

THE

# Youth's

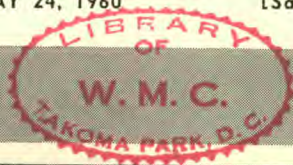
## INSTRUCTOR

Viola Payne begins the fascinating story of a Texas town that found a key to survival:

### Menard's Monument to the Future

MAY 24, 1960

[Sabbath School Lesson for June 4]





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**LIFE and HEALTH**

Washington 12, D.C.



*Len became deeply engrossed with his work at radio station WKZO, and his dream of becoming a minister began to fade.*

# A Pattern for Life

by DOUGLAS C. WARTZOK

**I**T IS your decision, Len. You may accept my proposition or refuse it. But if you answer in the affirmative, remember that it's a seven-day-a-week job." The speaker was George Kimball, head of a corporation that owned a radio station in southern Michigan. He had just offered to Leonard Wartzok, then a junior student at Emmanuel Missionary College and now my father, the position as chief announcer for a station that was destined to become one of the most powerful in the State.

"Give me a little time to think it over, and I'll promise you a definite answer soon." So saying, the young man walked out of the studio and headed toward Burman Hall. His thoughts were tumbling over one another, seeking a way out of or around this major decision of his life.

As he let his mind dwell upon the events that had finally brought him face to face with this present situation, he could discern a definite pattern formulated by an overseeing Power.

As a grade-school boy reared in a devout Lutheran home in Brooklyn, Wisconsin, Len Wartzok had possessed the desire to become a minister in the church of his family's choice. This early desire was strengthened as he continued on through high school.

When lessons and basketball practice were over, he used all available moments in studying his Bible. But questions arose in his mind as to the correctness of certain teachings of his church concerning the Sabbath. When his catechetical class studied the third commandment—the one in the Lutheran





# THE Youth's INSTRUCTOR

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

A continually changing world is reflected in its pages as it has expanded from 1852 to 1960. Then it was essentially a medium for providing youth Sabbath school lessons. Now it also supplies many added services meaningful to twentieth-century Christians.

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catechism that deals with the Sabbath—Len approached his pastor with this comment, "I cannot harmonize what you teach us in class with what I read in the Bible about the seventh day of the week as being the Sabbath day."

"All days are holy to the Christian," the pastor replied. "It makes no difference which day the Christian observes. However, since Christ arose on the first day, and since it is the day that most of Christendom observes, we have chosen to worship on that day also."

Len pondered the answer—a most unsatisfactory one for this searcher for truth. But these differences of doctrine, he contended, could be straightened out during the theological course he hoped to pursue.

On another occasion he asked his pastor this question: "I want to be a minister, and I want to know how to go about it. Where should I go to study; what courses should I take?"

The answer was altogether conclusive. "Since we're only a few miles from Madison, attend the University of Wisconsin for your basic course, and then enroll at our seminary."

Following this advice, Len entered the university in the autumn of 1926. The theory of evolution was then in its heyday, and every class seemed to be permeated with its philosophy. Again he was bewildered. "How can I," he reasoned with himself, "continue to have such anti-Biblical philosophy thrust upon me, and yet come out clean to preach the Word of God?"

After one year he was discouraged with the whole situation and undecided as to whether he ought to continue his education at the university. At this crucial time he received a special issue of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR containing descriptions of various courses offered at Seventh-day Adventist colleges throughout the United States.

"These colleges all seem to make the Bible the foundation of their curriculums," he mused. "This is ideal. I could take theology and history at one of these schools and then go on to the Lutheran seminary when my four years are finished."

That one issue of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, together with copies of *Signs of the Times*, had been sent to his mother by a former neighbor. Mrs. Sadie Rollins, who had gone to Arizona for her health was introduced to Seventh-day Adventist teachings by friends and new acquaintances. Since she wished to share her convictions, she mailed the literature to Len's mother.

Later that summer, as Len sat at the

table filling out an application for admission to Emmanuel Missionary College, two women called at the door of his home, soliciting funds for "a worldwide welfare work." While his mother went for an offering, the visitors conversed with the busy young man whose attention was fixed upon the application blank. Their surprise was evident when they discovered that he was applying for entrance to Emmanuel Missionary College. When they informed him that a minister, Elder J. H. Raubenhimer, a former EMC student, was soliciting in another part of the town that day, Len expressed a desire to talk with him.

During the course of the subsequent conversation, Elder Raubenhimer offered to drive the young aspirant to college in September. The plans never materialized, however, for Len acquired an infection of the inner ear that interrupted his education for an entire year.

But the following year he went, and arrived on the campus without knowing anyone. Was this school all that he had anticipated? Would it truly fit him for his life's ambition? At least, he was sure, he would not have to be forced to accept the theory of evolution as part of his study.

From his study, he expected to find the people on an Adventist campus to be about perfect, and as he settled into the routine and regularity of school life, perfection was what he looked for.

As the year progressed, however, he observed students who demonstrated a lack of reverence during the worship periods. When he contrasted this with the attitude that prevailed during Lutheran services, he realized that these students did not measure up to their high standards as he had anticipated they would. He became discouraged, and at the end of the first semester, left the campus.

He might have stayed home and never returned to resume his course had it not been for friends who continued to write him letters. "Len, you don't know what you're missing," they said. "Come on back, and we'll have a good time together."

The beginning of the second semester of the following year found him back at EMC. Although he believed the doctrines of the Adventist church, he had not yet made his decision to become a member.

The following year he returned to EMC again. His course left him with extra time, which he spent as announcer for station WKZO. He had

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The Youth's Instructor, May 24, 1960



## Quench Not the Spirit<sup>1</sup>

**Cover** Even though you do not live where scenes such as the one on this week's cover form a part of your environment, you can visit them. Shown here in a Canadian Pacific Railway photo is Mount Rundle and Vermillion Lake, near Banff, Alberta.

**Tours** The Bureau of Public Relations at General Conference headquarters is arranging for guided tours, both before and following the North American Youth Congress in Atlantic City. Visitors and delegates to the June 21-25 congress in New Jersey are invited to gain a firsthand acquaintance with their denominational headquarters. The General Conference building is situated in Washington, the District of Columbia, on the boundary between the District and Maryland, in Takoma Park.

**Tours** Many U.S. highways converge in Washington, including routes 1, 29, 50, 211, and 240. The "J-6" D.C. Transit buses from downtown Washington end their route at the side of the General Conference building. The headquarters tour will take approximately one hour. It will include specially arranged exhibits, and a visit to the Ellen G. White Estate. *Estate* in this instance represents not land, but the collected original writings of Sister White.

**Wedding** One of our infrequent articles for weekday reading is in this issue. "A Wedding That Didn't Bankrupt Us" may help some reader to plan such an occasion without sacrificing the beauty that should attend it. Extravagance and good taste aren't necessarily synonymous.

**Radio** Are you a licensed amateur radio operator? Let us have your complete listing by June 1, and it will appear in the annual *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR Radio Log*, to be published in August. Send complete information to Amateur Radio Log, THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

**Creation** "When the Lord declares that He made the world in six days and rested on the seventh day, He means the day of twenty-four hours, which He has marked off by the rising and setting of the sun."—TM 136.

Mounting statistics on accidents, and multiplying eruptions in the natural world are no mystery to God's people. Two generations of the church have had this forthright statement from the messenger of the Lord: "The Spirit of God is gradually but surely being withdrawn from the earth. . . . The calamities by land and sea, the unsettled state of society, the alarms of war, are portentous. They forecast approaching events of the greatest magnitude."<sup>2</sup>

A letter to the editor a few weeks ago brought a heartening assurance that God's Spirit has not withdrawn from those who are earnestly preparing for Jesus' return. "It is fortunate for me that I picked up a copy of the *Instructor* dated February 2, 1960," the letter began.

"Your editorial 'Artful Dissembling' was for me." The writer explained that she had written an article about a Bible character, basing it on her reading of a Bible commentary, but using the facts gleaned without giving credit to the source. "I have asked the Lord to forgive me, but it still bothers me. As editor, will you please forgive me and do what further if anything is necessary so this sin will be 'blotted out?'" It was, as always, a joy to tell the author that she was readily forgiven.

It is comparatively easy to ask our heavenly Father to forgive us our trespasses. It isn't as easy to ask those whom we may have wronged to forgive us. Yet we believe that where someone else has been sinned against, the transaction of forgiveness is completed only when we have done our best to rectify the matter with that one.

The conviction of wrong results only from the impress of the Holy Spirit upon our minds. If that impress is resisted, we are thereby resisting the influence of the Holy Spirit. Continued resistance will in time quench His appeals to our conscience. If that happens, we close the door on eternal life. None can inherit life everlasting with faults still unconfessed and unforgiven.

An earthquake and tidal wave destroy a Moroccan city, and 10,000 inhabitants are estimated to have died. Two airliners collide over a South American harbor, and scores perish. What does this mean to you?

Thank God that His Spirit still lingers with those who want to follow their Master into life eternal. Have you some things to make right? "Quench not the Spirit."

*Walter C. Croudeall*

<sup>1</sup> 1 Thessalonians 5:19.    <sup>2</sup> *Testimonies*, vol. 9, p. 11.

## COMING NEXT WEEK

- "THE G.Q. OF ALBERT K."—a demonstration that although one can measure stature and to some extent classify mental capacity, there is no adequate way to evaluate the heart and spirit. By Robert H. Parr.
- "JACK, WHO IS NO RABBIT"—for those who have not yet discovered the thrill of knowing the smaller creatures of the earth, an introduction to the desert hare. By Mabel Earp Cason.
- "THE ATTIRE OF WITNESS"—an episode in the life of a teenage girl whose faith was proved in rebel machine gun fire. By E. Lennard Minchin.



# Besides,

# IT'S AN

SPRING had dropped from the sky, and the city of Holland, Michigan, was a living tulip garden. The weather that Sabbath in May was sparkling, and as I walked to church I felt like a queen about to ascend a diamond throne. I was only eleven years old, but somehow I felt that with one sweep of my brilliant gold scepter, I could control the world. It was just that kind of day.

In church that morning we had a guest speaker, a student from Emmanuel Missionary College, who was a literature evangelist. In his sermon he told many of his experiences, and as he talked I became more and more interested. I could see myself standing straight and tall in a crisp cotton dress, my case in hand, or walking from house to house while the breeze tossed back my long brown curls. "But I mustn't think of such things," I told myself. "I'm only eleven years old."

I was in for a surprise, however, when two days later, as mom and I were doing the dinner dishes, she asked, "How would you like to canvass this summer? I think you could do very well. I canvassed for two years, and it's really very inspiring. Besides, it's an education. We don't get all our learning from books,

you know. I'm sure you would enjoy meeting the people."

