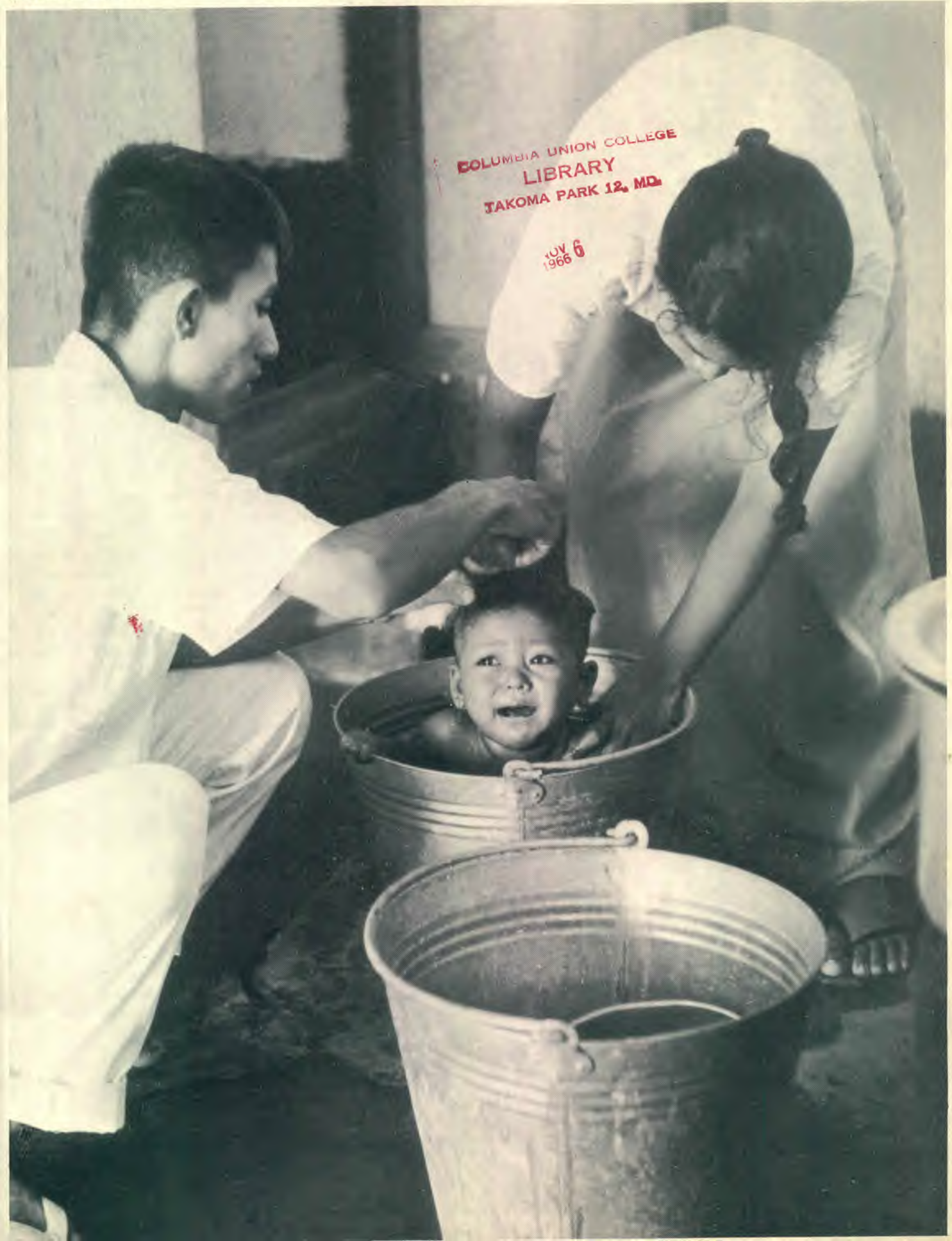


The Youth's Instructor

NOVEMBER 29, 1966

[Sabbath School Lessons for December 31]



The Youth's Instructor

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

Its pages reflect an expanding objective from 1852 to 1966. First it was essentially a vehicle for providing youth Sabbath school lessons. Now it also provides many added services for a generation that should witness the literal return of Jesus and the restoration of a sinless world to the universe of God.

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A month before you move, notify THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR of both your old and new address. Any correspondence about your subscription should enclose the address label from the magazine or wrapper. If the post office is unable to make delivery, your subscription will be suspended until a correct address is supplied.

Photo credit: Cover, Barbara Wyman.

Subway Samaritan

as told to GAYLE HACKLEMAN



A FRIGHTENED scream reached my ears above the din of the New York City subway traffic. Startled, I wheeled around to see mother hurtling down the steep, metal stairway toward me. My husband and I had gone ahead of my parents to obtain the tokens for the subway train. Mother thinks she turned her ankle and father's grasp on her arm failed to prevent her fall.

As she plunged into my hastily outstretched arms, her weight pushed me forcibly down on the unrelenting pavement of the subway station near the World's Fair. My parents had been visiting us at our home in the suburbs of Washington, D.C., and we had gone to New York together. This was to be our big day at the fair. I'm thankful to say my mother was safe, but I was hurt.

Although I did not open my eyes during the painful wait for the ambulance in the bleak subway tunnel, I was aware that someone was being kind. From what was told me, of all the passers-by, the youth was the last one from whom I would have expected help. He was about 17, and his looks bordered on those of a long-haired, unkempt beatnik. But his actions spoke louder than his appearance. The drink of water he brought made my wait easier. He stayed until the ambulance arrived and gave us his name and address in case he should be needed later as a witness.

Seeing he could do no more, as he left, he bent down, patted my hand, and said, "I hope you'll be all right, ma'am."

Sufficient Cause

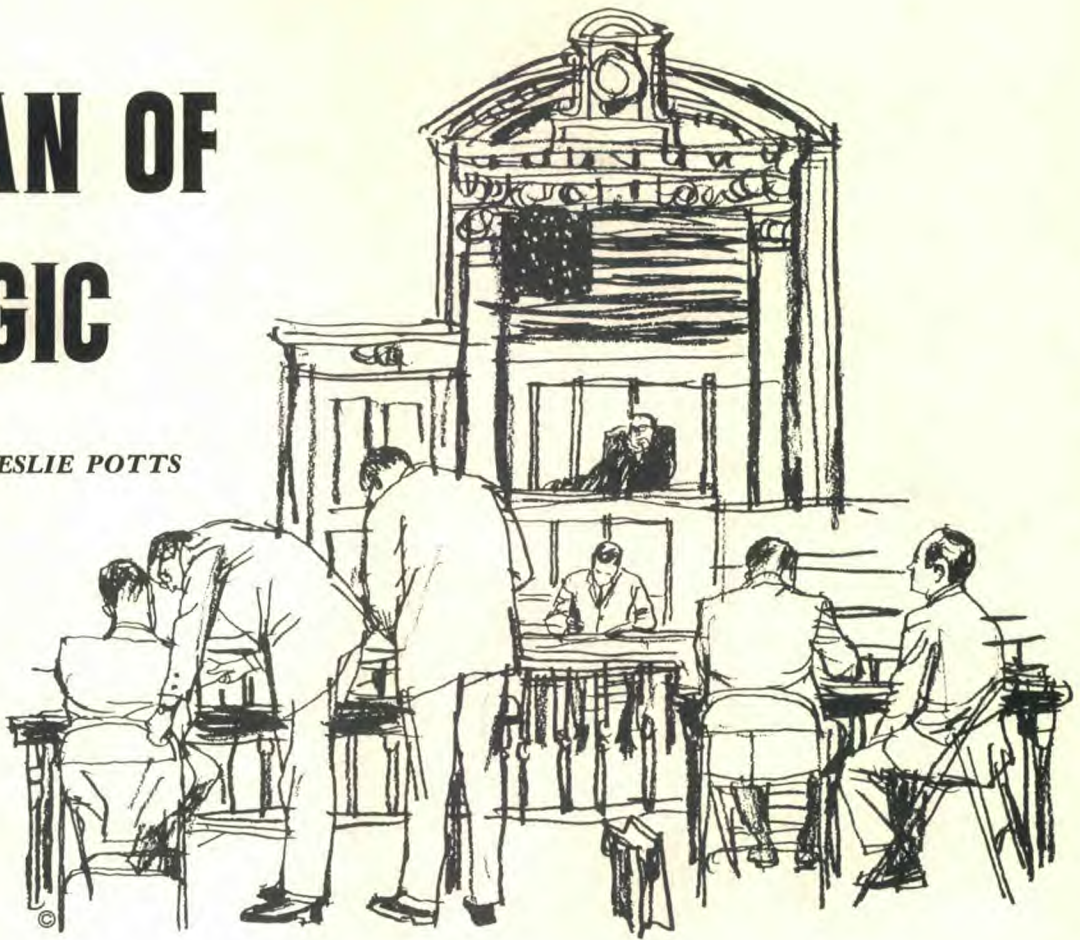
by JANE MERCHANT

"We met because I needed you," she said.
"Although I did not know it till you came.
Your friendship, like no other friend's, has fed
A lifelong hunger I could never name."

And I, receiving from her every day
Affection never given by any other
To fill an emptiness, can only say,
"We met because we needed one another."

A MAN OF LOGIC

by ROBERT LESLIE POTTS



MY EYES rested on one of the couples marching in the procession directly behind Governor and Mrs. George Wallace. The man, at least, looked very uncomfortable in his stiff white collar, black bow tie, and tails. He seemed only vaguely aware of the many thousands who had focused their eyes upon him and his wife as they stepped through a fashioned arch of willows. The beam of a high-powered spotlight swung on them and a voice announced to the audience, "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Frank V. Potts, cabinet member and ABC administrator."

As the pompous march continued and the master of ceremonies' voice droned on and on introducing the newly elected members of the Alabama Legislature, beads of sweat appeared on the man's forehead. He was present only because his sense of duty had compelled him to attend.

Later, as silence settled down on the huge auditorium, a booming voice proclaimed over the public-address system: "Ladies and gentlemen, Governor and Mrs. Wallace will lead the legislature and cabinet in the first dance—to the traditional 'Stars Fell on Alabama.'"

In the brief moment between the con-

clusion of the announcement and the first bars of the orchestration, a whisper reached those in the audience closest to the arena floor: "Let's go, Ruth." I noted uneasily the chuckle that swept through the crowd as the newly appointed ABC administrator broke all rules of protocol and charged for the nearest exit.

Observing this drama from my seat high above the arena floor, I felt that the stars were falling on my father rather than on Alabama. It had seemed imperative that dad be at the governor's inaugural ball to be introduced formally; but as soon as his duty was fulfilled, he was off the floor like a shot. A loyal Seventh-day Adventist, he would not compromise his principles even if it meant losing face with 40,000 people.

As the orchestra pounded out the rhythm and I rose to leave, my mind was busy with the fast sequence of events that had hurtled my father into the position of Alcoholic Beverage Control administrator. Since Alabama is a monopoly State in regard to sale and control of liquor, it is the administrator's duty to enforce the dry laws in the counties where they exist and also to supervise and maintain the liquor stores in the legally "wet" counties. To say

the least, a rather queer position for a Seventh-day Adventist!

A lawyer by profession, my dad has a Statewide reputation for honesty and integrity. After promising father privately that his duties would have nothing to do with promoting the sale or consumption of alcoholic beverages, Governor Wallace, a total abstainer himself, had made a public statement clarifying his reasons for wanting my father to serve in his cabinet. "I want to stop the erosion in integrity in our State government. I have asked Frank Potts to serve in this capacity because I want to get the straightest, highest type of man I can find to run the ABC."

