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# The Youth's Instructor

AUGUST 31, 1965

The antagonist in the controversy  
often succeeds in blinding  
men to reality.

**"I Don't Need God"**

[Sabbath School Lessons for September 4]





# The Youth's Instructor

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

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

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## A Tale of Two Sisters

by MILDRED E. MEYER

OUR breezeway door opened and in they trooped—eleven-year-old Julie and her sister Peggy, two years younger. Julie had come to live with our family in September, but Peggy was coming for the first time. For one excited little girl this was a day of firsts: first train ride (and that for one hundred miles) and first time away from home overnight.

With so many to care for in their small, crowded house, it was understandable that their mother, herself in ill health, had not sent them off as models of good grooming.

What a picture Peggy made—stringy, dishwater-blond hair, a nose sprinkled with freckles, a soiled coat that was too short, too wide, and much too thin for the January chill, legs bare and blue with cold, grayish socks

sneaking down into worn-out patent-leather shoes. But in the midst of it all appeared beautiful brown eyes and an irresistible smile revealing teeth at various stages of in and out. Clutched in her arms and in Julie's were their new Christmas dolls, full baby size, their fresh, pink store look a marked contrast to that of the little owners.

"So you really got your mother to let you come, did you, Peggy?" In spite of her brave grin we suspected that her heart was pounding because of this drastic change in environment.

"Yes. We just begged and coaxed till she gave in this morning, and then it was so late we almost missed the train," Julie volunteered. "Mamma said she would send more of Peggy's things soon."

Unpacking her scanty wardrobe, we

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hoped that the rest would indeed come soon. Meanwhile we must get the two ready for school tomorrow morning. Supper over, our Kathie lathered and scrubbed till she had little Peggy's hair clean and shining. Julie had become accustomed to living with people with queer notions about frequent baths; she put up with them uncomplainingly, amazed that she didn't melt away completely with so much bathing. For Peggy this was merely an introduction to such habits. The big, shiny white tub was a treat for now.

With the two sisters tucked in bed, my daughters and I went over their clothes for school. It was easy to outfit Julie, what with the many garments our girls' cousin Linda had passed down to her, supplemented by others we had bought or made. But there was no time to buy, beg, or borrow clothes for Peggy. Her coming was a surprise. We had offered to keep her as well as Julie, but we had no assurance that she would come.

"Looks like it will have to be her new Christmas dress," I decided, hoping the unpleasant odor from a combination of tobacco smoke, kerosene, and something less than an immaculate house would be at least less offensive by morning.

"But what can we do about her shoes? They're awful," frowned Kathie. Perhaps they were not much worse than some others at her former school, but to send her thus shod to join a roomful of children who were kept well dressed—we hesitated. And her coat—it was impossible. A bold '75, written by pen on the lining, showed that it apparently had come from a secondhand clothing store. Maybe she could make out with Julie's for a day, while Julie wore her Sabbath coat this once. Tomorrow I would comb the community for a hand-me-down.

Four months had slipped by since Julie had entered our lives. I could still see her as she sat on the window seat that first evening after her mother and the minister's family had left. "What do we have here?" my visiting brother-in-law had whispered at first sight of the frightened little creature who sat as if unable to change her position, mouth hanging open.

Secretly that was just what I was beginning to wonder, but I simply answered, "She's a little girl we are going to keep this year and send to church school." But I had to admit the child really didn't look very bright. I understood she had at least normal in-

telligence. Well, we'd see. Days later when we heard how one of her drinking uncles had severely frightened her and the family we comprehended her timidity.

"Ther's somethin' fishy about this, I tell ya. Cain't ya see that nobody's gonna wanta take somebody else's kid an' support 'er an' send 'er t' school—an' a school whur they have t' pay, t' boot? Nobody's gonna do that jus' fer love. Ther's gotta be a reason. They'll likely kill th' kid, you jus' see!"

Such was his dire warning. To us it was as difficult to believe that a human being right here in the United States could actually think such a thing as it was for that particular human being to believe we would take her "jus' fer love."

Sensing that she was frightened, we did all we could to put her at ease by being casual and friendly. Questions asked in an effort to get acquainted were answered by a barely audible, "Yes, ma'am" or "No, ma'am."

Julie had managed to swallow her food that first day here—and with surprisingly good table manners—but to draw her out in any conversation was impossible. Tomorrow would be her first day in a new school where she knew no one. We wanted her to make the right first impression, but what to do about her hair on such short notice? Her dark bangs hung almost in her eyes. Whatever we did, we must not hurt her feelings. As we were getting her settled for the night my sister-in-law took over. "Do you like to fix your hair in different ways sometimes? My little girl does. Would it be all right if we played with yours a little? Let's get the mirror and see what we like best." Soon the bangs were cut, bringing her "out of the woods."

After our newcomer was in bed we took her cardboard box of pitifully few articles of clothing to the living room where we could prepare for the next day. We had little from which to choose, but we selected a green plaid as the most respectable dress.

Monday I left her at her new school, having enrolled her and introduced her to Arlene, a classmate with sufficient manners not to be disdainful of a person less fortunate. Arlene took her under her wing.

As the days passed and Julie awoke each new morning to find herself still alive in this "hostile" environment, she gradually relaxed and became a part of the family. Kathie gave her a few elementary lessons on the piano, which

she practiced faithfully, thrilled that she was at last learning to play a piano. Carol Ann was the ideal big sister, helping her, drawing her out, sharing her room.

"Do you like apple pie, Julie?" asked Carol one Friday as she rolled out the crust.

"I guess so—I never tasted any." On Sabbath we found she guessed right. In fact, there were few things she did not relish. Bread at their house had meant biscuits or corn bread. Our homemade whole-wheat bread was entirely new, but how it disappeared!

Not until she had been with us several months did she confide, "I remember lots of meals at home when we didn't have anything but bread and gravy." Small wonder that even with a completely different diet the food was devoured in quantities.

Julie's first trip to the city was as much fun for me as for her. On an elevator for the first time, she gave a little gasp as we started to descend. The escalator was still more magic. The beautiful things so attractively displayed for sale intrigued her, but there was never so much as a hint that we should buy a thing for her.

"How would you like to go home this weekend?" we suggested, after she had been with us seven weeks. Her blue eyes grew big with anticipation. While she conformed admirably to our way of life, we knew a homesickness was brewing inside. Mother may have had only three years of education, but she was still mother, and the love was mutual. Besides, there were all the brothers and sisters, the cantankerous grandfather and the snuff-dipping invalid grandmother who sat in a wheel chair all day. They were her life—home as she had always known it. She might see her year-old niece. Her mother was Julie's oldest sister, every bit of sixteen, and divorced.

Entering the neat, new brick church where part of Julie's family worshiped—when they worshiped—I felt glad for the change in our borrowed daughter. I thought of her lovely pink Sabbath dress, her new shoes and white socks, her good coat and shiny purse.

But those who had known Julie longer saw deeper. "I never saw such a change in anyone in seven weeks' time in my life," declared a local elder who had taken Julie's family to Sabbath school month after month. "Her very expression is changed. She doesn't look like the same little girl."

Bible class in school was not the easiest for Julie, with so much that



was new to learn. The Sabbath school lesson was studied daily. Soon she was asking to join the baptismal class, to become a church member in the spring.

"I'm going to be a teacher," this fifth-grader planned. Her mind was made up—a Christian teacher.

Weeks later the nursing students put on a promotion campaign in her school. "Do you think it would be wrong if I changed my mind and became a nurse?" she asked seriously.

"No, it would not be wrong, but you have lots of time to decide," I told her. "Just learn all you can of all kinds of work, then decide for sure when you are ready to take a course in college." That advice relieved her.

Julie's closet was now stocked with neat, becoming clothing—not an overabundance but plenty. But if she experienced only the joy of receiving, our very purpose was thwarted. Christmas was coming. Here was our chance for a lesson in the joy of giving.

Julie was excited over the suggestion that she make some little surprise for each of our girls. Could she? Would I help her? I racked my brain over what would be simple enough for her to make. What she gave to Carol I have forgotten. Perhaps it was a piece of her art work that she framed. (Her grades were only average, but her art rated an A.)

For Kathie we decided on a brown-and-white print apron trimmed with some braid we had on hand. Even though Julie was hardly a seamstress, she sewed as much as possible. While I put on the finishing touches she nervously kept watch at the window. It was time for Kathie to come home, and this *had* to be a surprise. After many false alarms, "Here she comes!" she called, and all evidence was quickly hidden.

But what to do for daddy? At last I had an idea. "I know what daddy would like to have done, and it would mean more to him right now than a new necktie or cuff links. He'd like the whole back lawn raked clean of leaves."

All right; if a raked lawn was what he wanted, that is what he would get. Shortly before Christmas vacation Julie bundled up and worked for hours. When daddy came home he was surprised by a unique sight—a big stack of dry leaves in the back yard, topped with a huge red-satin-ribbon bow. "That's your gift from Julie," we told him, while Julie's cheeks, pink from exercise in the cold, turned a shade pinker.

She still had my gift to decide on. For help she went to Carol Ann. Reared by a terribly practical mother, Carol came up with a practical idea. "I'll tell you what," she whispered. "Mother could use another measuring cup. Would you like to earn the money and buy her one?" So in addition to the regular household tasks that Julie had, she gladly took on an extra.

When Carol took her shopping to choose the shiny new aluminum measuring cup, and she handed the clerk the fifteen cents she had earned herself, well—no husband purchasing his wife a mink stole could have been more pleased with himself.

"I don't suppose my cousins will have any Christmas," our little giver said sadly. "Uncle Ernie is out of work again." When we took Julie home for Christmas vacation she was overjoyed to be able to take gifts—thanks to our friends who helped—to each of her cousins, aunts, uncles, and her own family. The uncle who had warned vociferously back in September that murder was our motive doubtless decided that our wicked hearts had softened.

Then the holiday season was over, and Peggy returned with Julie. But after a day in school the newest comer was down with a cold and fever that stubbornly refused to respond to treatment. Peggy, more outspoken than her older sister, became impatient to return to school, then downright homesick.

Carol, once becoming mildly exasperated with little Miss Peg, proceeded to deliver her a short lecture, ending with "Now you want to go home, and we can't take you home. What does home have that you don't have right here?" Tearfully Peggy answered with one word—"Mamma."

Once well, however, she entered wholeheartedly into her first church school experience, becoming a favorite among the girls in her grade.

A favorite time of day was evening worship. For a while we followed the plan of giving each member of the family his turn. Julie and Peggy loved having theirs.

One night a telephone message came which I was expected to pass on in the morning. How did one go about telling two children that their home was a heap of ashes? As painlessly as possible I broke the news, emphasizing the fact that mother had gotten all the children out. The manner in which this shock was received was a lesson to me—no tears, just sober faces; and questions,

followed soon by cheerful plans for a new house.

Although barely nine and eleven, Peggy and Julie learned to be good housekeepers. Drawers and closets were kept neat; dishes were washed clean; vacuuming and dusting were thoroughly done; bathrooms were cleaned; vegetables were prepared; and it was with real pride that Julie took home a sample of her first bread baked all by herself. We encouraged them to learn to do every kind of work possible so they could teach the others at home.

"It's funny," Peggy confided one day, "but when I am here I wish I were home, and when I'm home I wish I were here."

Came May, and practice for the school's closing program. Julie's room had a song, and Peggy's a flag drill. And whom did the teacher choose for a leader but our Peggy! Conscientiously she practiced and practiced so as to make every turn just right. Finally the big night came. We felt sure no children in the whole school looked quite so nice as "our" two in their black dirndl skirts and white blouses, with red roses at the throat. How I wished their mother could have seen them! And when I thought of the Peggy we saw four months before contrasted with the Peggy who skillfully led her line in the flag drill, I almost burst with pride.

Then the school year was over, and our extra bedroom was empty. Our venture had ended. It had meant more work, more expense, more time, but what worth-while project doesn't? We would always be richer for having shared our home with two of the world's millions of underprivileged. The pleasure of watching them blossom out before our eyes was reward enough.

Expense? How else could we see the results of our "offerings" at such close range? In a sense, this had been almost selfish missionary work, for we derived so much satisfaction from it ourselves.

"Those children will never forget the ideals learned," said a friend of ours. We pray that she is right, for that statement sums up our objective.

For their mother it had been a sacrifice to do without the help and also the companionship of her girls, but this was her only way of giving two of her brood the chance she never had. Cheated as she was out of an education, religious training, and any semblance of culture, she marveled at what she now observed. As she expressed it, "Those girls were so changed when they came home that even the chickens could see the difference."



## Visiting the Continent

Last month we wrote of our planned visit to Europe, beginning the three-week tour with a stop in Scotland. If all goes as scheduled, on the date of this issue we will have been back in the States for four weeks.

But production schedules being what they are, copy must be prepared a long time in advance of the date appearing on the magazine. Thus it is that as we write this column the date is May 18 and we are still looking forward to the European visit in anticipation. In fact, it is still eight weeks until departure date, July 13!

Following Scotland, we hope to visit six and possibly eight countries on the Continent. Then back to England, with a quick look at both Wales and Ireland. Under ideal conditions and finances one could spend a summer and still only begin to learn—but those ideal situations do not present themselves to all of us. So we do the best we can with what we have—21 days, in our case.

One of the high spots for us will be Augsburg, with an overnight stop in this West German city. Augsburg brings thoughts of Martin Luther and the launching of the great Reformation. Reaction to his ninety-five theses posted on the church door at Wittenberg (now in Communist East Germany) was so enthusiastic, and his propositions attracted so much support, that the papal hierarchy determined to bring him under its power. He was charged with heresy.