"Oh, Mom, it all sounds so thrilling, but it would never work out for me. I'm too young."

"No, I don't think you are. God needs young people, and you can't start any younger," mom continued in her most persuasive manner.

"Well, O.K., if you think I can do it, I'd like to try." Mother soon wrote to the publishing department. They were a bit apprehensive at starting one so young, but they consented, and I was soon canvassing.

The first morning was frightful. I arose early and carefully gave my hair a few extra strokes with the brush. My clothes had been laid out the evening before like soldiers in a line ready to march. First, my saddle shoes with a thick coat of polish shining like a mirror, next my white bobby socks and blouse, then my pink tiered skirt and the black belt, which completed the outfit. I gave myself an approving glance in the mirror and went down to family worship.

At the foot of the stairs I found Claudia, my little red-haired sister, waiting with a smile on her rosy face. Each took his accustomed turn to pray, and

when it was Claudia's turn, she asked, "Dear Jesus, please help Marge to sell lots of books."

Worship over, I picked up my case, said good-by to the family, and started out briskly. All went well until I reached the porch of the first house. There things began to look different. What was it I was supposed to do? "Oh, yes, wear your biggest smile. Be pleasant. Oh, my knees—they're shaking. Now, Marge, take hold of yourself just as you would if you were speaking in public. That's right. Take three deep breaths. Now ring the bell. Come now, stop your hand from shaking. Quick, put on that smile. Oh, dear, someone is coming to the door."

The woman who answered my ring had soapsuds on her hands.

"G-g-good morning," I stammered.

"I can't be bothered today," she snapped and was gone.

I made a quick about-face and started down the walk, lecturing myself as I went. "Now listen here, young lady, what's wrong with you? You've never had trouble speaking. You know how to talk. At least you should. Why were you so frightened by just one person? Straighten your shoulders and smile! No, not such a stiff one. Come on!



Who would have thought that Marge's mother would ever approve of such a plan for her?

# EDUCATION

by MARJORIE ANN SLIKKERS



You've never had trouble with a smile before. There now, relax. That's better."

By now, I was on the steps of the second house. When I rang the bell a pleasant-looking woman in her thirties answered the door and invited me in. Once seated in an overstuffed chair in the cool, green living room I began to relax. Soon I had an order for a year's subscription to *Life and Health*.

"You must be dying of thirst!" my customer exclaimed. "Let me get you some water while you write out the order." Naturally I didn't object, and when she returned she didn't bring water, but lemonade. Soon I was refreshed and on my way again. I made a few other sales that day, and on the whole it was a good day. When I went to bed my feet were sore and I was tired, but it was a good kind of tiredness.

I felt that I was going to like canvassing, for I knew that regardless of discouragements, there would always be the kind, sincere people whom God was trying to reach.

Mrs. Janke was one of these. She lived in a one-story, green-shingled house. When I walked up the step I could hear several little children chattering.

"Mamma, I want to eat."

"Jay—Jay, don't touch my doll."

"Where's my shoes?"

"Well, this should be a good place to sell children's books," I thought as I rang the bell, expecting it to be answered by a very haggard mother. I was a bit taken back when a pleasant-faced young woman answered my ring. She was of about medium height with hair that would have been blond if it had been brushed. But who worries about hair with four little children claiming every minute?

"Good morning," I said in my most pleasant voice. "I'm working in the interest of children."

"Please come in," she said cordially. I was ushered into what appeared to be a living room but more nearly resembled a children's playroom.

"Jill dear, please take Jay and Jan outdoors. Mother is busy," pleaded Mrs. Janke. After ten minutes of coaxing, the three older children, aged six, four, and three, finally obeyed, and we had peace to talk.

Soon I had a sizable order for several books. After leaving the house I felt glad I was selling books and not taking care of four little children. After becoming better acquainted with the family I was able to take the children to Sabbath school.

Throughout the summer when I became discouraged, I would just stop and ask God for courage. I learned truly that "prayer is the key to unlock heaven's storehouse," and there is no other key.

One weekend, I, along with the other literature evangelists in Michigan, went to Camp Au Sable for a colporteur rally. The camp was beautiful with its pine-log lodge and big dining room, and the cabins with their neat rows of bunks. Looking down the hill from the lodge, I could see the lake like a crystal punch bowl shining in the late afternoon sun. Around the sparkling water were woods, each tree standing like a sentry.

As several girls and I were sauntering to the first meeting, I was approached by one of the field men. "Miss Slikkers," he said.

It sounded strange to be called Miss Slikkers.

"Since you are our youngest worker, we would like to have you say a few words this evening." He was gone before I could open my mouth to protest. Well, now I had a problem: What would I talk about? After recovering from the first shock I remembered that mother had told me a few things to say if I were asked to speak. "It won't



be too bad after all," I tried to reason.

Soon after the meeting began I was being introduced.

"Our youngest worker this year is an eleven-year-old girl from Holland. Miss Slikkers, will you tell us some of the experiences you've had this summer?"

"I'll never get used to being called Miss," I thought. Everyone was looking at me. I blush very easily, and all at once my face was like a McIntosh apple. I relaxed and began to speak, and the ordeal wasn't as bad as I had anticipated. Nevertheless, I was glad when the experience was over.

The weekend was inspiring and relaxing, and I returned home with a new determination. By this time summer was fast drawing to a close and the air began to have the rich, spicy odor of fall. I laid aside my case, balanced my books, and found I had enough money to pay my tuition for the coming school year.

I canvassed for three more summers after that first year. Always I watched for those who showed a special interest in the truth to be found in my books. There were the Sampsons, for instance, a lovely couple with two small children. Each member of the family had dark hair and eyes and a noticeable Southern accent. The day I first visited them, the conference publishing department secretary, who had come to see how I was progressing, was with me. The home was a humble Quonset, and we wondered whether the people would be interested. After the usual greeting we were ushered into a compact kitchen and living room. We presented to them a volume of *Bedtime Stories* and the *Drama of the Ages*. They appeared very well pleased with the books and ordered both. Being of meager means, they were unable to pay cash, and it was arranged that I should return and collect the balance.

When collection day arrived, I found them bubbling over with enthusiasm. "We've never read anything like this before. It is so interesting," they exclaimed. Several weeks later I returned to see them again. As I started up the tiny wooden steps leading to the porch, the door swung back and Mrs. Sampson appeared.

"Why Marge, won't you come in? It sure does seem good to see y'all again." I was soon seated in their hospitable living room, and after we had been chatting for a few minutes I showed them *Daniel and the Revelation*. "You know," exclaimed Mr. Sampson, "I believe this will clear up some of the questions I've had."

"I think I have something else you'd be interested in," I announced as I gave them an enrollment card for a Bible correspondence course.

When I returned later to collect the payments, Mrs. Sampson invited me to rest a minute and talk. As we were chatting and sipping lemonade she said, "We surely do enjoy those books. I read to the boys every night and sometimes after they fall asleep I keep right on reading, it's so interesting."

Mr. Sampson appeared about this time with the payment. "Y'know," he drawled, "I've read only about the first four chapters, and I feel I've got my money's worth already."

When I left their home I paused and silently thanked God for leading me to that house. The Sampsons soon moved to another State and I never heard of them again, but I know the seed of God's truth has been planted and I hope to see them in the earth made new.

By the summer of 1956 I began to feel that I had finally learned to judge the customers' reaction just by the expression on their faces. Sometimes, however, I was far wrong in my calculations.

One morning my prospect was as unresponsive as a stone wall as I showed her the *Bedtime Stories*. "Notice this special character index," I suggested, but when I looked up, she was intently gazing at the neighbor's sprinkler.

"Perhaps you may want a story on a particular subject, like *obedience* or *sharing*. You can look right here in this index and discover it." By then she had shifted her gaze and was staring

## FAMILY FARE

### For Me

by MABLE HILLOCK

**I**T WAS quite a job for the twins to learn all the memory verses for Thirtieth Sabbath, but they were making a valiant attempt. However, Bette insisted upon adding two words to one of them. The memory verse was, "The Son of man is betrayed," but when Bette said it, it became, "The Son of man is betrayed for me."

Come to think of it, I don't believe her version was so far wrong after all, do you? She certainly had the right idea, if not the exact words. It might do us all good to say the verse, slowly and reverently, her way: "The Son of man is betrayed for me."

at a minute bit of lint on the carpet.

"I'm sure you and your children would find many hours of enjoyment in these books," I finished wearily as I began to put my book away.

"Yes, I'll pay cash," she announced. "How much did you say they were?"

I was dumfounded and was hardly able to fill out the order with my shaking hand.

The summer of 1957 I was fourteen, and considered myself a veteran colporteur, and was quite confident. Yet I was terrified when I walked up the stone walk of a large trilevel house overlooking Lake Michigan. "But who wouldn't be nervous?" I thought. Everyone in our town knew wealthy Christopher Smith, for he owned a large boat company and employed eight hundred men. I had no appointment and I wondered what I would find. What would this well-to-do family be like? Would they even look at a person like me?

My fears mounted as I came closer to the door. I would have to comment on some general subject Mrs. Smith would be interested in. My father was a welder at the boat company, and had said there were four children in the family.

The bell was at my finger tips. I pushed it with some reluctance. I had to think fast. No matter how rich she might be I was sure she'd be glad to talk about her children. Just then a pretty young woman in her late twenties opened the door.

"Good morning. I'm Marge Slikkers. Your friend Mrs. Jack Smith asked me to call on you. Ah—you are Mrs. Smith, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am," she replied. Leading me down two carpeted steps into a spacious living room, she showed me to a chair.

"I'm working in the interest of children," I began, and after that sentence I had her full attention for the rest of the canvass. "So you see, Mrs. Smith," I concluded, "these aren't just stories to entertain children. Each one teaches a lesson."

She leafed through one of the books a minute, then inquired, "To whom shall I make out the check?"

I had always pictured the people living behind those richly draped windows as proud and self-centered. My views on this and many other subjects have been changed through my canvassing experience. It has taught me how to get along with people, and has brought me closer to God. My mother said, "Besides giving you an opportunity to be a real help to others, it's an education."





*Marriage  
for keeps*

# On Making Love

This column, appearing once or twice each month, is devoted to the social phases of Christian living. Questions from readers are welcome and will be considered when topics for coming articles are selected. Address your questions to Harold Shryock, M.D., THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

WHEN I was beginning to date, I had many questions about the adventure of courtship and about those attractions between a boy and a girl that lead steadily and strongly toward marriage. One question in particular had to do with whether there is a point of no return in love-making beyond which a boy and girl may be involuntarily impelled to go the whole way in expressing their affection.

Even though I did not know the answer to this question, I sensed that it could be hazardous to try to find the answer and so I assumed that there probably is such a point. This assumption helped me to chart my course conservatively.

