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## **Here Is a Life Lost!**

**I** FEEL the most intense anguish for our youth. I warn you, as one who knows the danger, not to be entrapped by Satan through the little knowledge of science which you may have acquired. It is better to have a pure and humble heart than all the knowledge you can possibly gain without the fear of the Lord.

The youth of today will be likely to meet skeptics and infidels wherever they may go, and how necessary that they be equipped, so that they may be able to give a reason for their hope with meekness and fear. Thomas Paine has passed into his grave, but his works live to curse the world, and those who doubt the truth of God's word will place these infidel productions in the hands of the young and inexperienced, to fill their hearts with the poisonous atmosphere of doubt. The spirit of Satan works through wicked men to carry on his schemes for the ruin of souls.

We are living in an age of licentiousness, and men and youth are bold in sin. Unless our youth are sacredly guarded, unless they are fortified with firm principles, *unless greater care is manifested in choosing their associates and the literature which feeds the mind*, they will be exposed to a society whose morals are as corrupt as were the morals of the inhabitants of Sodom.

The appearance of the people of the world may be very attractive, but if they are continually throwing out suggestions against the Bible, they are dangerous companions, for they will ever seek to undermine the foundations of your faith, to corrupt the consciousness of old-fashioned, gospel religion.

The youth often come in contact with those of skeptical tendencies, and their parents are in ignorance of the fact until the terrible work of evil is consummated and the youth are ruined. The young should be instructed diligently, that they may not be deceived in regard to the true character of these persons, and not form friendships with this class, or listen to their words of sarcasm and sophistry.

Unless our young people have moral courage to sever their connection with these persons when they discover their unbelief, they will be ensnared, and will



## **The Youth's Instructor**

SEPTEMBER 13, 1966

[Sabbath School Lessons for September 17]

think and talk as do their associates, speaking lightly of religion and the faith of the Bible.

Could the eyes of deluded youth be opened, they would see the exultant leer of Satan at his success in ruining souls. In every conceivable way he seeks to adapt his temptations to the various dispositions and circumstances of those whom he wishes to entangle. He will try every device, and if the subjects of these temptations do not seek God, they will be blinded to his deceptions, and will be self-confident, self-sufficient, and in ignorance of their condition and danger. *They will soon come to despise the faith once delivered to the saints.*

I speak to the youth as one who knows, as one to whom the Lord has opened the perils that attend their pathway. Self-confidence will lead you into the snare of the enemy. The youth do not ask counsel of God, and make Him their refuge and strength. They enter society with all assurance, confident that they are fully able to choose the right and to comprehend divine myster-



# 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 1966. 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.

Editor WALTER T. CRANDALL  
Associate Editor JAMES JOINER  
Art Editor T. K. MARTIN  
Layout Artist ALAN FORQUER  
Share Editor MILDRED LEE JOHNSON  
Editorial Secretaries MILDRED ADAMS  
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CALVIN E. MOSELEY, JR., GERALD R. NASH  
Circulation Manager R. G. CAMPBELL

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ies, because of their powers of reason, as though they could discover truth for themselves.

We fear more for those who are self-confident than for any others, for they will surely be entangled in the net that has been set by the great adversary of God and man. Some associate who has been chosen as a familiar friend, who has been tainted with the corruption of doubt, will instill his leaven of unbelief into the minds of this class. By fulsome flattery of their talent, their intellectual superiority, by inciting in them an ambition for high position, their attention will be gained, and moral blight will fall upon them. *Those who are exalted in their own opinions will despise the blood of the Atoning Sacrifice, and will do despite to the Spirit of grace.*

The children of Sabbath-keeping parents, who have had great light, who have been the objects of the tenderest solicitude, may be the ones who will leave a heritage of shame, who will sow to the wind and reap the whirlwind. In the judgment the names of those who have sinned against great light will be written with those who are condemned to be separated from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of His power. They will be lost, lost, and will be numbered with the scorners of the grace of Christ.

I would rather see my children laid in the grave than see them taking the path that leads to death. The terrible fact that I had nurtured children to fight against the God of heaven, to swell the ranks of apostates in the last days, to march under the black banner of Satan, would indeed be a thought of horror to me.

Our youth will meet temptations on every hand, and they must be so educated that they will depend upon higher power, higher teaching, than can be given by mortals. There are despisers of our Lord everywhere, who habitually throw contempt upon Christianity. They call it the plaything of children, invented to impose on the credulity of the ignorant.

Those who have not moral power cannot stand in defense of the truth; they have not courage to say: "Unless such conversation ceases, I cannot remain in your presence. Jesus, the world's Redeemer, is my Saviour; in Him is centered my hope of eternal life." *But this is the very way in which to silence them.* If you argue with them, they will have arguments with which to meet you, and nothing you may say will touch them; but if you live for Christ, if you are firm in your allegiance to the

God of heaven, you may do for them that which argument will fail to do, and convince them of the fallacy of their doctrines by the power of godliness.

There is no sadder spectacle than that of those who have been purchased by the blood of Christ, who have been intrusted with talents wherewith they may glorify God, turning to jest the messages graciously sent to them in the gospel, denying the divinity of Christ, and trusting to their own finite reasoning, and to arguments that have no foundation. When tested with affliction, when brought face to face with death, and all these fallacies they have cherished will be melted away like frost before the sun.

How terrible it is to stand by the coffin of one who has rejected the appeals of divine mercy! How terrible to say: Here is a life lost! Here is one who might have reached the highest standard, and gained immortal life, but he surrendered his life to Satan, became ensnared by the vain philosophies of men, and was a plaything of the evil one! The Christian's hope is as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, and entereth into that which is within the veil, whither Christ the forerunner is for us entered. We have an individual work to do to prepare for the great events that are before us.

The youth should seek God more earnestly. The tempest is coming, and we must get ready for its fury by having repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord will arise to shake terribly the earth. We shall see troubles on all sides. Thousands of ships will be hurled into the depths of the sea. Navies will go down, and human lives will be sacrificed by millions. Fires will break out unexpectedly, and no human effort will be able to quench them. The palaces of earth will be swept away in the fury of the flames. Disasters by rail will become more and more frequent; confusion, collision, and death without a moment's warning will occur on the great lines of travel.

The end is near, probation is closing. Oh, let us seek God while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near! The prophet says: "Seek ye the Lord, all ye meek of the earth, which have wrought His judgment; seek righteousness, seek meekness: it may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger."

This article was first published in *The Signs of the Times* of April 21, 1890, under the by-line of Ellen G. White. It is reprinted in *Messages to Young People*, pages 85-90, under the title "A Warning Against Skepticism." Italics and some paragraphing have been supplied in this reprint from MYF.



# Buddha's Forfeit

by JUDIE MARTIN

**H**EAVY of heart, the Chinese merchant sighed as he left his air-conditioned import-export office for the hustling, bustling atmosphere of Bangkok's business district at midday. He paused a moment wondering what new gift or token he might select this time to cheer his sweet Thai wife, Sinyin. Maybe some orchids would bring a smile to her pale face. Having decided to purchase flowers,

Mr. Chin headed down the street to the flower market.

Completely engrossed with his troubled thoughts, he was unaware of the pitiful, emaciated beggar woman persistently tugging at his coat as he threaded his way around laden shoppers and clumps of children shooting marbles on the busy sidewalk. Neither the screech of an old bus as it stopped for passengers nor the mad scramble for choice seats aroused his attention. Not even the bright reflections of the tropical sun on the gold-leaf-covered pagoda in the distance caught his eye.

Steadily he walked on toward Bangkok's central market, oblivious to life about him. His eyes skimmed rows upon rows of colorful flowers. At the far end he spied what he was searching for. Ah! Those orchids were perfect. A few soft lavender and golden-hued blossoms would form a lovely bouquet. Handing the money to the flower vendor, Mr. Chin took the newspaper-wrapped stems of the tiny spider orchids and turned in the direction of a small nursing home.

As he walked along he admired his dainty love token. Each tiny flower was refreshingly alive. Their delicate petals, wet with waterdrops, mocked him. The "flower" of his life had once been as fresh and beautiful, but through the years he had been saddened as he saw the color drain from her cheeks which, once plump, were now sallow. The sparkle in her eyes was fading away. She was wilting, perhaps even dying, and he was powerless to prevent it. The same story of doctor upon doctor, hospital after hospital, had been repeated, but he had found no help, no hope for restoring his "flower" to health. Her heart, defective since birth, had through the years become weaker and weaker.

At the entrance to the nursing home



*If the gods had sent unhappiness and disease Mr. Chin would rid his house of the idols.*

*The Youth's Instructor, September 13, 1966*



the merchant paused, adjusted his tie, then entered. He passed the nurses' station and entered the open door just beyond. "How is my sweet one today?" he queried of the frail woman resting in the white-sheeted bed.

"I feel so rested," she said weakly, then smiled as her husband offered the exquisite bouquet. "Oh, are these for me?" Sinyin's soft brown eyes questioned. "You're always so thoughtful." Then a look of concern wrinkled her smooth brow. "How are the children?" she asked. "I do hope Su Eng is obeying the servants. They are being well cared for, aren't they?"

"Of course, my dear, they are fine. You need not fear one little thing. Just rest so that you will get well," implored the worried man.

Sinyin's longing, wistful countenance, her obvious helplessness, pierced Mr. Chin's heart. Unable to withstand his wife's steady gaze, abruptly he turned, fled down the hall and through the nearest exit. Outside, he slumped onto a white stone bench. A gentle breeze rustled through the treetops as if to whisper comfort to the merchant's anxious heart. Two lively squirrels played "chase" across the lawn and up a tree; birds filled the air with their cheerful cheeps and chirps. Nature continued, unaffected by the cares of human woe. To him it seemed there was no solution to his perplexities. Didn't the gods he worshiped care about him? Was Buddha blind to his needs?

The sun gently lowered itself into a bed of scarlet clouds as Mr. Chin rose from his seat and made his way to the side entrance of the nursing home. He bumped into reality as a man in white hurried out the door. "Make way, mister," shouted the orderly.

"Y-yes, of course," stammered the merchant, stepping quickly aside as two more white-coated orderlies carried a stretcher down the steps to a waiting ambulance.

"Easy there. Let him down gently," cautioned one to the other. "Guess he's ready to go."

As the orderly closed the ambulance doors, bold red letters painted on them startled the Chinese merchant: BANGKOK SANITARIUM and HOSPITAL. H'mm. He had never heard of that institution. Turning to a nurse, he inquired curiously, "What is the matter with that man, and why are they taking him to the Bangkok Sanitarium and Hospital?"

"He has a very complicated heart condition. We have sent him to the big American hospital because it has a

heart specialist," answered the nurse.

Several days later the Chinese merchant once again took his wife home. Childish cries of "Mommy, Mommy" and loving arms outstretched greeted the couple. Indeed, it was wonderful to be at home again with her family, thought Sinyin. With forced vigor she supervised household activities in her gentle manner. She herself offered the daily gifts of food to the numerous idols and images that symbolized her Buddhist religion. She solved childish grievances as only a mother can. Contentment filled her heart. The peaceful atmosphere surrounding the family enveloped Mr. Chin also. Perhaps Buddha was mindful of his follower's tribulations, he thought.

But the serenity of the Chin home was short-lived. As had happened frequently in the past, Sinyin's apparently improved health declined. This time her seizure was more acute than previous ones.

Frustrated by former fruitless searches for medical assistance, Mr. Chin turned to his religious leaders, the Buddhist priests, for advice.

Impressed by the urgency in the merchant's voice, two saffron-robed, shiny-headed patriarchs, long-time friends of

the family, hurried to the Chin residence.

"Come into my home, most respected ones," invited Mr. Chin, bowing low. The priests passed through the short hallway into the spacious living room. Ancestral portraits and impressive statues of Buddha glared vacantly at the priests who surveyed the room. A servant girl offered them frosty glasses of orange crush and led the way to Sinyin's room.

The patriarchs were keenly aware of the devotedness of the Chins, for recently the Chinese merchant had given an immense sum of money for the advancement of Buddhism. Entering the sickroom, they forgot momentarily their purpose of visiting the ill, for their attention was caught by a particular image dominating a cluster of idols on a tiered table beside the bed. Together they hastened over to inspect the assorted array of bronze, gold, and wood figurines. Surely the Chins possessed all the gods that could make life blest, for the ebony statuette was the god of health; prosperity was promised by a tiny bronze idol; a medium-sized wooden image invited fertility; and the largest god of molded gold was en-

*To page 15*

## Tracked Down

by HELEN GODFREY

**C**ARPETS!" I muttered. My roommate said something habitual about my job. "Green carpets," I said. "Light-green carpets. And then the girls let in stray cats. And the cats have muddy feet, and the girls have muddy feet. I've put out the doormats. Who uses them? Why does this dormitory have to have carpets on all the halls?"

My roommate wasn't listening, but she said quietly from her side of the desk, "It's raining."

"It always rains here." I picked up the pile of time cards and ran down the stairs to the assistant dean's office, wondering as I went how to explain why the janitors couldn't keep up with the damp, dark tracks perpetually returning after every cleaning.

I got my raincoat and boots and went into the splashing parade on the back walk, trifling with the spray

that dampened my face and wet the collar of my blouse.

An hour later, back from class, I came in at the side door and went to the desk. My business cared for, I looked down the hall.

