in me, and I in you. . . . If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you" (John 15:4-7).

NOTE—"It is through the word that Christ abides in His followers. This is the same vital union that is represented by eating His flesh and drinking His blood. The words of Christ are spirit and life. Receiving them, you receive the life of the Vine. You live 'by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' Matt. 4:4."—*Ibid.*, p. 677.

"The reception of the Word, the bread from heaven, is declared to be the reception of Christ Himself. As the Word of God is received into the soul, we partake of the flesh and blood of the Son of God. . . . As the blood is formed in the body by the food eaten, so Christ is formed within by the eating of the Word of God, which is His flesh and blood. He who feeds upon that Word has Christ formed within, the hope of glory."—ELLEN G. WHITE in *The Review and Herald*, Nov. 23, 1897.

10. What is the sword of the Spirit said to be?

"The sword of the Spirit . . . is the word of God" (Eph. 6:17).

11. What will Christ's words do for men?

"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life" (John 6:63).

"He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life" (John 5:24).

NOTE.—"The word of God is the seed. Every seed has in itself a germinating principle. In it the life of the plant is enfolded. So there is life in God's word. . . . In every command and in every promise of the word of God is the power, the very life of God, by which the command may be fulfilled and the promise realized. He who by faith receives the word is receiving the very life and character of God."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 38.

3 Eternal and Unchanging Nature of God's Word

12. What did Jesus say as to the eternalness of His Word?

"My words shall not pass away" (Mark 13:31).

13. According to Peter, how long will the Word of the Lord endure?

"The word of the Lord endureth for ever" (1 Peter 1:25).

NOTE.—"That Word which reveals the guilt of sin, has a power upon the human heart to make man right and keep him so. The Lord has said that His word is to be studied and obeyed; it is to be brought into the practical life; that Word is as inflexible as the character of God,—the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."—*Testimonies to Ministers*, pp. 80, 81.

14. What warning is sounded to those who would attempt to alter God's Word?

"If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book: and if any man

shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book" (Rev. 22:18, 19).

NOTE.—After studying this lesson, can there be any doubt in your mind of the urgent need of taking to your heart the Word of God in the Person of Christ and the Inspiration of His Book?

Quizangles

1. What examples are given of the creative, restorative, and destructive aspects of the power of God? (1)
2. What did the centurion call Jesus? (1)
3. Why did David hide the Word of God in his heart? (2)
4. In what way is God's Word a sword? (2)
5. In what way does a Christian have everlasting life now? (2)
6. What will he surely escape? (2)
7. Who will surely suffer the seven last plagues? (3)
8. What shows that everyone born into this world has his name in the book of life? (3)
9. Is it possible for one to have his name taken out of the book of life? (3)

NEXT WEEK, June 27, 1959—Lesson title: "The Wonderful Father." Outside reading: *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing* (1956), pp. 103-106 (1943 ed., pp. 154-156); *Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 139-149, 198-211; *Education*, pp. 151-154, 295-297; *The Ministry of Healing*, pp. 470-472. Memory gem: Psalm 103:13, 14.

Jonah and the Whale

by CARL D. ANDERSON

IF BIBLICAL skeptics would stop stressing the idea that the story of Jonah and the whale suggests the greatest fish story ever told and turn their attention toward the lesson it reveals, they might find a permanent blessing.

The book of Jonah presents God's method of dealing with men, and the spiritual facts must preclude the fish in question. When I read the book of Jonah I am not looking for a fish story; if I were, I would just as soon retell the remarkable experience of Peter's catch with the coin for the tax collector in its mouth.

The thing that stirs my heart is the message of the book. The Lord began with Jonah just as He begins with everyone—He called him. I am glad the Lord calls people, for there would be many exempting themselves from glory if the Lord did not single them out. Jonah did what almost everyone does at one time or another—he ran away from the Lord. One of the great enigmas of Christianity,

it seems to me, is why the call of the Lord makes so many people flee.

Jonah ran. But God pursued him. That is the happiest part of the situation—God pursues even though man willfully runs from Him. The rest of the story follows in quick order: the turmoil in the sea, the hours the errant prophet spent within the great fish the Lord had prepared, the days of preaching in Nineveh, the experience with the gourd.

This story contains the prime lesson in learning Christianity. We all at some time or another get a call from the Lord. We may be called to be professional workers—doctors, lawyers, preachers, or teachers; we may be called to be artisans—mechanics, carpenters, masons, or painters; or we may be called to stay at home and do the housework and care for the children. But the really important call is the invitation to be a Christian.

Jonah could not "see daylight" until he was imprisoned in the dark interior

of a whale. Neither are many others able to discern spiritual light until they are plunged into despair and difficult experiences. Jonah did the wisest thing he could do—he let God catch up with him when he was cornered in the fish's stomach, and he and the Lord talked it over. Then Jonah decided to respond to the Lord's call, and in God's providence the fish deposited him upon the shore.

When a person is ready to learn the lessons that the Lord has for him in hard experiences, he will get his feet on solid ground once more and behold again the light of day.

Jonah repented. Likewise today, a man must be sorry for that which is wrong, and be desirous of making restitution and henceforth doing right. Jonah's message proclaimed destruction for the inhabitants of Nineveh, and if they had not repented they would have been annihilated within forty days. But they repented.

Then God taught Jonah another lesson. God did not destroy the people of Nineveh, and because He did not, Jonah sulked. A good many Christians, too, tend to sulk because they think the Lord is not running His government the way they would if they were in His place.