Today, as I counsel young people, I observe that many youth of the present generation do not believe that there is a point of no return in the personal relations between a boy and a girl. They feel confident of their ability to go just so far and no further in expressing affection. But this attitude of false confidence so often trips well-meaning youth that it is well to present evidence that there is a point of no return.

In observing cases of Seventh-day Adventist youth who have allowed their love-making to carry them too far, I find that usually there was not a thought of either the boy or the girl that the emotions might get out of control. The final realization that they have gone too far typically comes as a shocking surprise to both of them.

One young man told me of how he and his girl-friend had been talking about the conduct of their courtship and had agreed that theirs was to be conducted properly. "Then," he said, "it was as though I suddenly blacked out, and the next thing I knew we had gone too far in our love-making. Just the very talking about it caused us to lose control of our conduct." For this couple, surely, there was a point of no return. But they were not aware of it until they had passed it.



## BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but there are more adults over twenty-one years of age in the United States who are total abstainers from liquor than the combined population of the following eighteen States:

Alabama	Louisiana
Arizona	Minnesota
Arkansas	Montana
Colorado	Nebraska
Connecticut	North Dakota
Florida	South Carolina
Indiana	South Dakota
Iowa	Utah
Kansas	Washington

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

I have recently been reading a book that Dr. Marion Hilliard titles *A Woman Doctor Looks at Love and Life*. Dr. Hilliard is chief of obstetrics and gynecology at the Women's College Hospital in Toronto. Some of her remarks relate directly to our present discussion. "When I was a younger doctor," Dr. Hilliard writes, "I believed . . . that a woman controlled the quality of her relationship with a man. If it became intimate, I reasoned, it was because she deliberately chose to let it happen. This just isn't true. I'm wiser now and I realize that there can come a moment between a man and a woman when control and judgment are impossible. . . . In a moment, by a glandular whim that makes a mockery of conscience and discretion, the self-respect and composure of the woman may be eternally damaged."\*

From the above you can see that out of her long experience with problem cases, Dr. Hilliard has developed a firm belief that there is a point of no return and she warns young people of her conviction accordingly.

In the cases of which I have knowledge, both parties had supposed, unfortunately, that they would be able to "apply the brakes" to their love-making as needed. They admit, usually, that they had been petting and that they realized that petting is frowned upon by Christian parents and by youth leaders. But they had not been personally convinced of the dangers of petting nor did they realize the strength of the human urge with which they were dealing. They felt

that "we are mature and nothing tragic can happen to us." Possibly they had been idealistic enough to try to define exactly how far they would permit their love-making to go. Then, in spite of their good resolves, they found themselves suddenly plunged into the depths of remorse. They now felt ashamed and guilty.

What is it that causes a well-meaning young couple who have been trying to pilot their way through a pleasant courtship suddenly (within a matter of seconds) to let down the bars of their previous determinations and engage in intimacies that God intended should be reserved for husband and wife? Whence comes the uncontrolled passion that causes a young man, without his own consent, to rob the girl of his dreams of her innocence? What makes it possible for this young woman of good reputation to freely give what she had intended to cherish as sacred?

For me to pretend to give a complete answer to the question, What happens? would be presumptuous, indeed. But every young reader can profit by an insight into the operation of the human nervous system as it controls the body's functions—including those of love-making.

The human nervous system has several orders of command, levels of integration, the physiologists call them. First, there is the cortex of the brain. This functions like the general of an army. Just as a general is expected to direct the activities of the officers under his command, so the cortex is in charge of what happens throughout the body. Even so, a general in the army delegates the responsibility for food supply to some other officer. Another officer receives the responsibility for maintaining equipment. Still another may be placed in charge of communications. Each of these major officers, responsible directly to the general, is in charge of lesser officers and private soldiers through whom the work of the army is carried on.

It is in the human cortex that a person really "knows" what goes on about him. The eyes and the ears and the various sense organs "report" to the cortex so that at all times the cortex is fully informed. It is also in the cortex that decisions are made. Memory patterns exist in the cortex. It is in the cortex of his brain that a person develops his personal ideals and his code of right and wrong.

When a problem is encountered the cortex of the brain can draw on the memories of previous experiences, on the knowledge of present circumstances,

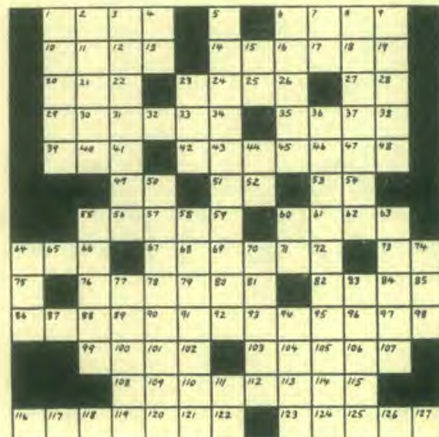
# WIT

## Sharpeners

Fill in the missing words in the Scripture clues. Under each letter of these words you will find a number. Write each letter in the square that contains the same number as the letter. When you have written all the letters in their proper places, you will be able to read a well-known verse of Scripture. (The Bible texts are taken from the King James Version.)

### The Way to Peace

- There is a path \_\_\_\_\_ no fowl knoweth, and which the \_\_\_\_\_ eye hath not seen. (Job 28:7)
- That the \_\_\_\_\_ might \_\_\_\_\_ base, that it might not lift itself up. (Ezek. 17:14)
- He lodgeth \_\_\_\_\_ one Simon a tanner, whose house is by the \_\_\_\_\_ side. (Acts 10:6)
- Then shall the \_\_\_\_\_ feed after their manner, and the \_\_\_\_\_ places of the far ones shall strangers eat. (Isa. 5:7)
- For he of whom \_\_\_\_\_ things are spoken \_\_\_\_\_ to another tribe. (Heb. 7:13)
- For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not \_\_\_\_\_ when \_\_\_\_\_ cometh. (Jer. 17:8)
- Neither \_\_\_\_\_ them wink with the eye that \_\_\_\_\_ me without a cause. (Ps. 35:19)
- Howbeit I believed not the words, until I came, and \_\_\_\_\_ eyes had \_\_\_\_\_ it. (1 Kings 10:7)
- \_\_\_\_\_ The fishermen were gone out of them, and were \_\_\_\_\_ their \_\_\_\_\_. (Luke 5:2)
- What is your life? It is even a \_\_\_\_\_, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. (James 4:14)
- Great hailstones, shall fall; and a \_\_\_\_\_ shall rend it. (Ezek. 13:11)
- Beware thou that thou bring not my son \_\_\_\_\_ again. (Gen. 24:6)
- Then shall Israel be \_\_\_\_\_ unto them that were his heirs, saith the Lord. (Jer. 49:2)
- And thou shalt make it an \_\_\_\_\_ of holy ointment. (Ex. 30:25)
- He had \_\_\_\_\_ no bread all the day, nor all the night. (1 Sam. 28:20)
- And his raiment became shining, exceeding \_\_\_\_\_ as snow. (Mark 9:3)
- This is none other but the house of God, and this is the \_\_\_\_\_ of heaven. (Gen. 28:17)



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Key on page 18

The Youth's Instructor, May 24, 1960

\* MARION HILLIARD, M.D., *A Woman Doctor Looks at Love and Life* (Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1957), p. 88. Used by permission of the publishers.



and on the code of conduct the individual has developed throughout his lifetime, with the result that an appropriate decision is made. On the strength of such decision, the whole body is controlled accordingly.

Many of the body's ordinary functions are cared for below the cortex at what we might call the second level of command. Here is a brain center in charge of breathing, another in charge of regulating the body's temperature, another for controlling the flow of blood throughout the body, and many others. It is also at this second level that the emotional patterns and human cravings exist. There is a close relationship, of course, between the cortex and this second level of nervous function. For example, one's emotions depend on the thoughts he thinks. Similarly, one's thoughts are colored by his emotions of the moment. Normally and properly, however, one's emotions should be under the control of his cortex.

The third level of command in the human nervous system is the reflex level. It is at the reflex level, which is directed by the second level centers, that the details of the body's many activities are arranged. For our present purpose we do not need to give more consideration to the reflex level.

The human urges that are involved in love-making lie quiescent during childhood and become active only at adolescence when a boy or girl becomes a man or woman. During the teens, these urges may develop slowly or rapidly, depending somewhat upon environment and individual differences. Once encouraged, however, they strengthen rapidly, and once strengthened, they remain strong urges throughout the active period of the person's life. They may become very strong as compared with the other controls located at the second level of command.

It is as though one of the major officers in an army were more ambitious and more aggressive than his fellow officers. This particular officer recognizes that he should take orders from his general. He is so ambitious, however, that he would like to be general himself. At the least encouragement from the general, this officer is ready to take over. If the general is wise, and directs this officer's activities along useful and productive lines, he will become a most important asset in the organization. If, on the other hand, the general allows this officer to obtain more power than he deserves, the general will have serious difficulty in keeping a good organization.

## Enough and to Spare

by HULDA CROOKS

IT IS estimated that one plant of Indian corn can produce 50 million pollen grains. The supply is so lavish that when one walks between the rows his shoes and clothes are quickly gilded.

The pollen of corn, as of many other plant families, is carried by the wind from flower to flower. For this purpose there must be more than enough that the breezes may waft the golden dust over all the area where corn is in silk, and even over the barren places in between. No receptive pistil must be missed, though much falls to the ground unused.

Some scientists say this is a great waste of resources. In contrast, they point to blossoms that restrict the supply more nearly to the need. When apple trees bloom, bees and other insects crawl over and between the pollen-filled stamens in search of nectar at the base of the petals. The mission completed, each visitor flies away to another blossom, carrying pollen dust on its hairy body. In the visit to the next flower some of the dust is brushed off on its sticky pistil and more is taken on to be carried to yet other flowers. This

special-carrier method of distributing pollen from one plant to another requires comparatively small amounts, with less provision for waste.

While waste is rarely commendable, unselfish generosity stands high beside the rule of character development. When a girl broke her alabaster box of precious ointment, Judas saw only waste. But to the Saviour it was an outpouring of devotion that reflected in some measure the extent of His own sacrifice.

To outward appearances His own abundant provision of grace for an un-receptive world is a waste of love and mercies, yet He does not restrict the supply to meet only the needs of those who would accept the gift. There is an abundance for the Spirit to present freely to every person, as the wind carries pollen to both blossoms and barren fields.

There is enough and to spare, even though only a few receive the vital power He has provided at so great cost. Never, throughout eternity, will any created intelligence have cause to wonder whether He could have done more.

Now back to our fundamental question—What is it that happens in the experience of two lovers that causes them to overstep the limits of propriety in their personal relations? It is simply that the urge for love-making is so powerful that, when encouraged over a period of time, it may supersede the cortex in controlling the individual's activities.