"Now, look at that," I said. "How can we keep halls clean when people are as careless as this? Just look at those tracks. As black as tar. Did you see who made them?"

"No," said the desk girl. "No, I didn't."

I started back down the hall, then turned around. "If you see anyone else tracking, write down her name," I started. I had more to tell the desk girl, but then my eyes dropped to the floor. Before, there had been a purposeful, straight line of footmarks from the door to the desk. Now they curved in a deep V ending where I stood.

"Your name?" she asked.



## The Owl

**Repeat** The A. W. Cott owl is making a repeat appearance this month. Like the month in which he appears, he has a connotation of school days for a number of our readers.

**Amateurs** Probably the 1966 YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR Amateur Radio Log in this number is one of the most complete ever published, and the longest. With the frequency of new members joining the group it is always possible that some names will fail to appear, and this we regret. But for those wanting to reach new operators, the annual listing provides an excellent starting point. They will want to preserve this September 13 issue for frequent reference. The log can be removed and backed by cardboard, if desired.

**Pictures** If you haven't already done so, this is a reminder to send for the 1966 Photo Mart supplies. Since writing this column last week, a request has been filled from one of our more consistent winners. The letter of course as you might surmise was from Finland, and Teuvo Kanerva.

**Hope** We still have hopes of receiving some of the missing issues of this magazine, published in 1856, 1857, 1888, and 1889. Even though complete volumes for these years may not come to light, we believe individual numbers will yet be found, in the United States, or Canada, or overseas.

**Multiple** If Sabbath school members throughout the world give \$106,150 to Solusi College in this month's overflow offering, it will be ten times the amount given to start Solusi in 1887. The Thirteenth Sabbath Offering overflow represents 20 per cent of the offering given above \$50,000. It will be encouraging to see this overflow go comfortably beyond anything recorded in the past. Since an adequate water supply is a major need to be met, the very concept of "overflow" seems most appropriate.

**Guidance** "When they really desire an article of dress, or some ornament or convenience, do they lay the matter before the Lord in prayer to know if His Spirit would sanction this expenditure of means?"—MYP 357.

More frequent review of the Christian goal would doubtless maintain a higher level of enthusiasm to see it reached. Failure to do this undoubtedly contributes to the decision to turn away from the walk with God's people who are heavenward bound.

There is no age limit on the directive to "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations . . . : teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." Particularly we believe it has meaning for members in the audience of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. The most effective time to prepare to go, then go, is in the days of youth. Is it then that the Christian is most ready to channel his life in directions of service that contribute to an ultimate objective, while providing the day-to-day necessities of existence?

When Jesus mingled His prophecies on the destruction of the Temple in Jerusalem and the completion of the gospel program in the earth, there was no uncertainty. "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." All the resources of the Master were promised to ensure its accomplishment.

All need to study to show themselves approved unto God, to be sure of answers that give substance to the reason for their hope. But Paul also warned Timothy to avoid "foolish and unlearned questions." The nature of the questions we ask once we have revealed our acceptance of the Christian way ought to be of the sort to strengthen and accelerate our advance in that way. There is ample evidence in God's Word to convince of its rightness.

The Holy Spirit will clinch and confirm each phase of our acceptance of the garment of Christ's righteousness. But there is serious danger when once we have professed allegiance to Him if we begin to voice questions about the wisdom of our choice. It is then that Satan can bring impressions to the mind that if listened to can lead to reversal of our baptismal pledge.

Any youth opens a door to a night as dark as faced Judas at the Last Supper if like that disciple, he begins to harbor doubt. Any question is safe if the motives that prompt it spring from loyalty to Jesus. Any question that in the least degree hints of disloyalty to the Christian's only Saviour, gives first evidence of final rejection of the Saviour.

If you are a professed Christian, some questions should never be asked. It is the thought that makes the traitor, finally confirmed by an act.

The decision to reprint "A Warning Against Skepticism" was made after its reading in staff worship. Our hope is that it will be read by all, especially by any who feel self-confident, who trust too much to their own judgment. These latter are in greatest danger of crossing the threshold from great light to impenetrable dark. WTC

## coming next week

- "QUEST FOR A QUETZAL"—"The money bird," some have called it, because the Guatemalan dollar equal to what was our gold dollar is a quetzal. It is claimed to be the most beautiful bird in the Western Hemisphere. By Barbara Westphal.
- "DRIVE SLOWLY—ONE-HEARSE TOWN"—Frank L. Remington discusses trends in road signs. These signs are indicative of a nationwide move toward novel warnings and methods for reducing casualties.



# Adventist Amateur

## RADIO LOG

### UNITED STATES

K1ANN—Dennis T. Anderson, P.O. Box 505, 298 Sterling Rd., South Lancaster, Mass. 01561  
 WA1EYK—George Muller, South Lancaster, Mass. 01561  
 WA1FHW—Philip R. Mills, 870 Prospect Ave., Hartford, Conn. 06105  
 W1HIX—Ralph I. Powell, Old Bolton Rd., Stow, Mass. 01775  
 K1KC—Charles Mitchell, Jr., 306 Sterling Rd., South Lancaster, Mass. 01561  
 K1JEP—Cecil Harris, Star Route, Enfield, N.H. 03748  
 K1MIJ—Wilson Caselli, 394 Great Rd., Lincoln, R.I. 02865  
 W1QGG—Horace W. Crandall, 4 Hillside Way, Wilmington, Mass. 01887  
 W1QMS—Maurice "Mac" Maurer, 4 High Meadow Rd., Trumbull, Conn. 06611  
 K1TIZ—R. G. Gadoway, D.O., 80 S. Windsor St., South Royalton, Vt. 05068  
 W1USL—E. C. Harkins, Pioneer Valley Academy, New Braintree, Mass. 01531  
 K1YIJ—Chester E. Kellogg, Route 1, Merrimack Rd., Milford, N.H. 03055  
 K2ASC—Herbert Spair, Edinburg Rd., Robbinsville, N.J. 08691  
 K2ASG—Richard Spair, Box 276, Elker Rd., Cranbury, N.J. 08512  
 WB2ATM—Edward R. Ingenlath, P.O. Box 99, Starke, Fla. 32091  
 W2BRD—Robert H. Ford, 220-55 46th Ave., Bayside, Queens, N.Y. 11361  
 W2CSB—Wally Franke, 16 Pine St., Baldwinsville, N.Y. 13027  
 WB2DMU—Karl J. Miller, P.O. Box 37, Burt, N.Y. 14028  
 W2EKY—Phyllis Kellogg Winkler, 380 Forest Ave., Woodmere, L.I., N.Y. 11598  
 W2HHX—Don Learned, 2525 E. 91st St., Indianapolis, Ind. 46240  
 W2ODY—George B. Suhrie, 67 Glenwood Dr., North Haledon, N.J. 07508  
 WA2PBX—Raymond G. Newman, 44 Hunter Place, Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y. 10520  
 W2QID—Don R. Bainbridge, W. Lake St., Marietta, N.Y. 13110  
 WA2UZF—Constance Bartle, Union Springs Academy, Union Springs, N.Y. 13160  
 WA2WON—James E. Wells, 193 Woodworth Ave., Yonkers, N.Y. 10701  
 W2ZHL—Stan Farnham, 116 Lansdowne Ave., Had-donfield, N.J. 08033  
 WA3ACM/4—Art Smith, 4972 Great Lakes Dr., Virginia Beach, Va. 23452  
 K3ANA/4—John M. Bokoles, 188 Circle Ave., Apt. 2, Eau Gallie, Fla. 32935  
 WA3ANF—John Nevins Andrews Elementary School, 117 Elm Ave., Takoma Park, Md. 20012  
 W3BHK—J. William Bennett, 16100 Batson Rd., Spencerville, Md. 20868  
 K3DQA—Arthur Robertson, 8117 Chester St., Takoma Park, Md. 20012  
 W3FL—Sydney W. Tymeson, 8118 Flower Ave., Takoma Park, Md. 20012  
 K3FOL—W. A. "Walt" Howe, 22 Manor Cir., Apt. 202, Takoma Park, Md. 20012  
 K3FXA/6—Rowena Steck, 11795 Carmine St., La Sierra, Calif. 92505  
 WN3GCG—John Gank, 6216 20th Ave., Hyattsville, Md. 20782  
 K3GUE—Virginia Saxon, 7806 Garland Ave., Takoma Park, Md. 20012  
 K3GUM—Jackson Saxon, M.D., 7806 Garland Ave., Takoma Park, Md. 20012  
 K3JBE—S. L. Clark, 2207 Prichard Rd., Silver Spring, Md. 20902  
 K3LJN—W. C. Dorn, D.D.S., 8901 Flower Ave., Silver Spring, Md. 20901  
 K3LJP—Edmund M. Peterson, 1210 Propsect St., Takoma Park, Md. 20012  
 W3LMV—George Costa, Box 4, Brinklow, Md. 20727  
 K3LXS/6—Bill Hooker, 33685 Ave. C, Yucaipa, Calif. 92399  
 K3OUD—Bernard Marsh, 3120 Thornfield Rd., Baltimore, Md. 21207  
 K3PWX—D. F. "Don" Neufeld, 705 Langley Dr., Silver Spring, Md. 20901  
 K3QGS—Ralph Laubach, R.D. #2, Millerstown, Pa. 17062  
 K3RWP—Arlo Greer, 7514 Jackson Ave., Takoma Park, Md. 20012  
 W3TNE—Don Jones, 7423 Aspen Ct., Takoma Park, Md. 20012  
 W3TSA—Takoma Amateur Radio Club, Columbia Union College, Takoma Park, Md. 20012  
 W3UYC—George Messenger, 809 Davis Ave., Takoma Park, Md. 20012  
 K3VSR—Roger Tatum, 10706 Tenbrook Dr., Silver Spring, Md. 20901  
 K3YJQ—Carol Chickering, 7920 - 15th Ave., Hyatts-ville, Md. 20783

WA4APN—Ralph Nobrega, 3423 Miami Dr., Talla-hassee, Fla. 32301  
 WA4ATE—C. N. McLarty, 3240 Seminole, Memphis, Tenn. 38111  
 WA4AXO—Phil Morrison, M.D., 1724 Overhill Rd., Bristol, Va. 24201  
 W4AZU—Clayton Schlenker, 3701 Romania Dr., Louis-ville, Ky. 40216  
 WA4BIV—Margaret J. Dempsey, 1513 Bagwell Ave., Hixson, Tenn. 37343  
 WA4BVL—Ronald L. George, 617 E. Wesley Lane, Mobile 9, Ala. 36609  
 K4CCE/6—Gerald W. White, Monterey Bay Academy, Box 191, Watsonville, Calif. 95077  
 WA4CSK—Forest C. Port, D.D.S., Route 2, Box 33, Fletcher, N.C. 28732  
 WA4CSL—F. Clifford Port, Route 2, Box 33, Fletcher, N.C. 28732  
 WN4DID—Kenneth L. Wendell, D.D.S., 527 Maple Ave. E. Vienna, Va. 22180  
 W4DVQ—Verlin "Dale" DeLong, Box 516, Fletcher, N.C. 28732  
 K4DWU/3—Ron Maples, Morrison Hall, Columbia Union College, Takoma Park, Md. 20012  
 WA4DZA—Paul M. Jenkins, 149 Roberts Cir., Lenoir City, Tenn. 37771  
 W4EKY—John Vest, P.O. Box 851, Havana, Fla. 32333  
 WA4ETO—Herbert C. McClure, M.D., 107 N. Ann St., Mobile, Ala. 36604  
 WA4EYZ—John H. Rauch, 1800 Lorena Lane, Orlando, Fla. 32806  
 W4FWL—Noah R. Thornton, 7 Beltrum Dr., Zephyr-hills, Fla. 33599  
 WA4GMC—Charles G. Graves, Jr., M.D., Dunlap, Tenn. 37327  
 W4GOS—George Tolhurst, M.D., Box 248, Cleveland, Ga. 30528  
 K4HGU—Jay Tindall, 2399 Westminster Ct., Winter Park, Fla. 32789  
 W4HPG—McKinley Byrge, Route 7, Box 293, Cross-ville, Tenn. 38555  
 W4IIO/3—Russell "Bud" Holderbaum, 209 Lincoln St., Takoma Park, Md. 20012  
 WA4LTW—Shenandoah Valley Academy Amateur Radio Club, New Market, Va. 22844  
 K4MUO—Del Anderson, 200 Rockmont Rd., Green-ville, S.C. 29607  
 WA4MUQ—John H. Linn, Jr., Box 278, Collegedale, Tenn. 37315  
 WA4MXA—W. C. Earle, Jr., P.O. Box 168, Brook-haven Dr., Crossville, Tenn. 38555  
 WA4NTD—SMC Radio Club, Southern Missionary Greenville, Tenn. 37743  
 WN4NWD—Clarence M. Lave, 4066 Indian Lake Circle, Stone Mountain, Ga. 30083  
 WA4OBK—Leonard "Len" Keppler, Jr., Route 5, Box 341, Hendersonville, N.C. 28739  
 W4OLU—Joseph A. Bennett, 2715 N. George Mason Dr., Arlington, Va. 22204  
 K4PKZ/4—Jerry Bartram, Southern Missionary College, Collegedale, Tenn. 37315  
 W4PLC—J. W. Daily, Box 7, Rockwell, N.C. 28138  
 K4OHV—Fred Tolhurst, Cleveland, Ga. 30528  
 WA4RPH—Kenneth J. Indart, 11417 Fairfax Station Rd., Fairfax Station, Va. 22039  
 K4RTO—W. B. "Will" White, Shenandoah Valley Academy, New Market, Va. 22844  
 WA4SAH—Raymond C. Russell, 706 Marshall Lane, Greenville, Tenn. 37743  
 K4SCP—Herschel U. Martin, M.D., 1034 E. Lakeshore Dr., Dalton, Ga. 30720  
 WA4SLT—Halle G. Crowson, 8608 E. 84th Ter., Ray-town, Mo. 64138  
 K4STD—Edward E. Mayers, 3003 Overton Rd., Rich-mond, Va. 23228  
 W4STU—Barney E. McLarty, M.D., 1361 Vinton Ave., Memphis, Tenn. 38104  
 WA4TAT—Darryl Council, 3424 Wakefield Rd., SW., Roanoke, Va. 24018  
 K4TCO—Bert M. Williams, 504 Hibiscus Trail, Mel-bourne Beach, Fla. 32901  
 K4TOB—Charles T. Jones, 7213 Rome Ave., Birming-ham, Ala. 35206  
 W4TVF—O. G. Barker, 5461 Southwest 2d St., Planta-tion, Fla. 33314  
 W4UMZ—Webb Blankenship, 747 Walnut, Madison, Tenn. 37115  
 K4UQA—V. R. Bottomley, M.D., 508 Sevier Ave., Greeneville, Tenn. 37743  
 K4UUR—Cecil Tyner, 2202 S. 39th St., Ft. Pierce, Fla. 33450  
 K4YMN—William H. Asbury, Route 2, Box 109, Radford, Va. 24141  
 K4YNB—Cecil F. Edwards, 1924 Stadium Ct., Kings-port, Tenn. 37664  
 W4YUN—Fred O. Eberhart, Madison College, Madis-on, Tenn. 37115  
 WN4ZBK—Jonathan Carroll Ledbetter, Route 1, Box 78, Hendersonville, N.C. 28739  
 W4ZFO—Oluf Edwin Olsen, M.D., Rt. 2, Box 462A, Maitland, Fla. 32751