"Augsburg had been fixed upon as the place of trial," the story reads in *The Great Controversy*, "and the Reformer set out on foot to perform the journey thither." At the peril of his life Luther clearly defended the truth as it is in the Bible. His reasoning was unanswerable, and his enemies were enraged. Unable to convince him, they plotted to seize and imprison him, even though he had received a safe-conduct from the emperor. A similar safe-conduct given John Huss in the previous century had been treacherously violated, and that noble man had been sent to the stake.

Urged by friends not to expose himself unnecessarily to harm, Luther "accordingly left Augsburg before daybreak, on horseback, accompanied only by a guide furnished him by the magistrate. With many forebodings he secretly made his way through the dark and silent streets of the city. Enemies, vigilant and cruel, were plotting his destruction. Would he escape the snares prepared for him? Those were moments of anxiety and earnest prayer.

"He reached a small gate in the wall of the city. It was opened for him, and with his guide he passed through without hindrance. Once safely outside, the fugitives hastened their flight, and before the legate learned of Luther's departure, he was beyond the reach of his persecutors. Satan and his emissaries were defeated. The man whom they had thought in their power was gone, escaped as a bird from the snare of the fowler."

God had plans for Martin Luther.

JJ

**Sunset** The Cheryl Lessard cover this week shows a sunset over the Pacific from the seventeen-mile drive at Carmel, California.

**Log** "Ham Radio and the Children," by Gilbert Goodwin, reveals what this channel of modern communication can mean in bringing relief for human suffering. It reaches far beyond laudable ends to be gained from the wholesome satisfactions of a hobby. While visiting our mission outposts in Africa we saw first-hand what an incalculable blessing amateur radio had become to our mission personnel. Only your imagination can supply the details of the ways in which this instrument for communication has brought help for the needy and reassurance to the lonely.

**Ohio** "I just finished reading the excellent story by Joe Engelkemier, 'Watching God Die.' He has a God-given talent for portraying a scene with words, and I am thankful to God for men like him. I would like to urge him to put together the stories he has written on the life of Christ and have them published in a missionary book for young people. We as young people need the consecration and positive thinking as brought to us in these excellent articles.

**Ohio** "THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is still the finest missionary magazine published by our church. I do not know of any improvements needed. The one worry I might mention is parents who do not realize the importance of this type of reading for their young people. This is the greatest mistake a parent can make. I have heard it said that THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR costs too much. But the same person insists on buying the best quality clothing, furniture, or cars, and this in itself is good reasoning. But what do they plan to take to heaven with them?" WILLIAM WETMORE, Columbus.

**Share** "Should we give our lives up to prayerful meditation, our lights would grow dim, for light is given to us that we may impart it to others, and the more we impart light, the brighter our own light will become."—1SM 139.

## TO OUR Writers

- Increasing numbers of writers are querying us before submitting articles or narratives longer than four manuscript pages. The manuscript inventory plan on which we operate improves continually as we are able to eliminate duplication of subjects, and widen the range of interest for our target readers. Never hesitate to query about specific subjects on which you wish to write for our consideration.
- If you have not seen some topic covered in the magazine for the past two or three years, and think you have a promising source from which to draw for writing on that topic, it could be the basis for a query.



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K4UUR—Cecil Tynner, 2202 S. 39th St., Ft. Pierce, Fla.  
K4YMN—William Asbury, Route 5, Box 245-A, Winston-Salem, N.C.  
K4YNB—Cecil F. Edwards, 1924 Stadium Court, Kingsport, Tenn.

W4YUN—Fred O. Eberhart, Madison College, Madison, Tenn.  
W4ZFO—Oluf Edwin Olsen, M.D., Route 2, Box 462A, Maitland, Fla.  
K4ZGA—George J. Murphy, 974 Kennart St., Jacksonville 8, Fla.  
WA5BAV—John Egoft, 1204 South Country Club Circle, Carlsbad, N. Mex. 88220  
WA5CVS—Lyndon DeWitt, c/o Texas Conference, 2838 Hemphill St., Fort Worth, Tex.  
WA5EQW—Jim Baay, 2100 Connie Dr., Oklahoma City, Okla. 73115  
WA5FGQ—Ruddy Sias, 517 Montecita Dr., El Paso 15, Tex.  
WA5FGR—Rick Sias, 517 Montecita Dr., El Paso 15, Tex.  
WA5FGS—Reggie Sias, 517 Montecita Dr., El Paso 15, Tex.  
W5GQR—Roger V. Vanderwilt, 1007 Pecan St., Greenville, Tex.  
W5HYP—Nita Spink, Route 2, Rosston, Ark.  
WA51KA/8—R. Jon Green, 121 Greenfield Dr., Berrien Springs, Mich.  
W5IRY—W. E. Ross, Sr., Paron, Ark. 72122  
W5JFN—Frank Strode, 5312 Whitten, Fort Worth 15, Tex.  
K5LHA—Ed Reno, 2304 Barlow St., Dallas, Tex.  
W5PX—Arthur W. Beem, Route 1, Traskwood, Ark. 72167  
W5QG—Raymond M. Beem, Route 1, Traskwood, Ark. 72167  
K5RTR—Rosh Woolever, Route 3, Box 965, Orange, Tex.  
K6AAQ—Wilfred Stuyvesant, M.D., 3881 Bostwick St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90063  
WB6ANH—Donald Popp, 1879 Trower, Napa, Calif.  
K6AOB—Charles E. Ingle, 144 1/2 E. Maple, Fullerton, Calif.  
WA6AOM—Keith R. Carlin, 11056 Hole Ave., La Sierra, Calif.  
WA6AXP—Bob Jauch, 420 Sky Oaks Dr., Angwin, Calif. 94508  
WB6BEV—Fred H. Merkel, 1834 1/2 E. First St., Apt. 4, Los Angeles, Calif. 90033  
WA6BOQ—Wiley Elick, Gilkey Ranch, Five Points, Calif.  
WA6BQZ—Jack E. Griffith, 8392 Fox Hills Ave., Buena Park, Calif. 90620  
W6BUX—Walter M. Bollinger, Box 494, Angwin, Calif.  
WB6BWA—Kenneth V. Gard, M.D., 2456 18th St., Kingsburg, Calif.  
WB6BWZ—Matthew D. Lee, 2422 Berkeley Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90026  
WA6CQX—Wilbur R. Elliott, P.O. Box 25, Roseville, Calif.  
WA6DCU—Ron Bailey, D.D.S., 209 C St., Lemoore, Calif.  
WA6DIG—Howard O. Marsh, P.O. Box 191, Watsonville, Calif.  
K6DIQ—E. L. Griffith, 1433 I Ave., National City, Calif. 92050  
WA6DLA—Thelma B. Elliott, P.O. Box 25, Roseville, Calif.  
W6DQL—Angwin Amateurs Association, Pacific Union College, Angwin, Calif.  
K6DSI—John R. Clough, 12108 Raley Dr., La Sierra, Calif.  
K6DIT—Voice of Prophecy Radio Club, P.O. Box 55, Los Angeles, Calif. 90053  
WA6ECC—Edwin L. Pullen, 3711 Montrose Ave., La Crescenta, Calif. 91014  
W6EDI—CME Radio Club, 1720 Brooklyn Ave., Los Angeles 33, Calif.  
K6EJU—James Harold Shultz, 524 Luton Dr., Glendale, Calif.  
WA6ELD—John Stedman, 380 MacLane St., Palo Alto, Calif.  
W6FTL/4—Glen Foster, M.D., 5605 12th St., S., Birmingham 22, Ala.  
WA6FTQ—Ed Mason, 1647 W. Orange Grove, Pomona, Calif. 91766  
W6FUW—John W. Schnepfer, M.D., 1252 Paseo Grande, Corona, Calif.  
W6FZV—Loma Linda University Amateur Radio Club, Loma Linda University, Loma Linda, Calif. 92354  
WA6GKT—George D. Guernsey, M.D., 16395 H-A Road, Lemoore, Calif.  
W6GLK—Ray Foster, M.D., 3854 Dwiggins St., Los Angeles 63, Calif.  
K6GPW—Waldo "Dode" Gepford, 3854 Boyce Ave., Los Angeles 39, Calif.  
W6HKK—John D. Thompson, 3730 N. Stanislaus St., Stockton, Calif.  
W6IHD—Paul T. Haney, Star Route, Mariposa, Calif. 95338  
WA6IHE—Lindy Williams, Route 2, Box 5026, Tunsen Ave., Modesto, Calif.  
WB6IKE—Paul Jo Saxon, 437 West Sunset, Redlands, Calif.  
WA6ILC/6—Guy Lee Welsh, 500 N. Hall Ave., Visalia, Calif.  
WB6IYO—Arnold Smith, 339 Park St., Gridley, Calif. 92305  
W6IZB—John D. Rogers, M.D., 286 Hill Dr., Glendale 6, Calif.  
K6JAI—Roy H. Steck, 11795 Carmine St., La Sierra, Calif. 92505  
WN6JIH—Steven Francis, 5072 Sierra Vista Ave., La Sierra, Calif.  
K6JRY—A. L. Rice, 320 W. Ave. L, Calimesa, Calif. 90320  
WB6JUI/5—David M. Northrop, 8214 E. 32d Place, Tulsa, Okla. 74145  
WB6JUW/5—Francis M. Northrop, 8214 E. 32d Place, Tulsa, Okla. 74145  
WA6KCH—Frank A. Mason, Jr., 10469 Gramercy Place, Riverside, Calif. 92505  
WB6KCT—Vernon Lee Vonheeder, Jr., 22777 Sixth St., Hayward, Calif.



WB6KIW—Al Learned, 25470 Cole St., Loma Linda, Calif. 92354

K6KSU—Robert B. Griffith, 289 S. Meridian, San Bernardino, Calif.

WN6KTZ—Leon Mann, Orchard Road, R.D. #1, Nipoma, Calif. 93444

W6LHY—Paul S. Williams, 25093 E. Laurelwood Dr., San Bernardino, Calif. 92408

K6LIC—Richard R. Trautwein, 1055 N. Richman Ave., Fullerton, Calif. 92632

K6LID—Evelyn Trautwein, 1055 N. Richman Ave., Fullerton, Calif. 92632

WB6LND—Robert Kearbey, 7696 Roger Lane, San Bernardino, Calif.

K6LOS—Bill Hullquist, Route 1, Box 853, Yucaipa, Calif.

WA6MCQ—Christopher Iwata, 1318 N. Miller Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90063

K6MJS—Charles H. Seltz, 266 Twinview Dr., Pleasant Hill, Calif.

K6MMB—Kenneth Krohne, 25472 Van Leuven St., Loma Linda, Calif. 92354

WA6NVN—Laurence W. Botmer, 5341 Sierra Vista Ave., La Sierra, Calif. 92505

W6OMG—Ben Westphal, 3413 Marmac Road, Anderson, Calif. 96007

W6OOE—Gerald Pitcher, 3316 Main St., Riverside, Calif.

W6OWT—Stanley C. Hall, 672 Rosita Ave., Los Altos, Calif. 94022

K6PKG—James T. Alexander, M.D., 333 Ridge Road, Ukiah, Calif.

K6PKH—Phillip Borisovich, 1618 Berkeley Way, Berkeley, Calif.

WA6PLW—A. R. Gungl, P.O. Box 695, Redding, Calif. 96002

W6QOF—Quenton F. Christy, 1448 W. 126th St., Los Angeles 27, Calif.

W6QPP—Roland Truman, 4522 Greenmeadow Road, Long Beach, Calif. 90808

K6SNP—George J. Nelson, 11414 Loma Vista Dr., Loma Linda, Calif. 92354

WA6SOB—Fred Villanueva, 3139 E. 4th St., National City, Calif.

WA6SOV—H. Lee Williams, 5026 Tunsen Ave., Route 2, Modesto, Calif.

WA6STW—Glen Charles Glass, Jr., Route 1, Box 45, Hopland, Calif. 95449

WA6SYA—Perry Beach, 11630 Valverde St., La Sierra, Calif.

WA6TDM—Arthur J. Peterson, 218 West Carson St., #5, Torrance, Calif. 90502

WA6TNR—Alvah M. Kerr, 35813 County Line Road, Calimesa, Calif.

W6UKI—Jacqueline Moncrieff, 315 E. Gilbert St., San Bernardino, Calif.

WA6VBP—J. W. Kizlar, 5600 Malden Court, Bakersfield, Calif.

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

K6VZL—Paul A. Saxon, M.D., 308 W. 20th, San Bernardino, Calif.

WA6WJP—C. E. "Ed" Thompson, 621 Thirtieth St., Bakersfield, Calif.

W6WRA—Mack Stephenson, 304 Sylvan Dr., Goleta, Calif.

K6YBK—Howard Swenson, 1705 Timothy Ave., Modesto, Calif.

K6YCI—Paul M. Williams, 25093 E. Laurelwood Dr., San Bernardino, Calif. 92408

WA6YUM/7—Charles "Chuck" Ingram, 13401 N. Scottsdale Road, Scottsdale, Ariz. 85251

K6ZGL—Asa A. "Ace" Cree, 5290 Rindge Road, Riverside, Calif.

W6ZRK—Robert E. Moncrieff, 315 E. Gilbert St., San Bernardino, Calif. 92404

W6ZTY—Guy B. Welsh, 500 North Hall Ave., Visalia, Calif.

K7ABX—Douglas E. Mulloy, P.O. Box 373, Garibaldi, Oreg. 97118

K7ADR—Paul Arthur Helm, Route 2, Box 165, Gaston, Oreg. 97119

K7AFV—Carlton E. Cross, 626 SE. 4th St., College Place, Wash.

WN7AMK—Dick Lilienthal, Route 2, Box 746, Everett, Wash.