More specifically, the personal attentions of courtship all have the effect of strengthening the urge for love-making. The more intimate the courtship experience, the stronger the love-making urge becomes. In the normal course of events as planned by our Creator, this urge is strengthened progressively until it comes into its full role at the time of marriage. But when encouraged too early, during courtship, the increasing strength of this behavior pattern may bring it unexpectedly into control. It is at such a juncture that two well-meaning young people, knowing full well what is right and what is wrong, find their powers of sober judgment temporarily standing by while their urge to love-making takes full command.

Some young person may ask, If it's so easy for the love-making urge to take control, why is it so bad?

The fact that it is easy doesn't alter a person's moral responsibility. Remember it was not hard for Eve to partake of

the forbidden fruit. The fruit was even attractive to her. It was "good for food, . . . pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise." But this did not change the fact that God had said, "Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die."

The proper course for a Christian young person to follow is to recognize that there is a point of no return in the matter of showing affection. Realizing this and his moral responsibility to keep his own and his friend's body pure in the sight of God, he should avoid being curious as to just where this point of no return occurs. Too many tragedies have resulted from experimentation to see what intimacies can be indulged without going the limit.

Some of the questions asked by young people who, most unfortunately, have allowed their love-making to carry them too far will be considered in the next article of the series. Then, next in order, will be a discussion of the reasonable means by which Christian young people can relate themselves during courtship so that their urges to love-making do not become unruly.

*Cordially yours,*

HAROLD SHRYOCK, M.D.



ONE June morning I drove to see the Menard (Texas) Hospital and Retirement Home. To the south beyond a wide ridge the town of Menard unfolded. It was cradled in river lowlands and a north-south trough that runs between flat-topped, stony hills. This county seat community appeared mellow and livable, without any patterned suburbs of mass-produced, dominolike homes. A road sign listed the population at just over two thousand. I knew that twice as many people lived in the 914 square miles of rural area in the county, scattered upon goat and sheep and cattle ranches.

The San Saba River, which borders the main part of town, loops through its valley, surging blue-green in the sunlight.

At a gas station, I caught the end of a conversation. "Have you heard how the girl is who was thrown from her horse yesterday? The last I heard, she hadn't regained consciousness."

So tragedy was taking no vacation from Menard.

I drove on down the wide, mellow main street, lined with grocery stores, drugstores, and banks, and professional offices. There were few stop lights and no parking meters, for the citizens of Menard live at a rather leisurely pace.

The hospital, on the southeastern corner of the main street, with sun lapping across its four-story brick walls, overlooked a quiet green park.

Across the top of the building, I saw the weathered words "Bevans Hotel" engraved in stone. "Someone should chip that name down," I almost said aloud. I wondered where an injured person could have found quick help two years ago, when this hospital in the converted old hotel had been only a dream in the minds of Menard people. Now it had room for twenty hospital patients and forty retirement home guests. It was capably staffed by Seventh-day Adventist doctors and all necessary nurses and helpers.

I pushed open a glass door and stepped into a long entrance room, which retained the flavor of what it had recently been—a substantial hotel lobby. Impressions crowded together: general cleanliness, the crisp beige-and-white



# Menard's MONUMENT

marble tile floor, a picture of the Christ, "No smoking" signs, religious periodicals lying about on tables.

Mrs. Dale Mock smiled from above her desk at the old hotel registration enclosure. I soon learned that she was the wife of the manager, and served as assistant, trouble shooter, jack-of-all-trades, and master of all. Forms, letters, and files upon her desk indicated that

business wasn't lagging. Our conversation had scarcely begun when two nurses walked across the lobby. Then around one corner bounced a young fellow identified as Dr. Hubert Larson. The telephone on this end of a long-distance call was ringing for him, and he quickly began a reassuring conversation. "No, we believe her injuries are superficial, and she has regained con-



by VIOLA M. PAYNE

Once the old Bevans Hotel (below), the structure has been converted into a modern hospital and retirement home.



# to the FUTURE

sciousness now. Please don't worry; we are doing everything possible to make her comfortable. If she continues to improve, we can discharge her."

His cheerful but professional speech blended the accents of the West and East coasts. I turned to Mrs. Mock. "I'd like to catch that doctor and talk to him. He must have many human-interest stories—"

"He must," she smiled, "but he has just come from seeing the injured girl upstairs, and the outpatient clinic is crowded. And I believe he must go on a house call—"

"House call? Do you mean that doctors still go to people's homes? I thought that ended with the horse and buggy."

She was puzzled. "But of course *our* doctors still make house calls, if an ill

person isn't able to come to the office." She stood then. "I'm so sorry that both my husband and Dr. Westphal had to be out of town today. But since you're here, let me at least show you through the hospital."

"Good!" I agreed.

"Now you understand that the church does not own the hospital or equipment," said Mrs. Mock as she stepped beside me. "The county bought the building and equipped it, and we simply lease it and operate it on a non-profit basis. But all key personnel are Seventh-day Adventists, and our standards are respected throughout the hospital. Dr. Westphal could explain things so much better than I—"

The first floor housed a gleaming, well-equipped laboratory, a nurse's station, and the X-ray room. Also on this floor, I learned, were other diagnostic equipment, the cafeteria, doctors' offices, and the outpatient clinic. And instead of the whites and blacks that make most hospitals as inviting as a sterile butcher shop, soft colors, subtle hues of beige, azure, pink, gray, and green, had been used.

I had been curious to discover how a cumbersome old hotel could be adapted to modern arranging. As I strolled about I realized that the construction foreman had overcome all hurdles except the high ceilings. And these helped in the circulation of the soft summer air, even through the upper floors. Maybe an earlier generation built intelligently after all.

An elevator whisked us to the fourth floor. During the next day I was to observe a constant stream of elevator traffic: trays in a huge food warmer lifting and descending, nurses on endless errands, visitors arriving and departing, and busy Dr. Larson.

In the fourth-floor nursery I saw tiny cribs with their transparent hoods. Nearby were a labor room and a delivery room. The spotless operating room was there, too, silent under its new arc of light. I had been the patient on an operating table several times in my life, but as I inspected this one curiously it didn't seem so fearful. I realized that the doctors who worked here tried to live in a way pleasing to God, and that they asked for divine help before daring to



begin an operation. No doctor, to my knowledge, had ever prayed for my life in any situation.

"We get an average of one serious accident each week," Mrs. Mock informed. "Ranch people tangle with wild horses, and car wrecks from area highways pile people in for emergency treatment. With the older people about town, it's heart attacks and strokes."

"These are pleasant rooms," I glanced about. "This construction—tile and masonry—is virtually fireproof. Have you delivered many babies here?"

"That's a queer thing—not so many as in other hospitals. This is a county of old people rather than young ones; the whole economy is based upon stable ranching families who live on their land year after year. Generally the children build their lives elsewhere, and rear their families there."

I fortified myself for third floor with a smile, attempting to hide my apprehension. This was a place planned for wheel-chair cases and bedfast elderly people. But I found the atmosphere serene and cheerful.

"This isn't a hopeless group," Mrs. Mock answered my unspoken question. "Sometimes these patients improve so that they are able to feed themselves, get about, and life becomes more bearable. Some 'graduate' down to the retirement home section. When we have musical programs and worship in the parlor, wheel-chair patients enjoy going down. They appreciate the visits of our nurses, and the prayers at night. Nurses are on duty here twenty-four hours each day, of course."

Mrs. Mock pushed the elevator button. "Now down here in the retirement home section nurses are not on the floor at all times. But a private call bell has been placed in each room, so that a nurse can be summoned if the patient really needs her. Second-floor people get about, manage their own affairs, and need account to no one."

We walked from the elevator into a spacious living room. It opened upon a balcony with a shady view of the

park and courthouse. Corridors extended from two sides; the arrangement was homelike and informal.

Included in guest-room furnishings are double beds, lamps, chairs, dressers, desks, and rugs. From room to room the wall colors vary.

I lingered in one where a typical guest, a retired schoolteacher, had arranged pictures and other personal things. She answered my questions quickly. "Of course I like it here! When you grow older it saves energy to have everything—doctors, meals, room care, under one roof. I looked at several places before I chose this one. I can walk downtown to shop, and I have friends who take me for drives out of town. The people of Menard greet guests and make them feel a part of the place."

I strolled down the hall, reflecting. These elderly people were not apathetic and withdrawn; they were interesting and strong with a courage the young cannot really know.

Mrs. Mock chuckled. "Our guests are dears. One day an elderly man, just as a joke, said to a visitor: 'Yes, I'm an inmate here!'"

"A little old lady heard it, and answered in a peppery fashion: 'I'll have you know I'm not an inmate! I'm a paying guest, and here because I want to be!'"

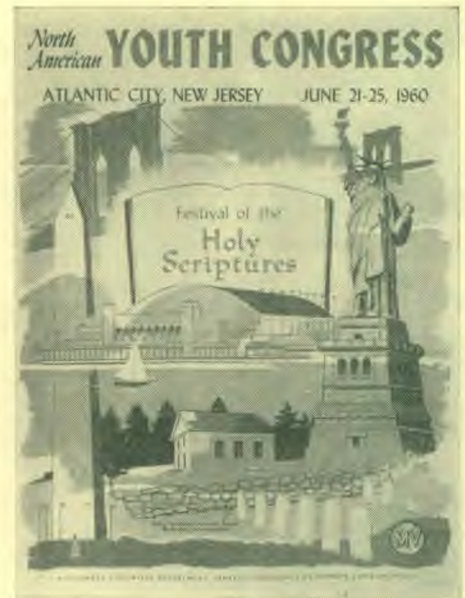
"How about a room for me?" I asked. "Just for tonight? But before I bring in my things, I'd like to see the most important place in the hospital." I paused. "That's the kitchen, of course. I have a habit of showing up at Seventh-day Adventist establishments just in time to eat lunch!"

Down in the kitchen, in the southwestern wing of the building, Chef Reid Rankin preserved the lives the doctors saved. I watched him decorate fruit bars with an artistic flourish; I caught tantalizing odors of whole-wheat loaves coming from huge ovens. My glance was torn between three glittering antique chandeliers hanging from the ceiling and a display of colorful food

From meager bulb,  
So cheaply bought,  
Presumption might compute  
This green and scarlet accolade  
This glory undilute.

## Prize Tulip

by FRANCES OETTEL



behind the glass cases. Then I heard someone say that the chandeliers had been salvaged from a ballroom upstairs.

For lunch I chose protein loaf, pinto beans, sliced tomatoes, a salad of raisins, carrots, and grated coconut, iced boysenberry juice, and assorted relishes. This, with a slice of brown bread thick and tasty enough to be a whole meal, cost exactly sixty-five cents!