K4ZGA—George J. Murphy, 974 Kennard St., Jackson-ville, Fla. 32208  
 WA4ZSL/7—Walter J. Murray, Sittner Hall, Walla Walla College, College Place, Wash. 99324  
 WA5BAV—John Egolf, 1204 South Country Club Cir., Carlsbad, N. Mex. 88220  
 WA5CVS/3—Lyndon DeWitt, Route 2, Box 252, Dover, Del. 19901  
 WA5EQW—Jim Baay, 2100 Connie Dr., Oklahoma City, Okla. 73115  
 WA5FGQ—Ruddy Sias, 517 Montecita Dr., El Paso 15, Tex. 79915  
 WA5FGR—Rick Sias, 517 Montecita Dr., El Paso 15, Tex. 79915  
 WA5FGS—Reggie Sias, 517 Montecita Dr., El Paso 15, Tex. 79915  
 W5GQR—Roger V. Vanderwilt, 1007 Pecan St., Green-ville, Tex. 75401  
 W5HYP—Nita Spink, Route 2, Rosston, Ark. 71858  
 WA5IKA—R. Jon Green, 1405 Stafford Dr., Ft. Worth, Tex. 76134  
 W5IRY—W. E. Ross, Sr., Paron, Ark. 72122  
 W5JFN—Frank Strode, 5312 Whitten, Ft. Worth, Tex. 76134  
 K5LHA—Ed Reno, 2304 Barlow St., Dallas, Tex. 75224  
 WA5NRD—L. Carlton Dyer, P.O. Box 1355, Pine Bluff, Ark. 71602  
 W5PXP—Arthur W. Beem, Route 1, Traskwood, Ark. 72167  
 W5QG—Raymond M. Beem, Route 1, Traskwood, Ark. 72167  
 K5RTR—Roshoo Woolever, Route 3, Box 965, Orange, Tex. 77630  
 K6AAQ—Wilfred Stuyvesant, M.D., 3881 Bostwick St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90063  
 WA6AHS—Walter T. Rea, Box 2737, Pomona, Calif. 91766  
 WB6ANH—Donald Popp, 711 San Miguel, Stockton, Calif. 95204  
 K6AOB—Charles E. Ingle, 144½ E. Maple, Fullerton, Calif. 92505  
 WA6AOM—Keith R. Carlin, 11056 Hole Ave., La Sierra, Calif. 92505  
 WA6AXP—Bob Jauch, Box 246, 420 Sky Oaks Dr., Angwin, Calif. 94508  
 WB6BEV—Fred H. Merkel, 1834½ E. First St., Apt. 4, Los Angeles, Calif. 90033  
 WA6BOQ—Wiley Elick, Gilkey Ranch, Five Points, Calif. 93624  
 WA6BOZ—Jack E. Griffith, 8392 Fox Hills Ave., Buena Park, Calif. 90620  
 W6BUX—Walter M. Bolinger, Box 494, Angwin, Calif. 94508  
 WB6BWA—Kenneth V. Gard, M.D., 2456 18th St., Kingsburg, Calif. 93631  
 WB6BWZ—Matthew D. Lee, P.O. Box 4025, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles, Calif. 90054  
 W6CKF—Frank C. Trumble, P.O. Box 1552, Lancaster, Calif. 93534  
 WA6CQX—Wilbur R. Elliott, P.O. Box 25, Roseville, Calif. 95678  
 WA6DCU—Ron Bailey, D.D.S., 209 C St., Lemoore, Calif. 93245  
 WA6DIG—Howard O. Marsh, P.O. Box 191, Watson-ville, Calif. 95077  
 K6DIQ—E. L. Griffith, 1433 I Ave., National City, Calif. 92050  
 WA6DLD—Thelma B. Elliott, P.O. Box 25, Roseville, Calif. 95678  
 W6DQL—Angwin Amateurs Association, Pacific Union College, Angwin, Calif. 94508  
 K6DSI—John R. Clough, 12108 Raley Dr., La Sierra, Calif. 92505  
 K6DTT—Voice of Prophecy Radio Club, P.O. Box 55, Los Angeles, Calif. 90053  
 W6DZC—Gilbert Steck, 295 Clark Way, Angwin, Calif. 94508  
 WA6ECC—Edwin L. Pullen, 3711 Montrose Ave., La Crescenta, Calif. 91014  
 W6EDL—CME Radio Club, 1720 Brooklyn Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90033  
 WA6EKD—Donald Daily, 4996 College Ave., River-side, Calif. 92505  
 K6EKP—Warren Gough, 1122 Plum Ave., Sunnyvale, Calif. 94087  
 K6EKU—James Harold Shultz, 524 Luton Dr., Glen-dale, Calif. 91206  
 WA6ELD—John Stedman, Sittner Hall, College Place, Wash. 99324  
 WB6EQW—R. Clifford Leggett, D.D.S., 1053 E. Olive Ave., Burbank, Calif. 91501  
 W6FGO—Fred P. Zengler, 15035 Beckner St., La Puente, Calif. 91744  
 W6FTL/4—Glen Foster, M.D., 5605 12th St. S., Birmingham, Ala. 35222  
 WA6FTQ—Ed Mason, 3d and Gordon, Pomona, Calif. 91766  
 W6FUW—John W. Schnepfer, M.D., 1252 Paseo Grande, Corona, Calif. 91720  
 W6FZV—Loma Linda University Amateur Radio Club, Loma Linda University, Loma Linda, Calif. 92354



WA6GKT—George D. Guernsey, M.D., 16395 H-A Rd., Lemoore, Calif. 93245  
 W6GLK—Ray Foster, M.D., 3627 Aureola Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90008  
 K6GPW—Waldo "Dode" Gepford, 3854 Boyce Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90039  
 K6GUW—Donald G. Turner, c/o Dean of Women, Pacific Union College, Angwin, Calif. 94508  
 W6HKK—John D. Thompson, 3730 N. Stanislaus St., Stockton, Calif. 95204  
 W6IHD—Paul T. Haney, Star Route, Mariposa, Calif. 95338  
 WA6IHE—Lindy Williams, Route 2, Box 5026, Tunsen Ave., Modesto, Calif. 95350  
 WB6IKE—Paul Jo Saxon, 437 West Sunset, Redlands, Calif. 92373  
 WA6ILC/6—Guy Lee Welsh, 500 N. Hall Ave., Visalia, Calif. 93277  
 W6INT—Fred Allen, 14607 Saturn Dr., San Leandro, Calif. 94578  
 WB6IYO—Austin Arnold Smith, 10057 Nebula Way, Sacramento, Calif. 95948  
 W6IZB—John D. Rogers, M.D., 286 Hill Dr., Glendale, Calif. 91206  
 K6JAI—Roy H. Steck, 11795 Carmine St., La Sierra, Calif. 92505  
 W6JFI/2—B. E. Wyman, M.D., Box 143, Centuck Station, Yonkers, N.Y. 10710  
 WA6JKI—Mac W. Fonda, 6290 Lorca Dr., San Diego, Calif. 92115  
 K6JRY—A. L. Rice, 320 W. Ave. L, Calimesa, Calif. 90320  
 WB6JUI—David M. Northrop, 904 Candlewood Dr., San Jose, Calif. 95129  
 WB6JUW—Francis M. Northrop, 904 Candlewood Dr., San Jose, Calif. 95129  
 WB6JYZ—Dennis Brown, 901 Ridgcrest St., Monterey Park, Calif. 91754  
 WA6KCH—Frank A. Mason, Jr., 10469 Gramercy Pl., Riverside, Calif. 92505  
 WB6KCT—Vernon Lee Vonheeder, Jr., 790 Pinedale Ct., Hayward, Calif. 94544  
 WB6KIW—Al Learned, 25470 Cole St., Loma Linda, Calif. 92354  
 K6KSU—Robert B. Griffith, 289 S. Meridian, San Bernardino, Calif. 92410  
 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, Box 376, Loma Linda, Calif. 92354  
 WA6LNV—Don Lunt, 290 Coral View, Monterey Park, Calif. 91754  
 K6LOS—Bill Hullquist, Route 1, Box 853, Yucaipa, Calif. 92399  
 K6LVO—George Gough, 1122 Plum Ave., Sunnyvale, Calif. 94087  
 WB6MAV—Gary Waldron, 1012 Cresta Vista Dr., Monterey Park, Calif. 91754  
 WA6MCQ—Christopher Iwata, 1318 N. Miller Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90063  
 W6MEY—Nick Delgado, 1037 W. Rialto Way, Fresno, Calif. 93704  
 K6MIS/6—Charles H. Seitz, 113 Clearbrook Rd., Antioch, Calif. 94509  
 K6MMB—Kenneth Krohne, 25472 Van Leuven St., Loma Linda, Calif. 92354  
 WA6MOP—Clifford Vance, 1507 N. 11th Ave., Hanford, Calif. 93230  
 WA6NVN—Laurence W. Botimer, 5341 Sierra Vista Ave., La Sierra, Calif. 92505  
 WA6OBT—Larry King, Box 1234, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360  
 WB6OGR—A. J. Luber, 2120 S. Santa Fe Ave., Visalia, Calif. 93277  
 WN6OHH—Danny Engeberg, Road 122, Visalia, Calif. 93277  
 W6OMG—Ben Westphal, 3413 Marmac Rd., Anderson, Calif. 96007  
 W6OOE—Gerald Pitcher, 3316 Main St., Riverside, Calif. 92501  
 W6OWT—Stanley C. Hall, 672 Rosita Ave., Los Altos, Calif. 94022  
 K6PGG—Howard Maxson, Montebello, Calif. 90640  
 K6PKG—James T. Alexander, M.D., 333 Ridge Rd., Ukiah, Calif. 95482  
 K6PKH—Phillip Borisevich, 1618 Berkeley Way, Berkeley, Calif. 94703  
 WA6PLW—A. R. Gungl, P.O. Box 695, Redding, Calif. 96002  
 WB6PMS—Ralph W. Cramer, 330 White Cottage Rd., N. Angwin, Calif. 94508  
 K6PWQ/8—Robert Pooley, Garland Apts., Berrien Springs, Mich. 49103  
 W6PZC—Edgar Stahl, 1142 Orchid Ct., Modesto, Calif. 95350  
 WN6ODN—Rodney A. Benson, 2301 N. 2d St., Fresno, Calif. 93703  
 WN6QMC—Rick Cales, 5117 Hallmark, Riverside, Calif. 92505  
 W6QOF—Quenton F. Christy, 1448 W. 126th St., Los Angeles 27, Calif.  
 WN6OPK—Mrs. Barbara E. Benson, 2301 N. 2d St., Fresno, Calif. 93703  
 W6OPZ—Roland Truman, 4522 Greenmeadow Rd., Long Beach, Calif. 90808  
 WB6RGN—Joel B. Hoag, 5313 Peacock Lane, Riverside, Calif. 92505  
 WB6RUZ—Ronald J. Skantz, P.O. Box 564, Manteca, Calif. 95336  
 WB6SHK—David D. Kirk, 4204 Pierce St., Arlington, Calif. 92505  
 W6SLK—C. J. Casebeer, 1011 Bush St., San Francisco, Calif. 94109  
 K6SNP—George J. Nelson, 11414 Loma Vista Dr., Loma Linda, Calif. 92354  
 WA6SOB—Fred Villanueva, 3139 E. 4th St., National City, Calif. 92050