K7ATX—Ivan Whitehouse, 16911 SE. Foster Road, Portland, Oreg. 97236

W7AXQ—C. L. Witzel, 3536 Academy Dr., Auburn, Wash.

K7AZD—Dave Claridge, Box E, North Bend, Wash.

W7BAG—Robert L. Heisler, Caixa Postal 378, Recife, Pernambuco, Brazil

W7BHD—Richard R. Buss, 13401 N. Scottsdale Road, Scottsdale, Ariz. 85251

W7BJJ—Leonard A. Westermeyer, 13401 N. Scottsdale Road, Scottsdale, Ariz. 85251

W7BTK—Don Wilson, 409 SE. Date St., College Place, Wash. 99324

W7BUZ—Esther B. Perry, Conrad Hall, College Place, Wash. 99324

W7BVD—Stephen Yost, Jr., 441 Sittner Hall, Walla Walla College, College Place, Wash. 99324

WN7CIO—Jerry Yonker, 200 Auburn Ave., Auburn, Wash.

K7CIS—K. Eugene Syfert, Route 2, Box 124, Gresham, Oreg.

W7CJY—George R. Thompson, 3040 SW. 182d Ave., Aloha, Oreg.

W7CLI—Jim Forsyth, Vets. Apt. #18, College Place, Wash.

K7CPA—Edmund Jones, 8325 Chaparral Road, Scottsdale, Ariz. 85257

WN7CUN—Dexter Goo, Sittner Hall, College Place, Wash. 99324

WN7CUO—T. M. Cole, 721 S. College Ave., College Place, Wash. 99324

W7CYL—Dale O. Wagner, Upper Columbia Academy, Spangle, Wash.

WN7DDR—Greg Bahnson, Route 2, Box 116, Gaston, Oreg.

K7DDY—Donnell Keith, 410 E. Chapman Ave., Fullerton, Calif.

W7DLT—S. R. Butterfield, 2224 SE. 50th Ave., Portland, Oreg. 97215

K7DNE—Vernon P. Mohr, 5053 Stacey Ave., Las Vegas, Nev. 89108

W7EXT—George White Allen, M.D., 6101 SE. Belmont, Portland, Oreg.

W7GEA—D. W. Shephard, 31812 S. 59th St., Auburn, Wash.

K7GOL—Lee C. Barnes, 803 SW. Grandview, College Place, Wash.

W7GSY—Bill G. Orock, 305 Pike St., NE., Auburn, Wash.

K7HHQ—Robert Hamilton, Box 997, Conrad, Mont. Ariz.

K7HJU—Bob Reiber, 12210 N. 67th St., Scottsdale, Ariz.

W7HGG—Lloyd H. Smith, M.D., Route 2, Box 2263, Wenatchee, Wash.

W7HVR—Jerry Schoepflin, Sittner Hall, College Place, Wash. 99324

K7IBQ/6—Bob Wresch, 25229 SE. Taylor, Loma Linda, Calif.

W7IBR—C. R. Aimes, Route 1, Box 215, Sequim, Wash.

K7IMO/7—Douglas E. Mulloy, Sittner Hall, Walla Walla College, College Place, Wash.

K7IRB—Frank C. Trumble, 610 W. 12th St., Tempe, Ariz.

W7ITE—Gregory Large, Route 2, Box 120, Florence, Oreg.

W7JEH—Ruth Ramsdell Parker, Route 2, Box 656, Estacada, Oreg. 97023

W7JEL—William Lee Parker, Route 2, Box 656, Estacada, Oreg. 97023

K7JJO—Ken Daughters, Box 245, 514 Third St., Stella, Oreg. 97023

K7JKT—Paul Morrison, Sittner Hall, College Place, Wash. 99324

K7KEG—Ralph E. Jacobus, Route 2, Box 475, Walla Walla, Wash.

K7LEE—Reo Clyde, Box 991, Hermiston, Oreg. 97838

K7LTB—Ken Hart, Sittner Hall, College Place, Wash. 99324

K7MAT—Howard Wagner, Box 667, Cody, Wyo.

K7MCL—Wilmer Radke, 2207 E. 26th St., Vancouver, Wash.

K7MHL—Bruce Henderson, Star Route, Box 1, Leavenworth, Wash. 98826

K7MWD—Steve Yost, Jr., 2516 Nob Hill Ave., Seattle, Wash. 98109

K7NCC—Richard A. Rentfro, 15617 First Ave., NW., Seattle 77, Wash.

K7NFV—Kenneth E. James, Sittner Hall, College Place, Wash.

K7NHR—Donald L. Starkey, 6006 West Fairmount, Phoenix, Ariz.

K7NJM—Howard "Wes" Radke, 2207 E. 26th St., Vancouver, Wash.

K7NOK/3—Gabe Romero, 9 Pine Ave., Takoma Park, Md. 20012

W7NVE—Robert "Bob" Stahlnecker, 125 NE. Cedar Ave., College Place, Wash.

K7NZF—Thunderbird Academy Amateur Radio Club, 13401 N. Scottsdale Road, Scottsdale, Ariz.

K7OEX—Steve Packard, 15 NW. Evans St., College Place, Wash. 99324

K7OPQ—Upper Columbia Academy Radio Club, Spangle, Wash.

K7OOQ—Richard A. "Dick" Figuhr, 13401 N. Scottsdale Road, Scottsdale, Ariz. 85251

W7OTF—Lindy Bahnsen, Route 1, Box 116, Gaston, Oreg.

K7OVN—Fred L. Mason, 4611 Stone Ave. North, Apt. 3, Seattle, Wash. 98103

K7OXI—F. H. Packard, 15 NW. Evans St., College Place, Wash. 99324

W7OYR—Roan Wilson, 6224 SE. Main St., Portland, Oreg.

W7OYU—Everett E. Wilson, 6224 SE. Main St., Portland, Oreg.

K7PDC—Donald P. Wertz, 2901 Academy Dr., Auburn, Wash.

K7QBA—William E. Mehling, 7932 SE. Grant St., Portland, Oreg.

K7RDO—Bace H. North, Route 2, Box 3, Goldendale, Wash. 98620

W7RDU—Eugene E. Taft, Ocean Park, Wash.

K7RIB—Aaron W. Leno, 810 Seventh St. S., Kirkland, Wash. 98033

W7RPD—C. T. Chuljian, D.M.D., Box 573, 1305 Wash. St., Port Townsend, Wash.

K7RVY—John Pasillos, 1821 Ivory St., Klamath Falls, Oreg.

K7RZQ—Howard "Wes" Radke, Columbia Academy, Battleground, Wash.

K7SCJ—Clair Nystrom, P.O. Box 487, Havre, Mont.

K7STK—Robert H. Haworth, 12245 NE. Stanton St., Portland, Oreg. 97230

W7SZF—Michael James Perry, 335 NW. 202d St., Seattle, Wash.

W7TPF—Dave Martin, 9247 S. Sheridan Ave., Tacoma, Wash. 98444

W7TPY—Harold G. Steen, Oregon Sky Ranch, Route 3, Box 5, Milton-Freewater, Oreg.

K7UEB—Walla Walla College Amateur Radio Club, Box 458, College Place, Wash. 99324

K7UIO—Victor D. Goll, 2272 Corona, Medford, Oreg.

W7VAF—Lloyd Meade, M.D., 1511 SE. 122d Ave., Portland 66, Oreg.

K7VCF—W. L. Parker, 3245 Academy Dr., Auburn, Wash.

W7VDR—Warren W. "Dr. B." Bacon, 1306 N. 175th St., Suite 110, Seattle, Wash. 98133

W7VFK—George "AP" Rhoads, Jr., 3535 Academy Dr., Auburn, Wash.

K7VNO—Robert Seamont, 8049-800 E. St., Oak Harbor, Wash.

W7VUD—Marvin "Marv" Yonker, 200 Auburn Ave., Auburn, Wash.

W7WUI—Stephen Yost, 2516 Nob Hill Ave. N., Seattle 9, Wash.

K7WXD—James Weinand, 758 Larch St., Sandpoint, Idaho

K7ZFO—Olin J. Peach, Upper Columbia Academy, Spangle, Wash.

W8AZA—Carl A. Ward, Route 2, Box 93, Freesoil, Mich.

W8AZB—George E. Ward, Route 2, Box 93, Freesoil, Mich.

W8BZL—Virgil J. Stegner, 410 Kennison Dr., New Carlisle, Ohio

W8CZS—Everett H. Jackson, Jr., 2448 Clarendon Ave., Zanesville, Ohio

W8DDW—Carlyle B. Shultz, R.F.D. #5, Box 107, Wakoneta, Ohio 45895

W8ENX—Raymond O. Swenson, 395 Grove St., Berrien Springs, Mich.

W8EVQ—Robert A. Cox, 59 E. Riverglen Dr., Worthington, Ohio

W8FEM—Dick Sowler, 111 Mansfield Ave., Mount Vernon, Ohio

W8FNV—James A. Ashton, Del-Mar Trailer Ct., R.F.D. #1, Delaware, Ohio

W8GS—Wilton H. Wood, 705 Niles Ave., Berrien Springs, Mich.

W8HSB—Maitland L. Perkins, 4179 E. Wheeler Road, Bay City, Mich.

W8HTC—Robert P. Swisher, 120 Oak Hill Ave., Delaware, Ohio

W8IGT—Roy M. Nickless, 2719 Madison, SE., Grand Rapids 7, Mich.

W8IUS—Merlin Patterson, 4155 Fenton Road, Flint 7, Mich.

W8JDB/8—Clifford F. Black, Route 1, Box 402, Castalia, Ohio

K8KKH—Reo Loyal Clyde, Route 3, Box 242, Edwardsburg, Mich.

W8LKI—Andrews University Amateur Radio Club, Andrews University, Berrien Springs, Mich.

W8LPS—Don Wilson, 381 Parkway, Battle Creek, Mich.

W8LPT—Ron Oxley, Berrien Springs, Mich.

W8MJX—Peter Black, 210 High St., Charlotte, Mich.

W8OTF—Spencer Burrows, 10 East Gate Dr., Mount Vernon, Ohio 43050

W8OUY—Arthur Nettleton, 202 Burns St., Charlevoix, Mich.

W8OVC—Jim Hoffer, Box 393, The Plains, Ohio 45780

W8PAB—Denny Hare, 101 N. Maplewood Dr., Berrien Springs, Mich. 49103

W8PIR—Rellous L. Walden, 222 Sychar Road, Mount Vernon, Ohio 43050

W8PIY—Don Bassham, College Station, Berrien Springs, Mich. 49104

K8PME/6—Jerry Smith, 3490 Ceres Dr., Salt Lake City, Utah 84117

W8QPI—L. Carlton "Carl" Dyer, Garland Apt. B-18, Berrien Springs, Mich. 49103

K8UAZ—Jesse W. Conlon, 3221 Badger St., SW., Wyoming, Mich.

W8VIL—Russel D. Ruggles, Route 1, Beverly, Ohio

K8ZCZ—Harold F. Godding, 3426 Mapleway Dr., Toledo, Ohio 43614

WA9AMC—Oscar H. Pearson, 827 N. County Line Road, Hinsdale, Ill.

WA9ECS—Elmer Fabel, Route 2, Durand, Wis.

W9FYD—James R. Grace, 507 S. Dwyer, Arlington Heights, Ill.

W9GHI—Vernon W. Rice, M.T., 1928 Marshall Ave., Waukegan, Ill.

K9GPG—Cloey J. Walls, Star Route, Doans, Ind.

K9HYB—Noah R. Thornton, Route 1, Box 179A, Versailles, Ind.

K9IBT—Nesbit Boyles, 414 N. Walnut St., Hartford City, Ind. 47348

K9IFX—Frank Walls, Star Route, Doans, Ind.

K9IPZ—Bob Johnson, Box 154, Withee, Wis.

W9KNV—Martin Carlson, 9122 Thirtieth St., Brookfield, Ill. 60513

WA9KUF—David Gannaway, 5857 N. Indianola Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

WN9LHO—Elvin P. Hoag, 135 North Park, Hinsdale, Ill.

K9ORV—William Haper, 2614 Krum St., Alton, Ill.

WA9PDZ—Roger Hulsman, 802 E. Gorham, Box 512, Madison, Wis.

K9RWA—Ronald L. Myers, 718 Brown Ave., Evanston, Ill.

K9URS—Fred Boyles, 414 N. Walnut St., Hartford City, Ind.

WA9AGY—Harry B. Moon, 775 Union Ave., Boulder, Colo. 80302

W9ALG—W. H. "Hugh" Kelley, 9740A 27th Ave. N., Minneapolis 27, Minn.

W9ATU—Marshall B. Davis, Route 1, Hershey, Nebr.

W9BTU—Carlos W. McDonald, 1185 E. Bates Parkway, Englewood, Colo. 80110

W9EYE—Donald Hilliard, Box 563, Boulder, Colo.

W9GPL—Raymond T. Stephens, 715 North 3d St., Clear Lake, Iowa 50428

WA9HDX—Al Johnson, 3305 W. 4th, Coffeerville, Kans.

W9IWX—Don R. Cantrell, Sunnydale Academy, Centralia, Mo.

K9JGM—Willis Lyon, 904 W. 4th Ave., Mitchell, S. Dak.

K9LXU—Henry D. Darrell, 2506 N. 64th St., Kansas City, Kans.

W9MWH—R. A. "Dick" Armbruster, 507-19th Ave., Charles City, Iowa 50616

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*The formation of the saguaro shoe begins when a gilded flicker seeks a nesting site in the trunk of the cactus.*

# The Strange Tree

by GAR BAYBROOK

**T**HERE is a tree native to the United States that will grow nowhere except in the desert. Its leaves are its bark and it wears shoes to keep from getting dry!