Hesitant though dad was, after much prayerful consideration he accepted the position, recognizing an excellent opportunity to serve his State. It was understood by all involved that his efforts would be directed toward enforcing the dry laws and cleaning up the multimillion-dollar liquor industry that existed in Alabama.

I left the auditorium that night wondering what effect my dad would have on State government. I had no fears regarding the effect State government would have upon my dad. He would be the same honest man when he finished

his tenure in office as he had proved to be that night.

Dad's actions in the position of administrator did cause State-wide comment. He played a prominent part in the ABC board's decision to ban several of the nation's leading liquor companies from selling their products in Alabama liquor stores. The uproar created when the drinkers of the State had their favorite brands discontinued didn't shake my dad or the board in its decision.

Even the personnel in the department jokingly discussed Administrator Potts's refusal to accept executive "gifts." The Potts family soon learned that liquor companies may shower gratuities upon a person whom they think has the power to direct a contract their way. But the nature of the bounty, whether whisky glasses, art pieces, Christmas turkey, or cooking wine, had no bearing upon my dad's standard response: "Miss Jones, please return this package to the sender."

After nine months of reform and progress, my father, realizing an obligation to his law partner, resigned and returned to his practice in Florence, Alabama.

During his nine months' incumbency in the governor's cabinet he had received acclaim for his service to the public in abolishing whisky agents and free liquor samples. But no amount of coaxing from the governor, his colleagues, and the career personnel could induce him to change his mind about resigning. When my father is convinced there is a right thing to do, his actions follow suit. Newspapers over the State lauded his lack of political ambition and wished for more public officials of his "stripe."

Back in Florence to practice law, a profession he had followed in the same city since his graduation from the University of Alabama in 1939, dad looked none the worse following his unsolicited experiment in State politics. His rugged physical tone that has helped him maintain a vigorous program throughout his life can be attributed to hard work on the farm and active participation on the baseball diamond when he was growing up. Vigorous walks in the fields and woods with his sons have helped maintain his bodily fitness.

Dad, average in height and weight, has less than the average amount of hair. He often discusses his premature baldness with his colleagues and climaxes any joke about his meager assemblage of blond strands with a reflexive

pat on those which remain. I have never heard anyone, except my grandmother, accuse him of being handsome, but in my eyes he is a distinguished man—equally distinguished in the courtroom, garden, pulpit, or at home in the back bedroom administering punitive justice.

Dad is basically a conservative fellow—votes for conservative candidates, buys black cars and suits, seldom wears a sport shirt, and disdains the uninhibited and ostentatious show-off. But his conservativeness of manner disappears when he is on the courtroom floor before twelve solemn men, a sober judge, a tense client, and an attentive audience. In cross examinations he fires questions at the witnesses with the precision of a clockmaker and the spontaneity of an air hammer. His booming, "Gentlemen of the jury, consider the facts," as he closes his final argument usually climaxes a successful trial. (No lawyer wins them all.)

My dad's clients know just where to catch him every sunny summer Sunday. If dad's tomato plants, which he carefully cultivates each summer, had a memory, they would have vast reservoirs of legal knowledge, for dad's garden is the scene of much free legal advice. In addition to the legal counsel they receive, many of the clients go away with their arms full of fresh vegetables and their minds often stimulated by some injected principle of truth and integrity.

I once asked dad why he donated so freely of time, effort, money, advice, vegetables, and himself. His reply was the one I expected. "Son," he reminded me, "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Always remember that and you will make the world a better place."

Dad hasn't always been a Seventh-day Adventist. I can vividly recall his annoyance as he took us to church on Saturday before he went quail hunting or launched upon some other recreational activity minus his family. But he has always had Christian virtues.

About eighteen years ago, at my mother's suggestion, Elder E. L. Marley, Sr., began to study with my dad and presented the doctrines that Adventists hold in marked contrast to the popular religious attitudes. He had undertaken no slight task. My articulate, legalistic father exerted every capability to "win his case" and prove the minister and my mother wrong. The verbal battles waged between the man of law and the man of God would have been worthy of any courtroom.

One day when dad and I were alone

in the living room, we saw Elder Marley turn his sedan into our driveway. In a tone indicative of great mental conflict, dad muttered to himself, "Why doesn't that preacher leave me alone? I hate to see him come. He isn't logical."

When father, to his dismay, discovered that this champion of the Bible was all too logical, that there was but one right way, he acted in his usual manner. He was baptized on December 16, 1950.

The contrast between Frank Vines Potts the lawyer and Frank Vines Potts the church elder makes a son appreciate the humbleness of his father. On the courtroom floor dad knows no peer, but when he fills the pulpit in the minister's absence his voice trembles with deference and awe. He typically begins his church talk (he will not allow it to be classified as a "sermon") with "Brothers and sisters, I feel unworthy to stand before you this morning but it has fallen my duty to . . ."

The religion of my father is a seven-day-a-week religion, and he is always on the alert for an opportunity to give a Bible study. I have been with him on many of his missionary journeys, which take us far into the hollows lying in the west end of Lauderdale County. When he is soul hunting dad ignores the fact that many of the homes we visit appear uninhabitable.

Unfailingly, dad's oral ability in conducting a study far exceeds his manual dexterity in setting up the SAVE machine. One embarrassing instance I recall in particular. As we drove into the yard of a new contact, eager faces peered at us from behind windows, doors, and trees. Curious neighbors had been invited over to see the Jesus pictures Lawyer Potts had promised to show. The room was packed as the "infallible" attorney struggled with the projector. The filmstrip seemed to coil like a snake and invariably went into the projector backwards. Finally a tow-headed boy, who had probably received the greater part of his education on a section harrow, came to the learned lawyer's rescue and the Bible study proceeded successfully.

Whether giving a Bible study or walking in the woods, dad loves to have his children with him. Since his two boys can keep up with his rugged pace much better than his three daughters, mother's accusation that he spends more time with his sons than with his daughters is to some extent true. It might be added that this extra association with his sons extended to the ju-

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Mightier Than the Sword

by ROBERTA J. MOORE

Bath "A May! A May ["Mother! Mother!"]!" the child cried as she received a bath before treatment for scabies. Barabara Wyman's photo was taken in 1963 at a village clinic, conducted by nurses-in-training from the Seventh-day Adventist Hospital in Rangoon, Burma. The young man is Zaw Win, and the young woman is Mai Khin Thaug. It was submitted in Photo Mart.

Michigan "Congratulations are long overdue for publishing Gayle Hackleman's excellent article on the merits of tithe paying. Not only is the subject timely (just the day before reading it I was involved with some friends in a lengthy and heated discussion on that very topic) but also the article itself is well written. Please give us more articles carrying her by-line." GROSVENOR FATTIC, East Lansing.

California "I just want to commend for two articles, the editorial 'Day of Accounting,' and Ann Clayton's 'Not With Gold.' I am concerned about the trend among us relative to the fashions of the world, including the matter of the wedding ring. Glad to see this brought to the attention of our people." W. S. McCULLY, St. Helena.

Illinois "May I express our heartfelt appreciation for THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. It has been our constant companion since our home was established ten years ago. Before that we had received it in youth departments, academy and college dormitories, and we learned to love it. When we transferred our membership to a small church with no youth department we ordered it for ourselves. It has been like a friend (along with the *Review* and our union paper) coming every week to strengthen and encourage us when we were so isolated. We wouldn't—no, couldn't—be without this paper in our home." MR. AND MRS. J. C. DEAPEN, La Grange.

Energizer "Those who hunger for knowledge that they may bless their fellow men will themselves receive blessing from God. Through the study of His word their mental powers will be aroused to earnest activity."—MYP 175.

To close our eyes to what is going on in the world until we recognize events as fulfilled prophecy is to shortchange ourselves and the work that we do for God.

At one of our colleges last year about 300 freshmen wrote the annual current events test distributed by one of the weekly news magazines. No one rated high enough to qualify for the magazine's certificate of excellence. Most, indeed, could answer no more than half the questions correctly.

One student explained, "We're so busy we just don't have time to read."

Another commented that of course he hadn't done well on the test, because he never read the news magazine that distributed it; everybody knew, he said, that the magazine was controlled by Catholics and Democrats.

Still another said that he couldn't waste his time reading a newspaper or a news magazine; after all, they print little but crime news.

There is an answer for each of these freshmen.

Most of us complain at times that we are too busy for what we would like to do, but that even busy college students find the minutes for doing what they want to do is surely a truism.

We are not promoting the circulation of a magazine, but a knowledge of world events; yet in the interest of fairness we should point out to the second young man that he is misinformed, as is the third. Journalism students at Walla Walla College have found by actual measure less than 1½ per cent crime news in six newspapers they read regularly.

We have much to gain by becoming alert, discriminating readers and listeners. But there is more to it than this.

A student from an Eastern country then much in the news once commented, "You people know so little about my homeland! We would be more willing to hear the gospel you preach if we did not consider your missionaries so ignorant!"

A generation ago George Bernard Shaw suggested, in his usual tongue-in-cheek manner, that everybody in a civilized society should appear at intervals before a jury to justify his existence; if he failed, that existence should be terminated quickly and painlessly.

Without advocating such drastic measures, we might suggest that our advantages do exact something in return.

Is it too much to suggest that our young people ought to be well informed? That more should enter journalism than are now doing so?

Seventh-day Adventists operate 44 publishing houses and work in 266 languages; we have 89 periodicals in North America alone. The church needs writers; there is a gospel ministry with pen and typewriter. It needs editors, teachers, and specialists in advertising and layout.

Newspapers, magazines, radio, and television are what we speak of as the mass media, capable of reaching the ends of the earth. We cannot close our eyes either to the possibilities they offer a people with a world mission or to the responsibilities.

coming next week

- "I WANT TO TELL MR. CLINTON WHY"—The name of the church was at stake. What course should they take? What was God's will? Earnestly they joined in a season of prayer. Then someone suggested, "Let us go and see Brother Oribo." First of a three-part serial by Sherman A. Nagel, M.D.

The Tragedy of the 1,000th Victim

by **ROBERT H. PARR**

NOVEMBER 17 saw the posting of the 1,000th victim of our State's mounting road toll. With a population of something nearing four million people, this may be by your standards appalling or insignificant. But the dreadful impact is always harrowing if the latest victim is your neighbor's son—or your own brother, or husband, or father.

The 1,000th person to lose his life on the roads of New South Wales, Australia, this year was a sixteen-year-old named Pathric Allan Axam. He was one of seven teen-agers in a car that somehow left the road, overturned several times and finished its wild career wrapped around a tree. A member of the constabulary who saw the wreckage informs me that the pieces of the one-time roadworthy vehicle were scattered over a radius of one hundred yards. Moreover, so badly smashed was the car that it could not be towed away; piece by piece it was loaded onto a trailer and carted away, the final pieces being actually shoveled up and dumped into the trailer.

From this evidence you will not need to be any kind of sleuth to come to the deduction that this car must have been traveling at something more than a careful 25 m.p.h., or a sedate 30 m.p.h., or a conservative 35, even. And you would be quite right. It was, in fact, moving along the road at something much more than the regulation 35 m.p.h. in force in suburban areas in our part of the world.

The body of Pathric Allan Axam—aged sixteen—was found forty feet from the spot where the car finally came to rest. The six others in the car were injured seriously, three of them critically. But the main victim of the tragedy had on his person something that even you and I—careful, considerate, courteous drivers that we most certainly are—may well ponder. On the arm of the 1,000th victim, Pathric Allan Axam—age sixteen as you will remember—were tattooed these two words: **SPEED KILLS**.