WA6SOV—H. Lee Williams, 5026 Tunsen Ave., Route 2, Modesto, Calif. 95350  
 WA6STW—Glen Charles Glass, Jr., Route 1, Box 45, Hopland, Calif. 95449  
 WA6SYA—Perry Beach, 11630 Val Verde St., La Sierra, Calif. 92505  
 WN6TBB—Nancy L. Neal, 21157 Fairfax, Lemoore, Calif. 93245  
 WA6TNR—Alva M. Kerr, 35809 County Line Rd., Calimesa, Calif. 92320  
 WN6TOD—Don Davenport, Jr., 3731 Cedar Ave., Long Beach, Calif. 90807  
 W6UKI—Mrs. Jacqueline Moncrieff, 24545 Stewart St., Loma Linda, Calif. 92354  
 WA6VBP—J. W. Kizzlar, 5600 Malden Ct., Bakersfield, Calif. 93306  
 K6VUO—Robert L. Hilliard, 10625 Mountain View Ave., Route 2, Redlands, Calif. 92373  
 K6VZI—Paul A. Saxon, M.D., 408 W. 17th, San Bernardino, Calif. 92405  
 WA6WPJ—C. E. "Ed" Thompson, 621 30th St., Bakersfield, Calif. 93301  
 W6WRA—Jack Stephenson, 304 Sylvan Dr., Goleta, Calif. 93017  
 K6YBK—Howard Swenson, 1705 Timothy Ave., Modesto, Calif. 95350  
 K6YCI—Paul M. Williams, 25093 E. Laurelwood Dr., San Bernardino, Calif. 92408  
 WA6YUM/7—Charles "Chuck" Ingram, 13401 North Scottsdale Rd., Scottsdale, Ariz. 85251  
 K6ZGL—Asa A. "Ace" Cree, 5290 Golden Ave., Riverside, Calif. 92505  
 W6ZRK—Robert E. Moncrieff, 24545 Stewart St., Loma Linda, Calif. 92354  
 W6ZTY—Guy B. Welsh, 500 North Hall Ave., Visalia, Calif. 93277  
 K7ABX—Douglas E. Mulloy, 205 10th St., P.O. Box 373, Garibaldi, Ore. 97118  
 K7ADR—Paul Arthur Helm, P.O. Box 1173, Pendleton, Ore. 97801  
 K7AFV—Carlton E. Cross, 626 SE. 4th St., College Place, Wash. 99324  
 K7ATX—Ivan Whitehouse, 16911 SE. Foster Rd., Portland, Ore. 97236  
 W7AXQ—C. L. Witzel, 3536 Academy Dr., Auburn, Wash. 98002  
 K7AZD—Dave Claridge, Box E, North Bend, Wash. 98045  
 W7ABG—Robert L. Heisler, Caixa Postal 1326, Belo Horizonte, Brazil  
 WA7BHD—Richard R. Buss, 13401 North Scottsdale Rd., Scottsdale, Ariz. 85251  
 WA7BIJ/9—Leonard A. Westermeyer, Campion Academy, Loveland, Colo. 80537  
 WA7BTK—Don Wilson, 409 SE. Date St., College Place, Wash. 99324  
 WA7BUZ—Esther B. Perry, Conard Hall, College Place, Wash. 99324  
 W7BVD—Stephen Yost, III, Sittner Hall, Walla Walla College, College Place, Wash. 99324  
 W7CDZ—Jim L. Jespersen, 403 Hadley Rd., Newberg, Ore. 97132  
 K7CIS—K. Eugene Syfert, Route 2, Box 124, Gresham, Ore. 97030  
 W7CJY—George R. Thompson, 3040 SW. 182d Ave., Aloha, Ore. 97006  
 WA7CLI—Jim Forsyth, Vets. Apt. #18, College Place, Wash. 99324  
 K7CPA—Edmund Jones, 8325 Chaparral Rd., Scottsdale, Ariz. 85257  
 W7CYL—Dale O. Wagner, Upper Columbia Academy, Spangle, Wash. 99031  
 W7CZB—Arthur J. Peterson, Route 1, Box 20, Garfield, Wash. 99130  
 K7DDY—Donnell Keith, 1365 4th St. NE., Salem, Ore. 97303  
 W7DLT—S. R. Butterfield, 2224 SE. 50th Ave., Portland, Ore. 97215  
 K7DNE—Vernon P. Mohr, 5053 Stacey Ave., Las Vegas, Nev. 89108  
 WN7EXM—Ken Kyle, Upper Columbia Academy, Spangle, Wash. 99031  
 WN7EXP—Mike Caffery, Upper Columbia Academy, Spangle, Wash. 99031  
 W7EXT—George White Allen, M.D., 6101 SE. Belmont, Portland, Ore. 97214  
 W7EYE—Nels H. Nelson, 3118 College Ave., Caldwell, Idaho 83605  
 WN7FBB—Miel Walter, Upper Columbia Academy, Spangle, Wash. 99031  
 W7GEA—D. W. Shepherd, 31812 S. 59th St., Auburn, Wash. 98002  
 K7GOL—Lee C. Barnes, 803 SW. Grandview, College Place, Wash. 99324  
 W7GSY—Bill C. Orock, 305 Pike St. NE., Auburn, Wash. 98002  
 K7HHO—Robert Hamilton, Box 997, Conrad, Mont. 59425  
 K7HJU—Bob Reiber, 12210 N. 67th St., Scottsdale, Ariz. 85251  
 W7HQQ—Lloyd H. Smith, M.D., Route 2, Box 2263, Wenatchee, Wash. 98801  
 W7HVR—Jerry Schoepflin, Sittner Hall, College Place, Wash. 99324  
 K7IBQ/6—Bob Wresch, Box 842, 25229 SE. Taylor, Loma Linda, Calif. 92354  
 W7IBR—C. R. Aimes, Route 1, Box 215, Sequim, Wash. 98382  
 K7IMQ/9—Douglas E. Mulloy, SN, B80-30-73, ET "A" School Service School Command, USNTC, Great Lakes, Ill. 60088  
 W7ITE—Gregory Large, Route 2, Box 127, Florence, Ore. 97439  
 W7JEH—Ruth Ramsdell Parker, Route 2, Box 656, Estacada, Ore. 97023  
 W7JEL—William Lee Parker, Route 2, Box 656, Estacada, Ore. 97023  
 K7JJO—Ken Daughters, Box 245, 514 3d St., Steilacoom, Wash. 98388  
 K7JKT—Paul Morrison, 1205 Poplar Ave., Hermiston, Ore. 97838

K7KEG—Ralph E. Jacobus, Route 2, Box 475, Walla Walla, Wash. 99362  
 K7KPB—John E. Schoengart, 3818 Sundown Dr., Bremerton, Wash. 98310  
 K7LEE—Ren Clyde, Box 991, Hermiston, Ore. 97838  
 K7LTB—Ken Hart, Sittner Hall, College Place, Wash. 99324  
 K7MAT—Howard R. Wagner, Box 705, Thermopolis, Wyo. 82443  
 K7MCL—Wilmer Radke, 110 SW. 5th, Apt. 4, College Place, Wash. 99324  
 K7MHL—Bruce Henderson, Star Route, Box 1, Leavenworth, Wash. 98826  
 K7MWD—Steve Yost, III, 2516 Nob Hill Ave. Seattle, Wash. 98109  
 K7NHR—Donald L. Starkey, 6006 West Fairmount, Phoenix, Ariz. 85033  
 K7NJM—Howard "Wes" Radke, 2207 East 26th St., Vancouver, Wash. 98661  
 K7NOK/3—Gabe Romero, 9 Pine St., Takoma Park, Md. 20012  
 W7NVE—Robert "Bob" Stahlnecker, 125 NE., Cedar Ave., College Place, Wash. 99324  
 K7NZF—Thunderbird Academy Amateur Radio Club, 13401 North Scottsdale Rd., Scottsdale, Ariz. 85251  
 K7OEX—Steve Packard, 15 NW. Evans St., College Place, Wash. 99324  
 K7OPQ—Upper Columbia Academy Radio Club, Spangle, Wash. 99031  
 K7OQG/VE6—Richard A. "Dick" Figuhr, Canadian Union College, College Heights, Alberta, Canada  
 W7OTF—Lindy Bahnsen, Route 1, Box 116, Gaston, Ore. 97119  
 K7OVN—Fred L. Mason, 4611 Stone Ave. N., Apt. 3, Seattle, Wash. 98103  
 K7OXI—F. H. Packard, 15 NW. Evans St., College Place, Wash. 99324  
 W7OYR—Roen Wilson, 6224 SE. Main, Portland, Ore. 97215  
 W7OYU—Everett E. Wilson, 6224 SE. Main St., Portland, Ore. 97215  
 K7PDC—Donald P. Wertz, 2901 Academy Dr., Auburn, Wash. 98002  
 K7QBA—William E. Mehling, 7932 SE. Grant St., Portland, Ore. 97215  
 K7RDO—Brace H. North, Route 2, Box 13, Goldendale, Wash. 98620  
 W7RDU—Eugene E. Taft, Box 112, Ocean Park, Wash. 98640  
 K7RIB—Aaron W. Leno, 810 Seventh St. S., Kirkland, Wash. 98033  
 W7RPD—C. T. Chuljian, D.M.D., Box 573, 1305 Washington St., Port Townsend, Wash. 98368  
 K7RVY—John Pasillos, 1821 Ivory St., Klamath Falls, Ore. 97601  
 K7RZQ/6—Howard "Wes" Radke, 13940 Sherman Way, Van Nuys, Calif. 91405  
 K7SCI—Clair Nystrom, P.O. Box 487, Havre, Mont. 59501  
 K7STK—Robert H. Haworth, 12245 NE., Stanton St., Portland, Ore. 97230  
 W7SZF—Michael James Perry, 335 NW. 202d St., Seattle, Wash. 98177  
 W7TFP—Dave Martin, 9247 So. Sheridan Ave., Tacoma, Wash. 98444  
 W7TPY—Harold G. Steen, Oregon Sky Ranch, Route 3, Box 5, Milton-Freewater, Ore. 97862  
 K7UEB—Walla Walla College Amateur Radio Club, Box 458, College Place, Wash. 99324  
 K7UIO—Victor D. Goll, 2272 Corona, Medford, Ore. 97501  
 W7VAF—Lloyd Meade, M.D., 1511 SE. 122d Ave., Portland, Ore. 97233  
 K7VCF—W. L. Parker, 3245 Academy Dr., Auburn, Wash. 98002  
 W7VDR—Warren W. "Dr. B" Bacon, 1306 N. 175th St., Suite 110, Seattle, Wash. 98133  
 W7VFK—George "Al" Rhoads, Jr., 3535 Academy Dr., Auburn, Wash. 98002  
 W7VUD—Marv Younker, 29616 66th St., Auburn, Wash. 98002  
 W7WUI—Stephen Yost, 2516 Nob Hill Ave. N., Seattle, Wash. 98109  
 K7WXD—James Weinand, 758 Larch St., Sandpoint, Idaho 83864  
 K7ZFQ—Olin J. Peach, Upper Columbia Academy, Spangle, Wash. 99031  
 W8ALF—Ray Hamstra, 15959 Middlebelt, Livonia, Mich. 48154  
 WA8AZA—Carl A. Ward, Route 2, Box 93, Free-soil, Mich. 49411  
 WA8AZB—George E. Ward, Route 2, Box 93, Free-soil, Mich. 49411  
 W8BZT—Virgil J. Stegner, 410 Kennison Dr., New Carlisle, Ohio 45344  
 WA8CZS—Everett H. Jackson, Jr., 2448 Clarendon Ave., Zanesville, Ohio 43360  
 W8DDW—Carlyle B. Shultz, 306 South Main St. (Box 271), Jackson Center, Ohio 45334  
 WA8ENX—Raymond O. Swenson, 395 Grove St., Berrien Springs, Mich. 49103  
 WA8EVO—Robert A. Cox, 59 E. Riverglen Dr., Worthington, Ohio 43085  
 W8FEM—Dick Sowler, 111 Mansfield Ave., Mount Vernon, Ohio 43050  
 W8FNW—James A. Ashton, Del-Mar Trailer Ct., RFD #1, Delaware, Ohio  
 WA8FSF/8—Richard Schultz, Adelphian Academy, Holly, Mich. 48442  
 K8GOO—Dennis Snider, 1827 Argentina Dr., Grand Rapids, Mich. 49506  
 W8GS—Wilton H. Wood, 705 Niles Ave., Berrien Springs, Mich. 49103  
 W8HSB—Maitland L. Perkins, 4179 E. Wheeler Rd., Bay City, Mich. 48707  
 W8HTC—Robert P. Swisher, 120 Oak Hill Ave., Delaware, Ohio 43015  
 WA8IGT—Roy M. Nickless, 2719 Madison S.E., Grand Rapids, Mich. 49507

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sparkling, excitement bursting from every inch of his active little person, and stops squarely in front of me with the query, "Nannie, you know what?" I catch his fresh childish enthusiasm and eagerly respond, "No! *What?*"

Now I am somewhat of a confirmed enthusiast myself. Especially when it comes to my love for people, the truths of the Bible, and the consideration of coming events that are bearing down upon us with such alarming rapidity. I grow almost panicky when I realize that I am not making the spiritual progress I should be making. When I see the utter indifference of friends and relatives who are completely irreligious, I long to parrot little Gary, and demand, "You know what?"