Though you may never have seen one, you would recognize it instantly, for the saguaro is the symbol cartoonists use to set a locale in the desert, just as they use the Eiffel tower to designate Paris.

When you wind down the switchbacks of the pine-scented mountains and level off into the dry, warm air of the Arizona desert you are startled by a band of forty-foot giants standing with arms up, aghast at your trespassing in their private kingdom.

Reg Manning wrote in his book *What Cactus Izzat?* that his first encounter gave him the odd feeling you receive when you walk into a crowded room and everyone stops talking, watching in embarrassed silence until you leave.

Soon after we moved to the desert our son, Wayne, was busy searching for saguaro (sah-gwä-rō) shoes. Their formation begins when a gilded flicker

seeks a nesting site. He will nest nowhere except in woodpeckerlike holes which he has tapped into the succulent trunk of this cactus. The soft, watery inner pulp of the tree soon forms a protective coating of corklike bark that lines the nest hole. When the flicker abandons his home, as he often does,

other birds quickly move in and set up housekeeping.

Years later when the giant tree dies and topples to earth, the pulp decays, leaving a "shoe" of bark that lasts long after the skin and pulp are gone.

One day the screen door slammed as Wayne hurried in to announce, "I've found a big saguaro with two cactus wren nests! Come quickly!"

"Do they have picture possibilities?" I queried.

"Well—they are fairly high."

A survey of the scene led to the carrying of a stepladder into the desert. With my wife, Eleanor, and Wayne steadying the tall ladder, I teetered about on the top step angling for a shot, for the cactus grew on a slope.

"Be careful!" warned Eleanor. "If you fall against that cactus you'll be in worse shape than a secondhand pin-cushion."

I hardly needed the warning, for I could see that the vertical accordion-like pleats of the trunk had rows of neatly spaced spine cushions, an inch

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MY HUSBAND'S health showed no signs of improvement. The summer heat and the rainy season were around the corner. The committee met. After earnest prayer for guidance they took action for us to return to the States. Three weeks later we said good-by to our Korean friends. We felt that our work had been interrupted for only a season and were confident that the Lord would heal and intervene in our behalf.

The steamer on which we were booked didn't sail until a week later than scheduled. Eight days we waited in a small Japanese hotel in Kobe. That week in July was one of the hottest on record. By the time we took passage on the *China*, of the Dollar Steamship Line, we were exhausted.

Crowded on the steamer were German women and children from S'ing-tau, a former German possession in north China. (This was during World War I, when Japan had interned the men and repatriated the women to their homeland.)

The ship pitched and rolled. The cabins were hot and stuffy. Many of the passengers spent the night on deck, sleeping in lifeboats. The children were content to play in the cabin. We were in seclusion most of the time, too weary to try to go on deck. It took all the time and energy we had simply to ride the ocean.

When we docked in San Francisco, friends took us to a little cottage in Oakland where we could relax. We enjoyed the fresh fruit, the dairy products, and the welcome California sunshine.

On Sabbath afternoon, July 29, 1916, a great mission rally, including a farewell service for a large group of missionaries bound for the Orient, was held in the Oakland church. Elder J. E. McElhany, the Northern California Conference president, was in charge of the service. He extended an invitation to my husband also to say a few words. Of this he later wrote:

"Especially touching was the talk by Brother Wangerin, for the marks and scars of the battle were plainly visible. Stricken with disease and scarcely able to make himself heard, he told of his years of labor in South Korea and of the two hundred believers he had left there. He requested our prayers in his behalf, that he might speedily be re-



## Forty Years to KOREA

by THEODORA WANGERIN

### PART THREE

stored to health so that he could hasten back to his field.

"All honor to those who are stricken on the battle front! As they come back to us for a little season to seek rest and health, we should earnestly endeavor to learn the lessons taught by their sacrifices and seek to enter into their labors with them."

A week later we were on our way to Milwaukee. It was exciting to pass old familiar scenes as we neared the home of our childhood. It was a pleasure to meet loved ones from whom we had been separated seven years. However, there was a touch of sadness when Rufus' mother, who had lost her eyesight, could not see her grandchildren. Nevertheless, two delightful weeks passed quickly.

The endeavor to regain health brought perplexing problems. We did not know what the future held, but were confident that it was in God's hands. By faith we knew that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

Rufus entered a TB sanatorium in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin. Frank Mills, a missionary friend, making a successful fight against the dread disease in the high and dry climate of Colorado, wrote: "Why don't you come to Colorado Springs where many are making a successful comeback? The climate is good. Cottages with sleeping porches are available at reasonable prices. You will do better here than in the cold, damp climate near Lake Michigan."

After consultation with the General Conference brethren we left for Colo-

rado late in November. The train accommodations were excellent. At one place where we were to stop for ten minutes Rufus and another traveler left the coach to mail some letters. "We'll be back in a moment," they said.

In their absence the train pulled onto a siding to let an express go through on the main line. When the men returned they saw the express pull out, and thinking it was their train, they hopped onto it.

When the whistle blew and it was time for us to pull out, the children and I looked in vain for their daddy to join us. Trying to quiet the children, I said, "Oh, daddy will be along soon. He evidently has found someone to talk to."

As time passed and he did not return, I became worried. Late in the afternoon I received a telegram telling of his predicament and advising me to go on to our destination.

In the morning when we arrived in Colorado Springs, Frank Mills was at the station to meet us. As I stood alone with my two little girls on the station platform, a voice seemed to whisper, "You have come to Colorado Springs without your husband; you will also leave without him."

Startled, I looked around to see who was whispering. When I saw no one I asked myself, "Is the Lord speaking to me?"

Later in the day when Frank met my husband he took us to a little cottage on Nob Hill where we would make our home for eight months. Rufus began to take the rest cure. During



the time he spent on the sleeping porch he came face to face with spiritual values. Verily the crises faced upon a sickbed are indeed the loneliest experiences in the world.

I was busy with a hundred household duties. One of the most perplexing problems was to provide nourishing food on a limited budget. At night I had strange dreams. With my little family I seemed to be in a boat, out on a river or on a stormy sea. Invariably my husband would fall overboard. To keep from drowning, his arm was outstretched, trying to find something to which to cling. But the sea always swallowed him and he was gone.

As the shadows deepened and closed in around us we clung to Jesus for comfort. In spite of many prayers Rufus grew weaker day by day. There came a day when the doctor urged me to tell my husband that his days were numbered, and that it was time to set his house in order.

This I did on the eve of our eighth wedding anniversary.

"If it is God's will that I should rest from my labors and be among the resurrected saints, I can only say 'Thy will be done'" was his comment.

Then he added, "If I am to die I want to die happy. Let us lay hold on God's promises and rejoice in the Christian hope."

We talked freely of plans for the children and of my return to Korea. The coronation of the King of kings and the grand reunion that is to take place around the great white throne became his favorite topic of conversation. One of his last requests was for me to play and sing his best-loved hymn by Mrs. Frank A. Breck:

"Face to face with Christ my Saviour,  
Face to face—what will it be?  
When with rapture I behold Him,  
Jesus Christ who died for me.  
Face to face shall I behold Him,  
Far beyond the starry sky;  
Face to face in all His glory,  
I shall see Him by and by!"

The last few days passed slowly and the nights more so. My husband's faith in the Saviour's love never wavered; it shone forth as a bright star in the darkness. He was not afraid to die. In childlike faith he had accepted the Lord's will for his life.

His parting words to his two little girls the night before he fell asleep in Jesus, "Good night, my little sweet-hearts; I'll see you in the morning," continue to ring in my ears. I still seem to feel the clasp of his hand on

# Hereafter

by HELEN GODFREY

**Hereafter I will know  
More of sunshine than I know today,  
But when my morning room  
Fills with light to waken me,  
And when I walk sun-warmed  
In August meadows freshly shorn,  
Or when the sky's aflame  
With rainbows at the storm's end,  
I marvel at the promise:  
Brightest sunshine is hereafter.**

mine as he drew his last fleeting breath.

It has been many years since I passed through that trying experience. I did not understand then why my husband, only thirty-three years of age, was called upon to lay down his life and why I was permitted to live. Nor do I understand it now. But someday soon I shall understand. I do know that God's promises are real and that in the hour of trial His comforting arms enfold us.

Weeks of uncertainty followed. I returned to Milwaukee to be near my parents. Not knowing which way to turn, I drifted into the slough of despondency. Then one night I had a marvelous experience. How well I remember that night so long ago, the night when I saw my Saviour face to face and heard Him speak to me.

In a dream I saw the Saviour standing at the foot of my bed. Gazing tenderly at me, He said, "My child! Don't worry. I am with you. I will help you. Everything will turn out all right."

It was a most wonderful experience. To gaze into the eyes of a sympathizing Jesus, my Jesus, to hear Him speak to me, and to feel His arms around me is an experience I shall always cherish.

A few days later a letter came from the General Conference stating that ar-

rangements had been made for my return to the mission field. The letter that brought the good news contained the following paragraph: "Although we have never sent a young widow with two little children to the mission field, we believe that in your case, as you and your sister plan to make a home together, it will work out satisfactorily."

My sister, Mimi Scharffenberg, had gone to Korea late in 1906, a few days after she had passed her twenty-third birthday. The night before she received the call, the Lord gave her a dream. Of this experience she said: "I saw a large company of people dressed in white standing on the other side of a stream of water. With outstretched hands they beckoned me to come to them."

"The following morning I received a letter from the General Conference inviting me to go to Korea as a missionary. At once I saw a connection between the dream and the letter I had just received."

"But Korea! I had never heard of that place. When I tried to find it on the map I saw that it lay across the ocean!"

Hastening to the public library in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, to read up on Korea, she found books containing illustrations of the people dressed in their long, white, flowing garments and towering hats. The people pictured were identical with those seen in the dream.

"There was no doubt in my mind," said Mimi, "that the Lord was calling me to serve in Korea." And there was no doubt in my mind that God was calling me to return to Korea.

The children and I had tentative booking on the *Empress of Russia*, a passenger liner of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Line. The Federal officers in Milwaukee hesitated to accept my application for a passport. "What a place to go to!" exclaimed one.

"Don't you know that Korea, a hermit nation, has as yet not been touched by civilization?" asked the officer.

Another expressed fear that I would be stranded and become a burden to the State Department and that the Government would have to bring me back to America.

Shaking his head, the first man asked, "How can you, a young woman, take two little girls to a place like Korea? Have you given any consideration to the education of your children?"

In a more gentle manner he asked,



*Voice of Prophecy Topics for September*

September 5	The Great War
September 12	The Bible Millennium
September 19	The City of God
September 26	A New People of God



"Wouldn't it be well to reconsider your action?"

With a few stammering words I explained my purpose in returning to Korea, to take up the work laid down by my husband, and assured him that the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists would be responsible for my support and transportation.

In due time the passport and the necessary papers were received. The children and I left Milwaukee by train late in November for Vancouver, British Columbia.

The little girls snuggled down in their berth and soon were fast asleep. But I couldn't sleep. The responsibilities of traveling halfway round the globe weighed heavily on my mind. I missed my husband. He had always taken care of the details connected with travel. Now the duties were all mine.

In the morning as we changed trains in St. Paul, Minnesota, I met a friendly young woman who asked, "Where are you going?"

"I am returning to Korea" was my answer.

"I noticed your baggage and decided that you must be bound for some foreign shore. I was curious and so I asked."

A moment later she said, "I also am on my way to Korea. I am going out for my first term of mission service under the Methodist Board."

The next day a Salvation Army officer, a woman from Great Britain who was returning to Korea for a second term of service, boarded the train. I believe the Lord arranged for this companionship. Time passed quickly as we visited and exchanged experiences.

The trip across the North Pacific was a stormy one. The waves dashed high and rolled over the deck of our liner. It was crowded with Russian passengers eager to return to their homeland at the outbreak of the Bolshevik revolution.

We shared a cabin with a Russian woman. Most of the passengers were confined to their cabins as the boat pitched and rolled. While steamer trunks and luggage slid across the cabin floor, and I held on to the rails to keep from falling out of my berth, the children played in the upper berth, feeling no ill effects of the storm.

Two weeks later, when the ship docked in Yokohama and we walked down the gangplank, I offered a prayer of thanksgiving for the travel mercies that had attended our stormy voyage.

## THE STRANGE TREE

From page 8

apart, all along the outer edge of each pleat. Each cushion was a miniature porcupine standing at attention. These pleats, I might add, allow this queer tree to expand while sucking up water during a shower and to contract during long dry spells.

At that moment I spotted the bright inquiring eye of a half-grown wren peering up from the nearest nest. As I swung the camera, he ducked back out of sight. Out of respect for the cactus spines, I gingerly held the camera high over my head, aimed in the general direction of the nest opening, and clicked the shutter.

When the slides were developed we found a good picture of a wad of grass tucked in the elbow of a saguaro, for the fledgling birds had closed the door and couldn't be seen.

The arms of the giant cactus are most interesting. W. Taylor Marshall, FCSS, president of the Arizona Cactus and Native Flora Society, writes: "In the case of the saguaro, branches are formed when wind or earth movement throws the main stem off balance."\*

We have seen several that must have been caught on a roller coaster, for they had so many arms. Though the usual young tree has none, old-timers may grow up to three dozen arms.

The trunk and its root system may be compared to a telephone pole stuck

firmly into the hub of an invisible wheel lying flat a few inches below the surface of the ground. A fifty-foot tree stretches its roots out some sixty-five feet in all directions.

This flat root mass absorbs moisture like a sponge and pumps it rapidly into the trunk, which is about 98 per cent water. It can often store one ton of water during one storm. In a single rainy spell it can store a sufficient water supply to last four years. Even though no rain should fall for that period, it would continue to blossom and bear fruit each season.