I am not here to moralize but rather to offer the merest modicum of speculation. What it is that impels a man—to say nothing of a youth of sixteen—to have things tattooed upon his person is something beyond my finite understanding. But apparently this young man felt so strongly about the dangers of uncontrolled and uncontrollable momentum that he wanted the thing kept ever in front of him. I venture the suggestion that he imagined himself zipping along the

highway at a fast clip, then catching sight of the two warning words indelibly inscribed on his forearm, and forthwith easing his foot off the accelerator pedal, muttering to himself as he did so, "Brake it down, Pathric, m'boy."

This, then, is the tragedy of the 1,000th victim; he knew; it was before him constantly; it was a firm conviction. But it was information that he failed to act upon. It was not ignorance that caused Pathric Axam's untimely death; he did not perish for lack of knowledge. Rather he perished for failing to act upon the knowledge he had. That is the real tragedy of Pathric Axam. Will it be your tragedy in the realm of eternity?

But, you may object, this young man was but sixteen years of age. He was therefore not a licensed driver in New South Wales; probably he was not driving the car when it went into its last crazy cavort; probably he was merely a passenger, unable—except by his vocal protestation—to influence the direction or the momentum of the death car. And your objection may be perfectly valid. And if so, it suggests something that could be your tragedy too.

If I am convinced that certain things are dangerous; if my firm convictions tell me that a certain course of action will jeopardize my well-being; if I have certain principles that others do not share, then I contribute to my own downfall if, knowing all this, I continue to place myself in a position where I can neither control the situation nor follow the path of my own choosing.

One who spoke with more than ordinary authority has written: "Young persons who are thrown into one another's society may make their association a blessing or a curse. . . . It rests with yourselves, young men and women, whether you will become persons of trust, of integrity and real usefulness. You should be ready and resolute to take your stand for the right, under all circumstances. . . . In order to form correct habits, we should seek the company of persons of sound moral and religious influences."*

I am reasonably certain that young Pathric Axam never read those words. But you have. And you will see the alarming parallel which his tragic case could have with your own if your associates do not carry the same heart convictions as your own. As in the case of our 1,000th victim, the results in your case could also be fatal. Eternally.

* *Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 655.



Seals Save Lives

by FRANK L. REMINGTON

RAPIDLY stamping a batch of envelopes carrying Christmas greetings, the Copenhagen postal clerk glanced up from his work. A smile curved the corners of his lips. "Why not?" he thought. "It'll work. At least, it's worth trying."

"Good morning, Einar." The postmaster's voice interrupted the big, jovial postal clerk's thoughts. "Knut won't be in this morning. Afraid you'll have to do as much of his work as you can. Too bad we're so rushed."

"Yes," agreed Einar. His customary grin faded. Not because he minded the extra work—far from it. But he knew why industrious Knute would be absent. Sick and emaciated little Hans, the youngest of Knute's five children, was bedridden again. To care for the tubercular child, widowed Knute had missed work several times of late. Loving children as he did, Einar often wished he could bring the rosy hue back to the youngster's cheeks.

It was 1904, just a few weeks before Christmas, the busiest season of the year at the post office. From dawn to

dusk, Einar sorted and stamped the thousands of envelopes carrying the season's greetings from the people of Copenhagen to their friends throughout Denmark. Perhaps that's why he enjoyed his work so much. He liked to see everyone happy, and the folks who came into the post office to buy stamps and post letters reflected the joy of the season in their smiling faces and shining eyes. Only the thoughts of the thousands of sick and needy children, and especially little Hans, marred Einar's high spirits. "If only I could do something to help those poor kids," he often mused. And now he had an idea—a plan that might work.

Eagerly he poured his idea into the ready ears of his fellow employees. Most of them agreed with Einar. "It's worth trying," one mail sorter said. "And if the plan succeeds, it'll be a million times worth the effort we put into it."

The employees told the customers who came to the post office. They liked the idea too, and passed it along to their friends and neighbors. The plan

spread by word of mouth through the streets and into the homes of Copenhagen with epidemic rapidity. Within a few days it became the chief topic of conversation over all Denmark. Even King Christian IX caught the fever.

Einar's idea was so simple that he wondered why no one had thought of it before. Couldn't all those letters and greetings going through the mails during the Christmas season carry a special stamp? If such a stamp sold for a penny and enough folks bought them, there would be sufficient money to help Copenhagen's needy children and perhaps even start the construction of a tuberculosis hospital.

To test the possibilities of the plan, a printer set his press with a plate bearing the picture of Queen Louise of Denmark and rolled out two million stamps. Newspaper editors and magazine writers urged their readers to dig in their pockets and buy the stickers. The readers needed little coaxing, however, for in a short time the supply had been exhausted and two million more had to be printed. Everyone, it



seemed, supported the plan not only in spirit but financially as well. Some ardent supporters even refused to accept a letter unless it carried a seal.

Einar Holboell had not expected such an overwhelming response to his idea, and he was overjoyed. Now little Hans could be properly cared for and land bought for the construction of a tuberculosis hospital. The success of the Christmas seal drive sparked the enthusiasm of many doctors and scientists. They took a new interest in researching for the cause of the disease and in stamping it out. A great crusade had begun.

Enthusiastic over the crusade, an American, Jacob Riis, whose six brothers had died from the dread disease, published an article to persuade the people of the United States to adopt a Christmas seal program. But Americans are sometimes slow to rally behind a worthy cause and the response to the plea was almost negligible.

Fortunately, Emily Bissell championed the cause, or Christmas seals might never have come to the United States. As secretary of the Delaware Red Cross, Miss Bissell and a few others were struggling to keep going an open-air tuberculosis sanitarium on the historic Brandywine River. Now, unless she succeeded in raising three-hundred dollars in a hurry, the institution would have to close its doors permanently. But no one seemed interested; everyone turned a deaf ear to her pleas for financial aid.

"We'll keep the sanitarium open if we have to raise the money penny by penny," Miss Bissell declared. About that time she happened to read Jacob Riis's article on Christmas seals. The idea appealed to her. "We'll sell tuberculosis seals and get the money we need," she told the directors of the sanitarium.

But the problem wasn't quite that easy to solve. Low on funds, the Red Cross could not sponsor the printing of the seals, but it did agree to permit the use of the familiar crimson cross. A charity-minded printer, Charles Story, agreed to print the desired stamps on credit. In a short time fifty thousand Christmas seals designed by Miss Bissell were ready for the public. The stamp design consisted of an attractive green holly garland centered with a red cross and a cheerful "Merry Christmas."

Now another obstacle loomed. Although the Danish seals had been sold at post-office windows, the Postmaster General of the United States refused to permit the sales at Government stamp

windows in this country. Early in December, however, Miss Bissell set up a booth in the lobby of Wilmington's main post office and displayed the stamps packaged in small envelopes. But few persons bought them. Post office patrons practically ignored the little booth. The first day's sales brought only twenty-five dollars.

A lesser person might have been vanquished by this indifference, but not Emily Bissell. The word *defeat* wasn't in her vocabulary. If one method failed, there were others to try. She boarded a train to Philadelphia, determined to stir up public enthusiasm for her cause.

With the courage of an ardent crusader she invaded the offices of the City of Brotherly Love's greatest newspaper. "We can beat tuberculosis," she told the editor, and then enthusiastically outlined her plan. That worthy gentleman, however, was adamant. He couldn't see the connection between the ravaging disease and the Christmas sea-

son. And Miss Bissell's hope of saving the Brandywine sanitarium began to fade.

Luckily, one of the paper's editorial writers, who listened to the conversation, sensed the true value of the idea. His eagerness convinced the editor. "Fighting tuberculosis is a worthy cause," the newspaperman admitted. "This paper will do everything it can to help." And suiting his actions to his words, he not only gave space for publicity in the paper but also ordered 50,000 stamps. That marked a turning point in Miss Bissell's crusade.

At the opening of the first Philadelphia sale of Christmas seals on December 16, 1907, a ragged little newsboy reached up a penny—he was too small to see over the counter—and said, "Gimme one. Me sister's got it!" He got the message of the seals and so did the Philadelphians, who wholeheartedly backed the program.

In two days Miss Bissell had more than enough money to save the sanitarium. But it didn't stop there. Many persons wanted to help sell the stamps; civic leaders, newspapers, and government officials endorsed the idea. Even President Theodore Roosevelt eagerly backed the plan. Miss Bissell's goal of \$300 was passed, and soared to \$3,000.

Encouraged by these results, the American Red Cross sponsored the first nationwide Christmas seal campaign the following year. The first year brought in \$135,000. In 1910, the National Tuberculosis Association joined the campaign. A few years later this organization took over the entire campaign, which, of course, is now an annual affair.

For its official symbol the National Tuberculosis Association adopted the appropriate double-barred cross, sign of the ancient crusaders. Every Christmas seal bears this imprint. Today there are three thousand tuberculosis associations across the nation. From each dollar they collect from the sale of seals, all but six cents remains in the community and State in which it was raised, to fight the battle against the disease that still causes many deaths.

Now the Christmas seal is sold the world over during December. As testimony to the good the seals do, only one person dies from tuberculosis today for every six in 1904.

Einar Holboell, the jovial postal clerk, and Emily Bissell, the woman who wouldn't accept defeat, prove that unselfish persons who give themselves in the true Christmas spirit can achieve magnificent results.

Wit Sharpeners

Bible Occupations and Professions

by IDA MAE CHRISTAKOS

From the list given below choose the proper occupation or profession for these Bible characters.

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1. Amos | 11. Demetrius |
| 2. Cain | 12. Joseph |
| 3. Zenas | 13. Andrew |
| 4. Tubal-cain | 14. Malchus |
| 5. Jabal | 15. Shebna |
| 6. Jubal | 16. Baruch |
| 7. Luke | 17. Ezra |
| 8. Alexander | 18. Matthew |
| 9. Aquila | 19. Nehemiah |
| 10. Bezaleel | 20. Ahithophel |

- a. cattleman
b. tentmaker
c. carpenter
d. fisherman
e. tax gatherer
f. silversmith
g. musician
h. cupbearer to king
i. lawyer
j. worker in brass and iron
k. servant to high priest
l. physician
m. coppersmith
n. farmer
o. herdsman and gatherer of sycamore fruit
p. special skills "in all manner of workmanship"
q. counselor to a king
r. scribe
s. secretary
t. treasurer

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Ends and Fresh Beginnings

by WILMA ROSS WESTPHAL

BOB WESTON'S father, although eighty-seven years old, had a keen intellect, and his mind was clear as a bell. He had often gone with Bob to the sanitarium parlor to speak to the patients at worship time, and on numerous occasions had taught his son's Sabbath school class with resultant enthusiasm among the class members. He had also been persuaded to speak from the pulpit for the church service on several occasions.

As Bob came home one night and settled down with the family before a crackling fire, he turned to his father.

"How about preaching the sermon a week from Sabbath?"

His father hesitated before answering. "I'm getting rather old to be preaching," he declared. "I'm sure your congregation would prefer to hear a younger speaker—like yourself."

"As a matter of fact, they've been asking when you'd be speaking again. You may not be aware of it, but you've drawn as large a congregation as any we've ever had, barring none!"

A slow smile spread over Father Weston's benign features as he turned to his son. "In that case I guess I'll do it, but mind you, just this once—no more!"

"Thanks a lot," Bob said, turning to the headlines of the evening paper.