And then I want to tell them the latest signs of the fulfillment of prophecy, or show them a Bible reference that has stirred in my own soul a deeper longing to be like Jesus.

Recently I had opportunity for a few days' visit with my only sister, whose life is dedicated to the enjoyment of this world. Try as I would, I could not get the conversation to veer in the direction of religion. Her entire

night impassioned pleas brought only sullen, unresponsive looks. Then he related his own reaction—the desire to go down into the audience, take people by their shoulders and shake them, and shout, "Don't you want to be saved? Can't you see you must accept Jesus? Don't you realize that this might be your last chance?"

Sometimes I wish there were someone with such a burden for us poor Laodiceans. Someone who would cry out in alarm, "You know what?" and shake us out of our deadly stupor. Plead with us to make sure of a living connection with Christ.

If someone would only entreat, "You know what? There are essential principles of character that we have not put into our lives."

"You know what? We are too conformed to the world. We need to be transformed."

"You know what? There are a thousand things from which we shall have to turn away in order to study, to sacrifice, to serve Jesus acceptably."

"You know what? The Sunday law is almost upon us. Sister White calls it the final test. We dare not face it without our hands in His guiding hand."

Sometimes, being an adult, I am plagued with busyness. I have numberless duties to perform. Moments are precious, and I do not offer an immediate answer to Gary's oft-repeated question. His eagerness cools perceptibly as he fidgets from one foot to the other, waiting for me to stop what I am doing and give him my full attention.

Often I find myself slightly irritated when he comes bursting upon me, interrupting my absorption with my reading or sewing. His never-ending cry of "Nannie, you know what?" becomes something to be ignored, or brushed aside.

Just so, I fear, would any of us who are beset by the inevitable shortness of each twenty-four-hour day feel annoyance at the very thought of one more thing to claim our time. Even if it means our soul's salvation.

Yet the words ring in my ears. They plague me during each too-full day. They prod at my consciousness when evening comes and I am still rushing to catch up the leftovers from a bulging daily schedule. They nudge me wide awake during the hours of the night.

"You know what?"

*"You know what?"*

by ANN CLAYTON

# You Know What?

GARY prefaces every remark with it. His eyes grow wide with awesome wonder over each new event in the absorbing world of a five-year-old, and the solemn question is asked: "You know what?"

He may be about to tell me the earth-shattering news of the birth of a colt to their riding horse, Dawn. Or it could be the sad recital of the disappearance of his pet turtle. Or perhaps just the calm, matter-of-fact statement that he has picked up the sticks from the lawn so that daddy can safely run the power mower.

Being a grandmother is one of the most interesting and satisfying things I have ever experienced. As Gary comes running breathlessly, bright-blue eyes

thought was on pleasure, clothes, and gala evenings with friends.

I wanted to be firm, and say, "You know what? We are almost at the end of time. Please stop loving the things of the world so much and give your heart to Jesus." But I didn't say it. She would have resented it, and a wall would have come between us.

I keep remembering a talk given by a missionary friend of mine who had recently arrived in this country, fresh from a series of evangelistic meetings in his field. He told of the plans, the visits, the prayers, the earnest efforts to move a stolid and unemotional people to take Bible truth seriously and to break from the heathen traditions and customs of their culture. Night after



**O**NE summer day Virginia Dixon found a handbill on the porch. It advertised a series of Bible lectures. She looked up from the reading of it with an overwhelming conviction that here was something that should be taken seriously. When she spoke to her husband about it he agreed.

The title of the first lecture was "Will Russia Rule the World?" That was a question a lot of people were asking. If the Bible contained the answer, and this preacher knew where to find it, they would like to know it.

Besides, all the lectures were to be Bible lectures. Virginia wanted to know more about the Bible. She had been seriously studying by herself since baby Hilda joined the family a few months before. She wanted the best of this life, and of the life to come, for the wee bit of humanity for which she was responsible. About all she had learned so far was how much there was she didn't know. She had heard that the answers to her questions were all in the Bible. Maybe in time she would be able to learn, but the time of childhood is a swift-waning thing. It might be gone before she had learned what it was her child should know.

With hopeful, seeking minds, Bill and Virginia attended the first lecture. It was powerful preaching that they heard that night. They liked it. It had dignity and logic. It was based on fact, not emotionalism. They went back night after night to listen and then believe.

But one night it was different. Bill has never been the same since.

The subject had been announced as something or other about better living. Bill didn't pay much attention to the formal title. He knew he would be going to the meeting, no matter what they called it. All the meetings were too good to miss. He liked the preacher, too. Not just his speaking, but the man himself. He considered him a "great guy."

Bill settled down in his seat to listen. Virginia was beside him. It started out well enough, but then something went wrong. Everything went wrong. The preacher had lost his mind! He must have! There could be no other explanation. He was saying that God cares what we eat and drink, where we go and what we do on a Saturday night, what we read, and all kinds of foolishness!

Bill was embarrassed for the poor man. He liked him, and it hurt him to see him making this public display of



by **VIOLA M. NASH**

## **PART TWO**

# **TO RANSOM A REBEL**

lunacy. He wished one of the men on the platform would do something to stop him. He looked from one to the other of the men seated behind the minister. They must be shocked out of their wits, he decided. Or else they were very good actors. There was no sign that they noticed this horrible thing that was taking place right before their eyes.

He glanced at Virginia. She was absorbing every word, just as she did on the nights when the man talked sense. He looked at the other people sitting around him. There wasn't anyone who seemed distressed by what was going on. He sadly shook his head. There was more stupidity in the world than he had realized. A man of his intelligence was obviously out of place there, but he was too well-mannered to cause a disturbance by leaving. If he had had a hearing aid he would have turned it off. But he didn't, so he had to sit there and listen to the minister say one foolish thing after another. It seemed like the longest sermon in history.

There was something that puzzled him, though. There was no sign of the minister's dementia except in the actual words he was saying. He showed no signs of agitation. His voice was earnest, but not excited. He spoke without hesitation or confusion.

But then he proved his madness, as far as Bill was concerned. He said that there is a connection between salvation and what we eat and drink. Deep inside himself, in a place he refused to look, those words were recorded as truth, even though he tried to prevent it by muttering, "Crazy, absurd, ridiculous, preposterous!"

He didn't know then how much that false conclusion was going to cost him before he admitted his error. He left

the meeting that night with a storm brewing in his heart that would beat him to his knees before it blew itself out.

"Go if you must," Bill told Virginia the next night. "I'll never go again. Nobody is going to tell me what I can or cannot do." He didn't say it, but he meant, "Not even God."

From that moment on, for six years, Virginia walked the way the still small voice directed her, and Bill ran as hard and fast as he could to get away from it.

Virginia accepted the Sabbath truth and planned for baptism. She begged Bill to join her, but he laughed in her face.

"When she took off her wedding ring I nearly took off the roof," Bill told me. "But the ring stayed off. The gospel had changed her on the inside, and it showed on the outside."

On Friday nights he often invited his wife to go with him to a movie or a ball game. The jeer in his voice and the sneer in his smile made the invitation an insult.

"Thank you, dear," she always replied, "but I think I will go to MV meeting. Won't you come with me instead?"

Stubborn woman! Bill thought to himself. What is it going to take to wear her down?

He would slam out of the house on his way to the ball game or the movies. Or worse.

One night he stormed out in a rage that was even wilder than usual. Or maybe it only seemed so because Virginia felt a greater need for a little kindness and tenderness from him. Their second child was only weeks away from birth. She was weary and ill, and depressed almost beyond endurance. There seemed to be nothing in







how badly they needed him, how sadly they missed him. If only he would come home sober, then there would be a chance.

He was not only sober when he came home, he was almost cheerful. Virginia allowed herself a small slice of hope with her supper. She quickly cleared the dishes away afterward and went into the living room.

Bill came from the bedroom whispering, all dressed up, his coat over his arm.

"Office party tonight," he explained. "Want to go with me?"

Virginia sadly shook her head. "No," she quietly replied. "I can't go to a party tonight. This is the Sabbath. I'll stay home and pray for you."

With glistening eyes she watched him drive away.

She read to her girls for a while, and heard their prayers, lisped in the uncertain language of childhood, "... and bring my daddy home safely." She tucked them in their beds and kissed them good night. Then she went back to the living room to weep and pray. That is what she was doing when the telephone rang.

Bill's party was even gayer than he had anticipated. Instead of each guest's being handed a glass when he came in, he was given a jug, full to the brim.

"How come?" he asked, thinking it must be a joke.

"Boss don't want no fightin'," the waiter told him. "Every man have all he can hold, there won't be no fightin'."

Every man his own jug. How about that! Bill laughed aloud and lifted his to his lips. The party grew gayer by the minute.

Hours later he fumbled into his coat and started looking for the door.

"Goin' my way?" his friend asked. "How about a lift?"

"Sure," Bill thinks he must have answered.

When he reached for the door handle three times before he found it, his friend became apprehensive.

"Say, you had better let me drive," he said.

Bill put his hands on his head. Something inside of it felt strange. Maybe he shouldn't drive. He regarded his friend thoughtfully. Words were hard to produce. Finally he got some out.

"O.K., you can drive if you are sure you aren't drunk."

"Oh, I'm not drunk. I'm sober as a judge."

By concentrating carefully he managed to take the keys Bill held out to

him, and get the right one in the ignition. He got the car started and onto the road toward town. Just as he got it going at what seemed like a reasonable speed, a cattle truck appeared directly ahead. He never saw it. Without touching the brakes, he drove the car under that truck as far as it would go.

"Never mind the ambulance," the police officer radioed headquarters. "Send the undertaker."

But God had not spared Bill's life on the battlefields of France to have him lay it down in a drunkard's grave. He had made a vow out there on the battlefield, and he was not going to be released from it. Not until he had reached the point of final decision, anyway. The

For three weeks Bill was in the hospital. The doctors shook their heads and talked in whispers in the hall.

"It is doubtful that he will walk again," they told Virginia.

She went on praying. She didn't know what the future held, but she wanted it to be safely in God's hands.

For three months Bill was flat on his back in his bed at home. He was thin and haggard, but sober. And inescapably aware of what was going on around him.

With careful planning that did not show on the surface, the members of the church made sure that he was visited by one of them every day of his illness. And they never came empty-handed.

## Lumbered Off

by BEULAH FENDERSON SMITH

Last year as I approached my grove,  
I felt a sudden loss—  
Could permanence like this be changed?  
There was no brook to cross;  
A hundred stumps stood, stark and white,  
Beneath an open sky;  
A hill rose, bleak and barren.  
I heard no squirrel cry.  
Ah, logs make homes—I hope that he  
Who makes his house of mine  
Will know his walls are sacred-built  
From tall, cathedral pine.

Spirit had not yet finished striving with him.

Virginia got up from her knees to answer the telephone. She glanced at the clock. It was nearly morning. She knew the call must be about Bill. If he was dead she would exchange one kind of grief for another. If he was alive, for how long? Or for what purpose? She was approaching the breaking point.

The minister tried to comfort her at the hospital. "I believe that, even though your husband is steeped in sin, it is possible that someday he might be one of the brightest jewels in God's kingdom. If he is, it will be because of your efforts."

Virginia shook her head. She knew that God is not willing that any should perish, but she also knew He would not force salvation on anyone. The hope of her spirit was diminishing with the strength of her body.

"I think Satan himself would sooner be converted," she said wearily.

They brought pies, books, cookies, flowers—anything that could serve as a reminder that they cared about him.

He thanked them gruffly and wished they would go away.

Every morning after Hilda left for school, tiny Linda watched to see when her daddy was awake. Then she went in to visit. She asked him how he felt. She told him she loved him. Then, as Bill watched, unable to help her, she took hold of the blankets and pulled herself onto the bed. Kneeling beside him, she covered her eyes with her chubby little hands, and bowed her head onto his chest.

"Dear Jesus," she prayed, "let my dear daddy walk again. Amen."

"Walk again I did," Bill will tell you now. "With a cane, back to the beer parlor to drown the still small voice." There is more remorse in his voice than you can measure.

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





# THE QUEST.

SOMETIMES it is possible to be looking for something without realizing it. Sometimes the mind is conscious that it is groping for something, but knows not what. And sometimes it never really realizes what the object of its quest is—until that sublime moment when the light suddenly bursts through, and the whole jigsaw puzzle falls into pattern.

Such was the experience of Mary Cliff.

Mary Cliff is an English girl of four-and-twenty summers, her fresh complexion and apple-cheeked appearance proclaiming that she is no indigenous Australian. (There is a bloom and a fairness of skin that the English unconsciously wear like a badge that sets them apart—in appearance, that is—in this country.) And if your eye failed to detect the difference, then the moment she spoke, your ear would immediately pick up that fascinating English lilt to the voice. Yes, Mary Cliff is as English as country lanes and a Charles Dickens' Christmas—and she is proud of it. But she has had an adventure that could have happened to anyone anywhere.

The city of Birmingham in England's "black country" is her home town. Her parents are good, honest, respectable people of that city. They are not church-going people, so it is not surprising that Mary was not religiously inclined. She did, it is true, go to Sunday School "a couple of times" (her own phrase) but that is hardly calculated to lay strong theological founda-

tions. And she did join the "13 Club," which is a church young people's club catering to the 13- to 17-age group. But Mary went along for the sake of the social contacts, really, and not for the reason that there were some church attendances on Sunday, after the dance on Saturday evening.