I resisted the temptation to linger over my lunch, for I wanted to meet others outside the hospital, whose work had been vital to the institution's establishment. I wanted to learn the whole story.

THOSE who recited to me the steps taken to acquire the hospital may be pardoned for dwelling a few moments on the colorful historical background of Menard County. Who can wholly forget the stories of long-ago Indian battles, and the crumbled mission and presidio nearby, built by the Spanish in 1757? This first Menard missionary venture failed when the Apaches who had asked for it became apathetic toward a different way of life. Comanche Indians sealed the mission's end in 1758 by surrounding it and murdering the priests; in 1790 the presidio was also taken by the Comanches.

In the mid-1800's, however, the pressure of an Anglo-Saxon civilization proved too much for the Indian, and he fell back before the onslaught of trapper, trader, settler, and treasure hunters. After Menard County was created in 1858 ranchers established headquarters across the far-flung hills. Menard braved floods and droughts, and by the 1920's was riding on a giddy wave of high cattle and wool prices. Bill Bevans, finan-



cier and banker, decided that an elegant hotel would be a very good investment. It would furnish ranchers a comfortable place to stay when they rode in for the weekend; it would be a center of social life. No expense would be spared to make it sturdy and attractive.

The Bevans Hotel was finished in 1928, just a year before gray depression days hit Southwestern markets. Over the years, it remained a community landmark, but not a profitable one at all.

By 1957 town leaders knew they must drop false smiles and face the truth about Menard. The little county seat had been left behind while smooth ribbons of highway carried ranch people out of the county to shop and spend. Everyone agreed the scenery was just as charming as ever, but the youth of even well-situated families were leaving and building their lives where there was industry and growth.

Menard was in a bad way. It was becoming an example of how bad things could get! In spring, 1956, *Time* magazine had carried an article that still needed. It was called, "The Unhappy Land." Facts were not pleasant. The end of five searing drought years had brought no great upsurge of activity. There was only a \$200,000 annual industrial pay roll in the county. The population (76 per cent Anglo-American, 24 per cent Spanish-American), which had hovered around 4,000, was slowly dwindling.

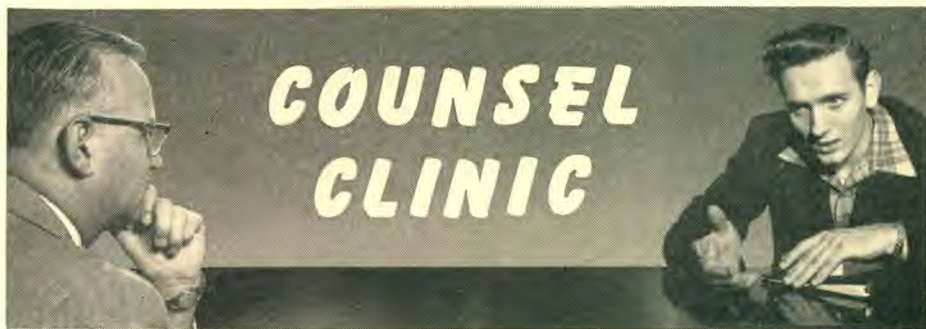
But critics had failed to take into account the most important element of any county—the people. In the Menard populace self-reliant pioneer determination had survived a push-button age.

Although there were many ideas about what should be done to remedy the situation, on one subject everyone was agreed: Menard was shamefully short of medical care: Industrial workers would never bring their families into a county where no medical treatment was available! Sometimes as many as three doctors would be maintaining offices in town, but these offered limited care. If you were unlucky enough to get shot, stomped on, or run over you had to be taken to Eden or San Angelo. By that time you had decided to get well and forget the whole thing, or you were so far gone the undertaker had to carry you back to the hill north of Menard!

The evacuating doctors had a simple explanation: none could singlehandedly build a hospital—without which the practice of modern medicine is pitifully handicapped.

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

*The Youth's Instructor*, May 24, 1960



**Question** *I am sixteen years old, and my problem is television. I am the only one in my family who is a Seventh-day Adventist. I have tried to overcome the habit of watching television all the time, but sometimes I happen to give the television a glance, and that is all it takes; I'm trapped. I would appreciate any advice you might have on how to know which programs are suitable for watching.*

**Counsel** The best way to avoid being trapped by television is to take the offensive. By carefully studying listings of television programs in the newspaper or in a television guide you can quickly pick out the programs that are most likely to be profitable. It is easier to find good programs without getting engrossed with bad ones if you do your primary selecting from the listings.

Most families unconsciously develop a pattern of television viewing that allows each member of the family to have his preference at some time during the day. If you tell the members of your family in advance that you very much wish to see a certain program, they will very likely yield to your wishes when it is time for your choice.

You ask for some help in knowing which programs are suitable. I would suggest that the most important thing for you right now is to learn how to view only those programs that meet your present standards of suitability. The fact that you are concerned about your television viewing indicates that you have higher standards than you are meeting. If you try to live up to your ideals you will find that your judgment will improve as your ability to control your viewing improves.

There are several reasons why you should use your own judgment in selecting television programs, instead of depending on others to tell you what to do. First, people do not develop character when they shirk the responsibility of using their own judgment. You must think and choose in order to develop character.

Second, not all authorities whose ad-

vice you might ask would agree, and their differences might confuse you thoroughly. Most would agree, however, that news programs, educational programs, and portrayals of significant current events such as the world travels of Premier Khrushchev and President Eisenhower are suitable for TV watching. Most people will acknowledge, too, that the violence and distorted values of crime and Western programs make them objectionable. And they would also agree that the reckless abandon of many variety and humor programs destroys proper respect for order and self-control. The best and the worst programs are easily identified. The borderline cases present the problems. Only the individual or the group in front of the screen can decide what to do with them.

Sometimes a program that benefits most people will be detrimental to others because of their state of mind. A news program will occasionally portray the outcome of lust or of hatred. A person who has a morbid interest in the lewd and the violent would make a mistake in watching such a program. (I have seen children harming themselves by reading the Bible with pornographic interest. In such instances I have asked them to find another purpose before continuing their Bible reading.) Every person who views a program has the responsibility of bringing to it a wholesome attitude.

Television viewing can be satisfying and rewarding if you plan ahead and then re-evaluate your choice of programs in order to improve your judgment.

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

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

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



**M**Y WEDDING is going to be different—not like any I've ever seen, at least—but it's going to be beautiful and not too expensive," my daughter Virginia announced one day in January. She had always been an individualist; so I wasn't exactly surprised, though a little dubious to be sure.

Since there had never been a large, or for that matter a medium or even a small, wedding in my family, planning for one was all Greek to me. This one certainly wouldn't be large, for we were not too well acquainted in Angwin; and anyway, it would have to be relatively modest because we simply couldn't afford any other kind.

Beautiful. Different. Inexpensive. This seemed like a pretty big order—if not an impossibility—and it would take some careful planning along with plain hard work.

We planned and worked and worried together, but we thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it, a fact which, by the way, no man will probably ever understand.

We both intended to work on it all during the summer, since we were attending PUC at the time, taking some secretarial subjects. Time and money were both at a premium just then, but we were determined to make the most of the situation. Many of the essentials would have to be tailor made, and to keep them at a minimum of expense was going to be no small problem. So we would have to cut corners on other things. Otherwise, how could this wedding be "different," or even beautiful?

Virginia, or Ginger as I have always called her, was to be married the following September and this was only January; so we have ample days ahead to work out all the details *in detail*. Want-

pages listed the refreshments—reception—bride's trousseau.

Then there were pages and pages of names and addresses of those who should receive printed announcements. "To invite or not to invite" posed one of our greatest problems, since our budget was so limited. We finally settled on 165 invitations, which were mailed to some sixteen States and two foreign countries. Of course we didn't expect many of those from such great distances to attend, but we planned for at least 200 at the wedding and 150 to 175 at the reception as the result of the local public announcements.

I suppose that every person must at some time or another draw the fine line of distinction between those who are friends and those who are acquaintances, and then—as we were—be painfully surprised. We found that there were some who should have been in-

*An article for weekday reading on*

# A Wedding

## that didn't bankrupt us

Naturally we wanted it to be in keeping with the standards of the church even though it wasn't going to be a church wedding. To those who have attended Pacific Union College, Newton Hall has become well known as a wedding chapel, and this was to be the setting for "ours."

"Ours" in this case doesn't refer to the bride and groom but to the bride and her mother. And isn't it usually the mother who mutually shares the wedding of her daughter? Ask any groom.

ing to be systematic about it, however, we sat down with a notebook and began to write. I found it difficult to keep up, even in shorthand, with all of Ginger's bubbling ideas.

One page of our notebook contained all the potential ideas and plans concerning color scheme and decorations—which we had decided would be simple; another page listed the most likely names for the bridal party and suggestions about their dress; on another were the possibilities for suitable music. Other

cluded in the first category, but were not. This is one of the embarrassments that must be faced with a wedding, and if there is any solution to avoid it, I have yet to learn of it.

Having attended scores of weddings and played for dozens of others, I wasn't long in discovering that the complex role of a mother of the bride-to-be is far removed from either of these apple-pie situations. Indeed, the pleasantries surrounding an accompanist bears no resemblance whatever to the complica-



by  
VELVA  
B.  
HOLT



*Ginger's gown and those of her attendants were selected for beauty as well as economy.*

tions of making sure there will be sufficient ice to keep the punch cold for two or three hours in an unanticipated 102-degree temperature; or of making certain the flowers, the cake, the organist (who had 175 miles to come), and all the attendants would be there at the right moment (this wedding was going to "begin exactly on time"!); or whether the cake would be cut to serve all the guests amply or maybe have enough left over for another wedding the next year; or whether a reception could be planned that wouldn't drag into hours of boredom or—or—or—

"This is your wedding," I generously informed Ginger. "You'll have this privilege only once in your life, so it's entirely up to your wishes as long as you keep it sensible and it's all paid for by September."

Of course I claimed it as my wedding, too, but I was trying not to let it show. I had been married in the years of the depression, with only the preacher and the two witnesses necessary to make it legal. And having but one daughter meant that her wedding would be the only one in which I could ever "in-

dulge," so I was planning to make the most of it, although I secretly wished she'd never heard of marriage.

But she *was* getting married, and I tried to face my duty courageously. She had already been pricing everything from paper napkins to dinner jackets in every store from Santa Rosa to San Francisco and I knew that meant but one thing. She had even sent to various printing companies for samples of wedding announcements, and was becoming as up to date on the "latest" as a daily newspaper.

And all this paid off, for we saved a great deal of expense from these investigations.