Father Weston had authored a number of articles for the pages of the *Review and Herald* during his younger, more productive years. Some of his favorite topics had to do with righteousness by faith. As he prepared material for the sermon in the days that followed, he asked Jeanie to type it for him. She wasn't at all surprised to note that his subject came under the same

general heading, but with a new approach.

When the day arrived for him to occupy the pulpit, the church was filled to capacity, and a breathless silence filled the room as this venerable gentleman of the snow-white hair and steady gaze stood before the congregation.

"This will be the last sermon that I shall ever preach," he announced unfalteringly, and in the next instant the audience seemed to draw in a collective breath.

Jeanie shuddered, for the remark seemed impregnated with prophetic significance.

From the depth of his own experience the speaker made Romans 6:14 clearer than it had ever seemed before: "Ye are not under the law, but under grace," he read with a lift to his voice. "A sinner is naturally under the condemnation of the law. A criminal deserves to be punished because he has broken the law. But the sinner's penalty has been paid by the redeeming blood of a crucified Saviour, therefore we are now under grace. The law, however, is still binding.

"A sinner cannot purchase his salvation by his own good works, but through the grace of the redeeming power of Christ our Saviour we as sinners will be able to live up to the requirements of the law. Good works will naturally follow the acceptance of the redeeming grace offered through the blood of the Lamb. . . . This is a gift from heaven. As sinners we have nothing of value but ourselves to offer in return. . . . Our own good works are as filthy rags until this wonderful gift of salvation is accepted, and our

mistakes as sinners are covered by the righteousness of Christ. . . . Then, and only then, may our works be acceptable to God."

It was soon after this that Father Weston began talking of returning to their home in Weslaco, Texas. "I think," he faltered, "I'd like to arrange a family reunion during the Christmas holidays. It will be the last time we can all be together. The members of our family can make it to Weslaco where they couldn't get to Washington, D.C."

Jeanie paled as she and Bob exchanged furtive glances. "We had so hoped you and Mother Weston could stay on with us until spring at least, but of course, if you think you should go—" The sentence hung in the room unfinished, and she turned away a moment.

"I'll make arrangements for my work so that we can leave here the nineteenth of December. That should get us there in plenty of time to make preparations for the reunion for Christmas," Bob said with a catch in his voice.

"Then we'll celebrate our birthday by starting the trip on the nineteenth," the twins informed the family circle. "It's so near Christmas we can't have birthday parties very often!"

When at last Bob and Jeanie were alone in their room the discussion was sad and serious. "They had seemed so well and happy here with us, but lately it has seemed that something far beneath the surface has been worrying them. Haven't you noticed it?"

"Yes," Bob said flatly, "I've noticed it, and it has concerned me."

"Have you discussed it with them? Maybe we would know better what to do for their happiness if we talked things over with them."

"I've discussed it enough to find that it has nothing whatever to do with us. Fact is, they've been happy here with us."

"Then I guess there's nothing to do but prepare for the trip, and spend as much time with them as possible in the meantime," Jeanie faltered. "It just seems to me that there's a sad, almost wistful look about them both these days—some secret sorrow or disappointment perhaps."

"Yes," Bob repeated, "some secret sorrow."

The trip was made without event. The elder Westons were soon comfortably settled in their own home, while enthusiasm mounted as preparations progressed for the family reunion. Amy

and Melvin decided that the Christmas season should be spent mostly at their beach house where there would be ample room for everyone and the work could be shared by all. There was a Christmas tree and simple gifts for each, the children being especially favored.

The twins and their cousins, Earline and Marilyn Faye, had a good time on the beach, while Bob and Jeanie, Joe and Barbara, Melvin and Amy, and Roberta all hovered about Mother and Father Weston the greater share of the time. Perhaps it was a premonitory sense of impending loss, or perhaps it was the gratifying sense of perfect understanding and togetherness that drew them, like a magnet, to the elderly couple. Whatever it was it brought a new glint to their eyes, a fresh smile to their faces.

At the worship period on Christmas night Father Weston finished his remarks by making a statement: "This has been a very enjoyable occasion for mother and me, the only regret being that Arthur and Marie couldn't join us from Massachusetts. This is the last time we'll ever have the privilege of being together as a group again on this earth. May God grant us many reunions in the earth beyond."

No one had much to say after that, for each was deep in his own thoughts. When the holiday was ended and the families had to return to their own homes and work, the farewells were lingering and tearful. It had never been like this before—there had always been the assurance of a reunion on some future date.

The feeling of personal loss and emptiness lingered on for days after the Robert Westons had returned to their home in Washington. It was not exactly a shock, therefore, when just twenty days after the farewells had been said in Weslaco they received a telephone call from Bob's brother in Weslaco telling of Father Weston's passing.

"I think he must have had an inner warning of this for several months now," Jeanie told Bob tearfully when he returned home and told the family the sad news.

"Yes," he choked, "I'm sure he had."

"But he had nothing particularly wrong with him, did he?"

"Not that I know of. Just a case of old age and a feeling that his days of usefulness were over, I guess."

"Like in the Bible times when it was said of the patriarchs that they died and were gathered unto their fathers,"



VOICE OF PROPHECY

BOX 55, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90053

Voice of Prophecy Topics for December

December 4	This Planet in Eternity
December 11	The History of Jerusalem
December 18	The Love of God
December 25	The Manger at Bethlehem

she whispered almost reverently. "Of course, you must go, Bob. I'll hold things together here and keep the girls in school. Besides," she added thoughtfully, "we can't afford to make another trip as a family for some time to come, I'm afraid."

They decided that he should make the trip by bus, for Jeanie and the girls would need the car in his absence. Together they knelt in prayer before he left, then bade him farewell.

In a few days he was home again and the family crowded around to hear the details of Father Weston's passing and of the funeral.

"He was ill only four or five days—just seemed to sink a little lower each day, until—until he went," Bob said, burying his face in his hands.

"The world will never seem quite the same again with him gone," Jeanie sighed.

The twins started to cry, for they had grown very fond of their grandparents during their recent visit.

"It's like a sleep," their mother explained as she stroked their hair. "Jesus will come again someday to take the faithful home with Him. It's hard for those of us who remain behind, but for those who die, it is like a—a rest. We know that grandfather was ready to die, and that he will be called from his grave on the great resurrection morning. Now," she added in a more heartening tone, "we must get dinner on the table, for your daddy is tired and hungry from his trip."

As winter reluctantly gave way to spring, Jeanie found that more and more of her time was being taken up by blueprints, and house plans, with layout plans for fresh new color schemes and home furnishings. These plans usually included not only the paint and wallpaper samples for each room, but swatches of carpeting and fabrics for upholstery or slipcovers, and

drapery materials. In this way there was an obvious coordination from one room to another and people could better visualize the final effect to be achieved.

Up to this time she had used one of the upstairs rooms as an office and studio for layouts and planning; thus she had been able to keep her work separated from their family life to a great degree. But as the girls grew older, the cost of their schoolwork and their music lessons increased, and the taxes on their home had steadily mounted. Furthermore, Jeanie had to have a station wagon for her work. Then, in order to keep up with the demand for her services, she had to hire an assistant to do the bookkeeping and help with the orders and the filing. As her work kept expanding, she trained her assistant to do more and more of her layout plans so that she could go into the homes herself and do the initial planning and ordering of needed materials.

As she called on the people in their homes, she found that her work went far beyond the mere mechanics of decorating; she found herself helping with such intangibles as family relationships and misunderstood personal needs. One family, she recalled, needed specific help along these lines. The woman's voice over the telephone had sounded urgent, as if she couldn't wait another day for her to come.

"Please come in," she said as Jeanie stood at the door. "I need help with my boys. I'm losing touch with them."

Jeanie smiled and took a chair from which had been removed sundry articles of clothing. She took in the entire situation without seeming obviously to notice her surroundings. There was dirt on the floors, and cobwebs ornamented the corners and the ceilings. The few articles of furniture had long since served their term of usefulness. The bottom of an ancient sofa swayed to the floor, and the dining room table had been used for a catchall instead of a place to eat.

"Tell me about the boys," she invited.

"Just the usual teen-age resentments," she said tersely. "While they were small they were contented to stay at home and play. Later, we got some thoroughbred dogs for them to care for and sell, and as they grew older we allowed them most of the profits. But now—now," she mused sadly, "they're seldom home, and they never bring their friends here."

Jeanie had an impulse to say, "And

I can see why." But instead she said, "Let's see if we can't get them to cooperate in doing your home over. We'll choose the colors for the paint, then get the boys to do the painting."

They went through the rooms, deciding on the paint colors, what to keep and have redone, and what to replace with new or good secondhand furnishings. As the work progressed, Jeanie inspected it often. And while the boys were proudly doing a fine job with the painting, the mother was working on the new draperies under Jeanie's supervision. A new sofa and rug appeared in the living room, several chairs had been reupholstered, and the dining set had been redone. And, as the entire house was skillfully and smartly finished, she didn't have to warn the mother not to permit the big dogs in the house. Of her own volition she said emphatically, "I'm putting my foot down now on the dogs' coming into the house. They're too big, and they bring in too much dirt."

It was not long before Jeanie received a telephone call from this mother. "The boys are so happy about the looks of our place now that they're bringing their friends home these days. How can I ever thank you enough?"

"I'm sure that I enjoyed the project as much as any of you," she answered.

Over the months she found many such opportunities, to give spiritual encouragement or to leave a book or periodical with some person whose needs extended beyond the bounds of redecorating.

Because of rapid growth and expansion, Jeanie moved her office to the small business section of Woodmoor, which was a suburb of Silver Spring. Her work had come to the attention of the Home Builders Association, and she was invited to exhibit in the National Guard Armory. The small 20-foot by 20-foot space was arranged to resemble a corner of a large airy room; and there was casual elegance against a background of daring new colors. She and her assistant, Adolf Widmaier, and the twins, had a fine time meeting the thousands of people who came for new decorating ideas for their homes. They roped off their space about three o'clock on Friday afternoon, and left it alone over the Sabbath hours. During the week they had taken turns at the office and the exhibit. Jeanie took her turn in the studio office on Sunday afternoon, and was working on some plans when the telephone rang shrilly.

"Distinctive Interiors. Jean Weston speaking."

"I'm Elizabeth Snaidman. We've never met, but I was at the Home Show in the Armory yesterday, and I thought you had the most attractive exhibit I'd ever seen. I went back again and again, but I never found anyone there. I took the liberty to reach in and take one of your cards off the desk, however, and that's why I'm—"

"You see, I'm a Seventh-day Adventist, so that's the reason no one was there."

"Oh," the voice said uncertainly. "Anyway, I'm secretary to Col. H. A. Hauck in the Pentagon, so I took him to see your exhibit after working hours, and he was as impressed with your work as I was. We had to leave before six o'clock, and there was still no one there. Don't you care to do business?" The voice sounded a little exasperated at this point.

"Surely I do. I'm busy all the time—that is, anytime except Saturdays. What can I do for you?"

"Well, Colonel Hauck is chairman of the house and decorating committee for the Army, Navy, Air Force country club in Arlington, Virginia. They've

invited a number of decorators from the Washington area and New York City to submit plans and cost estimates for the redecorating of the club. Would you be interested in getting into the race?"

"Why, it sounds most interesting. On what will the judges base their final decisions? Cost, or quality and beauty of decor and coordination? Everything is so expensive now during the war—"

"The judges won't even see the cost sheets and estimates. Function and beauty will be the basis of the judging," she said.

"I would insist upon quality and beauty of structure and design, as well as attractive color schemes and coordination if I were to enter the contest."

"Glad to hear you say that," the secretary said. "You may get a call from Colonel Hauck one of these days."