But Mary was looking for something, although she was hardly conscious of it. Occasionally there would stir within her mind a question, a mere quirk of the mind. Such as "What am I on earth for?" But there was no answer, so she pushed it into a dark corner of her mind and forgot it.

At seventeen she was working in a laboratory. A dead-end job. And she didn't like the company much, either. Coarse, some of it. She wanted to do something worth while. She determined to try nursing.

From the first, nursing seemed to be the answer. She threw herself into it with a joy and a gusto that is the sure sign that a soul has found its vocation. She loved it, loved everything connected with it. And she found herself thinking, This is what God wants me to do. The very thought, however, surprised her. She asked herself, "But do I believe in God? Is there such a Being?" Then for a couple of weeks she found herself praying—only to be tormented with doubts about the existence of the very God to whom she was addressing her prayer.

... OF M.



While nursing never lost its appeal, Mary found that with the process of settling down, her attempts to find the answers to her questions—mostly nebulous and unframed—grew less urgent and more infrequent. Soon she was in the doldrums; to put it in her own words, she was “fed up with life in general.”

Her sporadic church attendance faded to the disappearing point; the suffering she saw in her work disturbed her, and she asked herself why it was that mankind had to writhe in pain and be torn on the rack of suffering. But, no answer being forthcoming, she grew despondent, cynical, and “if not exactly an atheist, an agnostic.”

In this state of mind she wrote to her father. The burden of her letter was: “What is life for? What does it hold for any of us? How can we fathom it?” To these questions (which have staggered and disturbed the most nimble minds) he gave his considered opinion. It was the best he could muster. He advised her to go to the local library and consult the writers of philosophical works. He specifically mentioned Bertrand Russell.

Dutiful daughter that she was, Mary followed his advice. But if these authors had the answer to her questions she never found it. Her mind was still questing for the unknown, and it was unsatisfied. In her browsing in the library she dipped into the mystic religions of the East, hoping that even they might have some answer to her eternal quest, “What is the reason for

living?” The answer, however was the same—nothing.

Then she decided that she must change her entire outlook. She would stop worrying herself about these things and start living. She would live the gay life; she would take her good times where she found them; she would enjoy her youth, her zest for life—and let the devil take the hindmost.

But she never found her “good time.” Instead, by the time she had finished her training she was even more cynical and more “fed up” than ever. She would “get away from it all.”

Accordingly, she set out for the Channel Isles, coming at length to Jersey. She was soon at work in a nursing home.

“Everything that is bad for you is cheap in the Channel Islands,” Mary remembers. Especially cigarettes and alcohol. And while she was never a smoker, she found herself turning to alcohol more and more. The crowd she found herself attached to was composed of young people like herself—dedicated fun seekers. “We did stupid things, not bad morally,” she says. “We were all trying to escape from something—but we didn’t know it, of course.” And to aid the process of running away from life, alcohol became more and more

the escape mechanism. Ruefully she admits that she began to grow more and more aggressive. She recognized just in time the sinister effects of the stuff she was drinking.

Then one day her girl friend—also working at the nursing home—announced to Mary that she was leaving for Australia. Her plan was to travel overland, seeing as much as possible of the countries through which she passed, working, perhaps, where it suited, or if necessary. She was leaving in six weeks. Would Mary like to come? She jumped at the chance—until she realized how much there was to do. She could never make it. She vacillated. She tried to be realistic. No, she couldn’t make it. So she bowed out. Her friend prepared to go alone.

Three weeks later, however, she regretted her decision. She realized that she wanted to go more than anything else. Perhaps she would find an answer to the question that still plagued her intermittently. Three weeks from D (for Departure) Day, Mary Cliff joined the party and after a flurry of frantic



by ROBERT H. PARR

# MARY CLIFF



preparation the two young nurses set out.

They hitched their way through Europe to Istanbul. (Here Mary met a young man; remember him—we meet him later.) Then on they went, by bus or rail or whatever means of transport was available, through the Middle East, through India, to Singapore. Here they would take a boat to Australia. But there were no boats; at least, none with berths. It was the time when the Commonwealth Games (1962) were being held in Perth (Western Australia), and every available inch of space had been booked out months before. So they tried the airways.

Success! Soon the girls were really "down under," *bona fide* tourists in the pretty city of Perth, the capital of Western Australia. For three weeks they went everywhere and saw everything, as good tourists should. But they also spent their money in the manner of tourists. So it was time to take stock. And back to nursing.

It took only a few weeks for Mary to find her feet in her new surroundings. She recalls that it was just one month after beginning at the hospital that an event occurred which was to change her life completely. More than that, it was to lead to a complete answer to her questions and bring her to the end of her quest.

It chanced (though that is a poor choice of word) that in the hospital there was a woman patient suffering from anemia. The doctors ordered transfusions, but the patient flatly refused to have anything to do with the treatment. She declared her deep-rooted opposition to blood transfusions on religious grounds, and insisted that there should be no further attempt to prescribe such treatment. Mary was (to use her own term) "semi-impressed."

She found herself talking to the woman because she was interested in anyone who had such a profound conviction. She didn't agree with the woman's point of view, of course; her interest stemmed from the fact that this woman, to the possible peril of her health and maybe even her life, would stand up for what she believed. They talked, the patient and the nurse who was 10,000 miles from home. Finally, the zealous patient gave Mary some literature. She read it, but wasn't as impressed as she might have expected.

Naturally, the thing was a talking point among the nursing staff. In conversation Mary mentioned that she admired this woman for her principle, even though it seemed such a wrong

one; and she indicated that she wished she had some kind of faith on which to cling when the going was rough. "There are so many questions I can't find answers to," she said. "I only wish I could."

"I know someone who can give you all the answers to your questions," a quiet voice said. Mary looked into the face of a nurse aid, a woman older than she, though junior to her in status in the hospital.

"I'll make an appointment, and we can go together," the quiet voice said.

But Mary was not very interested. She had heard that kind of thing before.

A few days passed. Again the quiet voice was at her elbow. Was she working on such an afternoon? No? Neither was she. Then it was arranged. They would go together. For some reason Mary felt a little annoyed. But she went.

The "friend" of the nurse aid was Pastor Austen Fletcher. He met the two nurses graciously, but Mary was in no mood for the conventional niceties. "I was on the attack from the start," she recalls. Then she adds, "And I was

very cynical." But to her surprise the pastor didn't seem to notice her attitude. He was too busy (she thinks) supplying the answers to her questions on faith.

"I went away," she says, "not quite sure what I thought about it all, but determined to go back with harder questions. I was determined to get to the bottom of something, but I didn't know what."

So back she went, only to find that Pastor Fletcher was unruffled by her attack. "He had a logical answer to all the questions I bowled up to him," she says. "What impressed me was that he was entirely credible. Then I found myself going to study with him, not in an aggressive frame of mind, but with an increasing desire to learn all that he could tell me. My interest developed into a fascination."

That became the pattern for four months. Then Mary moved on to Melbourne. She was so convinced of what she had heard that she immediately sought out an Adventist church. On her first Sabbath in Melbourne she

## Oblique

by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Oh, often have I prayed, and thought  
An answer from the skies would come;  
Yet heaven would be deaf and dumb;  
The firmament no answer brought.  
But then in glad surprise I found  
My comfort coming from the ground.

Sometimes I have besought the great  
To lend their aid that I might bring  
Life's flower into blossoming.  
I waited; and they let me wait.  
But in my need a humble friend  
Brought all my trouble to an end.

In night, in solitude I groped,  
Another's sympathy to find,  
Till to the dark I was resigned,  
Thinking that I had vainly hoped.  
But, come from realms to me unknown,  
I felt love's hand upon my own.

The flight of angels never seems  
To be direct. We look before.  
But a surprise they have in store:  
Not here, but there, the glory streams.  
To tell their course in vain we strive;  
We only know they shall arrive.



## BUDDHA'S FORFEIT

From page 4

found herself at the North Fitzroy church. It wasn't long before Pastor Stan Winter took over where Pastor Fletcher had left off.

Gradually, imperceptibly, Mary realized that her quest was over. She had found the answer to all her anxious questionings. She felt a peace of mind that she had never known before. On October 26, 1963, she acknowledged her new faith by baptism.

I talked with Mary just as she was about to take a ship for home. Well, not home directly, for there is that young man from Istanbul. (Remember?) She has an appointment with him in Belgium. The young man does not speak English, and Mary does not speak his language, so they must converse in German.

"And what will you talk about?" I asked (facetiously—as if I didn't know). But I was not quite prepared for the answer.

"I must tell him about this message. I didn't know it when I met him. But I am so full of it now that I just have to tell him all about it."

"And what," I wanted to know, "if he isn't interested?"

"Then I know that there is no future for us together."

"And what of your family? Do you think they will be interested?"

"If they aren't," Mary said with a smile, "it won't be for the want of being told."

The Spirit of God works in many wonderful ways. Some find their faith within the walls of their own homes; some find that it grows with them and comes imperceptibly to them; some find it as they sit at the feet of a godly teacher. But to a few, just a few, there comes the bewildering experience of being led halfway across the world, to find it in a place they never expected to see. Of such it may be truly written: "And he brought us out from thence, that he might bring us in" (Deut. 6:23).

Yes, the Spirit of God works in wonderful and mysterious ways. Mary Cliff has found that for which her soul was searching, under the gentle guidance of the Holy Spirit. Yet one cannot but wonder. What if a certain nurse aid had not spoken up at the right time? What if her natural reticence had caused her to remain silent, to say nothing, do nothing?

The Spirit of God works in wonderful, mysterious, and powerful ways, yet He often depends upon the cooperation of humble human instruments.

dowed with special question-answering powers.

Eagerly one of the priests picked up the golden image and admired it reverently. "This is a costly image, Mr. Chin. How much did you pay for it?" he asked.

"I gave three thousand baht (\$150) for it," replied the merchant.

"You are very fortunate to own this image," remarked the other patriarch quietly.

"This god has answered many questions for me," continued Mr. Chin.

"When I wondered whether or not I should send my daughter to England, I asked the question of the idol and it became so heavy that I could not lift it, thus indicating that she should go. On other occasions the image is so light I can pick it up with one hand, showing me that it would be better not to carry out my plans. There is one question it can't answer: Where can I find help for my wife?"

Pondering the merchant's statement, the priest set the image down. Believing that all sickness results from the displeasure of the gods, he looked for a clue to Mrs. Chin's trouble. The family gave food daily to the priests who passed by on the streets of the city; they paid homage to Buddha and brought gifts to the temple; they visited the holy shrines on feast days. No, the gods had no reason, as far as he could discern, to be angry with the Chins' conduct.

The wizened patriarch's brown-black eyes swept across the room, missing nothing, and came to rest again on the group of idols beside the bed. Suddenly inspiration seized him. Pointing to the expensive gold image he exclaimed, "That image has placed a curse upon this household. See, it is placed among less important idols and its feelings are offended. Because of this, your wife is ill."

"What then can I do to restore favor in its sight?" questioned the merchant anxiously.

"It will not be easy. Many offerings and much incense it will take to appease the god. Also, it must be set in a place of honor by itself. Certainly, this is the cause of your wife's illness." Solving the problem to their satisfaction, the priests, pulling their flowing robes closer about them, left Mr. Chin alone with his wife and his aroused thoughts.

This startling revelation of the priest

stunned the merchant. How could such a remarkable god, one empowered to answer questions, one so wise, not be aware that no slight had been intended? Besides, was it not only an object made of metal? If the gods that the images represented were to send unhappiness and disease to his home as the result of an unintentional act, he wanted no more to do with them. He would rid his house of the idols.

Then as if in answer to his unspoken questions—To whom can I turn? Where can I find help?—the incident at the nursing home flashed across his mind. Certainly. Why hadn't he thought of it before? The man he had seen was suffering a heart condition, and he was taken to the American missionary's hospital. Perhaps the American doctors could help his wife. There was a possibility. Hope surged through his soul.

Acting upon this new ray of hope, Mr. Chin engaged a taxi, tenderly helped his wife to the car, and commanded the driver to go to the Bangkok Sanitarium and Hospital.

Antiseptic smells, neatly dressed nurses, and a cheerful air pervaded the interior of the huge gray-stone hospital. An efficient receptionist inquired of their need and recorded pertinent information that would be useful to the doctor. "Please take a seat. The doctor will see your wife shortly, Mr. Chin," said the woman as she gestured toward some chairs.

"The doctor will see you now, Mrs. Chin," announced the student nurse as she opened the door of an examining cubicle and assisted Sinyin to a chair inside.

Dr. R. M. Truitt, one of the sanitarium's competent doctors, won the confidence of the timid woman. Through a few select questions he learned of her patient endurance of a persistent heart condition. The doctor's examination confirmed what Mr. Chin had known for some time—Sinyin had a congenital heart defect.

"I believe, Mr. Chin, that surgery is needed. I will arrange for you to see our heart specialist, Dr. Louis Ludington. In the meantime, I suggest that you admit your wife to the hospital."