Sometimes I shuddered at Ginger's suggestions, though not often. But when she told me of her plans for the groom's attendants to wear pink dinner jackets with charcoal trousers, I nearly fainted. What would the attendants do when they heard it? Even though it was just at the time when pink was so popular for men—for a wedding?

After a long day in search of pink jackets she had to give up that idea, though not because we couldn't find

them. At one shop in San Francisco dealing only in formal wear we found exactly the jackets she had in mind, but they would have to be bought, at \$25.00 each. And what would anyone do with a pink dinner jacket of his own?

So, we settled on white dinner jackets that could be rented at six dollars apiece, and pink shirts instead. This wedding *would* be different, I was beginning to agree.

Since Virginia had such specific ideas I feared that all of California might not be comprehensive enough to find what she would want in a bridal gown. But I was wrong. One hot Sacramento afternoon in May, after trudging up and down steps and in and out of stores for hours, completely exhausted, I dropped into the first available chair.

While wishing for the energy of youth, I waited while Ginger leisurely looked over the long row of wedding gowns in this dress shop. When she finally found one to her liking I dared not look at the price, but as she modeled it before gushing clerks I could see our bank account shrinking disastrously. Here, however, I was wrong again.



# Opportunity

What sort of program can be seen  
On television station YOU!  
From open windows of your heart  
Do light and love shine softly through?

Can sinners view the Christ in you  
Who longs to bless, who loves so much!  
Can they behold in all you do  
The molding of the Master's touch?

The privilege is yours to fold  
The Christ within your selfless heart,  
That He, through you, may draw all men  
And endless life to them impart.

by  
NETTIE  
JANE  
KNISTER

Rising anxiously from my comfortable chair, I evidently showed my solicitude. With a gleam of satisfaction Ginger asked, "How much do you think it costs?"

Drawing a long, thought-provoking breath, I sighed, "Too much, I'm afraid." I was sure it couldn't be within our meager price range. A lovely thing like that—brocaded satin with a bouffant skirt, chapel train, long pointed sleeves, lace-yoked neck, and fitted bodice—was bound to cost anywhere from seventy-five to a hundred dollars. There must have been fifteen yards of material in it.

Caressing the dress lightly and almost reverently, she began seriously, "Well, it's marked \$69.95—"

But before she could finish, my thoughts were bouncing back to the last store where the clerk had informed us that wedding apparel never goes on sale at reduced prices. "There's too much demand for it," she had said.

Just as I was about to interrupt, knowing that we couldn't possibly afford that much and stay within our limit of \$200 for the essentials, she explained.

"But, Mother, it isn't that much. You see, this one has been worn once by a model and it's considered a sample dress, so now it's half price."

Thirty-five dollars—well, that was different. I could never make one for that price myself. And no one needed to know what it cost or that it had been worn by a model. After all, being the second person to wear a dress wasn't the most tragic thing that could happen to a bride.

While Ginger hurriedly pushed her

sunburned waves into place before the long mirror, I made out a five-dollar check as down payment on the first and most important item for the wedding.

One day during class Ginger handed me a long note written in shorthand, describing every detail about the dresses and hats the bridesmaids, candlelighters, and flower girl would wear. Obviously, her mind was not on her shorthand, and I wasn't quite sure whether it was my inability to read her writing, but one word describing the color looked exactly like *gray*. Well—gray might not be too bad, I decided, with a color motif of charcoal and pink, although I had not thought of gray for a wedding.

Then one day while in Napa we went into a yardage shop, and there in front of our eyes lay a bolt of dark-gray, almost black-looking, nylon material, which I wouldn't have wasted a second look on. When Virginia called my attention to it I was completely unimpressed.

As I was about to say "Ugh!" she, in a more artistic mood, had unwrapped some from the bolt and draped it over a long piece of pink taffeta. This changed its complexion so decidedly that I had to admit I liked it. The gray nylon, flocked with a pink floral design, had an exquisite powdery gray luster against that soft background of luscious pink. It looked good enough to eat.

I fully expected her to say, "Let's take it," and being convinced myself that it would make beautiful dresses for the three bridesmaids, I was almost disappointed when she started out without it. The bride's attendants had agreed to pay for the material and make their

own dresses, so we were trying to find material that would be serviceable after the wedding was over.

Perhaps I had underestimated my daughter's business ability, or maybe her trace of Scottish ancestry, for she spoke slowly and thoughtfully as she counted inaudibly on her fingers—a habit left over from grade-school days.

"It's just what I want, but let's price materials elsewhere. We just might be able to do better, and I want to save all I can on the girls' dresses—they're paying for them, you know."

Well, we ended up by getting the material for their dresses in Napa, the pink taffeta for their slips in San Francisco, the pink crystalette for the candlelighters' dresses in Santa Rosa, the net for the bridal veil in Sacramento (when we picked up the wedding gown), and the men's jackets and shirts in Vallejo.

True, those trips cost something. But, scattered over a period of nine months the cost wasn't noticeable, and not all were made expressly for the wedding.

We hand-rolled the nylon net for the finger-tip veil, and the crown was a creation of my own, crocheted of silver twinklesheen crochet cotton, mounted on a semicircular comb to hold it in place. At a cost of only fifty-five cents, we thought this crown was every bit as pretty as the ones we had priced in the stores at \$2.95—the least expensive we could find. And naturally we were delighted with the compliments we received. Together we made the bridesmaids' hats, which turned out to be somewhat of a feat for our inexperienced hands.

I had learned to make wood-fiber flowers in 1953, and now—three years later—this hobby was to save more dollars on our wedding. By the end of July, sixty pink and white primroses had been made from the material on hand, all of which had earlier paid for itself through flowers made and sold. These, along with sword ferns collected from the woods, were the only decorations besides two baskets of real flowers.

The four "carnation" corsages—two for the grandmothers in attendance, one for the organist, and one for the girl presiding at the guest book, which by the way, was a shower gift—were all of wood fiber, and so were also the pink "carnation" boutonnieres worn by the male attendants and ushers. Then, at a

## KEY

### Wit Sharpeners

"When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him. Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right" (Prov. 16:7, 8).



cost of only fifty cents, Virginia and I made a replica of an open Bible from white styrofoam. With gold glitter we gilded the edges and wrote "September 2, 1956" on one side, placed a red fiber rose on the other side, and a pink ribbon bookmark down the center. This was set on the table beside the guest book, and has made a lasting souvenir of the wedding.

Most of the things we made could be fashioned by anyone with a willingness to learn, plus a little imagination. Wood-fiber flower making is a craft that can be profitable and is taught in many cities. (It has recently been added to the MV Honors that can be earned in Summer Camps and in connection with Pathfinder Clubs in some areas.)

Since we had fewer real flowers to buy, we were able to have nicer bouquets and mothers' corsages than we could otherwise have afforded. The baskets of pink and white gladioluses, the three bridesmaids' bouquets, the bride's bouquet, as well as the mothers' cor-

sages, were expertly and beautifully done. They were delivered the ten miles from St. Helena at no extra cost.

The groom wore a light gray suit with a white shirt and black-and-pink bow tie. The minister, who was the bride's father, wore the traditional black and white. The flower girl wore pink nylon and her little brother, the Bible boy, wore black trousers, pink jacket, and bow tie to match.

The four-tier bridal cake, which served the 175 guests generously, cost much less than others we had priced of its size and was our only cake. It, too, was different from any we had ever seen. The decorations, all handmade, were intricately designed sweet peas, birds, bells, and roses in delicate pastel shades. The decorator, who said she worked four hours on it, delivered it in person the nearly fifty miles from Vallejo in order to give it her last-minute touch up, and didn't charge a penny extra. She had always wanted to see the college anyway, she said, but expressed

her amazement that there was a cake left by the time she had reached the top of the long, twisting road to PUC.

The punch was an inexpensive but delicious drink and could be used to advantage at any large gathering. Here is the recipe:

8 oranges  
4 lemons, juice and grated rind of both  
Pour this over  
16 cups of sugar  
4 oz. granulated citric acid  
Make sure this is juicy, or add more oranges until it is. Soak overnight. Add 6 cups water. Stir until dissolved. Strain. Makes 6 quarts concentrate. Each quart makes one gallon of drink.

I added one quart of Hawaiian punch to give it a pinkish cast and an even more delightful flavor.

The music also played a part in making the occasion distinctive. The bride's father did not give her away, since he was performing the ceremony; so her grandfather escorted her halfway down the aisle, where she paused while the groom began to sing, "Walk Hand in Hand With Me." The bride answered in her soprano voice as he came down the aisle to meet her; then they walked slowly to the altar together, singing in harmony. "The Lord's Prayer" was sung at the close by the minister, and the only other special music was a violin solo. The organist, unfortunately, had to play a thirty-minute concert before the wedding began, because it was *late!* (The groom hadn't arrived.)

The music for the reception was played on a tape recorder, thus involving no expense. I have often seen talent hired for receptions; however, this is certainly not necessary.

The following list is very close to what each item cost. We were able to keep within our two-hundred dollar limit.

\$ 35.00—wedding gown  
30.00—invitations and stamps  
40.00—flowers  
38.00—cake  
18.00—rental for attendants' jackets  
3.00—veil and crown  
1.50—rental of hoop to wear with gown  
5.00—rental of hall  
2.50—punch ingredients  
10.00—gifts for bride's attendants  
4.00—paper plates, cups, and personalized napkins  
2.00—candles  
2.00—miscellaneous notions  
\$191.00

We may have broken every rule in Emily Post's book on wedding etiquette, but we had a beautiful, different, inexpensive wedding without shattering our bank account.

## A PATTERN FOR LIFE

From page 4

worked at the station in previous years when it was known as WEMC. A corporation from Kalamazoo had purchased the station and changed the call letters to WKZO, anticipating a move from the Emmanuel Missionary College campus to Kalamazoo as soon as the new studios were completed.

As Len worked at the station he became deeply engrossed; his vision of the ministry faded.

HE WAS now faced with two alternatives, and he had to decide which one to accept. If he entered the radio work, he would devote all his energies to that. Already he was so fascinated that he forgot almost all else. If he followed that course, he would never be a Seventh-day Adventist. Hadn't George reminded him that it would be a seven-day-a-week job? If he stayed on and finished college he would have to turn his back on radio permanently.

Another facet of the situation that demanded careful attention was his choice of a life companion. He had fallen in love with a girl who had received solid Seventh-day Adventist home training. He realized that she would never marry him if he accepted a position that would deny him the

privilege of attending church on the Sabbath.

After carefully considering all the possibilities of a career in radio versus his call to the ministry, Len made his choice. He expressed his gratefulness for the offer but told George he thought it would be best if he remained in school and completed his college course.

When Len graduated from EMC in 1933, the country was in the throes of a depression that offered bleak hopes to the college graduate. He took a job teaching school on the Oneida Indian Reservation in northeastern Wisconsin.