During a dry spell the sap withdraws from the roots, yet at the first drop of rain the trunk sends a water-absorbing fluid back to the root system.

Within the trunk, water is stored in tiny cells called parenchyma. The fluid passes from one cell to another, by osmosis, in order to keep the tree in balance.

Engineers are amazed at the scientific construction of the saguaro. To hold a soggy pulp in a fifty-foot column is no mean job, for the total weight often runs to fifteen tons! To support this immense weight nature provided reinforcing rods of tough wood set in a circle, closely spaced, and running vertically from base to top. These rods are joined at intervals, giving an interlocking, flexible strength that permits the tree to sway in the wind. Contractors

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\* *Science Bulletin*, No. 1, Desert Botanical Garden of Arizona.

## End of Vacation

by BETH M. APPLGATE

Tomorrow we shall go away  
And sea and wind and shouting shore  
Shall fade behind the rim of hills  
And call their aching cry no more.

But when I go and hide away  
In silence in my secret place,  
I'll hear again the sea gull's cry  
And taste the sea salt on my face.

And feel the feathered water race,  
Snapping in ripples at my heels.  
I'll push against the bragging wind  
And know once more just how it feels.



# "I Don't

IT WAS CHRISTMAS VACATION, and at a famous ski resort a young man and a young woman were chatting together. Both were students from Seventh-day Adventist schools, and they were discussing religion.

"I don't need God," declared the young man. "I have plenty of money; I have a car; I can spend my vacation skiing at my parents' expense; I have friends. Why do I need God? I am getting along fine without Him."

They talked for three hours. The young woman told me later, "He's not the only one like that. I know a lot of young people who think they have everything they need, and that the church

has nothing to offer them. They figure that religion can wait."

Things may not be as plush for you as they are for this young man. But even though you do not share his luxuries, if you share his feelings would you pause a moment to consider some urgent reasons why you do need God?

Strange as it may sound to you now, life is both short and uncertain. The urge to travel into space has made scientists keenly aware of the brevity of human life. Robert L. Forward, writing in *Science Digest*, pointed out that a major problem in attempting to reach distant worlds is "the almost instantaneous winking on and off of the average human life."<sup>1</sup>

"What is your life?" asks the Scriptures. Inspiration's answer: "It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."<sup>2</sup>

If you leave God out of your life, you will have scarcely begun to live before the ravages of time will begin nagging you with the thought "What is it all about, anyway?" One disillusioned skeptic approaching the end bitterly complained that he had found life to be "an unpleasant interruption of nothingness." Suppose you live apart from God for fifty years. Will your backward glance be any more satisfying?

That life can unexpectedly be snatched away scarcely needs to be illustrated. Just pick up the evening paper. "It can't happen to me," you think. Doubtless this is what others





# Need GOD"

thought, if they thought about it at all, as they began their last day on earth.

(NOTE TO EDITOR: Even as I finish this manuscript, the evening paper mentions a former teacher of Glendale Academy, her husband, and their three children all being killed in a plane crash in Oregon. Mr. and Mrs. John Spach the name—though she taught here before I came, and probably under her maiden name.)

Shrug it off if you wish, but before you do, would you offer a brief prayer? It is from the Psalms—"Lord, make me to know . . . how frail I am."<sup>3</sup>

Even if you live an allotted "three score and ten" years, this is not nearly enough time to accomplish all the interesting things there are to do. A man is made for eternity—anything less leaves life only fractionally lived. As Edwin Way Teale points out in his book *Near Horizons*, "Even if we circle the globe, how many sights and sounds and smells we still shall miss! Even if we become acquainted with millions, how many possible friends we never shall know! Even if we devour whole libraries, how many volumes will remain unread! No matter how full, our lives inevitably must remain, in some respects, random and incomplete."<sup>4</sup>

And this is exactly why God would like to give you eternity. If you love life, if you love adventure, you owe it to yourself to be there.

Another reason why you need God is that you need a new heart—on the au-

thority of history's most competent heart specialist: "Except a man be born from above, he cannot see the kingdom of God."<sup>5</sup>

Sometimes, at least, you are going to feel your estrangement from God. You may cover it up with a false front, but it is going to be there. You are going to feel the emptiness of a life that is centered in self. Even though the full realization may not come until God confronts you face to face at His coming or in the judgment, this bitter truth will eventually be pressed home.

Then, though too late, you will recognize how unfit your heart is for the kingdom.

You need to recognize also that the time left for making changes is limited. To quote Bertrand Russell, "Every year the risk is greater than it was."<sup>6</sup> A steam boiler may take a lot more pressure than anyone expected, but if the pressure build-up is relentless enough, eventually there is going to be an explosion.

Incredible as it may seem, your folly and fun can suddenly terminate—thrusting you into the "time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time."<sup>7</sup> Even the boldest will then acknowledge their need of God. It is described as a day of famine for "hearing the words of the Lord," a day when salvation will be eternally past, a day when even "the fair virgins and young men faint for thirst."<sup>8</sup> You don't even know the

meaning of thirst—yet. When the plagues begin to fall, and water supplies are turned to blood, multitudes will perish from physical thirst. And far more bitter will be the thirst for the Word of God—a thirst heightened by memories of the days when you declared that you did not need Him.

Hoping to break through our dullness while there is yet time, God sometimes permits object lessons. Consider just one. H. E. McClure, Sabbath school secretary of the Far Eastern Division at the time, was standing with a Filipino brother on a street corner waiting for a bus. Suddenly a loud explosion rent the air. People, fire trucks, and police began to converge about a block and a half away.

Describing in a letter what they saw, Mr. McClure wrote: "As we push through the crowd . . . a sight meets our eyes which we cannot soon forget. Women are jumping up and down, screaming in pain and terror; children are rolling in the dirt; and we hear the sounds of wailing and crying intermixed with the moaning of the dying. Just ahead we see the bodies of a number of people. . . . Investigation reveals this sad story: This was the scene of a wedding feast, a time of rejoicing. They were roasting the traditional goat over an open fire, and the meat was almost ready to eat. Then suddenly their joy was turned to horror as six of their number were blown into eternity. They had not realized that they

by JOE ENGELKEMIER



had built the fire over a live Japanese bomb."<sup>9</sup>

"They had not realized." Significant words. A failure to realize never halts an impending explosion. It only makes it all the more deadly.

And though you don't acknowledge it, you need God today and every day even if the world were not headed for disaster.

For one thing, there is being fought daily a grim battle between two mighty, unseen armies. There are forces of evil that would delight to have unlimited control over you—over your mind, your body, your soul.

You have heard, of course, that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."<sup>10</sup> But did you know that unless you have committed the unpardonable sin, an angel of God is also guarding you, even as you proudly proclaim, "I don't need God"? Notice: "A silent witness guards every soul that lives, seeking to draw that soul to Christ. As long as there is hope, until men resist the Holy Spirit to their eternal ruin, they are guarded by heavenly intelligences."<sup>11</sup>

You may not breathe a Thank You for this strong and sure protection by Heaven's secret service, but God is bigger than the ingratitude of men, and His angel is still there, and will be as long as there is any hope.

Denying God doesn't remove Him from your existence, or you would soon have still other urgent reasons to feel your need of Him. Writes the psalmist, "Thou dost cause the grass to grow for the cattle, and plants for man to cultivate, that he may bring forth food from the earth."<sup>12</sup> As another has stated it, "In the production of earth's harvests God is working a miracle every day."<sup>13</sup>

As you fill your stomach with the abundance of good food with which you have been blessed, you might remember the continued miracle behind it all, and remembering, not proclaim too loudly the fact that you don't need God.

It seems incredible that you could do so, but there is something else you have forgotten—Calvary. You little know how much you owe to the death of Christ. Even if you never accept salvation, you still receive daily benefit from His death. "To the death of Christ we owe even this earthly life. The bread we eat is the purchase of His broken body. The water we drink is bought by His spilled blood. Never one, saint or sinner, eats his daily food, but he is

nourished by the body and the blood of Christ. The cross of Calvary is stamped on every loaf. It is reflected in every water spring."<sup>14</sup>

There is still another point you ought to remember—"In him we live, and move, and have our being."<sup>15</sup> You say you do not need Him? If He took you at your word, you wouldn't live sixty seconds.

Feel your pulse. Notice also how breath follows breath. Then remember that "the beating heart, the throbbing pulse, every nerve and muscle in the living organism, is kept in order and

## *Lovely Are the Shadows*

by IRMA B. LIDNER

I could not say this  
when murky, thick,  
they lay across my path  
in endless-seeming night.  
They must be faced—dispelled  
step by doubt-filled step  
toward promised light;  
but seen in aftermath—  
(I know now He was near)—  
like lengthening silhouette  
against a wall,  
the frightening shade grotesquely tall,  
I find I had not half the gloom to fear.  
Sun and darkness both  
were planned;  
I needed each for growth.  
How lovely are the shadows  
since I found His steadying hand!

activity by the power of an ever-present God."<sup>16</sup>

Doubtless your secret motivations for declaring that you do not need God include a longing to be free from His restraints, a longing to follow after any pleasure that strikes your fancy. Without God you cannot possibly get the maximum pleasure even out of this life.

You may not believe it—yet—but consider these inspired words: "No man can really enjoy life without religion. Love to God purifies and ennobles every taste and desire, intensifies every affection, and brightens every worthy pleasure."<sup>17</sup>

In your plush complacency you won't recognize the truthfulness of these words: "In the downward road the gateway may be bright with flowers."<sup>18</sup> That's where you are now—at the gateway of the broad road, and you have

found it "bright with flowers." Yet you will inevitably discover, as others have, that "the light of hope which shines from its entrance fades into the darkness of despair, and the soul who follows that path descends into the shadows of unending night."<sup>19</sup>

Why not discover real life and joy now—the life that "ennobles every taste . . . intensifies every affection . . . brightens every worthy pleasure"? And why not bring joy to God by giving Him the strength and ardor and generous devotion of your youth?

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,"<sup>20</sup> He gently urges. Yet He will never force you. You can postpone a decision until your old age. Let's suppose that you do, and that years later—provided that you live and the world lasts that long—you finally come to God. Your decrepit body and scarred soul is your gift to the One who died for you.

How would a girl friend or wife like to get from her beloved a gift of roses, and upon opening the box, find them wilted and limp, with the petals falling off? I wonder how God will appreciate such a gift—the gift of your life several decades from now?

You don't need God? Would you respond if He told you He needs you?

The church has nothing to offer you? Have you ever considered that you might have something to offer the church?

One of the most urgent reasons why you need God is that what you know as a professed Seventh-day Adventist puts a solemn responsibility upon you—the responsibility of sharing that knowledge.

In your position you are like the pilot of an airplane—you are responsible for others. You can fly recklessly if you choose. But you will take others to ruin with you, others whom you might have helped to land safely on eternity's airfield.

In order that you shall not betray your responsibility—you need God!

<sup>1</sup> Robert L. Forward, *Science Digest*, Aug., 1962, p. 71.

<sup>2</sup> James 4:14.

<sup>3</sup> Ps. 39:4.

<sup>4</sup> Edwin Way Teale, *Near Horizons*, p. 43.

<sup>5</sup> John 3:3, margin.

<sup>6</sup> Bertrand Russell, "Russell—War, Peace, the Bomb," *Newswatch*, Aug. 20, 1962, p. 57.

<sup>7</sup> Dan. 12:1.

<sup>8</sup> Amos 8:11, 13.

<sup>9</sup> H. E. McClure, letter dated May 19, 1957, sent out mimeographed from "General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, Far Eastern Division, 800 Thomson Road, Singapore."

<sup>10</sup> Ps. 34:7.

<sup>11</sup> *Testimonies*, vol. 6, pp. 366, 367.

<sup>12</sup> Ps. 104:14, R.S.V.

<sup>13</sup> *The Desire of Ages*, p. 367.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 660.

<sup>15</sup> Acts 17:28.

<sup>16</sup> *The Ministry of Healing*, p. 417.

<sup>17</sup> *Messages to Young People*, p. 264.

<sup>18</sup> *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, p. 139.

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>20</sup> Eccl. 12:1.





*The author, second left, is seen receiving customs papers from Mr. Tonnard. This shipment of antibiotics was worth \$25,000.*

# *Ham Radio* and the Children

by GILBERT L. GOODWIN

HIGH in the mountains of Central Africa the night was cool. I had set up camp early, after a hard day of traveling over the rough tracks of east Burundi. My evening meal was finished, and I was weary. This should have added up to a good night's sleep, but sleep did not come easily that night. I kept seeing the sick, fever-ridden infants and small children in the refugee camps through which I had passed that day. I had found that there were some 24,000 homeless, help-

less refugees with insufficient food, and with only the most primitive medical care.

What could I do? I had a budget so limited that to spare even ten dollars would have been out of the question. The needs, in medical supplies alone, would be more than the entire budget for all of the Central African Union. But I kept telling myself, "If only I could find help somewhere."

At last the thought struck, like a bolt out of the clear, tropical night. "Ham

radio could help! Remember all those people who have said that they would like to help?" That was it!

E. M. Peterson, MV secretary for the Columbia Union Conference, had encouraged me to bring a short-wave ham rig back to the mission field. "You'll be glad you did," he told me.

I decided that as soon as I arrived home I would call for help. I knew a friend. "W A 2 R A U - W A 2 R A U. 9 U 5 I D calling on schedule and standing by." "9 U 5 I D - 9 U 5 I D. W A 2 -





RAU returning. Hi, Red, how are you? Is there anything we can do to help you?"

I told of my visit to the stricken area and of the suffering, especially among the little children.

The response was quick and very encouraging. There were offers to help obtain supplies for us. WA2RAU was a doctor in New York who had helped us once before. He offered to contact his friends and try to get some drugs and other medical supplies.