Relatives and close friends soon heard that Sinyin was to undergo an operation. "Don't let the doctor cut open your heart!" they warned her. "You will surely die." The prospects of surgery did, indeed, fill her with mis-



givings, but her husband's confidence in Dr. Ludington bolstered her faith. She would be in skilled hands.

The day of surgery dawned with a burst of beauty as only a day in the tropics can. Claspings the hand of her husband, Sinyin revealed to him her anxiety. "I'm so afraid to have the doctor cut my heart open. What if I should die?"

"There, there, you need have no fear. You know Dr. Ludington is a very skilled surgeon. He has helped so many others—he'll repair your damaged heart, also."

Just then a nurse entered the room. "I'm sorry, but you must leave, Mr. Chin. I'm going to give your wife a sleeping pill. Then we will prepare her for surgery."

As Mr. Chin left his wife's room, Dr. Ludington motioned for the merchant to join him in a nearby office. "Mr. Chin, you realize that I will do my best to correct your wife's defective heart, but I can't do it on my own. There is one request that I want to make of you. The God in heaven whom I serve will guide my hands. He will do what I cannot do—heal your wife. Please pray that He will be with me during the operation."

Surprised, the merchant replied that he would do his best, although he was far from sure how to pray to the Christian's God. Dr. Ludington left him alone and followed the stretcher bearing the sleeping Sinyin into the operating room.

The big clock at the nurses' station tick-tick-ticked away the seconds into minutes, the minutes into hours. What was happening beyond those white metal doors? Would the operation be successful? Restlessly the merchant paced back and forth, back and forth, down the hall. After what seemed an eternity, two orderlies emerged from the operating room pushing the draped form of his Sinyin through the corridor to her room. "I feel that the operation was a success," assured Dr. Ludington. "Your wife will be fine."

Some weeks later, recuperated, Sinyin left the hospital. She felt surprisingly young for her forty-two years. Grateful for the recovery of his wife, the merchant returned to the hospital. "Doctor, I want to show my thankfulness for your help. Tell me, what may I do for you or get you?" urged the man.

"I didn't cure your wife myself, Mr. Chin. My God helped me. I don't want anything for my services." The doctor stroked his chin, deep in thought.

"Maybe, yes, maybe there is something that you can do."

"Anything, doctor. Just say the word." "I would like to have you learn more about the God who healed your wife. Will you study the Bible with one of my friends?" Dr. Ludington gazed steadily into the eyes of the Chinese man as he put the question.

Mr. Chin was speechless. He hadn't expected this type of request, but having given his word to do anything for the doctor, the merchant consented.

"Just as I am without one plea . . ." The strains of the ageless hymn wafted through the Sanitarium church as Sinyin buried her Buddhist past in baptism. Several months later the happy scene was repeated when Mr. Chin followed his wife and accepted the God who had blessed his family.

As the warmth of the sun persuades

the petals of the water lily to open, revealing its simple beauty, so the love of God works through seemingly insignificant incidents to draw men to Christ.

To the merchant's friends, perhaps it was only a coincidence that he learned of the Bangkok Sanitarium and Hospital. Maybe it was just by chance that the image was slighted. Perchance it was an accident that the skillful surgeon was able to mend a defective heart. These conclusions would only be human surmisings.

The Chins know otherwise. God planned these "coincidences" to lead the family to Him. And the "abundant life" He promised to bestow, they are tasting daily. A Bible rests on their bedside table, now cleared of idols, and from its pages they have learned that they love and serve a God who knows the needs and intents of their hearts.



## Loma Linda Linketts rate HIGH on the sandwich list

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# Sabbath School Lessons

SEPTEMBER 17, 1966

Prepared for publication by the General  
Conference Sabbath School Department

## SENIOR

### XII—The Remnant Preserved

**MEMORY VERSE:** "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Thess. 5:23).

**STUDY HELPS:** *The Great Controversy*, pp. 451-460 (chapter 26); *The SDA Bible Commentary*; *SDA Bible Dictionary*.

**STUDY AIM:** To identify the faithful remnant who will receive the seal of God as a symbol of their perfection of character.

#### Introduction

"In the time of the end every divine institution is to be restored. The breach made in the law at the time the Sabbath was changed by man, is to be repaired. God's remnant people, standing before the world as reformers, are to show that the law of God is the foundation of all enduring reform and that the Sabbath of the fourth commandment is to stand as a memorial of creation, a constant reminder of the power of God. In clear, distinct lines they are to present the necessity of obedience to all the precepts of the Decalogue. Constrained by the love of Christ, they are to cooperate with Him in building up the waste places. They are to be repairers of the breach, restorers of paths to well in."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 678.

#### The Remnant in Bible Terms

1. What designation is given the faithful who were preserved at the time of the captivity? 2 Chron. 30:6; Eze. 6:8, 9.

2. How does Paul describe the Jews of his day who had found salvation in Christ? Rom. 9:27; 11:5.

#### The Last-Day Remnant

3. What designation does John give those who remain faithful after the great apostasy of the 1260 years? Rev. 12:17.

**NOTE.**—"Finally, with the passing of the 1260 years of papal supremacy . . . and the arrival of the 'time of the end,' the time when Heaven's last message (ch. 14:6-12) was to be proclaimed to the world, . . . God raised up another 'remnant,' the one designated in Rev. 12:17 (cf. vs. 14-17). This is the 'remnant' of the long and worthy line of God's chosen people that has survived the fierce onslaughts of the dragon down through history, most particularly the darkness, persecution, and error of the 'time, and times, and half a time,' or 1260 'days' of vs. 6, 14. It is God's last 'remnant' by virtue of the fact that it is the appointed herald of His final appeal to the world to accept the gracious gift of salvation (ch. 14:6-12)."

"From the very first, Seventh-day Adventists have

boldly proclaimed the three messages of ch. 14:6-12 as God's last appeal to sinners to accept Christ, and have humbly believed their movement to be the one here designated as the 'remnant.' No other religious body is proclaiming this composite message, and none other meets the specifications laid down in ch. 12:17. Hence none other has a valid, scriptural basis for claiming to be 'the remnant' of v. 17."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Additional Note on Revelation 12, vol. 7, p. 815.

4. What two characteristics distinguish bearers of God's truth in the last days of earth's history? Rev. 14:12.

5. What divinely appointed plan does God purpose to complete through a last-day special message? Rev. 14:6, 7.

**NOTE.**—"The seed has been sown, and now it will spring up and bear fruit. The publications distributed by missionary workers have exerted their influence, yet many whose minds were impressed have been prevented from fully comprehending the truth or from yielding obedience. Now the rays of light penetrate everywhere, the truth is seen in its clearness, and the honest children of God sever the bands which have held them. Family connections, church relations, are powerless to stay them now. Truth is more precious than all besides. Notwithstanding the agencies combined against the truth, a large number take their stand upon the Lord's side."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 612.

6. What message does the angel of Revelation 18 repeat and amplify? Rev. 18:1-4. Compare Rev. 14:8-11.

**NOTE.**—"The angel who unites in the proclamation of the third angel's message is to lighten the whole earth with his glory. A work of worldwide extent and unwonted power is here foretold. The advent movement of 1840-1844 was a glorious manifestation of the power of God; the first angel's message was carried to every missionary station in the world, and in some countries there was the greatest religious interest which has been witnessed in any land since the Reformation of the sixteenth century; but these are to be exceeded by the mighty movement under the last warning of the third angel."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 611.

#### A Holy Nation

7. To what feature of God's law do the three angels' messages draw attention? Rev. 14:6-12. Compare Isa. 58:12-14.

**NOTE.**—"In Eden, God set up the memorial of His work of creation, in placing His blessing upon the seventh day. The Sabbath was committed to Adam, the father and representative of the whole human family. Its observance was to be an act of grateful acknowledgement, on the part of all who should dwell upon the earth, that God was their Creator and their rightful Sovereign; that they were the work of His hands and the subjects of His authority. Thus the institution was wholly commemorative, and given to all mankind. There was nothing in it shadowy, or of restricted application to any people."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 48.

#### BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but at a recent meeting of the New England Post Graduate Assembly, a United States public health service investigator stated that if all cigarette smokers in Framingham, Massachusetts, were to quit smoking, the town would experience a 43 per cent drop in heart attacks. This statement was based on a heart disease eptomology study that has been conducted in Framingham since 1949.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

8. As John saw the saved in heaven, in what were they clothed? How had the experience symbolized by these garments been achieved? Rev. 7:9, 13-15; 1 Thess. 5:23. Compare Rev. 3:5, 18.

**NOTE.**—"We are now living in the great day of atonement. In the typical service, while the high priest was making the atonement for Israel, all were required to afflict their souls by repentance of sin and humiliation before the Lord, lest they be cut off from among the people. In like manner, all who would have their names retained in the book of life should now, in the few remaining days of their probation, afflict their souls before God by sorrow for sin and true repentance. There must be deep, faithful searching of heart. The light, frivolous spirit indulged by so many professed Christians must be put away. . . . The work of preparation is an individual work. We are not saved in groups. The purity and devotion of one will not offset the want of these qualities in another."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 489, 490.

9. What will be the spiritual condition of God's remnant people when Christ returns? Rev. 22:11 (last part), 12. Compare Heb. 10:14.

10. What does God promise as a special blessing to His faithful remnant? Rev. 3:20, 21.

11. What preparation did the prophet say was necessary for the reception of the latter rain by the remnant? Hosea 6:1-3; Joel 2:12, 13, 32. Compare Rev. 14:4, 5.

**NOTE.**—"Not one of us will ever receive the seal of God while our characters have one spot or stain upon them. It is left with us to remedy the defects in our characters, to cleanse the soul temple of every defilement. Then the latter rain will fall upon us as the early rain fell upon the disciples on the Day of Pentecost."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 214.

"Those who are distrustful of self, who are humbling themselves before God and purifying their souls by obeying the truth—these are receiving the heavenly mold and preparing for the seal of God in their foreheads. When the decree goes forth and the stamp is impressed, their character will remain pure and spotless for eternity."—*Ibid.*, p. 216.

#### The Seal of God

12. What will distinguish God's people from the rest of the world? Rev. 7:1-4.

**NOTE.**—"What is the seal of the living God, which is placed in the foreheads of His people? It is a mark which angels, but not human eyes, can read; for the destroying angel must see this mark of redemption. The intelligent mind has seen the sign of the cross of Calvary in the Lord's adopted sons and daughters. The sin of the transgression of the law of God is taken away. They have on the wedding garment, and are obedient and faithful to all God's commands."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on Rev. 6:2, 3, p. 968.

13. What deep spiritual experience must be ours if we are to be ready for the second coming of Christ? 2 Peter 3:13, 14; 1:10, 11. Compare Gal. 2:20.

**NOTE.**—"Jacob was in fear and distress while he sought in his own strength to obtain the victory. He mistook the divine Visitor for an enemy, and contended with Him while he had any strength left. But when he cast himself upon the mercy of God, he found that instead of being in the hands of an enemy, he was encircled in the arms of infinite love. He saw God face to face, and his sins were pardoned. 'The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.' This violence takes in the whole heart. To be double-minded is to be unstable. Resolution, self-denial, and consecrated effort are required for the work of preparation. The understanding and the conscience may be united; but if the will is not set to work, we shall make a failure. Every faculty and feeling must be engaged. Ardor and earnest prayer must take the place of listlessness and indifference. Only by earnest, determined effort and faith in the merits of Christ can we overcome, and gain the kingdom of heaven. Our time for work is short. Christ is soon to come the second time."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on Gen. 32:26, pp. 1095, 1096.



# YOUTH

## XII—Facing Teen-age Problems

**MEMORY GEM:** "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Phil. 4:13).

**ILLUMINATION OF THE TOPIC:** *Messages to Young People*, pp. 51-70.

**TARGET:** To understand the nature of the many problems confronting teenagers, and how to meet them.

### Introduction

"At your present age you should be right in the middle of an extended program of learning to know yourself. Before you began the period of your adolescence, you were not particularly concerned with understanding yourself and why you did things as you did. But since that time, you have either frequently or occasionally, consciously or unconsciously, tried to size yourself up and learn what makes you function as you do."—T. H. JEMISON, *Facing Life*, p. 89.

"You have watched the rising sun, and the gradual break of day over earth and sky. Little by little the dawn increases, till the sun appears; then the light grows constantly stronger and clearer until the full glory of noontide is reached. This is a beautiful illustration of what God desires to do for His children in perfecting their Christian experience. As we walk day by day in the light He sends us, in willing obedience to all His requirements, our experience grows and broadens until we reach the full stature of men and women in Christ Jesus."—*Messages to Young People*, pp. 15, 16.

### 1—Problems With Yourself

1. What assurance is given concerning the trials that God permits to come to us? 1 Cor. 10:13.

Problems, trials, and tests there will be for everyone. Character cannot be formed without them. God graciously fits them to our strength, and provides His strength as our way to escape (overcome). Many young people, without uniting with Christ's strength, try to escape the reality of their problems by daydreaming, eating too much, smoking, drinking, taking dope, or even pretending to be ill.

"There will be a struggle with outward and internal obstacles. There must be a painful work of detachment, as well as a work of attachment. Pride, selfishness, vanity, worldliness—sin in all its forms—must be overcome, if we would enter into a union with Christ. The reason why many find the Christian life so deplorably hard, why they are so fickle, so variable, is, they try to attach themselves to Christ without first detaching themselves from these cherished idols."—*Ibid.*, p. 118.