"Thank you," Jeanie said, excitement mounting. "Nice talking to you even if we don't hear again."

"I feel sure you will. Good-by now," the voice said, and Jeanie hung up the receiver, cleared her desk, and hurried home.

Next Week: The Big Opportunity.

Night Watchman

by ROBERT J. WIELAND

Lord, I feel sorry for You tonight.

A sheltered child, I sleep secure, content;
No swordlike, piercing pain of tortured folk
On lonely sickbeds stabs my sovereign skin;
I sense no anguished dread in dying hearts.

No tattered waifs from Africa besmudge
My windows with their dirty hands, or peer
Inside with hungry eyes that plead for love.
Yet they crowd around Your windows looking in!

No cursed untouchables on Bombay streets
Beg leave to make my lawn their bed tonight.

I hear no heartsick sob in vice-cursed haunt,
Nor curdling scream of suicide's dark leap,
Nor soldier's pain-racked gasp in alien land.

I sense no shock of riven flesh in crash
On bloody road. I cannot even surmise
The reason for my next-door neighbor's tears!

But through the starlit hours You may not sleep.
You dare not look the other way, avert
Your gaze. You watch each twitch of pain, and count
Our sighs, Yours the helpless agony
To feel our universal tragedy.

Lord, I feel sorry for You tonight—
But is there something I might do to help?



Pati

by SUSAN TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN FORQUER

THE grating door buzz that Saturday afternoon roused me from the television program.

"I'll get it," I yelled to no one in particular.

I opened the door, my hand hesitating on the knob as I inspected the man on the porch.

"Hello. Are your parents home?"

"Mother is. Come in. You may sit down over there." I indicated the moss-green couch. "I'll get her."

Wonder if he's selling insurance or encyclopedias? I haggled over the two on my way to the kitchen.

"Mamma, there's some man here to see you."



nt Persuasion

Eager to eavesdrop, like some other ten-year-olds, I followed her to the living room.

"Hello. I'm Mrs. Taylor. May I help you?"

The stranger had taken off his top-coat. Now he stood.

"I'm Dr. Erhardt Zinke from down the street. I've been going from door to door to get better acquainted with my neighbors here on Devon." His accent hinted of New York, California, Germany, and Texas.

"How nice! Not many people are willing to take time to do that any more."

Mother clicked off the television set and seated herself across from the couch. I sat on a footstool, out of the line of fire, so I could watch.

"In fact, you're the first neighbor to make a point of meeting us. We moved in June of 1957, so we've been in Corpus Christi about seven months now."

Visiting strangers? On a Saturday afternoon? In a business suit? I studied the man as the minutes ticked by. He was tall, of medium build, like daddy. Animated, intelligent face. His hand reached up to smooth a rebellious cowlick.

"We don't have a family church," mother was explaining.

Strange that he should be so interested in someone he didn't even know. He leaned forward on the edge of the couch, assuming the position of a baseball catcher.

"My husband is a Baptist, but he rarely goes any more. I haven't joined

a church. Both my daughters attend Prescott Christian. What's your church, Dr. Zinke?"

"I'm a Seventh-day Adventist."

"What's that?" I wondered.

"Really?" Mother was delighted. "My grandmother was too. I can remember going to camp meeting when I was a little girl in Clinton, Missouri. And the old German Seminary there . . ."

About an hour later the stranger left, a friend. A friend whose religion posed many questions for me.

"They go to church on Saturday, the Sabbath," mother explained, "and they don't believe in dancing, or playing cards, or eating pork."

"No wonder daddy always said grandmother acted funny."

"Yes. A lot of people think they are

peculiar. But they have wonderful doctors and nurses. Adventist nurses saved my mother's life, and later your Uncle Roy's, when all the doctors in town had given up hope. I'll always choose one of their medical people."

"But what makes them so good?"

"I don't know. Maybe it's that their work is part of their religion. Hand me the telephone book, will you, please. I'm going to find Dr. Zinke's office. It's about time we had a family doctor."

The brown Texas winter blushed into spring. It was a soft May evening, and again he was at the door.

"Hi, Dr. Zinke. Mamma's right here on the couch."

"Well, Mrs. Taylor, what's the trouble?"

"I think it's just this flu that's going around, but the girls were worried. Sorry to keep you away from your supper."

"Oh, that's all right," he mumbled, already engrossed in his work. "You said you've been having nausea and severe abdominal pain?"

"Yes."

"How long has this been bothering you?"

"A few days now. Of course, I had another bout with it last fall."

He smoothed back his cowlick. "Does this hurt?" He pressed the right side.

Tears flooded mother's eyes. She gasped. A frown knit Dr. Zinke's brow and darkened his eyes.

"Mrs. Taylor, I'm getting you to the hospital for some tests. I'm afraid this is appendicitis."

Stunned, we stood around while he called an ambulance. In a few minutes it left with her—daddy and Dr. Zinke driving right behind. My sister and I watched them vanish down the street.

Strange how quiet the night was. Lonely. What was happening at the hospital. Nothing could go wrong—could it? "Their work is part of their religion," mother's words echoed back. Was Dr. Zinke praying? Thoughts whispered in the still darkness.

The screen squeaked and a key clicked in the lock.

"Hi, Daddy. Is she all right?"

"What are you kids doing still up? Yes, she's fine now. Still under anesthesia when I left. It was her appendix. Dr. Zinke removed it an hour ago. He looked worse than your mother when they wheeled her out of the operating room. I'll swear the man was actually green! Said it was a miracle the thing hadn't ruptured long ago."

He had prayed.

Three years drifted by, years dotted

Key

Wit Sharpeners

1. o (Amos 7:14); 2. n (Gen. 4:2); 3. i (Titus 3:13); 4. j (Gen. 4:22); 5. a (Gen. 4:20); 6. g (Gen. 4:21); 7. l (Col. 4:14); 8. m (2 Tim. 4:14); 9. b (Acts 18:1-3); 10. p (Ex. 31:1-5); 11. f (Acts 19:24); 12. c (Matt. 13:55); 13. d (Matt. 4:18); 14. h (John 18:10); 15. s (Isa. 22:15); 16. r (Jer. 36:4); 17. r (Ezra 7:11); 18. s (Matt. 9:9); 19. b (Neh. 1:1; 2:1); 20. q (2 Sam. 15:12).

with friendly visits by Dr. Zinke to our home and trips to his clinic. The air was crisp with autumn this time as we walked up to the small building.

Mother pushed open the door and we stepped in out of the yellow sunlight. People. The little green waiting room was filled with them. Our nostrils were filled with the bite of disinfectant and the stale smell of many people. All the chairs were taken. Children in faded, striped T-shirts spilled from their parents' laps onto the floor where they sprawled, playing with the magazines, or stood sucking their thumbs, dark eyes surveying us as we came in.

The sign read, "Ring Bell for Service." Mother did.

A smiling Spanish nurse slid open the little window. "Hello, Mrs. Taylor. It's been a while since we've seen

you. Hi, Susan. Busy getting used to high school?"

Nodding, I returned her smile.

While mother talked with her, I looked around the room. Still no place to sit. I began leafing through the pamphlets in a rack on the wall.

"Which Is the Real Catholic Church?" Haven't read that one yet," I mused. The drone of conversation faded from my consciousness.

The door beside me opened and I raised my eyes.

"Maria Gomez?"

A young matron stood awkwardly to her feet. A little boy clung to her faded maternity dress, while the grandmother followed them, carrying his chubby sister. They disappeared past the nurse; then she too disappeared, closing the door behind her.

Mother and I filled the vacancy they left on the beige settee.

The room was full of people that were poor. How did Dr. Zinke ever collect any fees? He already charged less than most doctors in town. But some of these patients looked as though they couldn't even afford that. He could surely make more money if he were in a better location.

Mother picked up a copy of *These*

Rendezvous

by JANE WOELKERS

I SAT at the desk in the lab and looked out the window at a gray Friday sky. The day before, Gemini 6 with astronauts Walter M. Schirra, Jr., and Thomas P. Stafford had splashed down in the Atlantic after a successful rendezvous in space with Frank Borman and James A. Lovell, Jr., and their Gemini 7 spacecraft. Tomorrow, Sabbath, Gemini 7 would splash down. I smiled with pride and satisfaction as my American blood tingled in my veins. A prayer of thanks went up for the safe return of the Gemini 6 crew, then a request for the safe return of the Gemini 7.

Rendezvous. A French word that means freely, "I will meet you."

As quickly as the thought entered my mind it left and another crowded in. I remembered sitting in Grandmother Boock's living room more

than five years earlier. She had leaned over, gazed steadily into my eyes and said firmly, "Let's plan now to be together in the new earth."

"Yes, let's," I had replied, filled with delight.

In less than a year she was dead.

Because she died in the winter and I was not well I wasn't allowed to go to the cemetery. When spring came I went alone to her grave and sat on the grass at her feet. There was an aching and lonely feeling in my heart. I found my way to our family plot and studied its position relative to her grave. Looking up into the sky, I laughed the laugh of hope.

"Now I know where to look for grandmother when Jesus comes!"

Absurd? Not really. The two thoughts do belong together. Christians do have a rendezvous in space.

Times and I settled back to my pamphlet. The drone died away again and the squirming children were forgotten.

"Susan Taylor?" The door was open again, and this time mother and I walked down the hall.

The disinfectant smell was even stronger in the simple cubicle where the nurse left us. Mother seated herself with her magazine, while I perched on the edge of the padded examination table. Through the wall I could hear Dr. Zinke laughing as he answered the telephone. How could he be so cheerful, knowing he had to see all those people before he could go home?

Soon the door opened and in he strode—white, starched, rumped.

"Hi, Susie. Hello, Mrs. Taylor. How have you folks been doing?"

While he thumped, listened, and peered, he kept up a barrage of questions, catching up on our family news.

"Still wish you'd let me take you all to Sabbath school with me. Susie would love it, and I think you would too, Mrs. Taylor."

"Yes. I wish we could go. It's been years. But I work on Saturdays you know."

"Uh, huh. Well, we're starting a series of meetings at the church this Sunday night. Why don't you plan to come to those? This tells all about them." He handed mother a brightly printed circular. "Bring the whole family."

"Well, Ann will have a date, and I don't think my husband would be interested. But maybe Susan and I can get him to bring us. We'll see."

The parking lot around the ivy-covered brick church was full that Sunday evening.

"What time will this thing be over?" daddy asked.

"I don't know, Crock. Probably around eight-thirty or nine. We'll call you."

As he drove off, we heard the robust singing flowing out the open church doors. A smiling stranger greeted us and gave us cards to be punched by the usherettes. Through the open foyer door we could see down the center aisle of the sanctuary to the pulpit, where a tenor was energetically leading the song service.

Over to the left were Dr. Zinke and his family. We slipped in beside him. Smiling broadly, he handed us his songbook. They almost flashed triumph, those friendly blue eyes.

The lights were bright and friendly too. In their glow I could see an assortment of people. Most of the women were too pale to look normal. They

seemed nice enough, though. Here and there, in gaudy contrast, were women whose make-up and jewelry looked out of place in this church. I was glad mother had warned me to go easy with my lipstick.

I bent my attention to learning the song the tenor was beating out so vigorously.

All the things we saw on the screen that night were new to me. Why didn't my church teach those prophecies?

Dr. Zinke drove us home. He said there was no sense in calling daddy when he lived so near.

"See you tomorrow night," he called as he pulled out of our driveway.

Each of the meetings was thought provoking. Here they really used their

tions were asked, questions answered. Would I ever be able to find the answers?

Dr. Zinke hovered near us that morning. When he had to go on the platform for church, he left us with his family.