Two nights later I was able to get in touch with Dr. T. R. Flaiz at the General Conference office in Washington, D.C. I told him about our great need in this area. He promised to look into the matter at once.

Every day we were on the air, trying to keep the needs before those who could help us with our problem. We were in contact with people all over the world, from California to Australia; from Europe to the islands of the sea. When I was away, 9U5IB, "Barry" Burton, kept up the interest.

We soon heard that supplies were ready to be sent. But I was puzzled with two more problems: "How shall we send the supplies?" and "Who will pay the bills?" On making contact with the American embassy in Bujumbura, the capital city of Burundi, we were told by Thomas Buchanan that the U.S. Government would be most happy to assist in sending the medicines out to us at no cost whatsoever. After several contacts with the embassy it was proposed by them to have an airlift bring out a shipment at once to help relieve the critical situation.

Our daily contacts by radio kept up the interest, and then we heard that the impossible was taking place. A shipment of 1,500 pounds of antibiotics was coming by air. The shipment was due to arrive on March 23, hardly three weeks after the first contact by short-wave radio.

Tuesday, March 23, broke bright and clear, and we were at the Bujumbura airport just in time to see the metal bird glide across the tropical sky. Held in her cargo bay was life for perhaps hundreds of children.

As Sabena Airlines flight 501 touched the airstrip, five of us watched with intense interest. There were three radio hams from the Central African Union on hand to clear and speed the medicines on their way. Also on hand to accept the drugs were P. Olson from the United Nations High Commission for Refugees, and Tom Buchanan, from the American embassy.

J. G. Evert, Missionary Volunteer and home missionary secretary for the Central African Union, whose call letters are 9U5JE, went to the plane to supervise the unloading of the twenty-five large cases which made up the shipment. All airport and customs personnel were interested and most helpful.

I looked at the waybill and saw the value of the shipment just received—\$25,724.00 worth of life-saving medicines! On the same plane was an ad-

vance invoice notifying us of an additional \$44,646.00 worth being shipped by boat, making a grand total of \$70,164.00.

Thanks, Ed, and all the other hams who made this possible.

The medicines? Within hours we had many of them on their way into the heart of Burundi, to bring life and hope to those little children whom I had seen only three weeks before. I slept well last night!

## RADIO LOG

### From page 7

W0NGZ—Clarence Page, 4711 Calvert, Lincoln, Nebr. 68506  
W0OPF—E. W. Thompson, 616 Carson St., Brush, Colo.  
K0SGX—Gilbert Steck, P.O. Box 205, Jamestown, Colo.  
W0VAR—Eugene F. Irish, 2825 S. Gilpin, Denver 10, Colo.  
W0WHL—Doris Irish, 2825 S. Gilpin, Denver 10, Colo.  
K0YGG—Eleanor Lyon, 904 W. 4th Ave., Mitchell, S. Dak.  
KH6DZS—Ed Stewart, Box 421, Honolulu, Hawaii  
KH6EFM/6—Gary B. Mattison, La Sierra College, La Sierra, Calif. 92505  
KH6EKQ—Lavern Peterson, P.O. Box 4037, Honolulu 12, Hawaii  
KH6EMR/7—Raymond L. Hoe, Sittner Hall, College Place, Wash.  
KH6EMT—Wayne Lee, P.O. Box 421, Honolulu, Hawaii 96817  
KH6FAL—Verner Leggett, Route 1, Box 200, Kapaa, Kauai, Hawaii  
KH6FHG—Ben W. Mattison, 1922 Makiki Heights Dr., Honolulu, Hawaii 96822  
KL7CQR/6—Glenn Murphy, 10785 Poplar St., Loma Linda, Calif.  
KL7EMA—Ted Abbott, P.O. Box 101, Sitka, Alaska 99835  
KL7ENT—Daniel R. Wright, 512 E. 9th Ave., Anchorage, Alaska  
KL7ESL—E. S. Ray, M.D., 277 Douglas Highway, Juneau, Alaska  
CE3WI—Roberto N. Rojas, Asociacion Central Norte de Chile, Iglesia Adventista del Septimo Dia, Casilla 2830, Santiago de Chile  
C05TZ—Zorlaga Harper, Union de Reyes, Matanzas, Cuba  
CP1CM—Rolando H. Rasi, Casilla 355, La Paz, Bolivia  
CP1DS—Karl H. Bahr, Casilla 355, La Paz, Bolivia  
CP1DW—Bert Elkins, Casilla 355, La Paz, Bolivia  
CP1EH—Cesar Sanchez, Hospital Adventista Chulumani, Casilla 355, La Paz, Bolivia  
CP8AI—Richard M. Gates, Casilla 18, Trinidad, Bolivia  
CP8AQ—Alfredo Lopez, Hospital Adventista, Guayaramerin, Bolivia  
CX8AAW—Dave Hensel, Casilla 286, Montevideo, Uruguay  
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LU7JBC—Dr. Rene Weiss, Sanatorio Adventista del Plata, Puiggari, Entre Rios, Argentina

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VE1WE—William T. Moores, P.O. Box 1300, North Sydney, Nova Scotia, Canada  
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VE6AEW—John Bidulock, Canadian Union College, College Heights, Alberta, Canada  
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ZP5JE—Clara Baillie, Sanatoria Adventista del Paraguay, Pettrossi 372, Asuncion, Paraguay  
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9U5ID—Gilbert Goodwin, Central African Union Mission of SDA, P.O. Box 1710, Bujumbura, Burundi, Africa  
9U5JE—John Evert, B.P. 1710, Bujumbura, Burundi, Africa  
9X5WT—T. E. Wade, Seminaire de Gitwe, B.P. 1, Nyanza, Rwanda, Africa

### Adventist Amateur Radio Net Schedule

7295 Kc.—Sunday	1200 - 1300 GMT	Eastern Network
14270 Kc.—Thursday	1900 - 2100 GMT	Worldwide Network
3855 Kc.—Daily	1100	GMT Eastern Bible Study Group
3854 Kc.—Daily	1400	GMT Western Bible Study Group



# The Converted Rock Crusher

by C. OLIVER PATTERSON, O.D.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

ON THE appointed day Elder George Sims, with internes Urquhart and June, and Mrs. Buchanan, the Bible instructor, came to the Phelps's home. After reading several pertinent passages from the Scriptures about God's care for His children, Elder Sims spoke to Archie. "Brother Phelps, do you know the Adventist doctrines?"

"I surely do! My wife always gave me the studies immediately after Mrs. Buchanan gave them to her. I believed and accepted them all, but could never see how I could quit work two days out of the week and still make a living. I have several men working under me in the Butte County Road Department and I can't possibly hold my job and keep the Sabbath."

Elder Sims then asked, "Will you promise to keep the Sabbath from now on, Brother Phelps, if the Lord heals you and raises you up from this sickness?"

After a little thought he replied, "Come what may, I will keep God's Sabbath from this day on and will endeavor to follow all the light He gives me."

Again reading, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick," the group knelt around the bed. Each prayed earnestly that if it could be to God's glory, He would restore this invalid to health and strength.

When they arose and anointed Archie with oil, he apparently felt no change. Elder Sims warned that sometimes God did not heal all at once, that although it was a definite miracle of healing, it sometimes took time. Irma went out to the street to see the visitors off in a two-seated surrey. When she returned to the sickroom she found Archie sitting on the edge of the bed with his feet on the floor for the first

time in nearly six months. Furthermore, he showed not the slightest evidence of having pain.

Irma was amazed. "Archie! What are you doing on the edge of the bed?"

"Why, I'm getting up. I want my clothes. After they went out, something kept saying to me, 'They prayed for you. Why don't you get up and put your clothes on? You're healed, just as Jesus healed the sick!'"

When he got dressed the first thing he did was to go downtown and show his doctor what the Great Physician had done for him. The doctor's look of utter incredulity was greater than Irma's had been. Hadn't the doctor told him he would never walk again, let alone work?

The miracle of healing that Archie Phelps experienced that day would always be vivid in his memory. He lost no time in joining the church and in stepping out by faith, believing that the God who had wrought so mightily in his behalf would never see him in want.

At the first opportunity he went to see Bill Holmes, for whom he had previously worked in the Butte County Road Department. Mr. Holmes was delighted to see him up and ready to work again after his illness, but Archie's next news made this short-lived. "I've some other news for you, Bill. I have joined the Adventist Church and cannot work on Saturday, for that is God's holy Sabbath. Of course, I would like my old job again, running the tractor and road grader, but I can't work from sundown Friday until sundown Saturday even if it means the loss of my job."

Bill answered with a burst of profanity for anyone who would see his family go hungry "just because of a silly Sabbath day. We can't have any-

one here who won't work a six-day week."

Archie's heart sank, for he had no idea where he might find employment to replenish his meager funds. "I'm sorry, Bill, but I just can't break one of God's commandments to please you or any other man."

He rented a fruit orchard and worked for other farmers picking apricots, peaches, prunes, and hops to supplement his income. He also did odd jobs for the neighbors. One day he saw Bill Holmes and another man driving up to the house.

"Now I wonder what he wants of you," Irma said, turning from the window. They had no idea whether the visit was connected with his previous employment with the road department.

"Phelps," Bill began, "I wonder if you'd go down and set up the big rock crusher and get it in running condition for the fall and winter road repair work?"

Archie was quick to reply, "I'll be glad to, Bill." This would give him a bit more income than he was getting for picking fruit. He lost no time in getting the work done. When everything was in good running order, Bill asked him to break in a man to run the machinery.

On Friday Archie reminded the boss that he wanted off before sundown. After another round of swearing and cursing anyone with such a "peculiar" religion, Bill asked if the new man would be capable to take over. Archie answered that he surely was able to do so.

The road to the church ran past the rock crusher, and Archie and Irma were surprised Sabbath morning to find no one around as they went by on their way to Sabbath school. When



Archie showed up for work Monday morning, he immediately asked, "What happened Saturday? I thought you were going to run the crusher."

Bill's reply, prefaced as usual with a lurid burst of profanity, was, "You ought to know what happened! We don't know what you did to the rock crusher, but we worked on it for an hour and then got an electrician from Chico for another hour, and it didn't even turn over once! What did you do to it, anyway?"

Archie was nonplused by this turn of events. "It was in good running order Friday when I quit. I can't understand what happened to it." As he said this he walked over to the switch that carried the heavy 440-volt electricity to the motor. He threw the switch and the machine sprang to life with a roar which, even though deafening to all nearby, was sweet music to his ears. Bill stood there with his mouth open and with a look of disbelief. "Well, that beats me!" Archie could have replied, "And that beats me too!" But he didn't.

He worked that week and when Friday came he again reminded the superintendent that he would need to be excused on the Sabbath. "I guess you won't be needing me any more, Bill, now that the new man is fully qualified to take over the crusher."

"You had better come back Monday anyway, Phelps, just to be sure," was the reply.

Again the Phelps were surprised to find the rock crusher silent on their way to Sabbath school the following day. Archie went back to work Monday morning, and before he could ask what had happened on Saturday, he was greeted with a string of oaths.

"As if you didn't know what happened! You really jammed the works this time." Again Archie assured him that he had left the machine in perfect working order the previous Friday. Archie asked if there could possibly be a rock jammed in it, but Bill said, "No. We worked on it again Saturday morning for two hours without getting it to turn over even once! You really did wreck it this time!"

While he was talking, Archie walked over and threw the switch. Again the machine sprang to life with a roar. When the superintendent had recovered sufficiently to speak, he asked, "When did you teach this condemned rock crusher to be a Seven-day Adventist?" To this Archie made no reply because he could not answer the question either.

## Light on the Mountain

by BEN NUTT

Yea, though I walk  
Through the valley,  
I go  
With the sunlight  
High on the  
Hill;  
Though I may struggle  
In shadow  
Below,  
The mountaintop  
Beckons me  
Still.

The next Friday, Archie asked if he should come back to work on Monday.

"Well, since you have taught this condemned crusher to be a Sabbath-keeping Adventist, and since no one here can get it to run on Saturday anyway, you'd better stay on the job and run it!" Archie's heart filled with joy, for he needed the job to catch up on the bills incurred while he was sick. He knew now that God had worked in his behalf to see that he kept his job.

Stay on Archie did, and the huge "converted" rock crusher "kept" every Sabbath for more than two years. When Archie was transferred to another part of Butte County, the road superintendent sent along a note to this effect: "I am sending you the best man in the county for road work. However, he has one bad fault—he just will not work from sundown Friday to sundown Saturday, for he is a Seven-day Advent!"

Following World War I Archie took a job in El Dorado County with the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. Since he did not want to work a hardship on anyone because of the Sabbath problem, he began as a day laborer. He had been working about three weeks when a fellow worker said, "The superintendent wants to see you, Phelps."

Next morning Archie went to the office. "You wanted to see me, sir?"

"Yes, I did," replied the superintendent, Bob Edmondson. "You've handled men before, haven't you?"

"Yes; some."

"I thought so. I was down to the job several times and noticed how you took hold. I want you to take charge of a crew of men at Placerville."

After a few seconds Archie replied, "I would like very much to do this, sir, but you see I'm a Seventh-day Adventist. I cannot work from sundown Friday until sundown Saturday as this is the Bible Sabbath and my conscience will not permit me to work on God's Sabbath."

Thinking this over for a few moments, Bob said, "Go on down anyway, Phelps. Maybe we can work something out. We need men like you in responsible positions."

He went down and took charge of the crew. When Friday afternoon came he asked Mr. Edmondson, "What am I going to do about Saturday's work? Who will take charge of the men?"