2. What counsel did Paul give the young man Timothy? 1 Tim. 4:16.

"Self" is the greatest enemy you have. So you must take a good look at yourself, study yourself, learn to criticize yourself, and live with yourself. This is the foundation for recognizing and solving your problems.

"We cannot afford to let our spirits chafe over any real or supposed wrong done to our-

selves. Self is the enemy we most need to fear. No form of vice has a more baleful effect upon the character than has human passion not under the control of the Holy Spirit. No other victory we can gain will be so precious as the victory gained over self."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 458.

3. What words in Matthew 6:24 show that no one can please everybody?

You are a person with the power to think and act. As plans and procedures are presented, it is your privilege to think them through and arrive at your conclusion. If you keep changing from one plan to another, you will be like a reed blown about by the wind. You cannot expect everybody to think and decide the same as you do, and you should not be surprised if some criticism comes your way. When it comes, do not resent it; think it over, it may contain some good suggestions. If it does, accept it. If it does not, forget it. Never let criticism make you lose your temper.

4. Under circumstances that would tempt one to lose his temper, what solution to the problem does Solomon give? Prov. 15:1.

"So long as we are in the world, we shall meet with adverse influences. There will be provocations to test the temper; and it is by meeting these in a right spirit that the Christian graces are developed. If Christ dwells in us, we shall be patient, kind, and forbearing, cheerful amid frets and irritations. Day by day and year by year we shall conquer self, and grow into a noble heroism. This is our allotted task, but it cannot be accomplished without help from Jesus, resolute decision, unwavering purpose, continual watchfulness, and unceasing prayer. Each one has a personal battle to fight. Not even God can make our characters noble or our lives useful, unless we become co-workers with Him. Those who decline the struggle lose the strength and joy of victory."—*Ibid.*, p. 487.

5. What spirit did Daniel manifest that was a definite factor in his personality and his success? Dan. 1:8.

Too many young people have not developed the spirit of determination, of sticking to the job till it is finished. While the band is playing and the flags are waving they are enthusiastic, but they soon "peter out" or give up. Is this your problem?

We must be careful, however, not to confuse stubbornness with the spirit of determination. Stubbornness and obstinacy are signs of immaturity, and are definite personality destroyers.

6. How was stubbornness and being "stiff-necked" (obstinate) regarded in olden times? Deut. 21:18-21; Ex. 33:3, 5.

If you have ever had any problems with stubbornness or obstinacy, do not be discouraged. You can overcome these traits.

"Christ has given us no assurance that to attain perfection of character is an easy matter. A noble all-round character is not inherited. It does not come to us by accident. A noble character is earned by individual effort through the merits and grace of Christ. God gives the talents, the powers of the mind; we form the character. It is formed by hard, stern battles with self. Conflict after conflict must be waged against hereditary tendencies. We shall have to criticize ourselves closely, and allow not one unfavorable trait to remain uncorrected."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 99.

7. What words of Paul indicate that adaptability is another key to success? 1 Cor. 9:19-22.

A certain amount of give and take and being able to adapt oneself to various situations will also solve many of life's problems. Beware of

trying to have your own way on all occasions.

8. What very desirable possibility and promise is given to commandment keepers? Ps. 119:165.

Maybe "becoming offended" is one of the most common of all youth problems. Some little inflection of the voice, some little misunderstood action, and one's feelings are hurt. Solomon says: "A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city" (Prov. 18:19). Here is the solution to this problem:

"To rule the spirit is to keep self under discipline; to resist evil; to regulate every word and deed by God's great standard of righteousness. He who has learned to rule his spirit will rise above the slights, the rebuffs, the annoyances, to which we are daily exposed, and these will cease to cast a gloom over his spirit."—*Ibid.*, p. 134.

9. What comforting promises are given to help us when the heart has been crushed with disappointment? Ps. 103:13; Isa. 66:13.

"In His mercy and faithfulness, God often permits those in whom we place confidence to fail us, in order that we may learn the folly of trusting in man and making flesh our arm. Let us trust fully, humbly, unselfishly in God. He knows the sorrows that we feel to the depths of our being, but which we cannot express. When all things seem dark and unexplainable, remember the words of Christ, 'What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.'"—*The Ministry of Healing*, pp. 486, 487.

10. What solution is given in the Bible to the problem of feeling inferior because we may not have as many talents, clothes, or money as others? 1 Tim. 6:6-8; Phil. 4:11.

"Those who are drinking at the fountain of life will not, like the worldling, manifest a longing desire for change and pleasure. In their deportment and character will be seen the rest and peace and happiness that they have found in Jesus by daily laying their perplexities and burdens at His feet. They will show that in the path of obedience and duty there is contentment and even joy."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 181.

11. What experience in the life of Paul gives us the secret of not feeling rebellious because of some handicap, such as being blind, or deaf, or lame? 2 Cor. 12:7-9.

### 2—Problems With Others

12. When others get the honors, the position, or the rewards we hoped to receive, of what feelings must we beware? 1 Peter 2:1.

Solomon tells us "jealousy is cruel as the grave" (S. of Sol. 8:6), and that envy is "the rottenness of the bones" (Prov. 14:30). James tells us envy is "earthly" and "devilish" (James 3:14-16). Jealousy does more harm to the one who harbors it than it does to one against whom it is directed. Far better to love and sympathize with others. "Love envieth not" (1 Cor. 13:4).

13. What encouragement or hope is there for the person who has made mistakes or failed of reaching his goal? Prov. 24:16; Ps. 37:24.

It is possible for all to make mistakes, but we are to forget those things that are behind and press forward "toward the prize" (Phil. 3:13, 14).

"Do all in your power to gain perfection; but do not think that because you make mistakes you are excluded from God's service. The Lord knows our frame; He remembers that we are dust. As you use faithfully the talents God has given you, you will gain knowledge that will make you dissatisfied with self. You will see the need of sifting away harmful habits, lest by a wrong example you injure others."—*Ibid.*, p. 226.

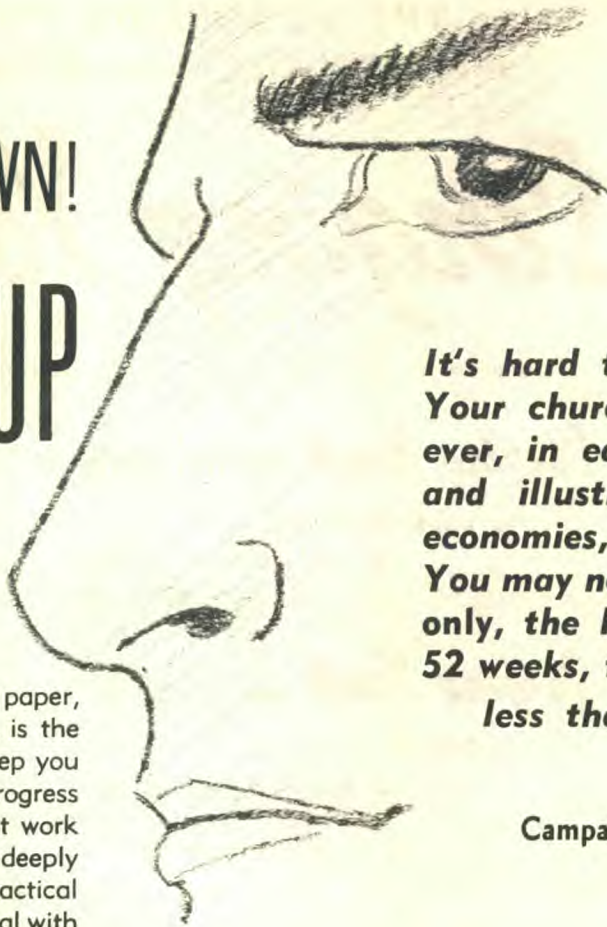
14. What is the secret of solving all youth problems? Phil. 4:13; John 15:7.

## Key Wit Sharpeners

"Worldliness, frivolity, and pride take the place which Christ should occupy in the soul."



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► During 1965 more than 26,000 dis-used automobiles were abandoned on the streets of London. **BBC**

► At a cost of more than half a million dollars, Spain's largest atomic power station will be built at Santa Maria de Gerona, near Burgos. It will be the tenth largest in the world. **IDES**

► Dr. Auguste Piccard, Jr., has developed mesoscaphe, a kind of commercial submarine, which, launched in 1964, has already carried more than 25,000 passengers under the waters of Lake Geneva, in Switzerland. **EAW**

► Since its introduction, stereo-FM broadcasting has grown from fewer than 60 stations at the end of 1961 to more than 470 in the United States alone, with an estimated 50 stations using the system in other countries. **Zenith**

► Nepal's National Park and Wildlife Sanctuary, the first in central Asia, supports 180 to 200 rhinos, some 300 tigers, and an unknown number of leopards. Many other species of wild animals inhabit the sanctuary, as well as some 500 species of bird life. **National Geographic Society**

► British Columbia totem carvers have fashioned markers that have been erected along the land and water route from Vancouver Island to the northern parts of British Columbia. The carvers, well-known Indian artists, all worked on the same basic design. The dominant figure on each pole is a grizzly bear; smaller figures are appropriate to the area where the pole is located. **CDEA**

► President Woodrow Wilson's ancestral home in Northern Ireland's County Tyrone has been designated an Irish National Monument. The thatch-roofed farmhouse at Dergalt was the home of the 28th President's grandfather, James Wilson. Five Wilsons—three brothers and two sisters, all unmarried—worked the old farm until it was bought by the Irish Government. **National Geographic Society**

► Eight miles off the French coast in the Bay of Biscay, a steel structure nearly half as tall as the Eiffel Tower rises from the bottom of the sea. It is the drilling platform *Neptune-Gascogne*, a 7,500-ton self-elevating mobile rig that floats when its 350-foot legs are raised. For drilling, the legs are lowered to the bottom and the platform rises above the surface on motor-driven gears. The deck contains a helicopter pad and living quarters for 58 men. **Lamp**



## Radarscope

► Surprising travelers on State Highway 133 near Lovington, Illinois, is a large American flag that has "flown" constantly at the same spot since 1897. The flag doesn't really fly, since it is painted in full color on the sides of a large white-frame farm house. The flag was first painted on a residence near this site during Civil War days as a declaration of patriotism. When a new house replaced the earlier one in 1897, the tradition was maintained. Since then, the flag has always been repainted when the house was redecorated or when a new star was added to the flag. **Ford Times**

► Not long ago, Kuwait sent a sheik to the United States to buy and send home an entire ice cream factory. The sheik explained that the sun-scorched oil kingdom on the Persian Gulf could not import ready-made ice cream fast enough to satisfy the demand. **National Geographic Society**

► At the 50th International Esperanto Congress held in Tokyo, Japan, last year, 1,700 participants attended from 40 countries. All proceedings, formal and informal, were in Esperanto, including lectures on molecular biology and electricity and life. **Science**

► The zoological gardens at Peking attract 5 million visitors a year—a record for any similar place in the world. The small entrance fee—about five cents—is waived in respect of children under three feet in height. **BBC**

► More than 1,300 people in the Chattanooga, Tennessee, area have pledged to donate their eyes to the East Tennessee Eye Bank, Inc., sponsored by the district Lions Club. **AMA**

► One glass of water contains more molecules than there are glasses of water in all the oceans. **National Geographic Society**

► The total flow of all the rivers of Australia combined, is only equal to that of the River Danube. **EAW**

► Afghanistan has only 57 dentists in a population of 13 million people. **HH**

► In 24 hours a person's nails grow .00046 of an inch. **EAW**

► Population in Taiwan at the end of March, 1966, was 12,716,417, an increase of 32,576 over that in February. **CIS**

► "Bread for the World," the German Evangelical church's campaign against hunger, is to raise \$2,500,000 to help avert famine in India. **GIC**

► One of the world's tree wonders is a hedge of beech trees 580 yards long and reaching a height of 85 feet at Meikleour in Scotland. It is thought to have been planted in 1746. **Scots Magazine**

► Minneapolis, Minnesota, has 22 lakes within its city limits, 32 miles of landscaped shoreline, 105 miles of paths connecting the lakes, and 154 parks with a total of 6,000 acres—an acre of park for each 100 Minneapolitans. **Ford Times**

► Perhaps the most unusual garden in Washington, D.C., grows atop the roof of the Shoreham Hotel's new ballroom. It has no public access. It was designed solely to give hotel guests a pleasant view from their windows. **National Geographic Society**

► An Italian man who received a chimpanzee kidney in a transplant performed at the Surgical Pathology Institute of Rome University was reported in good condition a week later. Surgeons said they used the chimpanzee kidney because no human kidneys were available. **AMA**

► Sacramento Valley in California is the scene of the massive Oroville Dam project, the biggest in California's history. The dam will tower 770 feet. A great man-made river, the 444-mile California Aqueduct will funnel millions of gallons of water to parched areas as far south as San Diego. **National Geographic Society**

► The tiny asteroid Icarus will be about 4 million miles away at its closest approach to earth on June 15, 1968. The announcement by a University of California astronomer puts to rest recent speculations that Icarus might be pulled far enough out of its orbit while skirting Mercury to put the asteroid on a collision course with earth. The California professor's research on Icarus and other asteroids has had a major impact on the science of celestial mechanics. From calculating the paths of minor planets, he has developed highly reliable and accurate techniques for forecasting and controlling the paths of space vehicles. **UCAL**



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