These Adventists seemed to be happy people. Not nearly as many grouches as I expected. How could they stay so cheerful with so many don'ts? Didn't they ever feel tied down? I could never live a life like theirs.

Dr. Zinke offered the opening prayer. My tumbled thoughts hushed as his voice lifted to God.

The sun was bright and the air was crisp outside on the November morn-

Ideas

by MARGARET EVELYN SINGLETON

I closed the door, but they misted through
Somehow, and swirled around
My would-be solitude, a few
As choice as could be found.

I gave it up and welcomed them;
Those stubborn few who stayed
And filled my inner room with joy
Unknown were doors obeyed.

Bibles. But how could churches that based their beliefs on the same Book be so different? Surely those differences didn't matter. So many people couldn't be wrong. And yet, Dr. Zinke was certainly an intelligent man. He wouldn't side with a group of fanatics. Who was right?

"I quit today," mother announced a few months later. "Mrs. Howe couldn't put me in a department where I could have Saturdays off, so I told her I wouldn't be able to work any more. What time did Dr. Zinke say Sabbath school begins?"

The next morning we were there. We sat behind Dr. Zinke's family in a patch of friendly spring sunlight streaming through the colored panes of the window.

He found a lesson quarterly for us to use, and invited us to his class for the lesson study. Texts flew like missiles when he taught. He and the others would flip through their worn Scriptures and be ready to read while I was still searching for the book on the thumb index of my new Bible. Ques-

ing that I stood before the pulpit answering questions. Dr. Zinke was the first of the elders to extend the hand of fellowship. A smile covered his face and there was a soft pride in his eyes.

"So glad to see you take your stand, Susie."

Then another was welcoming me into the church, and another, and another . . .

Linda Zinke helped me prepare for baptism. She was like her father.

After the crowd had left, the doctor handed me a copy of *Messages to Young People*. On the flyleaf, carefully written to make a doctor's scrawl legible, was this note:

"18 November, 1961

"DEAR SUSAN,

"We are so happy that you have decided to give your heart and life to Christ. May this book be a source of comfort, strength, and encouragement.

"God bless you and keep you faithful as you look forward to the coming of our blessed Redeemer!

"Sincerely your friends,
"THE ZINKES"

Counsel Clinic



Question In the "Testimonies for the Church" Ellen G. White seemingly condemns picnics. In volume one under "Perilous Times" she, while writing about Sabbathkeepers says: "They . . . have attended picnics, . . . flattering themselves that they were engaging in innocent amusement." She classes picnics with dances and exhibitions, et cetera. Would you please explain in what context she is condemning picnics and would you give references for further reading?

Counsel In considering this question we need to remember that some words in popular use today do not carry the same meaning as when used by Ellen White a hundred years ago. Under the entry "picnic" our unabridged dictionary states: "Originally a fashionable social entertainment at which each person contributed food to a common table; now, an excursion or pleasure party, the food for which is usually provided by members of the group and is eaten in the open air." Another dictionary states that formerly the "picnic" was an indoor pleasure party, with amusements.

You will see at once that in writing of "picnics" in *Testimonies*, volume one, Mrs. White used the term in the sense in which it was then understood. Her reason for condemning the picnics of the time seems quite clear when one reads in full the statement referred to above, from page 269: "They [young Sabbathkeepers] have not been willing to give up the world, but have united with them, have attended picnics and other gatherings of pleasure, flattering themselves that they were engaging in innocent amusement. Yet I was shown that it was just such indulgences that separate them from God and make them children of the world. God does not own the pleasure seeker as His follower. He has given us no such example. Those only who are self-denying, and who live a life of sobriety, humility, and holiness, are true followers of Jesus; and such cannot engage in and enjoy the frivolous, empty conversation of the lovers of the world."

Three other passages in the same volume help to clarify the meaning of her statement:

"The true followers of Jesus will discard picnics, donations, shows, and other gatherings for pleasure. They can find no Jesus there, and no influence which will make them heavenly minded and increase their growth in grace."—Page 288.

"Especially from the age of ten to eighteen, they will often feel that there would be no harm in going to picnics and other gatherings of young associates; yet their experienced parents can see danger. They are acquainted with the peculiar temperaments of their children and know the influence of these things upon their minds, and from a desire for their salvation keep them back from these exciting amusements."—Page 391.

On page 404 of the same volume, concerning those who profess to be Christians but are not actually converted, we read: "Some such professors can enter the ballroom and unite in all the amusements which it affords. Others cannot go to such a length as this, yet they can attend parties of pleasure, picnics, donation parties, and exhibitions. And the most discerning eye would fail to detect in such professed Christians one mark of Christianity. One would fail to see in their appearance any difference between them and the greatest unbeliever. The professed Christian, the profligate, the open scoffer at religion, and the openly profane all mingle together as one. And God regards them as one in spirit and practice."

It is crystal clear from this counsel that the true Christian will not attend these worldly "gatherings for pleasure," to listen to the frivolous, empty conversation of the lovers of the world, and engage in "exciting amusements." There is "no Jesus there," no influence to help one to be a better Christian.

When we as Seventh-day Adventists think of a picnic today, we do not think

of a gathering of this kind. Another kind of recreation is brought to view in the same volume of the *Testimonies*, page 514, where we read: "Let several families living in a city or village unite and leave the occupations which have taxed them physically and mentally, and make an excursion into the country to the side of a fine lake or to a nice grove where the scenery of nature is beautiful. They should provide themselves with plain, hygienic food, the very best fruits and grains, and spread their table under the shade of some tree or under the canopy of heaven." This is the sort of "picnic" that God can approve. Read this entire chapter, and also the one on "Christian Recreation," beginning on page 585 of *Testimonies*, volume two. It reports a talk given by Mrs. White "before a company of about two hundred who were enjoying a season of recreation at Goguac Lake, near Battle Creek, Michigan, May, 1870."

Another reference to a picnic, this time in its present-day meaning, is found in the book *Evangelism*, page 454. In Sister White's diary for 1892, she wrote, under date of November 9: "In response to an urgent invitation, we drove out to a pleasant grove, where the parents and children of the Sabbath school were having a picnic. . . . I spoke for about half an hour."

Jesus Himself said to His disciples, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while" (Mark 6:31). He recognized the need for rest and relaxation.

God wants His children to be happy and healthy, and there is a place in His plan, not for empty, selfish, frivolous pleasure-seeking and exciting amusements, but for wholesome, healthful recreation. Read section on "Recreation and Amusement" in *Messages to Young People*, pages 361-400, and Section XVII in *The Adventist Home*, "Relaxation and Recreation," pages 491-530. Study the principles that should govern Seventh-day Adventist Christians in their recreation, and plan your picnics accordingly.

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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, D.C. 20012.



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Sabbath School Lessons

DECEMBER 3, 1966

Prepared for publication by the General
Conference Sabbath School Department

SENIOR

X—The Spirit of Courage

MEMORY VERSE: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness" (Isa. 41:10).

STUDY HELPS: *The SDA Bible Commentary; Gospel Workers*, pp. 264-268; *Testimonies*, vol. 7, pp. 210-214. For other Spirit of Prophecy comments see "Courage" in the *Index to the Writings of E. G. White*.

STUDY AIM: To develop Christlike courage for present and future needs.

Introduction

"Talk courage, talk faith, talk hope. My brother and sister in the Lord, be of good courage. O, how little we know what is before us! We will give ourselves entirely to Jesus, to be wholly His, and then say, 'Not my will, but Thy will, O God, be done.' . . . You have the tender love and compassion of your Saviour. Look to Him always. Trust in Him continually, and doubt not His love. He knows all our weakness and that which we need. He will give us grace sufficient for our day. Only look to Jesus continually, and be of good courage."—ELLEN G. WHITE, *Sons and Daughters of God*, p. 191.

The Courage of Jesus

1. In what words did the prophet Isaiah foretell the courageous spirit of Jesus? Isa. 42:4.

NOTE.—"He will not fail or become weak, or be crushed and discouraged."—*The Amplified Old Testament*.

"Day by day He met trials and temptations; day by day He was brought into contact with evil and witnessed its power upon those whom He was seeking to bless and to save. Yet He did not fail or become discouraged."—*The Ministry of Healing*, pp. 18, 19.

2. How did Jesus display courage in the face of Herod's threats? Luke 13:31-33.

NOTE.—"Apparently the Pharisees used this device in an attempt to frighten Jesus out of Perea into Judea, where they could lay hands on Him themselves. For nearly two years the Jewish leaders had been plotting His death (see DA 213, 401; John 11:53, 54, 57 . . .), and the Jews had recently tried twice to stone Him."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Luke 13:31.

Exhortations to Courage

3. In a time of widespread wickedness, what spirit should characterize believers? Matt. 24:12, 13.

NOTE.—"Christ's forecast met its first fulfillment in the decades prior to the fall of Jerusalem in A.D. 70 (DA 633; cf. 36, 37). The prophecy will

again be fulfilled in the last days (2 Tim. 3:1-5; cf. 5T 136, 741)."—*Ibid.*, on Matt. 24:12.

"The day of the Lord is approaching with stealthy tread; but the supposed great and wise men know not the signs of Christ's coming or of the end of the world. Iniquity abounds, and the love of many has waxed cold.

"There are thousands upon thousands, millions upon millions, who are now making their decision for eternal life or eternal death."—*Testimonies*, vol. 6, p. 406.

4. On what two occasions did the Lord speak a message of encouragement to Israel? Deut. 31:6; Joshua 1:7, 9.

5. In anticipation of final deliverance from the power of sin, what inspired words of hope and courage does Isaiah speak to God's people? Isa. 35:4.

NOTE.—"Christian life is more than many take it to be. It does not consist wholly in gentleness, patience, meekness, and kindness. These graces are essential; but there is need also of courage, force, energy, and perseverance. The path that Christ marks out is a narrow, self-denying path. To enter that path and press on through difficulties and discouragements requires men who are more than weaklings."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 497.

6. Where is the source of our strength and courage? 2 Tim. 2:1.

NOTE.—"However courageous and successful a man may be in the performance of a special work, unless he looks constantly to God when circumstances arise to test his faith he will lose his courage. Even after God has given him marked tokens of His power, after he has been strengthened to do God's work, he will fail unless he trusts implicitly in Omnipotence."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, vol. 2, p. 1035.

Bible Illustrations of Courage

7. How did God honor an unusual manifestation of courage on the part of His people in Jehoshaphat's day? 2 Chron. 20:20-23.

NOTE.—"They praised God for the victory, and four days thereafter the army returned to Jerusalem, laden with the spoils of their enemies, singing praises for the victory won.

"Do you not think that if more of this were done now, our hope and courage and faith would be revived? Would not the hands of the soldiers who are standing in defense of the truth be strengthened? If there were much more praising the Lord, and far less doleful recitation of discouragement, many more victories would be gained."—*Sons and Daughters of God*, p. 199.

8. What commendable display of valor characterized the work of Nehemiah and his followers in rebuilding the wall of Jerusalem? Neh. 4:16-18; 6:10, 11.

NOTE.—"Nehemiah showed himself to be a man whom God could use to put down false principles and to restore heaven-born principles; and God honored him. The Lord will use in His work men who are as true as steel to principle, who will

not be swayed by the sophistries of those who have lost their spiritual eyesight."—*Ibid.*, p. 213.

9. Under what circumstances did Peter and John deport themselves with unusual fortitude? With what results? Acts 4:18, 19, 31-33.

10. What splendid example of courage did Paul and his companion leave for all who would serve the Lord under trying circumstances in later years? 1 Thess. 2:2.