"Go down and see Mr. B," was the reply. "Maybe he'll take your crew on Saturday. Then you can take his crew on Sunday since we are working seven days a week."

This arrangement worked out for more than six months. One day the superintendent came to see Archie. "Phelps, we want a man to take charge of the steam shovels. Your pay will be increased to \$500 a month." By now his family had increased to six children and he needed the money, but he remembered his promise to keep the Lord's Sabbath holy when he was raised up miraculously from what seemed to be his deathbed.

"I just can't take that job and still keep the Sabbath, sir," Archie said.

"Why not, Phelps?"

"That's a twelve-hour day, seven days a week, sir; and you know I can't work on the Bible Sabbath." With a string of epithets a proverbial ex-lieutenant of the navy might have used, Bob Edmondson cursed and swore about anyone so crazy in the head about his religion that he would turn down such a job.

Archie thought, This will be the end of my job here. I'll find my pay check in my pigeonhole. But it wasn't there Friday afternoon, and he went back on the job the following Monday morning without a word about his being fired. He worked about a year on this job and during that time his crew increased from nearly seventy men to between eight and nine hundred. He took charge of the important work on the forebay at the powerhouse up in the Sierras above Placerville.

One day the superintendent asked Archie to be acting superintendent in the construction of the powerhouse itself. Without hesitation he replied, "I am sorry, but you know I can't work

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# Sabbath School Lessons

SEPTEMBER 4, 1965

Prepared for publication by the General  
Conference Sabbath School Department

## SENIOR

### X—Meeting Attacks on the Bible

**MEMORY VERSE:** "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works" (2 Tim. 3:16, 17).

**STUDY HELPS:** *The Great Controversy*, chapters 32 and 37; *Steps to Christ*, chapter "What to Do With Doubt"; *The SDA Bible Commentary*; *SDA Bible Dictionary*.

**AIM:** To discover the reasons behind Satan's special hatred of the Bible, and how we may meet the arguments he has used against it.

#### Introduction

In Satan's warfare against God he has made the Bible a special object of his attack. "There is nothing that he desires more than to destroy confidence in God and in His Word."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 526.

"The position that it is of no consequence what men believe is one of Satan's most successful deceptions. He knows that the truth, received in the love of it, sanctifies the soul of the receiver; therefore he is constantly seeking to substitute false theories, fables, another gospel."—*Ibid.*, p. 520.

Perhaps at no other period in history has Satan been more successful than today in undermining faith in the Bible as God's Word.

#### Why Satan Hates God's Word

1. What does Bible truth do that is especially obnoxious to the prince of darkness? Ps. 119:130.

**NOTE.**—"The study of the Bible will ennoble every thought, feeling, and aspiration as no other study can. It gives stability of purpose, patience, courage, and fortitude; it refines the character and sanctifies the soul. An earnest, reverent study of the Scriptures, bringing the mind of the student in direct contact with the infinite mind, would give to the world men of stronger and more active intellect, as well as of nobler principle, than has ever resulted from the ablest training that human philosophy affords. 'The entrance of Thy words,' says the psalmist, 'giveth light; it giveth understanding.' Psalm 119:130."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 94.

2. What information does the Bible provide, of which Satan would deprive us? 2 Tim. 3:15-17.

3. Contrary to the picture of God's character presented to the world by Satan, what does Scripture teach? Micah 7:18; Matt. 5:45.

**NOTE.**—"It is Satan's constant effort to misrepresent the character of God, the nature of sin, and the real issues at stake in the great controversy. His sophistry lessens the obligation of the divine law and gives men license to sin. At the same time he causes them to cherish false conceptions of God so that they regard Him with fear and hate rather than with love. The cruelty inherent in his own character is attributed to the Creator; it is embodied in systems of religion and expressed in modes of worship. Thus the minds of men are blinded, and Satan secures them as his agents to war against God."—*Ibid.*, p. 569.

4. Of whom does the Bible testify? What does it declare concerning Satan? John 5:39; 1 John 3:8; John 8:44.

5. How does the Bible set forth the final victory over sin and the evil one? Rev. 21:3, 4; 22:3.

#### False Arguments Against the Bible

6. Contrary to the claim that miracles are impossible, what were Jesus' enemies forced to admit? John 11:47; Acts 4:16.

**NOTE.**—"Men of science claim that there can be no real answer to prayer; that this would be a violation of law, a miracle, and that miracles have no existence. The universe, say they, is governed by fixed laws, and God Himself does nothing contrary to these laws. Thus they represent God as bound by His own laws—as if the operation of divine laws could exclude divine freedom. Such teaching is opposed to the testimony of the Scriptures. Were not miracles wrought by Christ and His apostles? The same compassionate Saviour lives today, and He is as willing to listen to the prayer of faith as when He walked visibly among men. The natural cooperates with the supernatural."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 525.

7. What warning is given relative to the teachings of a science that is opposed to the Bible? 1 Tim. 6:20; 2 Peter 3:2-7.

**NOTE.**—"Human knowledge of both material and spiritual things is partial and imperfect; therefore many are unable to harmonize their views of science with Scripture statements. Many accept mere theories and speculations as scientific facts, and they think that God's Word is to be tested by the teachings of 'science falsely so called.' 1 Timothy 6:20. The Creator and His works are beyond their comprehension; and because they cannot explain these by natural laws, Bible history is regarded as unreliable. Those who doubt the reliability of the records of the Old and New Testaments too often go a step further and doubt the existence of God and attribute infinite power to nature. Having let go their anchor, they are left to beat about upon the rocks of infidelity."—*Ibid.*, p. 522.

8. How much of Scripture is inspired? 2 Tim. 3:16, first part.

**NOTE.**—"And when men, compassed with human infirmities, affected in a greater or less degree by surrounding influences, and having hereditary and cultivated tendencies which are far from making them wise or heavenly-minded, undertake to arraign the Word of God, and to pass judgment upon what is divine and what is human, they are working without the counsel of God. The Lord will not prosper such a work. The effect will be disastrous, both upon the one engaged in it and upon those who accept it as a work from God. Skepticism has been aroused in many minds by the theories presented as to the nature of inspiration. Finite beings, with their narrow, shortsighted views, feel themselves competent to criticize the Scriptures, saying: 'This passage is needful, and that passage is not needful, and is not inspired.'"—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, 709.

9. What will a reading of the Scriptures do for "the simple"? Ps. 19:7, 11; 2 Tim. 3:15.

**NOTE.**—"In order for Satan to maintain his sway over men, and establish the authority of the papal usurper, he must keep them in ignorance of the Scriptures. The Bible would exalt God and place finite men in their true position; therefore its sacred truths must be concealed and suppressed. This logic was adopted by the Roman Church. For hundreds of years the circulation of the Bible was prohibited. The people were forbidden to read it or to have it in their houses, and unprincipled priests and prelates interpreted its teachings to sustain their pretensions. Thus the pope came to be almost universally acknowledged as the vicegerent of God on earth, endowed with authority over church and state.

"The detector of error having been removed, Satan worked according to his will."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 51.

10. What is said regarding the breadth of Bible teaching and counsel? Ps. 19:8-10; 119:96.

**NOTE.**—"Those who are unwilling to accept the plain, cutting truths of the Bible are continually seeking for pleasing fables that will quiet the conscience. The less spiritual, self-denying, and humiliating the doctrines presented, the greater the favor with which they are received. These persons degrade the intellectual powers to serve their carnal desires. Too wise in their own conceit to search the Scriptures with contrition of soul and earnest prayer for divine guidance, they have no shield from delusion. Satan is ready to supply the heart's desire, and he palms off his deceptions in the place of truth."—*Ibid.*, p. 523.

#### Reasons Some Give for Rejecting the Bible

11. When troubled by doubts, what should we pray? Mark 9:24.

**NOTE.**—"There is but one course for those to pursue who honestly desire to be freed from doubts. Instead of questioning and caviling concerning that which they do not understand, let them give heed to the light which already shines upon them, and they will receive greater light. Let them do every duty which has been made plain to their understanding, and they will be enabled to understand and perform those of which they are now in doubt."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 528.

"In almost every case where persons become unsettled in regard to the inspiration of the Word of God, it is on account of their unsanctified lives, which that Word condemns. . . . Difficulties and doubts which perplex the vicious heart will be cleared away before the one practicing the pure principles of truth."—*Testimonies*, vol. 1, p. 440.

12. In an attempt to persuade others to join the majority, what misleading question did some raise in Christ's day? John 7:48.

13. What warning is given against false teachings? 2 Peter 2:1. Compare Acts 20:29, 30.

**NOTE.**—"Innumerable are the erroneous doctrines and fanciful ideas that are obtaining among the churches of Christendom. . . .

"The errors of popular theology have driven many a soul to skepticism who might otherwise have been a believer in the Scriptures. It is impossible for him to accept doctrines which outrage his sense of justice, mercy, benevolence; and since these are represented as the teaching of the Bible, he refuses to receive it as the Word of God.

"And this is the object which Satan seeks to accomplish."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 525, 526.

"When men arise, claiming to have a message from God, but instead of warning against principalities and powers, and the rulers of the darkness of this world, they form a hollow square, and turn the weapons of warfare against the church militant, be afraid of them. They do not bear the divine credentials. God has not given them any such burden of labor. They would tear down that which God would restore by the Laodicean message. He wounds only that He may heal, not cause to perish. The Lord lays upon no man a message that will discourage and dishearten the church. He reproves, He rebukes, He chastens; but it is only that He may restore and approve at last."—*Testimonies to Ministers*, pp. 22, 23.

#### The Christian's Desire

14. What should be the prayer of the true Christian? Ps. 119:33, 34.



# YOUTH

## X—Meeting Attacks on the Bible

**MEMORY GEM:** "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works" (2 Tim. 3:16, 17).

**ILLUMINATION OF THE TOPIC:** *The Great Controversy*, chapters 32, 37; *Steps to Christ*, chapter "What to Do With Doubt"; *The SDA Bible Commentary*, on lesson texts.

**AIM:** To discover the reasons for Satan's special hatred of the Bible, and how we may meet the arguments he has used against it.

### Introduction

In Satan's warfare against God he has made the Bible a special object of his attack. "There is nothing that he desires more than to destroy confidence in God and in His word."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 526.

Probably at no other period in history has Satan been more successful than today in undermining faith in the Bible as God's word. He knows that word to be a light. All he needs to do to envelop the earth in darkness is to destroy that light.

### I—Why Satan Hates God's Word

1. What will the entrance of God's word do for the life, and how is this contrary to Satan's wishes? Ps. 119:130.

"The study of the Bible is superior to all other study in strengthening the intellect. What fields of thought the youth may find to explore in the word of God! The mind may go deeper and still deeper in its research, gathering strength with every effort to comprehend truth; and yet there is an infinity beyond."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 253.

2. What will the Bible do for us as we search its pages? 2 Tim. 3:15-17.

"We see the advantage that Timothy had in a correct example of piety and true godliness. Religion was the atmosphere of his home. The manifest spiritual power of the piety in the home kept him pure in speech, and free from all corrupting sentiments. From a child Timothy had known the Holy Scriptures. He had the benefit of the Old Testament Scripture, and the manuscript of part of the New, the teachings and lessons of Christ."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on 2 Tim. 3:14, 15, p. 919.

3. How is the character of God described in the Bible? Micah 7:18; Matt. 5:45.

"It is Satan's constant effort to misrepresent the character of God, the nature of sin, and the real issues at stake in the great controversy. His sophistry lessens the obligation of the divine law, and gives men license to sin. At the same time he causes them to cherish false conceptions of God, so that they regard Him with fear and hate, rather than with love. The cruelty inherent in his own character is attributed to the Creator; it is embodied in systems of religion, and expressed in modes of worship. Thus the minds of men are blinded, and Satan secures them as his

agents to war against God."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 569.

4. What two characters, opposite in nature, are described in the Bible? John 8:44; 1 John 3:8.

"I was shown Satan as he once was, a happy, exalted angel. Then I was shown him as he now is. He still bears a kingly form. His features are still noble, for he is an angel fallen. But the expression of his countenance is full of anxiety, care, unhappiness, malice, hate, mischief, deceit, and every evil. That brow which was once so noble, I particularly noticed. His forehead commenced from his eyes to recede. I saw that he had so long bent himself to evil that every good quality was debased, and every evil trait was developed. . . . A smile was upon his countenance, which made me tremble, it was so full of evil and satanic slyness. This smile is the one he wears just before he makes sure of his victim, and as he fastens the victim in his snare, this smile grows horrible."—*Early Writings*, pp. 152, 153.

5. How does the Bible describe the final end of this great adversary? Rev. 21:3, 4; 22:3; 20:10.

### II—False Arguments Against the Bible

6. Although many claim that miracles are impossible, what were the enemies of Jesus forced to admit? John 11:47; Acts 4:17.

"Men of science claim that there can be no real answer to prayer; that this would be a violation of law, a miracle, and that miracles have no existence. The universe, say they, is governed by fixed laws, and God Himself does nothing contrary to these laws. Thus they represent God as bound by His own laws—as if the operation of divine laws could exclude divine freedom. Such teaching is opposed to the testimony of the Scriptures. Were not miracles wrought by Christ and His apostles? The same compassionate Saviour lives today, and He is as willing to listen to the prayer of faith as when He walked visibly among men. The natural co-operates with the supernatural."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 525.

7. Against what type of teachings did Paul particularly warn Timothy? How did Peter describe the particular area of Satan's attacks? 1 Tim. 6:20; 2 Peter 3:2-7.

"God is the foundation of everything. All true science is in harmony with His works; all true education leads to obedience to His government. Science opens new wonders to our view; she soars high and explores new depths; but she brings nothing from her research that conflicts with divine revelation. Ignorance may seek to support false views of God by appeals to science; but the book of nature and the written Word do not disagree; each sheds light on the other."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on 1 Tim. 6:20, p. 916.