Repentance may well be considered the keynote of the story of Jonah. It is not a fabulous fish story but a factual story of God's dealing with Jonah, an illustration of His dealing with Christians today.



► THE SCHOOL board of upper-class Beverly Hills, California, announced recently that it was declining to accept funds offered to it under the National Defense Education Act, so that the money would be available for use by school districts where there was greater financial need. The announcement said the board was interested in the education of youngsters in other school districts as well as its own. **NEA**

► A RANGE of antarctic mountains whose location has been an enigma for 20 years has been found by a United States research team. Positive location of the mountains was reported to the National Science Foundation by the team in a summary of their three-week, 500-mile over-snow traverse which ended March 6. **NSF**

► TWELVE years ago, with no treatment, only 5 per cent of child leukemia victims lived more than a year. Now 52 per cent of these victims survive the first year with the help of three clinical compounds—cortisone, amethopterin, and 6-mercaptopurine. **AMA**

► THE THAMES RIVER, often called a Highway of History, is also a stream of pleasure. Numerous English families go boating there, or camp, swim, and fish along its banks. **NGS**

► SURGERY of the brain's prefrontal areas can increase tolerance of pain without altering the perception threshold of pain. **Science**

► EIGHT pints of blood are used every minute of every day to treat the ill and injured in the United States. **ANRC**

target

"Love your neighbor as yourself" has been unpopular—in practice if not in theory—so long that when somebody adopts it as a principle of action it makes news. A group of people declining money from the Federal Government so that it can go to those who have a greater need—this is indeed a remarkable phenomenon. Our thanks to the Beverly Hills school board for their announcement, which boosts our opinion of the condition of human nature.

In an age when money is such an important ingredient in life, even Christians often seem to have the "gimme's." This makes a wide-open opportunity for Seventh-day Adventists to earn a name for themselves as Christians who are eager to love and share and give.

And there is no limit on the number of people who can volunteer to make use of this opportunity. **FG**

► AT THE beginning of 1959, the average weekly earnings of workers in American manufacturing industries were \$87.38. **USDL**

► OBSERVERS have watched male purple grackles gouge holes in the hulls of walnuts and anoint their plumage with the acid, sticky substance within. **Smithsonian**

► WEST GERMANY's population is up by about 11 million since 1939, due in large measure to refugees. The population density is about 10 times that of the United States. **NGS**

► LOUD, high trumpet notes may cause the player to "black out" or suffer from dizziness, according to one musical authority and one physician who measured arterial pressures on subjects. **UCAL**

► SEARCHING for the fabled Northwest Passage, Henry Hudson explored much of the northeastern coast and lent his name to many of the spots he visited. The year 1959 marks the 350th anniversary of his voyage up the Hudson River. **NGS**

► THE PIANO has descended from three instruments—the harpsichord, the clavichord, and the dulcimer. Developed by an Italian in the early 1700's, it's now so popular that 74 per cent of all American families that own one or more musical instruments own a piano. **AMC**

► ABORIGINAL rockwriting in western and central Nevada has, up to now, remained a puzzle to archeologists as regards its function and location. Recent field investigation strongly suggests that these displays were connected with hunting magic, presumably aimed at success in the chase, and that they were located along routes of deer migration. **Science**

► THE LARGEST electrically operated clock in the world was featured at the recent electrical engineers' exhibition in London. This giant clock, with a dial 60 feet in diameter and a minute hand 30 feet long, costs about \$30,800 in Britain. It is intended for use on very large buildings, and a significant proportion of the cost goes for the dial and pointers, which have to be thoroughly weatherproof. **BIS**

► DOES the "American way of life" make people more susceptible to artery disease? Seeking an answer to this question, two teams of investigators—one from Haiti, the other from South Carolina—decided to compare levels of "artery hardening," or atherosclerosis, among the Negro populations of their two areas. Findings: South Carolina Negroes, both male and female and at all age levels above 20 years, appear to have twice as much hardening of the coronary arteries as Negroes in Haiti. This strongly suggests that environmental rather than in-born factors are responsible, since both groups have the same racial origin. **AHA**

► THERE were 473 fatal football injuries from the fall of 1931 to the fall of 1958. There were 17 fatalities last fall. **Scope**

► ONE HUNDRED jet bombers with nuclear weapons can deliver 300,000 times more explosives than 700 World War II aircraft. **Planes**

► EIGHT huskies that accompanied Australia's Dr. Vivian Fuchs to the South Pole now draw ambulance sleds in the highland district of Oslo, Norway. **Gaines**

► THE AUSTRALIAN kiwi is about the same size as a chicken. This bird lays an egg weighing eight times more than a hen's egg; but the kiwi lays its one-pound eggs only once or twice a year. **NGS**

► THE ANCIENT Chinese, pioneers in many fields, are said to have employed chain conveyors 1,500 years ago. But the father of the modern conveyor was an American named Oliver Evans, who developed and installed one in his flour mill in the late 1700's. **Steelways**

► THE ONLY future for Australia's aborigines is assimilation into society on equal terms with other citizens, according to the country's Federal and State governments. It is expected to be a long-term task, however, involving fundamental changes in manner of life and living standards, including health, hygiene, housing, employment, and social consciousness. **ANB**

► MEDICALLY, vitamin B₁₂ appears to be essential to health. Adequate amounts can easily be obtained through the use of milk and eggs, but it has not yet been found in the vegetable kingdom (with the exception of some seaweeds, some fermented products, and a few other items that may contain minute quantities). The amount needed by a human being has not been established, although it is known that from ¼ to ½ a microgram a day is enough to cure a patient with pernicious anemia. **Today's Food**

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