NOTE.—"We are handicapped on all sides, but we are never frustrated; we are puzzled, but never in despair. We are persecuted, but we never have to stand it alone; we may be knocked down but we are never knocked out!" 2 Cor. 4:8, 9, Phillips.

11. What encouragement came to Paul on his trying journey to Rome? Acts 28:14, 15.

Promises That Inspire Courage

12. What blessed promise has the Lord given that would enable the child of God to face the future without fear? Heb. 13:5 (last part), 6.

NOTE.—"God will honor and uphold every truehearted, earnest soul who is seeking to walk before Him in the perfection of Christ's grace. He will never leave nor forsake one humble, trembling soul."—*Sons and Daughters of God*, p. 192.

"Divine strength is ours; and let us talk courage and strength and faith."—*Testimonies to Ministers*, p. 391.

"In the darkest days, when appearances seem most forbidding, have faith in God. He is working out His will, doing all things well in behalf of His people. The strength of those who love and serve Him will be renewed day by day."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 482.

13. What reassuring words did God speak in Isaiah's day that will bring strength to the church until the close of time? Isa. 41:10.

NOTE.—"There is to be no despondency in God's service. Our faith is to endure the pressure brought to bear upon it. God is able and willing to bestow upon His servants all the strength they need. He will more than fulfill the highest expectations of those who put their trust in Him."—*Testimonies*, vol. 8, p. 11.

14. How does the psalmist seek to encourage and inspire the hearts of God's people? Ps. 27:14. Compare Ps. 29:11; 31:24.

NOTE.—"Let us not be discouraged. Let us not talk doubt, but faith; for faith brings infinite power. If we lay hold upon this power, and do not trust in our own human strength, we shall see the salvation of God."—*Selected Messages*, book 1, p. 85.

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Introduction

In the angels' ministry to Christ while upon earth we have an example of their loving solicitude for all His followers. Christ availed Himself of no divine assistance that is not at the disposal of His people.

"The angels of God are ascending, bearing the prayers of the needy and distressed to the Father above, and descending, bringing blessing and hope, courage, help, and life, to the children of men.

"The angels of God are ever passing from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth. The miracles of Christ for the afflicted and suffering were wrought by the power of God through the ministration of

YOUTH

X—Angel Ministry to Jesus

MEMORY GEM: "Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?" (Matt. 26:53).

ILLUMINATION OF THE TOPIC: *Index to the Writings of Ellen G. White*, vol. 1, "Angels," sections 20, 21, 26; *The SDA Bible Commentary*.

TARGET: To note the various circumstances under which angels came to the aid of Christ.

the angels. And it is through Christ, by the ministration of His heavenly messengers, that every blessing comes from God to us."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 142, 143.

I—Angels at the Birth and the Temptation of Christ

1. What did a band of angels do for some humble shepherds on the night Jesus was born? Luke 2:8-14.

"Suddenly the heavens are lighted up with a brightness which alarms the shepherds. They know not the reason of this grand display. They do not at first discern the myriads of angels that are congregated in the heavens. The brightness and glory from the heavenly host illuminate and glorify the entire plain. While the shepherds are terrified at the glory of God, the leading angel of the throng quiets their fears by revealing himself to them, saying, 'Fear not.'"—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on Luke 2:9, p. 1115.

2. How were the Wise Men guided from their homes in the East to the birthplace of Jesus? Matt. 2:1, 2, 9, 10.

"The wise men had seen a mysterious light in the heavens upon that night when the glory of God flooded the hills of Bethlehem. As the light faded, a luminous star appeared, and lingered in the sky. It was not a fixed star nor a planet, and the phenomenon excited the keenest interest. That star was a distant company of shining angels, but of this the wise men were ignorant. Yet they were impressed that the star was of special import to them."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 60.

3. How did an angel save the life of Jesus when He was a babe? Matt. 2:13.

4. Under what circumstances did angels minister to Jesus just prior to His beginning His public ministry? Matt. 4:1-11.

"After the foe had departed, Jesus fell exhausted to the earth, with the pallor of death upon his face. The angels of heaven had watched the conflict, beholding their loved Commander as He passed through inexpressible suffering to make a way of escape for us. He had endured the test, greater than we shall ever be called to endure. The angels now ministered to the Son of God as He lay like one dying. He was strengthened with food, comforted with the message of His Father's love and the assurance that all heaven triumphed in His victory."—*Ibid.*, p. 131.

II—Angels in Gethsemane and at the Trial of Jesus

5. What vital part did an angel play in helping Jesus gain the victory in the Garden of Gethsemane? Luke 22:39-44.

"The worlds unfallen and the heavenly an-

gels had watched with intense interest as the conflict drew to its close. Satan and his confederacy of evil, the legions of apostasy, watched intently this great crisis in the work of redemption. The powers of good and evil waited to see what answer would come to Christ's thrice-repeated prayer. Angels had longed to bring relief to the divine sufferer, but this might not be. No way of escape was found for the Son of God. In this awful crisis, when everything was at stake, when the mysterious cup trembled in the hand of the sufferer, the heavens opened, a light shone forth amid the stormy darkness of the crisis hour, and the mighty angel who stands in God's presence, occupying the position from which Satan fell, came to the side of Christ. The angel came not to take the cup from Christ's hand, but to strengthen Him to drink it, with the assurance of the Father's love."—*Ibid.*, p. 693.

6. How did this angel manifest his power to the men who came to arrest Jesus? John 18:4-6.

"No traces of His recent agony were visible as Jesus stepped forth to meet his betrayer. Standing in advance of His disciples He said, 'Whom seek ye?' They answered, 'Jesus of Nazareth.' Jesus replied, 'I am He.' As these words were spoken, the angels who had lately ministered to Jesus moved between Him and the mob. A divine light illuminated the Saviour's face, and a dovelike form overshadowed Him. In the presence of this divine glory, the murderous throng could not stand for a moment. They staggered back. Priests, elders, soldiers, and even Judas, fell as dead men to the ground."—*Ibid.*, p. 694.

7. What help did Jesus tell Peter He could summon from heaven if He had desired to do so? Matt. 26:52-54.

"A Roman army division, which, at full strength, consisted of approximately 6,000 footmen and 700 horsemen, or a total of about 6,700."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Mark 5:9.

8. How did Pilate receive a warning not to rashly condemn Jesus? Matt. 27:2, 19.

"The angels who were witnessing the scene marked the convictions of the Roman governor, and to save him from engaging in the awful act of delivering Christ to be crucified, an angel was sent to Pilate's wife, and gave her information through a dream that it was the Son of God in whose trial her husband was engaged, and that He was an innocent sufferer. She immediately sent a message to Pilate, stating that she had suffered many things in a dream on account of Jesus, and warning him to have nothing to do with that holy man."—*Early Writings*, p. 173.

9. What cruel treatment did the angels see given to Jesus? Matt. 27:26-30.

"It was difficult for the angels to endure the sight. They would have delivered Jesus, but the commanding angels forbade them, saying that it was a great ransom which was to be paid for man; but it would be complete, and would cause the death of him who had the power of death. Jesus knew that angels were

witnessing the scene of His humiliation. The weakest angel could have caused that mocking throng to fall powerless, and could have delivered Jesus."—*Ibid.*, p. 170.

III—Angels at His Resurrection and Ascension

10. What glorious work was given to an angel on the morning of Christ's resurrection? Matt. 28:1, 2.

"Now, priests and rulers, where is the power of your guard? Brave soldiers that have never been afraid of human power are now as captives taken without sword or spear. The face they look upon is not the face of mortal warrior; it is the face of the mightiest of the Lord's host. This messenger is he who fills the position from which Satan fell. It is he who on the hills of Bethlehem proclaimed Christ's birth. The earth trembles at his approach, the hosts of darkness flee, and as he rolls away the stone, heaven seems to come down to the earth. The soldiers see him removing the stone as he would a pebble, and hear him cry, Son of God, come forth; Thy Father calls Thee. They see Jesus come forth from the grave, and hear Him proclaim over the rent sepulcher, 'I am the resurrection, and the life.' As He comes forth in majesty and glory, the angel host bow low in adoration before the Redeemer, and welcome Him with songs of praise."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 779, 780.

11. What effect did the angel have on the Roman guard? Matt. 28:3, 4.

"Terror seized the Roman guard. Where was now their power to keep the body of Jesus? They did not think of their duty or of the disciples stealing Him away."—*Early Writings*, p. 182.

12. What message did the angel give to the women who came to the tomb? Matt. 28:5-7.

"Night passed, and before the faint streak of dawn began to silver the darkness of that first great Easter-day, the passionate love of those women, who had lingered latest by the cross, made them also the earliest at the tomb. . . . They found their difficulty solved for them. It became known then, or afterwards, that some dazzling angelic vision in white robes had terrified the keepers of the tomb, and had rolled the stone from the tomb amid the shocks of earthquake. And as they came to the tomb, there they too saw angels in white apparel, who bade them hasten back to the Apostles, and tell them—and especially Peter—that Christ, according to His own word, had risen from the dead."—FREDERICK FARRAR, *The Life of Christ*, vol. 2, pp. 431, 432.

13. In what manner did Jesus ascend to heaven? Acts 1:9.

"With hands outstretched in blessing, and as if in assurance of His protecting care, He slowly ascended from among them, drawn heavenward by a power stronger than any earthly attraction. As He passed upward the awe-stricken disciples looked with straining eyes for the last glimpse of their ascending Lord. A cloud of glory hid Him from their sight; and the words came back to them as the cloudy chariot of angels received Him, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.' At the same time there floated down to them the sweetest and most joyous music from the angel choir."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 830, 831.

14. Who brought a message of comfort to the watching disciples? Acts 1:10, 11.

"These angels were of the company that had been waiting in a shining cloud to escort Jesus to His heavenly home. The most exalted of the angel throng, they were the two who had come to the tomb at Christ's resurrection, and they had been with Him throughout His life on earth. With eager desire all heaven had waited for the end of His tarrying in a world marred by the curse of sin. The time had now come for the heavenly universe to receive their King. Did not the two angels long to join the throng that welcomed Jesus? But in sympathy and love for those whom He had left, they waited to give them comfort."—*Ibid.*, p. 832.

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REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.
PERIODICAL DEPARTMENT

From page 4

dicial department of the home also. My father did not spare the rod on me when I deserved it, and I am sure that my much younger brother would testify that dad's belt-aim hasn't lost its precision today. In spite of dad's belief in the belt, he sometimes waives its use when he thinks best.

He always seems to know how to deal with his frequently recalcitrant sons. His sense of fairness remains evident in every situation. During my high school years I had a very independent spirit and made up my mind that I would not spend my senior year at an academy. This decision deeply grieved both my mother and father, and over my vehement objections they arranged for me to attend Shenandoah Valley Academy. Hopefully and with loving intent, my parents carted me the 1,000 miles there, arranged for my room, and went away praying that I would have a good year.

I lasted exactly two hours.

Having packed all the personal effects possible into one suitcase, I slipped off to New Market, Virginia, where I began hitchhiking. I arrived back in Florence before my parents. Afraid to go home (sure that the Potts justice department would recommend maximum punishment for my offense), I found refuge in the home of a sympathetic high school classmate. After a day's agony concerning my whereabouts, my father began telephoning my local friends. I was soon discovered and dad came over "to fetch me." Instead of giving me the thrashing I deserved and expected, he shook my hand and said, "You really graduated quickly, didn't you, son?"