8. How much of Scripture is inspired? 2 Tim. 3:16.

"And when men, compassed with human infirmities, affected in a greater or less degree by surrounding influences, and having hereditary and cultivated tendencies which are far from making them wise or heavenly-minded, undertake to arraign the word of God, and to pass judgment upon what is divine and what is human, they are working without the counsel of God. The Lord will not prosper such a work. The effect will be disastrous, both upon the one engaged in it and upon those who accept it as a work from God. Skepticism has been aroused in many minds by the theories presented as to the nature of inspiration. Finite beings, with their narrow, short-sighted views, feel themselves competent to criticize the Scriptures, saying: 'This passage is needful, and that passage is not needful, and is not inspired.'"—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 709.

9. What will reading the Bible do for the simple, trusting reader? Ps. 19:7, 11; 2 Tim. 3:15.

"You will never reach the truth if you study the Scriptures to vindicate your own ideas. Leave these at the door, and with a contrite heart go in to hear what the Lord has to say to you. As the humble seeker for truth sits at Christ's feet, and learns of Him, the word gives him understanding. To those who are too wise in their own conceit to study the Bible, Christ says, You must become meek and lowly in heart if you desire to become wise unto salvation."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 260.

10. What is said in regard to the breadth and depth of Bible teaching and counsel? Ps. 19:8-10; 119:96.

"Do not read the word in the light of former opinions; but, with a mind free from prejudice, search it carefully and prayerfully. If, as you read, conviction comes, and you see that your cherished opinions are not in harmony with the word, do not try to make the word fit these opinions. Make your opinions fit the word. Do not allow what you have believed or practiced in the past to control your understanding. Open the eyes of your mind to behold wondrous things out of the law. Find out what is written, and then plant your feet on the eternal Rock."—*Ibid.*

### III—Reasons Some Give for Rejecting the Bible

11. When troubled by doubt, what should be our prayer? Mark 9:24; Luke 17:5.

"In almost every case where persons become unsettled in regard to the inspiration of the word of God, it is on account of their unsanctified lives, which that word condemns. . . . Difficulties and doubts which perplex the vicious heart will be cleared away before the one practicing the pure principles of truth."—*Testimonies*, vol. 1, p. 440.

12. What argument, popular in Christ's day, is still common in the world today? John 7:48.

"Those to whom the message of truth is spoken seldom ask, 'Is it true?' but 'By whom is it advocated?' Multitudes estimate it by the numbers who accept it; and the question is still asked, 'Have any of the learned men or religious leaders believed?' Men are no more favorable to real godliness now than in the days of Christ. They are just as intently seeking earthly good, to the neglect of eternal riches; and it is not an argument against the truth, that large numbers are not ready to accept it, or that it is not received by the world's great men, or even by the religious leaders."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 459, 460.

13. What dangers, sometimes advanced by persons within the church, may be a threat to the faith of the members? 2 Peter 2:1; Acts 20:29, 30.

"When men arise, claiming to have a message from God, but instead of warning against principalities and powers, and the rulers of the darkness of this world, they form a hollow square, and turn the weapons of warfare against the church militant, be afraid of them. They do not bear the divine credentials. God has not given them any such burden of labor. They would tear down that which God would restore by the Laodicean message. He wounds only that He may heal, not cause to perish. The Lord lays upon no man a message that will discourage and dishearten the church."—*Testimonies to Ministers*, pp. 22, 23.

14. What will be the prayer of every true Christian? Ps. 119:33, 34.

### What Is in This Lesson for Me?

Do I have implicit confidence in the teachings of the Bible? Am I willing to carry them out in my life? Am I prepared to receive its plain statements even when they might conflict with the evidence before my eyes?



From page 11

use the same principle to make reinforced concrete.

These wood rods are as immune to decay as cypress is, and they have been used by the Indians for centuries in the construction of hogans and pueblos.

Since the tree has no leaves, its bark functions as one large leaf. The outer skin is similar to that of a watermelon, though tougher and of a lighter green. There are three layers of skin, assuring a minimum loss of moisture. The outer surface is waxy while the ridges and spine cushions tend to produce a pocket of still air about the trunk to further prevent evaporation.

Though woodpeckers dearly love to peck holes into the saguaro, they never touch it during the rainy season. Evidently Someone has told them that it would mean death to the giant cactus, for a tiny scratch in the skin at this time may cause the tree literally to bleed to death. During the long dry spells the sap safely coagulates and the woodpeckers return to their home building.

We like to think we reach maturity at twenty-one, but the stately saguaro seldom reaches that state before one hundred years. At twenty-one it has reached a bare six feet of its possible forty- or fifty-foot height. It is believed they live to a ripe old age of two hundred or more.

"Look at the ballet dancer!" Eleanor exclaimed while on a Sabbath afternoon hike.

Startled, I turned to see a saguaro with graceful curving arms seemingly doing a neat pirouette.

"There's a modest one," laughed Wayne, and pointed to a cactus that seemed to be trying to cover its bare trunk with twining arms.

"Take a closer look at its hands," I suggested. On the end of each arm were several lovely white blooms.

"They're nearly closed up," complained Wayne.

"That's because they bloom during the night and close in the heat of the day."

"The saguaro blossom is Arizona's State flower," added Eleanor.

The purple fruit of this cactus ripens in midsummer, splitting open to reveal a bright-red pulp. Tourists often mistake them for blooms. They form a favorite food of birds. Indians gathered the fruit for centuries. They ate it raw, dried it like figs, or made it into pre-

serves, jelly, or ceremonial wines. They also crushed the seeds into a nutritious flour or ground them into a paste to spread like butter. So useful was this plant that the Indians celebrated their New Year during the fruit-bearing season.

Because the saguaro is so perfectly suited to a life in the desert, it creates an enigma for the evolutionist. It is difficult to believe that this plant could have evolved from the fernlike ancestors claimed for all trees. The giant cactus is unique and so perfectly con-

## THE CONVERTED ROCK CRUSHER

From page 18

on the Bible Sabbath." After a tongue lashing in which the superintendent again expressed his opinion of anyone who would turn down such an offer just because of religion, Archie fully expected to be given his dismissal papers and his pay check on Friday when he quit work. But nothing further was said, and he went back to work the following Monday.

About a week later he asked Edmondson why he continued offering him such jobs when he knew he would not work, ever, on the Sabbath, and hence could not possibly accept them. "Well, Phelps, the way you handle men, I knew you would be a good man for those jobs!"

When the Pacific Gas and Electric Company put in the power line from the powerhouse in the Sierra Mountains to Placerville, they gave Archie a crew of men and put them to work on the project. He was given the Sabbath off as a matter of course until the job was finished. On Friday he laid out the men's work for Saturday and not once did they fail to carry out his orders,

structed for life in the desert that it could not have just happened.

Joseph Wood Krutch, naturalist, in his book *The Voice of the Desert*, writes: "They [saguaro] represent about as close an approximation to a special creation as one is likely to find. They certainly look improbable, and in a sense they were improbable—until for some reason which evolutionists don't even pretend to understand fully, an organism's ability to vary produced at last this strange plant perfectly adapted to the narrowly defined conditions which existed right here."

I prefer to thank a wise God for providing this stately cactus that will grow nowhere but in our desert.

even though they knew he wouldn't be there.

When the job was finished, Archie went into the office. Bob Edmondson said to him, "Phelps, I want you to go with me to inspect the power line and the poles. I want to see what they look like." They took a pickup and rode the trail that led to the powerhouse in the Sierra Mountains.

In a deep canyon, four and one-half miles from the nearest road, they broke an axle. Since Bob had lost none of his 250 pounds, Archie knew it was going to be pretty rough for him to scale the sides of that steep canyon. Once while resting, Bob put his hand on Archie's knee and said, "Say, Phelps, I don't know how you could possibly do it, with Saturdays off to go to church and all, and never firing a man from start to finish of this job. Do you know how much of the estimated cost you saved the company?"

Archie replied that he had no idea of the financial end of the job.

"You saved the P.G.&E. more than \$9,000 on this job! Everything was done ahead of time and never once did your crew fall behind schedule. How you did it with Saturdays off, I'll never know."

It took a miracle to heal Archie Phelps. It took a miracle when the rock crusher refused to work on the Sabbath, and a profane road superintendent said Archie had converted the giant machine. Perhaps the stones it crushed did not really "cry out," but the "converted" rock crusher certainly did preach some powerful sermons.

## BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but a grocer in England was recently fined for selling milk to a mother for her baby after hours. If he had sold her beer, wine, or whisky, he would not have violated the law.

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## Radarscope

Key to source abbreviations published January 14, 1964.

► For the next 10 years the auto industry must recruit at least 50,000 new mechanics a year to meet the need for trained automotive mechanics. **AMA**

► Sensitive nerve endings along the length of a fish's body can detect vibrations such as a fisherman's footfalls on the bank.

National Geographic Society

► Talk of a new sea-level canal in either Panama, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, or Colombia again raises the question of tides. Scientists are still puzzling over why the Pacific Ocean is nine inches higher than the Atlantic. **Sealift**

► Americans eat much seaweed unknowingly. Manufacturers put the nutritious ocean plants into a wide variety of products, including bread, cheese, ice cream, jellies, salad dressings, and breakfast food.

National Geographic Society

► Located in the heart of San Francisco's downtown business district, a new hotel offers guests roomside parking. The guest arriving by car stops briefly at the drive-in registration desk, and then proceeds up a series of ramps to his room without once leaving his car. After parking, he crosses an enclosed corridor off the parking area and enters his room, taking some 21 steps.

*The Highway User*

► A new electronic magnetic dialer is going into service to provide telephone customers with a built-in memory for 400 or more phone numbers and automatic dialing at a single touch of a button. The device, named Magicall, stores up to 40 numbers on a single magnetic tape. For extra capacity, 1,000 interchangeable cartridges are available. The Magicall set consists of the dialer; a power pack, which plugs into the nearest electrical outlet; and a dial-in unit for recording numbers on tape.

**AT & T**

► It is no secret that ruffed grouse often sleep under the snow on cold winter nights, but now biologists have discovered why. Studies show that when grouse can find suitable roosting sites in 19 inches or more of snow, they are enjoying temperatures up to 60 degrees warmer than the outside air. On several nights when the temperature dropped to 40 degrees below zero, temperatures under the snow blanket remained at a constant 25 degrees above. Through use of radio transmitters attached to the grouse, the biologists also discovered that the birds seem to know that snow temperatures in low boggy areas are higher than in upland locations. By tracking grouse movements through radio signals, it was found that grouse fly into the low areas in the evening looking for lowland roost sites in dense stands of young balsam.

**NWF**

► At the corner of Chocolate and Cocoa avenues stands a six-story community center, the heart of Hershey, Pennsylvania, a town which grew up around the Hershey candy factory. The factory complex of 26 buildings wafts a warm, sweet aroma over the town. Street lights along Chocolate Avenue are shaped like candy kisses. Hotel Hershey supplies its guests with cocoa-butter soap and ballpoint pens with brown ink. Half a million people visit Hershey every year to watch the manufacture of Hershey products, and to see the famed Hershey Gardens. Here there are 23 acres of roses with 42,000 rosebushes in 1,200 varieties, and also many annuals, perennials, trees, and shrubs.

National Geographic Society

► Seeking some intelligent guideposts to help advertisers anticipate and plan for the market of tomorrow, four studies explored desires and attitudes of age groups 13-15, 16-17, 20-25, and 26-30. About half the group say that advertising is necessary; only a third feel it is helpful in buying things; and 15 per cent feel it is either "not at all helpful" or "all lies." Eighty-two per cent say the Government should guarantee that all advertising will be true and honest.

*The American Issue*

► Obsidian, a black smooth volcanic mineral, was the first glass known to ancient man. It was made into spearheads, knives, and tools.

National Geographic Society

► If fully electrified with air conditioning and heating, an average American home today would use about 24,000 kwh annually, costing \$480.

**NAM**

► The revolving office chair was invented by Thomas Jefferson.

National Geographic Society

► More than 70 per cent of the United States population is concentrated in less than 10 per cent of its land area.

**DuPont**

► Chile's Atacama Desert is the driest spot on earth. At one place, Calama, no rain has ever been recorded. Rainfall throughout the area is barely measurable.

National Geographic Society

► Cotton, produced under irrigation on about 750,000 acres, is the most important crop grown in California, having an annual cash value in excess of \$300 million.

*Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*

► Although tax data indicate that about 2½ per cent fewer cigarettes were smoked last year than during 1963, most of the decline came in the first few months after the Federal report on smoking and cancer. October, November, and December of 1964 showed higher consumption than the same period of 1963.

**AMA**

► On April 25 about 100 million Americans advanced their clocks one hour to Daylight Saving Time, while 85 million remained on Standard Time or postponed the change to DST. Confusion on DST was exemplified last year by one State in which there were 23 different combinations of dates on which community areas shifted to and from DST. In one town, banks opened on DST and closed on Standard Time. In another, citizens went to bed on CST and got up on CDT.

**GNR**

► To take stock of progress and problems in artificial heart development more than 400 scientists gathered in Philadelphia recently for a symposium on heart substitutes. It was reported that 26 different artificial hearts have been developed since 1958. At least a dozen research centers in the United States, plus one each in Japan, Germany, and the USSR are involved in intensive efforts to produce workable, long-lasting devices. Some researchers are working with experimental hearts driven by compressed air. Others are using fluid or electricity. Some scientists are talking seriously of atomic-powered mechanical hearts. One researcher described a "radio-powered" heart that is under development, which would require no wires or tubes connected to an outside source, as air or water-driven models do.

**AHA**



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