After building up enough financial reserves to support a wife, he married the girl whose love had played a vital part in his decision. Together they taught at junior academies in South Bend and Indianapolis before taking positions at the senior academy in Battle Creek. Book and Bible House work in the Lake Union Conference afforded him further opportunities to serve the church. As secretary-treasurer of a local conference, a position which he now holds, he has affirmed again and again his joy at the decision he made many years ago. He is ever grateful for that first copy of *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*. It played its important role in the pattern of my father's life.



## SENIOR—1960

### IN FULL ASSURANCE by Richard Hammill

From the rich resources of his own experience as ranch hand, missionary, Japanese prisoner of war, college professor and dean, Dr. Hammill encourages his readers to seek a living faith in Christ that will bring victory in every battle of life. \$3.50

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TOTAL \$18.25

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## JUNIOR—1960

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TOTAL \$14.00

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# 1960

## Missionary Volunteer

# Book Clubs



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The Youth's Instructor, May 24, 1960





# Sabbath School

## Lesson

Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

### X—NEHEMIAH REBUILDS THE WALLS

(June 4, 1960)

Daily Study Record:    **S**    **S**    **M**    **T**    **W**    **T**    **F**  
                                 ☐   ☐   ☐   ☐   ☐   ☐   ☐

**MEMORY GEM:** "I sent messengers unto them, saying, I am doing a great work so that I cannot come down: why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you?" (Neh. 6:3).

**OUTSIDE READING:** *Prophets and Kings*, pp. 628-645.

#### Introduction

Nehemiah came upon the scene of action in 444 B.C., about 13 years after Ezra's journey to Jerusalem and nearly 100 years after the first migration under Zerubbabel.

Due to much opposition, little progress had been made in the work of rebuilding the walls. It appears, too, that due to an attack by the Samaritans, portions of the rebuilt walls had been destroyed and some of the repaired gates had been burned. News of these conditions greatly saddened Nehemiah, cupbearer to the Persian king, Artaxerxes I, and a highly trusted, ranking official.

Nehemiah was given permission by the king to lead an expedition to Jerusalem to rebuild its walls. Then the king appointed him governor, and under his able leadership the walls were completed.

## 1 Nehemiah Aroused

### 1. Who was Nehemiah?

"Nehemiah [was] the son of Hachaliah." "I was the king's cupbearer" (Neh. 1:1, 11).

**NOTE.**—"Nehemiah, one of the Hebrew exiles, occupied a position of influence and honor in the Persian court. As cupbearer to the king, he was admitted freely to the royal presence. By virtue of his position, and because of his abilities and fidelity, he had become the monarch's friend and counselor. The recipient of royal favor, however, though surrounded by pomp and splendor, did not forget his God nor his people. With deepest interest, his heart turned toward Jerusalem; his hopes and joys were bound up with her prosperity. Through this man, prepared by his residence in the Persian court for the work to which he was to be called, God proposed to bring blessing to His people in the land of their fathers."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 628.

### 2. What report did he receive?

"I was in Shushan, the palace, in the month Chisleu, in the twentieth year, when Hanani, one of my brothers, came to me, accompanied by a few men from Judah, and I asked them concerning the escaped Jews, who were left from the captivity and concerning Jerusalem. They answered me that the remnant who remained from the captivity there in the province were being severely afflicted and held in reproach, the wall of Jerusalem having been broken down and the gates destroyed by fire" (Neh. 1:1-3, Berkeley).

**NOTE.**—"The arrival of Hanani and other Jews from the homeland seems to have been the first contact Nehemiah had been able to make with the returned exiles in Judea since the beginning of hostilities between Artaxerxes and Megabyzoz, the satrap of the province called 'Beyond the River,' of which Judea was a part (see on Ezra 4:10). During the period of Megabyzoz's rebellion very little reliable news from Judea seems to have reached Nehemiah, though

he may have heard rumors of a Samaritan attack on Jerusalem and the destruction by them of a part of the recently rebuilt city wall."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Neh. 1:2.

### 3. For what did Nehemiah pray?

"Remember now Thy word which Thou hast commanded to Moses Thy servant, saying, 'If you sin, I will disperse you among the nations, but if you return to Me and live according to My commandments, I will regather you, even from the farthest extremities under heaven if necessary, to the place where I have chosen to cause My name to dwell.' Now these are Thy servants and Thy people which Thou hast redeemed by Thy great power and by Thy strong hand. I beseech Thee, O Lord, let Thy ear be attentive to the prayer both of Thy servant and of Thy servants who take pleasure in revering Thy name; prosper Thy servant today by granting him favor before this man" (Neh. 1:8-11, Berkeley).

### 4. How was the attention of the king attracted to Nehemiah's problem?

"As I brought the wine to him, never having been sad in his presence before, the king said to me, 'Why is your face sad? You do not seem to be ill, so this can only mean that you have sorrow of heart'" (Neh. 2:1, 2, Berkeley).

### 5. On what basis did Nehemiah make his reply?

"May the king live forever! Have I not good reason for my sad appearance, when the city where my ancestors are buried lies waste and her gates are destroyed by fire?" (Neh. 2:3, Berkeley).

**NOTE.**—Nehemiah gives an example of how to be all things to all men as Paul later advised. He chose to make his appeal to the king on the basis of the debased condition of the city where were the graves of his ancestors, a point that was sure to strike home to the heart of an Oriental.

### 6. What did the king say then?

"What are you asking for?" (Neh. 2:4, Berkeley).

### 7. For what did Nehemiah make request?

"I told the king, with first a prayer to God in heaven, 'If it should please the king, and if your servant finds favor in your presence, I would like to be sent to the Jews, to the city where my ancestors are buried, that I may rebuild it'" (Neh. 2:4, 5, Berkeley).

### 8. What was the king's response?

"According to God's hand of blessing upon me, not only did the king so grant me, but in addition he sent with me officers of the army and cavalry to accompany me" (Neh. 2:8, 9, Berkeley).

## 2 Rebuilding of the Walls Begun

### 9. Into what covenant did Nehemiah lead the people of Jerusalem?

"Come, let us build the wall of Jerusalem, that we be no longer a reproach.' Further, I related to them how God's hand of blessing had been upon me, particularly in the privileges which the king had given me. Then they responded, 'Let us rise up and build.' So they prepared themselves for the good work" (Neh. 2:17, 18, Berkeley).

### 10. How did Sanballat and his friends react to this program?

"Sanballat the Horonite, and Tobiah the Ammonite, a servant, were much displeased when they heard that someone had come to promote the welfare of the children of Israel." "But when Sanballat . . . Tobiah . . . and Geshem the Arabian heard what was planned, they jeered and made light of us, saying, 'What do you think you are going to do? Would you rebel against the king?'" (Neh. 2:10, 19, Berkeley).

### 11. What was Nehemiah's reply?



"We will begin and we will build, for the God of heaven, whose servants we are will enable us to accomplish our aim; but you shall have no portion, right, or memorial in Jerusalem" (Neh. 2:20, Berkeley).

### 3 Active Opposition

#### 12. What did the enemies of the Jews propose to do?

"When Sanballat heard that we were building the wall, he was furious and insulted and mocked the Jews before his companions and the army of Samaria, saying, 'What would these decrepit Jews do? Would they expect to build this by themselves? Would they sacrifice? Do they think this is a one-day's job? Do they hope to use over again the stones from the rubbish heaps that were burned?' And Tobiah the Ammonite, who was nearby, added, 'Even if they build their stone wall, it will tumble down if a fox should climb upon it.' " "They agreed together to make war on Jerusalem and to create disturbance in it." "The enemy was planning that we should not know of nor see them until they were upon us, killing us, and causing the work to cease" (Neh. 4:1-3, 8, 11, Berkeley).

#### 13. How was the plan foiled?

"We prayed to our God, and stationed a guard day and night as a protection against them." "I placed the people by families, having their swords, spears, and bows behind the wall at its lowest, most open places." "Half of my servants worked on the wall while the other half held the spears, the shields, the bows, and the coats of mail. The rulers took up positions in support of all the people of Judah. As for the builders of the wall, those who carried the materials did their work of carrying, using only one hand, while with the other they held a weapon; and those who did the building proper worked with their swords strapped to their sides. The trumpeter remained close to me." "Neither I, nor my brothers, nor my servants, nor men of the guard which followed me took off our clothes, and each held his weapon in his hand." (Neh. 4:9, 13, 16-18, 23, Berkeley).

#### 14. What further schemes did the enemy devise?

"Now when Sanballat, Tobiah, Geshem the Arabian and the rest of our enemies heard that I had completed the wall so there was no breach left in it, though at that time I had not yet hung the doors in the gates, Sanballat and Geshem sent word to me to come and meet with them in one of the villages in the plain of Ono. However, they planned to harm me." "They continued to send the same request to me four different times, to which I replied in the same way each time" (Neh. 6:1, 2, 4, Berkeley).

#### Memory Gem.

"Finally, the fifth time, Sanballat sent his servant to me, bearing an open letter in which was written, 'It is reported among the nations, with Gashmu in particular asserting it, that you and the Jews have built the wall because you plan to rebel, and that you intend to make yourself king; also that you have appointed prophets to spread about in Jerusalem that you should be king of Judah. Soon these reports will be made known to the king; therefore, come and we will counsel together'" (Neh. 6:5-7, Berkeley).

#### 15. Where was Sanballat getting help?

"On the twenty-fifth day of the month Elul, the wall was finished, having taken a total of fifty-two days. And when all our enemies heard of it and realized that all the surrounding nations had been made to respect us, they came down considerably in their own estimation and began to understand that this work had been accomplished through our God. Moreover, during those days many letters had been exchanged between Tobiah and influential men of Judah. For many in Judah had pledged themselves to aid him, since he was a son-in-law of Shecaniah son of Arah, and also his son Jenohana had married the daughter of Meshullam the son of Berechiah. These had been continually telling me that his actions were good, while at the same time passing on to him whatever I said, in keeping with which Tobiah had sent his letters to make me afraid" (Neh. 6:15-19, Berkeley).

NOTE.—Nehemiah takes his place with Daniel, Joseph, Timothy, and Caleb, a quintet of men, all of them great leaders of God's people about whom there is nothing, exactly nothing, negative in the record.

#### Quizangles

1. Who was Hanani? (1)
2. Of what promise did Nehemiah remind God? (1)
3. In what did Nehemiah and His associates take pleasure? (1)
4. Do you take pleasure in it? (1)
5. How did Nehemiah prepare for his appeal to the king? (1)
6. What did Sanballat charge Nehemiah with doing? (2)
7. How long did it take to build the wall? (3)
8. What two courses did the treacherous conduct of some of the leaders of Jerusalem take? (3)

NEXT WEEK, June 11, 1960—Lesson title: "Reforms Instituted by Nehemiah." Outside reading: *Prophets and Kings*, pp. 646-668. Memory gem: Micah 6:8.