In the days and months that followed I did some serious thinking about my future. Dad's fair play made me ashamed of myself. After pondering the matter for some days, I junked my original plans to attend a university and made up my mind to go to the Christian college of his choice the next year.

Recently, on a trip home from that college, when I told my father that I had been elected president of my senior class, he commented, "That should make you really humble, son."

That is my dad—honest, successful, and humble.

That is my ambition—to be honest, successful, and humble. Why not? I've had a good example.

Recipe Box

"To the health and happiness of the whole family nothing is more vital than skill and intelligence on the part of the cook."—Ed 216.

POTATO-NUTEENA BALLS

ENTREE ENCORE

Yield: 8 servings

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------|
| 1 14-oz. can Nuteena, diced | 4 large eggs |
| 2 cups mashed potatoes | 1 tbsp. oil |
| 2 tsp. onion, grated | ½ tsp. paprika |
| 4 tsp. parsley, chopped | ¾ tsp. Smokeless |
| ½ cup cracker crumbs | 1¼ tsp. salt |

1. The mashed potatoes should be stiff.
2. Beat all ingredients well together using mixer or by hand.
3. Form into small balls.
4. Deep-fat fry, or bake.
5. Drain well, if fried.
6. Serve hot with tartar sauce.

COURTESY, SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST DIETETIC ASSOCIATION

BOSTON CHOWDER

SOUP ENCORE

Yield: 8 cups

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 cup corn | 1½ tsp. salt |
| 2 tbsp. oil or margarine | 2 cups diced potatoes |
| ½ cup chopped onion | 1 stalk celery, diced |
| 2 tbsp. flour | 1 small green pepper, diced |
| ½ cup Proteena, diced and browned | 1 tbsp. chopped parsley |
| 3 white crackers | 2 cups water |

1. Sauté celery, pepper, and onion in 1 tbsp. oil. Add potatoes, corn, and water. Simmer until vegetables are tender (about 45 minutes).
2. Add milk and bring to a boil.
3. Mix remaining oil and flour together and stir into the soup.
4. Add the Proteena, broken crackers, and parsley. Salt to taste.

COURTESY, SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST DIETETIC ASSOCIATION

EGGPLANT CASSEROLE

VEGETABLE ENCORE

Yield: 6 cups

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 4 cups diced eggplant | ¼ tsp. salt |
| 3 tbsp. oil | ¼ cup sour cream |
| ½ cup chopped onion | 2 tbsp. flour |
| 1½ cups stewed tomatoes | ⅓ cup cornflake crumbs |
| ⅛ tsp. Ac'cent | |

1. Partially cook diced eggplant and onion in oil.
2. Add stewed tomatoes, Ac'cent, and salt. Cook until tender.
3. Add sour cream and flour, mixed together.
4. Sprinkle with cornflakes and brown at 325 degrees.

COURTESY, SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST DIETETIC ASSOCIATION

Dinner



Worthington Meat Loaf Mix



Here's a Dinner Winner . . . Worthington dehydrated Meat Loaf Mix . . . simply wonderful . . . wonderfully simple! Just add water and stir. Allow 10 minutes for rehydration. Then pop in the oven. Economical, too . . . one 10 ounce can serves 6 or 8. Try it soon.

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► South America's only bear is the small spectacled bear of the Andes Mountains.
National Geographic Society

► By the end of December, 1965, there were 965,790 private cars registered in Austria, one for every third household.
AIS

► Canada is the second largest producer of gold in the world. She also supplies 80 per cent of the free world's nickel, and 37 per cent of the free world's uranium.
CDEA

► Waves driven by hurricane winds have enormous erosive power. In five or six hours, a severe storm can completely wash away miles of sand dunes 10 to 20 feet high and 100 feet wide at the base. National Geographic Society

► Awarding of a \$2-million contract to a Pennsylvania corporation has been made by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission to design and develop the world's first atomic-powered heart pacemaker. The atomic system would give the advantage of longer life over battery-powered pacers.
AMA

► More than 200 years ago, during the persecution of Protestants in Scotland, the Reverend Mr. Hemphill buried his precious possession, a woodbound copy of the King James Bible, printed in 1648, in a small metal chest in a hollow tree on the banks of Loch Nee. He then fled to the New World. Three years later Mr. Hemphill returned to Loch Nee, retrieved his Bible, and came back to America, bringing other freedom-seekers with him. Today that Bible is still in the possession of his descendants, and is carefully preserved in a fireproof bank vault in a Texas city.
ABS

► Outside downtown Chicago, Illinois, traffic on a six-mile stretch of the heavily traveled Eisenhower Expressway is being electronically controlled. Until recently bumper-to-bumper traffic jams formed on this particular stretch during the evening rush hour. Now, as a result of electronic controls linked to computers by telephone circuits, rush-hour drivers can travel at a comfortable speed. The actual control is accomplished by adjusting entry to the expressway by means of signal lights on the ramps. The lights can feed vehicles onto the expressway at rates varying from four to 12 vehicles per minute. As congestion increases, the number of vehicles allowed to enter the expressway each minute is decreased. This boon to commuters has been created as a live-traffic laboratory to facilitate the study of traffic flow.
AT&T

► Unhampered by cables, a new deep-sea camera takes pictures at 15-minute intervals and surfaces automatically. In preparing for launching, the camera and flashtube assembly, a syntactic foam float, a location buoy with radio transmitter, and the baited ballast weight are attached to a 65-foot line. The bait attracts creatures on the ocean bottom. The camera shutter remains continuously open and a photograph is taken each time the light is triggered. The flash advances the film one frame at a time. The mission ends when the camera is released by a timer. The equipment surfaces and is located by radio signals from the transmitter.
UCAL

► Intersections and streets of Plaquemine, Louisiana, have received the first full-scale treatment in the nation of a new antislip roadway spray to reduce accidents on rainy days. It is claimed that skidding distances because of a wet surface are reduced from 30 to 89 per cent with the new spray. The spray is absorbed by the surface and a treatment lasts six months.
Highway User

► A hundred million seedlings have been planted over an area of 100,000 acres of forest land this year under the Chilean Government's five-year reforestation program. Many of the trees were planted by students and others who volunteered their weekends and vacations to the program.
CE

► Australia is expected to approve a series of mandatory safety features for automobiles manufactured there. Included would be a dual braking system and a recessed dashboard. The regulations probably will not go into effect for three years.
AMA

► Mineral springs, first discovered in 1326, made the town of Spa in Belgium a fashionable eighteenth-century resort, and thus created a name for health fonts the world over.

National Geographic Society

► Recently the Educational Policies Commission of the National Education Association called for universal preschool education at public expense for four- and five-year-olds.
Science

► Full-time Federal physicians now account for more than 10 per cent of all practicing physicians in the United States.
NIH

► Parts of China's crowded Yangtze Valley support 3,500 people to the square mile.
National Geographic Society

► About 97 per cent of all teen-agers listen to daytime radio.
ACAP

► For the first time, the meteorological "hot line" between Washington and Moscow began functioning, the way it was planned, when the Russians began transmitting weather data from their satellite *COSMOS 122*, launched on June 25. The weather line, established in 1964, has so far been used by both sides only for transmission of data acquired by conventional means.

Science

► With 27 per cent of its population living at a different address in March, 1965, than 12 months earlier, the Western United States showed the greatest mobility during 1964-65. Moving figures for other major regions were the South, 23 per cent; the North Central, 18 per cent; and the Northeast, 15 per cent.

AMA

► Though technology did not advance rapidly in the Middle Ages, substantial progress was made. In the twelfth century the windmill, wheelbarrow, window glass, candle, and paved road were invented. Spectacles and ships' rudders appeared in the thirteenth; the grandfather clock was devised in the fourteenth. National Geographic Society

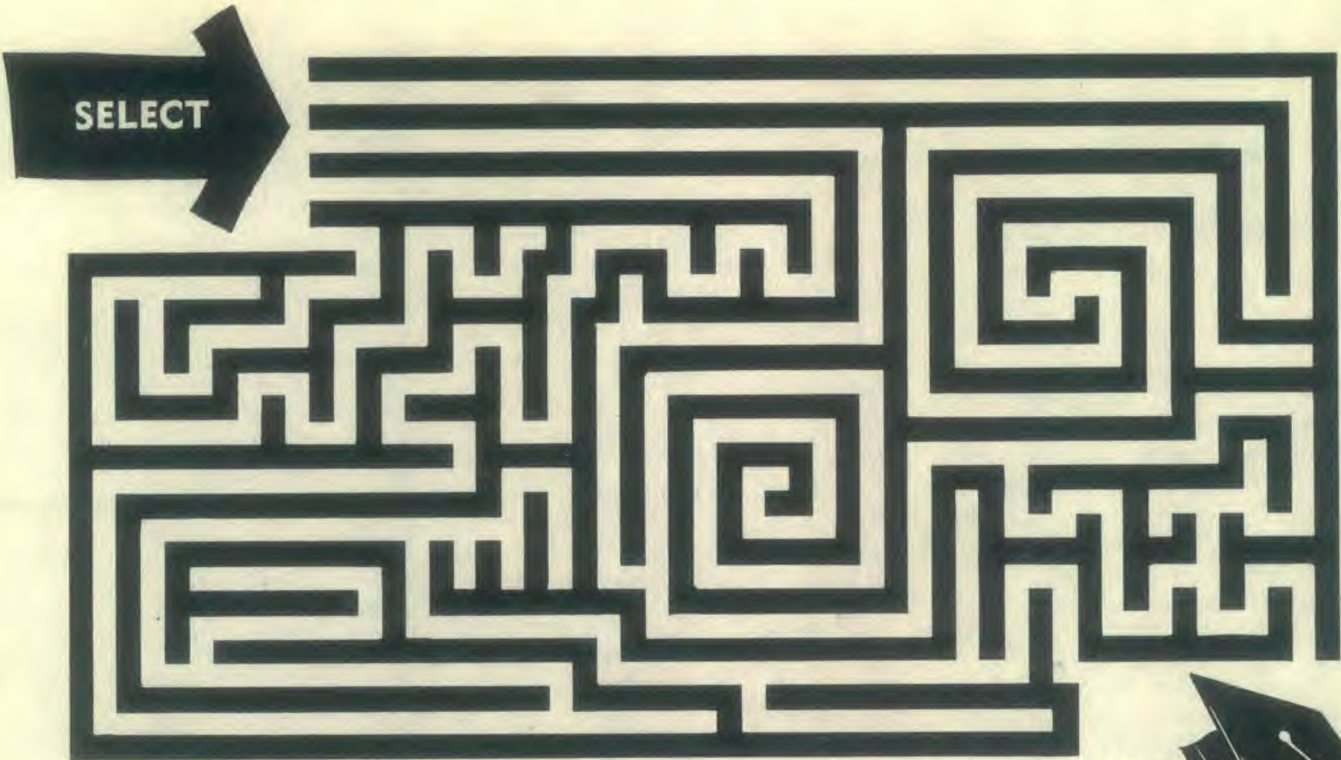
► Bus drivers on express routes in New York may be given new devices permitting them to turn traffic signals green as a result of a State feasibility study. The study of the use of remote control of signals will also include the effect on general traffic conditions.

Highway User

► Both prospectors and customs officials are excited by a new gold detector. The X-ray device uses the radioisotope xenon 133 to betray the presence of gold in the ground or hidden in a smuggler's luggage. National Geographic Society

► People over age 55 who maintain their own homes instead of living with relatives have doubled in number since 1950, the U.S. Census Bureau reports, and now stand at about six million
AMA

► Judged by the amount of money spent on it, photography has now overtaken gardening as the most popular hobby in Britain.
EAW



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