## Sermon in a Capsule

by LOIS HANSEN

OF COURSE, it was my fault. If I hadn't taken those extra winks that morning, my husband, Ted, would have had more time to get to work and wouldn't have left his breakfast half eaten.

But being a girl who had always thoroughly enjoyed unbroken sleeping hours, I couldn't seem to get adjusted to that new two o'clock-six o'clock bottle routine.

Ted's departure started off a train of events that was accompanied by the baby's persistent crying. Dearly as I loved my first-born, I was a bit irritated that he should also choose this morning to be discontented with his lot.

At last, in despair, I decided to sit down in the nearest rocker and cry right along with him.

It was at that moment that my aristocratic neighbor, who lived in the magnificent, shining house on the next road, knocked on my door. Her quick look took in my flushed face and bright eyes, and I expect she guessed the truth.

Warmed by her quiet sympathy, I spoke a few hasty words about men in general, and my husband in particular.

"I know, dear," she said, "but maybe it was your fault, too. Both you and Ted have been working too hard since the baby came."

Then from her forty years of married experience she gave me a sermon in capsule that has helped more than once: "The way to get along with husbands," she said, "is to feed them well and love them a lot." Her brown eyes twinkled as she spoke.

The house was shiny clean and the baby was at his dimpled best when Ted came home that night. The supper, complete with apple pie, was one of his favorites, and the appreciation in his eyes made it easy to carry out the rest of the prescription.

The advice has been used over and over in our house, and each time it has worked.

I heartily recommend it to any girl who thinks her husband is being "difficult."



► LONG-DISTANCE telephone service has been used to deliver lectures and conduct question-and-answer sessions. In a call between Cleveland and Ft. Sam Houston in 1958, a physician in Cleveland sat at his desk, wearing a headset, as he spoke. At the other end the phone was plugged into a loudspeaker and microphone arrangement that made it possible for his audience to ask questions. The total cost was about \$70.

*Bell Telephone Magazine*

► INVESTIGATIONS of the effect that age, sex, intelligence, and attitudes have on negligent driving included sampling 288 high school sophomores. Consistently the drivers in the group were less likely to give the socially approved answers to the questions asked. They seemed less likely to accept society's controls and ethical values than their classmates who had not learned driving.

UCAL

► A PIONEER study has been started by Consumers Union to determine the strontium-90 content of the total food eaten by children ten to fifteen years old. The calcium content will be measured, as well as the strontium-90, since the ratio between the two elements is believed to determine the amount of radioactivity that reaches the bones.

*Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*

► THE WORLD's first topographic map of the moon is expected to be completed by October. The map will describe elevations in terrain, texture of the moon's surface, underground openings, and caverns, as calculated from photographs supplied by observatories throughout the world.

*Scope*

► UNDER average working or training conditions, some twenty-odd words are used to make a dog understand what is required of him. There are cases on record, however, in which dogs have been known to master responses to more than 100 commands.

Gaines

► SOME 500 chemicals used in foods have been exempted from Federal regulation because they are considered safe by experts. Another 155 have been proposed for this status but no decision has been made.

*Science*

► FISH have an unusually sensitive sense of smell. Experiments indicate salmon use this faculty to find their way back to the waters of their birth.

NGS

► CONSUMERS are expected to spend about 5 per cent more in 1960 than they spent in 1959.

*Dairy Digest*

► ABOUT two fifths of the Netherlands is below sea level.

NGS

► AN AVERAGE office visit occupies 18.3 minutes of the doctor's time.

*New Medical Materia*

► CALIFORNIA has 693 miles of completed full freeway with another 235 miles under construction.

*Highway Highlights*

► ENGINEERING graduates in the U.S. in 1957 constituted about 9 per cent of the total first-degree-level graduates. For the U.S.S.R. the comparable figure is 27 per cent.

*Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*



**radarscope**

► THIRTY-FIVE varieties of rare cherry trees, the largest collection in the Western Hemisphere, bloom along the shores of a lake at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, their colors ranging from white and creamy pink to pastel green.

NYCVB

► WHEN a giant tree frog is fully relaxed, its eyeballs draw in and help push food down its throat. Frogs have lower lids that they can raise to shield their eyes from harm and which lubricate their eyeballs and provide camouflage while affording partial vision.

BVI

► MACHINES, according to one expert, can possess a degree of originality that enables them to transcend the limitations of their designers. Complex and sensitive machines have been put to playing checkers and after 10 to 20 playing hours and indoctrination show "a marked superiority to the player who has programed them."

*Scope*

► ULTRAVIOLET radiation, which kills bacteria in the air, has been in use at Duke Hospital, Durham, North Carolina, for more than 20 years in as many as 15 operating rooms. The eyes of the personnel are guarded from direct radiation by an eyeshade and from reflected radiation by glasses. The eyes of the patient are closed. For frequent and long periods of exposure, the skin is covered or shaded.

AMA

► DEPRESSION occurring in children and adolescents is characterized by varying symptoms. Infants may be disturbed in their eating and sleeping; they may have colic or bang their heads. The adolescent may mask his depression with a smile. He appears uninterested in anything one moment and then is preoccupied with trivia the next. He loses interest quickly in even his most prized activities and frantically seeks something new. He must be constantly busy, and he cannot bear to be alone.

*Scope*

► EIGHTY-FOUR per cent of the nation's teen-agers agree that when people become old and need financial assistance, they have a right to expect help from their children. Only 15 per cent think government should take care of their grandparents should they become ill or indigent. These figures were obtained from a poll Purdue University conducted.

AMA

► UNDERWATER explorers have unlocked treasures of the pirate city of Port Royal, Jamaica. Reputed to have been the "wickedest city in the world," the community was toppled into the sea by an earthquake June 7, 1692. Various objects, including a brass watch and bones in a copper kettle, have been brought to the surface.

NGS

► DETROIT's Cass Technical High School is the only high school in the nation that has factory automation equipment for laboratory instruction of students. The equipment, donated to the school, was installed in a seven-stage automated line by students under teacher guidance. Chrysler Corporation

► A SEAT for office chairs, automobiles, organ benches, and orthopedic chairs has been designed to provide ideal support of the body's weight and a constant, though barely noticeable, motion that aids normal circulation and reduces the danger of blood pooling in the legs.

*Scope*

► IN 1910, California was the leading oil-producing State in the Union, and the lion's share of the State's annual 52-million-barrel yield came from San Joaquin Valley.

Union Oil

► SALMON fishing, Alaska's leading industry, earns some \$60 million yearly, more than eight times the price paid for the former territory by the United States in 1867.

NGS

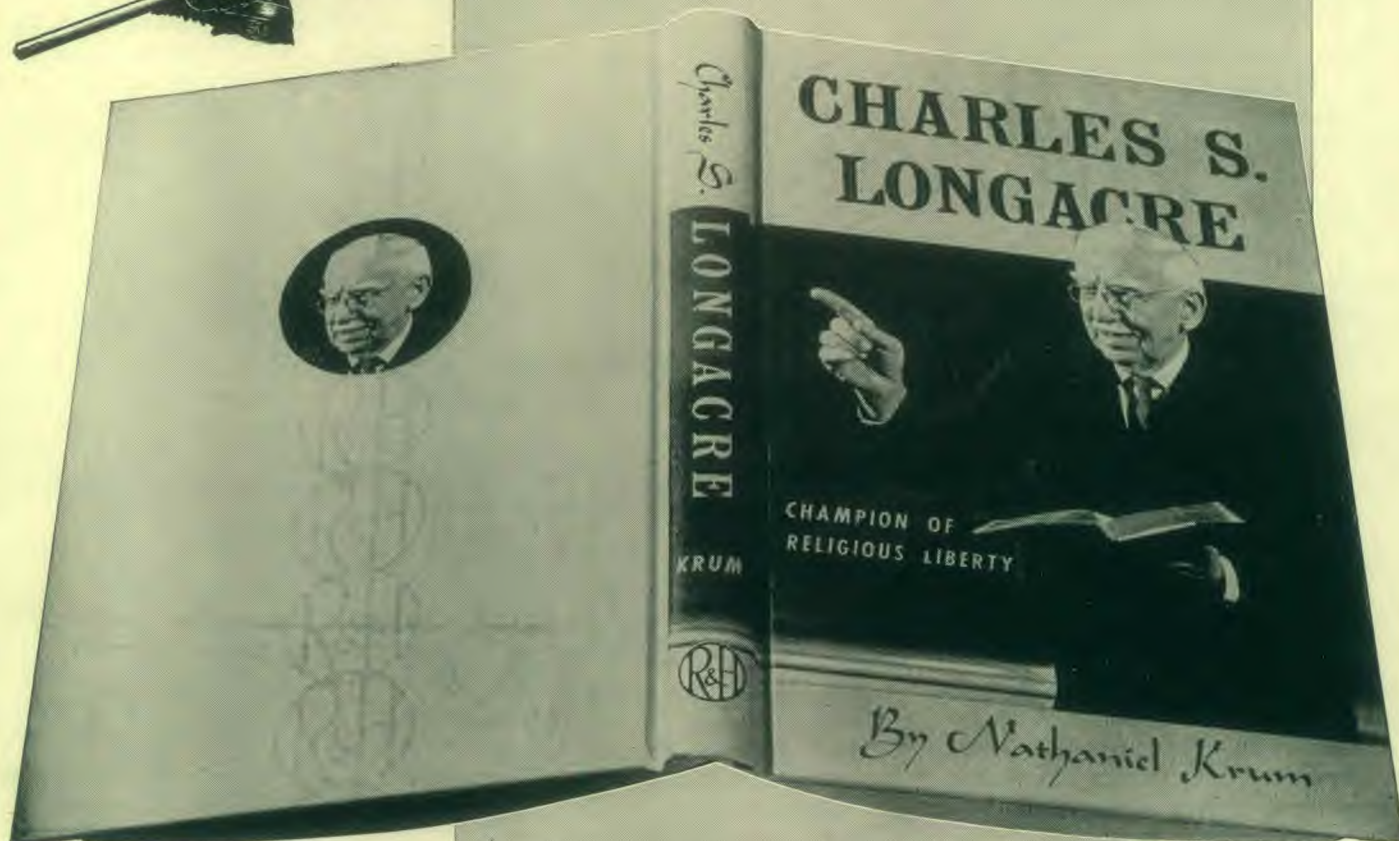
► ONLY one of five heart attacks occurs on the job, and about 65 per cent of heart-attack patients are able to return to their jobs.

PD





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